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SKULL & SHACKLES

ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

By Neil Spicer

THE SHACKLES



Island of Empty Eyes

The Writings Effigy

Oracular Spyglass

Rampore Isles

Hell Harbor

Devil's Arches

Chrintshahara

Quent

Port Peril

Motaku Isle

The Vigil Condemned

Shark Island

Olo

Captain Bellbrey's Mustache

Fever Sea

Fever Sea



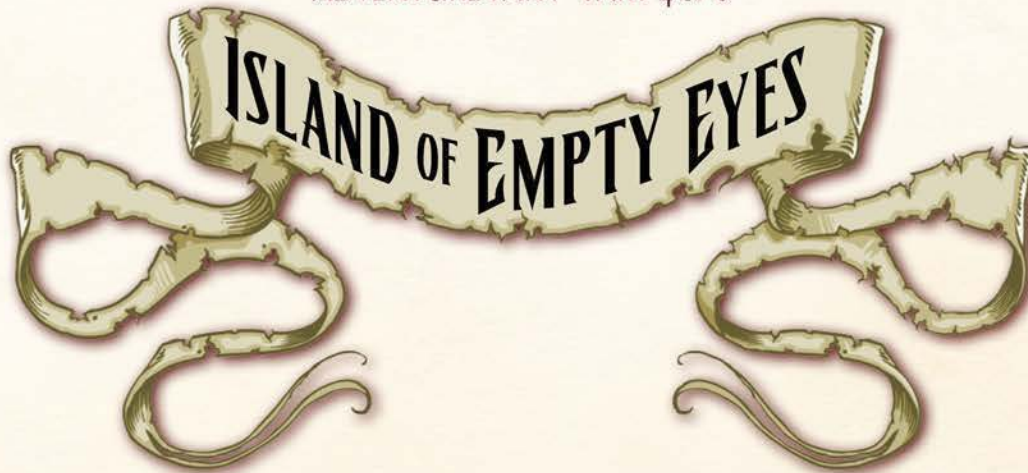
X = Rumored Treasure

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STOWAWAY!

With it being as busy as it is around here (we are in the midst of the legendary Gen Con Crunch Time™), I don't think anyone noticed I slipped in, commandeered a desk, and started working on Pathfinder. Or maybe no one cares because I'm helping more than hindering.

On my first day here I did an edit pass of the adventure for *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #57. The next day I developed some of the monsters. Then I did a pass on a couple of the back matter articles, but at that time, everyone was in "all hands on deck" status trying to get the *Rise of the Runelords Anniversary Edition* out the door and on its way to the printer. I admit, I was geeked at the chance to do an edit pass on a couple of chapters. Trust me, this is something all Pathfinder fans are going to want to get their hands on. It really brought back memories of running that Adventure Path for my home group when it first came out.

It's especially cool to be joining the team as a full-on developer this year. It's a year of anniversaries for Paizo—the tenth for the company and the fifth for the game. Like many fans back before Pathfinder, I was devastated when I heard Paizo would no longer be making *Dragon* and *Dungeon* magazines. I loved what Paizo had done with them, so when the offer to transfer my subscriptions to this new *Pathfinder Adventure Path* thing came up, I gave it a shot. Of course, I was an instant addict. I've enjoyed the messageboard community and the ability to really communicate with the people who make it all happen, and now, after a few short years, the fact that I'm actually on that crew is pretty astounding. Not only is this a great opportunity for me, but it also feels like I have a better chance to give back to the Pathfinder community beyond just freelancing.

Since I'm coming on board in the middle of the Skull & Shackles Adventure Path, I took the time to catch

up on all of the goings-on with this campaign. I read through *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles* and *Pathfinder Player Companion: Pirates of the Inner Sea*, looked through the outline for the whole Adventure Path, and caught up on the volumes prior to the one I started working on. At this point I'm pretty saturated with piratey goodness... or is that badness? Whichever.

This month's adventure lets the PCs stretch their sea legs a bit on the island they were awarded at the end of the last adventure. They get to explore the island—but it's far from uninhabited. So the hardy adventurers get to do a little clearing out just to make things relatively safe. They also have some housecleaning to do, because all respectable pirates need a place to call home. Then, since the PCs are the big, fancy new kids on the block, the Pirate Council comes a-calling (just being neighborly, I'm sure), and the PCs must do what they can to impress these folks, hoping for a spot on the council themselves in order to gain more notoriety—and, of course, more plunder.

Aside from the 2,400-mile drive and unpacking my life into an apartment, transitioning into this new job was fairly easy. Before coming to work here, I always had freelance contracts from Paizo (and other fine companies like Open Design and Øone Games), often more than one at a time. I'd come home from my day job and plop down at my keyboard and crank out my assignments. It helps that I wrote a couple of articles for this Adventure Path before I even knew I was going to get press-ganged into this merry band of miscreants. It further helps that I've been freelancing for Paizo for a long time, especially working on the Adventure Path Bestiary monsters and other articles that make up the back matter—exactly the stuff that I'm going to be wrestling with every day now that I'm here.

PLOTTING THE COURSE

These last few weeks I've been Wes's minion, and as I shift more into my own little place here in the company, I'll be taking over some of his duties when it comes to all the parts of the Adventure Paths that aren't the adventure. Things like writing this foreword, or the introduction to the Bestiary in the back, or the "Next Month" text, or the back cover text. Turns out, someone has to write all that stuff, and it doesn't just spontaneously generate itself! I'll also be wrangling monsters and articles (and freelancers) in some capacity. (Wes gave me a copy of the keys to the menagerie.) I'll be making assignments, deciding which articles go with which adventures, and selecting the best monsters we can find. The back matter is, after all, half of each volume.

It's interesting seeing how all of this ends up being a beautiful and entertaining book on the shelf of a game store (or on your doorstep, for you subscribers). Unlike seeing sausage get made, the process is truly interesting and doesn't take away from the final product at all. There are so many

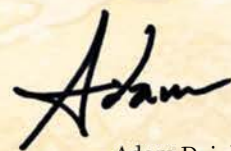
ON THE COVER

This month's cover features another power player in the Shackles, the Master of the Gales. The PCs met him in the last volume when he served as the judge for the Free Captains' Regatta. This storm druid won the regatta the last 5 years in a row and now uses his talents to keep the race challenging and fair. He also sits on the Pirate Council and sent one of his companions, whom the PCs meet in "Island of Empty Eyes," to evaluate their worthiness in earning a seat. The PCs could learn a lot from this guy, as long as they don't anger him.

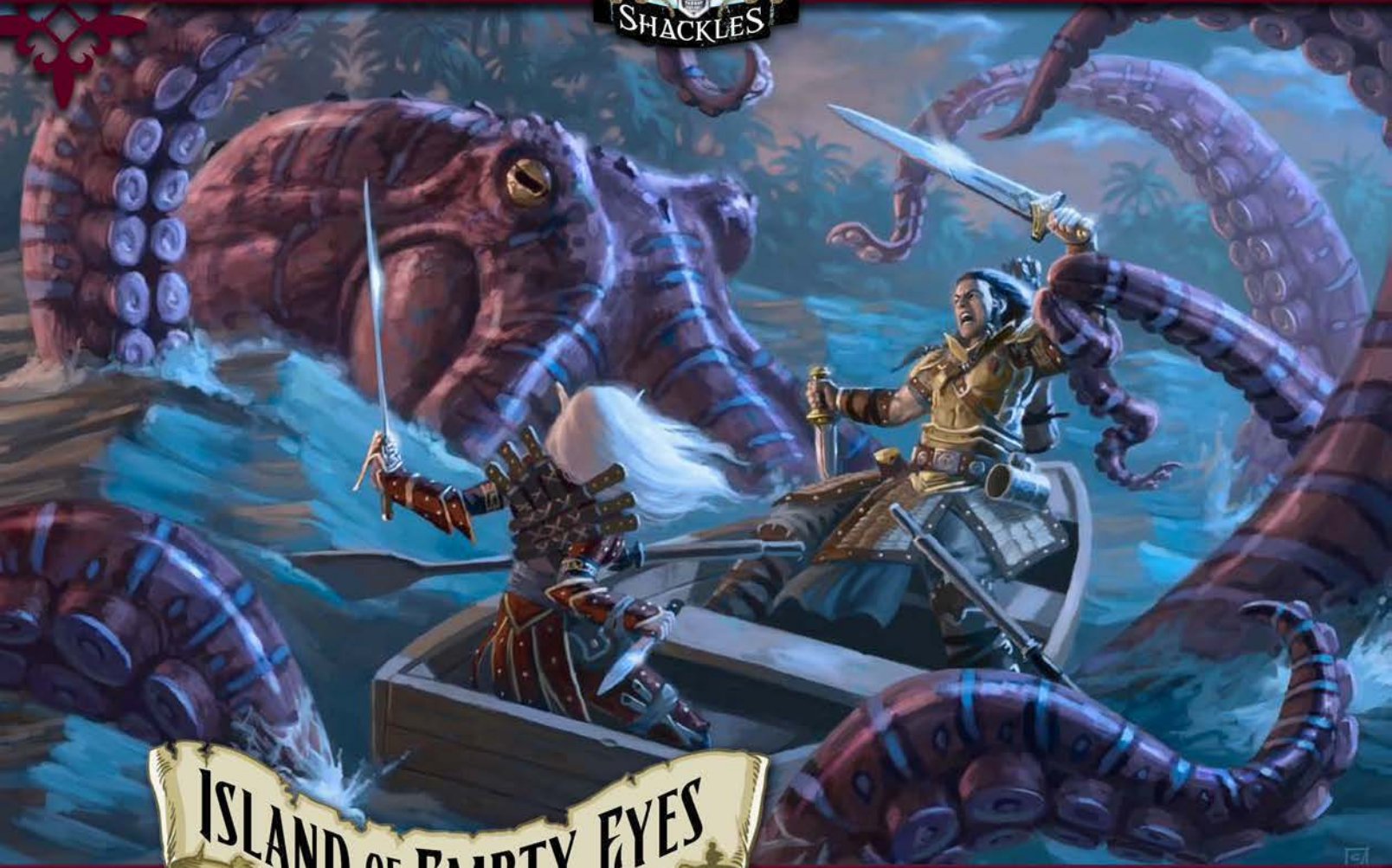
steps and procedures—like edit passes, layout, copyfitting, as well as other things I'm sure I'll be acquainted with in the near future, such as ordering art, assigning articles, and all that fun stuff. I knew these kind of things had to get done one way or another, but didn't know the exact process behind them. All that art wizardry Sarah, Andrew, and Crystal do in their department is still mysterious to me.

Chris, Judy, Patrick, and Sutter are amazing editors with keen eyes and even keener minds. A few times over the last couple of weeks, they've brought some marked-up article over to ask me a question about something I'd developed, and I felt dumb for making such a silly mistake. But I'm learning tons from them, and after all, fixing things and turning them into fun for all of your games is what we do.

When I accepted the job offer and learned which part of the product line I would be working on, I started a sneaky little thread on the paizo.com messageboards asking people what they liked and didn't like when it came to back matter in the Adventure Paths. That was my sly way of getting the jump on my soon-to-be job. While I was packing my entire life into brown cardboard rectangles, I'd take breaks to peruse the messageboards and check in on that thread. I've enjoyed much of what you've had to say in response, and I hope to continue the habit of providing excellent articles and cagey beasts to supplement the adventures in the Adventure Path. So pop over to the paizo.com messageboards and let us know what kind of articles you love and what sort of thing you want to see in the future. As you know, we're always paying attention. Now flip the page and get ready for some high-seas adventuring!



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ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES



PART ONE: A PRIZE LIKE NO OTHER

The PCs take possession of their reward from the Free Captains' Regatta—a distant isle in the Fever Sea called the Island of Empty Eyes.

PAGE 9



PART TWO: THE ABANDONED FORT

The PCs identify an old Chelish fort as a potential base on the island, but malicious hauntings threaten their stay.

PAGE 17



PART THREE: THE RUINS OF GHOL-GAN

Drawn to the island's interior, the PCs discover an unfriendly settlement of cyclopes on the verge of extinction.

PAGE 29



PART FOUR: FEAST OF SPOILS

To host the lords of the Pirate Council on their new island, the PCs need to plunder enough resources to throw an impressive party, but they must put down a saboteur in their midst if they want to earn the respect of their important guests.

PAGE 38

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"Island of Empty Eyes" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

9

The PCs begin this adventure at 9th level.

10

The PCs should be 10th level before venturing into the ruins of Sumitha. They should have explored the majority of the island and reclaimed the abandoned Chelish fort before this point.

The PCs should be 11th level by the end of the adventure.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Millennia before the formation of the Eye of Abendego, in the heyday of the Age of Serpents, the cyclopes of Ghol-Gan ruled over much of the territory now claimed by the Shackles. Many of their ruins still stand, including those on the remote island now known as the Island of Empty Eyes. During the days of Ghol-Gan, the cyclopes built a mountain retreat called Sumitha. This retreat contained an underground vault known as the Eye of Serenity, which held an artifact called the *lens of revelation*. The cyclops seers of Sumitha guided their fellows in using the Eye and the *lens* therein for personal sojourns and divine introspection. But with the waning of their civilization, the *lens* turned dark and the cyclopes abandoned Sumitha. Many cyclopes retreated into the Darklands, leaving only a handful behind, who gradually degenerated into brutish savages. Centuries later, sailors saw the eyeless statues on the island's shores and hillsides and gave the island its current name. Long since prized away by opportunists and treasure seekers, the statues' single eyes—once represented by fist-sized gemstones—are now just empty sockets.

In 4110 AR, Chelish explorers stumbled across the island and made landfall. The settlers explored the island's interior and discovered the ruins of Sumitha, stirring up conflict with the few remaining cyclopes in the stronghold. The Chelaxians lost several soldiers in the ensuing battles, so they built a small fort overlooking the island's inner bay to defend themselves. Eventually, however, the giants' attacks grew too numerous and organized, spurring the settlers to abandon their island home and flee to the mainland, joining the larger and newer colony of Sargava.

The degenerate cyclopes left behind on the Island of Empty Eyes fell on hard times themselves. A few years after the Chelaxians abandoned the island, an earthquake shook the region, collapsing the few remaining tunnels to the Darklands. As the cyclops survivors emerged from the vaults of Sumitha, their huge appetites nearly depleted the island's remaining food sources. The cyclopes were forced to search for new ways to fill their stomachs, plying the seas in giant whaling vessels, traveling to neighboring islands to capture dinosaurs to herd as livestock, or simply raiding ships and coastal communities to take what they needed to survive. The tribe, now led by a great cyclops named Ishtoreth has lost much of its cultural identity in the years of seclusion and stagnation. Discarding the sense of honor their ancestors displayed during the Age of Serpents, Ishtoreth's tribe has descended into utter brutality, posing a significant threat to any seeking to make the island their own.

More recently, a band of pirates settled upon the Island of Empty Eyes. Led by a Mwangi wizard named Bikendi

ADDITIONAL RULES

The Skull & Shackles Adventure Path makes use of several new rules sub-systems.

Plunder, Disrepute, and Infamy: The rules for plunder, Disrepute, and Infamy may be found in "The Life of a Pirate" in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #55: The Wormwood Mutiny*.

Ship-to-Ship Combat: Sample ship stat blocks and detailed rules for handling combat between ships are presented in the *Skull & Shackles Player's Guide*, available for free from paizo.com.

Otongu, they swiftly restored the Chelish fort and began quietly scouting the island's ruins. Bikendi used powerful illusions to hide his people's presence from the cyclopes for many months, all so he could conduct his research without interruption. Obsessed with dreams and alternate realities, he believed he could extend his life without relying on an undead apotheosis like lichdom—turning instead to the heartstone magic of night hags. Using such a gem, he hoped to bind his soul in an arcane ritual, preserving it as he separated his consciousness from his physical form. As his body passed away, his mind would remain vibrant and free to seek out the Dimension of Dreams, living on for all eternity in whatever world he could imagine.

To carry out his plan, Bikendi searched for the perfect gem to create a heartstone, carefully consulting the magic of ancient Ghol-Gan and looking for a flawless jewel among the ruins of Sumitha. He found exactly what he needed in the *lens of revelation*, and moved invisibly among the cyclopes of Sumitha until he could steal away the stone used in their ancestral divinations. But to craft a heartstone from the *lens*, Bikendi also needed to cultivate a relationship with a night hag willing to help him. Thus he made contact with a night hag named Lodhotha and offered her a hundred souls from captives taken in his raids in exchange for crafting such a heartstone from the *lens* that he could use for his ritual. Lodhotha readily agreed, accepting Bikendi's hapless victims even as she made plans to keep the new heartstone, called the *immortal dreamstone*, for herself. In the meantime, she feasted on the nightmares of those held in the fort's prison, raiding their dreams each night until she could harvest their souls for the dark markets of her nightmarish realm.

To fulfill his part of the bargain, Bikendi increased his raids, using the island as a base from which to assault passing ships. These efforts attracted the attention of the cyclopes, however, who discovered the *lens of revelation* was missing from the Eye of Serenity and rightly surmised

FIREARMS IN ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

Firearms are rare on Golarion, and thus except for a brief glimpse in this adventure, they do not appear in the Skull & Shackles Adventure Path until the final adventure. If firearms play a more prominent role in your campaign, however, you can use the following suggestions to modify “Island of Empty Eyes” to incorporate them.

Although the cyclopes of Sumitha are unlikely to use any firearms, the various pirates encountered in the adventure are a different story. You can give the crazed survivor Ederleigh Baines (area **B22**) a pistol or pepperbox, and Bikendi Otongu’s pirates may have stashed extra firearms, possibly magical in nature, in either the fort’s vault (area **B31**) or the hidden treasure stash in area **Q5**. The ballistae and catapults on the *Jester’s Grin* (see page 41) could be replaced with cannons & bombards, while the wererat Fargo Vitterande might have a dagger pistol or sword cane pistol. Any of the pirate lords visiting the PCs in Part Four might be equipped with firearms, or they could present the PCs with magical firearms as gifts.

that Bikendi’s pirates had stolen it. Ishtoreth sent warriors to test the fort’s defenses, but the pirates held on, adding captured cyclopes to the allotment of souls due Lodhotha. Bikendi realized, however, that the giants would eventually overrun the fort, so he escalated his plans by imprisoning some of his own men—those who had shown fear or doubt in standing against the cyclopes. This gave him enough souls to meet Lodhotha’s quota, sating the hag’s appetite and convincing her to craft the *immortal dreamstone*. Knowing full well that Lodhotha would rather use the stone on him than relinquish it, Bikendi anticipated her treachery, and sprang his own trap before the hag could double-cross him. Bikendi instructed his apprentice, Ederleigh Baines, to pickpocket the *dreamstone* when Lodhotha arrived, thus depriving the hag of her most significant weapon and preventing her from escaping into the Ethereal Plane as well. Bikendi and his followers then slew Lodhotha, even as Ishtoreth’s cyclopes began their final siege of the pirates’ fort.

Ecstatic with his prize, and realizing that the *dreamstone*’s magic would last only 24 hours following Lodhotha’s death, Bikendi retreated to the fort’s tower to attune it to himself, intent on completing his ritual before the cyclopes breached the outer wall. Unfortunately, not only did the ritual prove more challenging than Bikendi had anticipated, but without the wizard’s arcane

assistance against the cyclopes, Bikendi’s forces were quickly overwhelmed. The giants sank Bikendi’s ship with thrown rocks, then broke through the main gates and slew the fort’s defenders before turning their assault on the tower itself.

Rushed by this impending doom, Bikendi missed a vital step in the ritual, shearing his soul and mind from his body, but failing to open the right portal to the Dimension of Dreams. Before he could correct this error, the cyclopes broke into his sanctum, destroying his preparations and reclaiming the gem that he’d stolen from Sumitha. While the cyclopes then returned the *lens of revelation* to the Eye of Serenity, Bikendi’s spirit lingered on the Material Plane. His trapped ghost still haunts the fort in a fruitless effort to reclaim the *dreamstone* so he can finish the ritual. But Lodhotha’s sister, the night hag Haetanga, has sent her own minions to track down her sibling and retrieve the gem. These creatures also now lurk within the fort, ready to threaten and interrogate anyone who ventures there.

Now, the Island of Empty Eyes has become the prize for the Free Captains’ Regatta, and is awarded to the PCs for their victory. Of course, this development doesn’t sit well with Barnabas Harrigan. The captain of the *Wormwood* has his own designs on the island, intending to use it as a secret supply depot during Cheliox’s invasion of the Shackles. Alarmed by the PCs’ growing stature—and more than happy to continue his personal vendetta against them—he plans to undermine their efforts, hiring a renowned saboteur to embarrass them enough that the council awards him the island instead.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

As the prize for their victory in the Free Captains’ Regatta, the PCs are awarded control of a small isle called the Island of Empty Eyes. Sailing to the distant island, the PCs explore its dangerous shores, discovering an abandoned fort as well as a tribe of degenerate cyclopes who threaten their claim. The PCs encounter a variety of foes on the island, as well as potential allies—some of whom play a role in later parts of the adventure. The PCs must also reclaim the island’s fort and solve its haunted mystery to convert the stronghold into a base of operations for the remainder of the campaign. Turning their attention to the island’s interior, the PCs come into direct conflict with the cyclopes of the island, who reside in ruined remnants of the long-lost empire of Ghol-Gan.

After securing the island from these local threats, the PCs must host a dinner party in honor of several of the Shackles’ most influential pirate lords, who have been sent to the Island of Empty Eyes to assess the PCs’ progress in taming the island and their worthiness to join the Pirate Council. To make a good impression, the PCs need to

acquire enough resources to throw a good party and win their guests' approval. As the feast gets under way, the PCs interact with their important guests. But as they try to impress the pirate lords, the PCs must also deal with various embarrassing, sensitive, or outright harmful incidents engineered by Barnabas Harrigan's agent, the Eel, to discredit the PCs in the eyes of the Pirate Council. The manner in which the PCs overcome these obstacles determines how well they impress their guests and what level of support the pirate lords lend them in the future.

PART ONE: A PRIZE LIKE NO OTHER

Having proved their mettle in the Free Captains' Regatta during "Tempest Rising," the PCs return to Port Peril with the rest of the fleet. Tales of the PCs' exploits have raced ahead of them and spread to every tavern in the port, where bards embellish the heroics of the PCs and those who lost their lives and ships to the Eye, earning the PCs free drinks in every establishment. The PCs' friends and allies offer their hearty congratulations, as does the Shackles' Pirate Council, which hosts a fete in honor of the PCs' victory.

The Master of the Gales (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #57) does not partake in the victory revels, but at some point during the celebrations he pulls the PCs aside to explain their prize—an entire island that they can call their own, located in a remote archipelago north of the Rampore Isles.

"It's called the Island of Empty Eyes," the Master of the Gales explains, "for the queer statues that leer over its shores. Uninhabited and fraught with danger, make no doubt, but naught that pirates of your capabilities can't handle. You've landed a seat on the Pirate Council as well, but winning a race don't make a sailor a captain, nor a freebooter a lord. You'll need to show the Council you can tame the island and make it your own, if you want to claim your seat. The lords of the Council will come calling in three months to see if you're worth the honor that's been bestowed upon you, and they'll expect to be feted as befits pirate lords of their stature. Provided you look like you know what you're doing, they'll take your oath of loyalty and grant you your seat on the Council. If not... well, you wouldn't be the first winner of the Regatta who failed to live up to expectations."

The PCs can set out for the Island of Empty Eyes on the morning tide, if they wish, but they still have some time to enjoy their hard-earned victory, and to repair their ship, purchase or sell new gear, engage in magic item creation, tie off any loose ends from prior chapters of the campaign, or generally outfit themselves for the expedition to the island before they depart. The PCs can also continue roleplaying with significant NPCs

ISLAND LORE

Prior to setting sail for the Island of Empty Eyes, PCs can make Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (local), or Diplomacy checks to gather information to learn more about their destination. Use the following results to describe what they learn.

- 10+** The island lies in the northern part of the Shackles and has no known settlements, but Chelish warships have sometimes been scouted in the waters near the island.
- 15+** Sailors claim the island got its name from the large statues along its shores. The statues' eyes are missing, though some say the bare sockets once held enormous gemstones.
- 20+** Colonists settled the island once before and built a fort there, but they disappeared soon after. Some say they left on a treasure hunt, but others claim they perished and their spirits now haunt the island.
- 25+** Some say giant-sized ruins stand in the island's highlands. They're filled with ancient treasure, but ravenous dinosaurs fiercely guard the ruins.
- 30+** The island's ruins date back to the time of ancient Ghol-Gan—an empire of cyclopes that once spanned the entire west coast of Garund.

befriended during their adventures, or they can just spend time carousing with their friends and crew.

If the PCs wish, they can try to find out more about the Island of Empty Eyes before they get under way. The Master of the Gales and other pirate lords on the Council (including Tessa Fairwind) refuse to provide them with anything more than a heading and their expectations that the PCs establish a stronghold there. If the PCs do their own research or spend time gathering information in Port Peril, refer to the sidebar above for details on what they can learn.

THE ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

The journey to the Island of Empty Eyes takes several weeks and is mostly uneventful. A high plateau forms the north and central portions of the island, surrounded by 500-foot-high cliffs. Two long peninsulas jut from the plateau to the southeast and southwest. Two sheltered bays offer the best anchorages, a large one to the south (area **A**) and a smaller bay to the east (see area **K**). In addition, a number of beaches where boats can land line the island's shores. Scattered across the island, but especially along the beaches and cliffs of the central plateau, are large, weathered statues of giant cyclopes. The statues are all clearly of great age, but

ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

1 mile



ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

their single eyes, which once contained large and valuable gemstones, are now just empty holes—the reason for the island's mysterious epithet.

Approaching the island, the PCs discover a number of low-lying shoals and barrier reefs just offshore. The PCs must navigate these hazards to bring their ship into one of the sheltered bays and make landfall. The ship's pilot must make three successful DC 20 sailing checks (*Skull & Shackles Player's Guide* 10). Alternatively, the PCs can make three successful DC 30 Knowledge (nature) checks. Spotters can also assist the pilot—each successful DC 20 Perception check grants a cumulative +1 circumstance bonus on a sailing check. On a failed sailing check, the PCs' ship scrapes against a reef, taking 8d8 points of damage.

The PCs can also leave their ship offshore and use ship's boats to reach the island. This makes navigating the shoals a much easier task (granting the sailing checks a +5 circumstance bonus), but the PCs' ship must remain nearly half a mile off the coast to avoid running aground.

A. BAY OF NO HOSPITALITY (CR 11)

White, sandy beaches encircle this deep, sheltered bay, stretching nearly two miles in every direction. To the north, a massive waterfall plummets from a high escarpment rising just above the treeline. The white stone walls of a seaside fort gleam on the western shore. A single tower reaches skyward from the fort, crowned with a torchlike fixture of dazzling crystal.

Creature: An unusually large giant spyglass octopus calls this bay home, retreating into the deep waters of the bay from the open sea to devour its prey. The octopus attacks any ships that enter its territory, driving its tentacles up and over vessels' rails to grab sailors and toss them overboard where it can drag them to watery graves. The octopus uses all eight of its tentacles to grab and pull victims into the bay. As a result, the PCs may quickly find themselves not only fighting for their lives, but also forced to rescue those hapless souls dragged overboard.

GIANT SPYGLASS OCTOPUS

CR 11

XP 12,800

Advanced giant octopus (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 219)

N Huge animal (aquatic)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 18 (+1 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural, -2 size)

hp 152 (16d8+80)

Fort +15, **Ref** +13, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities ink cloud (30-ft.-radius sphere)

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft., jet 200 ft.

Melee bite +19 (2d6+9 plus poison), 8 tentacles +17 (1d6+4 plus grab)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (30 ft. with tentacle)

Special Attacks constrict (1d6+4), poison

TACTICS

During Combat The octopus targets multiple victims with its tentacles, relying on Blind-Fight and its grab ability to pull opponents into the water. Once it has prey in the water, the octopus either constricts it, transfers the victim to its mouth for a poisonous bite, or holds it underwater until it drowns.

Morale The octopus retreats if it falls below 25 hit points, leaving behind an ink cloud as it jets away with any victims still in its grasp.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 13, **Con** 21, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 3

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +23 (+27 grapple); **CMD** 35 (can't be tripped)

Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved

Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack^B, Skill Focus (Stealth), Stealthy

Skills Escape Artist +13, Perception +10, Stealth +24, Swim +17

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 23; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d3 Str; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

B. CHELISH FORT

This area is detailed in Part Two.

C. HАРY CAVES (CR 11)

Rocky hills and ridges rise from this elevated plateau. No trails provide access to its lofty heights, though a 90-foot-high waterfall descends from its northern face.

Creatures: Vicious giant harpies inhabit caves on the plateau. As large as the cyclopes of Ghol-Gan, the harpies are all descended from a cyclops sorceress named Imerta, whose powers derived from a demonic bloodline. In the waning days of Ghol-Gan, Imerta turned to the goddess Lamashtu, hoping the cyclopes of Sumitha could regain their former glory. But the fickle demon-goddess warped Imerta's wish, forever tainting her progeny, and the cyclops sorceress gave birth to monstrous daughters instead.

Initially, the daughters of Imerta aided the cyclopes of Sumitha, but both societies have since descended into savagery. The descendants of the monstrous harpies engage in unchecked violence and debauchery as suits their whims. The cyclopes drove the harpies to the far side of the island after a harpy queen lured a popular cyclops hero to his doom. The cyclopes killed the queen in response, and both sides have been on bad terms ever since. The harpies mostly control their aerie and cede the central plateau to the cyclopes. Occasionally, however,



Daughter of Imerta

the harpies take mates from the cyclopes, engage in aerial conflicts with Ishtoreth's gargoyle scouts (see area G8), and raid passing ships, luring sailors to their doom on the rocky shoals.

DAUGHTERS OF IMERTA (6) CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Giant fiendish harpies (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 172, 294–295)

hp 52 each

TACTICS

During Combat The harpies use their captivating songs to charm victims, then execute Flyby Attacks with their morningstars and talons, using their smite good ability to land devastating blows.

Morale If half their number are slain, the remaining daughters of Imerta retreat to the hills to plot their revenge. Once the PCs take control of the island, the harpies harass any ships visiting the PCs' settlement so they can make off with easier victims.

D. DINOSAUR CORRAL (CR 10)

A giant-sized corral sits on the eastern shore of a large lake. Several of the corral's beams, each one the size of an entire tree, lie broken and smashed on the ground. Massive footprints from some heavy beast have long since dried in the muddy pasture.

The cyclopes of Sumitha kept several herbivorous dinosaurs as livestock here, constructing this massive stockade in the lowlands where they could herd and butcher them. With the dinosaurs mostly hunted to extinction now, the corral sits abandoned and in disrepair.

Creatures: A pair of triceratops grazes nearby. Part of a small herd, they have repeatedly fought off cyclops hunters, and regard any humanoids as a dangerous intruders in their habitat.

TRICERATOPSES (2) CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 119 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 86)

TACTICS

During Combat The triceratops defend their territory by making powerful charges to gore and trample intruders to drive them away.

Morale The triceratops pursue any who intrude on their territory until they can no longer see an opponent. Otherwise, they fight to the death.

E. GIANT STAIRS

Huge stone steps rise along this five-hundred-foot-high plateau, each one carved to accommodate giant-sized strides.

The cyclopes of Ghol-Gan built two immense stairways in the sheer cliffs of the island's central plateau. Each one leads to overgrown highways made of quarried flagstones that connect to the ruins of Sumitha (area G). The stairs wind 500 feet to the top and waymarkers carved with ancient glyphs denote each 100 feet of elevation. Climb checks are not required to scale the giant steps, but any Medium creature climbing the steps must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or be fatigued when it reaches the top.

F. LOOKOUT POINT (CR 9)

A tall stone tower topped with battlements rises along the cliffs here. Two eyeless cyclops statues rise above these defenses, gazing sightlessly over the western sea. Above them, the spire continues upward, tapering into a giant crystal shard of pink quartz. At ground level, immense double doors, decorated in ancient glyphs, form the tower's only entrance.

This stone watchtower is 60 feet tall, with battlements encircling a raised platform about 40 feet up. Similar to the tower at the Chelish fort (area B17), it provides a commanding view of the seaside cliffs. The chambers below the tower have completely collapsed, burying the teleportation circle there.

Creatures: The cyclops chieftain, Ishtoreth, delights in punishing those who displease him by sending them here for guard duty, all but assuring they'll have to scavenge their own meals rather than deplete the tribe's limited resources back home. Four cyclops lookouts currently keep watch over the western side of the island. After they angered Ishtoreth's seneschal Shaija (see area G15) by shirking their training, she had them sent here as an object lesson. Now, the famished cyclopes prove extra vigilant, hoping that Shaija will let them return to Sumitha, while keeping a sharp eye out for anything wandering nearby that they can make a meal out of.

CYCLOPES (4)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

TACTICS

During Combat The cyclopes first fire a volley of crossbow bolts, then charge with their axes, making Power Attacks and automatic critical hits with their flash of insight ability to bring down tougher opponents.

Morale Humiliated by Shaija and desperately hungry, these cyclopes refuse to surrender. They fight to the death.

G. RUINS OF SUMITHA

This area is detailed in Part Three.

H. GREAT STONE BRIDGE

Ancient carvings decorate this large stone bridge, which crosses a swift river flowing from the mountain to the north. A pair of statues of cyclops warriors stands at each end, with massive, fiery gemstones representing their singular, unblinking eyes. The statues to the east hold giant swords above their heads in a guardian pose, while those to the west point their blades toward the ground, heads bowed in reverence.

The ancient carvings on the bridge actually tell the history of Sumitha and its purpose as a place of sojourn and meditation. With a successful DC 20 Linguistics check, a PC can piece together their meaning. The eastern statues represent the cyclopes who came to Sumitha for insight, who were expected to boldly announce their arrival here before submitting themselves to the seers of the mountain stronghold. The western statues represent those cyclopes leaving Sumitha in reverent benediction following their enlightenment there.

Treasure: The four eyes of the statues are fire opals worth 500 gp each.



Cyclops Statue



I. MOUNTAIN AERIE (CR 10)

Progressively higher hills lead into this mountain, which provides a commanding view of the island's northeast coastline. Gullies from the runoff of tropical rainstorms form navigable pathways up the sides of the peak.

Creatures: A flock of pteranodons has established nests here at the island's highest elevation, feeding on fish gleaned from the ocean. But like most of the large fauna on the island, they have nearly been hunted to extinction by the cyclopes. Only a dozen or so pteranodons remain, and they fiercely defend their habitat. The cyclopes sometimes send raiding parties here to drive off the creatures while scavenging their nests for eggs.

PTERANODONS (12) CR 3
XP 800 each

hp 32 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 85)

Treasure: One nest holds the remains of a prior victim—a castaway who washed ashore far too weak to defend himself against the pteranodons. They tore him to pieces and carried his remains back to the aerie to feed their young. A finger bone from his right hand still wears a ring of improved swimming.

J. MANGROVE SWAMP (CR 10)

A dense, overgrown swamp stretches beneath this mile-long cliff. Colorful birds make their nests among the foliage, their mating calls echoing across the expanse.

Creature: Aside from the birds on the cliffs above, a giant anaconda also calls this mangrove swamp home. The cyclopes drove it here after suffering its predations one too many times. Ishtoreth occasionally sends scouts to ensure the snake doesn't climb back up the escarpment. So far, it's contented itself with feeding on the birds and plentiful marine animals that wander into its reach. The snake doesn't hesitate to add the PCs to its diet. Even if they leave the snake alone, it eventually makes its way back up the cliff to threaten the rest of the island.

GIANT ANACONDA CR 10
XP 9,600

hp 126 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 252)

TACTICS

During Combat The anaconda latches onto trespassers, constricting its body around a victim while fending off additional attackers with its bite.

Morale The snake is voracious and completely fearless. It refuses to part with anyone in its coils and fights to the death.

K. CYCLOPEAN DOCKS

Huge stone pylons lead from the shore into the island's eastern bay here. The broken beams and timbers that once formed a giant dock lie smashed between them, half-submerged in the water. Three giant-sized canoes and a catamaran lie beached on the sand nearby.

The cyclopes used these docks to moor their largest whaling boats. Ishtoreth recently directed his best hunters to take the boats out to sea to search nearby islands for food, but they have yet to return. In the meantime, the jungle treants from the grove where the cyclopes harvested trees to construct and repair their ships (area M) have taken out their anger on the pier.

L. CRAB SPAWNING GROUNDS (CR 10)

Broken bits of seashell and loose stones dot the beaches here. Farther inland, tall grass and wildflowers grow in the compacted sand, their fronds waving in the ocean breeze.

Creatures: Once each year, giant shark-eating crabs use this beach as a spawning ground before retreating into the bay to feed and gorge themselves on schools of fish. Currently, two such crabs linger just beneath the water in reach of the shore. In addition, the crabs' progeny hide within hundreds of tiny holes in the sand. At first, only a few of these miniature beasts show themselves, but the remainder soon bubble up from their homes in three crab swarms to surround and attack those passing through the area. Attracted by any ensuing struggle, the giant crabs waddle onto shore 3 rounds later.

CRAB SWARMS (3) CR 4
XP 1,200 each

hp 38 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 50)

TACTICS

During Combat Each swarm surrounds its prey, even pursuing it into the water if necessary. Crab swarms do not deal swarm damage to the larger crabs, but do take advantage of any victims their parents grab, rushing to pluck away bits of flesh for themselves.

Morale The crabs react based on hunger and instinct, fighting to the death.

SHARK-EATING CRABS (2) CR 7
XP 3,200 each

hp 84 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 60)

TACTICS

During Combat Both crabs make full attacks with their claws, following up with an extra attack from their darting claw ability if they miss. Once they grab their prey, the crabs

ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

continue squeezing to deal constrict damage, at times fighting over the same victim.

Morale The crabs fight to the death.

M. TREANT PRESERVE (CR 10)

Stands of giant palm trees grow more prominent in the hills here, many reaching abnormal heights of seventy feet or more to tower over the surrounding jungle.

Creatures: A pair of treants shaped like palm trees lives in these hills. They don't take kindly to visitors, particularly the cyclopes of Sumitha, who angered the treants by felling several trees to build and maintain their whaling fleet (see area K). The cyclopes now give the treants a wide berth, and the treants attack anyone who disturbs their grove.

JUNGLE TREANTS (2)

CR 8

XP 4,800 each

Variant treant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 266)

hp 114 each

Ranged coconut +7 (2d6+13)

Special Attacks hurl coconut (180 ft.)

TACTICS

During Combat While one treant hurls coconuts at foes, the other animates nearby trees to join the fray. The treants then switch tactics so the first treant can animate its own trees, until four trees are animated. The treants order the animated trees to trample opponents while they focus on sundering the armor and weapons of their foes or making Power Attacks with their gnarled fists.

Morale The treants fight as long as intruders remain in their grove, but do not initially pursue outside of the hills. If presented with fire, however, the treants send all their animated trees after such offenders. Thereafter, they trace the PCs back to their home, launching attacks against the PCs' encampment, or the fort, if the PCs have reclaimed it.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hurl Coconut (Ex) A jungle treant carries 4d6 coconuts that it can hurl as if using the rock throwing ability. Because of their hardened nature, the coconuts deal the same damage as a rock (2d6+13 points of damage). A jungle treant can replenish its coconuts in 1d4 days.

