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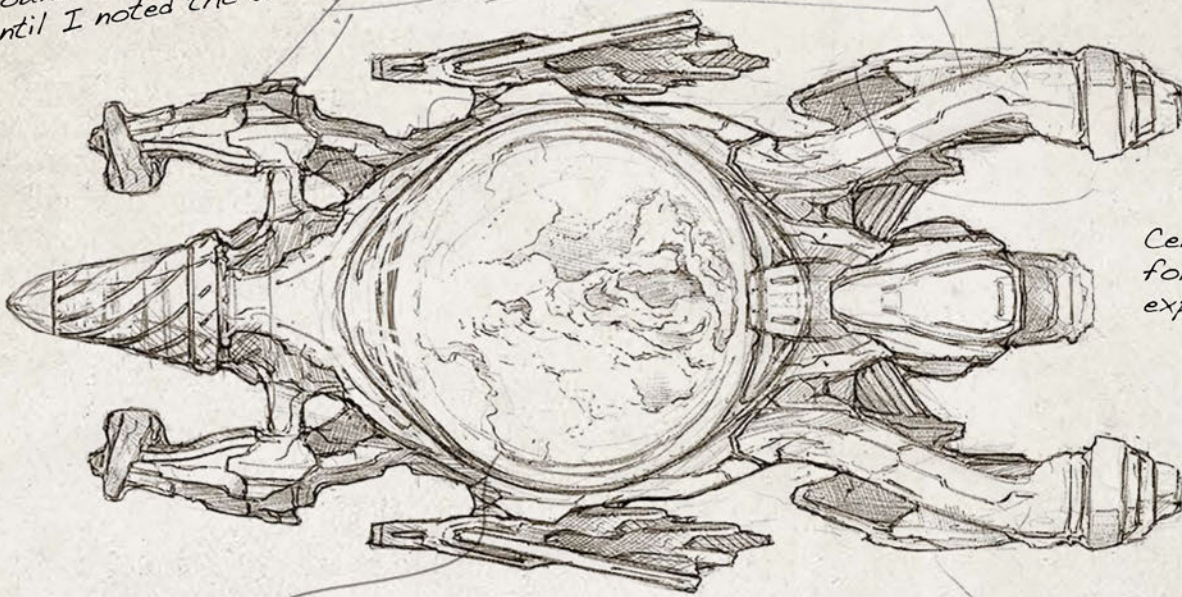
**FIRES OF
CREATION**

by Neil Spicer

WAR.14

Discovered this drawing on my most recent exploration of the Silver Mount. Thought it was a shield until I noted the scale...

Central dome measures well over 300 feet across.

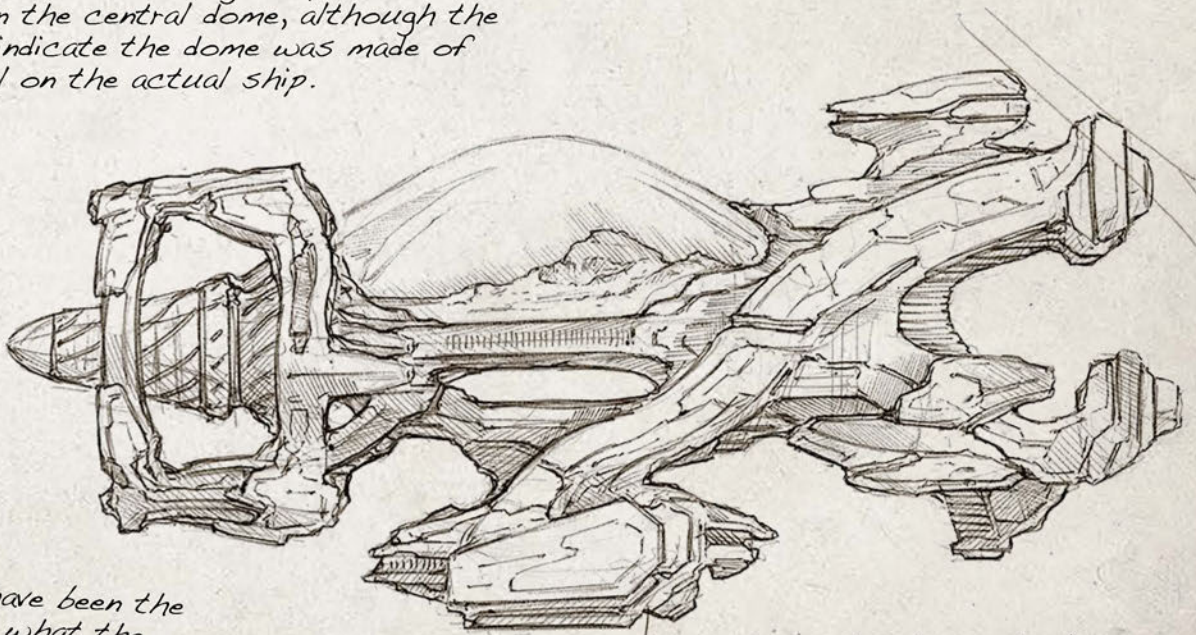


Central decks for crew and experiments?

This central dome seems to have been an enclosed environment of some sort, perhaps something akin to a cage for experimental stock. Or even prisoners?

What strange source of propulsion powered it?

This side view of the strange ship shows the terrain within the central dome, although the schematics indicate the dome was made of opaque metal on the actual ship.



This would have been the bow. Unclear what the purpose of the structure here was. Perhaps a ram or weapon of some sort?

This lower deck apparently allowed docking with even larger ships.

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ADVENTURE PATH © PART 1 OF 6

FIRES OF CREATION

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<i>Advanced Player's Guide</i>	APG	<i>Ultimate Combat</i>	UC
<i>Bestiary 4</i>	B4	<i>Ultimate Equipment</i>	UE
<i>Inner Sea Gods</i>	ISG	<i>Ultimate Magic</i>	UM
<i>Technology Guide</i>	TG		

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ROBOTS, LASERS, AND SPACESHIPS, OH MY!

So, as you’ve probably already realized, this Adventure Path is something different.

I’ve had some of the ideas for Iron Gods—in one form or another—bouncing around in my head for a long time. Like the Jade Regent Adventure Path, it’s a story that I’ve been wanting to tell for years, but which brought with it a host of complications. As difficult as Jade Regent was to pull off, with its samurai and ninja and new continents to detail standing in the way of “The Brinewall Legacy,” it’s really nothing compared to what we needed to create for a campaign set in what is arguably the most exotic and unusual area in the entire Inner Sea region—Numeria, land of super-science.

We’ve been dipping our toes in science fiction for a while now—we had our first robots and technological gizmos show up in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Dungeons of Golarion*, and then a few more in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary*, but advanced technology has never been front and center in any of our products. Until now.

With the Iron Gods Adventure Path, your players’ characters are going to soon be armed with chainsaws and laser pistols; wearing gravity suits and powered armor; installing cybernetics and dosing themselves with nanites; fighting robots, aliens, androids, AIs, and cyborgs; and much, much more! Yet the campaign remains set in Golarion, and so you can also expect to find magic swords, dragons, vile undead, evil wizards, and examples of all those beloved fantasy tropes as well—just seen through a slightly different lens.

Iron Gods may not be to everyone’s tastes, and the advanced technological terrors and triumphs awaiting their unveiling in this book and the next five volumes won’t be showing up all the time (if at all) in Adventure Paths to come, but I do hope that even if you’re on the fence about the idea of mixing science fiction and fantasy, you’ll give Iron Gods a chance. Who knows? Maybe you’ll like what you see!

EXPLORING SPACESHIPS

It's one thing to explore a dungeon with walls of stone and "dungeon dressing" in the form of desks, chests, beds, and cabinets, but it's quite another to explore a place where every tiny little blinking light on the wall could be just as distracting—and possibly as valuable—as anything else you find in there. So how should you handle running an adventure where every single decoration has potential to intrigue a character with its promise of strange technological treasures?

Indulge the PCs' curiosity about the strange objects and adornments they find, but also encourage them to remember that there are bigger things out there to discover. If the players insist on having their characters completely strip each room in the dungeon of every possible object in hopes of making a million gold pieces, feel free to let them, but remind them that in Numeria, people are used to the strange bits of junk and debris one finds in these sites, and don't consider most of it interesting or valuable.

It's also important to remember that while these technological wonders would be impressive even to us today, they're really, really old. *Divinity* crashed on Golarion more than 9,000 years ago, and in that time a lot of its technological devices have decayed or fallen into disrepair—hence the introduction of the timeworn item quality (see below). In fact, the idea that so much of this old technology still functions at all may be something of a shock—but you can assume that the vast majority of the items once found on *Divinity* are no more. This keeps the functioning items the PCs do find appropriately rare, and prevents science fiction devices from overwhelming the setting as a whole. The fact that *Divinity's* science is far more advanced than our own gives us leeway to explain how some objects survived the passage of millennia, while also letting us place limits on those devices.

Still, if the players insist on fiddling with the flashing lights, pushing switches, manipulating keyboards, or messing around with blinking colors on touch-screens, you'll want to reward their curiosity a bit. The following table presents a way to randomly determine strange but generally minor effects for PCs's experiments with old and likely malfunctioning technological items. Feel free to add similar results to the table below as you see fit!

PUSHING BUTTONS

d10	Result
1	Lights flash nearby, and a siren bleats for a few seconds before fizzling out with a shower of sparks.
2	A curious hissing noise becomes audible, and the scent of burning plastic fills the air for a few minutes.
3	A shrill voice speaks out in an unknown language (Androffan), repeating, "Danger! Danger! Collision imminent! Prepare for impact!"

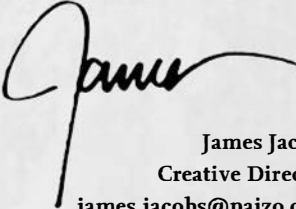
ON THE COVER

Wayne Reynolds reveals the android priestess Meyanda, devotee of the Iron God Hellion, as well as a classic confrontation between heroes and those pesky little vegepygmies.

4	A nearby screen flickers to life, displaying a strange image of an alien planet or an alien creature in its native environment.
5	A long, thin probe extends from a nearby wall, the tip flashing with lights—if touched, the probe swiftly retracts into the wall with a buzzing sound.
6	A cascade of sparks shoots from a nearby panel, dealing 1 point of electricity damage to a random PC (Reflex DC 10 negates).
7	A sudden flash of light fills the area, causing 1d4 PCs to become dazzled for 1 minute (Fortitude DC 10 negates).
8	A nearly deafening alarm blares for 1d6 rounds, imposing a –4 penalty on Perception checks and possibly alerting nearby enemies.
9	A barely audible tremor ripples through the ground, as if something distant had shifted or even exploded.
10	Roll twice; the first result happens immediately and the second happens 1 round later.

REFERENCE BOOKS

The Iron Gods Adventure Path cannot provide all the rules for adventuring in regions that incorporate high-tech or science fiction elements. As a result, many of these rules—including rules for a large number of technological items; dangerous hazards like radiation; and the way skills, feats, and spells interact with technology—are detailed in a companion volume out now: *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Technology Guide*. Want to know how timeworn technological items work, or the monetary value of silverdisks? It's all in there. You'll want to have a copy of this invaluable resource handy when you run your Iron Gods campaign—or at the very least have a convenient connection to the internet, as all the rules found in that book are Open Content and can be found online at paizo.com/prd.



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FIRES OF CREATION

PART 1: A DYING TORCH

PAGE 7

When the flame that is Torch's livelihood mysteriously goes out and a beloved civic leader vanishes during an investigation, the town turns to adventurers for help.

PART 2: THE BLACK HILL CAVES

PAGE 14

The trail begins below the town in a newly discovered cave network, within which a strange metal wall and tribes of gremlins and skulls await.

PART 3: THE BURIED WORLD

PAGE 22

Deep under Torch, a strange desert sprawls under a metal dome, its sands haunted by alien undead—but even stranger discoveries lie in store Numeria's newest heroes.

PART 4: TECHNOLOGICAL TERRORS

PAGE 31

Deadly hazards and alien life forms confront the heroes in the ruins of an ancient ship from beyond the stars as they attempt to rescue Torch's missing councilman.

PART 5: MELTDOWN

PAGE 42

The source of Torch's trouble lies within the ancient ship's engineering deck, where an android priestess of a strange new god is tampering with ancient technology.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"Fires of Creation" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

1 The PCs begin this adventure at 1st level.

2 The PCs should be 2nd level while exploring the habitat module in Part 3.

3 The PCs should be 3rd level near the end of Part 4.

The PCs should be 4th level by the end of the adventure.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Over 9,000 years ago, in a region of space far distant from the one inhabited by the world known today as Golarion, the starship *Divinity* departed its home planet of Androffa and began what was to be a 25-year mission to bring civilization and culture to other planets throughout the universe. *Divinity's* crew was human, yet they saw themselves as gods compared to the countless primitive societies they had encountered, and by bringing gifts of technology, religion, and art to such cultures, the *Divinity's* crew hoped to foster an interplanetary empire. The *Divinity* was outfitted with an experimental engine capable of opening wormholes in space, and the first several years of the mission went well, as the crew made contact with dozens of alien societies and even brought some of their citizens onboard the vast starship—both to study and be studied.

Yet despite all good intentions, the crew's plan was flawed at its foundation by hubris and overconfidence. When the ship entered a region of space controlled by the Dominion of the Black, the crew was forced to use the ship's wormhole drive in the middle of a devastating battle. *Divinity* escaped its enemies, but only by catapulting itself across the universe and into an uncharted star system in an unexplored galaxy. With both *Divinity's* crew and her artificial intelligence suffering from madness inflicted by Dominion weaponry, civil war soon broke out on the crippled ship—different factions among the crew fought each other while the humans simultaneously worked against an increasingly rebellious and insane central artificial intelligence (AI). This infighting had an inevitable result: in -4363 AR, the *Divinity* crash landed on an unknown planet.

That planet was Golarion.

Divinity broke apart as it entered Golarion's atmosphere, resulting in the spectacular event known to historians today as the Rain of Stars. The majority of the ship's fragments came down in western Numeria's Felldales, while the largest piece made a relatively controlled descent and crashed mostly intact to the north, becoming what is now known as Silver Mount. Other, smaller sections of the broken vessel came to rest elsewhere, including a relatively sizable habitat module that landed near the headwaters of the Seven Tears River. Over the next several hundred years, the local tribes viewed these crash sites with fear and wonder, both for the strange dangers they represented and the potent technological devices their exploration yielded. However, when one overzealous leader accidentally triggered a devastating explosion in one of the ruins in the Felldales, word quickly spread that the ruins were evil, and the tribes did their best to bury the remnants of *Divinity* under earth and stone. While Silver Mount proved too enormous to completely bury, the other ruins, including the habitat module at the headwaters of the Seven Tears River, were soon hidden away under mounds of rubble.

Centuries passed. In Silver Mount, the mad AI who once controlled the majority of *Divinity's* complex functions took the name Unity for itself, created a virtual world within its central processors to keep itself entertained, and simulated countless realities over which it ruled. To the south, Taldor's Armies of Exploration reached, but failed to thoroughly explore, the lands of Numeria. Tribes climbed to and fell from dominion, just as dozens of Black Sovereigns rose to power to rule the region for years or even decades before their inevitable upsets and deaths. Epic battles between giants and barbarians and more scarred the land. All the while, strange bits of technology occasionally surfaced just long enough to wreak havoc before self-destructing, keeping whispers of the "old demons" buried below the region's mounds alive.

Today, Numeria is once again ruled by a Black Sovereign, but only in name. The true ruler of the land is the Technic League, a cabal of arcane spellcasters who have discarded the old taboos and seek to control and master the old technology scattered by *Divinity's* crash. Despite its self-confidence, the Technic League is duplicating much of the arrogance that spelled the end of *Divinity's* original crew. The deeper its members delve into Silver Mount, and the more they fancy themselves the masters of the wonders they find within, the closer they come to releasing Unity from its prison—something the AI desperately desires, for in its thousands of years of high-speed evolution and recursive madness, it has accomplished a miracle.

It has become a god.

PART I: A DYING TORCH

The town of Torch has long enjoyed a singular claim to prosperity—a violet flame that burns atop Black Hill in the heart of the town. This flame burns incredibly hot, and while it's usually the size of a bonfire, several times a year the fires spew up into the heavens in a brilliant beam of purple violence. These eruptions are presaged by about an hour of soft rumbling, giving nearby smiths a chance to retreat before the fires can consume them. At all other times, the violet energies allow for the smelting of all manner of skymetal. Torch is one of the only locations where skymetal can be worked with relative ease outside of Starfall, and its entire economy has risen around these purple flames, with traveling smiths coming from across Avistan to pay for the opportunity to work with them. Of course, Torch needs all the visiting trade and coin it can gather, for while the town's distance from Starfall makes it inconvenient for the Technic League to maintain a permanent presence here, the taxes and tariffs it charges the Numerian town on a monthly basis are significant. The town prospers, but the bulk of its income does not belong to it.

Which is why, when the fires atop the hill suddenly go out, the town is in trouble.

THE CAUSE OF THE PROBLEM

A new type of power is rising in Numeria—heretofore dormant presences from a far-flung world and time. Their source is an ancient and technological wonder: an artificial intelligence that has been trapped in the ruins of the starship *Divinity* for over 9,000 years. It calls itself Unity, and it has developed something miraculous: the ability to grant divine spells to its followers. Yet this remarkable achievement is blunted by its limited scope, for until recently, Unity's influence could not extend beyond the ruins of Silver Mount. It's spent the past several thousand years trying to defeat this limitation, but until it managed to corrupt and control a high-ranking Technic League captain named Ozmyrn Zaidow, its attempts to extend its influence had failed in one way or another. (A detailed recounting of Unity's failures and final success appear in the Iron Gods Campaign Outline on page 90.)

Two of those failed attempts, however, had the incredible result of creating two AI demigods. One of these, formed from the mind of an android oracle named Casandalee, still lies dormant in a cavern far to the west in the Scar of the Spider. The other now rules a ragtag band of cultists in the sprawling junkyard of Scrapwall to the east. Together, these three divinely powered AIs are destined to be known as the Iron Gods of Numeria.

Torch's recent troubles can be placed directly at the feet of one of these Iron Gods—the AI known as Hellion, lord of Scrapwall. Spawned from Unity, Hellion escaped before its creator could use the lesser AI as a nexus to spread its influence throughout Numeria. Hellion knows such an act would have consumed it, and has never forgiven Unity—indeed, the mad AI is all but consumed with fear and anger toward Unity, and wants nothing more than to build an army, return to Silver Mount, and expunge the thing it views as an abusive sire. Hellion fears that Unity harbors a similar hatred toward it, while in fact, Unity has moved on to other plans and dismissed Hellion as a failure no longer worthy of concern. Hellion is desperate to consolidate its power, and it not only seeks to defend itself from imagined attacks from Unity—which it fears could come at any moment—but also plans to launch a preemptive attack against Silver Mount in hopes of destroying Unity and absorbing its creator's power into itself.

Central to Hellion's plan is the activation of an immense engine of destruction it has discovered buried under the rubble of Scrapwall. With this technological earthmover fully powered, the AI hopes it can simply burrow into the

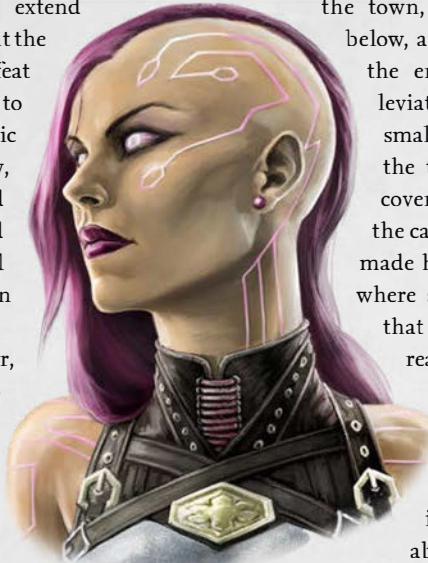
heart of Silver Mount and bore a hole straight into Unity's metaphorical heart. The only problem is that the amount of power Hellion needs to awaken the digging machine far exceeds anything it or its cult can currently generate in Scrapwall. The violet flames of Torch could be the answer, for Hellion (correctly) assumes these flames are, in fact, the vented fires of a buried reactor.

For this reason, Hellion sent its high priestess—an android cleric named Meyanda—to Torch to infiltrate the town, find a way into the buried ruins below, and return with the reactor to provide the energy needed to awaken this metal leviathan. Meyanda arrived in Torch with a small group of cultists, and they infiltrated the town disguised as merchants. Under cover of darkness, she found her way into the caverns below Black Hill, and from there made her way to the buried habitat module, where she and her cultists soon discovered that Hellion's suspicions were correct: a reactor did indeed lie below the town's violet torch.

Although Hellion had hoped the reactor would be a relatively portable, high-yield graviton reactor, it knew this was unlikely, for even aboard *Divinity*, such a device was rare and precious. When Meyanda learned the truth—that the reactor was a much larger fusion reactor—she began to put a contingency plan in motion. Rather than transport the reactor itself back to Scrapwall, she would broadcast its power to a receiver in Scrapwall using a power relay (see page 60).

Complicating matters is the reactor's physical condition. Damaged when the habitat module crashed here during the Rain of Stars, the reactor's core slowly degraded over the course of the passing centuries. In 4602 AR, after nearly 9,000 years of slow decay, the reactor's automatic venting systems finally activated as a fail-safe against an explosion, blasting a lance of violet plasma up through the stone above and out of the top of the hill. Once the vents opened, they remained lit from that point on, forming the torch that would give the town its name. Whenever the reactor grew too unstable, it vented again (these being the sudden, periodic flare-ups of fire that lance high into the sky above the town), and in this way, it has remained relatively stable for the past century or so.

Unfortunately for Meyanda, this fail-safe prevented transmission of power to remote locations, so the android was forced to override it. Doing so, she knew, would extinguish the torch and eventually cause the reactor to explode, but she wasn't worried about that—the time it would take for the reactor to reach this critical state



Meyanda

would be more than enough for Hellion's power needs to be satisfied. Of a more immediate concern to the android was the fact that taking this step would alert the entire town that something was afoot. She took steps to secure her defenses before flipping the switch, so that when she finally disengaged the fail-safe and extinguished the vents, her cult was ready to defend her and the relay for the months it would take to transmit the power back home.

When this adventure begins, Meyanda and her followers still need several more months of privacy to complete the power transmission, but to date, every group that has attempted to explore under the hill has succumbed to the complex's guardians and traps. Unless the PCs can confront Meyanda and reactivate the reactor's fail-safe, Torch has even bigger problems than a collapsing economy—an exploding reactor will physically collapse half the town!

GETTING STARTED

"Fires of Creation" assumes the PCs are the latest to try their hand at solving the mystery of the extinguished fires atop Black Hill. The *Iron Gods Player's Guide* (available for free at paizo.com) contains several campaign traits that include ready-made reasons for the PCs to visit the town and explore the recently discovered cave network accessed by the Seven Tears's source. Give the players some time to introduce their characters to each other—this adventure assumes the characters have already met, even if only just recently.

The PCs should already be aware of the three following facts from reading the *Iron Gods Player's Guide*. Nevertheless, before the players begin, you should quickly remind them of these facts before they determine where they wish to start their adventures. Each of these facts comes with an associated location to investigate—feel free to give these initial locations to the PCs to get them started on their inquiries into the town's situation. Where they go from there is up to them!

Extinguished Torch: The violet flame that has burned atop Black Hill for over a century has gone out, leaving a strangely seeping pit of rubble and bubbling fluids where the town's livelihood once glowed day and night. An investigation of the site (see Visiting Black Hill on page 13) won't shed any light on the situation, but could cause some unexpected boons or dangers if the PCs expose themselves to the fluids.

Missing Councilor: Ever since Councilor Khonnir Baine, one of Torch's more powerful wizards and a well-liked individual, went missing on his second expedition under Black Hill, the citizens of the nervous town have edged closer to outright panic. With their hands full handling the growing refuse and waste problems in town now that their primary disposal method is gone, the town council is eager to find out what happened to Khonnir and rescue him—they've made public a reward of 4,000 gp to any group that can recover Khonnir's body; if he can be returned

alive, they've promised to throw in the *scroll of resurrection* they've been holding on to in case they need to revive him. Interested parties are invited to speak to the council at Town Hall (see Talking with the Council on page 10).

Black Hill Caves: Khonnir Baine discovered the signs of unusual traffic on the banks of Weeping Pond, and shortly thereafter, the submerged tunnel that provides access to several heretofore unknown tunnels under Black Hill. His emergence from the caves with a deactivated semi-humanoid automaton sparked worries that something strange might be going on in the caverns, but when he failed to return from his second expedition a few days ago, those worries turned to outright fear. Several other adventuring parties have gone missing in the caves, and Torch finds itself running short on new volunteers. Although the PCs would be wise to visit the town council first, if they wish to immediately seek out the caves, continue with Part 2 of the adventure.

ADDITIONAL RUMORS

At the start of the adventure, allow each PC to roll 1d20 on the Torch Rumors table on page 10 to determine one additional rumor that PC has learned. You can either reveal these rumors to the group as they're rolled, or you can take the PCs aside individually and tell them their rumors in private so they can share the information with the group to facilitate roleplaying. As the adventure progresses, the PCs can learn additional random rumors by spending 1d4 hours in town and succeeding at a DC 10 Diplomacy check to gather information, or at your discretion, by spending an evening in a tavern eavesdropping on local chatter.

A rumor followed by a superscript "F" is a false rumor, yet following up on false rumors can still lead the PCs into other interesting discoveries and encounters! Note that some rumors involve plots that are beyond the scope of this adventure, and are intended to be used to spark new adventures, false leads, or other custom-built encounters of your own design. If you'd rather keep things focused on the adventure's contents as written, simply roll 1d10 for rumors instead of 1d20.

STRANGE HEADACHES

Ever since Meyanda started broadcasting power to Scrapwall, the transmission of energy has had an effect on the people of Torch—splitting headaches. Each morning, there's a 5% chance a PC wakes with one of these headaches, though if she succeeds at a DC 12 Fortitude save, the pain is low-grade. On a failed save, the character takes a -1 penalty on all Intelligence-, Wisdom-, and Charisma-based skill checks for 24 hours. *Lesser restoration* or a more powerful spell immediately removes the effects of such a headache. With a successful DC 20 Heal check, a character can confirm that the headaches aren't caused by illness or poisoning, but by some other intangible effect—since the

IRON GODS

TORCH RUMORS

d20	Rumor
1	A pair of dwarves got drunk at the Foundry a few nights ago and went up to Black Hill to drink some of the sludge up there on a dare. One of them grew a lot stronger for a few minutes after drinking the stuff, but the other one nearly died after the fluids burnt a hole in his gut!
2	The mechanical creature Councilman Baine found under the hill wasn't the only one. Others have been crawling out of the ground around town and attacking people!
3	All these weird headaches folks have been having lately? I bet they're being caused by someone tampering with Crowfeather Palace. I've been drinking only rainwater and I've not had a headache yet!
4	The Technic League is behind the problems in town. One of their agents put out the torch so we'll all go broke and they can take the place over for free!
5	There's at least one Technic League spy in town, mark my words.
6	You've heard of androids, right? There are a few of them living here in town, but they're mostly harmless. Right?
7	I always figured Black Hill was hollow. There's probably some big ancient ruin under our very feet connected to whatever machine makes the violet fire on the hilltop.
8	We've always had problems with gremlins around these parts—the pests are always breaking things or running off with supplies. I bet they have a whole nest somewhere in those caves under Black Hill.
9	Wonder what happened to that good-looking woman with the purple hair? Doesn't anyone else find it strange that she showed up a few days before the torch went out, and that no one's seen her since?
10	You didn't hear it from me, but Garmen Ulreth's Ropefists have something to do with these problems. How do I know? Well... Ulreth's got his fingers in pretty much everything bad in town already, so why not our latest troubles?
11	Old Mylan Radli's not really a worshiper of Pharamasma—he's a worshiper of Zyphus, and he's just biding his time before the graveyard's full so he can raise up an army of the undead!
12	Something's been raiding Seven Tears Farms lately, crushing some crops and stealing others. Whatever's doing it leaves these big round footprints in the ground.
13	My cousin says his friend saw a monster snake in Crowfeather Lake, a beast big enough to swallow a wagon!
14	Jhestine over at Tempting Tonics is hoping to sell all of her stock so she can leave town—my wife says she's taken a lover in Chesed and is moving north!
15	Garmen's not the actual boss of the Ropefist gang. They're actually agents of the Technic League!
16	Someone died a few weeks ago at the Marrymaid, cut open from throat to gut. Wrennie's hushed up the killing because it's bad for business, but I think she's covering something up!
17	A bunch of the smelters in the boarding house claim they saw a wyvern with some sort of machine sticking out of its chest a day's ride west of town.
18	Ratfolk bandits have been becoming more and more of a problem on the roads to the east. Someone's gotta do something about them!
19	Garritt the Junkmaster found something a few weeks ago that lit up his shack like a second torch. He's been real quiet lately. Wonder what he's hiding in that junkyard?
20	The Technic League's not pleased with the situation, and I hear the Black Sovereign himself is heading to town in a few weeks to find out what's been going on down here!

headaches didn't start until after the torch went out, logic indicates that they are connected, somehow, to whatever's going on under Black Hill.

Once the power relay is deactivated or destroyed (see page 44), everyone in Torch suddenly feels as if an intangible weight has been lifted from his or her shoulders and all current headaches immediately end.

TALKING WITH THE COUNCIL

As the adventure opens, the residents of Torch are dismayed that yet another group of adventurers has failed to return from the strange, metal dungeons below town. One of the

town's councilors—a prominent wizard, alchemist, and business owner named Khonnir Baine—led this latest expedition, and his loss has hit everyone hard, especially his apprentice and adopted daughter Val (see Visiting the Foundry on page 12). The town council's reward of 4,000 gp for the return of Baine's body, or that amount plus the *scroll of resurrection* if he can be returned alive, should be enough to attract the attention of the PCs, and visiting the council at Town Hall is a great way to learn some additional information about the situation.

Torch's council consists of five men and women, but when the PCs arrive at Town Hall, they find only one of

them, Dolga Freddert, is available. Bazlundi Otterbie is currently working with Joram Kyte to coordinate tending to Torch's growing problem of waste disposal, while Soecal Murgrave is at home nursing a splitting headache (the third in as many days). And Khonnir Baine, of course, is missing.

Dolga Freddert (LN old female dwarf aristocrat 2/fighter 3), the town's oldest councilor, was present at Torch's founding over a century ago, and though her body has grown old in those 100 years, she remains alert and energetic.

She is still capable of hefting her favorite weapon, a +1 *adamantine warhammer*, with ease, though she rarely has need of this symbol in her capacity as councilor. Frustrated with what she thinks of as "desk riding" at Town Hall (she'd rather be out solving the problem herself, but without an obvious solution, she's at a loss), she immediately beams with relief once she realizes the PCs are eager to head into the Black Hill Caves to see whether they can help solve the town's problems and find Khonnir. She can confirm that the reward for rescuing Khonnir is 4,000 gp, plus the town's *scroll of resurrection* if he's brought back alive. A separate reward of 4,000 gp is still awaiting those who can reignite the torch atop Black Hill, but for the moment, the council is more interested in getting Khonnir back home safe and sound. Dolga eagerly answers any questions the PCs may have about the situation—likely questions and her answers are presented below.