N. SEFINA'S GROTTO (CR 10)

The sound of singing echoes among the rocks along this sandy beach. Footprints lead from the shore to the bay, where

crystal blue waters provide a clear view of a deep pool and grotto below.

Creature: A single nereid named Sefina makes her home in a submerged grotto on the edge of the bay. Sefina lacks any sense of modesty, preferring to swim and tan in the nude unless someone suggests she wrap herself in her shawl. Unlike many of the island's inhabitants, Sefina welcomes visitors, taking feylike amusement in their stories, songs, and customs. The PCs automatically meet Sefina if they wander into her domain, but they can also encounter her elsewhere on the island, as she often ventures farther inland. If the PCs befriend her, she can easily come to their aid if they get into trouble.

SEFINA

CR 10

XP 9,600

Nereid (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 198)

hp 126



Sefina



TACTICS

During Combat If attacked, Sefina uses her beguiling aura and *suggestion* spell-like ability to win over foes, relying on her poison spray to blind those unaffected by her aura.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 60 hit points, Sefina summons a Huge water elemental to cover her retreat as she flees into deeper water.

Development: Sefina has an important role to play in Part Four of this adventure, so she should be presented as a likable, helpful ally, a person whom the PCs can come to trust as they make the island their own. At the very least, try to ensure that she survives so she can make a reappearance later in the adventure.

O. KELP FIELDS (CR 9)

Thick growths of kelp, seaweed, and other aquatic plants float beneath the water's surface here, choking the shoreline. The marine garden stretches nearly a mile in both directions.

With the depopulation of most large fauna on the island, the cyclopes of Sumitha have increasingly turned to aquatic farming for additional food. These kelp gardens are a somewhat unpopular solution explored by the cyclops druid Ummashtar, who recently left with Ishtoreth's whaling fleet to seek new hunting grounds.

The nereid Sefina (area N) normally avoids this area, but sometimes swims here to harvest what she needs.

Creature: Since Ummashtar's departure, a new denizen has taken up residence in the kelp fields—a mass of intelligent seaweed called a sargassum fiend. The creature uses its mirage ability to lure creatures into the water, where it drowns and crushes them.

SARGASSUM FIEND

CR 9

XP 6,400

hp 123 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3 235)

TACTICS

Morale The sargassum fiend flees into deeper water if reduced to fewer than 30 hit points.

P. SHIPWRECK

A mess of driftwood lies scattered and broken on these rocky shoals, continually battered by the crashing waves. Seabirds roost among them, their calls eddying upon the wind.

This site marks the resting place of the *Sea Sparrow*, a Sargavan merchant ship drawn into the shoals during one of Bikendi's raids. Pieces of the *Sea Sparrow* lie 40 feet below the water where the ship sank after taking a battering from the violent sea.

Treasure: Far more focused on taking captives for Lodhotha, the pirates missed the strongbox hidden in the *Sea Sparrow's* hold. If the PCs dive to explore the wreck, they can discover the strongbox with a successful DC 25 Perception check. The chest is locked (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23, Disable Device DC 25) and holds a +1 keen cutlass, a watertight scroll tube containing a scroll of *transmute rock to mud* and two scrolls of *water breathing*, a jeweled scepter worth 300 gp, a coral statuette worth 125 gp, nine diamonds worth 100 gp each, 380 gp, 769 sp, and 43 cp.

Q. SUNKEN SHRINE

This area is detailed in Part Four.

PART TWO: THE ABANDONED FORT

Regardless of how the PCs go about exploring the Island of Empty Eyes, the fortifications built by the stranded Chelish colonists are an obvious location to establish a base from which to explore the rest of the island. The abandoned fort has the additional benefit of being situated in the island's most sheltered bay, making it an ideal foundation for building a more long-term presence on the island, and it is far enough from the ruins of Sumitha that it might take some time for the cyclopes to discover the PCs' presence.

A BROKEN MIND

After Bikendi Otongu's failed transformation and the cyclopes' siege of the fort (see the Adventure Background), one survivor crawled from the wreckage—Bikendi's apprentice, a man named Ederleigh Baines. Frightened and desperate, Ederleigh searched for his master even as he scavenged the ruined fort for supplies to survive. Bikendi's ghost manifested soon after, but bound to the tower's cellar, he could only communicate with his apprentice by castings of the *nightmare* spell, which only further traumatized Ederleigh.

Eventually, Ederleigh followed the voices in his head and dug into the tower cellar. But when Bikendi's ghost approached him, Ederleigh attempted to flee. Bikendi resorted to his malevolence ability to take over Ederleigh's body, intending to retrieve the *immortal dreamstone* from

Sumitha himself. Unfortunately, as soon as he traveled more than a mile from the fort, Bikendi's spirit was yanked out of Ederleigh's body and pulled back to the tower cellar. Obsessed with recovering the *dreamstone*, yet unable to leave the fort, Bikendi repeatedly tried this tactic, only to be stymied each time, leaving Ederleigh even more frightened and confused. Although he remains in the fort, hiding from both the elements and the cyclopes, Ederleigh now stays as far away from the tower as he can.

Shortly thereafter came the minions of the night hag Haetanga. Determined to uncover the fate of her sister and retrieve Lodhotha's valuable heartstone, Haetanga tasked a cluster of phase spiders and animate dreams with searching the fort. Now incorporeal himself, Bikendi recognized the threat they posed and began sending ever more frantic *nightmares* to warn Ederleigh. But Haetanga's servants have thus far prevented Ederleigh from leaving and accost him each night by invading his dreams. The animate dreams usually hide within the walls of the fort, monitoring Bikendi's *nightmares* to his apprentice while telepathically interrogating and guiding Ederleigh's subconscious mind in their search for the whereabouts of both his master and the *immortal dreamstone*.

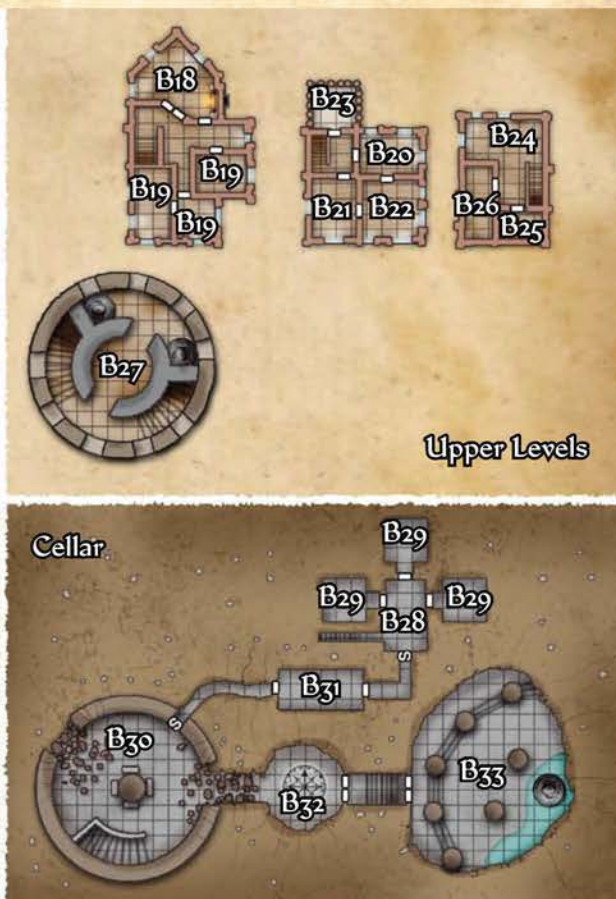
This coordinated abuse has finally taken its toll on the poor man, driving Ederleigh insane. He's convinced himself that the cyclopes are responsible for this turn of events, believing that they cursed everyone in the fort. Ederleigh hides in his room, too frightened to leave lest they do even worse to him. In reality, this just puts him at the mercy of Haetanga's servants, who work on him each night to ransack his rambling thoughts or draw out Bikendi so they can obtain the information they need.

B. CHELISH FORT

The abandoned Chelish fort is constructed of 15-foot-high outer stone walls with multiple watchtowers accessible by ladders. These walls join to a giant-sized tower built by the cyclopes as an observation post and communication waypoint between other mountain ranges in their far-flung empire. The original Chelish colonists constructed several wooden buildings within the fort. Bikendi's pirates later added to these structures, giving them an additional story so their roofs rise just above the outer wall. Many areas of the fort bear signs of damage from rocks hurled by the great cyclops Ishtoreth during the cyclopes' siege.

Unless otherwise noted, ceilings in the inner buildings are 10 feet high, while those within the ancient cyclops tower (area B17) rise to a height of 30 feet. During the day, natural light illuminates any rooms with windows, while dim light filters through the open doors of windowless chambers. There are no light sources below ground. The doors in the fort are made of strong wood (hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 23).

CHELISH FORT



THE DREAMING DEAD (CR 12)

One of the fort's more dangerous elements actually lies in the dreams of Bikendi Otongu's subconscious mind.

Haunt: Each night that a living, sentient creature sleeps in the fort, a haunt manifests under the moonlit sky, summoning the shades of juju zombie pirates from Bikendi's original band. These spectral buccaneers reenact the fort's defense, emerging from the ruined buildings, the bay outside, or even the ground itself to attack anyone inside. While the manifestations seem real, they are only quasi-real illusions. The shades are unerringly drawn to the living, doing as much damage as they can before they are destroyed, only to reappear the following night. Bikendi has no control over this haunt. The shades even chase after his apprentice Ederleigh, who barricades himself each night in his room, protected by his own traps as well as Haetanga's phase spiders, who aren't quite done with him yet. The haunt also reflexively manifests to drive out Haetanga's servants, a development that frustrates the phase spiders and animate dreams to no end.

When the haunt manifests, the PCs have only 1 round to neutralize the haunt before the pirate shades manifest. If the PCs do not neutralize the haunt, they must fight the spectral pirates. Positive energy used against the shades

has no effect on the haunt itself. Regardless of whether the pirate shades are destroyed or not, they reappear unharmed the following the night when the haunt resets and manifests again.

PIRATE SHADES HAUNT

CR 12

XP 19,200

LE haunt (the area encompassed by the Chelish fort)

Caster Level 12th

Notice Perception DC 26 (to feel a sudden change in the wind)

hp 24; **Trigger** proximity (only triggered by living creatures capable of dreaming); **Reset** 1 day (every sunset)

Effect When the haunt is triggered, a cloying mist rises from the ground and the waters of the bay, and a low moan keens on the wind. This phenomenon acts as a variant *shades* spell, creating five quasi-real pirate shades (see below) that converge on the fort. The shades remain until dawn or until slain. Any creature interacting with the shades (such as during combat) can attempt to disbelieve them with a DC 23 Will save. If the creature succeeds at the save, the shades are only 80% real against that opponent.

Destruction To permanently destroy the haunt, the PCs must retrieve the *immortal dreamstone* from the Eye of Serenity (area G20), and return it to Bikendi Otongu at the fort

ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES

(area **B30**). If the PCs return the stone, Bikendi must then possess one of the PCs with his malevolence ability so that he can use the body to complete his dream ritual. After doing so, both he and the haunt are finally laid to rest. Alternatively, the PCs can permanently destroy Bikendi by smashing the *dreamstone* after defeating him in combat. Doing so destroys the haunt as well.

PIRATE SHADES (5)

CR —

Human juju zombie fighter 3/rogue 3 (*Pathfinder RPG*

Bestiary 2 291)

CE Medium undead

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 15, flat-footed 16 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 44 each (6 HD; 3d10+3d8+21)

Fort +8, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, channel resistance +4, evasion, trap sense +1; **DR** 5/magic and slashing; **Immune** cold, electricity, *magic missile*, undead traits; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *short sword* +11 (1d6+5/19–20) or slam +9 (1d6+6)

Ranged mwk throwing axe +10 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat The shades hurl throwing axes as they close for battle, quickly surrounding and flanking enemies to make sneak attacks and cut off their opponents' retreat.

Morale The shades fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 24

Feats Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative^B, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness^B, Weapon Focus (short sword)

Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +18, Intimidate +11, Perception +10, Profession (sailor) +7, Stealth +13, Swim +10

Languages Common

SQ armor training 1, rogue talents (combat trick), *shades*, trapfinding +1

Gear studded leather, +1 *short sword*, masterwork throwing axes (2)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Shades (Sp) The pirate shades are only quasi-real, and have only 80% their normal hit points (already included in their stat block). If an opponent makes a successful DC 23 Will save while interacting with a shade, the pirate shades' damage is 80% normal, special abilities that do not deal lethal damage are only 80% likely to work, and their AC bonuses are 80% normal. Likewise, the shades' equipment is not real, and disappears when the shades vanish at sunrise or when slain.

B1. COURTYARD

Beyond the fort's shattered gates stretches a square courtyard, overgrown with weeds and surrounded by multiple buildings, their broken windows looming dark and silent.

The phase spiders in the chapel (area **B9**) keep watch over this courtyard, guarding against Ederleigh's escape. If they detect intruders, they travel ethereally to alert their mother Paeta in area **B17**. The spiders plan an ambush to capture the PCs and interrogate them as soon as possible, thinking they might be allies of Bikendi come to check on the wizard.

B2. GATE TOWERS (CR 8)

Several beams have pulled free from the foundations of these stone towers where the main gates shattered, causing the towers to lean precariously. Their only access appears to be the battlements along the connecting walls.

Hazard: Both gate towers came under heavy assault by Ishtoreth's cyclopes when they laid siege to the fort. The chieftain himself hurled massive stones to knock down the gate between them. Without repair, these towers run the risk of collapsing if anyone climbs or stands atop them. A successful DC 25 Knowledge (engineering) check is enough to recognize the danger posed by the damaged towers. Treat any collapse as a cave-in (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 415). Creatures on top of the tower fall within the 15-foot-radius bury zone, while creatures within 10 feet of a tower suffer the effects of a 10-foot-wide slide zone. If one tower falls, there's a 50% chance the collapse shakes the other loose as well. Either tower can be repaired with a successful DC 25 Craft (stonemasonry) check.

B3. GUARD TOWERS (CR 10)

This large tower has an unfinished ground floor of damp earth with piles of flagstones shoring up each corner. A single ladder leads to a wooden floor above, supported by irregularly shaped wooden beams.

The second floor of each tower provides access to the battlements atop the walls, as well as the gate towers (area **B2**) and observation platforms (area **B4**).

Creatures: Each night that Bikendi's haunt manifests, four will-o'-wisps emerge from the bay, positioning themselves atop these guard towers. From there, they illuminate the inner courtyard in anticipation of the shades' arrival, feeding on the ensuing fear of their attacks. The will-o'-wisps keep to themselves unless attacked, responding in kind with their shock attacks. The will-o'-wisps fight until slain.

**WILL-O'-WISPS (4)****CR 6****XP 2,400 each**hp 40 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 277*)**B4. OBSERVATION PLATFORMS**

The battlements open onto a wooden platform here, providing a clear view of the jungle to the west. Three barrels stand on the plank floor next to the far wall, alongside the skeletal remains of several figures, each skewered by spear-sized bolts.

These watch posts allowed defenders to keep an eye on anything approaching from the island's interior. Several of Bikendi's crew were slain here by cyclops crossbow bolts, and their remains picked clean by carrion birds.

B5. RUINED OUTBUILDING (CR 9)

The stench of decayed flesh permeates this half-collapsed building. A large hole opens in the shattered eastern wall, and four square animal cages lie broken amid the rubble.

Creatures: Before Bikendi's transformation, he created four giant crawling hands from the remains of the cyclopes his crew sacrificed to Lodhotha. He kept these abominations in cages, hoping to use them as psychological weapons against the fort's attackers. Before the hands could be used, however, an errant rock hurled by Ishtoreth during the siege broke through the outer wall, smashing their cages and setting them free. Without any assigned quarry, the hands scurry after anyone disturbing their lair.

CRAWLING CYCLOPS HANDS (4)**CR 5****XP 1,600 each**Giant crawling hands (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 59*)

hp 52 each

TACTICS

During Combat The hands randomly select one target and gang up on that victim. They aid another to cooperatively grapple arms and legs. Two of the hands then seek to choke or pummel their prey while the others pin it down.

Morale The hands fight until destroyed.

B6. FORGE

A large fireplace dominates the west wall of this forge. Broken tools and iron implements lie scattered about the floor.

The pirates made use of this forge for crafting and repairing armor and weapons.

Treasure: The tools and implements remaining here can be used to form two sets of masterwork artisan's tools for Craft (armor) and Craft (weapons) checks.

B7. RUINED STOREROOM

This building has partially collapsed, its timbers scorched from an old fire. Several crates and boxes lie scattered and open beneath its sagging roof.

The pirates stored a number of supplies here, but Ederleigh has long since retrieved them. Nothing of value remains.

B8. COLLAPSED BUILDING (CR 10)

Only the four corners of this building remain standing. The walls and roof have long since fallen into a pile of debris.

Trap: The collapsed timbers give way if anyone walks across this area, dropping victims among the sharp, broken beams into a deep cellar below.

WEAKENED FLOOR**CR 10****XP 9,600****Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 28; **Disable Device** DC 25**EFFECTS****Trigger** location; **Reset** none

Effect 30-ft.-deep pit (3d6 falling damage); broken pilings and supports (Atk +13, 1d4 spikes per target for 1d6+5 damage each); DC 25 Reflex save avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 15-ft.-square area)

Treasure: A successful DC 20 Perception check made after the trap is triggered reveals an iron chest in the cellar. The chest contains two *elixirs of fire breath*, a *potion of heroism*, an intact spyglass, a bottle of fine wine worth 10 gp, 264 gp, 399 sp, and 517 cp.

B9. CHAPEL OF ARODEN (CR 9)

Only a handful of pews still stand in this simple chapel. The others have fallen long ago and lie scattered and broken on the floor. A large circle encompassing a winged eye forged of gold hangs from the twenty-foot-high ceiling.

Upon establishing the fort, the original Chelish colonists raised a chapel dedicated to Aroden to thank him for surviving the storm that damaged their ship and ask for his protection against the cyclopes and dinosaurs still living on the island. Bikendi's pirates left the chapel mostly alone, primarily using the place as an additional mess hall and barracks. A successful DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the symbol on the ceiling as the holy symbol of the dead god Aroden.

Creatures: Four phase spiders, servants of the night hag Haetanga, lurk but on the ceiling overhead, on

the Ethereal Plane. They owe their ultimate loyalty to their mother Paeta (area **B17**) and assist her by traveling ethereally about the fort to keep watch. Primarily, they keep Ederleigh confined and safe from any predators that might threaten him, all so the spiders' animate dream allies can continue interrogating his nightmares. The phase spiders attack anyone who ventures here.

PHASE SPIDERS (4) CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 51 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 226)

TACTICS

During Combat The spiders emerge from the Ethereal Plane to surround and ambush any intruders. They bite as many targets as possible before retreating, preferring to let their poison weaken victims first.

Morale The phase spiders grow concerned once their numbers are cut in half, prompting one to leave to alert Paeta in area **B17** while the other stays to harass the PCs.

Treasure: The holy symbol of Aroden dates back several centuries and could prove valuable to collectors, fetching a price of 2,700 gp.

B10. KITCHEN

This once well-stocked kitchen has been thoroughly ransacked, as has the root cellar beneath, accessible through a trap door in the room's north corner.

B11. MESS HALL (CR 10)

The pirates made frequent use of this mess hall, taking their meals and hosting drunken revels on the main floor. Since the fall of the fort, Ederleigh Baines has eaten all of the remaining supplies in the kitchen and drunk all the rum. The stairs to the west lead up the second floor (areas **B18** and **B19**).

Creatures: Two animate dreams normally reside here, waiting for Ederleigh to fall asleep upstairs so they can invade his dreams again. The dreams turn their attention to anyone who enters, hiding in the walls while conversing with intruders via telepathy, seeking to uncover the location of the *immortal dreamstone*. They grow frustrated with anyone denying them the information they seek and attack soon after.

ANIMATE DREAMS (2) CR 8

XP 4,800 each

hp 90 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 29)

TACTICS

During Combat Each animate dream casts *deep slumber* first, hoping to take captives and use *nightmare* to interrogate them. They use *dimension door* to surround particularly difficult opponents or cut off their retreat, lashing out

with touch attacks to inflict their nightmare curse. Against anyone able to directly harm them, they employ *fear*, *confusion*, or *phantasmal killer*.

Morale The animate dreams fight to the death.

B12. COMMANDER'S OFFICE (CR 8)

Doors open into this rectangular room from the east and west. A flight of wooden stairs leads to a second floor above, while three windows provide a clear view of the courtyard outside.

This room was once the office of the fort's garrison commander. The stairs to the west lead up to areas **B20** through **B23**.

Trap: Ederleigh Baines makes his home on the second floor of this building (see area **B22**). In his paranoia, he trapped the stairs with a shocking floor trap. It triggers halfway up the stairs, affecting the steps as well as the floor below.

SHOCKING FLOOR TRAP CR 8

XP 4,800

Type magic; Perception DC 26; Disable Device DC 26

EFFECTS

Trigger touch (*alarm*); **Duration** 1d6 rounds; **Reset** none

Effect spell effect (*shocking grasp*, Atk +11 melee touch [+14 if wearing metal armor or carrying a metal weapon], 3d6 electricity damage); multiple targets (area **B12** and stairs)

B13. GARRISON (CR 8)

Doors lead from this room in four directions. The ceilings rafters rise fifteen feet overhead and a narrow set of stairs by the north wall leads underground.

This was the main guard station for the fort's garrison. The stairs lead to the garrison basement (area **B28**).

Creature: One of Haetanga's animate dreams watches over this building, mostly to guard Ederleigh on the floor above. The dream lurks within the wooden walls, but eagerly ambushes anyone who enters.

ANIMATE DREAM CR 8

XP 4,800

hp 90 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 29)

TACTICS

During Combat The animate dream first tries frightening opponents with *fear*. It then uses *phantasmal killer* to slay anyone who remains, or *confusion* so that foes will attack their own allies. If these strategies prove ineffective, the dream uses its incorporeal touch against enemies.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, the animate dream flees using *dimension door*, seeking to warn the other

animate dreams in the mess hall (area **B11**) and then the phase spider Paeta in area **B17**.

B14. QUARTERMASTER

This small office served as the garrison quartermaster's supply room, and Bikendi's pirates used it for the same purpose. Ederleigh has scrounged almost everything of value here, from clothing to small tools.

B15. GARRISON BARRACKS

Dozens of broken cots and torn blankets litter this room. The ceiling rises fifteen feet overhead and a set of stairs climbs the eastern wall. Two exits lead north and west.

The Chelish colonists formed a militia to protect the settlement they founded. During their island stay, the members of the garrison slept here, close enough to the gates and guard towers to respond to attacks. Bikendi's pirates used the barracks for the same purpose, until the pirate garrison all perished during the cyclopes' siege. The stairs to the east lead up to areas **B24** through **B26**.

B16. SLAVE QUARTERS

These shacks were designed to house slaves brought by the original Chelish colonists. Bikendi's pirates eventually turned the hovels into stockades to hold more captives for Lodhotha.

B17. ANCIENT CYCLOPS TOWER (CR 10)

Carved staircases rise from either side of the double doors entering this tower. Both lead to landings halfway up the walls holding tall doors, then disappear into the tower's upper levels. To the southwest, another flight of stairs leads below ground.

The landings are 15 feet above the ground floor, and open onto the battlements atop the fort's walls. The stairs continue up to area **B27**. The southwestern stairs lead to the tower cellar (area **B30**).

Creature: A skilled phase spider named Paeta occupies this tower. She remains here to monitor any traffic through the tower, casting audible *alarm* spells on the main doors and stairs to the cellar to alert her. Paeta is the mother of those phase spiders in the chapel (area **B9**). Tasked by Haetanga with locating the *immortal dreamstone*, Paeta is growing frustrated by her inability to find it or Bikendi.



Paeta

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She is beginning to think that the wizard somehow left the island, and waits here in case he returns.

PAETA **CR 10**

XP 9,600

Female phase spider rogue 8 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 226)

NE Large magical beast

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 19, flat-footed 17 (+3 deflection, +6 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 133 (14 HD; 6d10+8d8+64)

Fort +11, **Ref** +17, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities ethereal jaunt, evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +18 (2d6+7 plus poison and grab)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks ethereal ambush, poison, sneak attack +4d6

Rogue Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th, concentration +9)

3/day—*message*

2/day—*alarm*

TACTICS

Before Combat Paeta casts *alarm* on the tower's main doors and the stairs to area **B30** every day.

During Combat Paeta uses her ethereal ambush ability to make poisoned sneak attacks, repeating this tactic on as many intruders as possible to weaken or kill them. She then grabs a physically weaker opponent and drags the victim up the tower wall to use as a bargaining chip to force the others to do her bidding.

Morale Paeta has no wish to die in Haetanga's service. If reduced to 30 hit points or fewer, she flees to the Ethereal Plane and reports to her mistress, who likely comes to investigate the PCs herself soon afterward.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 22, **Con** 18, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +18 (+22 grapple); **CMD** 38 (50 vs. trip)

Feats Ability Focus (poison), Dodge, Improved Initiative, Lunge, Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (bite), Wind Stance

Skills Acrobatics +23 (+27 when jumping), Climb +30, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (local) +5, Knowledge (planes) +5, Linguistics +5, Perception +19, Sleight of Hand +23, Stealth +25

Languages Aklo, Common, Cyclops

SQ rogue talents (finesse rogue, major magic, minor magic, surprise attack), trapfinding +4

Gear ring of protection +3

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 19; *frequency* 1/round for 8 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Con; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

B18. MADAM'S QUARTERS

Bikendi's pirates brought several prostitutes with them to the Island of Empty Eyes. These professionals quickly established a brothel to keep the pirates entertained and motivated, claiming the upper floors of the mess hall as their own. The prostitutes' matronly madam selected this bedroom for herself, though it now lies in disarray. The stairs outside the door lead down to area **B11**.

B19. BROTHEL BEDROOMS

The brothel's employees used these rooms to entertain their clients in exchange for whatever spoils the pirates could offer in trade. The rooms are now empty.

B20. OFFICERS' QUARTERS (CR 8)

Windows along the north and east walls of this room provide views of the courtyard below. Doors lead out of the room to the south and west.

The officers of the fort's garrison were quartered in this room, as were Bikendi's officers. The stairs in the hall to the west lead down to area **B12**.

Trap: Ederleigh Baines constructed a special trap here by jury-rigging two scythelike blades to poles ready to swing into anyone entering the western door from the hallway.

DUAL SCYTHE TRAP **CR 8**

XP 4,800

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** automatic

Effect Atk +20 melee (6d4+12/x4)

B21. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS (CR 9)

Several overturned beds barricade the windows to this room, blocking out most of the natural light. Doors lead east and north.

Both the captain of the Chelish ship and Bikendi Otongu resided in this chamber.

Trap: Ederleigh placed a complicated arrow trap here. It targets anyone opening the northern door as well as any creatures standing in the hallway beyond.

HAIL OF ARROWS TRAP **CR 9**

XP 6,400

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 28

EFFECTS

Trigger touch (*alarm*); **Reset** repair

Effect Atk +17 ranged (6d6/x3); multiple targets (all targets in a 20-foot line)

B22. EDERLEIGH'S QUARTERS (CR 11)

Piles of mattresses lie heaped against the doors of this close room. Several more mattresses cover the floor. Windows look out to the south and east.

The commander of the fort's garrison once lived in this chamber, but more recently, Bikendi Otongu's former apprentice, Ederleigh Baines, has taken up residence.



Ederleigh Baines

Creature: Ederleigh now hides in this room. Ederleigh was a woeful disappointment to his master—constantly distracted by other pursuits, he never perfected the specialized illusions Bikendi tried to teach him. Now, the mental assaults of Bikendi's *nightmare* visitations and of Haetanga's animate dreams have tormented Ederleigh's mind, plunging him into madness. Both sides seek to control and keep Ederleigh alive until they can use him to retrieve the *immortal dreamstone*. In addition, the nightly hauntings of the pirate shades trying to break into his room have convinced him everyone is out to get him. With his fractured mind, Ederleigh now simply tries to survive, hiding in the fort and occasionally sending his monkey familiar Dolo to gather food from the jungle. Ederleigh does everything he can to scare away intruders, defending himself if anyone forces entry.

EDERLEIGH BAINES

CR 9

XP 6,400

Male human fighter 2/rogue 5/wizard 3

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; Senses Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 17, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +1 deflection, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 82 (10 HD; 2d10+5d8+3d6+35)

Fort +7, Ref +12, Will +4; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

Weaknesses paranoid, schizophrenic

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 short sword +13/+8 (1d6+2/19–20)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +12 (1d8/19–20) or hand of the apprentice +1 short sword +11 (1d6+2/19–20)

Special Attacks hand of the apprentice (6/day), sneak attack +3d6

Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 3rd;

concentration +6)

2nd—*levitate*, *scorching ray*

1st—*feather fall*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *ghost sound* (DC 13), *open/close*, *prestidigitation*

TACTICS

Before Combat Because of his paranoia,

Ederleigh sees enemies everywhere. He drinks his *potion of cat's grace* at the first sign of trouble and casts *levitate* to get out of harm's way.

During Combat Ederleigh relies on his spells and hand of the apprentice to fight from range, using his cunning trigger rogue talent to trigger traps in the room as swift actions (see Traps, below). His paranoia makes

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him unwilling to use his familiar, Dolo, to deliver touch spells. If cornered, Ederleigh wields his short sword to the best of his ability.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 40 hit points, Ederleigh leaps out the window, using *feather fall* to safely reach the ground. He then drinks his *potion of invisibility* and uses his *scroll of expeditious retreat* to run to the armory (area B26) which he locks himself in and uses as a safe room. Ederleigh surrenders only if subdued or brought to 12 hit points or fewer.

Base Statistics Without his potion, Ederleigh's statistics are **Init** +3; **AC** 20, touch 15, flat-footed 16; **Ref** +10; **Melee** +1 *short sword* +11/+6 (1d6+2/19–20); **Ranged** mwk light crossbow +10 (1d8/19–20); **Dex** 16; **CMD** 22; **Skills** Acrobatics +19, Disable Device +18, Escape Artist +16, Stealth +16.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 20, **Con** 14, **Int** 16, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 24

Feats Alertness^B, Craft Wondrous Item, Dodge, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Craft [traps]), Spring Attack, Toughness, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (short sword)

Skills Acrobatics +21, Bluff +4, Climb +9, Craft (traps) +24, Disable Device +20, Escape Artist +18, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (local) +11, Perception +13, Profession (sailor) +1, Sense Motive +2, Spellcraft +9, Stealth +18, Swim +6

Languages Abyssal, Common, Cyclops, Polyglot

SQ arcane bond (familiar [monkey named Dolo]), rogue talents (cunning trigger*, finesse rogue), trapfinding +2

Combat Gear *potion of cat's grace*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of invisibility*, *potion of remove disease*, *scroll of expeditious retreat*; **Other Gear** +2 *leather armor*, +1 *short sword*, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *ring of protection* +1, masterwork artisan's tools (Craft [traps]), everburning torch, spellbook (contains all prepared spells, all 0-level spells, *alarm*, plus four additional 1st-level spells), spell component pouch, masterwork thieves' tools, key to area B26

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Paranoid (Ex) Ederleigh suffers from paranoia (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 251), giving him a –4 penalty on Will saves and Charisma-based skill checks (included in his stat block). He cannot receive benefit from or attempt the aid another action and cannot willingly accept aid (including healing) from another creature unless he makes a successful DC 17 Will save.

Schizophrenic (Ex) Ederleigh also suffers from schizophrenia (*GameMastery Guide* 251), giving him an additional –4 penalty on all Wisdom and Charisma-based skill checks (included in his stat block). He cannot take 10 or take 20 on skill checks, and each time he finds himself in a stressful

situation (such as combat), he must make a successful DC 16 Will save or become confused for 1d6 rounds.

* See *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Traps: In his demented state, Ederleigh has placed electricity arc traps all around the room. He can trigger each one as a swift action with his cunning trigger rogue talent. Despite his shattered mind, Ederleigh has committed each trap's location to memory and can freely avoid them.

ELECTRICITY ARC TRAPS (5)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; Reset none

Effect electricity arc (4d6 electricity damage, DC 20 Reflex save for half damage); multiple targets (all targets in a 30-foot line)

Development: If the PCs subdue Ederleigh and cure his insanity (see page 250 of the *GameMastery Guide*), the pirate could become a valuable ally, able to explain much of the island's recent history and relate the dangers posed by the cyclopes of Sumitha. He can also share details on Bikendi's research as he understands it.

B23. BALCONY

This balcony overlooks the fort's main courtyard (area B1). The original Chelish commander would address the assembled colonists gathered below from here, while Bikendi's pirates used it as a defensible position in the event the cyclopes broke through the gates.

B24. PLANNING ROOM

The upper story of the barracks served as a planning area for the leaders of the colony's militia. It also has a commanding view of the inner courtyard (area B1). Stairs to the east lead down to area B15.

B25. STOREROOM

The Chelish garrison and Bikendi's pirates stored a variety of goods in this chamber, including a cast-iron washtub used for laundry and bathing.

B26. ARMORY

A solid iron door opens into this dark, windowless storeroom. Wooden racks line every wall, some still holding several weapons.

The iron door to this room is locked (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28, Disable Device DC 30). Ederleigh Baines (area B22) keeps the key with him at all times, using the armory as a fallback sanctuary in the event he's forced to abandon the garrison.



Treasure: The Chelish colonists and the pirates stored excess weaponry in this armory. In the case of Bikendi's band, they took more weapons from their victims than the fort's defenders could wield against the cyclopes. Most of the weapons are of normal quality, but the armory also holds the following masterwork weapons: a light crossbow, cutlass, rapier, short sword, and trident.

B27. TOWER PARAPET

Two balconies open from stairwells ascending to the roof. Inside a vaulted room separating the two balconies, a fist-sized chunk of rose-colored quartz sits atop a silver pedestal. The ceiling above this central chamber is capped by a similar chunk of rose quartz, but a hundred times larger, towering another twenty feet above the central spire. Two large statues of cyclopes stand at opposite ends of the northernmost balcony, overlooking the fort and bay.

The cyclopes of Sumitha built this tower, imbuing the pedestal's gemstone with an ability to project *sendings* to similar structures built by the seers of Ghol-Gan. Very few of these spires remain today, most having been swallowed by the sea. The few that still work only do so 50% of the time. The sending individual must know and envision the intended destination and someone must be present at the receiving tower to reply. The stairwells both lead down to area B17.

B28. GARRISON BASEMENT

The Chelish colonists dug this basement beneath the garrison as a small prison to house troublemakers. It saw little use during their stay, but Bikendi's pirates found it handy for holding captives they eventually turned over to Lodhotha. The keys to the adjoining cells (area B29) hang on the eastern wall. A successful DC 25 Perception check reveals a secret door to the south, which leads to area B31. To the west, stairs lead up to area B13.

B29. PRISON CELLS

The fort's prison holds three cells, each with a door of iron bars inside a wooden frame (hardness 10, hp 30, Break DC 20). The keys to these cells are kept on the eastern wall of the garrison basement (area B28).

B30. TOWER CELLAR (CR 11)

Collapsed rubble fills this dusty cellar, spilling from the east and northwest walls. Dozens of pale quartz crystals lie scattered among the rocks, and several more decorate the perimeter of the room. A single carved column supports the twenty-foot-high ceiling overhead.

Bikendi Otongu conducted his dream experiments here, including the failed ritual that was meant to send

his soul into the Dimension of Dreams, but instead resulted in his current ghostly state. The quartz crystals on the walls and floor contain Bikendi's recorded memories of his sojourns into the Dimension of Dreams. Many of the stones shook loose from the walls during the cyclops attack, ruining his meticulous cataloging of each experience. Anyone casting *detect thoughts* or similar magic can read the memories contained in them, but they are a disordered, confusing jumble of images and impressions, mostly meaningless to anyone who did not experience the events directly.

On the northeast wall, a secret door (DC 25 Perception check to notice) leads from the tower's cellar to an underground vault (area B31). The pirates intended to use this passage which emerges into the basement prison as a hidden escape route (area B28). When the cyclopes inhabited the tower, long before the colonists built the fort, larger tunnels once led northwest and east. These passages collapsed long ago, but though the rooms to the northwest no longer exist, two chambers still remain to the east behind the fallen rubble (areas B32 and B33). Excavating this tunnel would take days of work and a successful DC 20 Craft (stonemasonry) or Knowledge (engineering) check; a character with the stonecunning ability can recognize that digging in this area risks further cave-in (*Core Rulebook* 415).

Creatures: Bikendi's ghost still lingers here where his soul was torn from his body, shackled by the psychic imprint of his transformation and prevented from leaving. Normally, his ritual would have projected his dream self into the Dimension of Dreams, but he failed to open the correct portal in his haste to complete the transformation while the tower was under attack. Bikendi hides from Haetanga's servants inside the stone column in the center of the room. He takes note of anyone who visits here, activating his invisibility field and stealthily emerging from the column to observe newcomers or sending an *arcane eye* to follow them and keep track of their activities. After studying the PCs, he crafts a *nightmare* to try to guide them into retrieving the *immortal dreamstone* from Sumitha. He also uses this same method to warn them about Haetanga's servants, hoping the PCs will eliminate his rivals.

BIKENDI OTONGU

CR 11

XP 12,800

Male human ghost illusionist 10 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 144)
LE Medium undead (incorporeal)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 17, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +5 deflection, +2 Dex, +4 shield)

hp 107 (10d6+70)

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Fort +10, **Ref** +9, **Will** +10

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee corrupting touch +7 (1d6, Fort DC 20 half)

Special Attacks malevolence (DC 20), telekinesis

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th;

concentration +15)

At will—invisibility field (10 rounds/day)

8/day—blinding ray

Illusionist Spells Prepared (CL 10th;

concentration +15)

5th—*feeblemind* (DC 20), *nightmare*

(DC 21), *silent phantasmal killer*,

shadow evocation (DC 21)

4th—*arcane eye*, *bestow curse* (DC

19), *enervation*, *silent major image*,

shadow conjuration (DC 20)

3rd—*deep slumber* (DC 18), *dispel*

magic, *silent dust of twilight**

(DC 18), *ray of exhaustion* (DC 18),

vampiric touch

2nd—*detect thoughts* (DC 17),

invisibility, *minor image*

(DC 18), *mirror image*, *see*

invisibility, *touch of idiocy*

1st—*mage armor*, *magic missile*, *ray of*

enfeeblement (DC 16), *shield*, *silent image*

(DC 17), *ventriloquism* (DC 17)

o (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *ghost sound* (DC 16),

read magic

Opposition Schools evocation, transmutation

* See *Advanced Player's Guide*.

TACTICS

Before Combat Bikendi casts *mage armor* every day and *shield* when intruders enter the cellar.