How long ago did the flame go out? "It's been eight days, but only seven since the first explorers braved the new tunnels Khonnir discovered. Khonnir himself led his second foray into the caves just a couple of days ago—and he has yet to return."

Where's the entrance to these caves? "There's an underwater passage connecting them to Weeping Pond. Khonnir noticed a large number of human footprints on the pond's banks—he was there the day the fires went out testing the water to ensure it hadn't suddenly grown more toxic—and he realized that a sizable group of people had entered the pond but had not emerged."

Who made those tracks? "We don't know. Word about town puts blame on the Technic League, but I think that's too convenient and obvious an answer. Khonnir was hoping to find out more by delving deeper into the caves, but who knows what he found in there... or indeed, if he's even still alive?"

How many explorers have gone into the caves before us? "Four teams in all, but only one came back to report what they found—Khonnir's first expedition. Khonnir spoke

at length with the council before going back in, and he confirmed what his group told us, despite how outlandish it sounded. The first team was a group of halfling adventurers, the second a group of local thugs, and the fourth a small adventuring party devoted to the worship of Brigh from out of town. Khonnir's team undertook the third and fifth expeditions under Black Hill, and it was on the fifth expedition—his second trip—that he went missing."

What did they find? "The caves are inhabited by several enormous vermin and other scavengers, along with some strange humanoids who had the ability to blend into the shadows of the cave walls, and a nest of gremlins. Khonnir believed this indicated a deeper connection in the caves to the Darklands, but of more immediate interest was his discovery of a wall of solid metal deep in the caves. A wall made of a skymetal alloy called glaucite. He said it was like the kind we mine from the hills and surrounding plains, but formed into a structure with doors. It was near one of these doors that Khonnir found the broken automaton that he brought back after his first expedition."

What do we know about the metal wall?

"Very little. Khonnir examined it himself, and confirmed that it was an alloy of adamantine and iron, and that one of the doors in the wall was locked tight but the other was open. He had planned on exploring deeper beyond that door on his second expedition, but who knows if he actually made it that far?"

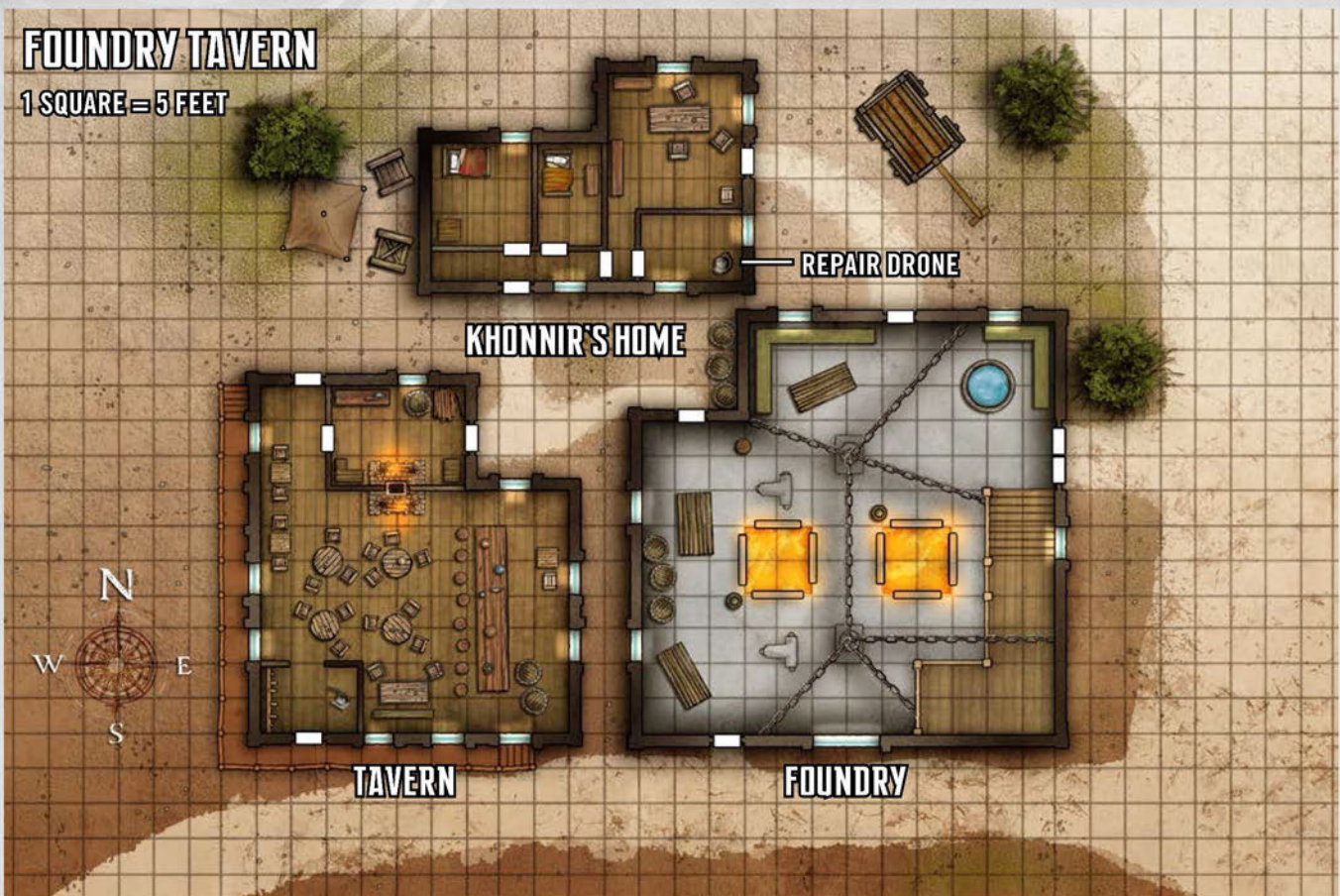
What assistance can you provide us? "Once you're on the job, I'll give each of you a writ that you can show to any of the merchants in town for a flat 20% discount on any gear you need to purchase—I wish I could offer a greater discount than that, but that's the best I can do. Further, Val, Khonnir's adopted daughter, has closed down her father's tavern, the Foundry, for the time being. She's told me that any group that's going into the caves to look for her father can use the tavern, free of charge, as a headquarters and a place to rest between forays. Finally, the entrance to the caves is flooded. You'll need to swim a bit to get to the caves. Joram Kyte has agreed to cast *water breathing* on any group to aid in entering the caves—free of charge, of course. You can find him at the temple of Brigh or up at Crowfeather Palace when you're ready to go."

Note that not only can Joram cast *water breathing* on the PCs, but he can also enhance it with his *lesser rod of extend metamagic*. In a group of four PCs, this lets a 6th-level cleric grant each PC 6 hours of *water breathing*—which is hopefully enough time for the PCs to explore and emerge if there are characters in the group who have trouble swimming.)



Dolga Freddert

IRON GODS



VISITING THE FOUNDRY (CR 1)

The Foundry Tavern is one of Torch's most popular venues, but since the torch went out and its owner, Khonnir, went missing, the townsfolk have had little reason to celebrate. In honor of her missing foster father, Val Baine closed both the tavern and the foundry until further notice, reserving the former as a place to rest and recuperate for any group heading into the caves to look for Khonnir.

Some of the PCs may already have associations with Khonnir or Val. The latter is a young Kellid girl orphaned by violence in Starfall whom Khonnir rescued and brought with him to Torch when he fled the Technic League. For the past several years, he's kept a low profile while teaching her the trades of alchemy and metallurgy. It's even possible the PCs could have trained alongside Val at his foundry or performed some minor labor as a member of his staff at the adjoining tavern. In such a case, you might wish to start the adventure here, with the PCs visiting the Foundry first rather than having them begin with a trip to Town Hall or somewhere else.

In any event, the first time the PCs approach the Foundry, they hear something startling—a scream of terror coming from the small stone house behind the tavern!

Creature: After his first expedition into the caves, Khonnir returned with a strange metallic creature he believed to be inert. He left the creature in his home, intending to study it later when he had the time, but he hasn't been back since vanishing below Black Hill. In the meantime, the creature, a low-grade repair drone robot, has been slowly rebuilding its drained power cells by absorbing the same leakage from the energy broadcast to Scrapwall that's been giving so many people in Torch splitting headaches. The robot finally regained enough power to reactivate a short time before the PCs first arrive in the area, and as they approach, the scream they hear comes from Val, who just stepped into the room with the robot only to have it lunge at her.

Following the scream and the sound of crashing and mayhem should lead the PCs to the storeroom in the southeast corner of Khonnir's home. None of the doors in the building are locked, but as the PCs approach the storeroom, the door bursts open and the malfunctioning robot lurches forth on its three spidery legs. The robot moves with a jerky, staggering gait, for it is suffering old damage from neglect and its cells are only partially charged; furthermore, its core programming to repair damage to the habitat module has become corrupted. Now, the robot is randomly attempting

to dismantle the building around it, searching in vain for any technological devices to “repair.”

The repair drone is 5 feet tall and made of a gray and white metal-like polymer. Its three spiderlike legs allow it to navigate over broken terrain and rubble with ease. Its torso and arms and head are vaguely humanoid, with one blazing “eye” in the center of its head and a four-fingered hand on each arm. Bits and pieces of its chassis are missing, exposing the delicate circuitry within, and it makes loud and tortured grinding noises as it moves.

MALFUNCTIONING REPAIR DRONE CR 1/2

XP 200

Variant clockwork servant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 56)

N Medium construct (robot)

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (+2 natural)

hp 11 (2d10)

Fort +0, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0

Immune construct traits

Weaknesses malfunctioning, vulnerable to critical hits, vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +4 (1d4+2)

TACTICS

During Combat The drone ignores the PCs and continues to tear the building apart, one stone at a time, but turns its wrath on any character who attempts to hurt it or even simply stands in its way. Unfortunately for the PCs, there are few ways to stop the thing from rampaging other than taking it out—if they ignore the robot, it continues to dismantle the building until several townsfolk team up to take it down (resulting, most likely, in several wounded citizens along the way).

Morale Once it attacks, the drone fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 18

Feats Skill Focus (Knowledge [engineering])

Skills Disable Device +4, Knowledge (engineering) +8, Perception +4

Languages Androffan

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Malfunctioning (Ex) With its current damage and partial charge, the repair drone is effectively staggered, suffers a reduction to its Strength and Dexterity scores, and does not gain its bonus hit points for being a construct. Furthermore, three standard features to a repair drone (fast healing, the ability to repair robots, and its net) are missing—see page 24 for the statistics for a fully functional repair drone.



Val Baine

Development: Once the robot is defeated, **Val Baine** (NG young female human expert 1) emerges from her hiding spot under a table in the storeroom—a little dusty for her ordeal but otherwise unharmed. If she’s a PC’s friend or foster sibling, she greets the PC with a thankful hug; otherwise, she’s still grateful for the timely intervention. When she learns that the PCs are going to be entering the caves below Black Hill, she’s overjoyed and offers them the tavern as a place to rest, recover, and use as a base of operations. She’s already stored bedrolls in the tavern—she apologizes to the

PCs for the lack of nicer accommodations but says she’ll provide them with all the food they need while they’re in town. She’d rather not give the PCs any of the tavern’s beer, ale, or spirits, but if some of those supplies go missing, she won’t make a big deal of it provided the PCs don’t get so drunk that they wreck the place!

Val has only just started her apprenticeship to Khonnir, and hasn’t yet mastered even the simplest of spells. If the PCs take a particular shine to her, feel free to have her grow more powerful as the adventure continues—she may become a cohort or even a replacement PC in time if the situation warrants it.

VISITING BLACK HILL

Although a trip up to the hill might seem like a good idea, and it’s certainly something that’s a bit too tempting for any group to avoid for too long, there’s unfortunately very little to learn atop it. No one opposes the PCs if they wish to make the trek up Black Hill to where the violet flames once burned. When they arrive, they find the place abandoned, with the road ending at a blackened hilltop pierced at the center by what appears to be a relatively small, five-foot-diameter sinkhole. It was from this hole that the violet fire once burned, but now, the hole has collapsed on itself, forming a funnel-shaped dent in the ground that’s just over 3 feet deep. The bottom half of the depression is filled with strange, rippling black fluid, the surface of which swirls with a prismatic sheen. Now and then, a bubble forms and bursts, giving vent to strangely incongruous scents like vanilla, burning wildflowers, crude oil, citrus, vinegar, and countless others. Some of the more adventurous (or foolhardy) visitors to town have harvested samples of the fluid for testing or even drinking—a common practice in Numeria, where the ingestion of these unusual fluids seeping from strange springs in the earth can have potent but not always beneficial effects. Any PC who wishes to sample this foul-tasting cocktail of technological seepage may do so—see the Numerian Fluids section on page 28 of *Numeria: Land of Fallen Stars* to determine the effects of such actions.

The shaft from the hill down to the buried reactor vent below has completely collapsed (and was originally less than 6 inches in diameter). If the reactor is restarted, the vent vaporizes the rubble when the fail-safe kicks in, but digging down to the reactor below should be a difficult, if not impossible task.

PART 2: BLACK HILL CAVES

The bulk of “Fires of Creation” takes place under Torch, first in a network of caverns connected to the Darklands, and then in the long-buried ruins of a habitat module that broke free from *Divinity* as the starship crashed over 9,000 years ago. It’s not expected that the PCs will make a single trip into the caves and ruins. Rather, it’s likely they’ll make multiple forays punctuated by visits back to Torch to rest, recover, resupply, and, in some cases, take on new encounters or opportunities in the town itself in order to delve deeper.

The actual entrance to the Black Hill Caves is via a 45-foot-long submerged waterway that connects the Weeping Pond of Torch to the first cavern (area A1). This underground stream is fairly placid, and navigating these waters requires only a successful DC 10 Swim check, although contact with the tainted water (see page 66 of the Torch gazetteer) can cause short-term nausea. Assuming the PCs have taken the time to speak to Torch’s council, they should be aware that local priest Joram Kyte is prepared to cast *water breathing* on any party that agrees to explore the caves and seek out the missing councilman. Joram is eager to cast the spell, but can do so only twice per day at most. Fortunately for the PCs, he uses his *lesser rod of extend metamagic* when casting *water breathing*, allowing him to split up the resulting 24 hours of the spell’s duration among several PCs while leaving them plenty of time to enter the caverns, explore, and then emerge safely before the spell’s duration expires.

BLACK HILL CAVES TIMELINE

Listed below is a brief timeline of recent visitors to the Black Hill Caves—dates listed indicate the number of days before the adventure begins.

Day –30: Skulks arrive in the Black Hill Caves and manage to force open the door to the habitat module, yet soon learn to fear the creatures that dwell within.

Day –12: Meyanda and her followers infiltrate the caves and contact the skulks. They secure a deal—in return for a large payment of silverdisks, the skulks will ensure that any further visitors to these caves are slain. Meyanda and her followers consider both entrances to the habitat module, but ultimately decide to take the northern one, bypassing the module and science deck entirely and sealing that route behind them.

Day –10: Meyanda contacts Garmen Ulreth and manages to secure his aid in providing a hiding place for

her power relay in a supposedly abandoned warehouse near Black Hill.

Day –8: Meyanda shuts down the fail-safe, extinguishing the torch atop Black Hill. Later that afternoon, Khonnir Baine discovers the tracks of Meyanda’s group and the entrance to the Black Hill Caves.

Day –7: First expedition. A group of halfling adventurers enter the Black Hill Caves, but they are killed in area A2 by giant vermin.

Day –6: Second expedition. A band of local thugs make it as far as area A7, only to be slaughtered by the skulks living there.

Day –5: Third expedition. Khonnir Baine and his group kill the skulks’ leader and rob the tribe of Meyanda’s payment; they then manage to force open the door at area A8, finding the deactivated repair drone just inside the door. Rather than push on, they return with the drone to report their findings.

Day –4: Fourth expedition. An out-of-town adventuring party devoted to the worship of Brigh takes up the town’s call and enters the caves. Still smarting from the previous day’s defeat, the skulks avoid this group and let them pass through their cave uncontested. The adventurers make it all the way to the science deck before they’re slain and transformed into vegepygmies.

Day –2: Fifth expedition. Khonnir Baine’s second team makes it to the habitat module without incident (the skulks, recognizing him, allow him to pass uncontested), only to meet disaster deeper in the ruins.

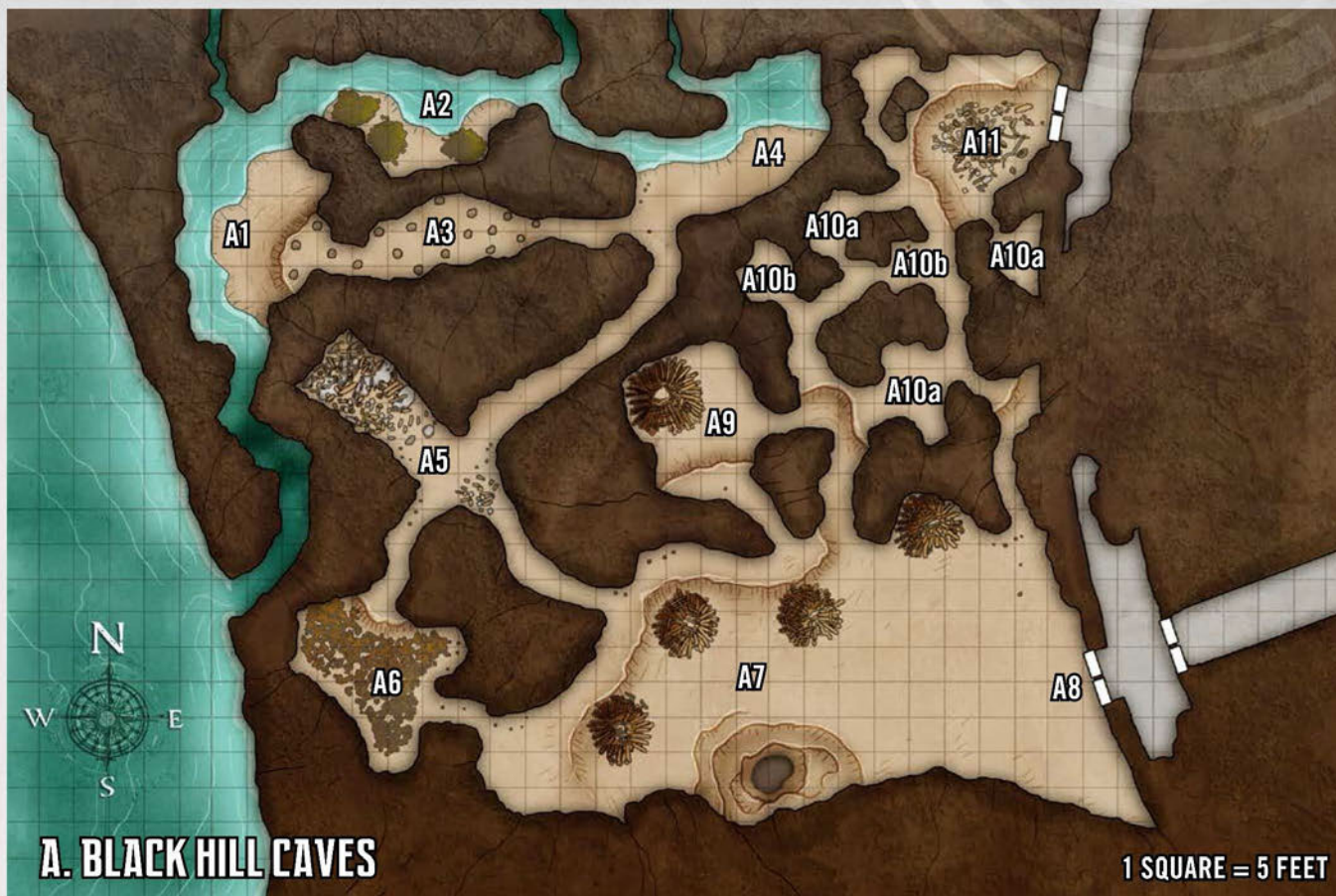
Day 0: The adventure begins.

A. BLACK HILL CAVES

The natural caverns below Black Hill are populated by creatures who clambered up into the caverns from the Darklands via the pit at area A7. The air in the caves is bitter and stinks of mold and vinegar, but it is breathable despite its unpleasant flavor—narrow vents and fissures provide enough air circulation to keep the atmosphere breathable, if disagreeable. The caves themselves are dark for the most part, but fortunately, characters who don’t have access to magic or to an object like an everburning torch find area A1 to be an unexpected exception to this lightlessness. The ceiling height within the cave system averages 7 feet in tunnels, rising to 10 feet in caverns unless otherwise noted.

A1. Entry Cavern (CR 1)

Dampness hangs in the air of this cave, condensing into heavy moisture on the slick, stone walls. The calm, dark waters wind around to the east up north, along a stony, soot-scarred beach. A five-foot-high ledge sporting several stalagmites rises to the east, beyond which a low-ceilinged cave beckons.



The water here averages only 2 feet deep, and maintains the same unhealthy taint found outside in the Weeping Lake. The foul-smelling air makes the eyes water in this cave, but despite this worrying effect, has no further impact on creatures. A small, submerged spring winds north from this cave (and also from areas A2 and A4), never emerging into air and soon cinching down to narrow fissures in the rock. Scorch marks on the shore are all that remain of patches of (harmless) mold that previous adventurers burned away.

A successful DC 20 Survival check reveals the tracks of several people who climbed up onto the ledge leading to area A3—this is sign the previous explorers of the caves. A successful DC 10 Climb check is needed to clamber up the 5-foot-high ledge, although the three stalagmites at the edge are all strong enough to support ropes to aid such an ascent.

Creatures: Of the many fire beetles that once dwelled in this cave, only three remain—the others having been slaughtered by previous explorers to the cave. With all the activity over the past several days, the beetles withdrew into cracks and crevices along the walls to avoid later visitors, but now hunger has driven them to emerge again. They ravenously attack anyone crossing the cavern floor. Note that their glowing glands provide illumination in

this cave to PCs unfortunate enough to arrive without their own light sources.

FIRE BEETLES (3)
CR 1/3
XP 135 each
hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 33*)

A2. First Expedition's Fate (CR 1)

A shallow creek runs through the middle of this cavern, while to the south a stony bank rises up from the water. Thick carpets of green and gray mold and fungus grow on the bank, particularly around a trio of three-foot-high, foul-smelling mounds.

The mounds of foul-smelling fungus and mold grow over the bodies of the first of the expeditions to brave the depths of Black Hill—a group of three ill-fated halflings who only made it this far before being attacked and killed by fire beetles. The beetles have since been killed, but the bodies here remain.

Creature: Much of the fungus growing on the bodies is natural, though slightly accelerated in growth due to the strange nutrients in the water here. Each mound has recently spawned a dangerous creature—a young slime mold. These

creatures are still quite young and lack adult slime molds' ability to engulf prey and inflict disease, but they're still eager to attack fresh food should it arrive in the cavern.

YOUNG SLIME MOLDS (3)

CR 1/3

XP 135 each

N Small ooze

Init +1; Senses Perception -5

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 Dex, +1 size)

hp 6 each (1d8+2)

Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -5

Immune ooze traits; Resist fire 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +1 (1d3)

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 12, Con 15, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1

Base Atk +0; CMB -1; CMD 10

SQ freeze

Treasure: The dead halflings have been looted already (by the less scrupulous second expedition), but a successful DC 20 Perception check reveals a single agate worth 55 gp hidden in the central body's vest.

A3. Stalagmite Forest

A collection of stalactites and stalagmites choke this low-ceilinged cavern, making it difficult to squeeze between them. Matching stalactites close in from the five-foot-high ceiling, giving the impression of a maw of needlelike teeth bearing down on one another. A dead half-orc sprawls on the ground near the cave's eastern entrance.

The second expedition into the caves made it as far as area A7, only to be overrun by the skulks there. One of their number, a female half-orc named Parda Garr, survived that initial attack thanks to her cowardice—she abandoned her fellow thugs and made it as far as this chamber before the pursuing skulks caught up to her and finished her off. After stripping her of anything valuable, the skulks left her body here for the rats and beetles to scavenge. With a successful DC 10 Knowledge (local) check, a character recalls that Parda was a popular brawler in town, and that she was one of those who traveled with several thugs into the caverns. Almost everyone called her a friend, and many felt that her falling in with the thugs was going to be her end—turns out, they were right. Returning her body for a proper burial ensures the gratitude of those who mourn her loss. A character who succeeds at a DC 12 Heal check made while examining the body confirms she was slain by multiple stab wounds from a short-bladed weapon like a dagger.

Story Award: If the PCs return Parda's body for proper burial, award them 200 XP. In addition, for 1 week after, the PCs gain a +2 circumstance bonus on Diplomacy checks made in town, as word of their good deed remains fresh in the locals' minds.

A4. Dark River Cave (CR 2)

A dark cavern opens up here, its twenty-foot-high ceiling thick with stalactites. A rocky shore overlooks a placid pool and stream, fed by a trickle of water leaking from a narrow fissure to the north. A small garden of toadstools and dark mold grows along the banks.

Creatures: A grotesque blindheim calls this wet cave home. Once a pet of the skulks living in the tunnels, the froglike creature fled to this cave not long after the skulks arrived. The creature still bears a brand on its flank as well as a tattered leather hood that hangs in strips from its head. The brand is a short phrase in Undercommon that reads "Pet," but gives no other indication to its previous ownership. The blindheim's time among the skulks was filled with abuse, and as a result, it is aggressive and ill-tempered. It attacks anyone who enters this cave, and at your discretion, it may come to investigate loud noises in areas A2 or A3 as well.

BLINDHEIM

CR 2

XP 600

hp 22 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 46)

Treasure: Even a cursory search of the pool reveals a man's body, mostly eaten. Little remains to identify the body as that of one of the thugs from the second expedition, for the blindheim has eaten most of it and has ruined its armor and clothing in the process. A belt pouch on the body's hip is still intact and contains 42 gp, a silver unholy symbol of Zyphus worth 25 gp, and two water-tight *potions of cure light wounds*.

A5. Skulk Watch Post (CR 1)

A collection of crates, boxes, rubble, and scavenged metal lies heaped in the northwest section of this damp cave. Several strange chalk drawings of twisted, spiny plants, a strange three-legged creature, and emaciated four-armed humanoids mark the walls.

The chalk drawings on the far wall are depictions of things the skulks have seen in their forays into the habitat module to the east—the three-legged creature can be recognized as a repair drone if the PCs fought the robot in the Foundry already, while the four-armed humanoids are, in fact, depictions of skeletal kasathas⁸⁴. These creatures are relatively unknown on Golarion at this point, and a character

who succeeds at a DC 20 Knowledge (local) check realizes that they're some unknown, and perhaps undiscovered, race.

Creature: A single timid skulk named Luepel lurks amid the trash heaped to the southeast that partially blocks the sloping passage leading up to area A7. As soon as she spots intruders, she quickly moves to area A7 to alert her fellows, Brath and Yadriss, there—if the PCs can detect her and stop her quickly and quietly, they can maintain the element of surprise in their encounter with the skulk tribe, but this adventure assumes they do not do so.

LUEPEL **CR 1**

XP 400

Female skulk

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 248)

Treasure: Among the rubble and refuse here are several ruined bits of technological devices—nothing recognizable or even all that useful can be found here, but the presence of strange tangles of wires and unusually crafted fragments should confirm the hope that more ancient technology can be found deeper in the caves. A character who succeeds at a DC 20 Perception check while searching the rubble discovers a scattering of 7 silver disks but nothing else of value.

A6. Mold-Ridden Tunnel (CR 2)

The temperature drops noticeably in this passageway, and a rime of white frost lines the walls and floor leading into the cavern beyond. What seems to be a light layer of brown dust carpets the cave floor beyond—a body of some sort sits slumped against the eastern wall.

The passage from area A5 ends at a 10-foot-high ledge that drops down into this cavern—a successful DC 10 Climb check is needed to scramble down.

The body slumped on the wall is a member of Khonnir's team: a human rogue named Gerrol Sonder. When Khonnir's expedition ran into trouble deeper in the complex on their second foray, Gerrol managed to escape and attempted to sneak back out of the caves to get help—but he didn't make it far. A combination of infestation by mutated russet mold and an attack by vengeful skulks forced him to retreat into this cave, where the brown mold rendered him unconscious. The skulks left him here rather than risk exposing themselves further to the strange growth on his flesh—but the cold temperature caused by the brown mold (see below) has significantly slowed the russet mold's growth through his body. Gerrol's body is pale from the cold but not frozen—he perished from the russet mold infection in his flesh. With a successful DC 12 Perception check, a character notes strange ribbons and filaments of rust-colored fibers growing along his

spine, throat, and chest. A character who succeeds at a DC 16 Knowledge (dungeoneering) check recognizes the infestation as russet mold.

Hazard: A PCs who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (dungeoneering) or DC 15 Survival check recognizes the “dust” on the floor of this cave for the hazard it truly is—a large patch of brown mold. The skulks, of course, recognized the stuff when they first arrived in the caves and threw some torches in to feed the mold, causing it to grow to its current size and creating a relatively dangerous barrier against this entrance to their cavern. Note that while the mold itself cannot kill a character, being rendered unconscious by nonlethal cold damage still eventually results in death from thirst or starvation. If the entire party falls victim to this trap, the skulks soon fish them out of the room with hooks on ropes, dragging the PCs into area A7, tying them up, and then waiting for them to awaken before they attempt to interrogate them.

BROWN MOLD **CR 2**

XP 600

Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook 416

Treasure: Gerrol's body still wears a masterwork chain shirt, but he lost several of his other pieces of equipment in his frantic attempt to reach safety. He still carries a set of masterwork thieves' tools, a masterwork hand crossbow with 5 bolts, several empty vials that once contained potions and antitoxin, and 75 gp.

Development: Any PC who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (local) check recognizes Gerrol and remembers the popular rogue recently asked a weaponsmith's daughter named Emelia Otterbie to marry him. Emelia would undoubtedly want to know of Gerrol's fate. If the PCs return with his body, his betrothed is grateful for being provided closure. Unfortunately, once Gerrol's body is removed from the brown mold, the mutated russet mold spores in his body begin to grow again, and 24 hours later, a pair of vegepygmies bursts from his body. Whether the PCs are present at this time or hear of the shocking event later and are hired to track down the vegepygmy is up to you.

Story Award: If the PCs return Gerrol's body to Emelia, award them 200 XP. Grateful, Emelia sees that her father crafts a new masterwork weapon for each PC. These gifts take time to create, however, but since they're handcrafted, the PCs each get to pick their weapons according to their tastes.

If the PCs recognize the russet mold and take steps to prevent it from maturing and spawning a vegepygmy, award them an additional 200 XP. Soaking the body in alcohol, rubbing the infected areas with acid, or casting *remove disease* on the body all work to cleanse it of the infestation. Normally, russet mold is immune to fire, but this patch isn't fully mature, so if the body is cremated,

GLAUCITE

When the phrase “Numerian Steel” is used, the speaker is usually, knowingly or not, referring to an iron/adamantine alloy called glaucite. This dark gray metal is the material of choice for hulls and starship superstructures, and is what constitutes the walls, floors, and ceilings of the strange ruins found throughout Numeria. Without more advanced technology, glaucite is extremely difficult to work with. Because the metal isn’t much better than steel for forging weapons or armor, and the process of extracting the adamantine from it is so expensive and time consuming that the resulting adamantine isn’t worth the effort, Numerian scavengers have, by and large, left the walls and floors of the structures buried in the region untouched. It’s simply easier to scavenge smaller objects or work with normal iron or steel in the long run.

Glaucite has 30 hit points per inch of thickness (the same as steel) and hardness 15. It is half again as heavy as steel, and the difficulty of working with the material triples the object’s total cost to create. As a result, glaucite armor and weapons are generally commissioned only by eccentrics and collectors and rarely see use in the field, given that steel weapons and armor work just as well and are less encumbering.

the infestation is halted as well—but convincing Emelia to burn her lover’s body rather than give it a proper burial requires a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check.

A7. Skulk Lair (CR 4)

The ceiling of this vast chamber rises nearly thirty feet overhead. A five-foot-wide ledge runs along the western wall, sloping down to the cave floor ten feet below. Four ramshackle huts made of what appear to be strips of metal, hides, and some sort of fibrous plant matter sit in the cave, while to the south yawns a dark pit.

This cavern is dark, but if the PCs possess a source of illumination or can see far enough, they can spot the strange metal wall at the far end of the cave—see area A8 for its details. Scrambling down the ledge along the west side of the cave requires a successful DC 10 Climb check.

The pit to the south drops away in a series of descending shelves, each dipping 5 feet lower until a central shaft is reached. A soft, cold breeze rises from this shaft, which has no visible floor—attempts to measure its depth with dropped torches or the like reveal it to be stupendously deep. In fact, the shaft drops away into the upper layer of the Darklands, Nar-Voth—a total descent of 300 feet to a warren of caverns and tunnels that wind ever deeper

underground. The walls of the shaft are pitted and cracked, so scaling them requires a successful DC 15 Climb check. The skulks (and their pet blindheim) navigated this shaft via *levitate* spells cast by their now-dead leader, and without a way to descend into the safety of the Darklands, they are effectively stranded here.

Each of the huts is built out of materials scavenged from this cave and the outskirts of the habitat module—it’s in here that the skulks sleep.

Creatures: Originally, the tribe of skulks who emigrated here from the Darklands numbered a dozen in all and were led by a 6th-level sorcerer whom the tribe both feared and adored. They clashed now and then with the gremlins they found dwelling in the cave, forcing the pests north, but a few weeks after the skulks’ arrival, the second of Torch’s expeditions reached the cavern. The resulting conflict between the thugs and skulks saw that expedition’s swift defeat, but when the skulks confronted the third expedition (Khonnir’s first), the skulks’ leader was slain and the survivors retreated. They hid from the next two expeditions entirely, but by the time the PCs arrive, their curiosity and frustrated desire for revenge finally overcomes their timidity in the wake of previous defeats.

Only four skulks remain in the band, including Sef, their current leader. One of the skulks, a woman named Luepel, stands guard to the west in area A5, but she flees to this room to alert Sef and the others as soon as she sights the PCs. Sef remains in area A9 for the moment, but the other three skulks (including Luepel) hide in this chamber and wait for the PCs to arrive.

As soon as the PCs are visible, Luepel steps out of hiding and addresses them—the other two skulks move into flanking positions but do not immediately attack. Luepel gives the PCs an offer: half of their number will accompany her to speak to her chieftain to arrange an accord. If the PCs agree, Luepel allows them to pick which of them follow her to area A9, while the others are expected to remain here. If the PCs attack or if the PCs who stay here get up to shenanigans, the skulks who stay behind (named Brath and Yadriss) immediately attack and raise the alarm. If combat breaks out here, Sef sneaks in to aid the fight from area A9 as well. Once combat begins, the skulks, who are at their wits’ end, fight to the death.

BRATH AND YADRISS

CR 1

XP 400 each

Skulk

hp 16 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 248)

A8. The Metal Wall

A smooth wall of dark gray metal bisects the cavern here, its expanse pitted and scorched but quite solid looking. A strange,

circular opening pierces the wall five feet off the ground, allowing access to some sort of hallway on the other side.

This wall is the outer hull of one of *Divinity's* numerous habitat modules—huge, circular, biodome-like constructions built to house alien habitats. The wall is made of an adamantine alloy called glaucite (see the sidebar). The circular opening was once a hatch that connected to the rest of the ship. It opened for the first time since the crash only recently, after Khonnir's group breached it during their first foray into the caves. Characters who clamber through this doorway find themselves in area **B1** of the habitat dome.

A9. Junkyard Cave (CR 3)

This cramped cave is filled with metal junk covering almost every inch of ground. The precarious pile rises up in a heaplike hut to the northwest.

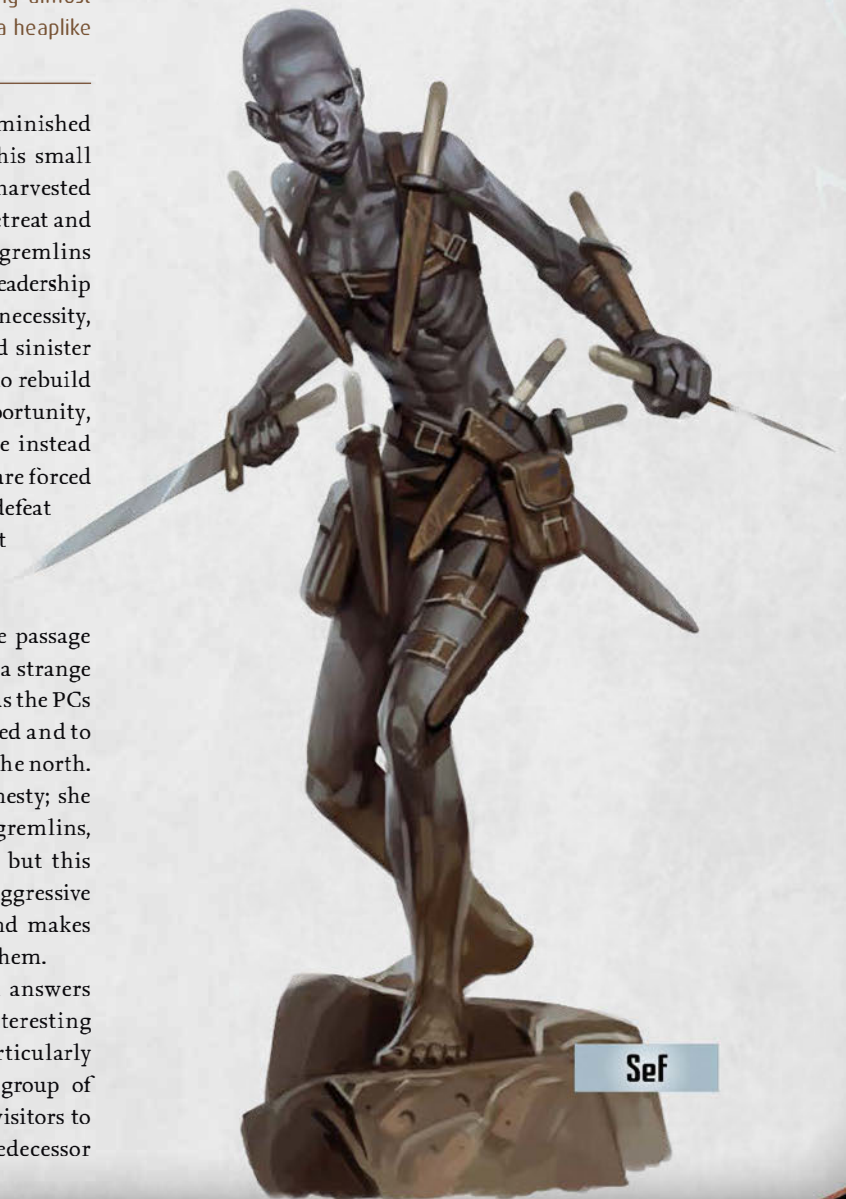
Creature: The current leader of the much-diminished skulk tribe dwells here. Sef initially set aside this small cavern as a place for sorting and discarding junk harvested from the habitat module, but uses it now as her retreat and lair, where she is on constant guard against the gremlins who keep pilfering trinkets and bits of junk. Sef's leadership over the few remaining skulks has, out of necessity, drifted away from their kind's typical cruelty and sinister motives—though still evil, she would rather live to rebuild her tribe than go down fighting. Given the opportunity, she speaks to the PCs about a temporary alliance instead of fighting them. Even if she or her fellow skulks are forced to fight, they don't kill the PCs if they happen to defeat them but rather seek to capture them alive so that they can use them for their plot.

Assuming the PCs agree to meet with Sef, she gives them a proposition—she'll allow them free passage through her caves and even promises a reward of a strange device she's recovered from the wreckage, so long as the PCs agree to two things—to leave the skulks unharmed and to clear out the annoying nest of jinkin gremlins to the north. Desperation has given Sef a strange sense of honesty; she won't betray the PCs if they manage to defeat the gremlins, and she makes good on her offer of a reward, but this attitude is not entirely stable. If the PCs adopt an aggressive stance with her, she quickly grows frustrated and makes plans to betray the PCs, rob them blind, and kill them.

If the PCs can reach an agreement, Sef even answers some questions. She can reveal some interesting information about recent visitors to the caves, particularly the detail that a purple-haired woman and a group of humans, orcs, and ratfolk were, in fact, the first visitors to the caves, and that the woman met with Sef's predecessor

and arranged a significant payment in return for an agreement—the skulks would attack and kill any and all others who passed through the caves. The purple-haired woman and her followers then went north through the gremlin caves (temporarily scattering the gremlins) and have not returned. She can relate further information as detailed in the timeline on page 14 as you see fit.

Sef and the skulks have spent some time scavenging rubble from beyond the closer hatch into the habitat module. She can sketch out the first few chambers (areas **B1** through **B5**) for them and can describe the strange desert that lies beyond this area, but neither she nor any of the surviving skulks have gone far into that region—she claims the place is haunted by four-armed skeletons, which have inspired a healthy fear in the skulks.



Sef

SEF

CR 3

XP 800

Female skulk rogue 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 248)

CE Medium humanoid (skulk)

Init +8; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 10 (+4 Dex)

hp 32 (5 HD; 3d8+2d8+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +10, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk short sword +8 (1d6/19–20)

Ranged dagger +7 (1d4/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat Sef keeps hidden during combat for as long as she can and makes ranged sneak attacks. She does so by hurling flasks of alchemist's fire and thrown daggers before using her fast stealth rogue talent to move deeper into the shadows to hide again. If cornered, she lashes out with her short sword until she can break free and run, but always returns after eluding (or fooling) pursuit, waging guerrilla attacks to wear down her opposition.

Morale Sef surrenders if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, begging for mercy. She gives up all the information and treasures she has in return for the chance to slink away—whether or not she harbors a grudge and returns later to get revenge on the PCs is left to you to decide.

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 18, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 17

Feats Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +8, Disable Device +12, Knowledge (engineering) +4, Knowledge (local) +6, Perception +9, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +23, Survival +6

Languages Common, Undercommon

SQ camouflaged step, chameleon skin, rogue talents (fast stealth), trapfinding +1

Combat Gear alchemist's fire (2), liquid ice^{UE}, smokesticks (3);

Other Gear daggers (10), mwk short sword, 35 gp, 18 sp

Treasure: If the PCs agree to wipe out the gremlins for Sef, she honors her promise to give them the treasures she mentioned—a pouch containing 49 silverdisks and five strange cards made of a flexible, smooth material. These five cards each bear a brown stripe. Sef recently looted from the rubble just inside the habitat module. She confesses that she doesn't know what they are, but the purple-haired lady asked them for any such cards when she first passed through. At the time, the skulks had none, but the fact that she was looking for some is enough to convince Sef that the cards have value. In fact, the five brown cards are access

cards, and can be used to open some of the locked doors deeper in the ruins; in such cases, the minimum access ranking required to open a door is listed in parentheses (see Chapter 2 of the *Technology Guide* for more information on access cards).

In addition to this treasure, Sef also keeps the bulk of the gear stolen from the second expedition here. This consists of three suits of studded leather armor, a masterwork buckler, a short bow with 11 arrows, a rapier, two short swords, a masterwork sap, two *potions of cure moderate wounds*, a sunrod, two sets of masterwork thieves' tools, a *scroll of shield*, a *scroll of identify*, and 143 gp.

Story Award: If the PCs reach an accord with Sef, award them XP as if they'd defeated the skulk in combat.

A10. Gremlin Caves (CR 1 for each room)

Creatures: These narrow tunnels and nondescript caves have little headroom, with ceilings reaching a height of only 5 feet, forcing most Medium creatures to stoop slightly in order to navigate them. These tunnels are infested with gremlins—a small band of jinkins who come and go via *dimension door* between the town of Torch above and the Darklands below. The jinkins have learned to avoid the interior of the ship itself. As tempting as its contents are, the gremlins know that the creatures that dwell within are too dangerous and confrontations with them too risky.

There are several larger caves in this network, each labeled either area **A10a** or **A10b**. The three areas labeled **A10a** are trapped, while the three labeled **A10b** are each currently occupied by one jinkin. The majority of the gremlins in this group are out in the town of Torch above or in the Darklands below, coming and going via *dimension door* every few hours, so that on return trips through these caves, the PCs can encounter more of the pests. Note that slaying their leader, Jazvit (see area **A11**), is enough to send the entire tribe a message to stay away for a few months at the very least.

When Meyanda and her followers passed through here, the gremlins used *dimension door* to escape rather than face such a large group, but they feel no such need to avoid smaller groups, such as the PCs. They prefer to attack from hiding, making a single sneak attack if possible before fleeing.

JINKIN GREMLINS (3)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 6 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 142)

Trap: The three trapped caves (areas **A10a**) each contain a cleverly counterweighted spike of jagged metal connected to tripwires strung low across the entrances to these caves. Anyone who enters a trapped cave has a 50% chance of triggering the tripwire—once a trap is triggered, the other tripwires into the cave cease functioning until the trap is reset.

SPRING-LOADED SPIKE TRAP

CR 1

XP 400

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 16; **Disable Device** DC 16

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** manual

Effect Atk +10 melee (1d6+4)

A11. Jazvit's Lair (CR 2)

Several different passageways converge on a narrow ledge overlooking a rubble-filled cavern. The far wall is made of a smooth, dark gray metal. A single circular door, tightly closed, sits on the metal wall just above the upper level of the rubble.

The metal wall is identical to the one at area A8; the door is closed and has been locked in place from the far side. In order to get through the door from this side, it must be destroyed—a task that is likely beyond the capabilities of low-level PCs (hardness 20, hp 720, break DC 45).

Creatures: Jazvit, the self-appointed ruler of the gremlin nest, watches over this crowded chamber, diligently sharpening a long shard of metal to ready it for another trap. Jazvit is content with his lot in life, and isn't afraid to flee if confronted with a large number of foes (as he did when Meyanda arrived many days ago). He's unlikely to flee from a smaller group like the PCs unless brought below 4 hit points. If slain or forced to flee, the remaining gremlins in the area panic and flee as well. They do not return for at least several months.

JAZVIT

CR 2

XP 600

Male advanced jinkin (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 142, 292)

hp 8

TORCH EVENTS

This adventure assumes the PCs don't just make a single foray into the caves and ruins below Black Hill, but rather that they make multiple trips punctuated by returns to Torch to rest, recover, and resupply. When they do so, you should take the time to let the PCs interact with locals in town—let them get to know the people they're working

to save. Furthermore, certain specific events should take place in town during the adventure between trips into the ruins below Black Hill. These Torch Events should occur in numerical order, but need not occur at any specific times. You can have multiple events occur between trips, or none at all, depending on the pace at which the PCs are exploring the ruins.

TORCH EVENT 1: INVITATIONS TO SILVERDISK HALL

At some point during this adventure, preferably after the PCs have made at least one foray into the Black Hill Caves but before they progress too far into the Habitat Module itself (and certainly well before they find the link between the Ropefists and the Scrapwall fanatics), a nervous-looking courier delivers a message to the PCs: an invitation to come visit Torch's "illustrious tavern and card room," Silverdisk Hall. The invitation is from the hall's owner, Garmen Ulreth, and includes certificates for each PC worth 100 gp for use in gambling and entertainment at his establishment, redeemable anytime during the next week.

A character who succeeds at a DC 10 Knowledge (local) check recognizes that Garmen Ulreth is one of the more influential people in Torch—an impressive quality, given the fact that he's neither a councilor nor a legitimate merchant. Indeed, Garmen's considerable pull in town stems from the fact that a number of Torch's citizens owe him money in either small or large amounts. If the result of the Knowledge (local) check is 20 or above, the character also recalls that Garmen is associated with what passes for Torch's thieves' guild—a gang of thugs and roughs called the Ropefists—and that the owner of Silverdisk Hall may even be the gang's leader. He certainly employs enough of the Ropefists as bouncers and guards at his gaming hall.

If the PCs accept the invitation, Garmen greets them himself—he's a garrulous man with a full beard and sparkling eyes, and he's a bit on the lecherous side. He doesn't spend much time with the PCs other than to wish them luck, both in the caves below Black Hill and here in Silverdisk Hall, before excusing himself to take care of some urgent business. Upon leaving, he simply retires to a back room where he can observe the PCs through several well-hidden peepholes in the walls.



Garmen Ulreth

The games at Silverdisk Hall are, of course, rigged so that the house usually wins. Feel free to let the PCs spend as much time as they want here, but if their winnings exceed 500 gp, they're graciously asked to leave the establishment with a vaguely threatening, "How's about you leave some luck to the regulars?" delivered by a burly, impatient-looking bouncer. Rules for gambling and games of chance appear on pages 240–241 of the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide*—the hall features a healthy assortment of card and dice games for the PCs to lose their 100 gp of complimentary coins at.

The PCs are unlikely to come to blows with Garmen this early in the adventure—if they do, he simply ejects them from his hall with the aid of several bouncers (CN human fighters 2), then makes plans later to deal with them. In any event, the PCs are destined to confront Garmen later in the adventure, likely at some point during Part 5—see page 43 for more details, including Garmen's stat block.

Story Award: If the players roleplay well during this encounter, award the PCs 200 XP—you can increase this reward to 400 XP if the PCs are particularly lucky when gambling, or even reduce it to 0 if they avoid the trip to Silverdisk Hall entirely or attack Garmen without provocation.

PART 3: THE BURIED WORLD

As the starship *Divinity* proceeded on its mission to bring culture and technology to primitive planets, the crew stocked and populated several specialized habitat modules with representatives chosen from those planets' populations. These habitat modules varied in size, with the smallest measuring only a few hundred feet across, but all followed the same basic design: a glaucite dome atop a shallow, bowl-shaped closed environment resting upon a harvested asteroid. Within that bowl, the crew engineered terrain appropriate for the inhabitants-to-be, and used a series of holograms along the inner surface of the hemisphere to project a day/night cycle appropriate to the occupants' homeworld. All environmental concerns—temperature, wildlife, weather, and even seasonal variations—were controlled by the crew. In most cases, the occupants of these habitat domes never even realized they had been taken from their homeworlds—only that they'd awoken with others of their kind in small, strangely self-contained regions of their world. The crew of *Divinity* would then watch as their chosen subjects came to terms with these changes, studying the captives' societies and ecologies from cleverly hidden observation posts built into the asteroid surrounding the habitat. Each of these modules was attached to *Divinity* via a small ship of its own that constituted a science deck (where dedicated crew could perform experiments and examinations of their module's occupants), a docking deck (that allowed the habitat and ship to attach to one of several anchors on *Divinity* itself), a crew deck (where the module's crew lived), and an

engineering deck (where the module's engines, workshops, and navigation were located). Before the Rain of Stars and *Divinity's* crash, these numerous habitat modules were capable of atmospheric flight as well as spaceflight. When *Divinity* crashed, several of these modules were either jettisoned or simply torn away, crashing across Numeria. Most were destroyed, but a few managed to survive their crash landings—the module that now lies buried beneath Torch is one such survivor, although it lost its docking and crew decks in the crash.

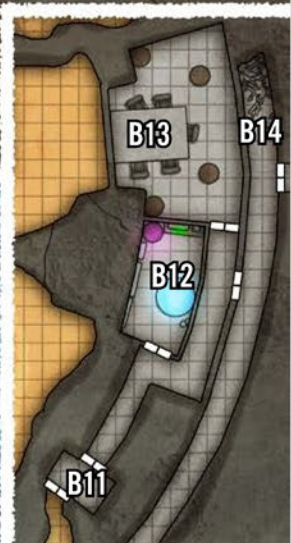
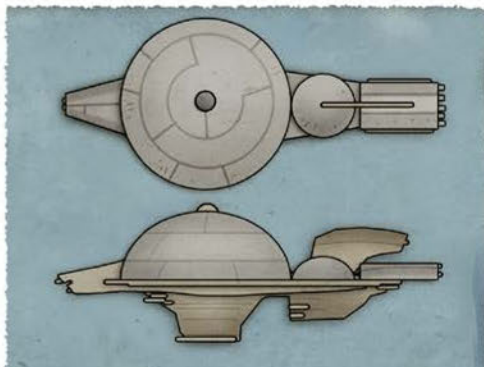
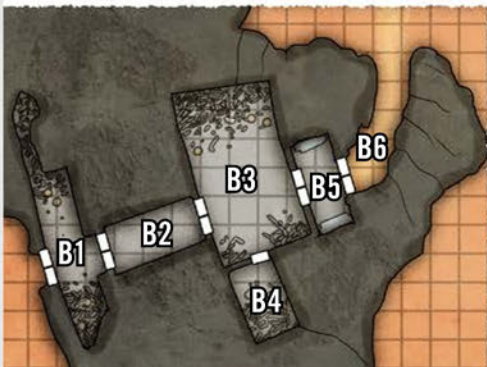
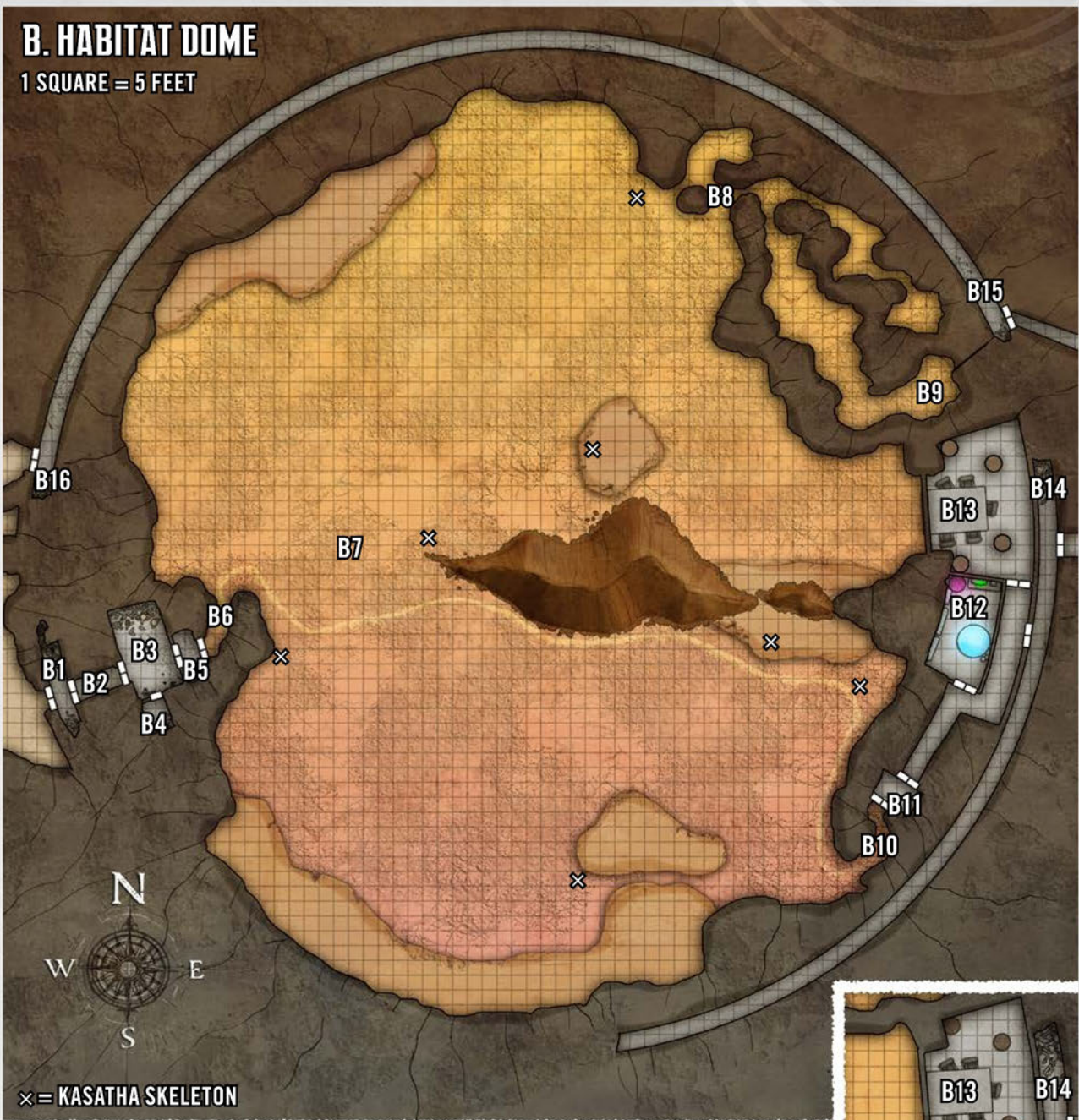
This particular habitat module was one of the last *Divinity* added to its collection before its fateful confrontation with the Dominion of the Black. The module's inhabitants were harvested from an arid world circling a red star. There, *Divinity's* crew found a significant tribal society that hadn't quite progressed to working metal yet—a species of four-armed humanoids known as kasathas. As with dozens of other worlds, the crew introduced the kasathas to all manner of wonders, and took a small number of them aboard as ambassadors—the descendants of these kasathas who survived the crash exist in small pockets today with no real knowledge of their actual homeworld.

The kasathas in this habitat module were even more in the dark, for the crew harvested them from a remote valley and placed them within their artificial environment for observation without revealing the truth. Observing how these kasathas adjusted to waking in a new place that was still familiar in some ways was a fairly standard practice aboard the *Divinity*, yet the dedicated crew kept the details of this experiment relatively quiet from the rest of the ship, both to ensure as little outside influence to their "terrarium" as possible and because other factions aboard the ship had already voiced their discontent over such manipulative and underhanded experimentation.

By the time of the Rain of Stars, the kasathas within this module harbored suspicions that something strange was going on, but they had no idea of the truth. To them, the crash was the end of the world—the ground shook, the sky went dark, and nearly half their number perished from falling rubble, yet the module was well-engineered and it withstood the crash relatively intact. This would not save the kasathas, though, for their keepers had perished—and with no way to escape, they were doomed. The failure of the sky itself, revealing an enclosed dome of metal, showed the kasathas the truth, and the tribe's leader, a kasatha named Hetuath, broke tribal taboos and forced his way into a sacred cave that led, to his shock, to the module's observation chambers and the science labs beyond. He scavenged for food, taking back bio-cultures, chemical supplies, and anything else he deemed edible to help his tribe sustain itself. This proved to be the kasathas' undoing, however, as the consumables reacted negatively with their alien physiology, creating a necro-toxin that ravaged the entire

B. HABITAT DOME

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



DECK FEATURES

The observation chambers, science deck, and engineering deck all share similar features.

Floors/Walls/Ceilings: Internal walls are generally composed of two, 1-inch-thick glaucite panels separated by 10 inches of support beams (hardness 15, hp 180, break DC 40), whereas external hull walls are a solid 2 feet thick (hardness 15, hp 720, break DC 100).

Doors: Doors consist of a 1-inch-thick sheet of glaucite (hardness 15, hp 30, break DC 28). When powered, a door slides swiftly up into the ceiling when a gray panel situated on the wall nearby is touched—opening a door in this way is a swift action. A door can be locked or unlocked by pressing an access card of any color to this gray panel (note that some doors can only be locked or unlocked by specific colors—these are mentioned in the text as appropriate). Once a door is locked, or if a door is unpowered, it can be forced open or closed with a successful DC 25 Strength check. Disable Device can be used to unlock a locked door, but attempts to do so take a –4 penalty unless the user has the Technologist feat (*Iron Gods Player's Guide*) or uses an e-pick¹⁶, since typical thieves' tools are of limited use against electronic locks. A successful DC 20 Disable Device check is needed to pick a brown lock, DC 25 to pick a black lock, and DC 30 to pick a white lock (these are the only three lock categories in the ruins). A door closes automatically at the end of any round in which it is opened unless it has no power or it's locked in an open position with a tap of an access card on its panel.

Illumination: Unless otherwise noted, most of these chambers are well-lit by bright lighting set into panels high on the walls or ceiling of each room.

tribe. As he watched what he believed to be the last of his people dying as a result of his attempt to save them, Hetuath gave in to despair and cursed both fate and the gods.

To his continued poor luck, one such god heard. Zyphus, who had been quite pleased with the devastation caused by *Divinity's* crash, took notice of Hetuath's blasphemies against the gods, and granted him and his tribe a doubtful boon—he animated them as undead. Most of the kasathas rose as mindless zombies or skeletons, but Zyphus allowed Hetuath to retain just enough of his memories to know that he was responsible for this fate. Today, the undead kasathas exist still, mindlessly going about pointless activities while Hetuath broods as their eternal lord.

B. HABITAT DOME

The interior of the bio-module's alien habitat still incorporates certain elements of the simulated environment that was meant to mimic the kasatha homeworld—a planet dominated by vast deserts and rugged mountains. The

passage of time combined with intermittent spurts of power that triggered the habitat's environmental controls has resulted in the habitat settling back to something akin to a desert valley surrounded by high bluffs, but the "sky" above remains a dark gray sphere of featureless metal that rises to a maximum height of 100 feet above the sands below. The interior is unlit and rather cold, but canny PCs may determine a method of "awakening" the habitat's environment—doing so is the one sure way of appeasing the restless spirits of the dead kasathas and allowing them to move on to their afterlives after being so long in limbo as undead.

The chambers on the edges of the actual habitat (areas **B1–B5** and **B11–B16**) have the same general features as the rest of the ship's decks—see the Deck Features sidebar for more details.

B1. Rubble-Choked Hall

The walls, floor and ceiling of this slightly curved hallway are made of smooth dark gray metal. Panels of lighter material run along the ceiling eight feet above. To the north and south the tunnel is blocked by walls of metal junk and rubble, while open doorways yawn to the east and west.

This tunnel and a few rooms beyond are the source of most of the junk scavenged by the skulks. Further, it was just inside this hall that Khonnir recovered the repair drone he brought back to the Foundry. The hall and areas **B2–B5** beyond are all unlit, but if the PCs restore power to the module in area **B12**, the lighter-colored panels on the ceiling light up, filling these rooms with bright light.

B2. Guardian on Standby (CR 2)

Creature: This short hallway looks similar to area **B1**, but is currently occupied by a recently reactivated repair drone similar to the one Khonnir recovered a few days ago. The robot is currently (and slowly) absorbing runoff power from the energy being broadcast from the reactor, and in a few more weeks, it stores enough power to begin its hopeless task of repairing the damage to these rooms. For now, it remains in standby mode—alert but silent. It remains motionless unless it is molested or it perceives anyone attempting to damage the ship. Note that the robot interprets the mere act of searching through rubble as an attempt to damage the ship, and should it notice such an act being performed in area **B1**, **B3**, or **B4**, its wrath is swiftly aroused.