During Combat Bikendi casts *dust of twilight* to darken the surroundings and fatigue foes. He uses his malevolence ability to possess an identifiable cleric and ensure that character can't channel positive energy against him, while casting his spells using that enemy's body. If this tactic fails, or if he's forced to abandon a living body, Bikendi debilitates the same opponent with a *blinding ray*, *deep slumber*, or *phantasmal killer*. Against other opponents, he relies on his invisibility field to hide while casting illusions, *enervation*, *feeblemind*, *shadow conjuration*, *shadow evocation*, or his ray spells to weaken them. Thereafter, Bikendi attacks with his corrupting touch, in combination with touch spells such as *bestow curse*, *touch of idiocy*, or *vampiric touch*.

Morale Obsessed with completing his ritual, Bikendi rejuvenates if slain. He then uses more *nightmares* to threaten the PCs, hoping to convince or bribe them into

retrieving the *immortal dreamstone*, if for no reason other than to end his nightly visitations.

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 20, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 22

Feats Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Eschew Materials, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell, Spell Focus (illusion), Toughness

Skills Bluff +15, Craft (alchemy) +15, Fly +20,

Intimidate +16, Knowledge (arcana) +13,

Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (local)

+12, Knowledge (planes) +12, Knowledge

(religion) +11, Linguistics +10, Perception

+15, Profession (sailor) +9, Sense

Motive +10, Spellcraft +18, Stealth +15

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Common,

Cyclops, Draconic, Giant, Infernal,

Osiriani, Polyglot

SQ arcane bond (currently none),

extended illusions +5 rounds

Gear *cloak of resistance* +2, *headband*

of mental prowess +2 (Charisma,

Intelligence, Bluff)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Rejuvenation (Su) If slain, Bikendi's

ghost reforms 2d4 days later. The

only way to permanently destroy him is to

return the missing *immortal dreamstone*

to him so he can complete his ritual, or to

destroy the stone, which frees his soul and

permanently destroys his ghost.



Bikendi Otongu

Development: If the PCs bring the *immortal dreamstone* from the Eye of Serenity (area G20) back to the fort, Bikendi immediately senses it and manifests before them, urging them to bring the *dreamstone* here. He then requests the PCs to willingly allow him to possess one of their bodies so he can complete his ritual. In exchange, he offers all his worldly possessions (located in the vault in area B31), as well as the location of a treasure hoard buried at sea in another ancient cyclops ruin. The hoard lies in a sunken, air-filled temple just a few miles away, detailed in Part Four (area Q). If the PCs agree, Bikendi is able to complete the ritual, and his spirit passes on into the Dimension of Dreams.

If the PCs refuse his offer, Bikendi attacks, seeking to take by force that which they won't willingly give. He focuses on slaying all but one of the PCs, still needing at least one of them alive so he can possess that character's body and complete the ritual on his own terms. If the PCs opt to fight Bikendi, they can permanently destroy him by first reducing his hit points to 0 and then smashing the *dreamstone*. This releases a massive wave of necromantic



energy as Bikendi's spirit expires, dealing 6d6 points of negative energy damage plus 2d6 points of Constitution damage to all living creatures in a 30-foot radius.

Freeing Bikendi's spirit or destroying it also permanently destroys the pirate shades haunt (see page 18).

Story Award: If the PCs enable Bikendi to complete his ritual, award them XP as if they had defeated him in combat.

B31. VAULT

A variety of small chests, crates, and sacks fill this small room. A corpse lies on the floor among the containers.

The ceiling is only 6 feet high in this chamber. Bikendi's pirates kept most of their loot in the containers here. Because of its small confines and secret location, the cyclopes completely missed it while ransacking the tower. Once the cyclopes returned to Sumitha, Bikendi possessed his apprentice Ederleigh, using Ederleigh's body to drag his own lifeless corpse from the tower cellar to here for safekeeping.

Treasure: The loot in the chamber vault consists of a suit of +1 *glamered elven chain*, a *bag of holding* (type II), *gloves of swimming and climbing*, a *helm of comprehend languages and read magic*, an *oil of magic weapon*, a *potion of lesser restoration*, a *scroll of control water*, a *scroll of displacement*, a ruby-studded scepter worth 400 gp, a silver tea set worth 75 gp, a gold ring worth 50 gp, two diamonds worth 500 gp each, three sapphires worth 250 gp each, eight fire opals worth 100 gp each, 12 aquamarines worth 50 gp each, 1,754 gp, 2,319 sp, and 6,438 cp.

In addition, Bikendi's body still holds the wizard's possessions—his *cloak of resistance +2*, *headband of mental prowess +2* (Charisma, Intelligence, Bluff), and spellbook, which contains all of his prepared spells, and all 0-level spells, plus additional spells of your choice from 1st to 5th level. Bikendi also recorded the progress of his experiments in a journal written in his own secret cipher based on the Cyclops language. A PC who succeeds at a DC 30 Linguistics check deciphers the code (DC 25 for a character who speaks Cyclops or in conjunction with a *comprehend languages* spell), revealing exactly what Bikendi was trying to accomplish, including his use of night hag heartstone magic to transform the *lens of revelation* into the *immortal dreamstone*. The journal also contains a map leading to Bikendi's secret hoard (area Q), protected by a *secret page* spell.

If the PCs have not yet encountered Bikendi in area B30, or if they disturb the body or any of his equipment, Bikendi immediately manifests and confronts them here in the vault.

B32. TELEPORTATION CHAMBER (CR 10)

A domed ceiling rises above this perfectly circular chamber. Golden glyphs and runes spiral down from the dome and across the room's floor, forming a raised circle around a pale blue disc. A large brass door leads farther east.

The cyclopes of Sumitha used this chamber as a *teleportation circle* to travel more quickly between Sumitha and various outposts. The dome stands 15 feet above the floor.

Trap: The circle is out of attunement now, fractured by time. Simply standing on the circle activates the portal, but instead of transporting those standing on it to the *teleportation circles* in Sumitha (area G18), this circle erroneously teleports travelers 120 feet into the air over the forest at area M.

MISALIGNED TELEPORTATION CIRCLE CR 10

XP 9,600

Type magic; Perception DC 34; Disable Device DC 34

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic

Effect spell effect (*teleportation circle*), onset delay (1 round), 120-ft. fall (12d6 falling damage); multiple targets (all creatures within the 10-ft.-diameter circle)

Development: A character with the Craft Wondrous Item feat can attempt to repair the *teleportation circle* by making a successful DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) check to diagnose the problem. If the PC is successful, the circle can be restored to its proper function and recalibrated with a successful DC 25 Spellcraft or Use Magic Device check, combined with a casting of the *make whole* spell. If repaired, the circle teleports anyone standing on it to its paired circle in Sumitha (area G18). Failing a check to repair the circle triggers the trap.

B33. RUINED AMPHITHEATER

An oblong chamber opens beyond this immense brass door. The sunken floor resembles an amphitheater with multiple stone columns supporting the ceiling overhead. A small pool of water covers the floor near the eastern wall, surrounding a giant statue of a cyclops warrior that reaches almost to the ceiling.

The ancient cyclopes used this room as a gathering place and shrine dedicated to their god of wisdom and vigilance. It's seen little use since the time of the Ghol-Gan empire. Because of the chamber's proximity to the sea, a small pool of seawater has seeped into the room. The ceiling is 20 feet high.

Development: This chamber plays a role in Part Four of this adventure. Before the PCs' feast, the notorious

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halfling alchemist known as the Eel uses his *fluid form* extract to gain access to this chamber through the stagnant pool here. Unless the PCs discovered this chamber and opened it up to the rest of the fort by shoring up the passageway from the tower's cellar, the Eel establishes a secret alchemy lab here from which to conduct his sabotage (see page 40 for further details on the Eel and his plans).

PART THREE: THE RUINS OF GHOL-GAN

Whether directed by the ghost of Bikendi Otongu, the crazed ruminations of his apprentice Ederleigh, or their own volition, the PCs should eventually head inland, climbing the island's highest plateau to explore the cyclopean ruins of ancient Sumitha.

G. RUINS OF SUMITHA

The ruins of Sumitha consist of several aboveground buildings as well as subterranean chambers carved into the mountainside. The underground passageways once led to the Darklands, but an earthquake closed those tunnels long ago. Most of Sumitha has fallen into disrepair, as the degenerate cyclops inhabitants of the ruins have grown too despondent or busy to maintain their ancestral home. Many buildings have partially collapsed and some even lie open to the sky, overgrown with various plants that have taken root among the flagstones underfoot. Most exterior buildings have skylights that provide dim light during the day. Underground rooms are lit with giant torches. All doors are made of solid brass (hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 28) with iron hinges that have become severely rusted. They creak loudly when opened (+10 bonus on opposed Perception checks to hear those entering). Unless otherwise noted, ceilings are 30 feet high in most rooms.

G1. MAIN APPROACH (CR 8)

A flagstone path leads past alabaster columns and a pair of tall trees into a small mountain valley. Immense stone buildings stand dark and silent, some clearly weathered by the test of time. The path continues north between the structures to a wide set of stairs leading up to a circular, open-air monument.

Trap: To defend their home, the cyclopes laid a net on the path leading between the trees to trap animals and other intruders to add to their food supply. The net has hardness 0 and 5 hit points, and creatures caught in the net must succeed at a DC 20 Escape Artist check to escape the net or a successful DC 25 Strength check to burst the net. The cyclops lookouts in area G2 watch this area so they can quickly summon the hunters in area G3 to subdue any visitors.

ENTANGLING NET

CR 8

XP 4,800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 30; Disable Device DC 26

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset manual

Effect Atk +20 ranged touch (entangled); multiple targets (20-ft.-by-20-ft. area)

G2. GUARD POST (CR 7)

The southwest wall of this building lies open to the elements. Several stones lie stacked together to create a low rampart with a clear view of the valley entrance.

Creatures: Two cyclops lookouts are posted here to monitor the approach to Sumitha. They wait for any intruders to trip the net trap (in area G1), then one of them summons the hunters in area G3 while the other pins down intruders from the cover offered by the crumbling rock wall.

CYCLOPES (2)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

TACTICS

During Combat The guards keep their crossbows ready while on duty so they can quickly fire at anyone in area G1, using their flash of insight to inflict critical hits on anyone escaping the trap.

Morale The cyclopes fight to the death.

G3. SLAUGHTERHOUSE (CR 9)

A charnel stench fills this long, rectangular chamber, where the discarded carcass of a huge, unidentifiable beast lies on the floor.

Creatures: The cyclopes butcher their kills in this room. Four cyclops hunters gather here, cleaning their latest catch—a baby triceratops from the lowlands (see area D). Unless summoned by the lookouts in area G2 or alerted by a loud disturbance, the hunters remain focused on their task, preparing meat for their chieftain Ishtoreth.

CYCLOPES (4)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

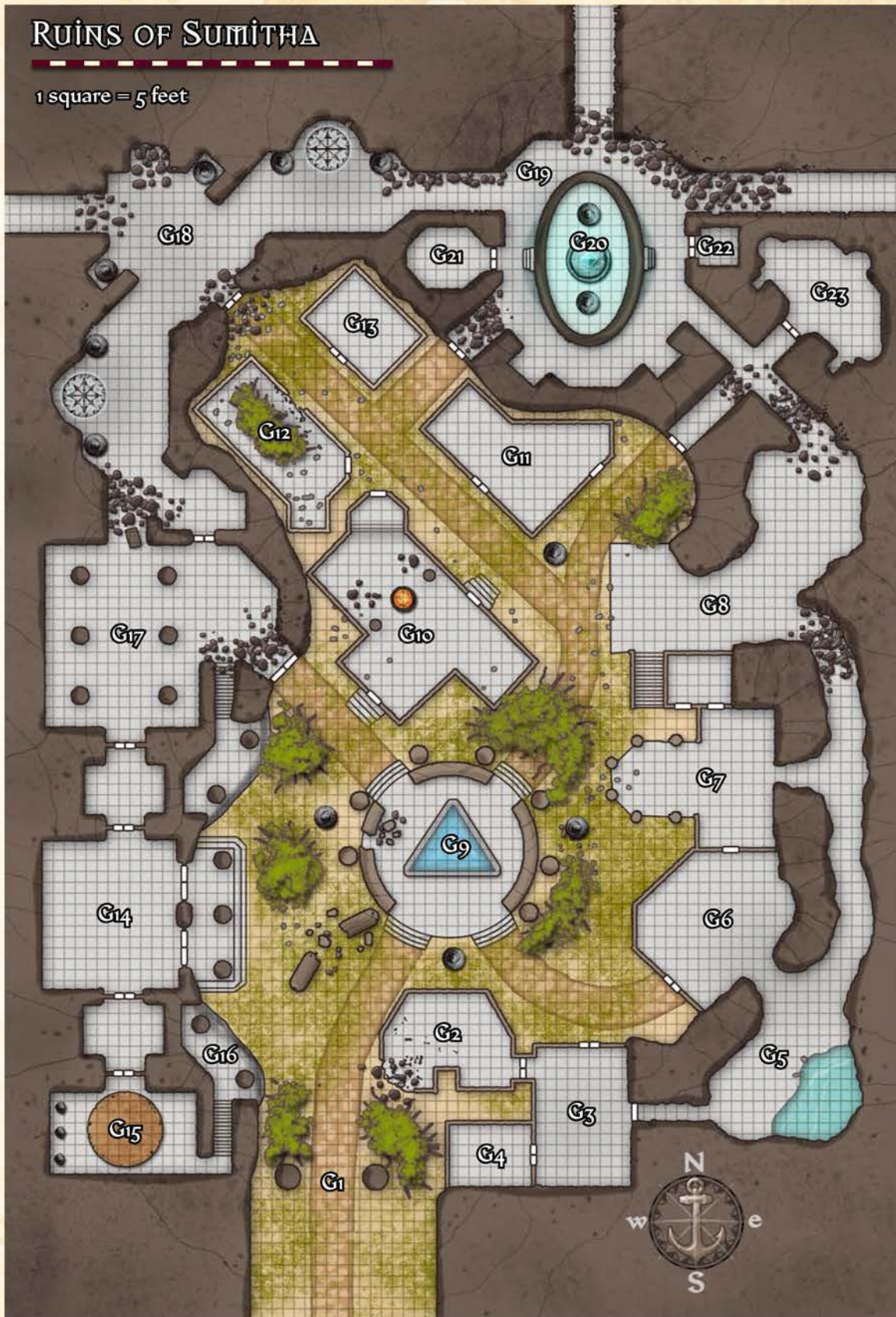
hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

TACTICS

During Combat The hunters combine their attacks to bring down prey, using Power Attacks backed by their flash of insight ability to inflict multiple critical hits on the most dangerous opponent. Once they neutralize their biggest threat, they turn their axes on anyone who remains.

RUINS OF SUMITHA

1 square = 5 feet



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Morale Eager to add more food to their larder, these cyclopes fight to death.

G4. LARDER

Twelve sets of shackles of varying sizes hang from the walls of this room, all lying unused on the chamber floor.

The cyclopes turned this room into a holding pen for the animals and captives they subdue, shackling prey here until they're ready to butcher it for the cook fires (area G10). Currently, the room lies empty, as the giants have eaten the last of their food stores.

Development: If any of the PCs are captured by the cyclopes, they will most likely be brought here and shackled before being eaten.

G5. CESSPOOL (CR 10)

The smell of stagnant water and discarded offal fills this low-lying cave. A wide pool takes up the eastern part of the chamber, while scattered bones lie strewn across the rest of the floor. Among the bones, a bejeweled short sword glints between two passageways leading north.

Creature: An intelligent lurking ray of immense size and considerable age, a trapper known as a Great Mother, lairs in this cave. Trappers are female lurking rays, manta ray-like ambush predators from the Darklands, able to change the color and texture of their leathery skin to blend in with the floor around them. A trapper waits for creatures to unwittingly walk across her skin, then twists her body around her prey to smother and constrict it before swallowing and digesting it.

This Great Mother crept into Sumitha from the Darklands after squeezing through the collapsed rubble of the upper passageways. Since then, she and the cyclopes have entered into a tenuous arrangement. They feed her the leftover bones and scraps from the slaughterhouse (area G4) in exchange for leaving them in peace. Since the cyclopes' food stores have run low, however, Ishtoreth has started rethinking his deal with the trapper, anticipating adding the creature to the larder in the near future. In the meantime, the Great Mother presents a significant danger to anyone wandering near. She purposefully uses a valuable short sword as a lure to draw potential victims to her.

GREAT MOTHER

CR 10

XP 9,600

Female advanced giant trapper (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Misfit Monsters Redeemed* 51, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 294–295)

N Gargantuan aberration

Init +6; **Senses** blindsense 10 ft., darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +27

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 8, flat-footed 23 (+2 Dex, +17 natural, –4 size)

hp 149 (13d8+91)

Fort +13, **Ref** +8, **Will** +13

DR 10/piercing or slashing; **Resist** cold 10, fire 10

Weaknesses light sensitivity

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., climb 5 ft.

Melee slam +19 (3d8+21 plus grab)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks constrict (3d8+21), smother

TACTICS

During Combat The Great Mother lies in wait until someone ventures into reach, then she grabs and smothers and constricts her victim while fending off any would-be rescuers with her slam attack.

Morale If reduced to 50 hit points or fewer, the Great Mother releases any remaining victims and flees north, squeezing past the rubble to reach the relative safety of area G19 before slipping back into the Darklands.

STATISTICS

Str 38, **Dex** 14, **Con** 25, **Int** 18, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +27 (+31 grapple); **CMD** 39 (can't be tripped)

Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Perception), Skill Focus (Stealth)

Skills Climb +38, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +20, Knowledge (local) +17, Perception +27, Sense Motive +18, Sleight of Hand +15, Stealth +16 (+24 in rocky areas), Survival +21;

Racial Modifiers +4 Stealth (+12 in rocky areas)

Languages Aklo, Common, Cyclops, Giant, Undercommon

SQ amorphous

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amorphous (Ex) Trappers are immune to precision damage (like sneak attacks) and critical hits, and can move through an area as small as one-quarter their space without squeezing or one-eighth their space when squeezing.

Smother (Ex) When a trapper grapples a target, it forms an airtight seal around its prey. A grappled target cannot speak or cast spells with verbal components, and must hold its breath (see Suffocation, *Core Rulebook* 445).

Treasure: The jeweled short sword is actually a Large +2 dagger that the Great Mother brought with her from cyclopes ruins deep below.

G6. FORUM

Two doors enter this vaulted chamber, one to the north and another to the southwest. Frescoes of cyclopes are etched into



the polished walls to the southeast where a natural stone tunnel leads deeper into the mountain.

The cyclopes once used this chamber as a gathering place to debate philosophy. Visitors to the Eye of Serenity would also ruminate here upon the visions and portents they received during their personal sojourn. It lies empty now, its artistic walls giving a brief glimpse into the height of Ghol-Gan culture.

G7. ROTUNDA

An open-air rotunda capped by a small dome overlooks the valley and ruined streets here, connecting to a short rectangular hall where exits lead north, south, and east. A collection of clay tablets, each marked with strange runes, lie neatly stacked in the northeast corner of the hall.

Sumitha's ancient leaders consulted with one another and addressed their people from this building. In their waning days, they often gathered in the attached hall to discuss their civilization's decline. The clay tablets are all written in Cyclops, and contain reports from outlying communities facing new hardships, requesting aid, or outlining plans for relocation. A successful DC 20 Linguistics check or *comprehend languages* spell can decipher these writings, as can any character who speaks Cyclops, though it takes several hours to fully review the tablets.

G8. GARGOYLE AERIE (CR 11)

A wide flight of stone stairs leads to a terrace, which offers a commanding view of the ruined streets and buildings below. Several statues gaze outward from its wall. To the northeast and southeast, a giant cavern opens into the mountainside where two tunnels lie choked with rubble.

The stairs climb 25 feet from the floor of the valley to the terrace. The two subterranean tunnels are completely blocked by rubble.

Creatures: A tribe of gargoyles claimed this terrace 3 months ago, entering into an uneasy pact with Ishtoreth after he soundly defeated them with hurled rocks during their last confrontation. Though the two groups have fought each other multiple times in the past, the gargoyles now act as scouts for the cyclopes, soaring to other islands to seek new hunting grounds for their mutual survival or skirmishing with the giant fiendish harpies on the island (see area C). A half-dozen gargoyles always remain here, perched on the terrace and using their freeze ability to resemble hand-carved statues while they guard the village. They eagerly attack anyone they don't recognize as an ally.

GARGOYLE SCOUTS (6)

CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Gargoyle rogue (sniper) 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 137, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 134)

CE Medium monstrous humanoid (earth)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural)

hp 76 each (9 HD; 5d10+4d8+31)

Fort +5, **Ref** +12, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge; **DR** 10/magic

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

Melee bite +12 (1d4+2), 2 claws +12 (1d6+2), gore +12 (1d4+2)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +13/+8 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks accuracy*, deadly range*, sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat The gargoyles execute Flyby Attacks with tooth and claw or Hover while using Deadly Aim with their bows.

Morale If more than half their number are slain, the remaining gargoyles attempt to flee into the wilderness.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 25

Feats Deadly Aim, Dodge, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Fly), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +15 (+19 when jumping), Fly +18, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (local) +8, Linguistics +5, Perception +12, Stealth +18 (+22 in stony environs), Survival +8

Languages Common, Cyclops, Polyglot, Terran

SQ freeze, rogue talents (combat trick, finesse rogue)

Combat Gear +1 arrows (20), +1 giant bane arrows (5), +1 monstrous humanoid bane arrows (5); **Other Gear** masterwork composite longbow (+2 Str)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Freeze (Ex) A gargoyle can hold itself so still it appears to be a statue. A gargoyle that uses its freeze ability can take 20 on its Stealth check to hide in plain sight as a stone statue.

* See *Advanced Player's Guide*.

G9. WISHING WELL (CR 9)

Tall, alabaster columns—one of which lies toppled and shattered to the west—surround this outdoor monument. Four short stairways climb to the low, circular wall of decorative archways that wraps around the raised dais, where a triangular pool reflects the sky overhead.

Creatures: In the waning days of Ghol-Gan, the cyclopes of Sumitha captured and bound a young genie from the ocean into this near-bottomless well with ancient magics. This marid, named Vailea, suffered

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much abuse at the hands of the cyclopes, forced to grant *wishes* to her evil captors or enable their crossing into other planes. Eventually, the only elders capable of commanding her services died out or abandoned Sumitha, and Vailea has remained trapped and hidden in the pool ever since.

Vailea wants nothing more than to escape her prison, but someone must voluntarily use one of her *wishes* to free her. Once she senses the PCs' arrival, Vailea contacts them via telepathy in an effort to draw them closer, conversing with them in the hope of winning their sympathy and friendship. The genie can be a great source of information about the original inhabitants of Ghol-Gan. She knows quite a bit about Ishtoreth's reign and the troubles the cyclopes have faced in battling famine on the island. Her greatest fear is that the cyclopes will completely die out and she'll be trapped forever, truly alone, with no one to wish her free.

VAILEA CR 9

XP 6,400

Female marid (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 142)

hp 114

TACTICS

During Combat Vailea cannot willingly leave the well, so she uses her water's fury ability to strike at those who antagonize her. If anyone comes within reach, she either uses her trident or grapples in an attempt to pull an opponent into the pool to hold hostage until someone agrees to wish her free.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Vailea pleads for her life, offering a *wish* to each of her attackers so long as one of them agrees to wish for her freedom. Otherwise, she swims into the well's depths, turning invisible until her attackers leave.

G10. DINING HALL (CR 9)

The sharp tang of woodsmoke fills this building, where a giant fire pit set with roasting spits takes up the northern half of the room, positioned just below an open hole in the roof.

This building served as a traders' hall for ancient Sumitha. A recent earthquake collapsed most of the roof and the cyclopes now use it as a dining hall, cooking their meals over the open flames of the fire pit they dug in the floor.

Creatures: Four cyclopes labor here, readying the fire pit and preparing a massive pot of stew as they make the most of the tribe's few remaining food supplies. The cyclopes defend their food against anyone who enters.

CYCLOPES (4) CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

G11. MONEY CHANGER

Smashed tables and chairs, all sized for giants, lie scattered about this building's single, large room.

In the heyday of ancient Ghol-Gan, Sumitha hosted travelers from a variety of cultures, most coming to visit the Eye of Serenity. In exchange, the cyclopes charged a hefty sum, establishing an arbiter here to act as money changer.

Treasure: Long forgotten among the detritus of Sumitha's ruin, several ancient coins from vanished empires can be found scattered about the room. All told, they're worth a total of 2,500 gp to various collectors.



Vailea

G12. MAGISTRATES' HALL

A large brass door provides access to this ruined hall, though an additional hole gapes in the northeast wall. Inside, much of the roof has long since collapsed and a garden of vegetation has taken root.

The cyclopes once maintained order from this ancient courthouse. Now, the building lies empty, overgrown with plant life. One of the trees inside bears a strange olivelike fruit, harvested by Ishtoreth's tribe for sustenance. Several more root vegetables, herbs, and medicinal plants grow among the wild grass and shrubbery underfoot. The cyclops druid Ummashtar, sister to Shaija (see area G15), normally tends this garden, but she is currently traveling with the fleet Ishtoreth sent to scout the other islands, helping them identify edible plants they can harvest.

G13. LEGATION

The architecture of this building is markedly different from others in the valley—it appears to have been built for human-sized occupants.

A successful DC 25 Knowledge (engineering) or Knowledge (history) check reveals the architecture and cultural trappings of this building belong to ancient Azlant rather than Ghol-Gan. The cyclopes of Sumitha once hosted an Azlanti seer as he consulted the Eye of Serenity. The cyclopes constructed this building to accommodate him and he altered it with *stone shape* to suit his personal tastes. Eventually, the seer passed on to another plane, courtesy of the genie Vailea in area G9, and his home has lain abandoned ever since.

G14. FOUNDER'S COURT (CR 10)

Beyond the double doors of this wide portico lies a huge chamber, only weakly illuminated by giant lamps suspended

overhead. Very large sleeping pallets cover most of the floor space, and two more sets of double doors lead north and south.

The ceiling is 50 feet high in this hall, which the remaining cyclopes of Sumitha use as their primary sleeping quarters. The lamps originate from ancient Ghol-Gan and contain *continual flames*. Because of their height above the chamber floor, the lamps provide only dim light at ground level.

Creatures: Six cyclopes occupy this hall at all times, usually sleeping in shifts while one keeps watch. They also share hunting duties with the cyclopes in area G3, but most of them have returned empty-handed from their last few forays. Ishtoreth has recently instituted a no-eating policy for those who don't add anything to the tribe's larder, and these cyclopes are all quite ravenous and eager to capture any newcomers to their lair as a result.

CYCLOPES (6)

CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 52*)

G15. TRAINING HALL (CR 11)

A bloodstained fighting circle takes up the center of this long, rectangular hall. To the west stand three human-shaped archery targets, while two weapon racks line the opposite wall.

The weapon racks in this room contain Large weapons of average make, mostly axes and clubs.

Creatures: A vicious cyclops warrior named Shaija runs this training room along with her four proteges. Shaija acts as Ishtoreth's seneschal, overseeing the tribe's daily affairs on his behalf.

Her sister Ummashtar and brother Kaval left Sumitha over 2 months ago, leading an expedition to nearby islands in search of food. Shaija resents having to stay behind, and takes out her frustrations on the warriors in her charge while preparing them for raiding and conquering any suitable targets identified by her siblings. Meanwhile, Shaija hunts down visitors to the Island of Empty Eyes, intent on



Shaija

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adding them to the larder (area G4) to sustain the tribe until the others return. Shaija and her warriors attack any intruders.

CYCLOPES (4) CR 5

XP 1,600 each

hp 65 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 52)

SHAIJA CR 9

XP 6,400

Female cyclops fighter 4

NE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 10, flat-footed 22 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +7 natural, +2 shield, -1 size)

hp 123 (14 HD; 10d8+4d10+56)

Fort +15, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *battleaxe* +13/+8/+3 (2d6+10/19-20/x3), heavy spiked wooden shield +7 (1d8+3) or

+1 *battleaxe* +19/+14/+9 (2d6+10/19-20/x3)

Ranged mwk heavy crossbow +12 (2d8/19-20)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

TACTICS

During Combat Shaija coordinates with her fellow cyclopes, encouraging them to use their flash of insight abilities to swiftly take down battle-hardened opponents with critical hits and Power Attacks—or, in her case, with a single Vital Strike. If she's able to easily hit foes, Shaija attacks with both her axe and spiked shield, but she switches to Power Attacks with just her axe if she needs to inflict more damage.

Morale Once Shaija falls below 40 hit points, or when only two of her cyclops partners remain, Shaija orders one of them to warn Ishtoreth in area G17, intent on buying the great cyclops time to prepare. She then relies on her ferocity to keep fighting her foes to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 12, **Con** 19, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +19 (+21 bull rush); **CMD** 30 (32 vs. bull rush)

Feats Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (battleaxe), Improved Shield Bash, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception), Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (battleaxe), Weapon Specialization (battleaxe)

Skills Climb +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (engineering) +5, Perception +16, Survival +6

Languages Common, Cyclops, Giant

SQ armor training 1, flash of insight

Gear masterwork hide armor, masterwork heavy spiked wooden shield, +1 *battleaxe*, masterwork heavy crossbow with 10 bolts

G16. BALCONY

Stairs lead to this covered balcony carved into the mountain face. It overlooks most of the valley as well as the portico below.

This balcony stands 25 feet above the valley floor. The cyclopes normally keep two lookouts here, but in Shaija's zeal to hone everyone's combat training, she calls them down to archery practice in the training hall (area G15) far more often.

Development: If the PCs raid Sumitha and withdraw without defeating the whole tribe, Shaija returns them to duty, at which point two cyclopes are stationed here around the clock.

G17. HALL OF CHAMPIONS (CR 12)

Six columns carved to resemble huge cyclopes in decorative armor support the ceiling of this immense chamber. Fallen rubble blocks passageways to the north and southeast, but double doors still stand in the north wall and another set of double doors leads farther south. In the northeast corner, a giant animal hide is stretched across the floor beside a pile of bones stripped of meat. Several dinosaur skulls hang from the western wall.

The original inhabitants of Ghol-Gan called this chamber the Hall of Champions. Here they honored the accomplishments of their greatest heroes, whether warriors, philosophers, seers, or sorcerers. Each column portrays a famous cyclops from before the Age of Legend, the heroes' names inscribed in ancient Cyclops runes on the floor before them: the Heretic Aveshai, Tok Shal the Fearless, Junlo of the Third Eye, Losailia the All-Wise, Perrom of the Temporal Sphere, and the Twice-Favored Isada Rek. The ceiling is 50 feet high in the hall.

Creature: Ishtoreth, the reigning chieftain of Sumitha, lives here, a sad, gaunt reflection of his honored kin. The great cyclops has the misfortune of standing on the precipice of seeing the very spirit of the people he protects extinguished, having lost many to the depredations of famine—a foe which, despite his great strength, even he feels powerless to defeat. Not exactly the smartest of his kind, Ishtoreth still holds distinction as the only great cyclops remaining in Sumitha. The other cyclopes both fear and revere him for his size, temper, and prowess in battle.

Ishtoreth abhors all outsiders who come to his island, particularly those who would steal from the ruins of his ancestors. Though he's forgotten much of his people's storied past, he feels a deep-rooted protectiveness of the sites that give his tribe their cultural identity. This passion led Ishtoreth to attack Bikendi's pirates and return the stolen *lens of revelation* to the Eye of Serenity—a holy place even his uneducated mind recognizes for the

power it holds. Unfortunately, he lacked the insight to understand the changes Lodhatha made to the crystal when she transformed it into the *immortal dreamstone*, and he hasn't yet realized the damage he's caused by placing the corrupted gem back in its vault.

When the PCs arrive, Ishtoreth is lounging on his animal hide pallet, picking through the bones of his last meal. If warned ahead of time of their presence, however, Ishtoreth hides just behind the corner so he can ready a charge against the first opponents who enter. As he fights, he calls out the names of the honored champions in the hall, hoping their spirits will favor him.

ISHTORETH **CR 12**

XP 19,200

Male great cyclops (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 61)

AC 27, touch 9, flat-footed 26 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +13 natural, -2 size)

hp 195

Melee +1 *greatclub* +25/+20/+15 (3d8+20), gore +17 (1d8+6)

TACTICS

During Combat Ishtoreth makes a powerful charge against any spellcasters first, hoping to gore them to death.

Thereafter, he makes Awesome Blows with his greatclub to keep anyone from getting inside his reach. If surrounded, Ishtoreth inspires himself with a flash of brutality, using his Cleave and Staggering Critical feats to devastating effect.

Against flying opponents, he hurls rocks from a pouch kept at his side.

Morale As a great cyclops and leader of his tribe, Ishtoreth fears nothing. He fights to the death, either drinking his *potions of cure serious wounds* to keep himself going, or relying on his Diehard feat to activate another flash of brutality when brought below 0 hit points.

STATISTICS

Combat Gear *potions of cure serious wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 hide armor, +1 *greatclub*, rocks (10), belt pouch

G18. CROSSROADS (CR 11)

Several statues and two ornate runic circles stretch along this rubble-strewn hall. Several exits have been blocked by a cave-ins, but a single open passage, its dusty floor marked with giant-sized footprints, leads eastward.

The runic circles here are *teleportation circles* that once connected Sumitha with other outposts. The northeastern circle no longer functions, its paired circle destroyed long ago in the fall of Ghol-Gan. The southwestern circle still connects to the teleportation chamber beneath the Chelish fort (area B32), but as the *teleportation circle* in that location is now out of attunement, it is currently nonfunctional as well. If the circle in area

B32 is repaired, the southwestern *teleportation circle* here resumes its normal operation.

Creatures: Two ancient caryatid columns, carved to resemble large female cyclops warriors from the height of Ghol-Gan's enlightened age, guard this large corridor from alcoves just to the northwest of the hall. The statues are attuned to the *teleportation circles* at either end of the chamber, and move to attack any non-cyclops attempting to activate or use the portals. The caryatids fight until destroyed.

CYCLOPS CARYATIDS **CR 9**

XP 6,400

Advanced caryatid column (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 46)

N Large construct

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 10, flat-footed 22 (+1 Dex, +13 natural, -1 size)

hp 101 (13d10+30)

Fort +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities shatter weapons; **DR** 10/—; **Immune** construct traits, magic

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *keen falchion* +19/+14/+9 (2d6+10/15-20)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 31 (cannot be disarmed)

SQ statue

Gear +1 *keen falchion*

G19. ORACLE'S HALL

The domed ceiling of this chamber rises eighty feet overhead. In the center of the hall, a thirty-foot-high egg-shaped structure stands on the floor. Stone stairs climb the side of this domed structure, ending before a stone wall chiseled to resemble an immense eye, circled with strange runes glowing with an eldritch light. The stairs and eye are mirrored on the opposite side of the dome. Tiny stars roil across the top of the structure, their light projecting strange constellations on the ceiling overhead. Much of the northeast corner of the chamber lies in ruin, collapsed by obvious cave-ins, but three other exits remain—doors to the east and west, and a corridor leading southeast.

This hall belonged to the seers and oracles of Sumitha and houses the ovoid vault known as the Eye of Serenity at its center. The runes around the eyes on the walls of the vault are in Cyclops (DC 20 Linguistics check to translate) and state: "Only by blinding yourself to the world around you can you see the way forward to the Eye of Serenity." In order to enter the Eye, a supplicant must

purposefully blind himself, either with magic (such as *blindness/deafness*) or by using the *irthaval* incense kept in the storeroom to the east (area **G22**). Thus blinded to the real world, a character can perceive doorways in the irises of the giant eyes and pass through them as if they were incorporeal, entering the Eye of Serenity (area **G20**). Wearing a blindfold or closing the eyes is not enough; to enter, one's eyes must remain open and uncovered.

Once a living creature has passed through one of the iris portals to enter the Eye of Serenity, the starry dome of the vault vanishes as the walls become incorporeal for 1 minute, revealing the interior of the Eye and allowing anyone to freely enter or exit for as long as the walls remain incorporeal.

G20. THE EYE OF SERENITY (CR 12)

A flare of light sweeps through this oval chamber, blazing from a large, singular crystal resting atop a six-foot-high silver pedestal in the center of a raised dais. Two large statues face the pedestal, holding up large, curved swords that nearly touch the chamber's ceiling.

The cyclopes of Sumitha called this chamber the Eye of Serenity; it was a place where their seers could divine the future and scry the past through the *lens of revelation*. The cyclops oracles routinely devoted themselves to the mystery of time and purposefully blinded themselves or suffered the curse of clouded vision, even as they opened their minds to far greater vistas of enlightenment. The power of this ancient artifact is diminished now, no longer able to enact the far-reaching divinations once practiced here, and has been further weakened by Lodhotha's transformation of the *lens of revelation* into the *immortal dreamstone*. Enough magic remains, however, that a successful DC 25 Spellcraft check can decipher the Eye's original purpose, enabling characters to understand the taint of the heartstone resting atop the pedestal.

Hazard: For living creatures, time is slowed inside the Eye of Serenity—a purposeful feature the seers found useful for their divinations. As a result, any living creature entering the Eye must succeed at a DC 19 Will save or be immediately affected by a *slow* effect.

Although Ishtoreth returned the *lens of revelation* to its pedestal inside the Eye, he had no idea Lodhotha had transformed it into a heartstone. The taint of the night

hag's magic absorbed by the lens when it was transformed into the *immortal dreamstone* has resulted in flawed interaction with the ancient cyclops artifact, releasing intermittent waves of necromantic energy. Each round, a random living creature inside the Eye is targeted by an *enervation* effect from the crystal. If the walls of the Eye have become incorporeal but no living creatures are inside the vault, the *dreamstone* targets creatures in area **G19**. If a creature's negative levels equal or exceed its Hit Dice, it is slain, and is immediately targeted with a *soul bind* effect that draws the creature's soul into the gem (DC 23 Will save negates).

A character capable of channeling positive energy can expend one of her daily uses to suppress the gem's effect for 1 round. Removing the *dreamstone* from the pedestal immediately ends these attacks, but the Eye's *slow* effect makes it harder to reach the gemstone before it siphons souls. In addition, a creature touching the stone on the pedestal is automatically subjected to a *trap the soul* effect (DC 22 Will save negates). Smashing the gem (hardness 10, hp 30, Break DC 30) releases any souls trapped inside.

Creatures: In the waning days of Ghol-Gan, cyclops necromancers grew concerned with the safety of the Eye of Serenity and the *lens of revelation*, and placed additional guardians within the Eye. They created two undead cyclops called gholdakos and placed them here to protect and defend the Eye for all eternity. The gholdakos appear to be withered cyclops corpses, with single shrunken, milky eyes, wrapped in strips of linen covered with runes and glyphs scribbled in blood. Since Ishtoreth returned the *lens of revelation* to the Eye, the gholdakos have absorbed some of the *dreamstone's* taint and now attack anyone entering the Eye, including the cyclopes of Sumitha. Unaffected by the Eye's *slow* effect, the gholdakos now serve the *dreamstone's* insatiable hunger, maneuvering throughout areas **G19** and **G20** to drag or knock victims into the gem's soul-stealing light and prevent anyone from taking the stone from its pedestal.