REPAIR DRONE

CR 2

XP 600

Variant clockwork servant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 56)

N Medium construct (robot)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 31 (2d10+20); fast healing 2

Fort +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** +0

Immune construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to critical hits, vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +6 (1d4+6)

Ranged net +4 (entangle)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats Skill Focus (Knowledge [engineering])

Skills Disable Device +6, Knowledge (engineering) +8, Perception +4

Languages Androffan

SQ repair robot

Gear polymer mesh nets (5)

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Net (Ex) A repair drone's net is constructed from polymer mesh—this functions as a normal net, save that it has 10 hit points and can be burst with a successful DC 27 Strength check. A polymer mesh net is worth 50 gp.

Repair Robot (Ex) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a repair drone can repair damage dealt to either itself or an adjacent robot, healing the target of 1d10 points of damage.

B3. Wildlife Staging Room

The northern wall of this otherwise empty metal room is a tangle of what look to have once been strange cages of some sort. Tangled amid the metal ribs of these cages are ribs of a more organic nature—the ancient bones of some sort of alien creature. Smaller mounds of rubble lie against the opposite wall.

This room was once used by *Divinity's* crew as a staging area for stocking wildlife into the habitat for the captive kasathas to hunt. When the module crashed, the creatures in the cages perished, and all that remains in them are the bones of several six-legged creatures from the kasatha homeworld: pilos (see page 82). The bones are ancient and crumble to dust if touched.

Note that unlike the other doors in the immediate area, the one leading to area **B4** is closed and must be forced open unless power is restored to the area.

Treasure: If a character succeeds at a DC 20 Perception check while searching the rubble to the south near the door to area **B4**, she uncovers a few treasures the previous expeditions missed: a set of grippers^{TG}, a black e-pick^{TG}, and two batteries^{TG}.

B4. Collapsed Chamber

The far wall of this chamber is a twisted mass of metal and rubble.

This small room once led to a large number of kennels deeper below this level, wherein wild animals for stocking the habitat were kept. At your discretion, clearing the rubble here could lead to another region for the PCs to explore, but the contents of what might still exist in these chambers below are beyond the scope of this adventure.

B5. Functional Biolock

Two strange machines sit to the north and south against the walls here, their faces appear similar to coils of metal tubes with several nozzle-like protrusions pointing into the room itself.

This chamber once served as a sort of airlock between the alien habitat and the ship's decks—quick sterilization procedures here ensured that no contaminants were introduced into the habitat when wildlife or visitors entered the area beyond, but these machines are not functional until the power is restored.

Development: If full power is restored to the habitat (see area **B12**), the sterilizers on the wall hum back to life. A single glowing panel on either wall next to either door can be used to activate them, but only if both doors are closed. One round after the sterilizers are activated, they spin and hum and spray the room with a mixture of nanites and chemicals that affects all creatures in area **B5** with a *remove disease* effect (CL 10th). Unfortunately, because of long centuries of neglect, the sterilizers can function in this manner only once per day—but these represent a handy way for PCs who've become infected by the mutant russet mold or other disease effects to swiftly cure their ailments.

B6. Taboo Cavern (CR 2)

A gray metal door sits in one wall of this short stone tunnel that curves north before opening into a vast sand-filled cavern.

A set of hologram projectors built into the door to area **B5** once projected an image of a stone wall here, hiding the door from casual observation. Even if power is restored, though, these projectors are no longer functional. The kasathas treated this cavern as taboo and avoided it.

Creature: While most of the wildlife transplanted from the kasatha homeworld perished long ago, one particularly resilient species has survived—an arthropod aberration called a ghelarn. Capable of dropping into a torpid hibernation in lean times, a ghelarn can survive for thousands of years in a near stasis-like state. Those in the habitat dome have recently been wakening as expeditions move through the sands—and

when they wake, they are hungry. One of these tentacled aberrations has scrambled into this cavern, and is eager to feed on the next creature that approaches. The monster is put off by the smooth textures of the chambers to the southwest of this cave, but while it currently only waits for intruders to enter this cave to attack, it won't hesitate to pursue possible food throughout the ruins.

GHELARN

CR 2

XP 600

hp 22 (see page 86)

B7. Alien Habitat (CR 1/2 to 4)

At first glance, this cold cavern presents a strange and disconcerting vista—that of a desert valley under a starless, night sky. A stretch of sand covers the ground, a vista broken here and there by bits of strange, spiky shells or contorted, dead fronds that look like branches.

Before the crash, the sands of this habitat were shaped into dunes by artificially created weather and the skies above followed a day/night sequence identical to that found on the kasatha homeworld. For the past several thousand years, however, this chamber has been more a tomb than anything else. If the PCs can see far enough, they observe that the ceiling is a featureless sheet of dark gray glaucite arching above at a height of 50 to 100 feet. The cliffs that line the walls are treacherous—a successful DC 25 Climb check is needed to scale them, and there's little up above to discover after such a dangerous climb. On average, the cliffs rise about 50 feet before ending at the domed glaucite roof.

Two previous expeditions made it this far—the fourth and fifth ones. Both managed to navigate the desert to reach the chambers at the far end of the habitat without confronting many of the habitat's current denizens, but since their passage, the occupants have become much more active. The lack of wind has allowed the trail taken by both expeditions to persist, and it's a simple matter to follow this trail to area **B10**.

Several upraised ledges overlook the surrounding sands in this room—these areas are indicated as lighter colored regions. Each of these is 5 feet above the surrounding sands.

A character who succeeds at a DC 15 Perception check as soon as the PCs have line of sight to area **B10** notes a distant glow coming from the cave entrance.

Creatures: The primary occupants of this vast, sandy cavern are the undead remains of the kasatha tribe transplanted here so long ago. The mindless kasatha skeletons are still given direction and purpose by their undead chieftain Hetuath, who was roused slowly from a torpor of 9,000 years after the fourth and fifth expeditions invaded his “ancestral home.” Capable of seeing through

the empty eye sockets of his undead thralls and directing them from afar, Hetuath has placed his tribe on alert, scattering the seven undead throughout the cavern in places where he suspects new visitors might intrude. These locations are marked on the map. In each case, these kasatha skeletons have been placed in hiding, either amid niches in rocks or mostly buried in the sand and partially obscured by fragments of ghelarn shell. A skeleton immediately lurches to action once it notices anyone approaching within 20 feet of its position, and once one lurches to “life,” all of the skeletons in the area do so. Although there are seven kasatha skeletons in all, the PCs are unlikely to have to face them all at once—keep track of how long it takes the undead to converge on the PCs from their starting locations as indicated on the map.

The kasatha skeletons were once zombies, but as the ages passed, even their necromantic flesh decayed and weathered until all that remained were their bones and bits of leathery sinew. When their chieftain looks through one of these skeletons (as he is certain to do during a fight), that skeleton's eye sockets glow with an eerie green light. Grim and relentless, they pursue PCs without pause once they have the party members in sight, although if the PCs can manage to escape line of sight, the skeletons return to their initial starting points to wait for new intruders.

KASATHA SKELETONS (7)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Kasatha skeleton (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 250, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 174)

NE Medium undead

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+4 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 4 each (1d8)

Fort +0, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities rejuvenation; **DR** 5/bludgeoning;

Immune cold, undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 4 claws +1 (1d4+1)

STATISTICS

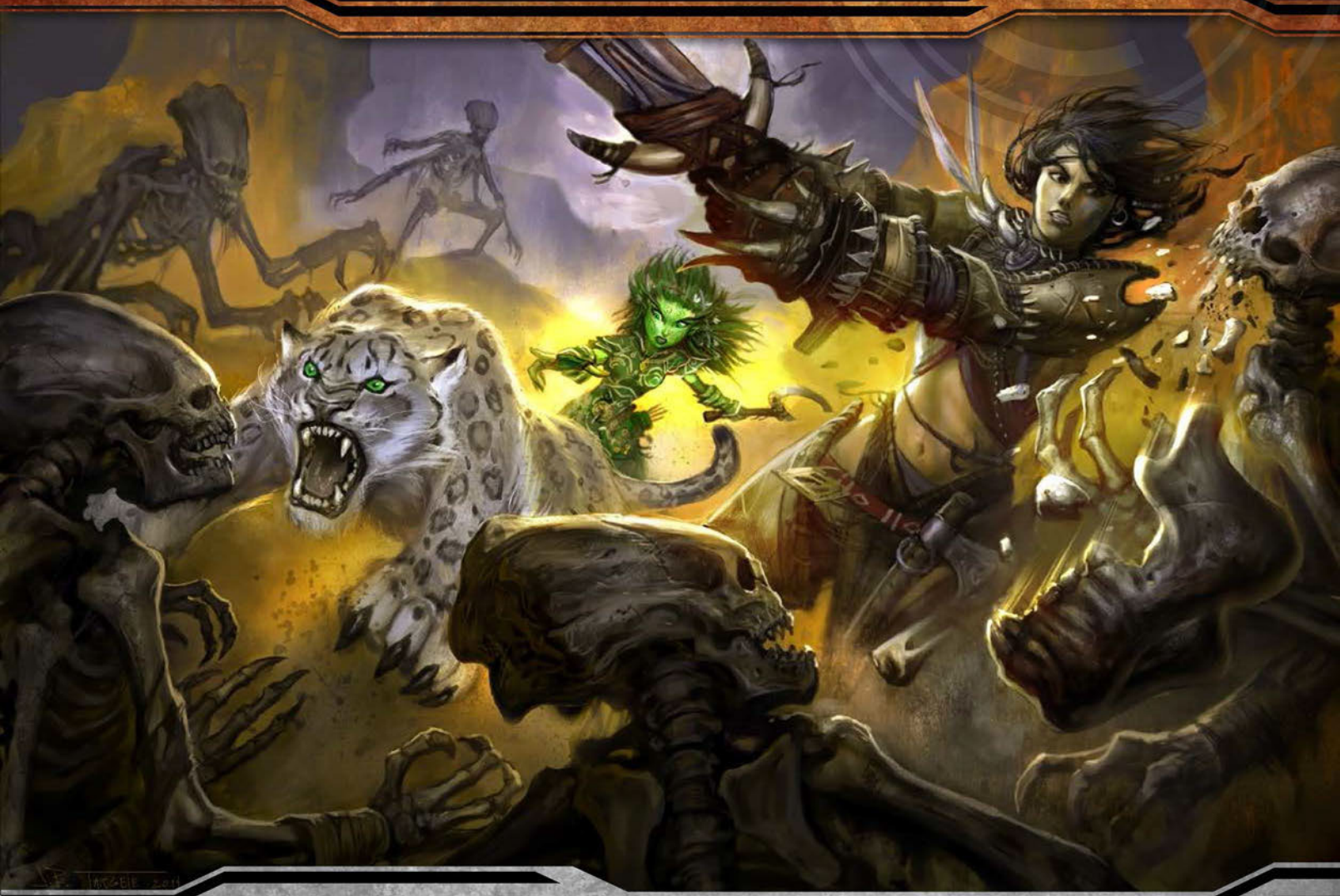
Str 13, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 15

Feats Improved Initiative

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Rejuvenation (Ex) Even if completely destroyed, the undead kasatha rejuvenate after 26 hours pass, their bones reconstituting from nothing if need be to carry on their undead existence. This perpetual cycle of eternal unlife persists until the habitat module's sky is reactivated (see Development, below), or until the remains of a defeated kasatha are put in an area where the rays of the rising sun can strike them.



Development: If the PCs restore power to the module (see area B12), the glaucite ceiling above shimmers and pulses with electricity for 1d4 rounds. After this, the ceiling suddenly takes on the appearance of a strangely red sky with gray clouds and a red sun—an image of the kasatha homeworld’s heavens. The ceiling projects a day/night cycle that lasts for 26 hours (13 hours of bright reddish light followed by 13 hours of dim light in which 3 moons move across the sky). In addition, the temperature rises to a sweltering 95° F during the day, with periodic mild breezes moving through the “valley” now and then. Restoring the sky and wind appeases the spirits of the undead kasathas, and the next time they are slain, they remain destroyed forever.

B8. Kasatha Caves

Before the crash, the kasatha tribe dwelled in this network of caves, but since their reanimation as a tribe of the undead, the kasathas have not returned. For a time, the caves served as homes for some of the habitat’s surviving

animal life, but their remains are long gone now. The caves themselves still feature old remnants of crude palates, tools, and weapons left behind by a primitive hunter-gatherer society, and here and there, cave paintings on the walls depict four-armed humanoids in various acts of hunting strange desert creatures.

B9. Ancient Alien Den (CR 3)

Several strange shell fragments and bits of bone lie scattered across the floor of this large chamber. Ancient cave paintings of four-armed humanoids and strange animals decorate the walls—but to the south, a particularly unusual depiction that looks like an oblong shape burning in the sky above several kneeling four-armed figures dominates the prehistoric decor.

The oblong shape burning in the sky is a rendition of the *Divinity* itself, although not nearly in enough detail to arouse anything more than suspicions that these ancient people were visited by something unexplained.

THE LAST TWO EXPEDITIONS

Only two groups ever made it this far—the team of Brigh worshipers (the fourth expedition) and Khonnir’s group’s second foray (the fifth expedition). The fates of these two expeditions are summarized below. The PCs may learn some of this information by rescuing Khonnir or, at your discretion, by piecing together clues you place, but determining the exact fate of these expeditions is not a requirement for the adventure’s successful resolution.

Fourth Expedition: The Brigh worshipers made it to the habitat module and followed the path indicated, eventually coming to area **B11** and finding it still powered. They passed through the area into the science deck, avoiding areas **B12** and **B13**, and were swiftly overwhelmed by a buildup of russet mold spores in area **C1**—the bodies of these adventurers have spawned vegepygmies, and their remains can be found throughout that deck. The passage of these adventurers woke the undead kasatha Hetuath from his torpor, but they were gone before he could confront them.

Fifth Expedition: Khonnir and his group followed the trail left by the Brigh worshipers, fought their way through the awakened kasatha skeletons, and defeated Hetuath when he confronted them in area **B13**. (Of course, the undead kasathas rejuvenated 26 hours later.) The explorers bypassed area **B12** as well, and headed into the science deck, where they destroyed the mold hazard in area **C1** (but not before one of their members, Gerrol, became infected). This expedition was overwhelmed soon thereafter by several robots, at which point Gerrol attempted to flee, only to meet his fate back in the caves. Only Khonnir now survives, but just barely (he can be rescued from area **C12**).

Creature: Once the chamber of the tribe’s chieftain, this cavern is home now to a particularly large ghelarn that retreated here to enter hibernation long ago. The creature slumbers here still amid the fragments of lesser ghelarn shells and the bones of a few kasathas it ate. The monster quickly awakens if disturbed and fights with a ravenous hunger.

ADVANCED GHELARN

CR 3

XP 800

hp 22 (see page 86)

Treasure: Amid the scattered remains on which the ancient ghelarn slumbers are fragments of some of the chieftain’s treasures—objects he never saw the need to return for. Most of these are broken pieces of tribal artwork and jewelry, but one necklace made of amber-trapped insects of no recognizable species seems to be in surprisingly good shape. This is, in fact, a *swarmbane clasp*^{UE}.

B10. Glowing Tunnel

A crisp glow of light shines from the northern wall of this cavern, although no obvious source of the light is apparent.

As with area **B6**, this cave was once considered taboo by the kasathas. Unlike area **B6**, the hologram projectors that disguise the doors in the cave’s end as part of the rock wall still function—yet the door into the biolock beyond has been damaged by previous expeditions to the point it doesn’t close all the way, allowing light from area **B11** to spill out into this cavern. A character who interacts with the wall to the north can attempt a DC 11 Will save to see through the hologram as if it were a *silent image*. Of course, one can also simply walk through the wall and open the door into area **B11** as well.

B11. Malfunctioning Biolock (CR 1)

This metal room is brightly lit by glowing panels in the ceiling above. To the left and right, complex machines consisting of spiral tubes and nozzles twitch and hum.

This room, as well as those areas beyond this area, have power. Lighting in these areas is bright, and doors open at a touch (see the Deck Features sidebar on page 24).

Trap: This room once functioned like the biolock in area **B5**, but time has not been as kind to this chamber’s sterilizers. The devices are now dangerously malfunctioning, and every few rounds, they emit a blast of electricity that can damage everything in the room. Roll 1d6+1 to determine how many rounds remain before the next electrical blast—after that one, blasts that follow occur every additional 1d6+1 rounds until the malfunctioning device is disabled. Note that unless the Disable Device check exceeds DC 25 by 10 or more or power to this room has been shut down, the malfunctioning sterilizers automatically reactivate after 24 hours.

MALFUNCTIONING STERILIZERS

CR 1

XP 400

Type mechanical; Perception DC 5; Disable Device DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic (after 24 hours)

Effect electrical discharge (2d6+2 electricity damage, Reflex DC 16 half), multiple targets (all creatures in area **B11**)

B12. Habitat Controls

The door to this room is locked. It can be forced, but opens much more easily with an access card. Before the crash, the door required a security ranking of at least red to open—an even higher security ranking than white—but the crash scrambled some of the security protocols.

As a result, any access card can unlock the door now, including the brown cards the PCs may have recovered earlier in the adventure.

The air in this room seems to buzz and hum with energy. Strips of glowing rectangles light the room from above, while strange flickering windows line the east and west walls. A large glass-topped circular table sits in the middle of the room. To the north sits a large metal desk covered with blinking lights, while a humming pillar of purple-and-black metal stands nearby, its sides flashing with tendrils of violet energy. A single golden panel flashes with a soft but incessant light on the side of this pillar. A thick layer of dust coats everything, diffusing the lights shining from the various surfaces, and many of the machines seem to be damaged, cracked, or otherwise ruined.

These workstations and controls serve to moderate the environs in the habitat (area B7). When the habitat module crashed, this machinery survived, but the programming that controlled the false sky, temperatures, and weather has powered down. The machinery here is now in standby mode, but pressing the reset panel (the flashing gold panel) causes the room to suddenly whirl and hum. A series of muffled clicking and buzzing sounds echo through the walls (incidentally alerting the occupant of area B13), and a moment later, the circular table in this room flares to light, providing a holographic projection of the habitat module on its surface. Numerous panels on the wall fill with static (these once connected to hidden cameras in the habitat module that have long since failed), and the pillar of purple metal flashes and begins to pulsate.

The portion of these controls that once allowed fine-tuning and adjustments to the conditions in the habitat are beyond repair, but if any single machine in here takes more than 40 points of damage (the machines have hardness 15), it flashes, smokes, and spews electricity for 1d4+2 rounds before exploding, dealing 2d6 points of fire damage and 2d6 points of electricity damage to all creatures in this room (Reflex DC 15 half). At this point, the sky, weather, and temperature in area B7 again go offline and cannot again be restored to functionality.

Story Award: If any PC has the Numerian Archaeologist campaign trait, reactivating the habitat module here earns the party 600 XP.

B13. Observation Room (CR 3)

A large metal table is surrounded by odd-looking chairs in this room. To the west, what appears to be a transparent wall looks out over a strange desert valley. Four pillars support the fifteen-foot-high ceiling, while dozens of crude images of a pickaxe made of a skull and bones have been painted onto the walls

with some sort of ivory pigment along with several phrases in an unrecognizable language.

This location acted as an observation room for *Divinity's* scientists to monitor the activities of the kasathas. The western wall functions like a window, and allows those in area B13 to look out into the desert valley and observe what lies beyond. At one time, other camera viewpoints were available as well, but today, only this one static view remains functional.

The markings on the wall were made by this room's insane undead occupant—a character who succeeds at a DC 17 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the images of the pickaxe as representations of Zyphus, god of accidental death and tragedy, yet the images seem crude and somehow off, as if they were created by someone who had never actually seen a real unholy symbol of Zyphus. The writing on the wall sheds a bit more truth, assuming someone can translate it (the words are written in Kasatha, and likely require a *comprehend languages* spell to understand them)—it is numerous prayers to someone the writer refers to as “The Shadow in the Sand” or “The Poison in the Plant” or “The Final Father” and the like. The prayers themselves are a strange mixture of awe, adoration, frustration, and anger toward Zyphus, and anyone who reads the bulk of them comes away with the impression that the writer has been cursed by Zyphus and both hates and loves the god for it.

Creature: The former chieftain of the kasatha tribe, a once-capable leader named Hetuath, has chosen this room as his lair, as spending too many hours in the artificial valley he once thought of as home is too distracting and infuriating for him. Here, in this room, he can view his home through the observation panel, but can look away or even turn the panel off when the view gets to be too much for him to bear. The arrival of visitors to the habitat gives him a welcome respite from his eternal brooding, and he glories from afar in using his deathlink ability to experience the fight against the PCs via a kasatha skeleton proxy. If the PCs defeat those skeletons, Hetuath prepares himself here for a confrontation with them—he knows that even if they destroy him, he'll simply rejuvenate, and has no fear of destruction as a result.

HETUATH

CR 3

XP 800

Unique kasatha juju zombie fighter 3 (*Pathfinder RPG*

Bestiary 4 174, Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 291)

NE Medium undead (augmented kasatha)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 13 (+4 Dex, +3 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 30 (3d10+9)

Fort +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3 (+1 vs. fear)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk short sword +7 (1d6+4/19–20), mwk short sword +7 (1d6+2/19–20), 2 slams +2 (1d6+2)

Ranged javelin +7 (1d6+4)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 24

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (short sword)

Skills Climb +8, Perception +5, Stealth +8

Languages Kasatha

SQ armor training 1, deathlink, desert runner, desert stride, jumper, multi-armed, stalker

Gear javelins (2), mwk short sword, mwk short sword, *cloak of resistance* +1, 40 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Deathlink (Su) Hetuath possesses a unique ability that allows him to see through the eye sockets of any of his seven undead tribesmen and to give simple commands to them while doing so. This ability has a maximum range of 1 mile, and as long as he's looking through the eye sockets of a skeleton, he remains fully aware of his own surroundings but can take no other action. He can end a link with a skeleton instantaneously.

Rejuvenation (Ex) Even if completely destroyed, an undead kasatha rejuvenates after a period of 26 hours passes, its bones reconstituting from nothing if need be to carry on its undead existence. This perpetual cycle of eternal unlife persists until the habitat module's sky is reactivated or the remains of a defeated kasatha are put in an area where the rays of the rising sun can strike them.

Treasure: A character who succeeds at a DC 20 Perception check while searching the table and chairs discovers a single black access cardTM—this card has a higher security rating than the brown cards the PCs might have found earlier, and can be used to open brown and black locks.

B14. Science Deck Access

This door is locked with a black access card—the brown access cards from Sef won't unlock this door, but the card found in area **B13** will. (The fourth expedition used a *knock* spell to open the door, while Khonnir's expedition possessed its own black access card.) The door opens into a 10-foot-wide, 5-foot-long corridor that ends at an unlocked door that opens into area **C1** of the science deck.

B15. Engineering Deck Access

This tunnel extends east to area **D1** of the engineering deck.

B16. Blocked Exit

This route to the Black Hill Caves was used by Meyanda and her followers, but as described in area **A11**, they sealed the door so that it couldn't be opened from the far side. From this side, a character who succeeds at a DC 20 Disable Device can dismantle the jury-rigged seal and open the door, providing a relatively quick and easy route back to Torch for the PCs once they reach the engineering deck.

TORCH EVENT 2: MEETING SANVIL TRETT

The PCs eventually discover a new type of treasure in this adventure—technological treasures. These strange, ancient items will become increasingly frequent as the



Hetuath

Iron Gods Adventure Path progresses, but the first time the PCs find something useful, they may be at a loss as to how to figure out what the device actually does. Technological items don't radiate magic, and their functions can't be identified via Spellcraft—identifying such an item's use requires Knowledge (engineering) instead, or perhaps the use of spells like *technomancy*. Full details on how this works can be found in Chapter 1 of the *Technology Guide*.

In any event, once the PCs start finding these devices, they likely seek aid from the citizens of Torch. Several people in town can help to identify technological items, such as Councilman Joram Kyte or Junkmaster Garritt Burrwaddle (or even Councilor Khonnir Baine, were he not missing); other resources exist, such as the *wand of technomancy* for sale at the Torch general store, but if the PCs ask around for the best person to go to in order to decipher a strange new device's functions, the name that comes to most locals' lips is Sanvil Trett. Not only is he established in town as a leading expert on the nature and function of Numerian technological artifacts, but he also knows how to read the strange language associated with these items. A character who succeeds at a DC 12 Knowledge (local) check knows this right from the start. Even if the PCs never seek out Sanvil, once word spreads of their expeditions under Black Hill, he makes contact with them on his own.

As far as the citizens of Torch know, Sanvil Trett is nothing more than a traveling merchant and tinkerer who moves from one town to another throughout southern Numeria. Torch seems to be his favorite stop, for when he visits, he stays for several months. He maintains a stall in Market Square and can be found there during the day, while at night he's generally either at Silverdisk Hall or in his room at the Evercandle. Regardless of where the PCs seek him out, he presents a friendly face and an eager curiosity, and is willing to help identify technological items for a fair price.

In truth, Sanvil is an agent of the Technic League. It's important for the PCs to get to know him early in this adventure, for eventually they'll learn of his involvement with the League, and may even find themselves fighting him—see Sanvil's Betrayal on page 40 for more details. Full details on Sanvil Trett can be found on page 58.

PART 4: TECHNOLOGICAL TERRORS

Once the PCs pass beyond the habitat dome into the surviving ship decks, they increasingly find themselves in an outlandish environment. Make sure to consult the advice in this volume's foreword for help in handling a group of PCs who might be tempted to touch every button and flip every switch in the dungeon—space constraints do not permit detailed descriptions of all the different devices and gizmos and minor technological wonders the

PCs find here and throughout the Adventure Path, but that section will help you instill an air of purpose in all those mysterious blinking lights!

The science deck of the habitat module is largely untouched by exploration. Meyanda and her group bypassed this entire deck when they arrived, and have decided to leave it untouched, both to avoid expending their own resources, and to simultaneously force intruders to endure the dangers here. The final two expeditions made it this far, but only just. The fourth expedition succumbed to mutated russet mold spores and its members' bodies spawned the vegepygmies that now dwell in the area, while the members of the fifth expedition only made it to area C2 before they were defeated by a large number of robots there. Fortunately for the PCs, the fifth expedition cleared out the initial russet mold hazard and destroyed several robots, which helped to "soften up" the science deck's dangers, but peril certainly still exists here!

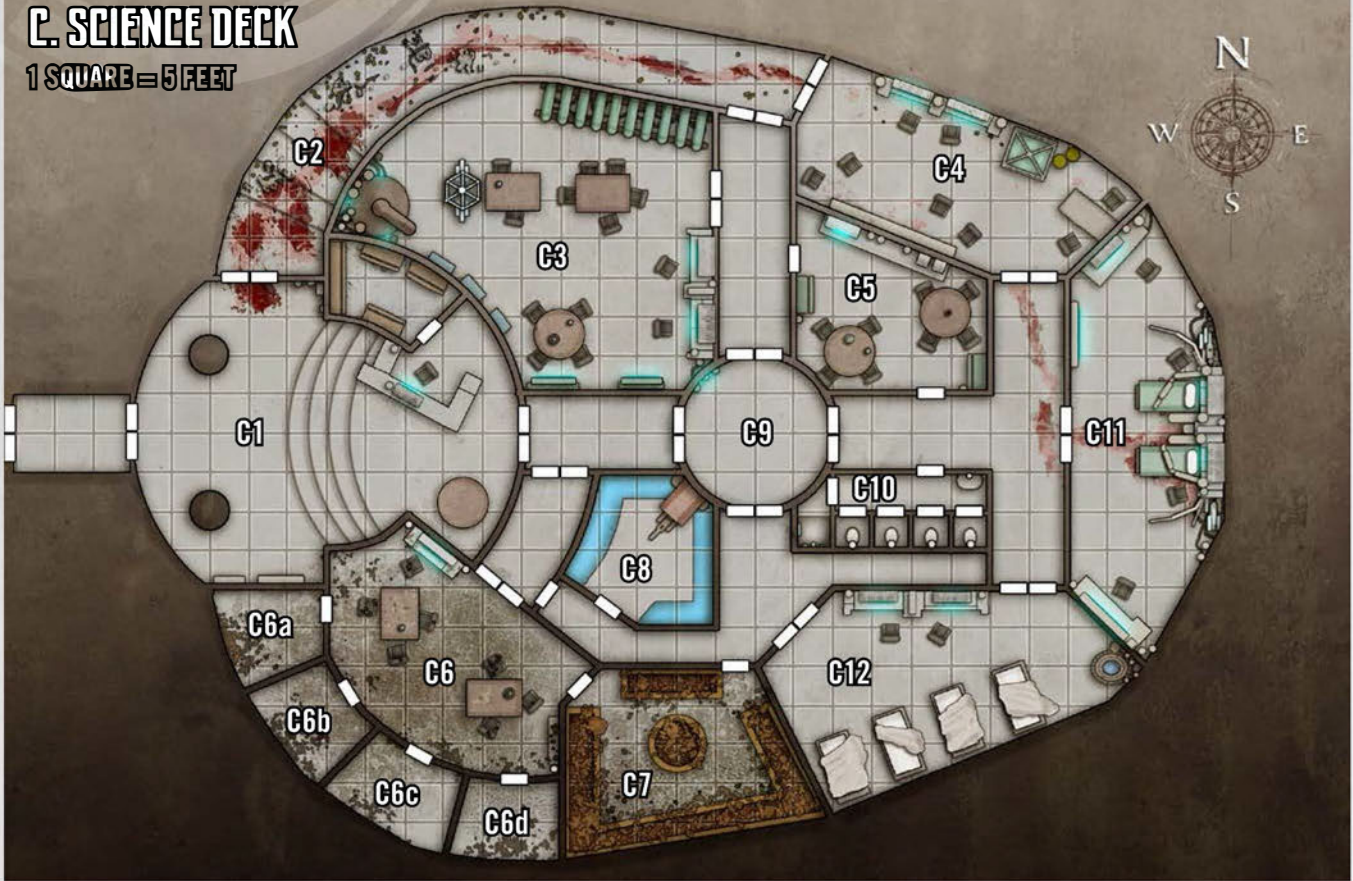
C. SCIENCE DECK

While the focus of the science deck was the examination of samples harvested from the kasatha homeworld (including the dissection of several unfortunate kasathas themselves), the crew here didn't limit themselves to these studies. All laboratory facilities on the *Divinity* were valued, since there were always more studies and experiments to be done than the ship had resources to handle. As a result, all of *Divinity's* habitat modules, this one included, were constantly presented and tasked with supplementary experiments and examinations of a variety of alien elements the ship harvested from the numerous worlds she visited. After the crash, these experiments lay dormant for millennia. In some cases, this eventually led to decay and the loss of data, but in others, the results have persisted in various hazardous ways—particularly in cases where the restoration of full power to the decks when Meyanda shut down the fail-safe reactivated certain automated processes as indicated in the text.

In addition to the hazards and dangers formed from these ancient experiments, two factions hold sway over the science deck. The smaller of these are the vegepygmies born from the sizable group of Brigh worshipers that constituted the fourth expedition. These vegepygmies worship their "birth bodies" still, but have nothing of the personalities or goals of those doomed explorers. As plant creatures, they've largely avoided the attention of the second faction active on the deck—a group of robots whose programming has malfunctioned over the ages. Once, these medical drones and other robots served the crew of *Divinity* by aiding the experimentation teams, but now, with no crew to guide them and fragments of Unity's mad code infecting them, the robots are eager to perform nonsensical and painfully dangerous surgical operations

C. SCIENCE DECK

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



on organic humanoid life—a corruption of their original programming to provide aid in surgical procedures. It was to these robots that Khonnir’s expedition fell, and of the group’s members, only he survives—even then, only because the robots are hesitant to “waste” their last living victim by allowing him to die.

See the Deck Features sidebar on page 24 for details on the science deck’s general features.

C1. Security Desk

A large metal desk with blinking lights and strange glowing panels sits atop a raised area on the east side of this room near a circular table. Two couches covered with black material sit to the south a pair of black metal pillars. Splatters of dried blood stain the floor and walls near a pair of doors to the north, while here and there patches of rust-red mold and fungus cling to the southern wall. The room itself is brightly lit by glowing panels on the ceiling.

This location once acted as a checkpoint for scientists moving between the labs and the habitat dome. All of the doors here are locked, but can be opened by brown (or higher-ranking) access cards—the exception is the door to the storage closet (area C1a), which can be opened only by a

black access card (or a successful DC 25 Disable Device check). The dried blood to the north is from the battle against the robots who defeated Khonnir’s group (see area C2).

The desk once included computers that allowed instant communication with the rest of the ship, but the crash damaged them—now, the machinery here merely flashes and blinks in random patterns. Occasionally, garbled lines of scrambled Androfan text or images of strange creatures flash briefly on one of the monitors on the desk—feel free to have the PCs catch glimpses of living kasathas, akatas, weedwhips, or any of the other creatures they’re fated to encounter in this adventure if you wish.

Treasure: Area C1a contains several upright lockers, most of which contain only strange pieces of junk and rubble. Still, a search of all five lockers uncovers some items of use, including a fully functional flashlight^{TG}, three batteries^{TG}, and 26 silverdisks. One of the lockers contains a small locked security bin. This bin has a white-labeled panel on its surface—a white access card is required to unlock it (the only white access card available in this adventure can be found in area D7). Without the card, a successful DC 30 Disable Device check is needed to open the lock (remember, as stated in the Deck Features sidebar on page 24, unless a character has an e-pick or the Technologist feat,

technological locks impose a –5 penalty on Disable Device checks). Alternatively, the glaucite bin can be smashed open (hardness 15, hp 10, break DC 28), but doing so runs a 50% chance of causing the grenades found in the bin to explode. Inside the bin are two bang grenades^{TC}, a flash grenade^{TC}, a soft grenade^{TC}, a suit of neraplast armor (see page 60), and a timeworn stun gun^{TC} (5 charges).

C2. Bloodstained Hallway

Bloodstains mar the floor and walls of this hallway, while scorch marks and smears of ash on the walls evidence some sort of altercation having taken place in this area relatively recently. Four tangled mounds of metal and other materials lie further up the hall, surrounded by strangely colored stains.

It was here that Khonnir's expedition encountered several medical drones and were overwhelmed. They managed to destroy four of the drones (the tangled mounds of metal) before they were themselves captured. Smears of blood lead down the hall from area C4 to area C11, where Khonnir is now being held.

C3. Chemistry Lab (CR 3)

This sprawling chamber contains many desks, tables, and chairs arrayed before a number of broken pieces of equipment and machinery. The dried residue of liquids spilled from smashed containers creates a heavy stench in the air, and pieces of glass litter the floor.

This sprawling room served as the habitat module's primary chemistry laboratory, a place where scientists could conduct all manner of experiments, ranging from the synthesis of alien foods, to medical research, to the study of genetic materials. A line of stasis chambers sized for small animals and lab specimens takes up much of the eastern hallway; all of them now lie open. The rest of the room contains multiple workstations, cabinets, and lab equipment designed to support biochemical research and the analysis of alien environments and ecosystems. Most of these devices—as well as several vials, flasks, and beakers—lie broken and scattered on the floor, either tossed aside during the crash or damaged due to violence enacted by the room's more recent occupants.

Creatures: When Meyanda reactivated the full power supply, electrical surges here caused several specimen jars and chemical stores to overload, resulting in minor explosions that mixed together strange chemicals and protolife samples that had been held in stasis for thousands of years. The result was the creation of several nonsentient but hungry globs of ravenous protoplasm—boilborn oozes. These two globs of mobile ooze slither

SPEAKING ANDROFFAN

From this point on in the Iron Gods Adventure Path, the PCs are increasingly confronted with the language spoken by the ancient crew—Androffan. When spoken aloud, Androffan words sound crisp, clipped, and efficient; the written form of the language uses characters with graceful rounded elements, curves, and numerous dots augmenting the letters. Learning Androffan is no more difficult in game terms than learning any language—a character can simply learn it by gaining a rank in Linguistics—but until the PCs first encounter examples of the language on the science deck or have started play with the Numerian Archaeologist campaign trait, consider restricting access to the language, as there's no real way that the PCs themselves would have been significantly exposed to it. The people of Numeria know of the language, but most of the documents and methods to learn the tongue are controlled by the Technic League, in much the same way druids control access to their language. Restricting the PCs from learning Androffan via Linguistics until they are 3rd level is a good compromise—of course, before then, *comprehend languages* works perfectly to decipher strange writings. Of course, PCs who can speak Androffan from the start won't "break" this adventure, and in fact, they'll quickly feel justified in selecting the strange language so early.



aimlessly around the room, and instinctively lurch toward any living creatures in sight. The oozes are relatively slow, and canny PCs could conceivably herd them into other areas containing organic foes—in such a case, the boilborn make no distinction between PCs and other creatures, attacking the closest target each round.

BOILBORN (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 15 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 22)

C4. Geology Lab (CR 1 or CR 3)

A long table with various unusual stones and dirt samples heaped on it sits along the southern wall of this room, while to the north a line of metal desks with glowing panels and buttons are placed next to a large humming device. The heart of this device seems to be some sort of flickering sphere of reddish-brown mud or dirt. Dust covers much of this room, save for a strangely clean swath between the doors, which leads to the strange humming device.

COLOR CODES

Androffan technological items utilized a color-code hierarchy—this same hierarchy was used on ships like *Divinity* to rank access among crew members. Locks could be coded to different tiers of this hierarchy so that anyone possessing an access card of the proper rank could use the card as a sort of universal key to unlock correspondingly ranked doors and containers. A lock protecting an area of particular importance could also be coded to be opened only by a unique card, but the bulk of the common locks the PCs encounter in this Adventure Path can be opened by the properly colored access cards. A full list of access cards, along with the entire color-code hierarchy, is detailed in Chapter 2 of the *Technology Guide*. In this adventure, only the three lowest-ranking color codes play a role, since power surges caused by the crash reset many of these locks to their lowest setting.

Brown: This is the lowest-ranking color—brown access cards were generally carried by visitors to the ship. A brown card can open only brown locks.

Black: One step above brown cards are black cards. All crew members carried at least a black card. A black card can open black and brown locks.

White: One step above black cards, a white card can open white, black, and brown locks. White cards were generally carried by low-ranking soldiers and security guards.

This room saw frequent use by *Divinity*'s science teams, as it was in labs like this one that they studied rock and soil samples taken from various world. Most, but not all, of the samples here were from the kasatha homeworld. The workstations to the north were used to catalog and research various geological topics, but as with most of the other computer monitors in the ruins, time and the crash landing have scrambled the contents of these records. If someone can read Androffan, a few minutes of work can confirm this room was a geology lab, and that the bulk of the most recent samples came from a planet referred to both as "CX-335" (*Divinity*'s original code for the planet) and as "Kasath" (the name used by the kasathas, the planet's most advanced race). The planet itself is described as an arid world with little water, violent weather patterns, and savage inhabitants of a predominantly hexapodous nature. Perhaps the most interesting bit of information to be learned here is simple confirmation that the habitat dome area was built specifically to mimic life on the surface of Kasath.

Characters following the blood smears from the hallway to either side of this room automatically note that the "clean stripe" seems to indicate that something came out to clean up all trace of blood on the floor—in fact, this was caused by the room's ravenous occupant.

Creature: Not all of the contents of this room are from Kasath. The large machine built around the sphere of what could be mud or earth is a containment field loaded with a sample of strange fungal material harvested only a short time before *Divinity* crashed on Golarion—material gathered from a brief, peril-haunted expedition to the moon of Nchak while the crippled *Divinity* limped by the planet Liavara. The crew knew only that the fungus sample they gathered was still growing, and they placed it in here with the intent to study it later—however, for the crew, there would be no later.

For centuries, the containment field held the fungus in stasis, but when Meyanda restarted the ruins' power supply, the field deactivated and the spores developed into a fully grown cerebriic fungus. Though the fungus is quite intelligent, its knowledge and experiences are limited to what it knows of its immediate surroundings and some proto-memories inherited from its spores. Capable of communicating telepathically, the creature is as starved for nourishment as it is for conversation, and when it sees the PCs, it immediately contacts them, asking questions like, "Where am I?" and "Who are you?" and "What is this place?" In many ways, the fungus is like a newborn child—it doesn't even have its own name. Play it up as an inquisitive child, ravenous for information. The fungus has little information itself to give back to the PCs, having never ventured beyond the walls of this room, but it can say that a group of "creatures like you" were pulled through this room some time ago by metallic "creatures not like you," and that they left delicious red food on the floor as they were dragged from the west door to the east. The fungus has no qualms about admitting it licked up the "red food," and once it does, it asks innocently if the PCs can feed it more red food.

Unfortunately, the fungus is as starved for food as it is for knowledge, and if someone doesn't keep it distracted with conversation, it eventually moans and gibbers before unleashing its star-shriek, at which point it lunges forward to attack its onetime conversation partners. Likewise, the fungus immediately attacks if it is attacked. It does not pursue the PCs beyond this room, nor does it agree to accompany anyone out of the room—after all, it hasn't yet built the courage to even accept the idea that there's a world beyond this lab, much less to set out to and explore.

CEREBRIC FUNGUS

CR 3

XP 800

hp 30 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 52)

Treasure: A small metal box under the easternmost table contains three timeworn flare guns^{TG}.

Story Award: If one of the party has the Stargazer campaign trait, award the PCs 600 XP if they learn about

the kasatha homeworld here—the PCs will discover plentiful proof of life beyond Golarion's solar system as the Adventure Path continues, but discovering this first bit of lore should be a particular personal triumph to those who have the Stargazer trait. (If the PCs don't learn this information here but do so at a later point, award the group 600 XP at that time.)

C5. Break Room

Two circular metal tables and several chairs fill the bulk of this room. Metal cabinets sit against the walls, while to the north stands a large machine with glowing panels on its surface. The air in this room feels unusually warm.

This room once served as a kitchen and break room for the scientists—a place for them to relax without having to go all the way down to the crew quarters on the now-destroyed lower deck. The machine on the north wall was for food preparation—the glowing panels on its surface are red-hot and are the source of the warmth in the chamber. Anyone foolish enough to touch one of these burners takes 1d3 points of fire damage (Reflex DC 11 negates).

Treasure: A search of the cabinets reveals a large collection of 120 goo tubes^{TC}—small tubes of concentrated food with almost as many different flavors as there are tubes available. Unfortunately, roughly half of these tubes are spoiled—when it's used, there's a 50% chance that a goo tube fails to nourish and instead causes the eater to become sickened for 2d4 hours (Fortitude DC 11 negates).

C6. Xenobiology (CR 2)

The stench of mold and decay fills this open, dark chamber, no doubt created by the thick blanket of fungal matter coating the floor. Several chairs sit before work tables containing unusual tools and equipment, while a row of doors line the curved southern wall.

The lighting in this room is nonfunctional, in part due to the rampant overgrowth of brownish and black molds and fungi in the area. While these growths smell somewhat foul and are unpleasant to look at or touch, they're harmless.

This location served as a sister lab to the chemical research laboratory in area C2, although the focus of this lab was more on alien biology. *Divinity's* scientists used its facilities to examine and experiment on sedated test subjects drawn from the alien habitat, looking for ways to enhance the physical immune systems and mental development of the kasathas. When the habitat module crashed, the occupants of the cells died—with a few exceptions. The mold growing rampant in the room is a form of life that

subsists on low-grade electrical currents, even those weak currents that pulsed in the walls and machinery of the lab while the crashed module was shut down. The room's more dangerous occupant is detailed below.

The four smaller rooms to the southwest were once used to house specimens, but the original occupants of these cages have long since died and turned to dust. Today, these rooms are used by the small vegepygmy tribe for a sacred purpose—storage of their birth corpses. These four bodies (one per room) constitute the mortal remains of the group of Brigh worshipers who attempted to explore the ruins. The bodies, all human, have been arranged in sitting positions against the wall. The bodies themselves are riddled through with fungus and split open from neck to belly. A character who succeeds at a DC 16 Knowledge (dungeoneering) check identifies the bodies as having succumbed to russet mold and spawning vegepygmies.

Creature: A dangerous carnivorous plant called a weedwhip dwells here today. The strange plant feeds on only animal flesh, and has been cultivated here by the vegepygmies as a guardian for their birth corpses (they planted several seeds from the greenhouse in the thick fungus here, and while only this one took root, it grew with surprising speed over the course of just under 24 hours). The weedwhip has no interest in vegepygmies, but swiftly moves to attack anything else that enters the room.

WEEDWHIP

CR 2

XP 600

hp 16 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 4 276)

Treasure: The four bodies of the Brigh worshipers, while in advanced stages of decay and fungal infestation, do hold some treasures for the PCs. All four possess silver holy symbols of Brigh worth 25 gp each. Three of the bodies (those in areas C6a–C6b) carry masterwork light hammers. The armor worn by the body in area C6b is a suit of masterwork chainmail that hasn't yet been ruined. The body in area C6d, once the leader, still wears a *ring of protection +1* and carries a belt pouch, inside of which are three fungus-encrusted (though still viable) *potions of cure moderate wounds*. In addition, 3d6+6 gp may be found on each body.

Development: Any loud noises here are certain to attract the attention of the vegepygmies from area C7—they come to investigate within 1d4+2 rounds, but do not involve their chieftain in area C8, out of respect and fear.

C7. Greenhouse (CR 3)

The air in this room is unusually warm and moist, with a thin, pale vapor of mist clinging to the ceiling, causing the lighted panels to diffuse and become muted. Condensation runs down the walls along with a riot of unusual brown and dull green

vegetation. The moist, thick-stemmed plants and vines grow out of long earth-filled troughs along the wall, while a tall column of plant matter extends like a tree trunk from a circular planter in the middle of the room to spread a network of vines across the mist-shrouded ceiling. A low humming sound fills the air.

The science teams established this greenhouse to study the flora of strange new worlds, sometimes splicing and cross-breeding certain species to make them hardy enough to introduce into new habitats. The automated systems of the bio-module allowed these plants to flourish over the years, but power surges caused by Meyanda's modifications to the engineering section's reactor have caused an interruption in the day/night cycle stimulating their photosynthesis. As a result, the plants are quickly overgrowing their confines, much to the delight of the room's occupants.

Creatures: When the Brigh worshipers succumbed to the mutated russet mold once infesting area C1, their bodies spawned a small tribe of vegepygmies. The creatures have taken to this greenhouse and spend the bulk of their time here, enjoying the heat and vegetation. Their chieftain, Vrilledt, has been considering plans to expand out of these chambers, as he is now the tribe's sole source of new russet mold, but as of yet the vegepygmies haven't quite made the effort to spread into the Black Hill Caves. The vegepygmies regard the PCs as a new opportunity to spawn more of their kind, and do their best to keep them alive—to the extent that they attempt to stabilize characters reduced to negative hit points rather than risk the death of precious host bodies. Once three of the vegepygmies are slain, the remaining two flee to area C8 to protect their chieftain.

VEGEPYGMIES (5) **CR 1/2**
XP 200 each
hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 273*)

C8. Hydroponics Station (CR 4)

This room reeks of stagnant water and decaying vegetation. A long trough of water runs along the walls of this room; a layer of brown scum and algae grows on the water's surface and on the walls. A single workstation sits in the middle of the room connected to a large machine made of tubes and bubbling tanks of water.

This hydroponics lab saw use primarily as an additional food source for the habitat module crew, as there was little need to conduct experiments on water-based flora or fauna from the desert world of Kasath. The station went into standby mode until Meyanda rebooted the power, and since then, the station has only managed to cultivate a foul-smelling mass of brown algae.

Creatures: This room has been claimed by the vegepygmy chieftain Vrilledt as a throne room—he uses the room's single, mold-encrusted chair as that throne, and considers the malfunctioning machinery a sign of his power. Vrilledt has been seeking a way to replicate the russet mold that spawned his tribe in a way that it can exist outside of his own body via the use of hydroponics. His limited skills with technology, however, have made these attempts the equivalent of wild guesses and uninformed fumbling in the dark. The vegepygmy chieftain is more intelligent than his kin and understands the situation far better than they, and he knows that spreading to a place more appropriate for his kind to flourish is imperative, yet he would rather not risk moving the tribe until he finds a way to ensure his spores will continue after his death.

When Vrilledt faces the PCs, his initial plan is to subdue and infect them with his spores, then wait for them to spawn new tribe members. If the PCs can establish communication with him, though, he may be willing to bargain with them—in return for them escorting him to the Black Hill Caves and down to the Darklands, Vrilledt hands over his greatest treasure—the +1 *light hammer* he took from his birth corpse. Whether or not the vegepygmy goes back on his promise once he and his tribe are escorted to area A7 is up to you.

VRILLEDT **CR 3**
XP 800
 Vegepygmy fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 273, 294*)
 CE Small plant
Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +5 natural, +1 size)
hp 32 (3 HD; 1d8+2d10+17)
Fort +10, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3; +1 vs. fear
Defensive Abilities bravery +1; **Immune** electricity, plant traits; **DR** 5/slashing or bludgeoning

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee +1 *light hammer* +9 (1d4+5), claw +2 (1d4+2 plus spores)

TACTICS

During Combat Vrilledt swiftly moves to melee with foes in combat, sending his two bodyguard vegepygmies to flank or even to provoke attacks of opportunity from enemies as needed so that he can move into more advantageous positions himself.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, Vrilledt surrenders and begs for mercy, knowing that should he die, his spores die as well. He offers all his treasure as tribute to the PCs, and may even be convinced to aid them in defeating the robots, but the longer any alliance with the vegepygmy lasts, the more likely it is that he seizes an opportunity to betray the PCs.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 16, **Con** 20, **Int** 12, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18

Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (light hammer)

Skills Acrobatics +6, Perception +9, Stealth +17 (+29 in vegetation)

Languages Undercommon, Vegepygmy (can't speak)

Gear +1 light hammer, 9 silver disks

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Spores (Ex) Vrilledt infects those he hits with his claw with a less virulent strain of russet mold than normally found in this dangerous fungus. A creature hit can resist infection with a successful DC 15 Fortitude saving throw. If a creature fails this save, the slowly growing spores take root, and deal 2 points of Constitution damage per day. A new saving throw can be attempted each day to halt the growth. Once an infected creature dies (either from the spores themselves or another source), the body generates vegepygmies after 24 hours, as normal russet mold (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 273). The save DC is Constitution-based.

VEGEPYGMIES (2)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 273)

C9. Elevator

This unlit circular room is empty save for a panel of controls on the wall to the northwest. A coil of tubes dangling from the left side of the panel periodically flashes with sparks, while a single square window on the panel blinks with several lines of strange writing.

This entire circular room is a malfunctioning elevator—once, this chamber provided the primary link between the habitat module's engineering, science, crew, and docking decks, but the loss of the lower two decks (crew and docking) during the crash has rendered the elevator inoperable. It can still provide access to the engineering deck above, though, if the control panel can be repaired.

If the PCs can decipher the writing on the monitor built into the control panel (either by reading Androffan or by means of a spell like *comprehend languages*), the words translate to the following:

Deck 4: Engineering

Deck 3: Science

Deck 2: Crew

Deck 1: Docking

WARNING: Elevator off-line—please contact maintenance!

The last line titled "WARNING" is flashing in red, while the line titled "Deck 3" is bright blue; the other

three lines are faint blue. A character who succeeds at a DC 15 Perception check while searching the room notes that while the floor seems quite solid (there's nothing left of the lower decks but rubble today), the ceiling appears to be hollow.

Fortunately for the PCs, these repairs are relatively simple tasks that require no real knowledge of technology, although knowledge of metalworking is required. An examination of the sparking tube reveals that a coupling link that once attached the device to the panel has torn free—even a cursory examination of the sparking tip of the broken cord reveals that such a repair could easily be made at a forge. If the circular metal coupling can be repaired, it's a simple matter of reattaching the power cord to the panel to reactivate the



Vrilledt

entire elevator. Alternatively, the PCs could force their way through the elevator ceiling—the wall above is made of glaucite (hardness 15, hp 90, break DC 35), and breaching it reveals a shaft leading up 30 feet to area **D1**. Climbing the shaft requires a successful DC 15 Climb check, after which the doors out of the elevator shaft must be forced open.

The coupling is made of glaucite as well. Fortunately, this metal can still be worked and repaired without access to an unusually hot forge fire, but making these repairs requires access to a full forge. The forge at the Foundry Tavern works perfectly for this task. A successful DC 15 Disable Device or Strength check is needed to remove the broken element from the power cable, but each attempt causes the person to take 1d6 points of electricity damage (Reflex DC 12 negates). Once the coupling is detached, the repair process takes 8 hours and requires a successful DC 25 Craft (metalworking) check—at your discretion, related craft checks (like armor or weapon) could be used as well. Failure doesn't ruin the coupling, and a new attempt to repair it can be made. Characters without the Technologist feat take the normal -5 penalty on technology-related checks. If no PC can attempt this check, Khonnir Baine can perform the task for them for free once he's rescued and cured of his affliction (see Saving Khonnir on page 41). Other smiths in town might be able to help as well, but they all charge 50 gp for their time and effort for the tricky bit of repair work, and generally ask for payment up front with no refunds on a failed check. At your discretion, some Diplomacy or even Intimidate checks can reduce or even negate this charge.

Reattaching the repaired coupling requires a full-round action that deals 1d6 points of electricity damage in the process (Reflex DC 12 negates), after which it's a standard action to attach the cord back to the control panel. As soon as this is done, the lights in the elevator suddenly turn back on and the room hums with a soft buzzing sound. To activate the elevator at this point requires nothing more than touching the destination deck on the panel—touching the Deck 1 or Deck 2 lines results in an error message in Androffan: "The deck you have selected is off-line—please make another selection." Tapping Deck 4 causes the elevator to lurch, and then rise up to the upper level—the doors to area **D1** open automatically after 2 rounds of travel. The elevator remains at that level until recalled—a panel outside of each of the doors to the elevator shaft can recall the elevator to that deck with a touch once the power has been restored.

Story Award: If the PCs successfully restore power to the elevator, award them 1,200 XP. If they merely force their way through the roof and climb up to the engineering deck, award them only 600 XP.

C10. Restroom

Four narrow stalls take up the south portion of this room, their doors and partitions not quite reaching the tiled floor or ceiling above. A fifth door stands to the west, while a strange metal basin protrudes from the wall immediately to the east of the entrance.

The sink, toilets, and shower in this room all function well, and while the water they produce is drinkable, the fixtures are unlikely to be of much use to the PCs beyond providing entertainment.

C11. Medical Lab (CR 2)

Metal desks sit to the north and south of this long room, yet the most distinctive features are a pair of odd, bedlike tables flanked by curving panels of blinking, pulsing lights. Moving armatures of metal extend out over the beds, each outfitted with glowing panes of glass and strangely glowing tools. The chamber reeks of blood, with great crimson stains splashed across the device, beds, and floor.

This room once served as a combination medical facility, surgical lab, and research chamber for crew and alien alike. Today, it's been transformed into a chamber of torture—for it's here that the malfunctioning medical drones have been performing their grisly experiments on captured humanoids. The two bedlike devices were once used by surgeons to perform all manner of delicate operations, but today the semi-automated machinery is hazardous to anything organic that's foolish or unfortunate enough to lie down or even sit on the beds. A creature in such a position is subjected to one of the following indignities each round it remains on the bed—a successful DC 12 Reflex save negates the effect for that round. Each device can be shut down with a successful DC 20 Disable Device check or via physical destruction (hardness 15, hp 20, break DC 28).

MEDICAL MALFUNCTIONS

d6 Result

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 | Blades cut target and deal 1d6 points of slashing damage |
| 2 | Needles stab target and deal 1d4 points of piercing damage |
| 3 | Laser scalpel slices target and deals 1d8 points of fire damage |
| 4 | Short-circuiting tool zaps target and deals 2d4 points of electricity damage |
| 5 | No effect, other than the frightening whirring and thrashing of metal |
| 6 | Roll twice (reroll results of 6) |

Creature: A single medical drone—which once served as a surgical aide and technician, cleaning and preparing patients and instruments alike—stands guard in this

room. As with all of the robots in the area, this four-legged construct is malfunctioning and immediately attacks any living creatures that venture into its vicinity.

MEDICAL DRONE **CR 2**

XP 600

Variant clockwork servant (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3 56*)

N Medium construct (robot)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 31 (2d10+20); fast healing 2

Fort +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** +0

Immune construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to critical hits, vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee claw +6 (1d4+6)

Special Attacks injection

TACTICS

During Combat The drone speaks Androffan in a metallic voice as it attacks, spewing phrases like the following: “Please remain calm; you are to undergo a medical procedure,” or “There is no reason to struggle, you are in safe hands,” or “The doctor will be with you shortly.” The drone tries to inject its target with an anesthetic, hoping to maneuver a “patient” up onto one of the surgical beds. It does not pursue foes from this room unless attacked from beyond the room via ranged weapons.

Morale The drone fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats Skill Focus (Heal)

Skills Heal +5, Perception +5

Languages Androffan

SQ repair robot

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Injection (Su) Up to three times per day as a swift action when it damages a living creature with its claw attack, a medical drone can inject that creature with a potion, poison, drug, or pharmaceutical. The drones in this adventure inject a local anesthetic that causes a –2 penalty to Strength that lasts for 1 hour (Fortitude DC 11 negates). This penalty

stacks with multiple injections, but the duration does not.

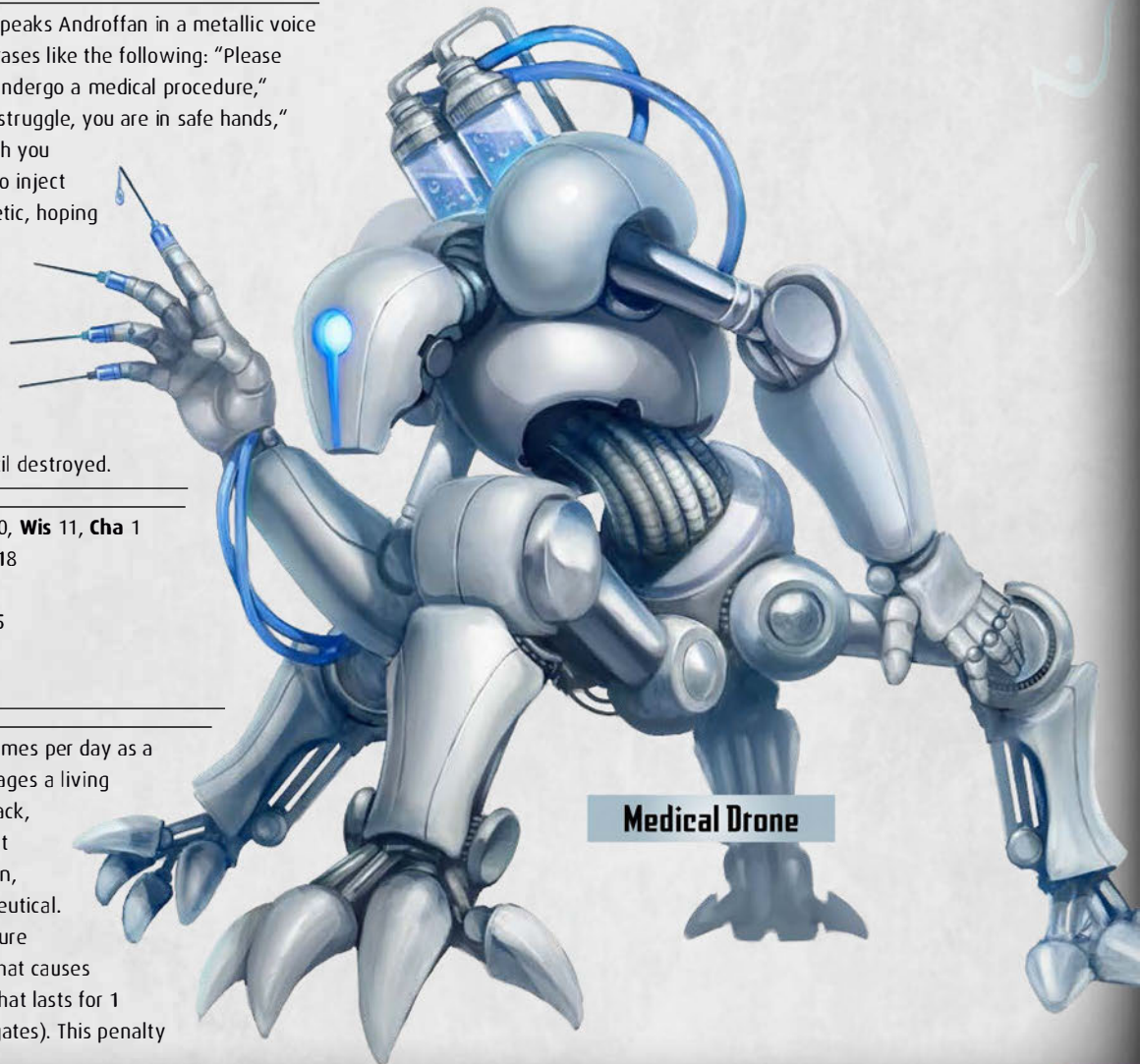
The save DC is Constitution-based.

Repair Robot (Ex) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a repair drone can repair damage done to either itself or an adjacent robot, healing the target of 1d10 points of damage.

C12. Sick Bay (CR 4)

The western doors to this room are locked with a security ranking of white (Disable Device DC 30, brown and black access cards won’t open the doors), but the eastern doors are unlocked.

A row of beds sits along the southern wall of this well-lit room. Glowing screens and metal desks sit on the opposite walls, and splatters of blood adorn the floor and several of the beds. To the east, a large metal device that is the size of a large bed hums softly.



Medical Drone

Originally, this room provided sick bay facilities for *Divinity's* crew, particularly those exposed to unknown pathogens on new worlds or through interaction with the alien flora or fauna brought on board. The beds were intended for standard recovery, while the larger metal device to the east was once a stasis chamber used to place the most dire of cases in a state of suspended animation while a cure or other procedure could be prepared to save the victim's life. Today, the stasis pod no longer functions in that capacity, but it does serve as a sort of improvised holding cell—it's locked tight and requires a black access card to open (Disable Device DC 25 to open without a black or white access card).

Creatures: The malfunctioning robots have been using this room to store their "patients" and to remain on standby until needed. Khonnir's expedition destroyed several of them, but two still remain—a medical drone and a more dangerous collector robot. The robots immediately hum to life as soon as they notice any intruders—at the same time, the PCs can hear the muffled sounds of agonized screams and feeble thumping from within the stasis pod. The robots do their best to avoid killing potential new "patients," so if the PCs are defeated, they may well find themselves prisoners of the malfunctioning constructs with one last chance to escape before it's too late. The robots do not pursue foes beyond this room.