GHOLDAKOS (2)

CR 10

XP 9,600 each

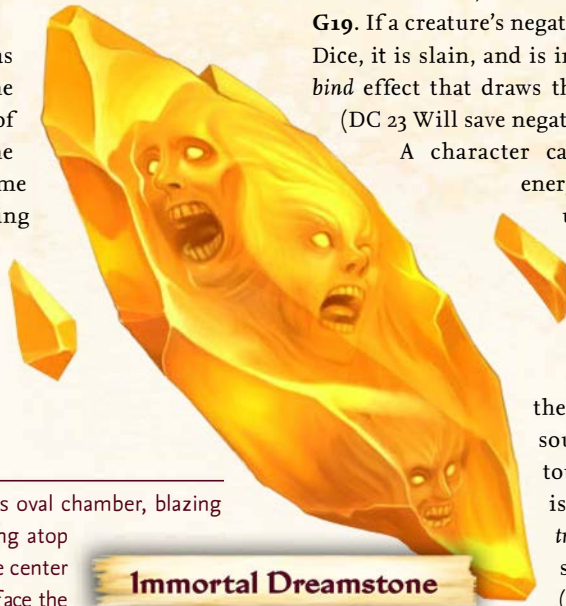
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NE Large undead (giant)

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 9, flat-footed 25 (+4 armor, +12 natural, -1 size)





hp 127 each (15d8+60)

Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +10

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +3; DR 5/good;

Immune undead traits; Resist cold 10, fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +17 (1d8+7), 2 claws +18 (2d8+7/19–20 plus disease)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks blinding breath

TACTICS

During Combat The gholdakos use their blinding breath to blind opponents, then make Awesome Blows or bull rush attacks to push foes into the Eye's *slow* effect and make it easier for them to slay intruders.

Morale The gholdakos fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 25, Dex 10, Con —, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 19

Base Atk +11; CMB +19 (+21 bull rush); CMD 29 (31 vs. bull rush)

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (claws), Power Attack, Weapon Focus (claws)

Skills Intimidate +22, Knowledge (history) +8, Perception +19, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +11

Languages Cyclops

Gear hide armor

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blinding Breath (Su) Once every 1d4 rounds, a gholdako can exhale its noxious breath in a 20-foot cone, permanently blinding any creatures in the affected area unless they succeed at a DC 21 Fortitude save. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Disease (Ex) *Seaside Rot*: Claw—injury; save Fort DC 21; onset 1 minute; frequency 1/day; effect 1d4 Str damage and 1d4 Dex damage; cure 2 consecutive saves.

G21. MEDITATION CHAMBER

A wall of silent darkness looms past this solid brass door, obscuring and muting anything within.

Visitors to the Eye of Serenity prepared themselves by spending hours of sensory deprivation in this room. It carries permanent *deeper darkness* and *silence* effects inside (CL 17th). The cyclops seers would also light sticks of *irthaval* incense from the storeroom (area G22) to blind each supplicant and induce an altered state of mind before allowing entry into the Eye.

G22. STOREROOM

Dozens of crates fill this small storeroom, the air heavy with the smell of incense.

Treasure: The cyclops seers stored special incense called *irthaval* here as a means for readying visitors to the Eye of Serenity. The incense has lost much of its potency over the years, but when used in quantity, it can still produce its original effect. *Irthaval* incense is an addictive, mind-altering drug (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 236). The storeroom holds enough remaining incense for 8 preparations.

IRTHAVAL INCENSE

Type inhaled; Addiction minor, Fortitude DC 18

Price 200 gp

Effects 1 hour; +1d4 alchemical bonus to Wisdom, the user is blinded

Effect after 1 hour; –2 penalty on Perception and Sense Motive skill checks for 1d2 hours

Damage 1d2 Con and 1d2 Cha damage

G23. HALL OF TRIBUTE

Several urns, chests, and strange relics fill this ancient vault. They all seem born of a bygone age, ancient artifacts of a distant time.

The cyclopes of ancient Ghol-Gan used this chamber to store tribute given in exchange for use of the Eye of Serenity. An *arcane lock* seals the doors to the vault (CL 15th, DC 30 Disable Device to open). The wizard who originally sealed it left Sumitha over a century ago, and Ishtoreth and his remaining tribe no longer have the means to open it.

Treasure: Inside the vault are a cursed *net of snaring*, a *pearl of power* (3rd level), a *rod of wonder*, a *potion of neutralize poison*, a *scroll of divination*, a *wand of summon monster IV* (23 charges remaining), a gold necklace worth 500 gp, an expensive vase worth 750 gp, nine pearls worth 100 gp each, 150 pp, 2,786 gp, 427 sp, and 633 cp.

PART FOUR: FEAST OF SPOILS

After exploring the Island of Empty Eyes, investigating the ruins of Sumitha, and putting Bikendi Otongu's spirit to rest, the PCs should have some time to settle into their new home. Still, the PCs must prepare for the upcoming visit by the lords of the Pirate Council. These emissaries will expect a proper welcome, including a feast in their honor, complete with entertainment and a retelling of the PCs' exploits on the Island of Empty Eyes.

To make a good impression, the PCs will likely want (or need) to secure additional resources, both to set up a base of operations on the island and to host a feast worthy of their important guests. If the PCs brokered a deal with Bikendi, or found his journal, they can attempt to retrieve his hidden treasure cache in area Q. The PCs

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also learn of a shipment of smuggled rum from Hell's Harbor that they can raid for drinks for their feast (see Rumrunning on page 40).

If you wish to provide the PCs with additional opportunities for piracy or experience points at this point, you can use some of the sample ships and captains presented in Ships, Sailors, and Other Victims on page 81 or in earlier volumes of the Skull & Shackles Adventure Path to expand this section.

Q. SUNKEN SHRINE

In the thousands of years following the fall of Ghol-Gan, more than one ancient ruin has been swallowed by the sea, whether because of Earthfall, earthquakes, or just the ravages of time. One such location now lies just below the water's surface a few miles southwest of the Isle of Empty Eyes, a holy shrine dedicated to the cyclops incarnation of Sivanah, the patron goddess of illusions and mysteries. Bikendi Otongu originally came to this site while researching the magic practiced by the great cyclopes of old. After discovering the powerful illusions and abjurations of Sivanah's temple, he decided to use it as a perfect hiding place for his gang's most valuable treasures.

If the PCs made a deal with Bikendi, or found the map in his journal, they can attempt to retrieve his hidden treasure cache from the shrine, which is protected by a permanent *mage's private sanctum* effect that shields it from divination magic. Following Bikendi's directions or his map leads the PCs to the ocean over the temple, but getting to the secret cache actually requires a prolonged diving expedition and a successful DC 25 Perception check to find the shrine in the dim light of the ocean floor 100 feet down. Swimmers must succeed at DC 15 Fortitude saves every minute (+1 to the DC for each prior check) or take 1d6 points of damage from the water pressure at that depth (*Core Rulebook* 445). Use the map on page 41 for this area.

SHARK-INFESTED WATERS (CR 11)

Creatures: The PCs are not alone as they search for the ruin. A mated pair of megalodons also swim these waters. The giant dire sharks are far too large to enter the coral maze (area Q1), but can easily zero in on any light sources or erratic movements caused by the PCs as they search the ocean floor. Utterly voracious, the sharks attack as soon as they spot potential food sources, biting and attempting to swallow their victims whole. The sharks fight to the death, giving chase as far as the coral maze.

DIRE SHARKS (2) CR 9
XP 6,400 each
hp 112 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 247)

Q1. SHIPWRECK AND CORAL MAZE

The remains of a sailing ship sit among the rocks on the ocean floor. Beyond it, an immense, cavelike maze of overlapping coral grows across an ancient, giant-sized ruin.

The sunken ship, the *Lady's Kiss*, was an expeditionary vessel of the Pathfinder Society lost at sea. Bikendi's gang discovered the wreck during their own dive and added its spoils to their treasure trove (see area Q5). The ship holds nothing of value now and serves as little more than a home for tropical fish.

Hazard: The razor-edged formations of the coral maze pose a danger to swimmers. Anyone swimming through the maze must make a successful DC 20 Swim check each round or take 1d6 points of slashing damage. Alternatively, the PCs can chop through the coral (hardness 2, hp 15, Break DC 23 per 5-foot-square section) to create a safer route through the maze.

Q2. OVERGROWN STATUES

A giant statue of a feminine figure with a veiled face stands here, overgrown with layers of coral. Its features are barely discernible, but it holds a fist-sized gem in its outstretched hand.

A successful DC 25 Knowledge (religion) check recognizes the statue as a representation of one of the seven forms of the goddess Sivanah—that of a cyclops.

Treasure: The statue holds a fire opal worth 500 gp in its hand, but prying the gemstone free from the overgrown coral requires a successful DC 26 Strength check.

Q3. PORTICO (CR 9)

Wide stone steps lead to dual alcoves in the undersea cliffs. Giant brass doors bar the northern passageway, but the southern passage lies open, its doors smashed and broken.

Trap: The temple entrance bears a powerful enchantment that assaults the minds of those who aren't followers of Sivanah. Bikendi's expertise in mind-affecting magic allowed him to counteract and bypass it when he came here. The symbol is triggered when anyone passes through the doorway.

SYMBOL OF INSANITY CR 9

XP 6,400

Type magic; Perception DC 33; Disable Device DC 33

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Duration 160 minutes; Reset automatic (1 day)

Effect spell effect (permanent *symbol of insanity* [CL 16th],

DC 22 Will save negatives); multiple targets (all targets within 60 feet)

Q4. AQUATIC ATRIUM (CR 11)

One of the columns supporting the high ceiling of this room has toppled, collapsing the chamber's northwest corner. To the south, bright light filters down from a set of stairs, casting weird shadows through the murky water.

The ceiling is 50 feet high here.

Creature: A giant sapphire jellyfish hovers near the ceiling of this room, slowly drifting in the water. Any movement in the room draws its attention.

SAPPHIRE JELLYFISH

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 138 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 155)

TACTICS

During Combat The sapphire jellyfish attacks anyone entering its lair, discharging its electricity blast ability before attacking victims with its tentacles. The jellyfish pursues fleeing prey even through the outer doors, using its compression ability to give chase.

Morale The jellyfish fights to the death.

Q5. TREASURE ROOM

Stairs climb out of the water into a chamber filled with stale air. Tons of fallen rock bury an alcove to the east. Dozens of small crates and chests lie neatly stacked about the room.

Two everburning torches illuminate this room.

Treasure: Bikendi's pirates kept their most lucrative booty here, confident the chamber's magic would hide anything they stored. The trove contains a *potion of heroism*, a *ring of sustenance*, a *scroll of gaseous form*, a *skeleton anchor* (see page 61), a *bone wand of false life* (23 charges remaining), a diamond worth 1,000 gp, a jeweled headdress worth 800 gp, a jade necklace worth 350 gp, and a carved darkwood mask worth 100 gp. In addition, the chamber contains a variety of valuable trade goods stolen from ships, including alcohol, gems, ivory, ceramic vases, and whale oil, worth a total of 10 points of plunder.

RUMRUNNING

As the PCs prepare for the upcoming visit of the lords of the Pirate Council, an interesting bit of information falls into their hands, courtesy of some judicious eavesdropping by one of their allies (you should select an NPC who the PCs have befriended earlier in the campaign, such as Corlan, Jaymiss Keft, Merrill Pegsworthy, or Pierce Jerrell). Eager to see the PCs succeed in their

bid to join the Pirate Council, their friend reports that a shipment of smuggled rum will soon be leaving Hell Harbor for Cheliax, aboard a ship called the *Jester's Grin*. If the PCs can "liberate" this cargo, they'll acquire plentiful, quality libations for their dinner party that should impress their visitors. According to the PCs' source, a smuggler named Fargo Vitterande captains the *Jester's Grin*. Rumors indicate that Vitterande uses his cover as a smuggler to occasionally spy for Cheliax, and that he often works as a smuggler for Arronax Endymion, the ex-Chelish admiral who is lord of Hell Harbor and holds a seat on the Pirate Council.

The timing of this event is no coincidence, however. An agent of Barnabas Harrigan, a halfling alchemist known as "the Eel," has been ordered to disrupt the PCs' feast and embarrassing them in front of their pirate lord guests. The Eel did this by breaking into one of Arronax Endymion's storehouses in Hell Harbor and lacing the rum stored inside with a special alchemical agent. Odorless and tasteless, the chemical poses no real threat to anyone who imbibes it. But when mixed with another alchemical reagent that the Eel plans to later introduce into the food served to the PCs' guests, it will cause food poisoning.

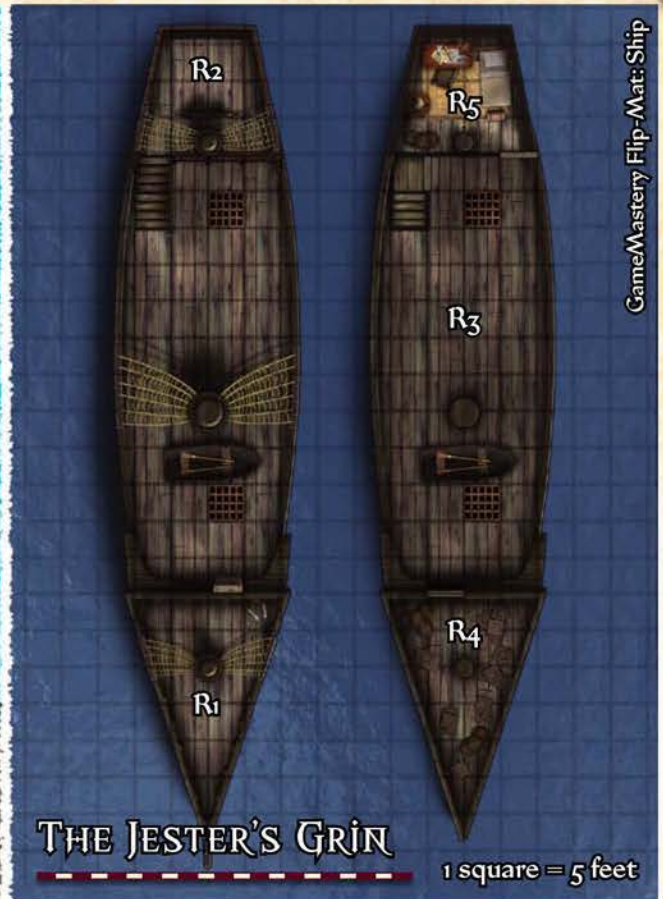
Through intermediaries, the Eel then arranged to help Fargo Vitterande steal the rum from Endymion's warehouse, and then seed specific rumors of Vitterande's loyalties as well as the frequent meetings between Vitterande and Endymion to the PC's allies. Finally, the Eel purposefully leaked this information about the shipment of smuggled rum to the PCs. Each cask of rum bears the pirate lord's seal, and coupled with the Eel's rumors, the Eel hopes to throw suspicion Endymion's way. The PCs might already have some suspicions about Endymion's loyalty, so the opportunity to waylay one of his contacts on the open sea could also entice them to intercept the *Jester's Grin* to gather more evidence. While Endymion is occupied with defending himself against the PCs' accusations, Harrigan will be free to carry out his own betrayal.

THE JESTER'S GRIN (CR 12)

The PCs' source informs them that the *Jester's Grin* is scheduled to stop at Ghrinitshahara in the Rampore Isles to drop off a shipment of slaves and take on fresh water before the long journey north to Cheliax. Once the ship leaves the Shackles, it will be almost impossible to find, so the PCs have one chance to catch the *Jester's Grin*.

Ship Combat: Assuming the PCs lie in wait for the *Jester's Grin*, they encounter the rumrunner just east of the Rampore Isles. A successful DC 30 Perception check is required to spot the ship. Using divination magic (such as *augury*, *divination*, or the like) or a spyglass grants a cumulative +2 circumstance bonus on this check. The *Jester's Grin* spots the PCs' ship at the same

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time and makes a run for it, hoping to reach the safety of Ghrinitshahara's port before the PCs can catch it. Use the evasion and pursuit rules on page 11 of the *Skull & Shackles Player's Guide* to run the chase. Once the PCs catch up to the *Jester's Grin*, it turns to face them—if Vitterande can't outrun the PCs, he'll take the fight to them.

JESTER'S GRIN CR 11

Shackles corvette (sailing ship) (*Skull & Shackles Player's Guide* 25)

Init +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 2; **Hardness** 5

hp 1,620 (sails 360)

Save +13

OFFENSE

Ranged 4 light ballistae +8 (3d8/19–20), 2 light catapults +17 (4d6)

CMB +23; CMD 33

Ramming Damage 8d8

CREW

Captain Fargo Vitterande (CE male human natural wererat rogue 3/enchanter 3/arcane trickster 5; Profession [sailor] +15)

4 pirate bodyguards (CE half-orc fighter 4/rogue [thug] 3)
32 sailors (minimum 20)

EQUIPMENT

Gear 4 light ballistae with 10 bolts each (two aft, one port and one starboard), 2 light catapults with 15 stones each (fore), broad rudder, extended keel, rapid-deploy sails, smuggling compartments

Cargo 5 points of plunder (rum)

Creatures: Fargo Vitterande hides in the captain's cabin (area R5) with four pirate bodyguards. Once the PCs board the *Jester's Grin*, however, Fargo quickly sacrifices his bodyguards to save his own neck when the PCs arrive. As the bodyguards attack any intruders, Fargo slips out a window, using *spider climb* to crawl up to the aft deck (area R2). He waits there to confront the PCs when they follow.

PIRATE BODYGUARDS (4) CR 6

XP 2,400 each

Half-orc fighter 4/rogue (thug) 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 135)

CE Medium humanoid (human, orc)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield)

hp 57 each (7 HD; 4d10+3d8+18)
Fort +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2; +1 vs. fear
Defensive Abilities bravery +1, evasion, orc ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee +1 *cutlass* +12/+7 (1d6+7/18–20)
Ranged light crossbow +8 (1d8/19–20)
Special Attacks brutal beating*, sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat The bodyguards use their frightening ability to intimidate opponents, then flank with each other to make sneak attacks, using their Outflank and Precise Strike feats and brutal beating ability to sicken enemies. They use Vital Strike against skilled warriors and full attacks against less armored foes.

Morale If reduced to 10 hit points or fewer, the bodyguards drop their weapons and beg for quarter.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +6; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 23
Feats Dodge, Intimidating Prowess, Outflank*, Precise Strike*,

Toughness, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (cutlass), Weapon Specialization (cutlass)

Skills Acrobatics +12, Climb +10, Intimidate +15, Knowledge (engineering) +11, Profession (sailor) +10, Stealth +12, Swim +8

Languages Common, Orc

SQ armor training 1, frightening*, orc blood, rogue talents (strong impression*), weapon familiarity

Gear +2 *chain shirt*, masterwork buckler, +1 *cutlass*, light crossbow with 10 bolts, 35 gp

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

FARGO VITTERANDE (HYBRID FORM)

CR 11

XP 12,800

Male human natural wererat rogue 3/enchanter 3/arcane trickster 5 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 197)

CE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision, scent, *see invisibility*; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 16, flat-footed 20 (+4 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural, +4 shield)

hp 91 (11 HD; 3d8+8d6+49)

Fort +8, **Ref** +14, **Will** +9

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1; **DR** 10/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee +2 *short sword* +12 (1d6+3/19–20), bite +5 (1d4 plus disease and curse of lycanthropy) or mwk dagger +11

(1d4+1/19–20), bite +5 (1d4 plus disease and curse of lycanthropy)

Ranged mwk hand crossbow +11 (1d4/19–20) or mwk dagger +11

(1d4+1/19–20)

Special Attacks

impromptu sneak attack 1/day, sneak attack +4d6

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +11)

6/day—dazing touch

Enchanter Spells Prepared

(CL 8th; concentration +11)

4th—*charm monster* (DC 18), *confusion* (DC 18), *greater invisibility*



Fargo Vitterande

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3rd—*blink*, *dispel magic*, *hold person* (DC 17), *major image* (DC 16), *suggestion* (DC 17)
2nd—*cat's grace*, *false life*, *hideous laughter* (DC 16), *see invisibility*, *spider climb*
1st—*charm person* (DC 15), *hold portal*, *jump*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14), *shield*, *silent image* (DC 14)
o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *daze* (DC 14), *mage hand*, *message*
Opposition Schools conjuration, evocation

TACTICS

Before Combat Fargo casts *false life* every morning. Once the PCs engage the *Jester's Grin*, he shifts into his hybrid form and casts *cat's grace*, *jump*, *see invisibility*, *shield*, and *spider climb* on himself.

During Combat Fargo casts *greater invisibility* and climbs into the ship's rigging. From there, he creates a *major image* of himself on the fore deck (area R1) to make it seem that he teleported to the far side of the ship. Fargo uses the illusion to draw out conversations with his enemies; the illusion acts in a conciliatory fashion while he himself uses tricky spells to secretly target them with *charm monster* or *suggestion*. He follows those spells with *message* so he can whisper directions to anyone affected by his enchantments. Fargo targets anyone who sees through his ruse with debilitating spells such as *confusion* or *hideous laughter* so they can't inform the others. He then slips back into the fray, executing sneak attacks or casting *hold person* on enemy spellcasters. Against especially dangerous foes, he keeps his distance while firing his *wand of lightning bolts*.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Fargo casts *blink* and withdraws. Diving overboard, he transforms into a dire rat and clings to the ship's hull while holding his breath. If he eludes pursuit, Fargo abandons his crew (and his ship, if the PCs commandeer it) and makes for shore at nightfall.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 21, **Con** 15, **Int** 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 22

Feats Alertness⁸, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improved Feint, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (enchantment), Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +15 (+35 when jumping), Appraise +10, Bluff +15, Climb +18, Diplomacy +9, Disable Device +12, Escape Artist +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Perception +19, Profession (sailor) +12, Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +12, Spellcraft +10, Stealth +19, Swim +10

Languages Common, Halfling, Osiriani, Polyglot

SQ arcane bond (rat familiar named Baggywrinkle), change shape (human, hybrid, and dire rat; *polymorph*), enchanting smile, lycanthropic empathy (rats and dire rats), ranged legerdemain, rogue talents (finesse rogue), trapfinding +1, tricky spells 3/day

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*, *wand of lightning bolt* (12 charges); **Other Gear** +2 leather armor,

THE JESTER'S GRIN

The following key lists locations on the *Jester's Grin*, as shown on the map on page 41. These rooms contain little of note or value and are not detailed, though you can further expand on these areas if you wish.

- R1. Foredeck
- R2. Aft deck
- R3. Main deck
- R4. Storeroom
- R5. Captain's cabin

+2 *short sword*, masterwork hand crossbow with 10 bolts, masterwork dagger, spellbook (contains all prepared spells, all 0-level spells, plus 1d8 additional spells of 1st through 4th level), spell component pouch, thieves' tools, 43 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Ex) *Filth fever*: Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 17; *onset* 1d3 days; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d3 Dex damage and 1d3 Str damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

Development: If the PCs capture and interrogate Fargo Vitterande, he can provide no information about the Eel and his machinations, nor of Barnabas Harrigan and his dealings with Cheliox. He claims to be unaffiliated with Arronax Endymion, and while he admits (under duress) spying for Cheliox in the past, he has no knowledge of any current Chelish plans in the Shackles.

SHIP'S HOLD (CR 6)

Scores of barrels and casks lie stacked about this dark hold. Doors lead fore and aft.

Following the battle, the PC should have plenty of time to search the *Jester's Grin*. Stairs from the main deck (area R3) lead down into the ship's hold, where the smuggled rum is stored.

Creatures: Fargo keeps several rat swarms on his ship, which he commands to guard his cargo as well as to intimidate troublemakers among the crew. Currently, the rats guard the stores of smuggled rum stored here, and attack any creatures other than Fargo entering the hold. Any area-effect spells that deal energy damage destroy the fragile containers holding the liquor.

RAT SWARMS (4)

XP 600 each

hp 16 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 232)

Treasure: The smuggled rum is worth 5 points of plunder, but might be of greater value served at the PCs' feast. Each barrel and cask of rum bears an insignia that can be identified with a successful DC 15 Knowledge (local) check. The insignia marks the rum as the property of Arronax Endymion, lord of Hell Harbor.

Development: The markings on the barrels of rum, combined with the clues the PCs likely found in the Jasperleaf Apothecary in "Tempest Rising" and the Eel's spurious rumors, might very well lead the PCs to suspect Arronax Endymion of traitorous dealings with Cheliix, when the real traitor, of course, is Barnabas Harrigan. This adventure doesn't expound further on these red herrings, but the PCs can follow up on them in the next volume of the Skull and Shackles Adventure Path, "The Price of Infamy."

A CHANGE OF PROFESSION

This encounter occurs at some point before the feast when the PCs return to the Island of Empty Eyes, likely after recovering Bikendi's sunken treasure or capturing the *Jester's Grin*.

When the PCs return to port, a beautiful, confident woman named Audessa Reyquio waits for them on the docks. Audessa is the de facto leader of seven former prostitutes from a brothel in Quent. They abandoned their previous employment after suffering one too many abuses under their harsh overseer. They bartered passage on a ship bound for Mediogalti Island, hoping to start over, but when they refused the crude advances of the ship's crew, the captain marooned them on the Island of Empty Eyes.

Now destitute and stranded, Audessa seeks an audience with the PCs to request safe harbor for her people in exchange for honest work. Each of Audessa's courtesans also worked in their brothel's attached tavern, and is skilled in hosting parties and feasts—they can all cook, clean, sing, and dance. It should quickly become apparent to the PCs that professional entertainers and serving staff at their feast would further impress the pirate lords. The PCs are free to negotiate the terms of any arrangement with Audessa as they see fit, though she proves a shrewd businesswoman, and she expects her people to be paid fairly for their services.

AUDESSA REYQUIO CR 5

XP 1,600

Female human minstrel (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 273)

hp 30

AUDESSA'S COURTESANS (6)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Prostitute (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 301)

hp 11 each

THE PIRATES' FEAST

Once the PCs have gathered enough resources to their establish a base on the Island of Empty Eyes and host their feast, they can begin preparing for their visitors.

The Chelish fort is an obvious site for the PCs to renovate, repair, and make their own. In addition, the PCs might want to build a dock near the fort to establish a port on the island where ships can dock. To fully renovate the fort, the PCs must spend at least 10 points of plunder, plus the cost of any siege engines they wish to mount in the fort. Building a suitable harbor requires an additional 5 points of plunder. A successful DC 30 Craft (carpentry), Craft (stonemasonry), or similar skill check can reduce each of these costs by 1 point of plunder. If the PCs successfully cured Ederleigh Baines's insanity, his extensive knowledge of the fort reduces the cost by another 1 point of plunder. If the PCs befriended the nereid Sefina, her aid reduces the cost of building a dock by 1 point of plunder as well. Failure to rebuild the

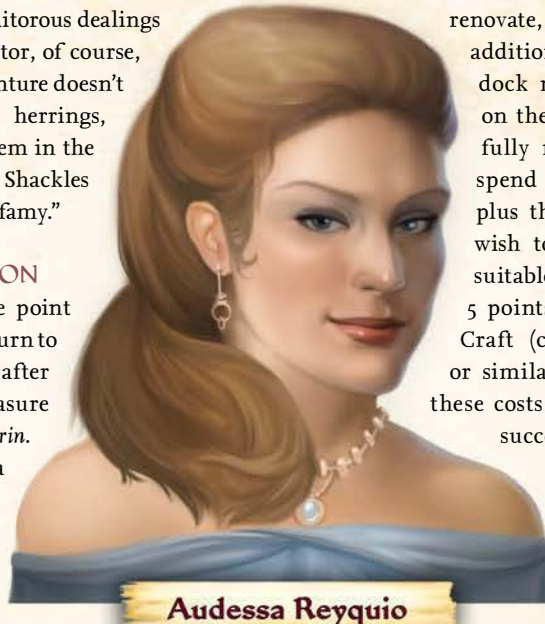
fort or construct a dock has a negative impact on the PCs' efforts to impress their guests (see page 50).

Hosting the feast itself requires a minimum of 5 points of plunder to purchase food, drink, and entertainment. If the PCs hire Audessa and her courtesans to prepare the food and drink, and provide service and entertainment during the feast, reduce the cost by 2 points of plunder. Serving the rum from the *Jester's Grin* at the feast does not reduce the cost, but it does provide the PCs with a bonus to impress their guests (see page 50).

SABOTAGE

Regardless of how much they spend or prepare, however, the PCs have more to worry about than just their important visitors, for Barnabas Harrigan still has an axe to grind with the PCs. Still angry at the PCs for their mutiny, not to mention their last-minute win during the Free Captains' Regatta, Harrigan attempts to discredit and embarrass them before the lords of the Pirate Council.

Harrigan has retained the services of a halfling alchemist called the Eel to disrupt the PCs' feast. The Eel arrives on a ship carrying supplies for the party to



Audessa Reyquio

the Island of Empty Eyes and secretly infiltrates the PCs' base, using *fluid form* to slip unnoticed into the ruined amphitheater beneath the PCs' fort (area B33). Thereafter, the Eel establishes a hidden alchemy lab where he can prepare his schemes to sabotage the PCs' efforts. If the PCs earlier discovered and opened up the amphitheater, he instead sets up his lab in a hidden dell in the forest southwest of the PCs' fort.

The Eel has a reputation for constructing elaborate webs of deceit and guile with his unique brand of alchemy, poison, and explosives. He has already laced the rum taken from the *Jester's Grin* with one-half of his alchemical poison, and the day before the PCs' guests arrive, the Eel sneaks invisibly into the fort to introduce the second half of the compound into the food for the feast. He then sets into motion his other plans, which come to fruition as outlined in the events below. To impress their guests and preserve their reputations, the PCs must deal with the Eel's "accidents" and eventually track him back to his secret lair beneath their fort.

DINNER GUESTS

The PCs can invite whomever they want to their feast, but they should make an effort to include the most powerful and influential lords on the Pirate Council. Of these potential guests, the Hurricane King and Arronax Endymion decline to attend, but Tessa Fairwind and the Master of the Gales (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #57) accept the invitation, as do any other friends or allies among the Free Captains whom the PCs met earlier in the Adventure Path. In addition, the Pirate Council sends three representatives to assess the PCs' progress in taming the Island of Empty Eyes and their worthiness to join the council—Avimar Sorrinash, Lady Cerise Bloodmourn, and Captain Mase Darimar. These guests and their personalities and backgrounds are all further detailed in the NPC Gallery on pages 52–59.

The various guests arrive throughout the day of the feast, navigating the shoals surrounding the island and dropping anchor in the bay. The visitors, each accompanied by a small retinue of guards, take ship's boats to shore to be welcomed by the PCs. The three representatives from the Pirate Council are the last to appear, arriving together later in the day. When the three lords representing the Council arrive, read or paraphrase the following.

Three ships arrive offshore and drop anchor, clearly identifiable by the flags flying from their mastheads. The first is the two-masted brig *Blood Moon*, flagship of Avimar Sorrinash, lord of Ollo. The second is the galley *Come What May*, vessel of Lady Cerise Bloodmourn. Finally, the frigate *Wavecrest* flies the banner of Captain Mase Darimar. Boats

are lowered into the water from the three ships and head for shore, their passengers surveying the harbor and port with measured, discerning eyes.

When the pirate lords come ashore, they greet the PCs as amiably as any meeting between pirates allows. Lady Bloodmourn hails the PCs with a flourish, while Avimar Sorrinash gruffly acknowledges them. Captain Darimar proves the most reserved and introspective, saying no more than is necessary and quietly inspecting the island's shore while Lady Bloodmourn and Lord Sorrinash take part in the normal social graces.

RESPECT

The PCs have opportunities to win the favor and regard of their examiners in different ways throughout the feast. At the same time, the PCs must deal with the Eel's sabotage attempts in a timely and discreet manner, keeping these misfortunes hidden from their guests, or earn the pirates' disapproval. These opportunities and setbacks transpire in a sequence of events, which should be run in the order in which they are presented below.

Taking advantage of the opportunities to impress the pirate lords requires a combination of skill checks or other interactions, each appealing to the pirate lords' specific interests. If these checks are successful, the PCs gain Respect, representing how much they have impressed the pirate lords, who also bestow the PCs with gifts for their continued success.

Likewise, the PCs lose Respect for each episode that embarrasses or threatens the pirate lords, or otherwise damages the PCs' reputations in their eyes. At the end of the adventure, the total amount of Respect the PCs have accumulated will have a direct effect on their chances of joining the Pirate Council (see page 50).

EVENT 1: TOURING THE FORT

Once the initial pleasantries are out of the way, Avimar Sorrinash wastes no time in getting down to business. In brusque tones, he bluntly suggests that the PCs give them a tour of their fortifications prior to the feast. During the tour, Sorrinash asks pointed questions about the PCs' defenses, trying to determine how knowledgeable they are about defending against offshore raiders. The PCs can impress him with a successful DC 25 Knowledge (engineering) or Profession (siege engineer) check, or by demonstrating their proficiency with targeting and sinking ships in the bay.

For this latter exercise, the PCs have 4 rounds to sink a rowboat towed behind his ship, the *Blood Moon*, with siege engines mounted in the fort or spells. Sorrinash signals his crew to get the *Blood Moon* under way, so the rowboat is not a stationary target. The rowboat floats 400

feet offshore and has AC 23, touch 9; **Hardness** 5; **hp** 60; **Save** +8.

Gift: If the PCs successfully impress Avimar Sorrinash with their knowledge of coastal defenses, or by sinking the rowboat in 4 rounds, he gives them an *impossible bottle* (see page 60).

EVENT 2: AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

After giving their visitors a tour of their fort, the PCs' next challenge lies in entertaining their guests. The fort's mess hall (area **B11**) is the obvious location to host the feast itself. Away from the responsibilities of her ship and crew, Lady Cerise Bloodmourn takes especial

delight in shore leave and strong drink. Soon after retiring to the mess hall, she asks the PCs for a round of their best drinks and encourages them to share a tale of their adventures on the island. Presumably, the PCs serve the stolen rum from the *Jester's Grin*, thereby introducing the first of the Eel's two alchemical compounds to their guests and laying the foundation for the Eel's sabotage of the party. The substance laced within the rum is colorless, odorless, and tasteless, so there's no way to identify it. Even spells such as *detect poison* or *neutralize poison* fail to detect or remove the compound, as the alchemical agent is not yet a poison and is harmless on its own. Spells such as *purify food and drink* can remove the compound from the rum, though there is little reason for the PCs to suspect the drink is tainted at this point.

The time Lady Bloodmourn spent in the noble courts of Taldor gave her a fondness for music and storytelling, and helps her recognize a quality song or tale when she hears one. The PCs can impress her with a successful DC 25 Perform (sing) or Perform (oratory) check to regale her and the other pirate lords with entertaining tales of their exploits, or, once properly emboldened by the rum, she suggests a fencing match so she can take their measure in skill-at-arms. Lady Bloodmourn is an accomplished duelist and challenges each PC to disarm her before she does the same to them. This plays out as a duel using the normal rules for disarm combat maneuvers. Lady Bloodmourn uses her rapier's *defending* ability and Combat Expertise to withstand aggressive moves from her opponents for the first 3 rounds. Thereafter, she goes on the offensive, making use of her Greater Feint, Improved Disarm, and Disarming Strike feats to disarm her opponents. She insists on matching herself against each PC, regardless of the outcome of any individual duel, so she can test all their skills with a blade.

Gift: If the PCs successfully impress Cerise Bloodmourn with their performance skills, or if anyone successfully disarms her or gets through her defenses well enough to score at least three hits, she gives them a *scoundrel's sword cane* (see page 60).



LADY CERISE BLOODMOURN

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 137 (see page 54)

EVENT 3: DISTURBANCE IN THE KITCHEN
(CR 6)

Sometime during Lady Bloodmourn's sparring match, or shortly thereafter, one of Audessa's courtesans comes into the room. Although she is trying to hide it, a successful DC 15 Sense Motive check recognizes that she is distraught. She summons the PCs to the kitchen to deal with what she describes as a "minor" problem.

Creatures: The first sign of the Eel's sabotage manifests as a swarm of rats in the kitchen (area B10). The Eel used an alchemical lure of his own making to attract the rats into the root cellar beneath the kitchen, and the creatures are now beginning to bubble up from the cellar. So far, the rat swarm has been confined to the cellar, but a few rats get free each round, emerging into the kitchen to frighten the servers and potentially contaminate the food.

The PCs face a particularly difficult challenge in dealing with this situation. Any loud noises in the kitchen could alert their guests to the problem and cause them to have reservations about eating any of the food, despite Audessa's reassurances. Give each pirate lord a base DC 25 Perception check against the PCs' actions in the next room. The DC increases by +5 if the door between the kitchen and the mess hall is closed, and each 10 feet of distance between the pirate lords and the door increases the DC by an additional +1. Casting *silence* prevents the pirate lords from hearing anything going on in the kitchen, but the PCs must still prevent any rats from escaping the kitchen into the dining hall. A successful DC 28 Perception check is required to spot a rat running for the kitchen door. A single rat appears every other round until 16 have been slain, or until the swarm in the cellar is destroyed or driven away. While slaying individual rats is fairly easy, the squeals of Audessa's courtesans during the commotion reduce the DC of the pirate lords' Perception checks by 10 while this event is in progress.

RAT SWARM

CR 2

XP 600

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 232)

RATS (16)

CR 1/4

XP 100 each

hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 132)

Development: If the PCs investigate the root cellar, they can find numerous small tunnels that the rats used to tunnel into the cellar. A successful DC 25 Perception

check detects a strange-smelling residue on the floor, which can be identified with a successful DC 25 Craft (alchemy) check as some kind of alchemical lure that apparently drew the rats into the cellar. Where the lure came from remains a mystery, however.

EVENT 4: DINNER CONVERSATION

After drinks, Audessa's courtesans serve the first course. Captain Mase Darimar questions the PCs on their familiarity with the Shackles and its myriad hidden currents, smuggler's coves, and weather patterns. The PCs can impress him with a successful DC 25 Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (nature), or Survival check to demonstrate their knowledge and plot a sample course through the Shackles. Part aquatic elf, Captain Darimar has always held a fascination for the creatures of the deep and the aquatic fey. The PCs can also impress him by introducing him to the nereid Sefina, which demonstrates their willingness to befriend and work with the aquatic races, a piece of knowledge that Darimar can take back to his secret aquatic elf benefactors.

CAPTAIN MASE DARIMAR

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 106 (see page 58)

Gift: If the PCs successfully demonstrate their knowledge of the Shackles to Mase Darimar, or introduce him to Sefina, he presents them with his own gift, a magical conch shell called a *horn of the tritons* (see page 60).

EVENT 5: THE MAIN COURSE

Following the first course and the unexpected rat infestation in the kitchen, the PCs and their guests can finally enjoy the main course. As the PCs converse with Mase Darimar, Audessa's courtesans bring more food and rum to the table. The PCs face another challenge during dinner, however, as the Eel's second chemical compound is introduced in the food. As with the compound in the rum, this chemical is colorless, odorless, and tasteless. It is not yet a poison and cannot be detected or removed with *detect poison* or *neutralize poison*. As this second chemical mixes with the compound laced in the stolen rum, it creates a poison that causes alchemical food poisoning. Victims are sickened first, and the condition worsens to nauseated each additional hour. If the PCs cast *purify food and drink* on the food before it is consumed, the chemical is removed from the food and the compound in the rum remains harmless.