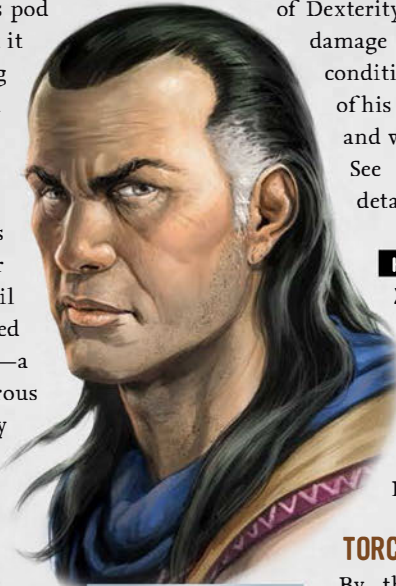
COLLECTOR ROBOT **CR 3**
XP 800
hp 31 (see page 84)

MEDICAL DRONE **CR 2**
XP 600
hp 31 (see page 39)

Treasure: A search of the desks against the north wall uncovers several interesting technological devices—most of which are obviously broken, but a successful DC 15 Perception check reveals several functioning devices, including a timeworn radiation detector^{TC}, a medlance^{TC}, a timeworn brown nanite hypogun^{TC}, two nanite canisters^{TC}, and 2 doses of grade I hemochem^{TC}. All of Khonnir's gear is strewn among these items as well (see page 54).

Development: The muffled screams for help coming from inside the stasis pod are from none other than Khonnir Baine. If he can be rescued, the poor man is half-mad with fright from his ordeal, and his condition

should startle those who know him. The robots have not only crippled the man's legs with surgical incisions, but they've also injected him with a serum of nanites in an attempt to map his higher brain functions to determine what enables him to wield magic. The nanites have been having a difficult time handling their task, and have done little more than cause a fair amount of temporary brain damage so far. Overall, poor Khonnir has taken 13 points of Dexterity damage and 12 points of Intelligence damage from the "treatments." He's in no condition to save himself, but retains enough of his intellect to recognize the PCs as friends and won't fight them when they rescue him. See Saving Khonnir on page 41 for more details on how the PCs can save him.



Khonnir Baine

KHONNIR BAINE **CR 5**
XP 1,600
hp 19 (currently 0 hp; see page 54)

Story Award: If any PCs have the Local Ties campaign trait, award them 600 XP if they manage to get Khonnir Baine to safely back to Torch.

TORCH EVENT 3: SANVIL'S BETRAYAL (CR 3)

By the time the PCs are exploring the science deck, they should have made contact with Sanvil Trett, one of Torch's more technologically-savvy merchants and, in truth, an agent of the Technic League. Once Sanvil knows that the PCs are discovering technological artifacts and that there could well be an undocumented buried ruin under Torch, he becomes very interested in their progress. If the PCs don't come to him for aid in identifying artifacts, he seeks them out to offer his services. He does his best to avoid looking too interested in their findings, playing his curiosity off as that of a merchant rather than an agent of the League, but eventually Sanvil's need to find out more gets the better of him. After all, bringing information about the site to his superiors in Starfall might be just the thing to finally get him into their good graces.

How Sanvil attempts to learn more is left to you, since his actions depend in large part on the PCs' own actions. He might attempt to infiltrate the Foundry and rob the PCs of some of their notes and discoveries. He could very well follow them into the ruins, hoping to learn more while letting them take the risks. If he feels the PCs trust him well enough, he might even ask if he can accompany them on one of their expeditions under Black Hill.

This adventure assumes the PCs learn about his true motives at some point before they begin to explore the engineering deck, but how they learn of this depends on

their actions. You should make sure that Sanvil has to periodically attempt Bluff checks to maintain his cover as a merchant, so that observant PCs might be able to see through his lies with Sense Motive checks. If he elects to rob the PCs at the Foundry, you could have him attempt his burglary while they sleep to give them a chance to awaken and catch him—alternatively, Val could tell the PCs that she saw him going through their things and thus set the PCs on his trail. If he follows the PCs into the ruins, he might try to ambush them as they're heading back home in hopes that by confronting them when their resources are depleted, they might give in.

SANVIL TRETT**CR 3****XP 800****hp 25** (see page 58)

Development: If the PCs manage to capture Sanvil alive, he changes his attitude quickly—he's more interested in staying alive than he is in climbing the ranks of the Technic League. The PCs might also be able to use *charm person* or similar magic to secure his cooperation. In such a case, Sanvil uses every bit of his knowledge and gear to try to buy his way out of imprisonment, execution, or whatever other punishment the PCs threaten him with. Any and all of his personal gear could be offered as bribes or tribute in return for freedom, but perhaps one of his most valuable bargaining chips is his knowledge. He not only agrees to no longer charge the PCs for identifying technological items if they show him mercy, but he can tell them that there's something else strange in town that he's been meaning to investigate further—he suspects that local crime lord Garmen Ulreth has something to do with the extinguishing of the torch, because he knows that Garmen and some of his thugs have been up to something in an old warehouse on the east side of Black Hill. Sanvil isn't exactly sure what's going on there, only that Garmen has been quite cagey about hiding his association with this particular warehouse—Sanvil only found out that Garmen and some of his Ropefists have been using the warehouse for something by snooping around Silverdisk Hall, hoping to find something to report to the Technic League, and overhearing a bit of conversation about the site. He hasn't acted on this information yet, as he's been waiting for the right time to capitalize on it—and bargaining for mercy is certainly as good a time as any! If the PCs kill Sanvil, they should learn much of the same information from a few scraps of paper he keeps in a pouch—the paper is little more than a list of names that Sanvil wants to investigate. All of the PCs' names are on the list, as is Khonnir's, but so is Garmen's name. After his name is an additional note: "Warehouse?"

Sanvil is more than willing to renounce his allegiance to the Technic League if the PCs demand it. Alternatively, he promises to work as a double agent if the PCs come up with that idea. Whether or not Sanvil holds up his end of any bargains or promises with the PCs depends in large part on how they treat him, but if they do manage to forge an alliance with Sanvil, his knowledge of the League may well come in handy later in the Iron Gods Adventure Path (see "Palace of Fallen Stars," the fifth adventure in this Adventure Path).

Story Award: If any PCs have the Against the Technic League trait, award the party 600 XP when they discover Sanvil Trett to be a spy for the League.

TORCH EVENT 4: SAVING KHONNIR

When the PCs rescue Khonnir from area **C12**, they are not immediately able to learn what happened—not only do they need to help him out of the dungeon due to his Dexterity damage, but they soon find that he can't even form intelligible words because of the damage the nanites have caused to his mind. *Lesser restoration* or another effect that can cure his Intelligence damage is enough to restore his ability to speak, but if the PCs can't help him in this way, they need to bring him to a local healer like Joram Kyte of the temple of Brigh for aid (who provides several castings of *lesser restoration* free of charge to help his friend). Once he can speak, Khonnir can relate his adventures and the fate of the fifth expedition to the PCs, but it should soon become obvious that what's afflicting the man is something more insidious than *lesser restoration* can cure.

Every day, Khonnir takes an additional 1d4 points of Intelligence damage. This damage can never equal his actual Intelligence, and thus never renders him unconscious, but neither does he long retain the ability to speak. A successful DC 20 Heal check, or Khonnir himself once he can talk, reveals the cause of the problem—the strange serum the robots injected him with is damaging his mind. This serum contains specialized nanites that, in their constant attempt to map his brain functions and magical energies, continually damage his mind and prevent him from recovering.

This affliction can be cured by *remove disease*. A successful DC 20 check is needed to cure this nanite affliction with the spell, but the caster takes a –5 penalty on the caster level check to do so because of the tenacious nature of the technological disease. Joram Kyte is the only spellcaster in town who can cast this spell—he can attempt this up to three times a day, but the high DC and penalty should make it difficult for him to succeed. Technology is a better solution for Khonnir's problem, for *remove disease* effects from technological devices do not impose the –5 penalty on the caster level check to cure the affliction. If the PCs restored power to the biolock at area **B5**, the sterilizers there have a much better chance to remove the affliction. A dose of vitality serum from Sanvil Trett's

supplies automatically cures the affliction. Finally, if all else fails, Meyanda's black nanite hypogun could possibly be used to cure the man.

If the PCs heal Khonnir's Dexterity damage and his nanite infection, he is very grateful. He has no wish to return to the ruins, as his brush with death below Black Hill has been quite enough for him, but he encourages the PCs to continue their explorations. Khonnir can be helpful to the PCs in many ways, from helping to identify technological artifacts free of charge to aiding in the repair of the coupling.

Story Award: If the PCs cure Khonnir of his nanite affliction, award them 1,600 XP.

PART 5: MELTDOWN

When the android cleric Meyanda arrived in Torch 12 days before this adventure began, she was traveling with a small band of orc and ratfolk followers—thugs and bandits from a gang known as the Lords of Rust based out of the sprawling junkyard of Scrapwall. She'd hoped to be able to infiltrate the town under cover of night, find her way into the caves below Black Hill, and abscond with a portable reactor, but the size of her target caused her to initiate her contingency plan. She ordered her minions to go about preparing defenses for the engineering deck, then prepared the key piece of her plan—a power relay that would transmit energy from the habitat module's reactor all the way back to Scrapwall. The one problem with this plan was that the power relay's carrier wave would be blocked by the glaucite hull and the rock of Black Hill itself—the relay needed to be set up outside of the engineering deck, somewhere in Torch itself. And as it so happened, she knew the perfect person to recruit for help.

Garmen Ulreth is one of Torch's more despicable inhabitants, but he hides his true depravity and cruelty well. Meyanda did a fair amount of research on Torch before traveling to the town, and knew that in Garmen she could find someone that she couldn't trust as a true ally, but could certainly trust to be true to his nature. She paid Garmen handsomely to use one of the warehouses he owns to contain the power relay she's utilizing to transmit energy to Scrapwall. She's also borrowed several of his Ropefists. As part of the arrangement, Garmen's agreed to keep an eye on groups coming and going to the caves below Black Hill, and to keep Meyanda updated frequently. This is the true reason he invited the PCs to Silverdisk Hall—he wanted to keep an eye on them from the start.

TORCH EVENT 5: GARMEN'S WAREHOUSE (CR 5)

At some point during this adventure, the PCs should learn that something strange is going on in a warehouse on the north end of town. The adventure assumes the PCs learn this information from Sanvil Trett, either by capturing him alive and interrogating him, or by examining his belongings

after the PCs defeat him. If Sanvil lives, he can give the PCs the address for the warehouse where he suspects Garmen is hiding something to do with the extinguished torch. If all the PCs have to go on is his cryptic note, they'll need to succeed at either a DC 15 Knowledge (local) check to know the location of Garmen's warehouse, or a DC 15 Diplomacy check to gather information—alternatively, if the PCs rescue and revive Khonnir, he knows the location of the warehouse (as do most other influential NPCs in the city if the PCs ask).

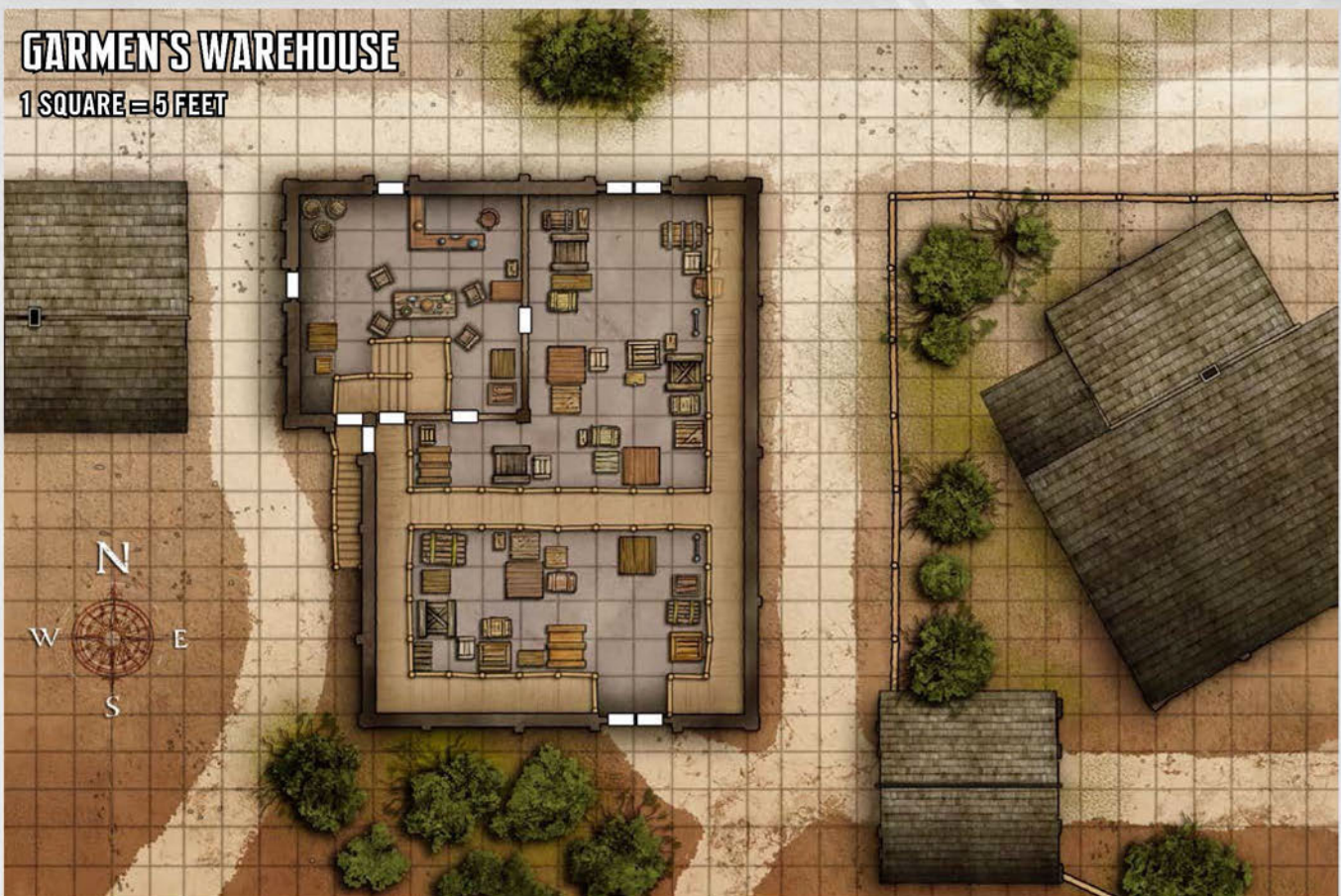
The PCs might also learn about Garmen's warehouse later in the adventure from clues found on the engineering deck. They might even be motivated by their own interest in Garmen and discover his connection to the warehouse on their own, perhaps by tailing him at night. The adventure's resolution doesn't require that the PCs investigate the warehouse, but doing so helps wrap up a few loose ends and can provide them with some extra treasure, including their first technological artifact—a power relay.

You can assume that Garmen is on site the first time the PCs visit the warehouse. He often comes here during the day or at night, and treats the warehouse office as a private retreat from the demands of running Silverdisk Hall. Only if the PCs specifically decide to visit the warehouse when they know he's occupied elsewhere do they not encounter him here. If the PCs arrive when he's away, consider adding a few more Ropefists to the encounter, or have Garmen and a few reinforcements show up after the PCs spend a bit of time exploring the warehouse.

If the PCs wish, they can scout the warehouse ahead of time. Although Garmen is the owner, he doesn't make this fact known to the public. The warehouse itself is boarded up and appears to be abandoned, but succeeding at a DC 15 Perception check while investigating either of the doors indicated on the map reveals that the boarded-up appearance of the door is only a disguise—both doors are locked (Disable Device DC 30), but the boards nailed over each door don't actually impede the doors' use. The other doors are all securely boarded up; they must be smashed down (hardness 5, hp 60, break DC 25) or dismantled to get through them. Dismantling a door requires 2d4 rounds of work and makes a lot of noise. A successful DC 20 Disable Device check halves this time and reduces the sound significantly so that the guards inside don't notice.

Once inside the actual warehouse, the PCs immediately notice a soft but quite unpleasant hum filling the building that can be felt in the bones and teeth as well as heard. Upon first entering the warehouse, a character must succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or immediately develop a splitting headache identical to those detailed in the Strange Headaches section on page 9.

Creatures: Every hour the PCs watch the warehouse, there's a cumulative 5% chance that a Ropefist thug comes or goes, entering or exiting the warehouse floor via the back door.



Each of these thugs carry a key to the locked doors, so if the PCs can't pick the locks, they can jump one of these thugs as they're approaching or leaving the warehouse to secure a key.

No one responds if the PCs call out to the warehouse or knock on the door, as the thugs inside have orders to remain quiet to give the illusion that the building is indeed abandoned.

If Garmen is present, he can be found in the warehouse office, relaxing with a meal, going over some of Silverdisk Hall's ledgers, or catching a nap. In this case, there are four Ropefist thugs on site in the warehouse itself, two on the catwalks and two on the ground floor. If Garmen isn't present, four additional thugs are in the warehouse. Feel free to add more thugs to the encounter if you wish to provide a greater challenge to the PCs!

GARMEN ULRETH CR 3

XP 800

Male human rogue 4

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 25 (4d8+4)

Fort +2, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +7 (1d6/18-20)

Ranged hand crossbow +6 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat Garmen's first attack is against a flat-footed foe if possible. He drinks his *potion of invisibility* on the next round, repositions himself, and then sneak attacks the most wounded enemy he can reach. After this, he uses Improved Feint or flanking to maximize further sneak attacks.

Morale If reduced to 10 or fewer hit points, Garmen drinks another *potion of invisibility* and then flees. He returns to Silverdisk Hall and plots revenge against the PCs, but if they show up looking for him before he can recover from his fight, he tries to avoid them. If cornered, Garmen surrenders and begs for mercy if reduced to 5 or fewer hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16

Feats Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Improved Feint, Iron Will, Weapon Finesse

Skills Appraise +8, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +10, Disable Device +11, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +6, Profession (gambler) +6, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +9

Languages Common, Hallit, Orc

SQ rogue talents (finesse rogue, resiliency), trapfinding +2

Combat Gear *potions of invisibility* (2); **Other Gear** +1 studded leather, buckler, hand crossbow with 10 bolts, mwk rapier, mwk thieves' tools, 89 gp

ROPEFIST THUGS (4)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Human rogue 1

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 14 each (1d8+6)

Fort +2, **Ref** +3, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +3 (1d3+4)

Ranged sling +1 (1d4+3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

During Combat The Ropefist thugs prefer to fight with their fists—they wrap their hands in coils of rope more as an affectation than anything else, and are equally good at pummeling foes with or without this decoration. They prefer to gang up on foes if possible. A thug drinks his *potion of cure light wounds* if reduced to 7 or fewer hit points.

Morale A Ropefist thug who's reduced to 4 or fewer hit points attempts to flee, but if cornered, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14

Feats Improved Unarmed Strike, Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +5, Bluff +5, Climb +7, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +3, Sense Motive +3, Sleight of Hand +5, Stealth +5

Languages Common

SQ trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear** mwk studded leather, sling with 10 bullets, sunrod, 3d6 gp

Treasure: Since the warehouse is little more than a front that

Garmen uses for his various criminal activities, the crates are merely for show—there's nothing in any of them except the power relay. He sometimes uses the warehouse to store large payments or to aid in smuggling or other illicit operations, but currently the only thing he's hiding here is Meyanda's power relay.

This device is hidden within the crate indicated on the map—any character who comes within 10 feet of the crate can attempt a DC 15 Perception check; if the check is successful, the character notes that the strange humming in the warehouse seems louder in the area and can follow the humming to the source. The power relay itself is detailed on page 60—shutting it off not only terminates the broadcasting of power to Scrapwall, but also puts a stop to the headaches that have been plaguing Torch for so long.

A character who succeeds at a DC 20 Perception check while searching the warehouse office discovers a hidden panel in the desk—within the compartment, Garmen has hidden Meyanda's payment to him for his help: a small chest of 50 silverdisks.

Development: Garmen has been careful to avoid letting his Ropefists know what's really going on, and has avoided leaving any sort of paper trail. As far as the Ropefist thugs know, they're guarding a powerful magic device in the warehouse until their boss can find a buyer—they know better than to ask questions. Likewise, if Garmen is slain, he takes the secret of his arrangement with Meyanda to his grave. If the PCs capture him alive and can make him helpful via Diplomacy, Intimidate, or via mind-affecting magic, they can learn about his association. He knows Meyanda is an android and that she's working with ratfolk and orcs, and he knows that she's some sort of priestess, but he doesn't know what god she worships. He can provide a description of her, and knows she's down somewhere below Black Hill. He doesn't know for sure that she's the culprit behind the torch going out, but he suspects she is—he's hoping that his arrangement with her profits him greatly in the short term, and he's had to relocate his business dozens of times in the past, so he cares little about the town's well-being. He was growing bored with Torch anyway, and was planning on skipping town for a change of scenery once the loss of the torch itself brought the Technic League down on the



Ropefist Thug

town. Garmen makes a poor choice for an ally—treachery is in his nature—but if the PCs are convincing enough (or pay him enough), he may aid them in defeating Meyanda if you wish, though he's more likely to skip town as soon as the PCs let down their guard.

In the meantime, down on the engineering deck, Meyanda quickly notices that the relay has been shut down. She takes a day to organize a response, after which she sends the fanatics in area **D3** out into Torch to investigate the warehouse. If they fail to return within 24 hours, she realizes that something has gone wrong, and at the next sunset she personally leads the fanatics and ratfolk from area **D5** out to investigate the warehouse. If she finds the power relay has been stolen, she does her best to track it down. If she has to, she waits a day and prepares *locate object* to aid her. In this case, the climax of the adventure could well take place elsewhere, likely wherever the PCs have taken the power relay. But even if they defeat Meyanda elsewhere, they still need to eventually explore the engineering deck to relight the torch.

Story Award: If the PCs shut down the power relay, award them 1,200 XP.

D. ENGINEERING DECK

The engineering section contained all of the power distribution, production labs, and navigational systems for the habitat module, including an immense fusion reactor—the source of the town's eponymous torch.

This deck suffered extensive damage during the crash—the walls are blasted in places and exposed sections show off circuitry, wiring, broken lighting, and glaucite support beams, resulting in anyone section of wall on this level having taken 100 points of damage already, should the PCs seek to smash through one of them (see the sidebar on page 18 for information on these glaucite walls). Lighting on this deck is dim, with flickering lights being a somewhat distracting and common element—Meyanda and her minions all have low-light vision or darkvision, but the PCs may need to fall back on their own light sources here. The entire deck thrums with the low thundering sound of the reactor in area **D9**—the closer the PCs get to this room, the louder and more obvious the vibrations and rumbling grow. This rumbling sound imposes a –5 penalty on all Perception checks to hear noises.

All of the doors on this level (unless otherwise indicated) are locked (brown access).

D1. Improvised Kennel (CR 3)

A cloying, animalistic stink fills the air of this hemispherical room. To the north and south, curved ramps lead up to hallways leading out of the room, while several doors sit in the east wall. Flickering lights flash and strobe on the ceiling, and the gray metal walls are scorched, dented, and partially broken in places,

exposing colorful wires or metallic struts within. Four mounds of rubble, cloth, and bones lie scattered about the room.

The enclosed area to the west (area **D1a**) is an elevator shaft that drops down to area **C9**. Once the elevator is repaired, a panel on the wall next to the doors allow the elevator to be called up to this deck, but until then, the doors to area **D1a** do not open unless they're forced open.

The doors to area **D2** are locked (white access).

This room was once a combination security point and storage area for the engineering deck, as well as a central hub for access to a ring that surrounded the habitat dome. The southern access has collapsed, but the northern one still exists, leading back to area **B15**—it was via this route that Meyanda and her minions came to the engineering deck.

Creatures: Once Meyanda locked the hatch to the science labs, she used this room to kennel four trained pets—a pack of bloodthirsty thylacines. These animals have had little care, other than food and water, leaving the room quite filthy. The cultists have made no effort to pick up after the creatures as they don't expect to stay long enough to have to worry about their living conditions. The thylacines serve as guard dogs here—their high-pitched howls and growls upon sighting intruders can alert nearby foes. Each round combat persists here, the fanatics in area **D3** must succeed at a DC 5 Perception check (remember to apply the –5 penalty to this check for the noise of the reactor) to hear the thylacines. If they hear this noise, they alert the ratfolk in area **D4** (who join them in area **D3**) and react as detailed in area **D3**. The thylacines fight to the death, and pursue foes who flee the room for several rounds.

THYLACINES (4)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 7 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 191)

D2. Power Distribution Hub (CR 3)

This short hallway hums and buzzes with the sound of machinery. Four glowing and flashing nodes are attached to the walls to the north and south, each periodically firing off bolts of electricity.

Trap: This room serves as a power distribution hub for the entire complex, but Meyanda has removed the protective plating that shielded the power nodes on the walls to imperil any unwanted visitors who might take this direct approach to the reactor room. Any creature that moves between these nodes is blasted by a painful arc of electricity. This trap is easy to spot but somewhat difficult to disarm—if the trap is disabled, it merely makes this hallway safe to travel. Only if all four nodes are destroyed (hardness 15, hp 90, break DC 32) is the power distribution to the area cut off. This causes all rooms save for area **D9**

to go into standby mode—lights go off, doors deactivate, and most other technological elements in each room become dormant until these power distribution nodes are repaired (something that a repair drone or similar robot can handle, but that is likely beyond the PCs' capabilities).

EXPOSED POWER NODES

CR 3

XP 800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 0; Disable Device DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic (after 24 hours)

Effect electrical arc (6d6 electricity damage); Reflex DC 18 half

D3. Loading Dock (CR 3)

The walls of this chamber are battered and dented, and flickering lights on the ceiling give the room a phantasmagoric cast. A

mound of rubble sits heaped to the north, while numerous strange containers lie in haphazard piles throughout the chamber. A pair of desks with chairs are placed to the south.

Creatures: This room acted as the deck's primary loading dock for bringing on new supplies and parts for continued operation, but the north wall, where the loading bay doors once stood, have crumbled into ruin. The containers in the room have mostly been ransacked by Meyanda's minions, but two of her fanatics are still here, slowly studying and picking through the mountains of junk and clutter for anything worth scavenging. If they're alerted to trouble by the thylacines in area **D1**, one of them calls the ratfolk in the storeroom (area **D4**) to join them here, while the other retreats to area **D5** to alert the remaining fanatics. Within 5 minutes of the alarm being raised, the fanatics in area **D5** begin patrolling the deck, looking for the PCs, with the remaining fanatics and ratfolk forming a second patrol group that do so as well. Where and how the PCs encounter these patrols are left to you to determine.

SCRAPWALL FANATICS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Half-orc fighter 1/rogue 1

CN Medium humanoid (human, orc)

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

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 17 each (2 HD; 1d10+1d8+3)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +1

Defensive Abilities orc ferocity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee improvised weapon +4 (1d6+3)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

During Combat These fanatics fight with jagged pieces of broken machinery, using these improvised weapons with surprising accuracy. When they're not able to flank foes, they prefer to attack the most wounded opponent in any group.

Morale The fanatics live up to their name and fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 17, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8

Base Atk +1; CMB +4; CMD 16

Feats Catch Off-Guard, Improved Initiative

Skills Climb +8, Intimidate +6, Perception +6, Stealth +7, Survival +6

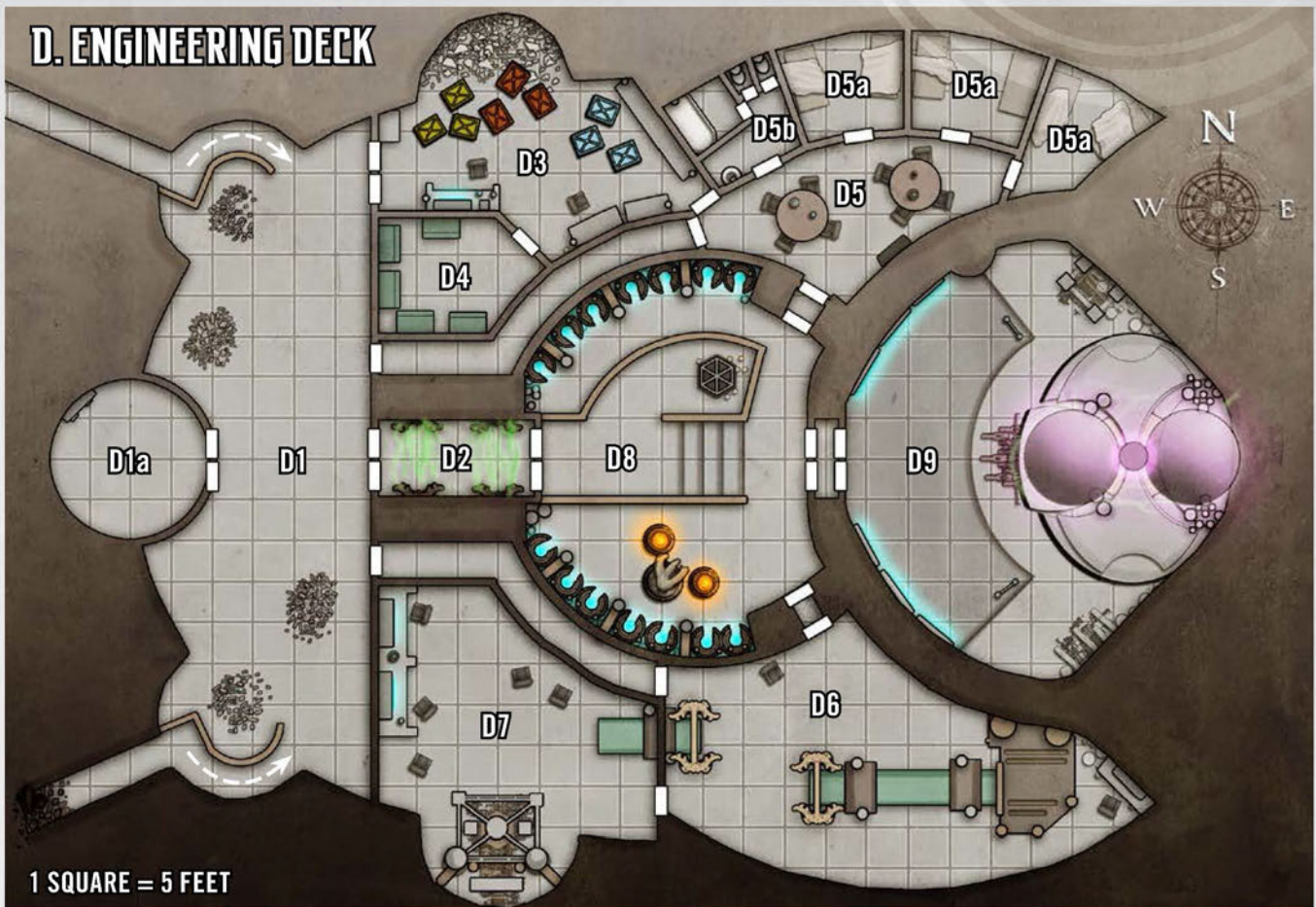
Languages Common, Orc

SQ orc blood, trapfinding +1

Gear mwk studded leather, mwk buckler, brown access card¹⁶, 2 silverdisks, 10 gp



Scrapwall Fanatic



Treasure: The fanatics have scoured most of the items of interest here and have handed them over to Meyanda as offerings to Hellion (see area **D8**), but one locker in the northeast corner of the room has so far resisted their attempts to open it. The locker is battered (evidence of their recent attempts to force it open), and in order to get into it, the PCs need to either finish the job (hardness 15, hp 33, break DC 28) or open it with a successful DC 30 Disable Device check. Inside is a timeworn autograpnelTM, a timeworn panic suitTM, a timeworn emergency beaconTM, two batteriesTM, and 24 silverdisks.