If the PCs sampled any of the food in the kitchen, either during Audessa's preparations or while dealing with the rat infestation, they are affected first by the alchemical food poisoning. This allows them to realize the dilemma before their guests are affected, but they have only a short

time to address the problem before it afflicts everyone else. A successful DC 20 Heal check grants a victim a bonus on his saving throw, while a *neutralize poison* or *restoration* spell can put things right with one single victim. To avoid making a bad impression on their guests, the PCs should try to ease their suffering as quickly as possible, but the challenge lies in doing so without letting on to the problem. For instance, a successful DC 25 Sleight of Hand or Bluff check can convince the pirate lords to accept a potion or spell to remove the effects of the affliction before any of them feel the effects. The PCs, on the other hand, might have to endure being sickened or nauseated if they use such resources on their guests rather than themselves.

ALCHEMICAL FOOD POISONING

Type poison, ingested; **Save** Fortitude DC20

Onset 10 minutes; **Frequency** 1/hour for 6 hours

Initial Effect sickened; **Secondary Effect** nauseated; **Cure** 1 save

EVENT 6: PASSIONATE FOR DESSERT (CR 11)

On the heels of a couple of close calls, the PCs face yet another challenge at the end of the meal. As they served the feast, Audessa's courtesans caught the lecherous eyes of Avimar Sorrinash and his crew. To make matter worse, one of the courtesans also unknowingly serves Sorrinash a drink laced with a powerful alchemical aphrodisiac prepared by the Eel (see A Clean Confession, below). The aphrodisiac causes Sorrinash to take a special interest in Audessa, and he questions the PCs extensively about her. She seems familiar to Sorrinash, who visited the brothel in Quent where Audessa worked in the past. As Audessa and her courtesans go about clearing the tables, Sorrinash's advances grow more pronounced. Audessa becomes uncomfortable under this direct attention, but the more she denies his advances, the harder he pursues.

Defusing this situation proves delicate, as Sorrinash sees no reason for the PCs to deny him the object of his desire, and he uses his stature on the Council to make demands of the PCs and Audessa. Audessa's repeated refusals soon make Sorrinash unfriendly and belligerent. To avoid an embarrassing incident, the PCs must make a successful DC 24 Diplomacy check to deny him without hurting his ego or embarrassing him in front of his crew, making him indifferent. Spells such as

calm emotions or *neutralize poison* also remove the effects of the aphrodisiac. If the PCs fail to rebuff him politely, or if they try to intimidate him, Sorrinash becomes hostile, revealing his true nature as a werewolf as he takes on his hybrid form and attacks the closest PC. The PCs must then subdue the drunk, unruly werewolf.

The other pirate lords do not involve themselves in the conflict, though they certainly disapprove if the PCs slay Sorrinash for a little drunken lechery.



Avimar Sorrinash

AVIMAR SORRINASH CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 109 (human form) or 120 (hybrid form) (see page 52)

Story Award: If the PCs calm Sorrinash down, make him friendly, or subdue him without killing him, award them XP as if they had defeated him in combat.

EVENT 7: A CLEAN CONFESSION (CR 10)

Late in the evening, after the PCs have addressed Avimar Sorrinash's uncouth behavior, one of Audessa's young proteges approaches the PCs. The courtesan is responsible for the

aphrodisiac introduced into Sorrinash's drink, and realizing his mistake, he tries to explain what happened. The young man tells the PCs that while he was throwing out scraps in the back alley, a beautiful woman approached him and asked him to serve Lord Sorrinash a specially prepared drink. It never even occurred to the man to refuse her. Canny PCs might pick up on the hint that the courtesan was under some sort of mental control. If they ask the young man for the woman's description, the PCs can quickly surmise that the woman in the alley was the nereid Sefina—who up until now has remained a completely trustworthy and helpful ally. As the PCs discover this betrayal, their guests retire for the night, either making their way to any lodgings the PCs have prepared for them or returning to their ships.

Creature: If the PCs take this opportunity to look for Sefina, they can find her once more in her private grotto (area N), but the nereid proves far less friendly than at their first meeting. Unfortunately for both the PCs and Sefina, the Eel encountered the nereid while scouting the island and stole her magic shawl, forcing her to act as his accomplice in his sabotage attempts. Normally Sefina would have remained friendly toward

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the PCs, but with her shawl (which contains a portion of her life force) in the hands of the Eel, she has no choice but to treat them as enemies.

When the PCs arrive, Sefina lights a skyrocket firework (*Pathfinder Player Companion: Adventurer's Armory* 10), which shoots into air and explodes in a burst of light and sound high in the sky, alerting the Eel (see Development, below). The nereid then attacks the PCs, apologizing for what the "tiny man" makes her do. The PCs can either subdue and question Sefina or draw her out in conversation as they battle. Either way, she freely explains the control the Eel currently holds over her. She also reveals that she used her beguiling aura and *suggestion* ability on the courtesan to not only give Sorrinash the aphrodisiac, but also to guide the PCs to her, for the Eel tasked her with occupying the PCs while he carries out his greatest act of sabotage—setting fire to the pirate lords' ships.

SEFINA

CR 10

XP 9,600

Nereid (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 198)

hp 126

TACTICS

During Combat Sefina targets anyone fascinated by her beguiling aura with a *suggestion* to defend her. She uses her poison spray to blind and weaken those who remain, then summons 1d3 Large water elementals to attack and grapple her opponents. She uses drowning kiss on anyone grappled by the elementals and her poison touch against foes that reach her in melee combat.

Morale If reduced to 30 hit points or fewer, Sefina attempts to escape into the sea, using her superior swim speed and transparency ability to elude pursuers.

Development: As soon as Sefina signals the Eel, you should begin counting rounds, to track both the PCs' actions and the Eel's actions, as detailed in **Event 8** and in the sidebar on this page.

If the PCs spend more than 6 rounds fighting Sefina, the Eel plants his first bomb aboard the *Blood Moon*, and 13 rounds later it detonates. If the PCs have not already learned of the Eel's planned sabotage, the explosion should certainly alert them to the danger.

Story Award: If the PCs are able to subdue or question Sefina without killing her, award them XP as if they had defeated her in combat.

EVENT 8: THE FIRES OF INDIGESTION

While Sefina occupies the PCs, the Eel drinks an extract of *fluid form* and swims out into the bay to plant bombs on each of the pirate lords' ships. He uses delayed explosive bombs to increase the blast radius and inflict as much

THE EEL'S BOMBS

As soon as the Eel sees Sefina's signal, he begins his final act of sabotage, as detailed in **Event 8**. The following list details the Eel's action on a round-by-round basis, starting on the first round of the PCs' combat with Sefina in **Event 7**.

Round 1: Sefina fires the skyrocket, signaling the Eel, who swims to the *Blood Moon*.

Round 3: The Eel arrives at the *Blood Moon*.

Round 6: The Eel finishes planting his first bomb on the *Blood Moon*.

Round 8: The Eel arrives at the *Wavecrest*.

Round 19: The bomb on the *Blood Moon* detonates.

Round 23: The Eel finishes planting his second bomb on the *Wavecrest*.

Round 25: The Eel arrives at the *Come What May*.

Round 36: The bomb on the *Wavecrest* detonates.

Round 39: The Eel finishes planting his third bomb on the *Come What May*.

Round 40: The Eel retreats back to his secret lab.

Round 44: The Eel arrives back in his lab (area **B33**).

Round 52: The bomb on the *Come What May* detonates.

damage as possible, affixing them to the hulls of the ships with tanglefoot bags. The Eel can create only one delayed bomb at a time, and the bombs detonate on 13-round delayed timers, so the Eel swims to the next ship and waits for the previous bomb to explode before setting the next bomb. It takes 3 rounds for the Eel to create each bomb and anchor it to a ship's hull, and 2 rounds to swim between the ships, which are anchored about 200 feet away from each other.

The Eel plants his first bomb on Avimar Sorrinash's flagship *Blood Moon*, then moves on to Mase Darimar's ship *Wavecrest*, and finally places his last bomb on Lady Bloodmourn's galley *Come What May*. When a bomb explodes, it deals 7d6+4 points of fire damage to the ship, and the ship automatically catches fire (*Skull & Shackles Player's Guide* 16).

Once the PCs learn of the Eel's sabotage, either from Sefina or by hearing the first explosion on the *Blood Moon*, they'll need to go after him to stop these acts of sabotage. Locating planted bombs proves relatively easy: a successful DC 20 Perception check identifies the tanglefoot bag holding the bomb against the hull. Defusing the bombs is more difficult, requiring a successful DC 27 Disable Device check or *dispel magic*. In addition, the PCs might also need to help the crews extinguish the flames on any burning ships.



THE SLIPPERY EEL (CR 12)

Creature: After placing his three bombs, the Eel swims back to his secret lab, seeping through the rocky shoals and sand in *fluid form* to eventually enter the tide pool in the ruined amphitheater beneath the ancient cyclops tower connected to the PCs' fort (area B33). If the PCs encounter the Eel in the water of the bay or on one of the pirate lords' ships, he breaks off his sabotage and attempts to flee back to his lab, hoping to elude pursuit with stealth and his fast swim speed. The Eel has no interest in fighting the PCs unless cornered, as his only goal is to ruin their reputation with the Pirate Council.

Once back in his lab, the Eel packs his things, breaking down his portable alchemist's lab and storing each component in his *handy haversack*. He then waits in his lab until the PCs' guests leave, hoping to stow away on

one of the pirate lords' ships. Until that time, however, he is trapped on the island, giving the PCs the opportunity to find him and confront him before he can escape.

THE EEL

CR 12

XP 19,200

hp 155 (see page 56)

RESPECT

The PCs earn Respect based on their actions both before and during the feast. Events that impress the pirate lords add Respect to the PCs' total, while those incidents that reflect badly on the PCs subtract Respect. Following the PCs' final encounter with the Eel, tally their Respect total to determine the outcome of the feast, as detailed in Table 1 below.

TABLE 1: RESPECT TALLY

Challenge Completed or Setback Suffered	Respect
Slaying the giant octopus in the bay (area A)	+2
Putting Bikendi's spirit to rest (area B30)	+2
Defeating the cyclopes of Sumitha (area G)	+2
Hiring Audessa's courtesans as servers at the feast (page 44)	+2
Spending more than the minimum amount to renovate the fort, build a harbor, or host the feast (page 44)	+1 per additional point of plunder spent
Spending less than the minimum amount to renovate the fort, build a harbor, or host the feast (page 44)	-1 per point of plunder not spent
Serving the rum from the <i>Jester's Grin</i> at the feast (page 46)	+2
Impressing Avimar Sorrinash with the fort's defenses (Event 1)	+2
Impressing Cerise Bloodmourn with a performance or in a duel (Event 2)	+2
Failing to contain the kitchen's rat infestation (Event 3)	-1
Impressing Mase Darimar with knowledge of the Shackles or introducing him to Sefina (Event 4)	+2
Allowing the pirate lords to endure food poisoning (Event 5)	-1 per pirate lord
Fighting Avimar Sorrinash after rebuffing him too indelicately and making him hostile (Event 6)	-1
Killing Avimar Sorrinash (Event 6)	-3
Failing to prevent a pirate lord's ship from catching fire (Event 8)	-1 per ship
Allowing the Eel to escape (page 50)	-1
Total Respect	Outcome
less than 0	Disastrous: The pirate lords are astonished with the PCs' ineptitude and develop an entirely negative impression of them. Though the PCs retain possession of the Island of Empty Eyes, they don't receive an invitation to join the Pirate Council. If one of the pirate lords took particular offense at the PCs' actions, that character becomes an enemy of the PCs, perhaps even allying with Barnabas Harrigan.
1-5	Mild Success: The PCs secure the bare minimum of goodwill from the pirate lords. The Pirate Council awards the PCs a provisional seat on the council—the PCs will be privy to the council's plans and deliberations, but they will not have a vote on the council. The lords of the council watch the PCs closely, however, and any misstep could see the PCs' provisional status revoked.
6-14	Success: The pirate lords take away a favorable impression of the PCs' social skills and martial prowess, and offer the PCs a seat on the Pirate Council.
15+	Great Success: Word spreads of the PCs' legendary dinner party and impressive accomplishments. Each of the PCs gains his or her own seat on the Pirate Council. The PCs' reputations start to attract more independent Free Captains who seek an alliance with the PCs to the Island of Empty Eyes.

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Story Award: If the PCs secured a mild success (Respect of 1 to 5), award them 9,600 XP. If the PCs received a success (Respect of 6 to 14), award them 12,800 XP and 2 points of Disrepute and Infamy. If the PCs achieved a great success (Respect of 15 or higher), award them 19,200 XP and 4 points of Disrepute and Infamy.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The PCs' feast ends with the Eel's last act of sabotage, and hopefully, with his defeat as well. As the PCs' allies clean up any mess left behind by the evening's trials, their guests take their leave, though how friendly their farewells are depends on the PCs' actions, both during the feast and after.

As the PCs settle into their new roles as pirate lords, additional opportunities for adventure may yet surface on the Island of Empty Eyes. If the PCs failed to eliminate all the threats during their overland exploration, they could still run afoul of the giant anaconda, jungle treants, or Daughters of Imerta. The cyclops whaling

ships could also return, leading to a naval clash in the bay and another battle for control of the island. The night hag Haetanga might even arrive to investigate her sister's demise and the fate of the *immortal dreamstone* herself. If the Eel escaped the PCs, he may still possess Sefina's shawl, and the nereid could beg the PCs to attempt to recover it, even as she tries to craft a new shawl to replace the one stolen by the Eel.

Regardless of other possible adventures on the island, the PCs now have a home to maintain and call their own. They may wish to further strengthen their fort, or expand their nascent port to support more ships, and they might need to go in search of more plunder to fund such projects. But amid the treacherous political currents of the Shackles, the PCs must still hold on to their island, a task that will soon become more difficult. The PCs are destined to once more come into conflict with Barnabas Harrigan, now seething after this latest defeat at the hands of the PCs, in the next volume of the Skull and Shackles Adventure Path, "The Price of Infamy."



AVIMAR SORRINASH

Avimar Sorrinash, the cruel Lord of Ollo, is a vicious, natural-born werewolf, a savage raider of the Shackles who clawed his way onto the Pirate Council as captain of the brig *Blood Moon*.

AVIMAR SORRINASH (HYBRID FORM) CR 11

XP 12,800

Male human natural werewolf ranger 11 (*Pathfinder RPG*)

Bestiary 198)

CE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 14, flat-footed 23 (+8 armor, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural, +1 shield)

hp 120 (11d10+5)

Fort +10, **Ref** +12, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities evasion; **DR** 10/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *longsword* +16/+11/+6 (1d8+6/19–20), +1 *throwing axe* +14/+9/+4 (1d6+5), bite +12 (1d6+4 plus trip and curse of lycanthropy)

Ranged +1 *throwing axe* +15 (1d6+5)

Special Attacks curse of lycanthropy, favored enemy (animals +2, aquatic humanoids +4, humans +4)

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +10)

3rd—*greater magic fang*

2nd—*barkskin*, *bear's endurance*

1st—*endure elements*, *longstrider*, *resist energy*

TACTICS

Before Combat Avimar casts *longstrider* and casts *greater magic fang* to augment his bite before the feast. If given time before a fight, he casts *barkskin*, *bear's endurance*, and *resist energy* (fire), and drinks a *potion of bull's strength*.

During Combat Avimar changes into his hybrid form, wielding blade, axe, and teeth against all comers. He savages any favored enemies first, targeting humans ahead of others, followed by any animal companions accompanying them.

Morale Avimar Sorrinash fears nothing and no one. He gives himself over completely to his bestial nature, fighting to the death or until his enemies lie brutally broken and slain around him.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 29

Feats Dodge, Double Slice, Endurance, Greater Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Lightning

Reflexes, Toughness, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Two-Weapon Rend, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Climb +8, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (geography) +5, Perception +16, Profession (sailor) +16, Stealth +14, Survival +16, Swim +8

Languages Common

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), favored terrain (jungle +2, water +4), hunter's bond (companions), lycanthropic empathy (wolves and dire wolves), quarry, swift tracker, track +5, wild empathy +10, woodland stride

Combat Gear *elixir of swimming*, *potions of bull's strength* (2), *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +2 *breastplate*, +1 *throwing axe*, +2 *longsword*, gold earring worth 50 gp, 20 pp, 27 gp

AVIMAR SORRINASH (HUMAN FORM) CR 11

XP 12,800

Male human natural werewolf ranger 11 (*Pathfinder RPG*)

Bestiary 198)

CE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 19 (+8 armor, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield)

hp 109 (11d10+44)

Fort +9, **Ref** +12, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +2 *longsword* +15/+10/+5 (1d8+5/19–20), +1 *throwing axe* +13/+8/+3 (1d6+4) or

+2 *longsword* +17/+12/+7 (1d8+5/19–20)

Ranged +1 *throwing axe* +15 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks curse of lycanthropy, favored enemy (animals +2, aquatic humanoids +4, humans +4)

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +10)

3rd—*greater magic fang*

2nd—*barkskin*, *bear's endurance*

1st—*endure elements*, *longstrider*, *resist energy*

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 28

Feats Dodge, Double Slice, Endurance, Greater Two-Weapon Fighting, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Two-Weapon Rend, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Climb +7, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (geography) +5, Perception +16, Profession (sailor) +16, Stealth +14, Survival +16, Swim +7

Languages Common

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and wolf; *polymorph*), favored terrain (jungle +2, water +4), hunter's bond (companions), lycanthropic empathy (wolves and dire wolves), quarry, swift tracker, track +5, wild empathy +10, woodland stride

Gear see hybrid form

Avimar Sorrinash first came to the Shackles by way of Andoran, a natural lycanthrope born to mated werewolves. He spent his early years ravaging the Arthfell Forest alongside his parents. However, repeated atrocities committed by their pack drew the attention of foresters in the wood. The youngest member of his pack, Avimar barely escaped with his life as hunters killed the rest of his family with silver-tipped arrows. Driven from the forest, he escaped to Augustana, where he hid until he eventually joined an Andoren corsair hunting slavers in the Inner Sea. In the savagery of battle on blood-slicked decks on the open sea, however, Avimar was unable to hide his true nature. Confined to the brig by his crewmates, Avimar broke free and slew them all, from the captain to the cabin boy. Soon thereafter, a pirate ship picked him up and he traded his former ship and its cargo for passage to the pirates' next port of call. Eventually, Avimar ended up in the Shackles, finding the life of a pirate and raider much more suitable to his bestial nature.

Avimar soon signed on as first mate aboard the pirate brig *Dogfish*, and enlisted like-minded companions interested in mutinying against their captain. In the dead of night, Avimar bit each of his confederates, secretly afflicting them with lycanthropy. At the next full moon, Avimar's new pack of werewolves rose up as one and Avimar took command of the ship, which he renamed the *Blood Moon*.

Since then, Avimar has risen swiftly through the ranks of the pirates of the Shackles, becoming one of the most feared and bloodthirsty of the Free Captains. He soon gathered a fleet of like-minded pirates around him, and laid claim to the port of Ollo on Shark Island, thus securing himself a seat on the Pirate Council. Sorrinash lives only for the chase and bloodshed of the open sea. Even his visits to his home port see him and his crew of werewolves rampaging across the island's countryside, indulging in bloody hunts with each full moon.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

The Pirate Council sends Avimar Sorrinash to the Island of Empty Eyes to test the PCs before offering them a seat on the council. As a guest at the PCs' dinner party, he expects and demands the best, but he also presents a threat to those in the PCs' care. He is lascivious, spiteful, and used to getting his way, and his manners and goodwill only extend so far. Under the influence of strong drink, Sorrinash becomes more belligerent and prone to acting on his baser instincts.





LADY CERISE BLOODMOURN

After a falling-out with her disgraced father in Taldor, Cerise Bloodmourn traded her family name for a stolen galley out of Cassomir called the *Come What May* and the life of a pirate on the Inner Sea.

CERISE BLOODMOURN

CR 11

XP 12,800

Female human aristocrat 2/fighter 7/rogue 5

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +4; Senses Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 137 (14 HD; 2d8+7d10+5d8+63)

Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +5; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +2, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *defending rapier* +19/+14/+9 (1d6+5/15–20) or mwk dagger +17/+12/+7 (1d4+1/19–20)

Ranged mwk hand crossbow +16 (1d4/19–20) or mwk dagger +17 (1d4+1/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +3d6, weapon training (light blades +1)

TACTICS

Before Combat If she is able to, Cerise drinks a *potion of heroism* before battle (not included in her stat block).

During Combat Highly skilled in swordplay, Cerise uses Combat Expertise, her offensive defense rogue talent, and her *defending rapier* to increase her Armor Class and keep attackers at bay. She moves strategically through any melee, tumbling past opponents and through occupied squares with her superior Acrobatics skill in order to avoid becoming surrounded. When possible, she feints to create sneak attack opportunities for herself, always attempting to knock away an enemy's weapon by utilizing her Disarming Strike feat when she scores a critical hit.

Morale Cerise appreciates anyone who bests her in physical combat, becoming intrigued enough to surrender. After falling below 20 hit points—and provided her attackers have acted honorably—she relinquishes her blade, counting on escaping later or waiting until her loyal crew rescues her. If she senses duplicity and evil intentions in her opponents, however, she evades capture at all costs.

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 15

Base Atk +11; CMB +15 (+17 disarm); CMD 30 (32 vs. disarm)

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Combat Expertise, Disarming Strike*, Defensive Combat Training, Dodge, Greater Feint, Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Disarm, Improved Feint, Toughness, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier), Weapon Specialization (rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +18, Bluff +18, Climb +8, Diplomacy +18, Disable Device +12, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +10, Perception +12, Profession (sailor) +14, Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +10, Swim +6

Languages Common, Elven, Polyglot

SQ armor training 2, rogue talents (finesse rogue, offensive defense*), trapfinding +2

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potions of heroism* (2); Other Gear +2 *chain shirt*, +2 *defending rapier*, masterwork hand crossbow with 10 bolts, masterwork dagger, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *belt of physical might* +2 (Con, Dex), *ring of protection* +1, *spyglass*, thieves' tools, 78 gp

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Lady Cerise Bloodmourn comes from noble stock, a member of the once-proud Vauxtiere family displaced by the Red Revolution of Galt. In 4681 AR, during the height of the chaos, her family escaped into Taldor, counting on the hospitality of friends in Cassomir to house and care for them until her pregnant mother could give birth to Cerise. When the fires of revolution failed to die down back home, the Vauxtieres stayed on in Taldor, spending what little remained of their family fortune to ingratiate themselves with the local nobility. Cerise's father made sure she attended all the right boarding schools, hoping to shape her into a lady of breeding and grace, even in exile.

Rather than fulfill her father's wishes by becoming the lady he'd intended, Cerise rebelled to escape the harassment of her peers, instead skipping school to spend days with various ne'er-do-wells along the docks of Cassomir. Where other debutantes learned the proper etiquette for dinner parties, ballroom dancing, and afternoon socials, Cerise took up fencing, petty theft, and carousing alongside several short-lived paramours, each one eager to sully the young noble. Of course,

these actions only further scandalized her family, whom the established Taldan aristocracy already looked down upon. Cerise's mounting indiscretions sparked numerous embarrassments for her father, leading to several heated arguments between the two, the worst of which led her to run away.

In a fit of anger after her father struck her, Cerise sought out and seduced a down-on-his-luck pirate captain named Daerius Wynnt. Without a ship or crew at the time, Wynnt fell easily to Cerise's charms and passion. Intent on setting sail for the open sea and never returning, she convinced him to help her strike back at her family and Taldor's elite by stealing her inheritance and commandeering a newly built galley from the naval shipyards. Together, Cerise and Daerius formed a crew from her prior accomplices on the streets of Cassomir and the pirate's remaining contacts. The pirates then raided her family's estate while Cerise distracted the city guard long enough for Daerius to steal their ship. Once on the open sea, they renamed the galley the *Come What May*, and Cerise changed her name to Lady Bloodmourn, a reminder to herself of all her family lost, both in Galt and Taldor.

In time, Lady Bloodmourn's adventures brought her to the Shackles. Daerius Wynnt had died in battle against the Taldan navy, leaving Cerise in sole command of the *Come What May*. Sensing a kindred spirit in Tessa Fairwind, Cerise joined the pirate lord's growing fleet, capably serving the Mistress of Quent until she decided to pursue her own title. Lady Bloodmourn regards her position on the Pirate Council as a new form of "nobility"—the difference being that her name and reputation are of her own making rather than the product of a family name which means nothing to her anymore.

Although she employs a maid whom she rescued from slavery on a Chelish yacht, Cerise favors functional pirate's clothes, worn with a Taldan dandy's flair, but is just as comfortable in a courtier's gown when the situation calls for it. Beneath such fashionable clothes, however, she still wears a simple blouse and trousers tucked

into hard-heeled boots, ready to slip free of the gown and draw her rapier—an action many of her enemies fail to recognize before it's too late and she draws their blood.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Lady Bloodmourn is one of three pirate lords sent by the Pirate Council to assess the PCs' success in claiming and settling the Island of Empty Eyes. Though fervently interested in the dinner party honoring her and the other emissaries, she also takes her duty very seriously. Her every word, action, and peal of laughter is designed to measure the PCs and determine their worthiness in joining her on the council. Like any clever noblewoman, however, she also seeks to curry their favor and build alliances. Indeed, Cerise hopes to someday displace Kerdak Bonefist, and claim the title of Hurricane Queen and dominion of the island nation as her own.

Cerise could easily become an ally or an adversary of the PCs as they continue through the Skull & Shackles Adventure Path. She plays the game of social graces and secret betrayals as well as anyone, appearing eminently friendly even as she orchestrates a rival's downfall from the shadows. Depending on how well the PCs impress her, Lady Bloodmourn could become a supporter in their own rise to power—so long as it coincides with her own. If she senses that they have designs on taking over the Shackles themselves, however, she may very well lead a rebellion against them.





THE EEL

An former slave from Cheliax, the halfling alchemist Myskur Marquardt established a new identity for himself in the Shackles as “the Eel,” a cold-blooded killer, arsonist, and reaper of reputations.

MYSKUR MARQUARDT, A.K.A. THE EEL **CR 12**

XP 19,200

Male halfling alchemist 13 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 26)

NE Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *see invisibility*; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 18, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +6 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural, +4 shield, +1 size)

hp 155 (13d8+93)

Fort +13, **Ref** +16, **Will** +6; +2 vs. fear

DR 10/slashing; **Immune** poison; **Resist** electricity 10

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., swim 60 ft.

Melee +1 *light mace* +18/+13 (1d4+1)

Ranged bomb +18/+13 ranged touch (7d6+4 fire)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks bomb 17/day (explosive bomb 7d6+4 fire and catch fire, DC 20, 10-ft. radius)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared (CL 13th)

5th—*resurgent transformation**

4th—*detonate** (DC 18), *fluid form**, *freedom of movement*, *greater invisibility*

3rd—*cure serious wounds*, *displacement*, *fly*, *nondetection*, *protection from energy*

2nd—*cat's grace*, *darkvision*, *elemental touch** (DC 16), *false life*, *see invisibility*, *spider climb*

1st—*bomber's eye**, *cure light wounds*, *disguise self*, *expeditious retreat*, *shield*, *true strike*

TACTICS

Before Combat The Eel drinks extracts of *darkvision*, *false life*, and *resurgent transformation* every day. Before planting his bombs on the pirate lords' ships (see **Event 8**), he drinks his greater mutagen, followed by extracts of *fluid form*, *cat's grace*, *expeditious retreat*, *freedom of movement*, *protection from energy* (fire), *see invisibility*, *shield*, and *spider climb*.

During Combat The Eel drinks an extract of *greater invisibility* on the first round of combat, using *spider climb* and his *ring of jumping* to leap and scamper from one wall to another as he fights. While invisible, he hurls explosive or dispelling bombs at his opponents, enhancing his throws with *bomber's eye* or *true strike*, if given time. If his invisibility

expires or proves ineffective, the Eel drinks extracts of *displacement* and *nondetection* to further hide his position. If cornered, he activates his armor's *elemental aura* and drinks an extract of *elemental touch* (acid) to better defend himself. If still surrounded when his armor's aura expires, the Eel drinks an extract of *detonate*.

Morale If the Eel is reduced to fewer than 39 hit points, his *resurgent transformation* activates, and he drinks an extract or *potion of cure serious wounds* to further restore himself. If his *resurgent transformation* expires, or he is reduced to fewer than 25 hit points, the Eel drinks an extract of *fly* and attempts to flee elsewhere on the island until he can escape. If unable to flee, the Eel fights to the bitter end.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 24, **Con** 19, **Int** 18, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 26

Feats Brew Potion, Dodge, Extra Discovery*, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Throw Anything, Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +16 (+29 when jumping), Climb +12, Craft (alchemy) +21, Disable Device +23, Escape Artist +16, Fly +16, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +10, Perception +17, Sleight of Hand +23, Spellcraft +12, Stealth +20, Swim +20

Languages Common, Draconic, Gnome, Halfling, Infernal, Polyglot

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +13, identify potions), mutagen (+6/+4/-2, +4 natural, 130 minutes), discoveries (delayed bomb, dispelling bomb, explosive bomb, fast bombs, greater mutagen, precise bombs [4 squares], shock bomb), poison use, swift alchemy, swift poisoning

Combat Gear *elixir of fire breath*, *elixir of love*, *elixir of swimming*, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of water breathing*, greater mutagen (+6 Con, +4 Dex), liquid ice* (3), tanglefoot bags (5), thunderstones (3), tindertwigs (5); **Other Gear** *eel skin armor* (+2 *slick electricity resistance leather armor*; see page 60), +1 *light mace*, *chime of opening*, *handy haversack*, *ring of jumping*, alchemist's kit*, formula book (contains all prepared extracts plus additional 1st- through 5th-level extracts of your choice), portable alchemist's lab* (in area **B33**), thieves' tools, 65 gp

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

Myskur Marquardt learned the secrets of alchemy as a slave in a Westcrown apothecary run by the lowly Vitaron family, a lesser noble house loyal to House Thrune of Cheliox. Ever resentful of his master's abuse and arrogance, Myskur methodically squirreled away enough of the old man's knowledge to eventually poison and murder him. The ensuing investigation drove Myskur underground, where he escaped notice by hiding among the thieves and smugglers of Westcrown's waterfront. His growing skills as an alchemist put him in high demand among those lawbreakers, who offered him protection in exchange for a steady supply of toxins, curatives, and potions. In time, however, Myskur realized that he'd only exchanged one form of slavery for another, so he quietly struck a deal with the pirate captain Barnabas Harrigan to smuggle him out of town in exchange for his services as an alchemist and healer.

Myskur served on Harrigan's ship the *Wormwood* for 5 years on the open sea, taking an active part in the pirates' larcenous schemes. He earned the nickname "the Eel" not only for his savagery and slipperiness, but also for the shock bombs he used to torture and slay many of Harrigan's captives. Eventually, the sadistic halfling parted ways with Harrigan, establishing a laboratory in Port Peril where he could conduct his own research and investigate new compounds culled from the jungles of Garund. As a result, the Eel has developed relationships with hardened criminals throughout the region, supporting their activities by supplying alchemical substances, bottled toxins, and distilled drugs to those with enough coin to pay. More often, he exchanges these services for rare reagents or favors instead.

At some point, the Eel also developed a fascination and admiration for Norgorber, god of greed, secrets, poison, and murder. But rather than worship Norgorber, the Eel seeks to emulate him and unravel the secrets of his ascension to godhood, hoping to someday take the Test of the *Starstone* in Absalom himself and supplant Norgorber as the Reaper of Reputation. Until that time, all of the Eel's efforts focus purely on enriching his knowledge and resources to ensure his success, increasing his own reputation while studying the faith of Norgorber's followers and leeching away their jealously guarded secrets.

The Eel's relationship with Barnabas Harrigan remained cordial after he left the *Wormwood*, and when Harrigan sought a way to discredit the PCs in front of the Pirate Council, he turned to the Eel. With Cheliox's impending invasion and annexation of the Shackles, the Eel plans to leave the region soon and relocate to Absalom. To that end, he agreed to ruin or eliminate the PCs for Harrigan in exchange for his own ship to sail to the Isle of Kortos.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

As Barnabas Harrigan's agent, the Eel is the primary villain of "Island of Empty Eyes," tasked with bringing about the PCs' ruin—either through subterfuge and guile or direct confrontation. He focuses primarily on undermining the PCs' standing with the pirate lords, but he also relishes the thought of adding them to his long list of victims. The Eel has his own plans, however, and has little wish to die in Harrigan's service. If defeated and unable to escape, he surrenders, and he bargains for his life by offering as much information as he can provide. He blames Harrigan for everything, casting himself as an unfortunate lackey beholden to the pirate captain for helping him escape a life of slavery in Cheliox. He even offers to switch sides, suggesting he can aid the PCs in opposing Harrigan if they let him live. However, the Eel knows little about Harrigan's dealings with Cheliox. He lives up to any promises he makes only for as long as it takes him to escape, perhaps returning later to vex the PCs during the remainder of the campaign.





CAPTAIN MASE DARIMAR

A half-elf of mixed Mwangi and aquatic elf ancestry, Captain Mase Darimar practices the weather-bound faith of Gozreh while championing the will of the Pirate Council aboard the frigate *Wavecrest*.

MASE DARIMAR

CR 11

XP 12,800

Male half-elf druid of Gozreh 8/fighter 4

CN Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 22 (+8 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 106 (12 HD; 8d8+4d10+44)

Fort +14, **Ref** +5, **Will** +11; +1 vs. fear, +2 vs. enchantments, +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects

Defensive Abilities bravery +1, resist nature's lure

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *human bane scimitar* +16/+11 (1d6+7/15–20) or +1 *trident* +15/+10 (1d8+7)

Ranged +1 *trident* +13 (1d8+5)

Special Attacks lightning lord (8 bolts/day), storm burst (1d6+4 nonlethal damage, 7/day), wild shape 3/day

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +12)

4th—*air walk*, *ball lightning** (DC 18), *freedom of movement*, *sleet storm*^D

3rd—*call lightning*^D (DC 17), *cure moderate wounds* (DC 17), *protection from energy* (DC 17), *quench*, *water breathing*

2nd—*barkskin*, *bull's strength*, *fog cloud*^D, *gust of wind* (DC 16), *warp wood*

1st—*cure light wounds* (DC 15), *endure elements*, *entangle* (DC 15), *obscuring mist*^D, *speaking with animals*, *touch of the sea** (DC 15)

o (at will)—*create water*, *flare* (DC 14), *purify food and drink*, *stabilize*

D Domain spell; **Domain** Weather

TACTICS

Before Combat Mase casts *barkskin*, *bull's strength*, and *protection from energy* (fire) on himself ahead of any battle. If he anticipates fighting in the water or close quarters combat, he casts *freedom of movement* as well.

During Combat Initially, Mase prefers to use *air walk* or wild shape into a Medium air elemental to rise above the battlefield. From that vantage point, he pelts anyone under him with *ball lightning*, *call lightning*, *sleet storm*, or his lightning lord domain ability, utilizing his Natural

Spell feat if necessary. He casts *warp wood* to render the ranged weapons of attackers useless. After softening up his opposition with these tactics, Mase returns to the ground, targeting humans whenever possible with his scimitar.

Morale If reduced to 25 hit points or fewer, Mase attempts to withdraw, screening himself with *fog cloud* or *obscuring mist* so he can wild shape into an elemental and move away at maximum speed.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 28

Feats Combat Casting, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (scimitar), Natural Spell, Sea Legs**, Toughness, Weapon Focus (scimitar), Weapon Specialization (scimitar)

Skills Acrobatics +2, Climb +10, Fly +6, Handle Animal +6, Heal +10, Knowledge (geography) +7, Knowledge (nature) +9, Linguistics +1, Perception +13, Profession (sailor) +12, Spellcraft +6, Survival +10, Swim +16

Languages Aquan, Common, Druidic, Elven, Polyglot

SQ armor training 1, elf blood, nature bond (Weather domain), nature sense, water child*, wild empathy +7, woodland stride, trackless step

Combat Gear *elemental gem* (water); **Other Gear** +2 *brine dragonhide breastplate*, +1 *human bane scimitar*, +1 *trident*, *belt of mighty constitution* +2, *ring of protection* +1, silver holy symbol of Gozreh, spell component pouch

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Water Child (Ex) Because of his aquatic elf ancestry, Mase gains a +4 racial bonus on Swim checks and can always take 10 while swimming. This alternate racial trait replaces the adaptability and multitalented racial traits.

* See the *Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Ultimate Combat*.

Mase Darimar is the result of a pairing between an aquatic elf from the Fever Sea and a Bonuwat woman from the Mwangi Expanse. When Mase's badly wounded father, Deverel, washed ashore upon the western Mwangi coast, a local Bonuwat tribe took him in. It fell to Mase's mother, Masira, to nurse him back to health, providing him with frequent baths of salt water just to sustain him. Without a proper healer in the tribe, however, Deverel's recovery took

a while. During that time Masira came to love the elf, but eventually Deverel had to return to the sea. As a result, Mase grew up never knowing his real father. Instead, he learned the culture and ocean-going ways of his mother's people.

Unfortunately, because of his mixed heritage, Mase found little acceptance among the Bonuwat. The only positions he established for himself came as an expert diver for shellfish and occasional lookout, watching for pirates. All that changed, however, when slavers raided his village. Mase was captured in the chaos and dragged aboard a galleon bound for the markets of Cheliox. While passing through the Shackles, however, pirates mistook the slaver ship for a merchant vessel and attacked. In the aftermath of the ensuing battle, Mase found himself press-ganged into the victorious pirates' crew. Separated from his family and tribe, Mase eventually came to enjoy the pirating life and stayed on, taking on his present nom de guerre.

Entrusted with ever-increasing responsibilities by the ship's captain, Mase worked his way up the ship's ranks, eventually acquiring his own ship, an older frigate he named *Wavecrest*. As captain of his own ship, Mase joined the fleet of the Master of Gales. Naturally drawn to the ocean, Mase converted to the faith of Gozreh, learning the mysteries of the weather from his mentor. Mase engaged in frequent forays on the open sea in search of his father's people. It took several years of deep-sea diving, but his wild shape abilities eventually enabled him to locate an undersea city of aquatic elves. There, he sought and found his long-lived father. Deverel welcomed his half-breed son with open arms and the two struck up an immediate friendship. Before returning to his ship and crew, Mase and his father agreed to stay in touch, and Mase committed himself to serving the interests of the aquatic elves among the land-faring races.

This arrangement has put Mase in the unique position of spying for the aquatic elves, sharing information with Deverel about developments among the Free Captains of the Shackles. Mase counts the aquatic elves among his strongest allies, and often slips away from his ship to secretly meet with Deverel below the waves. In return, the elves bring him warnings that he passes on to the Pirate Council as his own reconnaissance, further elevating his status on the council.

In outward appearance, Mase has the dark skin of a Mwangi, but his hands and feet are lightly webbed, betraying his aquatic elf heritage. Mase wears a distinctive dragonhide breastplate crafted from a young brine dragon he slew several years ago. Though he always carries a trident as an outward sign of his faith, Mase prefers to fight with the magic *human bane scimitar* given to him by his father.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Mase Darimar comes to the Island of Empty Eyes to assess the PCs' progress in taming their new stronghold. Unlike the other pirate lords, however, he does so at more than just the Pirate Council's behest. He also secretly represents the interests of the aquatic elves of the Shackles. Mase's outward demeanor remains somewhat aloof, though cordial, and over dinner, he gauges the PCs' seagoing prowess and any threat they might pose to his father's people—a concern to the elves, as one of their small communities lies beneath the waves just 30 nautical miles from the PCs' island. If the PCs especially impress him, Mase shares word of them with his father, perhaps prompting Deverel to visit the PCs later.





SKULL & SHACKLES TREASURES

The following unique treasures can be found in “Island of the Empty Eyes.” Player-appropriate handouts appear in the GameMastery Skull & Shackles item card set.

EEL SKIN ARMOR

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 6th
Slot armor; **Price** 33,810 gp; **Weight** 15 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This red +2 *slick electricity resistance leather armor* is crafted from the skin of the crimson hagfish, more commonly known as the Shackles slime eel. The armor exudes a slippery slime that grants its wearer a +5 competence bonus on Escape Artist and Swim checks. In addition, as a standard action once per day, the wearer can form an aura of electricity around himself that persists for 5 rounds. Creatures adjacent to the wearer when this power is activated and at the start of the wearer’s turn take 2d6 points of electricity damage and are staggered for 1 round. A successful DC 14 Reflex save halves the damage and negates the staggering effect. The aura persists for 5 rounds.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *elemental aura* (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player’s Guide* 218), *grease*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 16,985 gp

HORN OF THE TRITONS

Aura moderate conjuration and transmutation; **CL** 9th
Slot none; **Price** 15,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This conch shell can be blown as a horn once per day, except by a triton (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 270), which can sound it three times per day. Blowing the horn activates any one of the following functions:

- Calm rough waters in a 1-mile radius. Alternatively, this use functions as a *dismissal* spell against a targeted water elemental (DC 19 Will negates).
- Summon 1d4+1 sharks or 1d3 advanced sharks as if using *summon nature’s ally V*.
- Create a *fear* effect (DC 16) in a 500-foot radius that only affects creatures with the aquatic or amphibious subtype that have Intelligence scores of 1 or 2.

Any sounding of a *horn of the tritons* can be heard by all tritons within a 3-mile radius.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *control water*, *dismissal*, *fear*, *summon nature’s ally V*, creator must be a triton; **Cost** 7,500 gp

IMPOSSIBLE BOTTLE

Aura faint abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 5th
Slot none; **Price** 20,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

An intricately detailed miniature sailing ship sits inside this clear glass bottle. When taken aboard an undamaged sailing vessel at sea, the model automatically reconfigures to become a perfect replica of the new ship. It takes 24 hours for the model to attune to the ship.

A ship attuned to an *impossible bottle* takes half damage from all attacks that deal damage. The model ship in the *impossible bottle* absorbs the remaining damage, registering holes in its hull, rips in its sails, and scorch marks from fire. Once the attuned ship gains the broken condition, however, the *impossible bottle* ceases its protection, and any further attacks on the attuned ship deal full damage. If the attuned ship gains the sinking condition or is destroyed, the *impossible bottle* shatters and is permanently destroyed. If an *impossible bottle* was attuned to a damaged ship, once that ship has been fully repaired, the *impossible bottle* re-attunes itself over 24 hours and thereafter resumes its protection.

An *impossible bottle* removed from its attuned ship ceases its protection, and must be re-attuned over 24 hours if brought back on board. If the bottle is shattered while it is attuned to a ship, the *impossible bottle* is destroyed and the attuned ship immediately takes 150 points of damage.

Lastly, an *impossible bottle* can be used to repair an unattuned ship. As long as the bottle still functions, its owner can christen a vessel by smashing the *impossible bottle* against the ship’s prow, releasing a wave of restorative magic that immediately repairs up to 150 points of damage to the vessel.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *make whole*, *shield other*, *shrink item*, creator must have 5 ranks in the Craft (ships) skill; **Cost** 10,000 gp

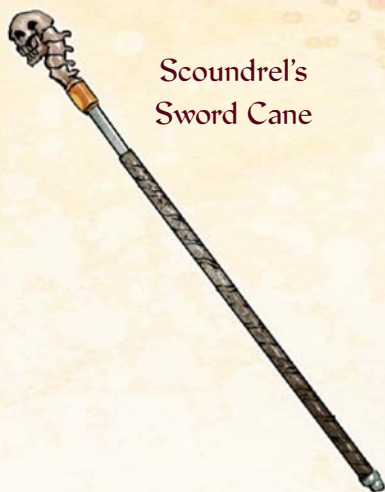
SCOUNDREL’S SWORD CANE

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 20,925 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A skull and partial backbone carved from ivory top this +2 *sword cane* (*Advanced Player’s Guide* 179), and gray sharkskin covers its

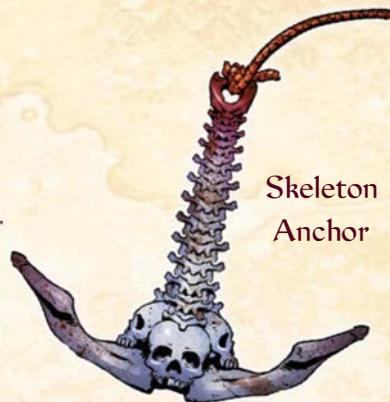
SKULL & SHACKLES TREASURES



Scoundrel's
Sword Cane



Eel Skin Armor

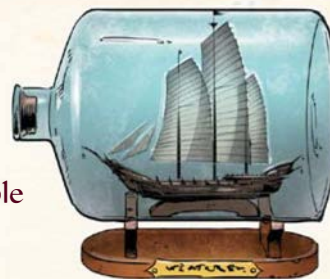


Skeleton
Anchor



Horn of the
Tritons

Impossible
Bottle



wooden scabbard. The wielder can use the Weapon Finesse feat to apply her Dexterity modifier instead of her Strength modifier to attack rolls with a *scoundrel's sword cane* sized for her, even though it isn't a light weapon.

The eyes of the skull atop the *scoundrel's sword cane* constantly enhance the wielder's awareness, granting the wielder a +5 competence bonus on Perception checks. In addition, once per day, the wielder can concentrate while holding the cane to see through the skull's eyes as if they were her own. In effect, the *scoundrel's sword cane* can be used as a periscope, allowing the wielder to safely peer over obstacles or around corners. If the wielder has total concealment from an observed creature except for the end of the cane, the wielder uses the skull's Diminutive size modifier for her Stealth check instead of her own size modifier.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *arcane eye*, *obscure object*; **Cost** 10,635 gp

SKELETON ANCHOR

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 14,450 gp; **Weight** 100 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This ship's anchor is crafted of fused bones and skulls, but it has the strength and hardness of iron. When attached to a ship by a

rope or chain and dropped into the water, the anchor increases its weight to properly anchor the ship it is attached to. Once per day, the *skeleton anchor* can hold the ship it is attached to immobile for up to 1 day, or until commanded to release.

The greatest property of a *skeleton anchor*, however, is to summon undead skeletons from the corpses of drowned mariners, who rise from the depths of the sea and clamber up the sides of the ship to serve as its crew. The undead created by the anchor are 1 Hit Die skeletons (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250) that possess Profession (sailor) scores of +7. Each skeleton can perform the duties of one crew member but has no other abilities. The skeletons cannot speak, attack, or even defend themselves. They are not proficient with any weapons or armor. The skeletons obey the commands of the ship's captain or pilot, but they only obey orders pertaining to the operation of a ship.

A *skeleton anchor* can be used just once every 7 days to create up to 28 skeletal crew members. The skeletons do not count against the maximum total Hit Dice worth of undead creatures that the user can control. The skeletons act as crew for 1 week or until dismissed by the ship's captain or pilot. At the end of the week, the skeletons abandon the ship.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *desecrate*, *levitate*, *skeleton crew* (*Pathfinder Player Companion: Pirates of the Inner Sea* 29); **Cost** 7,250 gp



MYSTERIES OF THE SHACKLES

Seems like pirates have a story for everything, and if we don't, we'll make one up, because we're always trying to one up each other while sharing cups down at the tavern. These tavern stories end up spreading around the docks, sneaking onto ships like rats, and before long everyone in ports across the Shackles're retelling the stories and addin' their own flourish just to make themselves seem bigger and stronger than they actually are. Buncha gossips pirates are, I'll tell ya! Thing is, sometimes the wildest stories are true and the simple ones are easily dismissed lies. Stick with me, and I'll set you straight on what's what.

—Darby Ripfin, notorious gossip

INTRODUCTION

Ancient ruins, reclusive sects, and pirate hideouts make the countless islands of the Shackles almost a world unto themselves. Old salts say that one could sail the archipelago for a century and not see it all—and there are elven mariners who would back that claim.

The rugged jungles of the islands conceal more than just pirate treasure, though. The vile deeds of the primeval Ghol-Gan empire still scar the land, their ruins and monuments standing as the physical symptoms of deeper, arcane maladies. In this chaotic string of islands, monsters hold sway and threaten the humanoids making their life upon the seas. Like the currents and winds that feed the region, the region's politics, too, move in ways far more complex than one might expect from a loose confederacy of rogues, with master manipulators hiding behind the brutal rampages of their minions.

More than anything, though, the Eye of Abendego shapes the Shackles with its brutal winds and driving rain. Because of the Eye, what might have been a temporary haven for a few rapsallions has grown into a paradise for the lawless.

What follows is a collection of legends, tales, rumors, and outright lies that might draw a group of adventurers to the Shackles. Any of them are suitable for a quick jaunt, or for incorporation into a longer Shackles campaign. The table below lists a series of rumors, while the other sections each provide a tale, reveal the truth of the matter, and show how to use that story in your campaign.

GENERAL TALES AND RUMORS

It doesn't take much to get a story out of a sailor. Getting a reliable story is another matter, though, as adventurers visiting the Shackles quickly learn. The following table lists some tales of questionable veracity told in waterside taverns and marketplaces around the Shackles, as well as other ports where pirates call.

d%	Rumor
1–10	"Nalt Tarbrow's power came from a pair of devil's wings that he fished out of the sea."
11–20	"Juju pirates make zombies by sewing the heads of slain crewmates to the bodies of their captives."
21–30	"The bones of Captain Colvaas see everything that comes and goes from the mainland coast. They'll tell their secrets to such as visit Colvaas Gibbet with a gift of rum and speak the right words."
31–40	"Half a dozen merchant ships have run into the rocks near Parley Point in the last year, despite the lighthouse there. That's too many to be accident."
41–50	"The halflings of Bag Island ain't nearly so saintly as they put out. No one's ever met any of these slaves they claim to have freed, and you can bet the temple

of Norgorber at Beachcomber has something to do with it."

51–60	"The ruin on the Devil's Arches called the City of Bleeding Stones harbors a gateway to the private demiplane of a potent cyclops sorcerer. Her deeds were so vile that her name has been stricken from the ancient records. The demiplane beyond the arch is populated by the results of her awful experiments."
61–70	"You think the Boles family got rich on purple dye? Oh, the snails in the swamp around Bogsbridge on Motaku Island do make a pretty purple. But they're also known for brewing a rare drug that the Chelish nobles fancy. It's the damned Chelaxians who're stuffing the Boles family coffers."
71–75	"There's Ghol-Gan ruins on Motaku Island, all right. What nobody wants you to know is that they're underground—right under the town of Quent. I can feel the vibrations through me peg leg!"
76–80	"Deaf Piet thought he was clever going up the River of Knives to bury the loot he double-crossed me for. Harpies ain't such bad lasses if you can't hear 'em, eh? But he didn't hear the beast that ate him on his way home, neither. When they found his boat drifting in the delta, it only had a few bits of Deaf Piet in it... and this here map!"
81–84	"Pirate lord? Free captain? Fah! The Master of Gales means to have the laugh of us. The Eye of Abendego is a wound on the world, and he's been healing it! Good for nature, good for civilization—bad for pirates! Why do you think he keeps what he's doing so quiet? And the reason he ignores the Cult of the Eye is because he knows he'll soon be giving the lie to their prophecy of a new god rising from the maelstrom."
85–90	"The cecaelia octopus folk of Besmara's Throne guard a chest of loot buried by the Pirate Queen herself during her mortal days. The goddess's mortal booty would be a priceless treasure, but who'd dare despoil such a cache on Besmara's own holy ground?"
91–100	"When adventurers 200 years ago defeated the lich Raugsmauda on Motaku Island, they never found her phylactery. But Raugsmauda never recovered it, either. Scavengers who visited the lich's lair after the adventurers cleared it out found it and, not knowing what it was, pawned it. The phylactery has made its way through a dozen treasure caches since, and could be anywhere. Raugsmauda's monthly predations are a cover for the her desperate hunt for it."

EEL'S SKULL AND THE THRONE OF NALT

"Ah, yes, you're very clever. You must be, to have taken me unawares. And now you'll breeze past the stone giants, surmount the sea cliffs, prance into the Eel's Skull, and, what,



carry the Throne of Nalt back down those same cliffs in your tatty haversacks? Truly, I am humbled by your stratagems.

"Perhaps you'll rely on bravery? You were fast with your blades, I'll grant. Maybe you can overcome the giants and scale the cliffs. But once inside, you'll want for advice. We could reach an arrangement.

"No? What do you mean, no?"

"I was to be a queen! Die with your eyes burnt out, you scrag. You'll never reach the Throne."

—Eleuthyxia, captured lamia

The Tale: How Nalt Tarbrow rose from smuggling dodgy goods in his rotbucket sloop to commanding the most infamous pirate flotilla of his day remains a staple of tall tales in wharfside taverns even now, 100 years after he died in a fire that he himself set. One point upon which no talespinner disagrees, though, is that when the ships of Admiral Nalt—layabout, rotter, pirate prince—hove to below his castle, the Eel's Skull, their holds routinely burgeoned with such loot that their siege ports kissed the waterline.

Questions about the seaworthiness of a vessel so heavily laden aside, it's well established that Nalt was successful—too successful. He took so many merchant ships that other pirate princes were left with naught but the bones. They laid siege to the Eel's Skull, vowing to cut him down to size, but Nalt put his own castle to the torch rather than let it be taken.

More than a few adventurers have had a go at the Eel's Skull, but only two ever emerged alive, and they were never the same afterward. Gold and gems don't burn, which keeps adventurers coming, but the real draw is the *Throne of Nalt*. With an artifact that could turn a layabout like Nalt Tarbrow into a pirate prince, a person of true ambition might lead an empire.

The Truth: Reaching Eel's Skull requires crossing the stomping grounds of giants, then scaling a forbidding sea cliff to the eye sockets of the Skull. The party may also encounter the lamia **Eleuthyxia** (CE female lamia bard [archeologist] 2). She wants the throne, too, but will try to gain the party's confidence by sharing information about the ruins.

Crumbling walls still surround Nalt's castle, but the bailey is a blackened ruin haunted by undead pirates. Spending time on the parapets is also likely to attract hungry pterosaurs.

In the wreckage of Nalt's great hall is a trapped replica of the throne that curses anyone but Nalt who sits on it. The real throne is in a subterranean audience chamber only reachable by a magical portal.

Nalt was a coward, and didn't let the fire consume him completely. He staggered through the portal to the lower delve, deactivating it behind him, and there succumbed to his wounds. His fiery death and the throne's influence turned what was left of Nalt Tarbrow into a thing of hatred and sickly flames. He haunts the throne chamber to this

day, coveting the power he once had, but unable to make any use of the throne in undeath.

In Your Game: Nalt's sailors patrol the ruin and the winding passages beneath it as wights, although their horribly burnt appearance may make them difficult to identify at first. They're led by one of Nalt's captains, a jann in life who now roams the tumbledown halls as a ghul, cursing the name of his former master.

One of these unfortunates carries a clay token onto which is scratched the command word for the portal to the audience chamber, "thithereshim" (a nonsense word Nalt chose because it would be hard to overhear). The portal activates from either side when someone whispers this command word to its doorpost, staying open until deactivated by the same command.

Beyond the audience chamber (and possibly accessible through other entrances) is a winding maze of passages concealing more booty, heavily trapped and guarded by more of Nalt's undead crew.

Use the following rules if any PC is foolish enough to sit in the false throne.

FALSE THRONE TRAP

CR 4

Type magic; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic

Effect A creature that sits on the throne suffers one of the following (50% chance of either): spell effect (*bestow curse* [-6 penalty to Dexterity], Will DC 16 negates) or spell effect (*blindness/deafness* [blindness only], Fort DC 16 negates)

Nalt Tarbrow himself now haunts the audience chamber as a witchfire (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 284), although he lacks the witchfire's usual affinity for hags. Additionally, Eleuthyxia knows about the false throne, and will seek an opportune moment to betray the party.

See page 66 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #12 for more information on the true Throne of Nalt. The throne crumbles to dust if sat on by one who wants nothing and bequeaths all he has to another.

JUJU CULTS

"The fence of severed hands? They're from lawbreakers. If they decide to cut off your hand, you're usually allowed a priest on hand to stanch the blood. If you don't know one who will show for you, know how to make a tourniquet. Just try not to break any rules, and be ready to guard me at the crossroads tonight.

"Now I must go and see Mosi and Ajuoga for advice. Don't follow me. They might be insulted if I bring ben kudu with me.

"And for Sister's sake, don't go near Qelhetat's house. You won't miss it. It's the one with all the fingers and... other things nailed to it. She cuts a piece off when one of her zombies displeases her.

MYSTERIES OF THE SHACKLES

"Thank you, my friends. I do not know what I would do without your help."

—Lakunle Charthagnion, the day before he left to sing with the Journeyer

The Tale: It's no surprise that **Lakunle Charthagnion** (CG male human rogue 3) is in trouble. A year ago, the smuggler drunkenly boasted that he could play a song so sweet that Qelhetat, Mgange Cove's notorious oracle of the Night Lord, would fall in love with him. Word got to Qelhetat, and she decided to hold Lakunle to his boast.

Many Mwangi sailors revere the three oracles at Mgange, so when Qelhetat called Lakunle out, the smuggler had to accept her terms. Lakunle had a year to bring back a song equal to his boast. While Qelhetat scoffed at the idea that any song could win her love, Lakunle must at least bring one that the town's three oracles judge pleasing. If he succeeds, he's forgiven. If he fails, he must serve Qelhetat as her zombie.

Running away isn't an option, unless he plans on never returning home. Also, being half-Chelaxian, Lakunle has something to prove. Worse, he can't play music! But he may have found a way to save his skin.

The Truth: Juju lore says Mfuello, the Journeyer, shares his music if a petitioner goes to the right crossroads at midnight. But the jungle wildlife, Qelhetat's followers, and any lesser wendo spirits drawn by the presence of Mfuello might have other ideas. Lakunle recruits the PCs to help him while he learns the songs from Mfuello. If they agree, he says he will give them the location of a cache of treasure he saw some pirates burying just the week before.

If the party agrees to his deal, they have a day in Ngozi before they must head into the jungle to aid Lakunle. During this time they hopefully follow the advice Lakunle gives in the quote above.

The crossroads where Lakunle will meet Mfuello is an intersection of two trails, miles into the jungle. If Lakunle arrives by midnight and begins to play his lute (very badly), an apparition of Mfuello does indeed appear. The PCs must protect Lakunle while Mfuello teaches him three songs.

In Your Game: The first song draws a gang of three chupacabras (*Bestiary* 2 57). Fascination draws them from their usual stealthy prowling, but they flee if reduced below half of their hit points.

Mfuello's second song attracts a trio of saci, minor wendo spirits (use the statistics for leprechauns; *Bestiary* 2 177). The saci are tiny, one-legged, pipe-smoking pranksters. They hide in the brush and play illusory pranks unless given an offering of sweets or liquor.

During the final song, four of Qelhetat's juju zombies (*Bestiary* 2 291) attack. They fight until destroyed.

If in any encounter Lakunle spends more than 2 consecutive rounds within melee reach of an enemy, Mfuello becomes annoyed and leaves, and the lesson fails. If the lesson succeeds, Lakunle receives a boon from Mfuello, giving him the skill to play a song as sweet as he claimed. This boon only lasts 3 days, so Lakunle mustn't tarry. He thanks the PCs for aiding him and discloses the location of a cache of treasure (worth approximately 5,000 gp) on a nearby island.

The town's three oracles are described in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles*. Qelhetat is attended by juju zombies and may call on pirates from Ngozi. She has several doses of zombie-making laubo powder (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #39 71).



Mfuello

LAKE OF SCALES

The feathered dinosaurs set upon us from nowhere, carrying away one of our bearers, Rava. We heard her screams from the treeline as she was devoured, but could do little with the camp in disarray from their attack.

How had beasts taller than humans escaped our notice? Why does the sun shine so much brighter? And why is the air, already damp with the monsoon's breath, so heavy? The Lake of Scales retains its curious, hourglass shape, but the landscape is rougher, the plants unfamiliar.

Since learning about arrows, they come at night. Our party dwindles. The answer must lie with the rude stelae dotting the shore, but my desperate study of them reveals nothing. And we

were not the first victims—this morning we found an elf's bones, picked white, and a cutlass corroded almost beyond recognition.

—from the journal of Parvani Ramsekhar, Explorer

The Tale: Only the most pathetic and desperate of buccaneers brave the sahuagin-infested waters off Shark Island. So when a small, lateen-rigged vessel captained by an elegant Vudrani scholar put in at Ollo for supplies, the rough and tumble pirates took notice.

The scholar gave her name, **Parvani Ramsekhar** (LN human female wizard 6), but not her destination. A local crew followed her ship, the *Marid's Whisper*, from port, hoping to make easy prey of it, but limped back to Ollo when the scholar, who turned out to be a quite capable wizard, set their ship aflame. They did find out where the expedition was headed, though—the mouth of the Greenscale River.

This left little doubt that the expedition's goal was the Lake of Scales, making it the latest of several attempts to explore the Ghol-Gan ruins at the river's dinosaur-infested headwater. An overgrown islet in the center of the queer, hourglass-shaped lake is said to be the resting place of ancient Ghol-Gan priests.

Ramsekhar's party has now been gone a month—perhaps it's worth finding out what she was after. And if she's run into trouble, she appeared to have no shortage of coin with which to reward a rescue.

The Truth: Rescuers arriving at the Lake of Scales find the *Marid's Whisper* at anchor, but no sign of the crew other than recently excavated ground along the shore near an ancient stela.

Seven other stelae, most partly buried, stand at the corners and waist of the lake's hourglass-shaped shoreline. Ramsekhar and her crew came to investigate the tombs but inadvertently punched their way into a pocket dimension created by the stelae. This breach persists, and creatures that come near any of the stelae become ensnared, snatched away to this hidden world. This pocket dimension spans about 2 miles in diameter and seems centered on the lake and stelae. Creatures can see a greater distance than this, but any attempts to move beyond this invisible barrier fail.

Ramsekhar inadvertently triggered the breach when she used a *scroll of move earth* to dig fortifications too close to a stela. Strong effects from another spell, or any comparably powerful focused release of magical energy near the same spot, would be enough for this rift to right itself.

Ramsekhar and one other survivor have held out in a makeshift fortification in the vine-covered Ghol-Gan tombs, which the cryptic Ghol-Gan writings suggest were used for their oracles and priests. But she has yet to discover a way home, and even if she does, the local megafauna stand in her way.



Ghol-Gan Stele



In Your Game: The fauna of the Lake of Scales are very territorial, but careful PCs can steer the party clear of them using their Stealth or Handle Animal skills.

The Ghol-Gan tombs are inert, but approaching within 30 feet of any of the stelae activates the rift, pulling the character who activated it and anyone nearby into the mirror dimension.

A pack of megaraptors (CR 5 each; apply the giant and advanced templates to a deinonychus [Bestiary 84]) have claimed the area around the stelae. Other threats the PCs might face include gigantic insects, elasmosauruses in the lake's murky waters, and assassin vines (including one that Bala "tamed" to protect the tombs).

Parvani Ramsekhar and her colleague **Bala Maroti** (N human male druid 5) have barricaded themselves in the Ghol-Gan tombs on the islet; they're tired and somewhat unkempt but otherwise intact. Getting home will require comparing notes with Parvani, researching the Ghol-Gan carvings, and experimenting (while warding off dinosaur attacks). Any spell of 4th level or higher that can target the stelae or their immediate environment is potentially enough to reverse the effects of the breach, returning everyone back to the real lake shore. The key is to use a spell that releases a large amount of targeted energy, regardless of school. *Stoneshape* or *cone of cold* cast on a stela might work, for example, but *dimension door* or *summon monster IV* wouldn't. The stelae themselves are otherwise nigh-indestructible.

YOHA'S GRAVEYARD

I am determined to establish myself at this nameless isle northeast of the Devil's Arches, the better to strike against the freebooters. Here are game, water, even trees for masts. Best, a steep rise commands the cove; fortifying it is proving simple.

My crew, however, grumble that demons haunt the ziggurat at our backs. Brance Yoha doesn't sail with gutless children, I told them—usually an efficacious tack with sailors!—but they persisted. I've had a few of them flogged, to no avail.

Mere savage ruins, I tell them, and useful for our defense! But they fear them, fear the statue at the peak, which is nothing but a bloated spider—and poorly rendered, at that.

I'll teach them that it's I, not some rotting statue, who rules Yoha's Fist! (I rather like that name... just came up with it now. Genius!)

—from the journal of Brance Yoha, privateer

The Tale: Seven decades ago, Absalom hired the headstrong Captain Brance Yoha, Pathfinder and Taldan navy veteran, as a privateer against the Free Captains.

Given the difficulties of resupply from Absalom, Yoha determined first to build a base in the Shackles from which he could wage his campaign. The captain decided to claim the once-abundant isle now known as Yoha's Graveyard,

dismissing his sailors' warnings about the imposing Ghol-Gan ziggurat dominating the harbor as dull superstition.

Exasperated by the crew's refusal to build against the ziggurat, forage far into the jungle, or harvest timber and pitch, Brance Yoha vented his spleen against his apparent rival—the bloated, spiderlike statue at the summit of the ziggurat.

He paid for his arrogance. When he toppled the statue, Yoha opened a portal that the Ghol-Gan priest-kings installed at the top of the ziggurat. Whatever came through is responsible for the terrifying mists that shroud the island to this day, and presumably the deaths of Yoha and his crew.

Yet somewhere, under the mists of Yoha's Graveyard, remains the portal itself, a valuable tool just sitting there for the taking.

The Truth: The *well of many worlds* is just a sea story; the reality is grimmer. The statue on the ziggurat depicts not a demon, as commonly thought, but Moxix, a thulgaunt qliphoth. Red mist poured from its pedestal when Yoha toppled it, enveloping him and rolling down the ziggurat to cover the island faster than his crew could flee.

In the mist, Yoha witnessed visions of vile dimensions beyond the Abyss, where the qliphoth had broken through into a sideways mirror of the demon realm. These visions transformed Yoha into a bodak; the mist turned his crew into ghastrs.

The ghastrs carry Moxix's delectation, an affliction that impels its victims toward cannibalism. The mists of the island carry the delectation, too, and those who linger here inevitably succumb. Fortunately, the toppled statue acts as a literal stopper if placed back on its pedestal, halting the mist, which ocean breezes will gradually clear.

In Your Game: Yoha's undead crew infest the rotting fortification of Yoha's Fist. Treat them as fiendish ghastrs, but rather than ghoul fever, they transmit Moxix's delectation. The mists carry the affliction as well. Characters on the island must save against it once per day. Yoha himself is a bodak armed with a bloody scourge. If the PCs replace the statue on its pedestal, they're free to look for a more permanent way to seal it. Fortunately, Moxix cares nothing for this shrine.

MOXIX'S DELECTATION

Type disease, injury; **Save** Fortitude DC 15

Onset 1 day; **Frequency** 1/day

Effect 1d3 Con and 1d3 Wis damage; **Cure** 2 consecutive saves
A humanoid afflicted with Moxix's delectation must attempt a new Will save each day. If the humanoid fails, it attacks and attempts to eat the weakest humanoid nearby. If the save is successful, it resists. A humanoid who dies or is killed while afflicted rises as a ghastr at the next midnight. The save DC is Charisma-based.



THE ECOLOGY OF THE CYCLOPS

On the first day, the sacred oracle demanded a dozen roasted goats. On the second, he demanded three casks of wine. On the third day, we grew tired of the oracle's greed and demanded that he give us the answers we sought. We demanded he tell us what he could see.

"What do I see?" he roared. "I look back, and I see the glory days of my people. I see ten thousand years of suffering and chaos and humiliation." The oracle rose from his seat, stretching his long, sinewy arms ahead of him and fanning his fingers before continuing, "Then I look forward, human, and do you know what I see? I see revenge!"

—From the Journal of Mavrid Leoni,
Pathfinder and Ghol-Gan explorer

THE ECOLOGY OF THE CYCLOPS

INTRODUCTION

The crumbling white ziggurats stand as grave markers or lonely sentinels. Explorers find them across the world, from the swamps of the Sodden Lands to the distant mountains of Iobaria. These monuments were home to the cyclops seer-kings of old, who have been dust now for thousands of years. The great empires of the cyclopes are gone, leaving only their witless, degenerate descendants and a few stone ruins as testament to their former glory.

Survivors from a distant age, cyclopes once possessed great power, but are now a broken and doomed race. Humans who grow too proud and confident of their race's dominion over Golarion should look to the fate of the cyclopes and shudder.

CYCLOPS HISTORY

The cyclopes no longer remember their own history beyond the last few generations. Their past must be reconstructed from their legends and from the ruins of their former civilizations.

Obscure creation myths claim that the world was born out of chaos, and that by witnessing it the first cyclops seers imposed shape and order on what was previously shapeless. Certainly, the chief strength of the cyclops empires was the cyclopes' gift of foresight, which was vastly more powerful than it is today. A degenerate cyclops can glimpse the future only dimly, but it is said the ancient cyclopes were able to perceive the whole swathe of past, present and future in a single glance. This supernatural foresight made them invincible in battle, because they only fought battles they already knew they would win.

Before Earthfall, there were a few great cyclops civilizations scattered throughout Golarion. Their seat of power was Ghol-Gan, which rose even before the Age of Serpents. Exiles from this empire, it is said, moved on to northern Casmaron to form the empire of Koloran. Others moved to the island nation of Ibydos, establishing a prominent cyclops society there. Since their origin on Golarion lies so far in the past, it is unclear whether this timeline is entirely accurate, but it is known the cyclopes predated humankind. Some suggest the various cyclops civilizations sprang up simultaneously in various parts of the globe—all well before the arrival of humankind. Ruins in other lands suggest there were other cyclops colonies or empires, but little remains of those civilizations save rune-marked stones, time-tumbled ruins, and surviving pockets of these once-great beings.

CYCLOPS PHYSIOLOGY

Physically, cyclopes are tremendously resilient, able to survive injuries that would be lethal even to a larger creature. They can live for more than 500 years, although few reach such an advanced age except for oracles and

prophets, who are protected and fed by their followers. Many savage cyclopes suffer starvation trying to sate their rapacious appetites as they clear out local wildlife, but more often, they fall victim to their own unbridled violence.

The appetite of cyclopes is legendary. They are voracious eaters, able to consume well over a hundred pounds of food in a day. They prefer meat, especially mutton and pork, but will eat almost anything. Cyclopes deprived of food rapidly become more savage and bestial, turning into unthinking monsters whose only instinct is to devour. Well-fed cyclopes, by contrast, can be surprisingly erudite and witty. To maintain their sanity, most far-thinking cyclopes keep a well-stocked larder. This huge appetite forces most cyclopes to live alone, as a group would quickly eat their surroundings bare.

Cyclopes' most important physical distinction is obviously their single eye. In most humanoids, the brain is the most demanding organ, consuming the lion's share of the energy derived from food. In cyclopes, the eye requires nearly as much energy as the brain. A jutting brow protects the huge, pulsing arteries that carry nutrition to it. Any injury to the eye is a death warrant for cyclopes. Though they lack the depth perception of two-eyed races, cyclopes' vision is uncanny—they can see over a far greater distance and with much more acuity than can humans. It is said that cyclopes can count the feathers on a soaring eagle, and they have excellent night vision.

Cyclopes' eyes are also the seat of their powers of foresight. Every cyclops, even the most brutish monster, can dimly perceive future events. In the distant past, the most powerful cyclopes lived simultaneously in the present and future, and were able to discern everything that lay in store for a mortal with a mere glance. This prophetic power has declined steadily over the millennia, so today most can see only a few seconds into the future, and then only with great effort. The disruption of prophecy in the last hundred years may herald an era of complete blindness for the cyclops race.

Unlike for other prophets and oracles, the foresight of a cyclops is intimately linked to what it can see in the present. If a cyclops is to foresee the fate of a mortal, it must first look upon that mortal in the present. A cyclops could not tell how a city is going to be destroyed unless it can see either that city or the agent of the city's doom.

The various cyclops-kin, like the great cyclops, share this foresight to some extent. Those brutes see only violence, and pluck the moments of greatest carnage of out of the chaos of the yet-to-come; the weaker oracles can see further, but only at the cost of their own sanity.

CYCLOPS PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Ambition is rare among cyclopes. Without a leader to inspire them or a vision to guide them, they never look up

CYCLOPES IN PIRATE LANDS

The kuru people of the Cannibal Isles are a result of the lingering corruptive influence of Ghol-Gan. Pushed into the islands and foul ruins left by degenerate cyclopes, they fell to cannibalism. This behavior is a reflection of the cannibalistic ways of the cyclopes common in postclassical Ghol-Gan. Because of this influence, some kuru people also venerate the savage cyclopes, seeing them as a vindication of the kuru's brutal ways, though they lack the hindsight to recognize that they have fallen into the same rut as these giant beasts.

Likewise, some of the Koboto tribes, survivors of Yamasa still living in the Sodden Lands, treat great cyclopes with awe and respect. Though wary of the untamed beasts, they offer sacrifices of slaves and captives to the one-eyed brutes to gain their allegiance. Some remote tribes even worship the creatures as living deities, even ritually plucking out one of their own eyes as a display of adoration. More often than not, however, this misguided trust and reverence lead to the entire tribe being eaten in a night.

from the quotidian task of getting enough food to sate their enormous appetites. They have little instinct for planning, relying on foresight rather than forethought. The cyclopes of today, without any true culture or civilization, mate infrequently and raise their male and female offspring separately. The father raises any males, and the mother takes the females. Many male offspring born of savage cyclopes are eaten by their sires before reaching maturity. Mated pairs of cyclopes are uncommon but not unheard of. Among cyclopes, fat is considered attractive and desirable; even at the height of the old empires, a fierce cyclops warrior might be honored with titles like "the Fat", "the Large", or "Big-Belly." Many of the statues and carvings from the old cyclopes empires depict rotund deities and heroes.

While most cyclopes are too preoccupied by their hunger to use their foresight on anything other than hunting or fighting, some look beyond their immediate needs and are driven by grander visions. A charismatic prophet can yoke other cyclopes to its vision and lead them to conquer more territory, or make great strides in some field of study. The few cyclopes who practice magic show surprising talent at it, as their glimpses of the future hasten their mastery of the art. Visionaries founded the cyclops empires of the past, and should another long-sighted overlord arise, the cyclopes could regain their former prominence.

Today, different cyclopes tribes worship a variety of gods. The old empires, however, practiced a form of worship split among ancestors and the sun and moon, though

some venerated the concepts of fate and foresight. As time went on, they fell to worshipping dark gods borrowed from the races below ground and even darker forces among the stars. This decline in civilization led them to embrace the depraved practice of anthropophagy. Ritual cannibalism is a common practice in many cyclops cultures, although cyclopes never eat the central eye. Instead, it is removed from the corpse and ceremonially buried, or otherwise preserved. Injury to the eye is a terrible taboo—being blinded is considered a fate worse than death, and poking a cyclops's eye is the most insulting gesture possible.

Philosophically and emotionally, cyclopes are stoic by nature (except when in a blood rage). Their foresight makes them fatalistic; whatever they see will be, so they accept whatever fate awaits them without complaint. Other races find the cyclopes' lack of emotion to be solemn or sinister, depending on the circumstances.

CYCLOPES AND CYCLOPS-KIN

Cyclopes vary little by region. The cyclopes of Iobarria are biologically the same as those who made their empire in Ibydos and the first of their kind who ruled Ghol-Gan. Some variation in skin color exists, but that is the extent of their regional variation and is a circumstance of millennia of evolution and environment. All other offshoots of cyclopes result from the creatures' own experimentation long before their empire fell—gifts from their otherworldly patrons and dark gods.

The biggest variation among cyclopes is the difference between the savage and destructive cyclopes and those who embrace some degree of civility and enlightenment. This split began from an ancient order that segregated cyclops society into two major castes: the seer caste and the soldier caste. Both served to expand and protect the empire, and from these two castes the cyclopes of today were born. The brutal great cyclopes were bred into existence during the decline of the cyclopes' reign, in Ghol-Gan's postclassical period. These behemoths served as soldiers in wars against the serpentfolk and any other opponents to the savage cyclopes' way of life. Serving the more civil side of cyclops culture were the standard cyclopes who branched into the oracular caste, embracing and enhancing their talent at prognostication.

The majority of modern cyclopes are thuggish barbarians, preying on the weak and eking out an existence in the wilderness, but they are still thinking beings. Some, though, have become truly savage. These brutes abandon reason entirely, and live from moment to moment, guided only by what they see and foresee. A swelling number of common cyclopes have succumbed to this madness. Savage cyclopes behave like the most destructive, vicious ogres, indulging their bloodlust and basest impulses. They can be distinguished from their more intelligent cousins by their

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eyes—the eye of a savage cyclops is perpetually blood-shot and dull by comparison.

All the known offshoots of cyclopes are the product of magical breeding and experimentation that rose during the decline of Ghol-Gani civilization, guided by their far-flung patrons. Known variations include the following:

Gholdako: These undead cyclopes, while not a true race or breed of cyclopes, were created during the decline of cyclops civilization; they show the lengths to which Ghol-Gani culture went to preserve itself for posterity, exemplifying the short-sightedness of a society in perilous decline (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles* 49).

Great Cyclops: These hulking monsters were bred for war and destruction. Towering three or four times taller than their lesser kin, great cyclopes' strength is matched only by their bloodlust (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 61).

High Cyclops: While not a true sub-species, these civilized cyclopes also descended from the Ghol-Gani cyclopes. The name is used to describe the less savage of these otherwise brutish giants. The number of high cyclopes in the world has greatly diminished over the passing centuries. High cyclopes are physically identical to the common breed, but are more intelligent and cultured.

Ngoga: Bestial creatures, ngoga resemble great one-eyed orangutans. These shaggy beasts were bred for war and fought alongside the soldier caste (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lost Kingdoms* 30).

Oracular Cyclops: The descendants of the rulers of Ghol-Gan, oracular cyclopes are smaller and often sickly, but retain greater powers of prophecy (see page 73).