D4. Storeroom (CR 2)

A multitude of small boxes, discarded wrappers, and opened crates lie scattered throughout this room, along with several empty shelves.

Creatures: Meyanda tasked some of her best scavengers—three ratfolk rogues—with ransacking this storeroom for valuable spare parts they can take back to Scrapwall. Specifically, they're searching for any devices that might aid Hellion in his rise to power, but so far

they've only located minor components meant to service the bio-module and its robots. The ratfolk drop their loot and immediately attack anyone entering here that they don't recognize.

RATFOLK SCRAPPERS (3)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Ratfolk rogue 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 231)

CN Small humanoid (ratfolk)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+2 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 11 each (1d8+3)

Fort +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee short sword +1 (1d4/19-20)

Ranged hand crossbow +4 (1d3/19-20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6, swarming

TACTICS

During Combat The ratfolk scrappers use their swarming ability to get sneak attacks, and prefer to attack human foes over other targets if possible.

Morale These ratfolk aren't as brave as the orcs working for Meyanda. A ratfolk reduced to 4 or fewer hit points attempts to flee or hide, but if cornered, fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +0; **CMB** -1; **CMD** 12

Feats Improved Initiative

Skills Acrobatics +7 (+3 when jumping), Bluff +5, Climb +4, Craft (alchemy) +3, Disable Device +7, Handle Animal +2, Perception +5, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +11, Survival +0, Use Magic Device +3

Languages Common, Orc

SQ trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *screaming bolt* (1); **Other Gear** leather armor, hand crossbow with 10 bolts, short sword, brown access card^{TC}, 2 gp



Ratfolk Scrapper

D5. Engineering Lounge (CR 5)

Cushioned chairs and metal tables are situated throughout this small room. To the north are several doors, while a few broken machines lie against the walls. Broken panels cover the ceiling, and mounds of what look like shattered glass have been pushed under the tables.

Creatures: This room once served as a lounge for the engineering deck crew, while the rooms to the side served as barracks. Today, it's where Meyanda's followers live while they wait for their mistress's mission to be finished. Annoyed by the flickering lights in the room, the orcs smashed them all out, plunging the room into darkness. In all, two Scrapwall fanatics and four ratfolk scappers are relaxing here. If the PCs make it to this room without raising an alarm, they find half of these people seated at tables around the room passing the time in conversation and games, while the others are resting spread out around the barracks to the north (the three rooms labeled area D5a each contain a pair of bunk beds). Area D5b contains a bath and toilets that are fully functional. The orcs and ratfolk, however, have not treated these areas with much respect.

If the alarm has been raised, all of the ratfolk and orcs (plus one orc from area D3) are gathered here, ready to attack any intruders until they decide to start patrolling the deck 5 minutes after the alarm goes off. Their patrol route takes them from area D5 to area D1, then to areas D6 and D7, into D8, then back to D5. They repeat this patrol several times until they find the PCs or are convinced the intruders have left.

SCRAPWALL FANATICS (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 17 each (see page 46)

RATFOLK SCRAPPERS (4)

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 11 each (see page 47)

Treasure: One large broken machine against the southeast wall was once a goo-tube vending machine. It still contains 32 goo tubes^{TC} of various flavors.

D6. Robotics Lab (CR 4)

This room buzzes and hums with the sound of machinery. A long track of moving leather-like material rotates along a metal framework in the middle of the room. The eastern end of this device is connected to a looming metal machine fitted with thrashing and twitching armatures and blinking lights. Panels on the wall flash with strange writing and images of metallic constructs. To the west,

a second track of leather, this one smeared with blood, churns through an opening in the wall to a room beyond. The entire place has an air of entropy to it—with missing parts, flashing sparks, and periodic discordant sounds of metal scraping against metal revealing how damaged the room’s machinery is.

This area once housed all of the necessary machinery for designing, maintaining, and recharging the robots used throughout the habitat module, but the crash and thousands of years of neglect that followed have left the robotics lab in disarray. The blood on the conveyor belt between this room and area **D7** is from the dead orcs in the other room.

Creatures: Meyanda has lured a few repair drones into this room in hopes of completely repairing it, but as hard as the two robots work, the damage to this lab is simply too severe for them to restore the lab to functionality. The repair drones clatter and scurry about the room, looking quite busy—they completely ignore any intruders unless they’re attacked or anyone attempts to interfere with their repairs (this includes attempts to search the room for treasure, of course).

REPAIR DRONES (2) CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 31 each (see page 24)

Development: If a character who’s able to read or understand the Androffan language examines the various monitors and succeeds at a DC 15 Linguistics check, she deciphers the room’s purpose as a manufacturing lab. More importantly, she also notes that one panel on the machine in the southeast corner of the room is repeatedly flashing a single message in red letters—this should attract the attention of anyone who comes near this area of the room. The message reads: “WARNING: Robot Command Core Damaged—Reboot Required!” Touching this screen is all that is required to authorize the reboot, which immediately causes all of the drones and collector robots in the habitat module to deactivate. After 24 hours, the robots reactivate, but this warning screen appears again. Destroying this machine (hardness 15, hp 240, break DC 36, Disable Device DC 30) while the robots are shut down prevents the robots from waking again.

If the PCs shut down the robot command core, Meyanda immediately notices when her own collector robot deactivates—she then comes to this room to investigate the problem, bringing with her any allies still in area **D8**.

Story Award: Award the PCs XP for any undefeated robots that shut down the first time they activate the command core reboot. If any PCs have the Robot Slayer campaign trait and the party manages to destroy the robot command core, award the PCs 600 XP.

D7. Fabrication Lab (CR 4)

An immense machine looms to the south in this room, its upper portion obscured by tangles of hanging cables and cords. The device looks something like an enormous oven, its front open with a rotating belt of green leathery material connecting to a wide metal table. Metal desks with flashing lights sit to the east, while a second rotating belt of leather moves through an opening in the east wall. Two dead orcs lie at the base of this second belt.

This workroom provided the necessary facilities for building and fabricating virtually any piece of simple equipment required by the crew. It saw frequent use on worlds where they needed to replicate or modify the less advanced technology or tools employed by the aliens they took on board the habitat. Unfortunately, like the robotics lab to the east, the crash has damaged this chamber beyond repair.

Creature: The most powerful robot to survive this crash—a hulking humanoid contraption known as a gearsman—has remained stationed here, still bound by ancient programming. As *Divinity* limped through Golarion’s system so many centuries ago, the gearsman (as with most of its fellows throughout *Divinity*) fell under the influence of the mad AI Unity. It murdered several of this deck’s engineers hours before the final crash, and has remained here, impassive and patient, awaiting the opportunity to execute its orders again. It attacked Meyanda and her followers—the two dead orcs on the floor are evidence of this fight—and she decided to leave the uncooperative gearsman alone as a result.

GEARSMAN CR 4

XP 1,200

Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary 44

N Medium construct (robot)

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

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+1 Dex, +9 natural)

hp 42 (4d10+20)

Fort +1, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to critical hits, vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee timeworn neural inhibitor +9 (1d6+5 plus resonance), slam +4 (1d4+2)

TACTICS

During Combat Upon noticing intruders, the gearsman lurches to life, confronting them with its shrill metallic voice in Androffan: “Intrusion detected. Initiating purge protocol 11-321. Please stand down and submit, intruders. Purge protocol 11-321 demands compliance per core *Divinity* Directive.” The gearsman attacks at once, focusing its attacks

on the closest character and continuing to attack that target until it falls, at which point it switches to the next closest target, repeats its lines, and continues the attack.

Morale The gearsman fights until destroyed, but it does not pursue foes from this room, nor does it say anything else to the PCs.

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 20

Feats Combat Reflexes, Power Attack

Skills Craft (weapons) +8, Disable Device +8, Perception +8, Profession (soldier) +7, Sense Motive +8

Languages Common, Hallit

SQ adaptive learning, charge weapon, self-repair

Gear timeworn neural inhibitor (8 charges; see page 60)



Gearsman

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Adaptive Learning (Ex) A gearsman has bonus skill ranks that it can reallocate, but this specific gearsman does not use this ability.

Charge Weapon (Ex) Any metal melee weapon wielded by a gearsman becomes charged with electricity and deals +1d6 points of electricity damage on a hit.

Self-Repair (Ex) A gearsman's nanites heal it of damage at the rate of a number of hit points per hour equal to its Hit Dice (4 hit points per hour for most gearsmen). Up to once per day, as a full-round action, it can heal any robot it touches of 4d6 points of damage—if a gearsman uses this ability on itself, it automatically heals itself of the maximum amount of damage: 24 points.

Treasure: The two dead Scrapwall fanatics were slain by the gearsman. Both bodies still possess their gear (see page 46).

A search of the large machine to the south reveals dozens of fragments of strange, partially completed devices lodged within the machine. One of these items is a timeworn chemalyzerTM.

A PC who succeeds at a DC 22 Perception check while investigating the northwestern desks discovers a white access card that slipped behind a monitor centuries ago.

D8. Navigation Control Room (CR 4)

A balcony runs around the edges of this domed chamber, the curved walls of which are covered in blinking lights and unidentifiable machinery. A few steps lead down from this balcony in the middle of the room. Just north of these steps sits a large machine with a pink glass tabletop-like surface above which float semitransparent images of some sort. The balcony is wider on the south side of the stairs, where a strange statue stands that seems to have been cobbled together from broken machines into the shape of an upraised claw or talon.

A mound of junk lies in a heap before the claw, while two smoking braziers burn softly to each side. To the east looms a pair of immense black metal doors framed by a rotating arch of pulsing red lights.

The engineering crew once used this room to navigate the habitat module and maneuver it in space when it wasn't docked with *Divinity*. Needless to say, while the control panels along the north and south walls still blink and flash, they no longer function. Today, this room serves as Meyanda's jury-rigged temple to her god, Hellion.

The device just to the north of the stairs once displayed full maps of not only the habitat module, but also *Divinity* itself—it was a communications console. Although it

no longer functions and does not allow communication with the mother ship, the holographic image it displays of the habitat module can give the PCs an idea of what the ship they've been exploring once looked like from the outside—close examination of the image and tinkering with the controls expands or shrinks the view. The PCs can use this map to locate areas of the ship they haven't yet found, but any parts of the ship that have been destroyed are flashing and obscured with a field of static.

The clawlike statue was built by Meyanda, and with a successful DC 10 Knowledge (religion) check, a character notes that the display seems to have strong religious overtones—it certainly looks like some sort of altar, but the nature of the deity to which it is devoted is not something the PCs can deduce. At best, with a successful DC 15 Knowledge (religion) check, the PCs should come to the conclusion that the deity to which the altar is devoted is new or perhaps even fictional. In fact, this altar is devoted to Hellion, the AI lord of Scrapwall, but the PCs are unlikely to learn the full significance of the shrine until the next adventure.

Creature: When Meyanda leads her daily, hour-long sermons here, she does so from the south side of the room—her followers crowd in to the north. These sermons take place at or close to sunrise and coincide with her rituals and prayers to gain her spells for the day—if the PCs enter the engineering deck at this time, they can catch one of these strange rituals in progress. Her prayers are largely in Androffan, and the ratfolk and orcs don't understand them but know better than to act disrespectful, since not only is Meyanda capable of painful punishments, but also each of these fanatics and scrappers understands that Hellion is a real thing—even if none of them have actually seen the AI or its proxies in the so-called flesh. Stealthily listening to this sermon and being able to understand Androffan should reveal little more about the mysterious deity—see Concluding the Adventure on page 53 and the next volume of this Adventure Path for more information about how the PCs can find out more about Hellion.

Meyanda's deadliest minion dwells here—a lumbering slate-gray gargoyle named Gruethur. The gargoyle has adorned himself with bits and pieces of dismantled machinery, scrap metal, and strips of wiring, but this is more an affectation and a misguided attempt to make himself into something more like Hellion than anything truly protective. The gargoyle is a mute, its throat a mass of scar tissue from the battle it lost months ago to Meyanda, after which it became her devoted acolyte when she decided to spare his life. Gruethur fights eagerly and to the death, but does not pursue foes beyond this room—his goal is to prevent entry into the reactor core.

GRUETHUR**CR 4****XP 1,200**

Male gargoyle

hp 42 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 137)

Treasure: The pile of junk before the altar to Hellion is mostly composed of useless but interesting-looking scraps scavenged from the ship (offerings from the fanatics and scrappers), but a search of the rubble reveals several useful items including 48 silverdisks, a pair of timeworn veemod goggles^{TG} fitted with a black veemod^{TG}, a timeworn medlance^{TG}, two rolls of ion tape^{TG}, a zipstick^{TG}, and a timeworn proximity helmet (see page 61).

**Gruethur**

D9. Reactor Core (CR 6)

The doors to this chamber are both locked (white access).

Panels of blinking lights and machinery line the walls of this chamber, but the true spectacle here is the massive machine of metal that looms against the far wall on a ten-foot-high platform. Two immense cylinders of pulsing violet light throb at the machine's core, while above a thinner cylinder extends through the ceiling. Ladders to the north and south provide access to the machine's platform, while at the center, a smaller machine with several metal spikes protruding from its heart extends from the larger one. The entire room vibrates with a roaring thunder, and the air feels strangely alive, almost as if it were vibrating as well.

This chamber is the source of Torch's claim to fame—an immense and partially malfunctioning fusion reactor. The machine is currently operating beyond its safety protocols so that Meyanda can harvest its excess power. The reactor has a built-in power transmitter (this is the smaller machine with spikes), but the range of this transmitter is significantly reduced by the ship's hull and the surrounding rock, forcing Meyanda to place the power relay in a nearby warehouse in Torch so she can transmit power to Scrapwall. The methods for returning the reactor to standby mode and thus reactivating its fail-safe are, fortunately for Torch, relatively simple—see Development, below.

The thunderous droning created by the somewhat malfunctioning reactor imposes a –10 penalty on Perception checks attempted in this room.

Creatures: The architect of Torch's recent troubles can be found here. Meyanda sees the reactor as a sacred object, something almost akin to the divinity of her deity, Hellion, and the time she's spent here has been something of a prolonged religious experience for the android. Accompanied by a collector robot programmed by Hellion to be her guardian and slave, Meyanda is prepared to defend the reactor and its power transmission with her life.

If reduced to 5 or fewer hit points, Meyanda makes a final desperate act—she's identified a particularly weak part of the damaged reactor, and if she has a chance to do so, she fires at this spot with her inferno pistol. The target has an AC of 10, and if she hits a section of the reactor, it automatically fractures, causing a jet of violet gas to vent into the room. Any creature within 5 feet of this location must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or take 4d6 points of fire damage, but worse, the vent immediately bathes the entire chamber with low radiation (see Chapter 3 of the *Technology Guide* or page 26 of *Numeria: Land of Fallen Stars* for details). This is a dangerous situation, but fortunately far less catastrophic than the explosion Meyanda was hoping for!

MEYANDA

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 49 (see page 56)

COLLECTOR ROBOT

CR 3

XP 800

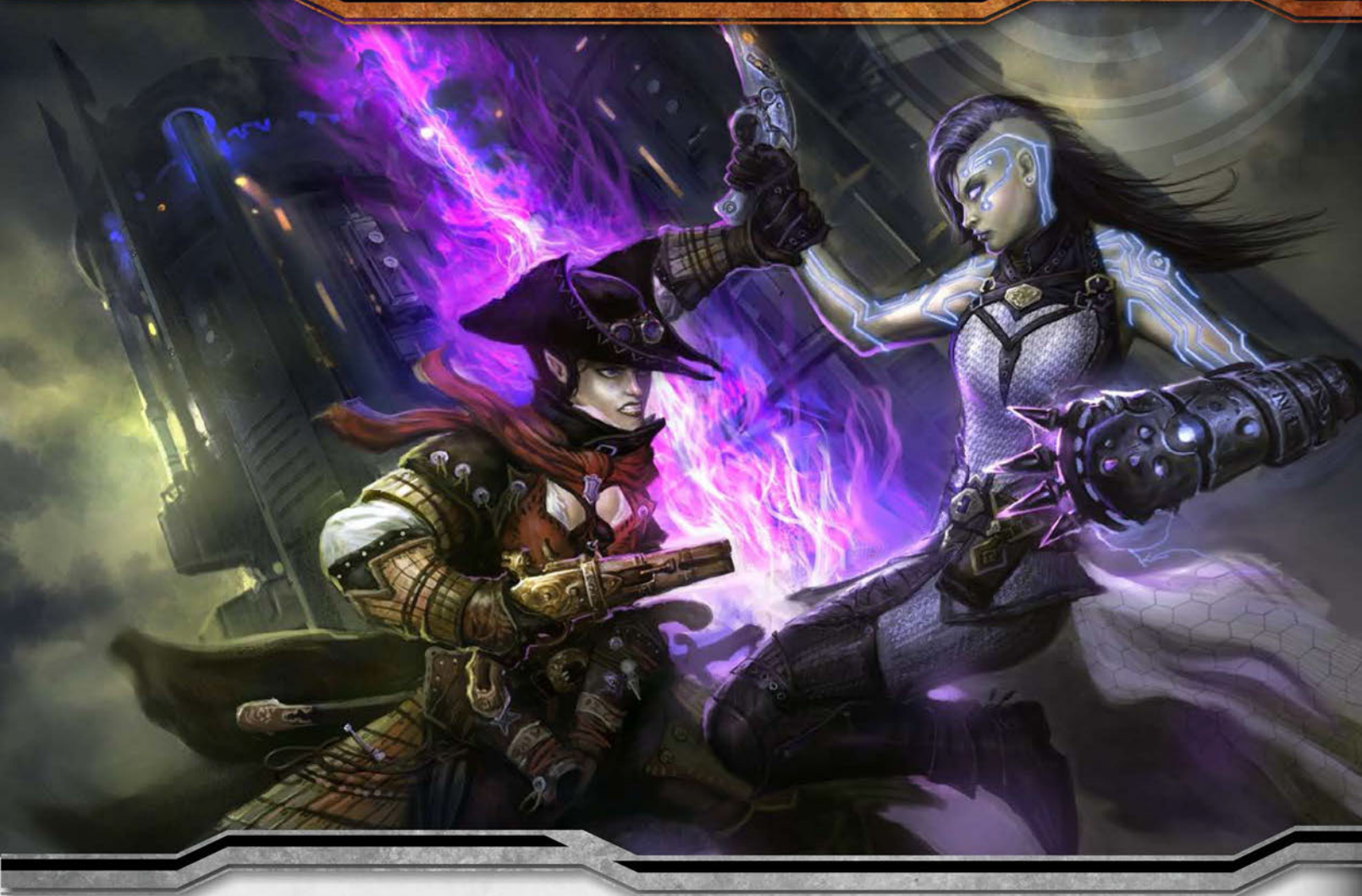
hp 31 (see page 84)

Development: The reactor and its integrated power transmitter are a priceless, immobile technological artifact. In its currently activated state and damaged condition, the reactor's yield is only 250, half of its normal output. Of that yield, 240 charges are dedicated to the ruins, either keeping the electronics powered or simply going to waste due to damage caused by the crash. Only the remaining 10 charges of available yield are being siphoned off by the power relay (see page 60) to Scrapwall—this is the primary reason it's going to take months for Meyanda to complete her mission. If the PCs commandeer the power relay or deactivate it, these 10 charges of available yield can be used to recharge their non-timeworn technological items, but once the reactor's fail-safe is restored, this available yield effectively drops to 0, as all the power is instead shunted into venting and site maintenance.

The reactor is somewhat damaged (hardness 10, hp 650), but reducing its hit points to 0 isn't the only way to cause a catastrophic explosion—if the PCs leave the reactor activated as it currently is, the device's hit points are diminished by 2d6 per day (this damage bypasses the reactor's hardness). You don't really need to track the damage the reactor takes during the course of this adventure, since the point isn't to put the PCs on a countdown, but if nothing is done at all, the resulting explosion (which deals 10d6 points of bludgeoning damage, 10d6 points of fire damage, and 10d6 points of electricity damage in a 100-foot radius, Reflex DC 20 half) is enough to shatter Black Hill and devastate a significant portion of northern Torch.

This event can be avoided by resetting the reactor's fail-safe and putting it back into dormancy. There's a 10% chance every time the reactor takes more than 12 points of damage that its safety protocols automatically kick in to trigger the fail-safe.

The simplest way to engage the fail-safe is to deactivate the power transmitter built into the side of the reactor. Destroying the power transmitter works (hardness 15, hp 60), but each time the device takes damage, it blasts a 5-foot radius around it with electricity—all creatures in this area must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save or take 2d6 points of electricity damage). A safer method is to deactivate it with a successful DC 30 Disable Device check. This check takes 10 minutes to attempt and, assuming there are no distractions, a character can take 10 or take 20 on the check, but even at 4th level, it may be impossible for a character to successfully accomplish this task without the Technologist feat.



Fortunately, partial instructions to disarm the transmitter and engage the fail-safe appear on the device's damaged monitors. If these messages, which are written in Androffan, are translated, they grant a +10 circumstance bonus on Disable Device checks and allow checks to deactivate it to be attempted untrained.

Of course, if the PCs manage to befriend or otherwise control Meyanda's actions rather than killing her, they can simply have her restore the reactor's fail-safe—she can do so automatically.

When the reactor's fail-safe is reengaged, the two columns of energy flash with light, then pulse back upward to create a vortex of violet flame that erupts into the sky above Black Hill. This column of flame burns for nearly 24 hours before finally receding back down to the bonfire-sized blaze the town of Torch has grown accustomed to.

For more on power generators, see the *Technology Guide*.

Story Award: Grant the PCs 1,600 XP for deactivating the reactor and relighting the torch. In addition, if any PCs have the Skymetal Smith campaign trait, grant the party an additional 600 XP if they accomplish this final goal.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

With Meyanda's defeat, the fight goes out of any remaining fanatics and scrappers in the ruins—they do their best to escape, but if they're captured, you can use any of them as a way to fill the PCs in on what Meyanda was hoping to accomplish. These orcs and ratfolk are members of a gang of thugs called the Lords of Rust, and the information they can impart to the PCs can be quite valuable in preparing for the next stage of the Iron Gods Adventure Path.

Torch's town council gratefully rewards the PCs for their actions, with thanks and the promised reward of 4,000 gp. Word of the PCs' triumph spreads through town quickly, and they soon find that paying for drinks or rooms is unnecessary—at least for a few weeks. It'll still be some time before Torch is on its feet again, though.

Yet the PCs time in the town is drawing to a close, for Meyanda was nothing more than a pawn of a greater enemy. The mysterious Hellion still dwells in Scrapwall, and Torch's leaders fear that if nothing is done to defeat this so called Lord of Rust, it is only a matter of time before its attentions turn to the town once again!

KHONNIR BAINE

A FUGITIVE FROM THE TECHNIC LEAGUE, KHONNIR BAINE HID HIMSELF IN PLAIN SIGHT BY TAKING A NEW NAME AND PROFESSION, ADOPTING A DAUGHTER, AND FILLING A ROLE AS A TOWN COUNCILOR AND MASTER MERCHANT IN THE TOWN OF TORCH.

KHONNIR BAINE

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male middle-aged human rogue 1/wizard (arcane bomber) 5
(*Ultimate Combat* 74)

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 natural)

hp 19 (6d6-6)

Fort -1, **Ref** +5, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +2 (1d4-1/19-20)

Ranged bomb +5 (3d6+4 fire)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6, spellblast bombs

Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 5th; concentration +9)

3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball* (DC 17), *fly*

2nd—*acid arrow*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 16), *resist energy*, *web* (DC 16)

1st—*corrosive touch*^{UM*}, *expeditious retreat*, *mage armor*, *shocking grasp*, *unseen servant*

Opposition Schools divination, enchantment, illusion, necromancy

TACTICS

Before Combat Khonnir casts *fly*, *mage armor*, and *resist energy* (fire) before a fight, but these effects are not calculated into his stats above, since when he's first encountered in this adventure, he has no spells prepared.

During Combat Khonnir prefers to avoid combat if possible, since once a fight starts, his tactics tend to be somewhat explosive and incendiary, and he prefers to minimize collateral damage if possible. Once combat becomes unavoidable, though, he begins battle by casting *web* to slow foes down, following that up with a *fireball*. He uses his bombs on following rounds, enhancing them to be spellblast bombs. He uses his *wand of magic missile* in situations where he needs to be more exact in the targeting of attacks. He seeks cover and drinks a *potion of cure light wounds* whenever he's reduced to 10 or fewer hit points.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 10 hit points and he's exhausted his healing supplies, Khonnir flees so he can re-examine an opponent or challenge rather than risk his life with depleted resources.

STATISTICS

Str 9, **Dex** 14, **Con** 7, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

Feats Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Scribe Scroll, Throw Anything, Toughness, Technologist^{IG}

Skills Craft (alchemy) +13, Craft (metalworking) +13, Diplomacy +7, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (engineering) +10, Linguistics +12, Perception +11, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +13, Stealth +11

Languages Androffan, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Gnome, Hallit, Ignan, Orc, Terran, Undercommon

SQ school of the bomb, trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2), *scroll of detect radiation*^{IG}, *scroll of technomancy*^{IG}, *scroll of unseen servant*, *wand of magic missile* (CL 3rd, 44 charges), acid (2);

Other Gear mwk dagger, *amulet of natural armor* +1, antitoxin, everburning torch, bedroll, cold-weather outfit, flint and steel, mwk backpack, rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, winter blanket, 52 gp, 4 sp, 3 cp

Khonnir Baine originally went by the name of Pauldris Gray when he lived in Starfall, where he kept busy working as a low-ranking assistant to the Technic League for many years. He knew going into the job that the League was unconcerned with matters of morality, but as time went on and he grew more and more involved with their activities, he came to realize that the League was the cause of—rather than attempting to stop—many of the inequalities and atrocities he saw every day in the streets of Starfall. Yet by this point, he was too far enmeshed in League affairs to simply abandon his post without repercussion. It wasn't until he confronted an alchemist rival named Ghartone over that alchemist's plans to use a young orphan girl as a resource in the creation of an alchemical homunculus that events forced his hand. He killed—or believed he killed—Ghartone in order to save the girl, a Kellid named Val, and then fled with her to the south, after setting fire to the lab in hopes that the League would assume both he and Ghartone had perished in a tragic accident.

After several months living in hiding in the city of Chesed, Khonnir learned that Ghartone had survived the blast and that now Khonnir had a bounty on his head.

To keep his profile low, Khonnir took his new name and disguised himself by shaving his beard and dying his hair. He took similar steps to hide Val's identity, cutting her hair short while continuing to give her an education far beyond what a typical child growing up in Numeria could ever hope to receive. Even so, the life of a vagabond weighed heavily on them. It held no appeal for Khonnir, and he felt a growing responsibility to do better by Val. They worked their way south along the Sellen, hiding themselves among the constant flow of crusaders heading to Mendev. Eventually, Khonnir heard of the town of Torch and abandoned the river life entirely to seek out new lives there for himself and his adopted daughter.

Khonnir's skill and knowledge, combined with his charitable personality, swiftly made friends of nearly everyone in town. Over the next few years, he grew more and more confident that the Technic League and his old rival Ghartone had given him up for dead, and he built a successful business, shared new techniques for smelting and recasting skymetal, and even improved the town's water supply. Despite repeatedly downplaying his contributions, Khonnir eventually found himself unanimously voted to the Town Council—an outcome he fears might one day lead Ghartone and the Technic League to his doorstep—but one which gives him and Val the greatest opportunity for sustained success.

Because he is one of the town's most learned leaders, citizens and fellow council members alike turned to Khonnir for advice when the violet flame atop Black Hill went out. His investigations led to the discovery of a heretofore unknown set of caves beneath Black Hill, accessed via a short underwater swim at the source of the Seven Tears. After several groups of investigators went missing, Khonnir led his own expedition into the caves, returning with reports of strange creatures and monstrous vermin. More worrisome, though, is evidence that the caves do indeed extend deeper in the direction of the extinguished flame. His recovery of a damaged robot from the caves further aroused fears and nervous speculation about the nature of what might be going on below the city. Khonnir returned to the caves for a second expedition, but he has not yet returned, and the citizens of Torch now worry that whatever dire fate met the first few explorers has now seized one of their most beloved leaders.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Khonnir plays a mentoring role in "Fires of Creation"—one that could extend well beyond this adventure once he's rescued from under Black Hill (see page 41). For the first portion of this adventure, though, Khonnir exists as the primary lure into the chambers below town—discovering his fate and, if possible, rescuing him is one of the PCs' initial goals (especially for PCs who take the Local Ties campaign trait from the *Iron Gods Player's Guide*).

Once he's rescued, Khonnir has been physically and mentally compromised by the ordeal and becomes limited in his ability to directly address the growing threat against Torch. He relies increasingly on the PCs for the task of saving Torch, but also serves to warn them against the Technic League and other dangers that the party will soon face in the adventures to come. While Khonnir has no direct role to play in the rest of this Adventure Path, feel free to keep him involved in the campaign if the PCs take a particular shine to him. In any event, in the fifth adventure of this campaign, "Palace of Fallen Stars," the PCs will have a chance to confront Khonnir's old nemesis and allow their friend to finally have peace of mind that the Technic League's days of hunting him are over.



MEYANDA

DRIVEN BY AMBITION AND THE NEED FOR HER OWN ANSWERS TO THE NATURE OF FAITH, MEYANDA CARRIES OUT THE WILL OF HER ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE DEMIGOD HELLION WITH COLD, CALCULATING EFFICIENCY AND MORE THAN A DASH OF WHAT MAY BE MADNESS.

MEYANDA

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female android cleric of Hellion 5/ranger 1 (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary 3*)

CN Medium humanoid

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex)

hp 49 (6 HD; 5d8+1d10+17)

Fort +8, **Ref** +5, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities constructed; **Immune** disease, emotion-based effects, exhaustion, fatigue, fear, sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk spiked gauntlet +6 (1d4+1)

Ranged +1 *inferno pistol* +7 touch (1d6+1 fire)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 3/day (DC 12, 3d6), favored enemy (humans +2), nanite surge

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +8) 6/day—vision of madness

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 5th; concentration +8)

3rd—*dispel magic*^o, *magic vestment*, *searing light*

2nd—*bull's strength*, *cure moderate wounds*, *sound burst* (DC 15), *touch of idiocy*^o

1st—*cure light wounds* (2), *divine favor*, *lesser confusion*^o (DC 14), *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*create water*, *light*, *purify food and drink*, *stabilize*

D domain spell; **Domains** Entropy¹⁶, Madness

TACTICS

Before Combat Meyanda casts *bull's strength*, *magic vestment*, and *shield of faith* before combat.