CYCLOPS LAIRS

Though they have fallen from building gargantuan towers and fabulous cities to living in caves, there are traits common to every place a cyclops calls home. A cyclops's lair always has a commanding view. Often, the cyclopes build atop hills or mountainsides, or dig into cliffs. In the lowlands, a cyclops might choose a sea cave by a beach that overlooks the water, or raise a mound of earth and stone as an artificial hill. At the very least, there is always a vantage point or high place within a short distance of the lair's entrance, where the cyclopes can look out at its territory and see what's coming.

The portion of the lair the cyclopes actually dwells in is a cave or underground chamber beneath the vantage point. Commonly, there is an outer cave used for cooking, tool-making, and other work; an inner larder for storing meat; and sleeping quarters. Since cyclopes are solitary by nature, the lair is usually protected in some fashion. There may be a secret entrance or a barrier blocking access, like a heavy stone that must be rolled aside. More complex lairs have traps or guardians to protect the inhabitants as they sleep.

Easy access to food is the main priority, for a cyclops is always hungry. Often, a cyclops herds animals it intends to eat or simply steals its meals from farmers and ranchers. Cyclopes often choose lairs near good fishing grounds where they can cast huge nets into the water or sieve the entire span of a river. In lean times, a cyclops can strip whole fruit trees or taro fields in a single day. In less bountiful places, a cyclops is forced to be semi-nomadic, and might have half a dozen lairs spaced several days' journey apart. The cyclops remains in one lair until it has eaten the surrounding countryside bare, then moves to the next lair.

If no ruins created by their ancestors lie nearby, savage cyclopes make their homes in natural caverns. If there are several chambers in the cave system, one is designated the larder and another is used for sleeping. In a smaller cave, the food is hung from the ceiling, and the cyclopes bed down in the warmest, most sheltered area. The stench



Oracular Cyclops

of rotting meat and cyclops sweat gives some warning of the danger to trespassers.

The glory days of the cyclopes' empires are long gone. Even where their works still endure, their cities have been conquered, inhabited, abandoned, recolonized, and abandoned yet again many times over. However, even the cities that were taken over by former slaves still bear the marks of the cyclopes. In the lands formerly covered by Ghol-Gan, for example, giant-sized steps ascend to stone towers that overlook cities adorned with statues whose hulking bodies are carved from old, weathered stone (and sometimes topped with two-eyed heads carved from much

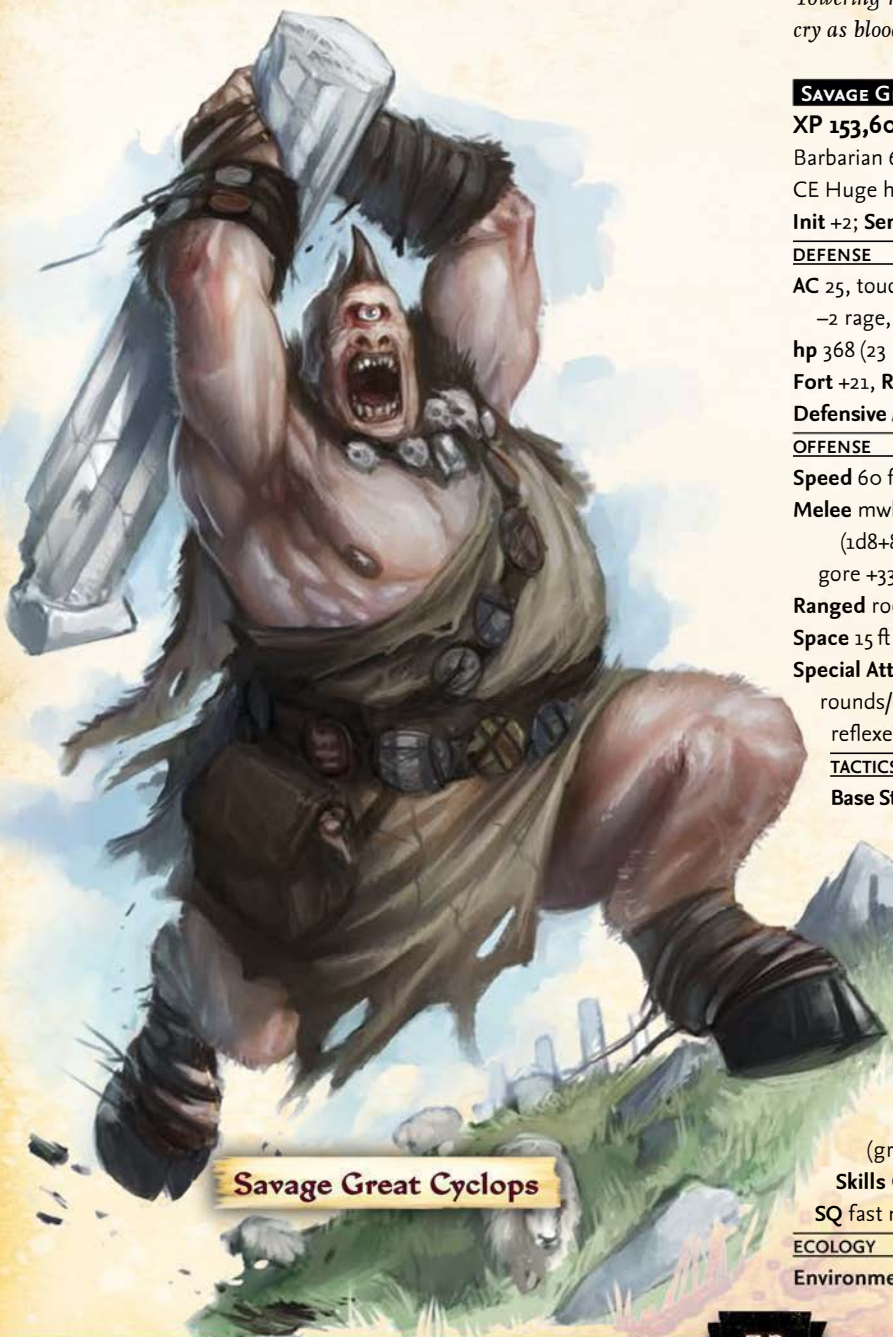
newer stone). Unsurprisingly, the single eye is a popular motif in cyclops art. Orbs of all kind dominate art and architecture in these ruins, as do images of flowing water (which represents the warp and weft of the future).

CYCLOPS ENCOUNTERS

The biggest distinction among cyclopes is the difference between the savage and the civil. Far more cyclopes are savage, though PCs can encounter the whole spectrum. Below are two examples from the opposite ends of that spectrum.

SAVAGE GREAT CYCLOPS

Towering nearly 40 feet tall, this monster bellows a horrid war cry as blood vessels bloom crimson in his single, rage-filled eye.



Savage Great Cyclops

SAVAGE GREAT CYCLOPS CR 18

XP 153,600

Barbarian 6

CE Huge humanoid (giant)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +23

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 8, flat-footed 23 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +13 natural, -2 rage, -2 size)

hp 368 (23 HD; 17d8+6d12+253)

Fort +21, **Ref** +11, **Will** +19

Defensive Abilities improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

Melee mwk Huge greatclub +35/+30/+25/+20 (3d8+25), gore +33 (1d8+8) or

gore +33 (1d8+17), 2 slams +33 (2d6+17)

Ranged rock +18 (2d6+19)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore, 4d8+24), rage (23 rounds/day), rage powers (knockback, night vision, quick reflexes), rock throwing (120 ft.)

TACTICS

Base Statistics When not raging, the barbarian's statistics are **AC** 27, touch 10, flat-footed 25; **hp** 322;

Fort +19, **Will** +17; **Str** 40, **Con** 29; **CMB** 35, **CMD** 47; **Skills** Climb +21.

STATISTICS

Str 44, **Dex** 15, **Con** 33, **Int** 6, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +18; **CMB** +37; **CMD** 47

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Critical Focus, Diehard, Endurance, Improved Bull Rush, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Staggering Critical, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (greatclub)

Skills Climb +23, Intimidate +14, Perception +23

SQ fast movement, flash of brutality

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate or tropical

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Organization solitary

Treasure standard (masterwork greatclub, hide armor, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Flash of Brutality (Su) Once per day as a swift action, a great cyclops can gain a burst of savage inspiration. When it does, it doubles the threat range of all attacks using weapons, natural attacks, and rock attacks it makes until the start of its next turn. Furthermore, once per day when the great cyclops reaches 0 or fewer hit points and is conscious because of its Diehard feat, this ability recharges, allowing the great cyclops to use the ability a second time that day.

In the jungles of the south, great cyclopes roam. Some brutes are especially dangerous, raining down furious blows with their huge greatclubs, and stunning and smashing foes in a blood-red rage. The roaring cries of savage great cyclopes can be heard echoing through the jungles as a warning for all other creatures to flee before its wrath.

ORACULAR CYCLOPS

Clothed in loose robes and wearing jewelry, this one-eyed giant appears to hold a high station.

ORACULAR CYCLOPS

CR 7

XP 3,200

NE Large humanoid (giant)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +20

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+1 Dex, +4 insight, +7 natural, -1 size)

hp 91 (14d8+28)

Fort +11, **Ref** +5, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk Large greataxe +15/+10 (3d6+7/x3)

Ranged heavy crossbow +10 (2d8/19-20)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +13)

3/day—*divination*

1/day—*augury*

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 12, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 31

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +10, Intimidate +9, Perception +20, Profession (soothsayer) +16, Sense Motive +17, Survival +8; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception

Languages Common, Cyclops, Giant

SQ greater flash of insight, protective foresight

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate or tropical

CYCLOPS ORACLES

The practice of keeping a cyclops (sometimes in captivity) as a soothsayer began in Azlant, and continues to this day in parts of Avistan. Some cyclopes are treated as honored sages. For example, in living memory a cyclops oracle lived in a cave near Riddleport, and every year would predict the future of the town in exchange for a chest of silver and two dozen goats. Other oracles were slaves, forced to prophesy on demand. Many old castles have a special dungeon that looks out upon the surrounding countryside, where a cyclops was kept as both oracle and sentinel.

The race's power of foresight has diminished over the ages. The cyclopes of legend were said to see the future as plainly as a man sees the waking world, but ever since Earthfall their powers have weakened. The hundred years since the death of Aroden have marked an even sharper decline in their powers, leading some to wonder whether the loss of other prophecies and omens is somehow connected to whatever spiritual wound destroyed the cyclops empires of prehistory. Some say the cause of the Age of Lost Omens may be found in the ruins of legend.

Organization solitary, conclave (2-6), or tribe (7-18)

Treasure standard (hide armor, greataxe, heavy crossbow, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Greater Flash of Insight (Su) Once per day as an immediate action, a cyclops can peer into an occluded visual spectrum of possible futures, gaining insight that allows it to select the exact result of one die roll before the roll is made. This effect can alter an action taken by the cyclops, and once per week the oracular cyclops can apply this ability to one creature of her choosing. The target of this boon must be within 30 feet of the oracular cyclops and be able to be seen.

Protective Foresight (Su) An oracular cyclops can peer into the future to protect itself. This ability grants the cyclops a +4 insight bonus to AC.

A cyclops oracle retains more of the powers of foresight than most of its kin. In addition to a cyclops's typical flash of insight ability, an oracular cyclops can share its gift with others, granting them a boon on a future challenge. While often smaller than others of its kind, an oracular cyclops gains the ability to foresee danger coming its way. The statistics above depict a cyclops who is served by a cult of worshippers, and is therefore in good health. Other oracular cyclopes are sometimes kept as chained prisoners, at the mercy of their captors.



FOES OF FIN AND FEATHER

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As I died on the mossy deck of the Drowningtide ship-fortress, an utterance registered at the brink of awareness. With a last spark of curiosity I worked to perceive it. Words, guttural and outraged, cut through the mental assault of the ghosts ranged around me.

It was Seagrave, bellowing. "Curse the mewling lifeless cowardly lot of you!"

In my fading bones I felt the heat of his fury. The ghostly mass reared back from it. Its enveloping wall of soul-stuff broke up. *It* became a *they*, reverting to distinct, individualized spirits of the drowned.

Solidity returned to me. Seizing on glimmers of strength, I pushed myself up to my knees.

Seagrave swung on a translucent rope, landing on the feasting table. He kicked, punched, and slashed with his

sword. The ghosts fell away from him, pushed not so much by the material force of his blows but by the steel of his will.

"You wish me to lie down and die with you? I will not!" His words struck them like a wall of surf. "I am Seagrave, and I will live!" Spittle flew from his mouth. "I will eat and drink and fight!"

I made it to my feet, Seagrave's wildness filling me with exultation. My own reasons for living—the protection of others, the joy of discovery, and justice grimly dealt—flooded my soul. The doubts instilled in me by ghostly assault—what the scholars would call a psychic attack—visibly fled my body, manifesting as motes of sooty energy.

The ghosts groaned in chorus. Seagrave's display gave heart to the others. Otondo's scything cutlass dispersed a trio of incorporeal sailors. Rira drove ghosts before her

with arcing bolts of arcane force. They quavered at the weaving point of Aspodell's rapier.

As we rallied, a near-perceptible wave of enervation swept through our attackers. Their soul-forms dimmed and shrank. Their wailing dropped an octave, to congeal into pitiful sobbing. As a last few fainted ineffectually our way, their speaker, Geor Whalespotter, held out his arm in a gesture of truce.

"We meant only to embrace you," Whalespotter said, his voice now reduced to a wheeze.

"Take your embrace and shove it in the bilge," said Seagrave. He held his cutlass as if he wanted to use it some more.

"My adjutant speaks harshly, but overall I endorse the sentiment," I said. "If you typically attempt to keep your guests forever, it is little wonder you get so few of them."

The stump of Whalespotter's missing arm twitched. "We are not the only jailors here," he sulked.

"One day I'll cast off her yoke, as today we cast off yours," said Seagrave.

A change of subject seemed apt. "You promised to produce Twill Ninefingers," I said. "Bring him forth."

Geor's features lost another degree of sharpness. "I did not promise that, exactly."

"Where is he?"

"Not here."

"You deny that you paid the cyclops Megeus to take him into your custody?"

"That I do not deny. But we were cheated before our ghost-boat reached these shores."

"You tell your tale in dribs and drabs, drowned one."

"Harpies flew overhead, plucking him from our boat, when we were nearly home. They were gone before we could stop them. We were left with only this." Twill's kit of thieves' tools floated in the air before him. The leather case folded open, showing that one tool was missing—the one Rira had used to find our way here to Drowningtide.

"Your isle moves about," said Seagrave, as if it were an accusation.

"Indeed," answered Geor.

"You were here when the harpies got him?"

"No. Further south, near the Fever Sea."

"When did they take him?"

"Just last night."

Seagrave's grudging murmur indicated that he had run out of questions.

I took the kit from Geor. "A mystery remains. This whole island and everything on it—it's ghost stuff, just like you. As would be any locked door or chest. What need do you have of a lockbreaker?"

"I brought him here not for what he does, but for who he is." A blue tinge bathed Geor's ghost-form. "Twill Ninefingers is my brother."

"And you planned to bring him here and kill him?"

"When you express it so, it sounds cruel. What good have the realms of the living done him? At least then he would be here with me. I miss him."

The ghosts let us go without further interference. We rowed back to the boat in the silence of our own thoughts. Of all that we had seen on Drowningtide, it struck me that the most chilling was not the weird town or its dead inhabitants, but Geor's casual lack of concern for his brother's life. Such was the logic of ghosts.

Once aboard the *Aspidochelone*, we made our way to a wine cask in wordless agreement. We'd dulled ourselves before going there, and now we did it again, to forget.

Only after several cups were drained did I stir myself to speak. "Our quarry, Kered Firsk, is not called the Monster Captain for merely figurative reasons. He may well command, or have allied himself with, a nest of harpies. We know he wants Twill. If we fail to find him before Firsk makes his rendezvous with the nest, we've lost both trails."

"And with it, the Treasure of Far Thallai," said Seagrave.

"So, where does one find a harpy?"

"I've oft found them in my bed in the morning," said Aspodell, "mysteriously transformed from the lovely creatures they were the night before."

I had long ago learned that the best way to combat his woman-hating jests was to ignore them. "Seagrave?"

"I've seen harpies on Poison Coin and heard of 'em on Footless Isle and Clubber's Point. But I'm thinking it has to be Sarenvent. They've nested there for generations."

"And it's within flying distance of Drowningtide's likely location."

"That's my guess."

With dawn light on our sails we laid course for Sarenvent. I plotted two routes: a longer path that would circumnavigate many of the Shackle's more dangerous isles, and a more direct approach that held greater threat of unrelated trouble. On another day, caution might have won. But now we raced Kered Firsk and the *Slicer*, and could afford no tarrying. Assuming no interference from the fearsome residents of islands various, it would take eight hours to get there. From a small cloth bag that hung on my belt I took my weather predictor, a miniature ship of wood and cloth fashioned by a Sargavan artificer. Its sails shook, predicting strong winds ahead.

They came an hour later, pushing the ship through glassy water. The sun chased early clouds from the sky, turning the sea a brilliant cerulean. In the depths we saw disporting dolphins, fast-moving rays, and a great silvery mass of wahoos. The ship glided over the notorious wreck of the *Dusk Poacher*, whose crew still guarded its shattered hulls as barnacle-encrusted skeletons. A few hours into the journey, Seagrave shouted from the crow's nest: He'd spotted something huge with tentacles—perhaps a

giant squid or devilfish, maybe even a kraken—waiting in a narrow channel. We altered course to avoid it. The correction would cost us over an hour, a loss preferable to a confrontation with a monstrosity large enough to sink us.

Not long after, Seagrave, climbing down the rigging, spotted another obstacle ahead. He jumped down to the aft deck to pass me his spyglass. I scanned the horizon and saw nothing. He pushed the end of the glass down.

Below the surface surged an armada of the fish-people known colloquially as sea devils. I spied several variants among the fast-swimming horde. Most numerous were the common sort, boasting fishy, toothed jaws and blood-red fins that fanned from heads and limbs. Reptilian tails, also lavishly finned, jutted out from their hips. While swimming, they kept their legs tucked in tight, using the tails for propulsion and balance. Across their backs they had slung tridents and crossbows lashed together from lengths of bone. Among them swam dozens of sharks: I spotted makos, hammerheads, allmouths, and a quartet of great whites, easily twenty feet long. A specimen of a type I have never seen before dwarfed them all. Black as the ocean depths and fifty feet long, it opened jaws large enough to bite off the prow of a galleon.

Bizarrely, this massive shark, which I mentally dubbed the bigtooth, was caparisoned with an assortment of belts and harnesses. These accoutrements appeared from a distance to be made from seaweed and polished coral. They held in place a sort of carriage or howdah, in which sat a splendid party of exotically colored sea devil grandees. Their scales flared with the bright blues, golds, reds, and oranges of tropic fish. These alternated in variegated patterns that dazzled and confused the eye. The leaders' fins jutted out in an assortment of spines and projections. Concentrated around the head, they resembled the crowns and ruffs of peacocking kings. The creature occupying the howdah's highest, central seat—who for no good reason I took to be a female—had a face reminiscent of a scorpion fish. Others in her retinue glowered through visages like those of sharks or morays. I could also swear that I fleetingly glimpsed one that looked more elf than fish.

The sea devils swam roughly parallel to us, on the port side, heading south as we did.

Rira stood alert on the rail, trembling strangely, a long knife in each hand. In this reaction I sensed a story—which I would have no hope of drawing from her, now or later.

I called the crew to battle stations. Every sailor learns to fear sea devils, because they come at you with no ship to sink. A battery of fire-spitters does nothing against an underwater force. When the fish-people attack, they can simply proceed to board, climbing up your hull and over your rails. To hurl them overboard is simply to return them to their natal waters, allowing them to refresh themselves and then surge at you again.

"If Kered Firsk is the Monster Captain," asked Seagrave, "does that mean he commands sea devils, too?"

"I hope not." Every treatise on this fierce underwater people begins with their overweening hatred of all other beings. But if any human could convince the shark-riders he was their peer, it would be Firsk. Commanding would not be the right word, but I would not put an alliance past him.

When the riggers were in place, I ordered them to tack. Otondo relieved the helmsman. He responded to my signal to veer with a ferocious pull of the wheel. Groaning, the *Aspidochelone* obeyed, angling away from the shark flotilla. The winds favored us; within moments we were outpacing the sea devils by a speed of three to four knots. With Seagrave I dashed to the aft deck. Through the spyglass, they appeared as a dwindling collection of black dots beneath the surface. Then they seemed to speed up.

They were indeed giving chase. This did not prove they served Firsk; their intentions could easily be opportunistic. If they caught us, the question would be largely academic.

Then a frothing arose behind them, sending the tight swimming formation into disarray. Black tentacles lashed up into the air. They rose and fell, coming up each time curled around a squirming sea devil, who was then hurled into the far distance. It was a great squid—surely the one we'd adjusted our route to avoid. As I lost sight of them, the tentacled beast had wrapped itself around the bigtooth shark, hauling a third of its bulk above the waterline.

For hours afterwards we remained on uneasy watch for a return of the sea devil legion. Later, we had to duck down below the rails to avoid the spearing noses of a school of flying fish. This thankfully proved our sole remarkable incident as we closed the rest of the distance to our destination.

The isle of Sarenvent rose abruptly from the sea. Steep slopes covered with lush green vegetation converged on a central, bowl-shaped depression. Identifying it as a geographical anomaly, I called for Young Hallegg, the ship's artist, to sketch it. Where I knew the Shackles in general as the remnants of a sunken landmass, Sarenvent, on their periphery, showed all the traits of a volcanic island. Its central depression could be nothing other than the crater of an extinct volcano.

I spied a swift shape swoop down from the sky and past the crater's lip. It could only be a harpy, headed to its nest.

After gathering the four for a conference, I braced Seagrave on his knowledge of harpies. This would not be my first time encountering the beasts; during my days of early wandering, after the destruction of my cloister but before I came to the Shackles and adopted the pirate flag, I'd blundered into a nest of them. However, the prepared Pathfinder readies herself for local variation. "The harpies I recall captivated their prey with a song that pierces the soul. Should we expect the same from these?"

"Aye, ma'am. Or so go the tales."

"Can we hope to negotiate with them?"

"They like pretty baubles," he said.

"And thus will have plunder," said Rira.

"Given the chance, you'll get your loot," I said, "but it's Twill we're here for."

"If they don't serve Kered Firsk, as you guess they might, Ninefingers is already a jumble of stripped bones," said Seagrave. "What they covet more than wealth is the flesh of humans and their kin."

Otondo licked his lips.

Seagrave paid him no heed. "Harpies favor meat that's had a soul in it. They say they can taste the lingering tang of thoughts and dreams."

"What rot!" spat Otondo. "It's not the mind that makes the meal. Whether man or pig, the flavor's in the roasting."

The ogre saw my grimace and responded with a wink.

Ignoring the provocation, I continued. "I acknowledge that they may have taken Twill for the simple reasons you state. Still, we must chance it."

"Their gold is reason enough to fight them," said Rira.

"But if they're holding him for Firsk, he's paying them in the jewels and rich adornments they covet. Perhaps we can outbid him."

"Why start with talking?" Otondo grumped. "If there's to be stupid palavering, do it after we've crushed them, and they're weak and begging."

"The big one has a point," said Aspodell. "Rudely stated, but salient."

"You'll be glad to hear that I agree. If we take the nest by stealth, we may be able to snatch Twill away without a fight."

"That's not what I meant," said Otondo.

"But let's not count on it. Harpies sense keenly and may sniff us long before we reach the summit."

"We'll smell 'em afore they smell us," said Seagrave.

"What does that mean?" asked Aspodell.

"Just you wait."

"You mean there's an odor *you* find offensive, Seagrave?"

An obscene gesture supplied Seagrave's answer.

"That leaves the matter of the song," I said. "They'll try to steal your wills, forcing you to fight each other as they shriek and flap above the fray. I believe I can prevent this, by the magic of my sword and its geases upon you."

Their expressions darkened, the glee with which they anticipated a scrap giving way to resentment of their enthrallment.

"Perhaps, Challys Argent, it would be better to be controlled by a harpy's song," said Rira.

"It wouldn't be as much fun to skewer you while puppeted by some feathered hellspawn," said Aspodell.

"But I'd delight in it anyhow."

"It was of course indelicate of me to mention the matter at all," I said. "But necessary." We exchanged further plans, then prepared a boat. As usual, I left Old Hallegg in charge.

That the harpies might attack the ship while we sneaked onto their island was a danger we had little choice but to accept. Old Hallegg listened intently as I laid it out for him. His sharp-eyed son, the sketcher, would watch the isle from the crow's nest, shouting an alert at the merest hint of aerial movement. A full complement of sailors were to vigilantly man the fire-throwers. These would be unscrewed from their brass mounts to permit free firing at sky-borne targets. They were to avoid damage to the sails and masts where possible, but to shoot down harpies at all costs. The man-eaters were fast, so the rest of the crew would keep harpoons ready to spear up at them as they dived down.



"Seagrave is surprisingly graceful."



**“No bright plumage
can compensate for a
harpy’s stink.”**

The crew bid me a silent, anxious farewell as we clambered down into the boats. Again I was reminded of the bravery it took to sail aboard the *Aspidochelone*. Though I treated my sailors better than any captain of the Shackles, I also steered them into worse scrapes, for less money. They’d signed on fully aware of the diciest of propositions: When I fall, the adjutants will be freed and ready to vent their wrath. I was not the only one who had steeled herself for a terrible reckoning.

Otondo and Seagrave bent their considerable strength to fast rowing. If harpies spotted us on the boat, all our scheming would be for naught. As fliers, they’d have every advantage over us. We’d be unable to stand, much less swing a sword, while in the rowboat. They could grab us up one by one and take us off to be digested at leisure. We’d agreed that if they did spot us, that we’d jump overboard and take our chances, swimming either to the boat or on to Sarenvent, depending on which was closer. This eventuality would not be a happy one: they might have a harder time snatching us, but as the sea devil sighting showed, the sea held surprises equally carnivorous.

The task of keeping watch fell to me. Constantly compensating the angle of the spyglass against the motion of the rowboat, I kept the volcano mouth in view. Several times I thought our attack doomed, only to realize that the moving specks I saw were not harpies but ordinary seabirds.

Sarenvent offered us no real shore, only a treacherous slope covered with mangroves, white-barked palesaints, and a carpeting of grab creepers. We all climbed out of the boat, finding the soil dry, thin, and loose.

It slid out from under us, sending our boots slipping. We fought for balance; Otondo lost, tumbling into the water. He boiled up moments later, damp and fuming. Only by some miracle of restraint did he strangle the cries of outrage we could all see swelling in his throat. Still furious, he seized the boat and, with Seagrave’s unsteady help, shifted it onto the rock. It immediately slid; as we all grabbed at it, it became my turn to lose my footing. I winced as pain slowly manifested from the scraped skin of my left leg. Rira and Aspodell gathered stones while Seagrave and Otondo kept the boat in place.

I kept my spyglass trained on the island’s summit. A harpy emerged from the crater and proceeded to circle the island. In response to my hissed warning, the others flattened themselves against the slope. Several of the freshly gathered boulders bounced down to plop into the water.

Pressed against the rock, I couldn’t see where the harpy had gone. Only after five or so minutes did I slink out to scan the sky, to find no sign of it. It had either dived back into the crater—perhaps alerting its sisters to our presence—or flown off to a destination unknown. For all I could say, it was flapping its way to an appointed rendezvous with Kered Firsk.

Finally we stabilized the boat, building a cairn of rocks to hold it in place. We peered up the slope; from this angle, we could no longer see the summit. We’d chosen the spot that seemed to offer the best climb. Just how relative a measure that was now became apparent. We would ascend on foot, without the need for ropes. But by the time we reached the top, we’d be well fatigued. The longer we took, the greater the chance that the harpies would gird themselves to raid the ship. Our sole advantage lay in the density of the thinly rooted vegetation. It might shield us from airborne observation.

With all due urgency, we embarked on the climb. Hot winds buffeted us from the Fever Sea. It took only moments for sweat to drench us. The scent of our perspiration attracted biting flies. Scarlet centipedes crawled up our legs and tried to bite us with toxic mandibles. Thorny creepers and nettle ferns clawed our ankles.

“Let’s see to it,” said Aspodell, “that the next fool you set out to rescue lives in a nice city, and is perhaps held prisoner in a brothel.”

Aside from this witticism, the four made their way up without comment or complaint. At the end of their trek they would find enemies to slay, and perhaps good loot besides.

When we were within striking distance of the summit, we found a natural alcove in the slope, left by two parallel flows of ancient lava. We crowded ourselves into it, regathering breath and force for the battle to come. As soon as we were rested enough to fight, I signaled to Seagrave. With his usual awkward deftness he shinnied up to the crater’s edge. He held up a warning hand, then waved me to follow. Hugging tight to the rock, I made slower progress.

As I crouched by his side, I heard why he’d summoned me: the harpies were talking.

“The spider-god man said not to do it,” shrilled one voice, high and fluting.

“Whatever his powers, he’s just a human,” chirped another. “They’re all the same, when you taste what’s between the ribs.”

“He said guard this gristled old one, and we would get a dozen better in return. All soft and healthy and raised on sweetmeats. He said he would bring an emerald pendant, shiny as you please, and a hundred silver bracelets, and rings of electrum and platinum.”

“He’ll never know.”

The first speaker cawed in irritation: “I flew over that ship, and they are ready, with harpoons and magic. What if the spider-god man comes when we’re at it?”

“That happens later. We hunger now,” a third voice shrieked.

Having heard enough, I waved the others up. Rira stood and blasted lightning into the crater. It forked in two, striking a pair of harpies.

The kidnappers looked like human women, save for their flaring wings, talon-like hands and feet, and feathery patches on their arms and legs. The feathers were bright green and red, like parrots. Blazing yellow crests flared from their heads in place of hair. They each wore a modest fortune in jewelry, slung around their necks, encircling their wrists, or piercing their ears. Their cruel, distorted features flared in anger as they flew at us, swinging primitive morningstars.

Their smell reached us before they did, a wave of nauseating carrion stench. Even Seagrave faltered.

Otondo threw a weighted net of merfolk manufacture. It landed on two of the screeching bird-women, bending back their wings and sending them tumbling into the crater. As they struggled, he bashed another’s head with the side of his cutlass. The neck snapped audibly; he pivoted to spear another harpy behind him.

Aspodell leapt down, aiming the fire-thrower we’d confiscated back in Moonplum at the netted harpies. The blast set the net aflame, burning them to death.

Feathers filled my field of vision as a sinewy harpy clawed at my face. Siren Call slashed at her, forcing her back. She brought her morningstar down on me; I parried each strike with decreasing ease.

“They look to you,” the harpy skirled. “You lead them.” She opened her throat. A wrenching, high-pitched sound poured out of her. Her sisters, each raking or flapping at one of my adjutants, joined her in chorus. They rose into the sky, disengaging from their skirmishes.

One by one, my adjutants stiffened, expressions glazing over, as the hypnotic cry washed over them.

The sinewy harpy hovered nearby. “See, human? You lead no one and nothing.”

The others kept up the song. As it crescendoed, my four allies moved with jerky steps into a line.

“We will make them kill you. When the last of the flesh is off your bones, we’ll have them slay each other.”

Seagrave grabbed me, pulling me into the crater. The others formed a circle around me. They tottered my way, blades outstretched. The harpies slowed their approach, savoring their control. A wobbling laughter entered the harpies’ song. They landed in a tight circle around my adjutants, anxious to see the bloodshed close up. They pushed their singing faces close, as if hoping some of my blood might spray in.

I clutched Siren’s Call, mentally focusing on the power of its geases. The four crystals corresponding to each adjutant glowed but dimly.

“Enjoy your helplessness, pirates!” the senior harpy shrilled. “You will mourn inside, as we force you to your captain’s slow murder.”

Otondo fought their control, managing to shake his head.

The harpy’s face fell in confusion.

“You. Don’t. Force,” the ogre managed. “You. Allow.”

The song faltered. Otondo shuddered. The harpies shook off their bewilderment and resumed their cacophonous outcry. Otondo stiffened again, as did the others. The bird-women pressed in closer, putting aside the ogre’s disappointing cooperation in my coming demise.

He raised his great cutlass. Rira readied a spell. Aspodell placed himself for an ideal rapier blow. Seagrave readied a decapitating strike.

I clutched tight the hilt of my sword, reaffirming my superior hold over them. The heat of the crystals grew, then cooled, then spiked again. It shook in my hand, vibrating to the frequency of the harpies’ song. I felt the breaking of their mesmeric hold as a piercing surge, blazing through my palm, up into my neck and shoulder, and around the back of my skull.

My adjutants pivoted and fell upon the harpies. The first to fall died with surprised expressions still plastered on their faces. The rest tried to fly off, but were too closely gathered. They sang, but to no effect. Their slaughter came in a chaos of tangled wings.



BESTIARY

Glad to be off the ship for a change, we wandered through the jungle looking for supplies to restock our dwindling larder. Though the hunting was light, we found plenty of ripe fruit weighing the limbs down, pulling the branches low to the ground and making for easy picking. All seemed tranquil until we went to refill our water jugs in the clear river. It was then the water erupted, and from it emerged a beast that was half crocodile and half man. The damned thing took two crew members before slipping back into the river, leaving the previously clear water a muddy red. The bodies were never recovered, and we buried only their weighted seabags.

—Excerpt from the log of the *Blue Tortoise*

Some of the deadliest denizens of the deep prowl forth to seek prey along both coastlines and island jungles. Be careful on shore leave or while foraging in the jungle, because you just might run into a massive crocodile, a mischievous kapre, or something worse.

SHIPS, SAILORS, AND OTHER VICTIMS

In “Island of Empty Eyes,” the PCs get their own island and have the chance to do some exploring, but that doesn’t mean the island is theirs alone just yet. While the PCs are securing their place on the island, any number of threats might attempt to rob them of what they’ve earned. This remote island is rich with resources, and other pirates greedily seek to plunder the unexplored territory. As if defending their turf from other pirates wasn’t enough, the island is chock full of other, more bestial threats.

The following presents three ships the party might encounter anchored just off their island, giving the PCs the opportunity to gain a bit more experience and plunder on the front lines of a pirate attack. Some of these pirate crews even could send a crew ashore to survey the island for themselves. The PCs can deal with them either on their own ships or on the shore of their island. GMs using the plunder rules presented on page 61 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #55 should award the PCs 1d4 points of plunder for any ship they successfully raid.

Additionally, GMs should check out *GameMastery Flip-Map: Pirate Isle* or *GameMastery Map Pack: Lost Island*. These supplements were specifically created to aid in encounters for this Adventure Path.

The Damned Jewel: Shackles pirates boarded and took this ship from a careless merchant sailing too close to the Shackles as he made a break for Sargava. Since then, this trade vessel has been outfitted with ballistae and a ram. Captain Moray Jove reinforced the hull and repurposed the ship for taking on other pirates, but it’s been a few weeks now since they made a good score, so Captain Jove has turned his eye toward islands in order to forage for food and fresh water. The crew are all hungry and more than a little irate with their current conditions. His away team includes eight shipmates (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 294) and himself (use stats for a first mate on page 295 of the *GameMastery Guide*), making the team a CR 9 encounter.

Lust of the North: Far from home, this band of northern raiders is fairly new to the Shackles. Led by a tough and impatient woman who goes by the nickname Ice Blue, the crew slowly acclimated to the warmer weather and not only increased their raids against other pirate ships, but also started taking on forts, hoping to find a more permanent home. No one knows what drew this crew to the south, but it is evident power and

ISLAND OF EMPTY EYES ENCOUNTERS

%	Result	Avg. CR	Source
1–5	1d6 sahuagin	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 239
6–10	1d12 cannibals	6	<i>GameMastery Guide</i> 306
11–13	1 canopy creeper	8	<i>Pathfinder</i> #56 80
14–20	1 giant slug	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 254
21–24	1 giant tarantula	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 256
25–29	1 tylosaurus	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 91
30–35	1 wolf-in-sheep’s-clothing	8	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 285
36–38	1 titan centipede	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 53
39–45	1d8 cyclopes	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 52
46–51	1 giant snapping turtle	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 273
52–57	1d4 hangman trees	9	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 152
58–63	1d4 deinosuchuses	10	see page 84
64–68	2d10 giant vultures	10	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 284
69–73	1 kapre	10	see page 86
74–80	1 spinosaurus	11	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 79
81–85	1 tetrolimulus	11	see page 88
86–90	1 shipwrecker crab	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 60
91–97	1 viper vine	13	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 279
98–99	1 kongamato	15	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 169
100	1 popobala	15	<i>Bestiary</i> 3 221

riches are on their minds as the crew sails the Shackles in search of an island to call their own. *Lust of the North*, a karvi-style longship, is crewed by 22 shipmates (*GameMastery Guide* 294), Ice Blue (use stats for a viking on page 281 of the *GameMastery Guide*), and her grizzly bear cohort (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 31), making this a CR 10 encounter.

Red Anger: Listing hard to one side, this ship shows damage from a ramming, including scorched planks, snapped spars, and tattered sails. The *Red Anger* has seen better days. After being abandoned by most of its crew, the ship bobbed in the water before being washed aground near an island as the tides came and went. Remaining on board are six dedicated crew members who tend to (and frequently converse with) a caged chuul originally destined to fight in the Green Blood on a Black Rock tournament in the nearby Sudden Lands (see page 176 of the *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*). If the ship is boarded or threatened, the crew members (use stats for a raider on page 280 of the *GameMastery Guide*) release their monster, directing the chuul (*Bestiary* 46) to fight for them. With the crew and the chuul all fighting together, this is a CR 11 encounter.

CORAL CAPUCHIN

This strange creature can only be described as a light pink, hairless monkey with the head of a fish and large, finlike wings.

CORAL CAPUCHIN	CR 1	
XP 400		
N Tiny magical beast (aquatic)		
Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +1		
DEFENSE		
AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 13 (2d10+2)		
Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +1		
Weaknesses moisture dependency		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (good), swim 30 ft.		
Melee bite +7 (1d3–2 plus cursed bite)		
Space 2–1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.		
Special Attacks cursed bite		
STATISTICS		
Str 6, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 6, Wis 13, Cha 7		
Base Atk +2; CMB +3; CMD 11		
Feats Weapon Finesse		
Skills Climb +6, Fly +11, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +15 (+19 within coral reefs), Swim +6; Racial Modifiers +4 Sleight of Hand, +4 Stealth within coral reefs		
SQ amphibious		
ECOLOGY		
Environment warm coasts and oceans		
Organization solitary, pair, or tribe (3–24)		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		

Cursed Bite (Su) A coral capuchin can deliver a bite that bestows some of the creature's benefits and weaknesses upon the victim. The curse delivered by this bite persists for 1d6 hours, and cannot affect the same creature more than once in a 24-hour period. Affected creatures begin drying out when exposed to air, but can hold their breath for double the normal amount of time. Targets of this cursed bite take 1d6 points of damage for every 10 minutes they are out of water, though spending a full-round action to bathe the victim in any sort of water halts this damage. Victims must succeed at a DC 12 Constitution check to avoid this effect. *Remove curse* ends this curse's effect as normal. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Moisture Dependency (Ex) A coral capuchin can breathe both air and water and survive indefinitely on land, but the creature must regularly be either submerged in water or thoroughly wetted down, or else it dries out in the air. A coral capuchin can survive out of water for a number of hours equal to its Constitution score before it takes any negative effects. After this time, the creature takes 1d6 points of damage for every hour it remains dry. Bathing the creature in water of any sort resets this time frame.

Coral capuchins, when encountered outside of the water, look like a wizard's practical joke—they have the body of a small monkey, slick pink skin, a fishlike head, and membranous appendages that are a cross between a bat's wings and a fish's fins. They possess a monkey's innate intelligence and curiosity, displaying little fear of humanoids, but are also compulsive pickpockets that love the glimmer of gold and jewels, and possess the manual dexterity to relieve unsuspecting sailors and dockworkers of their hard-earned pay. An adult coral capuchin is a foot and a half in length, with a foot-long tail, a 4-foot wingspan, and a weight of 25 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Sages believe coral capuchins evolved from highly adaptive creatures living in the world's oceans. It is believed these creatures first developed as wholly aquatic creatures much like fish, and lived among brightly colored coral reefs where they used a form of camouflage to hide and escape predation, much like a cuttlefish or octopus. The creatures developed multiple methods of locomotion through evolution, and these biological changes allowed these creatures to crawl from the sea and walk on land. Eventually their fins transformed into wings, granting the creature greater mobility, and the ability not only to breathe the air above the waves, but also to soar through it.

Coral capuchins are capable of surviving out of the water in their air-breathing form for part of the day, although they quickly deteriorate and die if they do not keep their bodies moist. They spend most of their lives below the waves, subsisting on small fish and all manner of vegetation, but often venture onto land to find a particularly tasty morsel, or to satisfy their overactive natural curiosity. They also love to fly and can often be seen circling the crow's nests of ships entering and leaving harbor. On land, they hunt small rodents, pick nuts and berries, and find the eggs of birds a particular delicacy. Coral capuchins also display an intense interest in the food and belongings of all manner of humanoid species. They are especially drawn to small, shiny objects, and can be counted on to abscond with anything interesting that is not nailed down. Coral capuchins' hands allow them to manipulate objects, but they cannot wield weapons.

A coral capuchin is born as a wholly aquatic creature. Young coral capuchins lack the ability to fly or leave the water until they reach adulthood after approximately their first year of life. They are an incredibly fecund race, and females can produce a clutch of up to 100 eggs three times a year, though local aquatic predators usually devour most of these.

Because of their dependence on returning to the water, some coral capuchins venturing too far inland

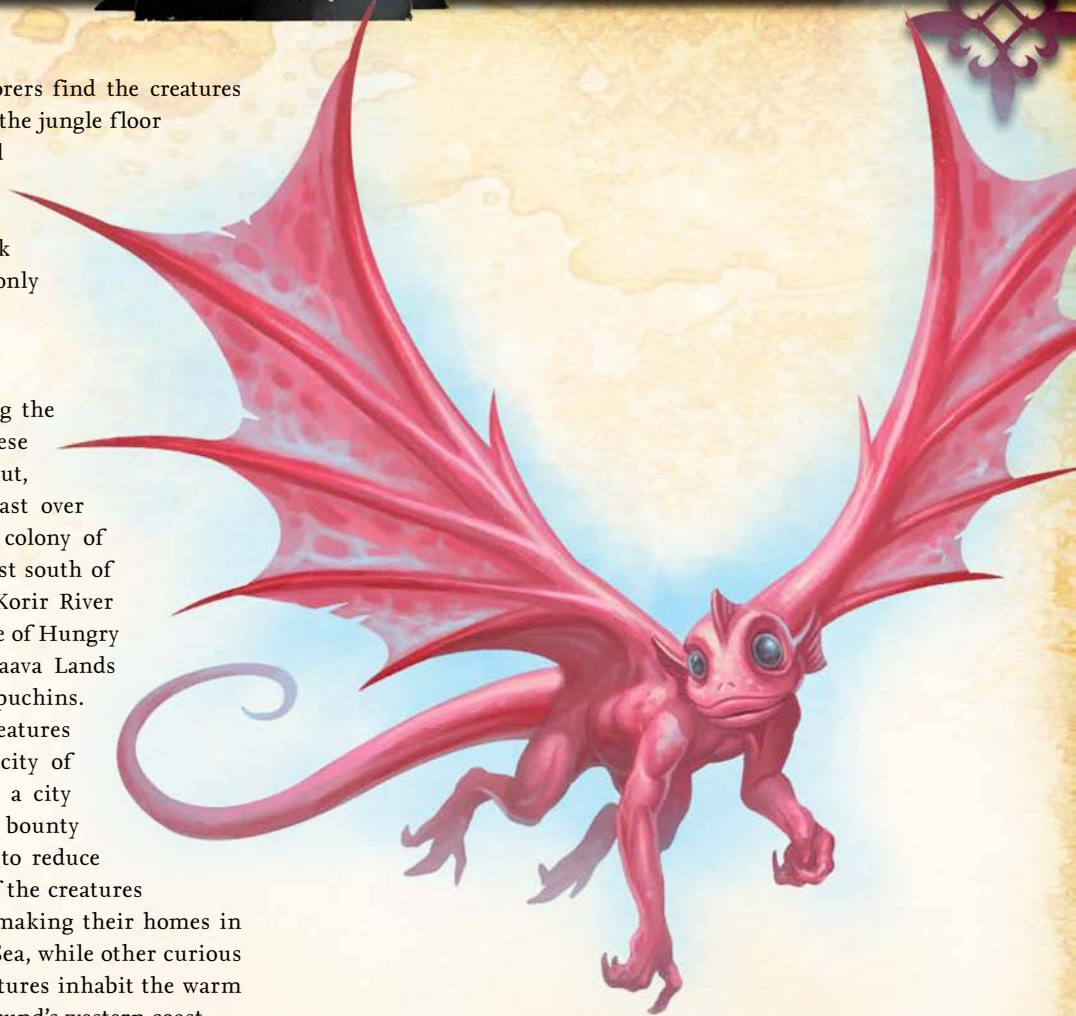
risk stranding themselves. Explorers find the creatures sickly and weak, sprawled out on the jungle floor covered in biting ants or picked apart by predators as they lie there dying. Coral capuchins that die on land dry, out to a husk that often turns to dust leaving only its brittle bones behind.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Living in greater numbers along the southeastern coast of Garund, these creatures have slowly spread out, making their way north and east over the last few centuries. A large colony of the creatures resides off the coast south of Sargava and within the Lower Korir River Delta. The canopies of the Jungle of Hungry Trees and the jungles of the Kaava Lands ring with the calls of coral capuchins. An infestation of the clever creatures has recently plagued the port city of Senghor on the Fever Sea, and a city authority has begun offering a bounty on the creatures in an attempt to reduce their numbers. A few colonies of the creatures exist farther north, with some making their homes in the warmer waters of the Inner Sea, while other curious tribes of these mischievous creatures inhabit the warm waters of the Obari Ocean on Garund's western coast.

Coral capuchins live in tropical coastal areas, generally in small familial groups of fewer than 30 adults led by an older female. The first part of their name refers not only to their pinkish skin color, but also to their preferred nesting place—the coral reefs off of Garund's coast, where they make their homes in the countless caves and crevices found therein. They populate these vivid reefs to lay their eggs and hide among the protective growth, adapting their skin pigmentation to blend in.

Wholly unafraid of most humanoid species, coral capuchins are often domesticated by sailors and fisherman willing to put up with the creatures' incurable curiosity and penchant for petty larceny. They are often trained to fish for their masters, and are particularly sought after by those who make their living bringing up treasures from the ocean floor. Because of their love for shiny objects, they make excellent pearl divers, although it can sometimes be a struggle to get them to part with their treasures. Their voracious, omnivorous appetites also make them popular on long ocean voyages, as they are happy to reduce ships' endemic rat populations. Perhaps because of this, many sailors see them as



good-luck mascots, although they are most popular with pirates, smugglers, and other such seafaring folk, who more willingly accept their thieving nature.

CORAL CAPUCHINS AS FAMILIARS

Despite their mercurial temperaments and propensity for theft, coral capuchins are prized by wizards because of the creatures' exceptional mobility and their strange cursed bite. This bite allows spellcasters greater ability to explore below the waves, as long as they pay close attention to their time outside of the water. Despite this benefit, coral capuchins are more popular among spellcasters who don't mind running afoul of the law, as the small creatures' thieving behavior is difficult to fully control and often gets their masters into trouble. In addition, coral capuchins' need to stay moistened means they are better suited to serve as familiars for those living near water or willing to make compensations for this unusual physiology. Spellcasters of 3rd level or higher with an alignment within one step of neutral can gain a coral capuchin as a familiar by taking the Improved Familiar feat.

CROCODILIANS

The waters of Golarion's lakes, marshes, oceans, and rivers teem with threats, but few are as vicious as the crocodilians—monstrous quadrupedal aquatic reptiles known for their massive jaws, voracious appetites, and ruthlessness in combat.

All crocodilians share similar morphology. They are longer than they are tall, and much of a crocodilian's body length consists of a long tail the crocodilian uses to aid in swimming and as a weapon when defending itself. On land, crocodilians use their short, laterally positioned legs to propel them forward, and can move surprisingly quickly in short bursts. Crocodilians typically have thick, knobby scales along their backs. Their smoother and softer underbellies however, leave them vulnerable to attacks from below. A crocodilian's most notable physical feature is the large mouth that houses a menacing array of sharp teeth. Its powerful jaws can snap closed quickly and remain clamped on captured prey.

DEINOSUCHUS

This immense reptile, an alligator of overwhelming size, emerges from the water with rapidly snapping jaws that grind menacingly between each bite.

DEINOSUCHUS

CR 8



XP 4,800

N Gargantuan animal

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 7, flat-footed 20 (+1 Dex, +14 natural, -4 size)

hp 104 (11d8+55)

Fort +12, **Ref** +10, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +18 (2d6+13 plus grab), tail slap +12 (2d8+6)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks constrict (2d6+13), snap bite

STATISTICS

Str 36, **Dex** 12, **Con** 21, **Int** 1, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 2

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +25 (+29 grapple); **CMD** 36 (40 vs. trip)

Feats Awesome Blow (tail slap only)^B, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Perception, Stealth), Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Perception +14, Stealth +0 (+12 in water), Swim +21;

Racial Modifiers +12 Stealth in water

SQ hold breath

ECOLOGY

Environment any water

Organization solitary, pair, or float (3–6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hold Breath (Ex) A deinosuchus can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Snap Bite (Ex) A deinosuchus making a full attack can make a second bite attack at a -2 penalty if its primary bite attack misses.

The largest of all known crocodilians, the 35- to 50-foot-long, 6-ton deinosuchus is a massive beast. This crocodilian possesses a shorter, rounder snout than the typical crocodile, and thus resembles a giant alligator. A patient hunter, the deinosuchus is all but invisible beneath the surface of the water. Only its nostrils breach the water's surface, allowing the rest of its formidable mass to remain out of sight from even highly perceptive prey.

In combat, the deinosuchus grinds its prey between its powerful jaws, knocking back other foes with its formidable tail while it snaps bones and tears the flesh of its captured meal.

MARINE CROCODILE

This fishlike reptile has a thin, streamlined snout filled with needlelike teeth and a long, flat tail that it uses to propel itself through the water.

MARINE CROCODILE

CR 3



XP 800

N Large animal

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +4 natural, -1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +7, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 15 ft., swim 50 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d8+7 plus grab)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks death dive

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 13, **Con** 17, **Int** 1, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 2

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +9 (+13 grapple); **CMD** 20

Feats Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Perception +11, Swim +13

SQ hold breath

ECOLOGY

Environment tropical oceans

Organization solitary, pair, or float (3-6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Death Dive (Ex) When grappling a foe of its size or smaller, a marine crocodile can perform a deadly dive upon making a successful grapple check. As it clings to its foe, it uses the force of its powerful tail to propel it downward in the water, allowing it to use both the move and damage actions as part of its grapple attempt. If successful, the marine crocodile maintains its grapple.

Hold Breath (Ex) A marine crocodile can hold its breath a number of rounds equal to 8 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

The marine crocodile resembles its land-based cousins in general body shape and size, though its legs are a hybrid of webbed feet and nascent fins. Its long tail is thinner and flatter than those of traditional crocodilians, allowing the marine crocodile to swim with alarming speed as it whips its tail back and forth.

Marine crocodiles generally remain in warm, shallow oceans and seas. They spend most of their time at sea hunting fish, sea mammals, aquatic humanoids, and monstrous humanoids like merfolk, sahuagin, and locathahs. Only when breeding and laying eggs do marine crocodiles venture onto land (where they are slow and clumsy), before returning to the sea.

SALTWATER CROCODILE

This crocodile is nearly half again as large as a normal crocodile, and seems to smile with its long, toothed mouth as it lunges forward.

SALTWATER CROCODILE

CR 5



XP 1,600

N Huge animal

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 8, flat-footed 18 (+10 natural, -2 size)

hp 57 (6d8+30)

Fort +10, **Ref** +5, **Will** +3

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee bite +8 (2d6+6 plus grab), tail slap +3 (1d8+3)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks death roll, lunging bite

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 10, **Con** 20, **Int** 1, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 2

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +12 (+16 grapple); **CMD** 22

Feats Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception, Stealth)

Skills Perception +9, Stealth +2 (+10 in water), Swim +14; **Racial**

Modifiers +8 Stealth in water

SQ hold breath

ECOLOGY

Environment tropical coasts and rivers

Organization solitary, pair, or float (3-8)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Death Roll (Ex) When grappling a foe of its size or smaller, a saltwater crocodile can perform a death roll upon making a successful grapple check. As it clings to its foe, it tucks in its legs and rolls rapidly, twisting and wrenching its victim. The crocodile deals its bite damage and knocks the creature prone. If successful, the crocodile maintains its grapple.

Hold Breath (Ex) A saltwater crocodile can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Lunging Bite (Ex) Once per minute, a saltwater crocodile can extend the reach of its bite attack by 5 feet without taking the normal penalties to AC associated with the Lunge feat. This extended reach applies only to the crocodile's bite attack and lasts until the start of the creature's next turn.

Native to tropical saltwater estuaries and the freshwater rivers that feed them, saltwater crocodiles are among the largest form of non-primordial crocodilian on Golarion. Adult saltwater crocodiles can reach lengths upward of 20 feet and weights of over 2,000 pounds, and are typically more lethargic than their smaller kin, spending their days sunning themselves on land or in shallow water and hunting at night.

KAPRE

Roots and branches twist across the body of this huge, oddly proportioned humanoid to form impressive knots of muscle. Its many eyes shine with a warm glow like burning embers.

KAPRE	CR 10			
XP 9,600				
CN Huge plant				
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +22				
Aura confounding aura (100 ft., DC 21)				
DEFENSE				
AC 24, touch 10, flat-footed 22 (+2 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)				
hp 127 (15d8+60)				
Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +9				
DR 10/slashing; Immune plant traits				
OFFENSE				
Speed 50 ft., climb 30 ft.				
Melee 2 slams +17 (2d6+12)				
Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.				
Special Attacks blow smoke				
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th; concentration +18)				
Constant— <i>speaking with plants</i>				
At will— <i>invisibility</i>				
STATISTICS				
Str 26, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 18				
Base Atk +11; CMB +21; CMD 33				
Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Diehard, Endurance, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness				
Skills Climb +20, Disable Device +17, Perception +22, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +18, Survival +9; Racial Modifiers				
Acrobatics (+8 when jumping), +8 Perception, +8 Stealth				
Languages Common				
ECOLOGY				
Environment warm and temperate forests				
Organization solitary				
Treasure none				
SPECIAL ABILITIES				
Blow Smoke (Su) Smoke constantly drifts from a kapre's mouth, and as a standard action it can exhale a 30-foot cone of smoke. Creatures in the area must succeed at a DC 20 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round. This is a poison effect and the save DC is Constitution-based.				
Confounding Aura (Su) A magical aura surrounds a kapre, confusing and distracting its foes. In its more benign and playful moments, a kapre uses this aura to play tricks on passersby, throwing them off course and toying with their sense of direction. In a defensive capacity, the aura makes it much harder for creatures to track a kapre, and might unnerve them enough to drive them from an area the kapre is trying to protect. Within a kapre's aura, the DC of all Survival checks is increased by +15 and creatures trained in Survival are no longer able to automatically determine true north. On top of this, any creature within a kapre's				

aura must make a successful DC 21 Will saving throw when it enters the area or take a -4 penalty on concentration checks, initiative checks, and skill checks. A kapre can suppress this aura at will.

Tree-Meld (Su) A kapre can merge itself with a tree as a move action. While melded with a tree, the kapre can both see and hear as if it were standing outside the tree, and can speak normally. Minor physical damage to the tree does not harm the kapre, but if the tree is chopped down or destroyed by fire before the kapre exits, the kapre is slain. The kapre can exit the tree as a move action.

Vehement defenders of unusual natural locations, kapres have a complicated relationship with the “civilized” races. Formed of dense tree matter, they are as much part of the forest as their botanical brethren. Their intimidating physical size, territorial nature, and unusual approach to friendship often bring them into conflict with tribesmen and aggressive explorers. Furthermore, misleading myths paint them as vicious wife-stealers, violent demons, and even bringers of riches to those who can trap them. In truth, these arboreal giants are only dangerous to those who threaten the environs under their protection.

With slender limbs and thick, gnarled torsos made of twisted trunks and boughs, kapres are awkwardly humanoid in appearance, but have such rich personalities that those lucky enough call them “friend” see them as more people than plants. Festooned with hanging vines or seasonal blossoms, kapres blend in perfectly with the surrounding forest. Were it not for the soft glow of their eyes, they could be mistaken for treats.

Exceedingly secretive and wary, kapres prefer to avoid conflict where possible, using their imposing size and confounding auras to intimidate would-be invaders. Leaning out of huge trees, they blow smoke onto lost explorers, persuading them to flee from the locations the kapre protects. Even in peaceful discussions, they rarely drop their auras, aware that the most honeyed tongue can hide the cruelest intent. If things turn sour, they deal out fast and serious damage with their great wooden fists, and if their domain is breached, they fight to the death to turn invaders away. Though kapres are fearsome when their ire is raised, they are careful (and reasonable) enough to allow retreating aggressors to escape.

ECOLOGY

Much of the mystery that surrounds kapres is their own doing. Although shy, they enjoy the company of other humanoids and sometimes fixate on a particular creature, often a human female. This obsession manifests as playful teasing, using their confounding auras to befuddle the objects of their affections or keep others from visiting the women. Creatures that have a tolerance for trickery

can become firm friends with the tree giants, earning protection, advice, and even romance. However, those who misunderstand these complex behaviors or those close to the “victim” can sour the reputation of kapres by reacting with jealousy and rage and branding kapres as dangerous or scheming. Rumors that capturing a kapre will force it to grant wishes were almost certainly started by a jealous chieftain whose wife caught a kapre’s eye.

These mixed reactions have kept kapres cautious and encouraged them to develop methods of identifying and escaping traps. Their caution keeps them always ready to leap over a trip wire, snare, or spiked pit. They know their own terrain inside out, and constantly keep an ear to the ground, using their *Speak with Plants* ability to stay on top of any changes for many miles around.

HABITAT

Each kapre chooses a location sacred or important to it, which it then defends with its life. The reasons for choosing a particular location might make little sense to other creatures, and when pressed a kapre usually gives a cryptic or evasive explanation. This has proved frustrating for many would-be road builders or bush farmers who cannot quite understand why a half-acre of swamp should be of interest to anyone. Furthermore, the location a kapre chooses to defend is not always where it resides, and invading a kapre’s home is almost as dangerous as sullyng a sacred place. It is not uncommon for a careful explorer who has given a kapre’s sacred spot a wide berth to end up the target of the creature’s fury when the new route runs directly through the clearing the creature calls home. A kapre’s home is usually easy to identify, and resembles a druid’s grove: a clearing, carefully and sensitively pruned, with a single massive tree at its center.

KAPRE CIGARS

Kapres roll thick cigars, using a recipe so secret (and so potent) that neither tobacconist nor alchemist can identify the ingredients. Even in the chaos of combat their enormous cigars never fall from their mouths; their thick-skinned stogies interfere with their speech, lending a lazy drawl to their creaky voices.

KAPRE CIGAR

Aura faint evocation and necromancy; CL 7
Slot none; **Price** 2,250 gp;
Weight 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A kapre’s 2-foot-long cigar never goes out. It burns with a glow that sheds light like a candle, but does not burn other organic material. Smoking the cigar is dangerous for any but a kapre—and not just because of its size. Only a Medium or larger creature can attempt to smoke the cigar. Creatures doing so must succeed at a DC 16 Fortitude save or become nauseated for 1 hour. Each time a creature attempts to inhale, he or she must make another save, but receives a cumulative +1 bonus for each successful inhalation in the past 24 hours.

Once inhaled, the smoke can be exhaled to the detriment of nearby foes. The smoking creature must exhale within 1 round of inhaling or be nauseated for 1 round, coughing up the potent smoke into its own square. A Medium creature can blow the smoke as a standard action at one adjacent enemy. A Large or larger creature can blow the smoke in a 15-foot cone, also as a standard action. Creatures caught in the smoky cloud must succeed at a DC 16 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, creator must be a kapre or creation must be completed under the supervision of a kapre; **Cost** 1,125 gp



TETROLIMULUS

From a body like a strange crab sprouts the torso of a praying mantis, clad in coral-colored crustacean armor. Swaying hypnotically, it rattles razor-sharp claws and raises its long, rapier-like tail stinger.

TETROLIMULUS

CR 11



XP 12,800

NE Large magical beast (aquatic)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 13, flat-footed 23 (+4 Dex, +14 natural, -1 size)

hp 147 (14d10+70)

Fort +16, **Ref** +13, **Will** +7

Resist cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., swim 50 ft.

Melee 2 claws +19 (2d6+6/x4), sting +17 (1d6+3 plus poison)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks poison, pounce

STATISTICS

Str 22, **Dex** 18, **Con** 21, **Int** 3, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +21; **CMD** 35

Feats Endurance, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lunge, Multiattack, Run

Skills Climb +10, Perception +7, Survival +14

SQ amphibious, shoreline mastery

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate coasts

Organization solitary, pair

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) *Tetrodotoxin*: Sting—injury; *save* Fort DC 22; *frequency* once; *initial effect* staggered for 1 round, *secondary effect* paralysis for 1d4 rounds; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

Shoreline Mastery (Ex) The multi-limbed nature of the crab half of the tetrolimulus allows it to ignore the effects of uneven or difficult terrain. This does not apply to terrain magically manipulated to impede movement.

A terrifying mix of prehistoric arthropod and heavily armored mantis, the tetrolimulus is the stuff of nightmares for shipwrecked and abandoned mariners. Plated with a spiny crustacean exoskeleton, the upper body of the tetrolimulus is reminiscent of a very robust kind of mantis. Its raptorial forelimbs, folded as if in prayer, flash forward with frightening speed and precision to brutally slice opponents before they have had a chance to act. Captains and mutineers alike are quick to remind their enemies of these deadly claws and the creature's other name, the "beach guillotine," for the brutal justice it exacts on those put ashore for choosing the wrong side in a mutiny.

With somewhat less panache, the tetrolimulus is often described as the "sea-mantis" because it resembles a crab's

strong legs and shell merged with a mantis' powerful arms. Trailing behind is a scorpion's deadly stinger. The creature's durable, spiked shell covers five pairs of blade-like legs that work together to produce remarkable speeds even through challenging terrain. Truly a master of the beaches, the tetrolimulus has caught many mariners off guard with a blazing charge over varied terrain, perforating a noiseless trail through wet sand, then clattering over rocks with the sound of dice thrown across a table.

Its final and most dangerous terror, held upright and waved like a regal scepter in combat, is the tetrolimulus's tail stinger. The stinger is razor sharp along its outer edge, but its neat incisions are nowhere near as dangerous as the poison that coats its blade. Those who succumb to a dose of poison—called tetrodotoxin—are soon to be a meal for the sea-mantis. Muscle spasms and cramps accompany a gradual slowing of movement, hinting at oncoming paralysis and the agony of a neat butchering while still alive for easy consumption. One of nature's cruelest poisons, tetrodotoxin is a popular tool of the Red Mantis assassins, who appreciate both the poison's painful efficacy and the mantis-form of its progenitor.

ECOLOGY

Out of the water, the tetrolimulus adopts an unusual swaying movement of the upper body. Although its purpose is not entirely clear, it is thought that, much like the land-dwelling mantis, the movement enhances the creature's primitive vision and makes picking out prey by its own relative movement easier. It has been suggested that remaining completely still when confronted by a tetrolimulus may prevent detection, but none have been able to confirm the success of this tactic, and there are none who are confident enough of the theory to test it in the field.

Female tetrolimuluses, the hunters of the species, are by far the more aggressive. Rarely seen, males live in deeper waters as bottom feeders, emerging only in the mating season in early spring. At this time for a few days each year, both sexes make great journeys, sometimes of hundreds of miles, to return to ancient coastal breeding grounds. Here dominant and aggressive females meet and mate with the strongest of the smaller and more delicate males. Only a small number of these males get a chance to breed, and an even smaller number survive to return to the oceans. The energy and effort of their travels exhaust the females, and once they've been impregnated, the easiest and closest source of food is the weaker males surrounding them. A fertilized female may even continue to exhibit signs of availability to encourage more males to approach her—not for reproduction, but to satisfy her more immediate hunger.

Young are born at sea, and perhaps as payment for their strength and power later in life, they spend their first few

months at the bottom of the food chain. Without the thick shells of maturity, they are easy prey, which contributes a great deal to population control of their species. As their shells thicken and harden, they start to enjoy a less harried existence, and by 6 months old they start to fight back. They reach maturity in 12 to 18 months and can live for up to 50 years.

Tetrolimuluses' behavior is largely instinct-driven, but during the breeding season the normally nomadic creatures will fight viciously to protect the shores of their ancestral breeding grounds. Even male sea-mantises rise to combat, though at sea they more commonly flee than risk confrontation.

Females can be found in the area of the Abendego Gulf, from Mediogalti Island all the way into the Shackles and as far north as the Sudden Lands. Even Rahadoum has seen the occasional tetrolimulus washed ashore to the south, where the creatures are feared as the twisted manifestations of Achaekek, conjured for worship by the Red Mantis and a stark reminder of the folly of religious devotion. There are descriptions of creatures similar to the tetrolimulus to the north, even into the Inner Sea, but these stories are as old and leaky as the ships of the pirates and traders who tell them and no reports of tetrolimuluses along the coast of Chelifax, for example, are younger than two generations.

Much of tetrolimuluses' bulk is armor, and despite their size they can survive on relatively small quantities of food. In perhaps the only mark of intelligence in their species, they try to avoid overfishing, instead roaming over several miles of coastline to balance their ecology. The majority of their diet is fish and cephalopods, but they are competent trackers and follow hints of habitation on their beaches to devour any coast-dwelling mammals foolish enough to find themselves on the beaches, including humanoids. Like most animals, tetrolimuluses tend to avoid large settlements or areas frequently visited by humans. Remote or inaccessible beaches are the females' preferred habitat, but occasionally a powerful storm rolling out of the Eye of Abendego can toss them on more popular or even populous coastlines. Surprisingly high concentrations of the creatures are found around Mediogalti Island and its outlying cluster. Some suggest this is due to deliberate cultivation by the Red Mantis, thanks to the tetrolimulus's favorable form, but it may simply be because the treacherous waters and hidden coves are perfect for their reclusive lifestyle, and the frequent mutinies, shipwrecks, and foolish adventurers provide a varied and ample diet for the brutal predators.

TETRODOTOXIN

While none are stupid enough to actively farm sea-mantises, occasionally the corpse of one is washed up into the more accessible bays on the

coasts of the Shackles or Mediogalti Island. Some of the more enterprising residents of Ilizmagorti have developed a method of harvesting the cruel tetrodotoxin poison, from which the tetrolimulus gets its name, for sale to the assassins of the Red Mantis.

A single dose of tetrodotoxin sells for 1,300 gp. Its rarity and potency make it a valuable product, and prices outside the Shackles or Mediogalti Island can be 50–100% higher.

One dose of poison can be harvested from the corpse of a tetrolimulus, provided the lower half of the creature is intact. This requires a DC 25 Survival check, and even those who usually find themselves competent at skinning or gutting creatures struggle with the intricacies of the sharp tail stinger. In harvesting the tetrodotoxin poison, those without the poison use ability are subject to the standard 5% chance of self-poisoning.



WERECROCODILE

Standing taller than a man, this humanoid figure wears filth-covered rags over cold, scaly skin, its crocodilian maw displaying razor-sharp teeth reeking of rotting flesh.

WERECROCODILE (HUMAN FORM) CR 3



XP 800

Human natural werecrocodile fighter 2

NE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 21 (2d10+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee battleaxe +5 (1d8+2/x3)

Ranged longbow +3 (1d8/x3)

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15

Feats Endurance, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Run

Skills Perception +1, Stealth +2, Survival +4, Swim +6

Languages Common

SQ armor training 1, change shape (human, hybrid, and crocodile; *polymorph*), lycanthropic empathy (crocodiles and dire crocodiles)

ECOLOGY

Environment warm rivers and marshes

Organization solitary, pair, or colony (3–12)

Treasure NPC gear (battleaxe, longbow with 20 arrows, masterwork breastplate)

WERECROCODILE (HYBRID FORM) CR 3



XP 800

Human natural werecrocodile fighter 2

NE Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 11, flat-footed 22 (+6 armor, +1 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 23 (2d10+8)

Fort +6, **Ref** +1, **Will** +0; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1; **DR** 10/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 20 ft.; sprint

Melee battleaxe +5 (1d8+3/x3), bite +5 (1d8+3 plus grab and curse of lycanthropy), tail slap +0 (1d12+1)

Ranged longbow +3 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks death roll (1d8+3 plus trip)

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5 (+9 grapple); **CMD** 16

Feats Endurance, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Run

Skills Perception +1, Stealth +2, Survival +4, Swim +7

Languages Common

SQ armor training 1, change shape (human, hybrid, and crocodile; *polymorph*), lycanthropic empathy (crocodiles and dire crocodiles)

ECOLOGY

Environment warm rivers and marshes

Organization solitary, pair, or colony (3–12)

Treasure NPC gear (battleaxe, longbow with 20 arrows, masterwork breastplate)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Death Roll (Ex) When grappling a foe of its size or smaller, a werecrocodile can perform a death roll upon making a successful grapple check. As it clings to its foe, it tucks in its legs and rolls rapidly, twisting and wrenching its victim. The werecrocodile deals its bite damage and knocks the creature prone. If successful, the werecrocodile maintains its grapple.

Hold Breath (Ex) A werecrocodile can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Sprint (Ex) Once per minute a werecrocodile may sprint, increasing its land speed to 60 feet for 1 round.

Werecrocodiles merge the ruthless determination of a crocodile with the intelligence and adaptability of a humanoid, creating a maliciously cunning creature with no doubt of its martial superiority. Lacking any culture or society beyond what can be gained through physical might, these creatures are solitary hunters. Natural werecrocodiles usually stand taller and broader than an afflicted member of their species. In humanoid form, specimens often have a slight rigidity to their skin, a green tinge around their lips, or vertically slit pupils. The average male werecrocodile in human form stands 6 feet tall and has a powerful, muscular frame weighing up to 250 pounds, with females averaging slightly shorter and lighter.

ECOLOGY

Most werecrocodiles prefer warm rivers, coastlines, and swamps—ideally within a day's travel of a humanoid community where they can stalk new victims. They favor fresh humanoid kills, but they also eat fish, small waterfowl, or anything else they can chase down and kill. Voracious predators, these creatures either kill and eat or otherwise drive away most other local, predatory species.

Werecrocodiles delight in the power their forms give them over others and enjoy nothing more than terrorizing their prey before the kill. Such creatures often pose as river guides or experienced woodsmen in order to lead their chosen targets away from the safety of civilization.

Once in the wild, a werecrocodile prefers to take the first opportunity it can to maim its victim before allowing the prey to escape. It then hunts the poor soul down, dragging it into the water and drowning it, then either devouring it or stashing the body in a mudbank for a later meal. Werecrocodiles often join groups of adventurers in hopes of just such opportunities. If its secret is discovered before the trap is sprung, a werecrocodile fights until the tide of battle turns against it, then flees to stalk its chosen victims from a distance.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

While werecrocodiles typically enjoy the solitude of their territories, small colonies of them can sometimes be found scattered throughout isolated swamplands. Most stories suggest that it takes a particularly strong and malicious werecrocodile to hold others of its kind in sway. Despite the believed preference for solitude, when these creatures do come upon each other, conflict is rare. As long as they heed one another's territorial boundaries, individuals hold an underlying tolerance of each other.

However, when conflict does arise between werecrocodiles, such battles are typically to the death. Any dispute relating to territories or mates has only one rule: the victor may do as he wishes with his prize. This amuses any female being fought over, as even when a challenger defeats an opponent, if the female is unamused or unimpressed, she often simply kills the victor and feeds on his remains before going on her way.

The borders of werecrocodile hunting grounds are adorned with skulls slung together with varying forms of aquatic vegetation and hung from trees along or across waterways. These blatant displays serve a dual purpose: to warn away any potential encroachers and to evoke fear and anxiety in intelligent prey as soon as they enter the lycanthrope's territory. A werecrocodile's prowess correlates directly with

the size and number of the skulls displayed on the borders of its territory.

In areas where werecrocodiles are known to lair, locals often treat strangers met alone in the wilderness with extreme distrust. In some communities, a wanderer that approaches without first displaying an object of silver worn against the skin is shunned, or attacked outright if he seems aggressive.

Because of their fascination with the power that their forms give them over lesser races, werecrocodiles rarely turn others into lycanthropes. Any afflicted werecrocodile was able enough to escape his hunter and survive whatever wounds he suffered. Afflicted werecrocodiles are often more malicious and cruel than their natural brothers, masking their self-loathing and despair with blood-soaked acts of violence. Whether due to the werecrocodiles' unremitting despair, or their inability to control their alternate form's lust for violence and blood, these rampages end only with the death of the werecrocodile or the death of all innocents that the beast can find.



THE PRICE OF INFAMY

by Tim Hitchcock

The adventurers now have their own island and port, but they'll need more than one ship to defend it. They'll have to have to scramble fast to scour the harbors and docks of the Shackles so they can recruit more ships and crews to their flag. But when a rival from their past sends a fleet to attack them, they're forced to pull out all the stops to defend their island home—and when they sail to their rival's island to get their revenge, the adventurers discover a traitor whose betrayal threatens all the islands of the Shackles.

FLEET BATTLES

Sure, you can pit your ship against some other free captain of the Shackles—but what do you do when it comes time for all-out war? Become an admiral and direct your commodores and their squadrons into battle with a powerful armada, of course. Sails torn asunder and breached hulls await as your fleet makes bloody flotsam of your enemies—or they make bloody flotsam of you!

NORGORBER

Penetrate the dark mysteries of Norgorber, god of greed, poison, murder, and secrets. Discover the ways of his secretive cults and hidden priests as they manipulate the world according to the wishes of their malicious patron.

AND MORE!

Lock-breakers and sea-devils in the Pathfinder's Journal by Robin D. Laws! Also, more aquatic horrors ready to terrorize adventurers in the next entry of the Pathfinder Bestiary.

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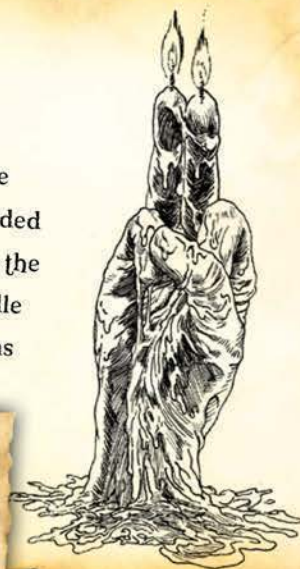
Captain Bellbrey's Mustache

A ruthless and underhanded pirate, Captain Bellbrey led a ship of press-ganged sailors in a campaign of terror, until one day the crew rose up in mutiny against their oppressor. To shame the rotten captain even more, they flayed off his mustache and framed it in the captain's quarters of their newly won ship. But Bellbrey still lives, and he wants it back.



The Vigil Condemned

Always more a thief than a true pirate, a man known as the Urchin built this candle to aid his burglary. Crafted from the rendered fat of a hanged criminal, the mummified hand that committed the crime, and a braided lock of his hair for a wick, this candle sheds light only the Urchin can see. The Urchin always uses this grim candle in his heists, as it conceals his movements as his victims soundly sleep.



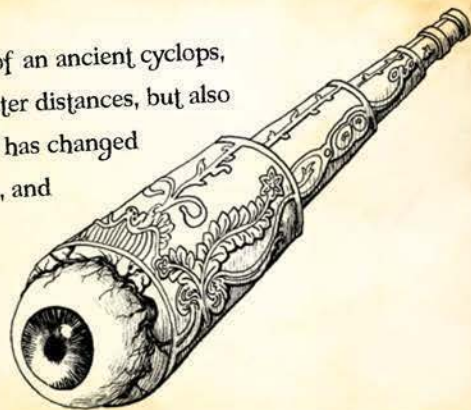
The Writhing Effigy

Last stolen from a supposed shrine to Gozreh, this statuette possesses a much darker past. In truth, this effigy is intended to show reverence to Dagon, the Shadow in the Sea, and was created by his skum followers. Known by other names in other lands, this horrid figure carved from rough, green coral bestows the ability to breathe water to those who carry it, but is also said to sow seeds of insanity in even the most stalwart of minds.



Oracular Spyglass

Rumored to be crafted from the preserved eye of an ancient cyclops, this spyglass has the ability not only to see greater distances, but also to see what was and what will be. This treasure has changed hands dozens of times in the last few centuries, and reports since the beginning of the Age of Lost Omens suggest that the powers of this strange device seem to be waning. Still, it is said if a person peers through the lens into a mirror, she can see her own birth and death.



CLAIM YOUR ISLAND

Having won the Free Captains' Regatta, the adventurers must now claim their prize—the uninhabited Island of Empty Eyes. Yet exploring strange ruins and fighting the isle's monstrous denizens won't be enough. Once they've got things well in hand, the adventurers must host a feast for the Shackles' infamous Pirate Council, only to have a dangerous situation turn even worse when a mysterious saboteur threatens to disrupt the party. Can the adventurers tame their island and protect their influential guests? Or will they lose the respect of the pirate lords and fade into obscurity?

This volume of Pathfinder Adventure Path includes:

- "Island of Empty Eyes," a Pathfinder RPG adventure for 9th-level characters, by Neil Spicer.
- Pirate legends and mysteries of the Shackles, by Jack Graham.
- Details on the cyclopes who once ruled the Shackles, by Gareth Hanrahan.
- Island harpies in the Pathfinder's Journal, by Robin D. Laws.
- Five new monsters, by Alex Greenshields, Michael Kenway, Mark Moreland, and Tork Shaw.



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