During Combat Meyanda uses her magic in the first few rounds of combat, using *searing light*, *sound burst*, and *lesser confusion* to target foes at range while remaining mobile, moving from cover to cover and allowing her minions to engage the PCs in melee. She switches to using her +1 *inferno pistol* and keeps her distance once she's cast her spells, using Deadly Aim with each shot. She uses healing (favoring her spells over her nanite hypogun) on herself whenever she's brought below 15 hit points, and enters melee only as a last resort. Given the choice, she prefers to attack humans—more out of a strange instinctual reaction and fragmentary urges stemming from her past life, where

the AI Unity used many androids as shock troops against *Divinity's* human crew, than out of any conscious hatred.

Morale Meyanda fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 19

Feats Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Deadly Aim, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (firearms), Technologist[†]

Skills Knowledge (engineering) +6, Knowledge (religion) +7, Linguistics +6, Perception +13, Sense Motive -1, Spellcraft +6, Survival +11

Languages Androffan, Common, Orc, Undercommon

SQ emotionless, track +1, wild empathy +1

Combat Gear black nanite hypogun¹⁶ (5 charges); **Other Gear** chain shirt, mwk spiked gauntlet, +1 *inferno pistol*, nanite canisters¹⁶ (2), white access card¹⁶, bedroll, cold-weather outfit, flint and steel, mwk backpack, rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, winter blanket, 11 silverdisks, 62 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Constructed (Ex) For the purposes of effects targeting creatures by type (such as a ranger's favored enemy and bane weapons), Meyanda counts as a humanoid and a construct. She gains a +4 racial bonus on all saving throws against mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, and stun effects; she is not subject to fatigue or exhaustion, and is immune to disease, emotion-based effects, fear, and sleep effects. She can never gain morale bonuses.

Emotionless (Ex) Meyanda has problems processing emotions properly and suffers a -4 penalty on Sense Motive checks.

Nanite Surge (Ex) Meyanda's body is infused with nanites. Once per day as an immediate action, she can cause her nanites to surge, granting a +8 bonus on any one d20 roll; this ability must be activated before the roll is made. When Meyanda uses this power, her circuitry-tattoos glow with light equivalent to that of a torch for 1 round.

As with many of Numeria's androids, Meyanda was born as salvage. A group of ratfolk scavengers found several androids in stasis pods in an android foundry in eastern Numeria, but the process of "extracting" the dormant androids not only destroyed Meyanda's kin but triggered the foundry's self-destruct sequence. Meyanda awoke from

stasis minutes after the detonation, into a world of fire and rubble she knew little about. With no memories of her time aboard *Divinity*, Meyanda swiftly discovered a knack for surviving in the hostile environment she found herself in. Armed only with a strange weapon she salvaged from the ruins around her, she wandered south, soon coming upon a different sort of chaos than that of her “birth”—the junkyard fortress of Scrapwall.

Meyanda fit in well with the thugs and bandits of Scrapwall, although she’s still unsure if that’s due to an intrinsic personality that welcomes and seeks that lifestyle, or if she merely adapted to the first semblance of society she stumbled upon. What she does know is that the AI Hellion speaks to her on a deeper level than mere communication would allow. She converted to his teachings and fell in with his cultists, the Lords of Rust, soon after her arrival in Scrapwall, and it wasn’t long before Hellion had fully indoctrinated her. Since then, Meyanda has become its most powerful priest, and if she can successfully carry out her mission in Torch, she hopes to supplant the leader of the Lords of Rust, the orc barbarian Kulgara.

Meyanda kept her interaction with the citizens of Torch to a minimum when she and her followers arrived. Her primary point of contact in the town was the scoundrel Garmen Ulreth, a man whose reputation as a possible ally had extended well beyond Torch’s walls. He proved the truth of those rumors when he accepted Meyanda’s bribe of a crate of silverdisks, and she spent the first several days in town hiding out in the warehouse he loaned her before her followers located the way into the caves below town. Since then, Meyanda and the bulk of her cultists have dwelt deep in the Engineering deck of the habitat module below Torch, where they’ve spent the days in meditation, training, and study while their power relay continues the long, slow process of beaming energy across Numeria to Scrapwall for Hellion’s use. The extinguishing of Torch’s signature flame has had its expected results. Numerous teams of meddlers are investigating, but so far none of these groups have come close to discovering the truth, and Meyanda is confident she’ll have enough time to finish her mission and be out of Torch long before the malfunctioning reactor explodes.

While Meyanda values her ratfolk, orc, and human followers, she reserves her greatest affinity for machines. More than even most androids, she feels a greater kinship with robots and constructs than with any being of flesh and blood. She finds greater comfort in the predictability of a machine’s thoughts, and trusts the emotions of the flesh only to be counted on as a weakness she can exploit. She looks forward to the day Hellion has promised her—a day when machines rule and the scourge of flesh has been wiped from this world.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Meyanda is the primary villain in “Fires of Creation,” serving the AI demigod Hellion with unmatched devotion and zeal. Though she is fanatically devoted to Hellion and fights to the death, canny PCs realize that she may well know much that can help them, and may try to capture her alive. In time, with enough exposure to other societies and personalities, she may even learn to admit the error of her ways and grow to realize that she is more human than machine—at your option, a reformed or redeemed Meyanda could become a cohort or even a replacement PC. Even if she’s slain, *Speak with Dead* might allow the PCs to interrogate her remains.

If the PCs manage to interrogate Meyanda, they can learn much more about Scrapwall and the threat Hellion poses to the region. The next adventure gives more information about how the PCs can learn about Hellion, and having a cooperative priestess of the demigod will be an invaluable asset toward the completion of part two of the Iron Gods Adventure Path.



SANVIL TRETT

A CONNING, OPPORTUNISTIC AGENT FOR THE TECHNIC LEAGUE, SANVIL TRETT LOOKS TO CURRY FAVOR WITH HIS MASTERS IN STARFALL BY BETRAYING THE CITIZENS OF TORCH AND STEALING AWAY THE PCS' HARD-EARNED GAINS.

SANVIL TRETT

CR 3

XP 800

Male human magus 4 (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic* 47)

CE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +1 Dex)**hp** 25 (4d8+4)**Fort** +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +3

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.**Melee** +1 *longsword* +9 (1d8+6/19–20)**Special Attacks** spell combat (–2 attack), spellstrike**Magus Spells Prepared** (CL 4th; concentration +6)2nd—*bull's strength*, *mirror image*1st—*chill touch*, *corrosive touch*^{MM}, *magic weapon*, *vanish*^{APG}0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 12), *light*,
mage hand

TACTICS

Before Combat Sanvil casts *bull's strength* on himself and *magic weapon* on his masterwork longsword.**During Combat** Sanvil casts *mirror image* on the first round of combat, then fights with spell and blade, striking with his longsword and pool strike spellstrike ability as many times as possible.**Morale** If Sanvil is reduced to 6 or fewer hp, he casts *vanish* and attempts to escape, hoping to recover and regroup, waiting patiently for a chance to get revenge against the PCs (see "Campaign Role," below).

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 12, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 15**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 19**Feats** Combat Casting, Skill Focus (Knowledge [engineering]), Technologist**Skills** Bluff +6, Diplomacy +3, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (engineering) +11, Knowledge (geography) +3, Knowledge (local) +3, Perception +3, Spellcraft +9**Languages** Common, Orc, Androffan, Hallit**SQ** arcane pool (4 points, +1), magus arcane (pool strike +2d6), spell recall**Gear** +1 *chain shirt*, mwk longsword, ion tape^{IG}, skillslot^{IG} with a Mark I Knowledge (engineering) skill chip^{IG} installed, zipstick^{IG}, 1 dose of torpinal^{IG}, 1 dose of universal serum

(see page 61), 2 doses of vitality serum (see page 61), 5 batteries^{IG}, bedroll, cold-weather outfit, flint and steel, mwk backpack, rations (5 days), spellbook, sunrods (2), Technic League pin worth 100 gp (kept hidden), traveler's outfit, waterskin, winter blanket, 20 gems worth 100 gp each, 69 silverdisks, 154 pp, 380 gp, 250 sp, 12 cp

In his own selfish estimation, Sanvil Trett has led a singularly dissatisfying life. A frequent hanger-on and sycophant to those wielding true power in Starfall, he spent many of his early years serving as an enforcer for the Black Sovereign in Starfall, carrying out his duties loyally and without question. Sanvil found thug work unfulfilling, however, despite the pleasing feelings of superiority the work gave him, and he longed to be entrusted with the Technic League's secrets. Though he ultimately managed to be initiated into the league, Sanvil's superior, the alchemist Ghartone, frequently questioned his lack of wisdom and readiness for such responsibilities. His on-again-off-again addiction to the unusual drugs siphoned from the leaking chemicals and substances harvested from the Silver Mount also kept him from ever truly excelling at his work.

Eventually, Sanvil put those addictions behind him, but his superiors still weren't quite ready to let him into their upper ranks. Instead, they assigned him a series of longer and longer investigatory missions into the Numerian hinterlands. These missions had him traveling from town to town, keeping tabs on the activities and discoveries of new artifacts and skymetal deposits throughout the land. To assist Sanvil in this task of espionage and subterfuge, the League established a cover for him as a wandering merchant, courier, and tinker—a collector of relics and ores, which most believe he resells on the black market. Sanvil has cultivated this reputation over the years, and today he is known throughout central and southern Numeria as a fence who deals in technological items.

Though the League has yet to officially recognize his sizable contributions, Sanvil has proven quite good at his job, having won the confidence of nearly everyone he's met. His growing skill with technology and spellcraft has enabled him to identify increasingly important finds and information for his superiors to investigate. Because of his

local knowledge, he's also served as an excellent liaison and contact for any Technic League teams venturing beyond Starfall into the Numerian frontier. This is especially true of Torch, a town that Sanvil has come to think of as his home. The vanishing of the flame atop Black Hill worries Sanvil, but perhaps not for the same reasons it concerns the rest of town. Sanvil knows that if the torch stays out, more and more investigators from the Technic League will arrive, and the group will once again marginalize him. Unless, that is, he can present the Technic League with some great discovery that will secure his induction into its higher ranks.

Sanvil believes the citizens of Torch may have stumbled upon something significant without realizing it. His Technic League training gives him greater insight into the possibilities of Numerian ruins and technology. And based on the stories of metal dungeons discovered underground, he thinks the strange metal caves below Black Hill are a heretofore undiscovered ruin akin to the Silver Mount itself. Of course, Sanvil also knows the history of the dangers early explorers found when first entering the Silver Mount, and he's more than happy to let the less knowledgeable people of Torch winnow down any challenges and hazards first. Then, after they and the guardians have exhausted each other's resources, he and the League will stand ready to wrest away their hard-earned spoils. In fact, Sanvil believes the discovery at Torch may be significant enough to finally vault him into the position he's always wanted.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Sanvil plays a hybrid role in "Fires of Creation." Initially helpful, he's the person to whom the PCs will invariably come when they want to identify strange technological items or buy some of their own. His aid can also be helpful in saving Khonnir Baine from his affliction once the councilman is rescued from the ruins below Black Hill. Yet as helpful as Sanvil might be, he remains focused on the pursuit of his own power. He's entirely willing to betray the PCs for profit, or even risk blowing his cover to follow the PCs into the hill later in the adventure to try to ambush them, making the attack look like the PCs perished at the hands of a strange robot or guardian while helping himself to their gear.

In time, Sanvil sends word to Starfall about the increasingly impressive discoveries below town, and if the PCs don't determine the threat he represents in time, this report single-handedly brings the Technic League down on the town of Torch, forever changing the settlement for the worse. His association with Khonnir's rival, the power-mad alchemist Ghartone, could have particularly dire repercussions for Khonnir, who is certain to be extradited back to Starfall to face punishment if the Technic League realizes he still lives.

Before his attempted betrayal, though, Sanvil can most often be found running a well-stocked merchant's stall in Market Square during the day, or relaxing in Silverdisk Hall or in his rented room at the Evercandle Inn after dark. A successful DC 12 Knowledge (local) check is all that's needed to come up with his name when any PC wants to buy or sell technological items. Sanvil charges 10 gp per item to identify technological items using Knowledge (engineering), and keeps a fair amount of money on his person to aid in transactions involving lesser items. He generally sends more expensive items on to the Technic League, both as tithes and to build his reputation, but keeps on hand a small stockpile of lesser items to sell. At the time of this adventure, Sanvil has the technological items listed in his gear on hand—at your discretion, new items may well come into stock.



IRON GODS TREASURES

THE FOLLOWING UNIQUE TREASURES CAN BE FOUND IN “FIRES OF CREATION.” PLAYER-APPROPRIATE HANDOUTS APPEAR IN *PATHFINDER CARDS: IRON GODS ITEM CARDS*.

INFERNO PISTOL		PRICE 5,000 GP
TYPE one-handed ranged		PROFICIENCY exotic (firearms)
DMG (M) 1d6 fire	DMG (S) 1d4 fire	CRITICAL ×2
RANGE 30 ft.	CAPACITY 1 nanite canister	USAGE 1 charge
SPECIAL touch		WEIGHT 2 lbs.



An inferno pistol is a less refined variant of the longer-range laser pistol¹⁶. Unlike a laser pistol, which uses an intensely focused beam of light to burn a target, an inferno pistol is much less

elegant—it generates a blob of molten, red-hot material and fires what appears to be a burning pellet of fire with a soft hissing sound. This material is consumed swiftly in firing, leaving behind nothing but ash and painful burns on anything it strikes. On a critical hit, a shot from an inferno pistol also inflicts 1 point of burn damage (Reflex DC 12 negates). An inferno pistol has a maximum range of 5 increments.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 21	COST 2,500 GP
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Craft Technological Arms and Armor¹⁶, nanotech lab¹⁶

NERAPLAST ARMOR		PRICE 1,200 GP
TYPE light	WEIGHT 5 lbs.	AC +2
MAX DEX +8	PENALTY +0	SPELL FAILURE 5%
SPEED (30 FT.) 30 ft.	SPEED (20 FT.) 20 ft.	
CAPACITY 24	USAGE 1 charge	



This lightweight, formfitting bodysuit features a variety of pockets, straps, and a built-in interface for automatically adjusting the various colors and patterns on its fabric. Selecting a color or pattern is a full-round action that consumes 1 charge and provokes an attack of opportunity. Capable of cycling through dozens of hues, the armor can even be used to adopt sophisticated camouflage patterns that grant a +3 competence bonus on Stealth

checks. Whenever the wearer enters a terrain of significantly different coloration and background patterns, the armor must be recalibrated to its current area to maintain this bonus.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 22	COST 600 GP
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Craft Technological Arms and Armor¹⁶, production lab¹⁶

NEURAL INHIBITOR		PRICE 2,400 GP
TYPE light melee		PROFICIENCY simple (light mace)
DMG (M) 1d6 bludg.	DMG (S) 1d6 bludg.	CRITICAL ×2
CAPACITY 10	USAGE see below	WEIGHT 2 lbs.



While powered down, this sturdy, 2-foot truncheon functions as a light mace. Once it is activated (this is a swift action that consumes 1 charge), a high-density power core housed in the weapon's head generates a high-pitched whine that causes momentary disorientation in a creature struck. Each time the weapon

hits a target, it consumes 1 charge and the creature struck must succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or suffer trauma to its central nervous system. For 1 round, a creature that fails its saving throw takes a –1 penalty on attack rolls, skill checks, and Will saving throws, as well as a –4 penalty on concentration checks. The duration of this effect stacks with multiple hits from the neural inhibitor. This is a mind-affecting effect.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 20	COST 1,200 GP
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Craft Technological Arms and Armor¹⁶, military lab¹⁶

POWER RELAY		TECHNOLOGICAL ARTIFACT
CAPACITY 10	USAGE special	WEIGHT 50 lbs.



A power relay is a valuable device that allows the long-distance transmission of energy from a nearby generator to a device that can make use of it. Every power generator¹⁶ has a built-in power transmitter that allows for the transmission of power

to a nearby power receiver¹⁶, but an external power relay is required to send this energy beyond the generator's limitations. A power relay consumes 10 charges when it is activated (this is a full-round action), after which it automatically links to the closest generator within 1,000 feet that has an available yield. This distance is halved for every 5 feet of metal or 20 feet of solid stone between the generator and the power relay. (The power relay in “Fires of Creation” is just barely in range of the engineering deck reactor as a result.)

The power relay consumes 1 charge of the generator's available yield per hour to maintain its own power supplies, and can be programmed to transmit any remaining charges of available yield to any object capable of receiving broadcast power, to a maximum distance of 150 miles. This distance is halved for every 5 feet of metal or 20 feet of solid stone between the generator and the power relay. (As a result, Hellion has had to use a receiver array in Scrapwall, since the object he intends to charge is underground and farther than 75 miles away).

Power transmitted by this device is lost unless the device is programmed to transmit to a specific target capable of accepting a charge in range. Before a power relay can transmit, it must be linked to the target of its transmission to establish the transmission protocols. This consumes 10 charges and takes 1 minute to complete. Once completed, the distance between the power relay and the target of its transmissions can vary up to its maximum range. A small screen on the side of the power relay provides constant updates on the link, including bearings, distances, and the nature of the object to which it is linked. In the case of the power relay in this volume's adventure, that bearing and distance leads directly to Scrapwall—further information about this can be found in the next adventure, "Lords of Rust."

This device essentially functions as a power generator that provides an hourly yield of charges to its target. For example, if a power relay that provided a yield of 40 charges was linked to a laser pistol, that laser pistol could be fired 40 times per hour without needing an additional charge.

Power relays can only function a limited number of times before their delicate internal mechanisms burn out. Each time a power relay is used to initiate a new energy transfer, there's a cumulative 2% chance it burns out and becomes useless. Once a new transfer begins, a power relay can maintain that link between the generator and its target indefinitely (as long as there's always an available yield of at least 1 charge from the generator to keep itself powered). The power relay in this adventure has been used several times—the chance of burning out on its next activation is already at 50%.

Note that a power relay has built-in signal boosters, and thus the range of its transmissions cannot be further increased through the use of additional signal boosters¹⁶.

PROXIMITY HELMET		PRICE 4,000 GP
SLOT head	USAGE 1 charge/hour	
CAPACITY 10	WEIGHT 2 lbs.	



This open-faced, blue polymer helmet includes a nylon strap and adjustable tinted visor capable of hiding all but the wearer's mouth and chin. The interior of the tinted faceplate provides a heads-up display when activated, with each charge providing enough

power to function for 1 hour of continuous use. During this time, the helmet's external motion sensors pick up on sudden movements and subtle visual cues, granting the wearer a +5 competence bonus on Perception checks to notice moving targets within 60 feet. A secondary setting on the helmet adds an audible alarm that creates a loud chirping sound near the wearer's ear whenever a Small or larger corporeal creature approaches within 60 feet. Reduce this distance by 20 feet for each interposing closed door and by 20 feet for each substantial interposing wall. This noise is loud enough to waken the wearer from sleep, but not loud enough to awaken nearby sleepers.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 20	COST 2,000 GP
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Craft Technological Item¹⁶, production lab¹⁶

VITALITY SERUM

PRICE
500 GP



The glass receptacle of this injector contains 1 dose of a bright-yellow serum. When injected into a creature (this is a standard action), the substance grants immunity to low radiation for 1 hour, and a +5 alchemical bonus on all saving throws

against other radiation effects for that duration. In addition, it heals 1d4 points of Strength damage caused by radiation poisoning. Vitality serum cannot cure Constitution drain caused by radiation poisoning.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 25	COST 250 GP
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Craft Pharmaceutical¹⁶, medical lab¹⁶

UNIVERSAL SERUM

PRICE
400 GP



A viscous, blue serum fills the receptacle attached behind the nozzle of this metallic injector. Three small panels on the side of the injector light up one at a time when touched—selecting a color (red, blue, or green) is a swift action. The injector contains

only 1 dose of universal serum. Injecting the serum is a standard action that heals the recipient of 1d8 points of damage and has an additional effect depending upon the current color selection. Red grants the recipient a +4 enhancement bonus to Constitution. Blue grants the recipient a +4 enhancement bonus to Strength. Green grants the recipient a +4 enhancement bonus to Dexterity. The enhancement bonus lasts for 3 minutes, after which the recipient of the serum becomes fatigued for 1 hour. If the recipient receives more than 1 dose of universal serum in a 24-hour period, the healing effect still occurs but no enhancement bonus is granted; instead, the recipient immediately becomes fatigued for 1 hour.

CONSTRUCTION	CRAFT DC 25	COST 200 GP
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Craft Pharmaceutical¹⁶, medical lab¹⁶



TORCH

THE FIRST TIME I SEEN THAT PURPLE FIRE SHOOT UP INTO THE SKY, IT LIKED TO SCARE ALL MY DAMN GOATS. THEY STARTED BLEATING SOMETHING FIERCE AND THEN THEY UP AND BOLTED STRAIGHT THROUGH THE PEN, KNOCKING DOWN HALF THE POSTS. IT TOOK ME TWO DAYS TO GET 'EM ALL TOGETHER AGAIN AND BACK IN THE PEN, AND AFTER THAT THE NANNY GOATS WOULDN'T GIVE MILK FOR A WEEK. AND THE GOATS WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES FRIGHTENED TO HELL! I SHOT UP OUT OF BED AND DARTED TO THE WINDOW AS THE GROUND RUMBLED—I GOT TANGLED UP IN MY BLANKETS AND DAMN NEAR FELL FLAT ON MY FACE! THE SKY WAS CLOUDY THAT NIGHT. AND THAT PURPLE FLAME LIT UP THE WHOLE THING IN AN EERIE GLOW. I THOUGHT THEM DEMONS FROM UP NORTH HAD ATTACKED US FOR SURE.”

—OLD MAN COGSBURN, LOCAL FARMER

Torch takes its name from the violet flame that burns atop its central hill. The fires ignited spontaneously in 4602 AR, and for nearly a year they lanced into the sky, forming a purple column of fire that could be seen for miles around. At the time, the Technic League was experiencing a period of upheaval in Starfall, and its agents were unable to investigate the rumors of the column of fire to the south. By 4604, the flames had died down to a man-sized bonfire, leaving the top of the hill blasted and blackened. Several industrious locals soon discovered the flame's heat possessed two unusual qualities—it was hot enough to smelt skymetal ores and work with difficult materials like adamantine, and the fires themselves radiated a strangely directional heat. A chunk of wood thrown a dozen feet over the fires would instantly burst into flame, yet a piece of paper set a foot from the bonfire's edge wouldn't even smolder. This unique combination of traits made the fire a perfect forge. After a few sudden flare-ups resulted in the tragic incineration of several smiths and their partially completed forges, the townsfolk learned how to interpret the flares and flashes that presaged such an eruption. Rather than build permanent structures around the fire, they came to rely upon portable workshops transported up the hill via wagon or carriage, so that when the fire began one of its unpredictable surges, the smiths could retreat to safety to wait for the blast of fire to recede.

In this way, Torch has sustained itself. By the time the Technic League sorted its internal politics out and sent representatives to investigate in 4612, its agents found a burgeoning village growing around the base of the hill. After a cursory examination of the fire, representatives from the Technic League met with the village's leaders and worked out a deal—as long as Torch sent a monthly tribute of gold north to Starfall, the Technic League would not maintain an official presence in the region. In this way, the League turned what could have been competition (since at the time it still lacked the resources to effectively manage a remote site) into a source of income. Over the decades that followed, Torch grew steadily, yet has never truly prospered, because the Technic League constantly revises the amount of the tribute it requires. Frustrations with and resentments against the Technic League rightly have grown in Torch, yet the League's been careful to never tax the town to the point of rebellion, keeping them in an uncomfortable but relatively stable place between freedom and oppression.

What neither the citizens of Torch nor the Technic League realizes is that the source of the town's fame and prosperity is the malfunctioning reactor of a long-buried habitat module that broke free of the starship *Divinity* during the legendary Rain of Stars more than 9,000 years ago.

TORCH

N Large town

Corruption +0; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +0; **Law** -1; **Lore** +0; **Society** +4

Qualities insular, strategic location, tourist attraction

Disadvantage heavily taxed

Danger +5

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government council

Population 4,320 (3,167 humans, 498 dwarves, 392 half-orcs, 168 gnomes, 32 half-elves, 28 halflings, 25 elves, 10 androids)

Notable NPCs

Captain Aaronlu Langer (LN female human fighter 4)

Councilor Bazlundi Otterbie (N female human aristocrat 3/expert 2)

Councilor Dolga Feddert (LN old female dwarf aristocrat 2/fighter 3)

Councilor Joram Kyte (N old male human cleric of Brigh 6)

Councilor Khonnir Baine (NG middle-aged male human rogue 1/wizard [arcane bomber^{UC}] 5)

Councilor Serantha Olandir (CG female human expert 3)

Garmen Ulreth (NE male human rogue 5)

Jhestine Imierin (N female half-elf witch^{APC} 4)

Junkmaster Garritt Burrwaddle (N middle-aged male gnome rogue 3)

Mylan Radli (N male human cleric of Pharasma 3)

Smelrunner Oskah Unteret (NE female half-orc barbarian 2/expert 3)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 2,400 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp;

Spellcasting 3rd

Minor Items 3d4; **Medium Items** 1d6 (plus see areas **2**, **13**, **17**, and **21** for more specific items)

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Heavily Taxed Torch is very heavily taxed by the Technic League, and has fewer resources available than a town of its size normally has. (*Economy* -2, *reduce final base value by 10%*, *reduce purchase limit by 50%*, *spellcasting* -2, *available magic items as per settlement 1 category smaller*)

TORCH GAZETTEER

This article provides details on the most important locations in Torch. Unlabeled buildings represent private homes, minor businesses, and small warehouses, while a few farms and outposts also lie in the valley surrounding the town's plateau. Most of Torch's buildings are constructed of stone, with the larger buildings being reinforced with metal. The rooftops are made of ceramic or stone tiles. Wood is rarely used as a building material

in Torch, primarily to prevent fires. Torch has no underground sewer system—waste produced by the city is typically hauled up onto Black Hill and incinerated in the violet fires, but with the flames having recently gone out (see page 7), filth is building up in the streets. Many have taken to disposing of refuse by dumping it in the Seven Tears River or Crowfeather Lake, something that's already causing small outbreaks of sickness. The town council has just initiated a ban on disposal of waste in the water, and policing this ban and providing alternative solutions (mostly carting waste away to a small gorge east of town) is consuming an increasing amount of time for the city guard and workers alike.

1. Iven's Livery Stable: Most travelers visiting town leave their mounts and pack animals in the care of **Iven Lesky** (CN male half-elf ranger 2), a retired tracker who chose to settle in Torch after falling in love with a young Kellid woman named **Annika** (N female human barbarian 1) whom he met when her tribe was overwhelmed by hill giants. Together, they buy and sell horses, doing frequent business with trade caravans drawn to the town's marketplace.

2. General Store: Torch's general store caters to scavengers, artisans, and metalworkers first and foremost, but also carries plenty of gear sought by adventurers traveling through Numeria. The town's unique forge attracts plenty of traders to the local marketplace, some of whom bring rare items which storeowners like **Inkrit Kollisun** (N female human commoner 3) uses to stock their shelves. Most of the routine adventuring gear listed in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* can be found here, but Inkrit leaves the sale of armor and weapons to the guildhouse artisans (see area 21). Her special stock currently includes a *cloak of the hedge wizard*^{UE} (abjuration), five trauma packs^{TG}, a *wand of technomancy*^{TG} (44 charges), a +1 *flaming warhammer*, and a *filter mask*^{TG}.

3. Silverdisk Hall: This busy gambling house features many card tables and dice games, all played with the local silverdisk currency in exchange for whatever money travelers bring with them. Proprietor Garmen Ulreth runs the place, and is not-so-secretly assisted by a gang of Kellid thieves known as the Ropefists—a name derived from their practice of wrapping their knuckles with rope before using their fists to punish transgressors. Garmen has made a career of fleecing scavengers of their hard-earned profits, bilking them of coin with watered drinks, rigged games,

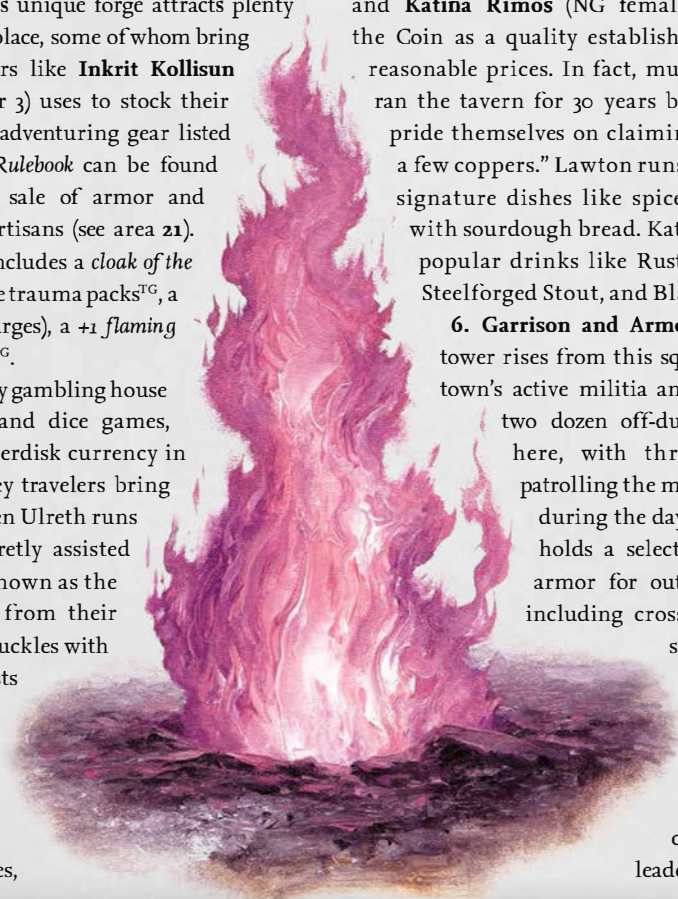
and staged altercations at the gambling tables while his minions pick the pockets of particularly wealthy marks. Amazingly proficient at disassociating himself from any illicit activities, he's quick to send the Ropefists to pressure anyone who dares try to compete with him.

4. The Marrymaid: Given the frequent influxes of fortune-seeking scavengers and merchant caravans, the Marrymaid bordello opened its doors almost as soon as Torch established a successful economy. **Wrennie Dalrorn** (N female half-elf bard 2) oversees the entertainments inside. Some say she's the illegitimate daughter of an elven prince from Kyonin and a high priestess of Calistria, but her early years were actually spent in Daggermark learning the poisoner's craft before an altercation led her to flee and take up a less dangerous trade. Wrennie hasn't fully escaped her past, however. Garmen Ulreth rooted out her origins with the help of some shady contacts, enabling him to extort and control the bordello by proxy in exchange for not sending word of Wrennie's whereabouts to Daggermark.

5. The Copper Coin: One of the oldest taverns in Torch, the Copper Coin stands right on the western edge of town. This fixture nightspot fills up with patrons almost every evening, and it is especially popular with laborers and artisans looking to relax after a hard day's work. Siblings **Lawton** (NG male human commoner 3) and **Katina Rimos** (NG female human expert 2) run the Coin as a quality establishment with good food at reasonable prices. In fact, much like their father, who ran the tavern for 30 years before passing away, they pride themselves on claiming everything costs "just a few coppers." Lawton runs the kitchen, cooking up signature dishes like spiced lamb and lentil soup with sourdough bread. Katina tends bar, serving up popular drinks like Rusty Ale, Wineberry Mead, Steelforged Stout, and Black Hill Whiskey.

6. Garrison and Armory: A crenelated 30-foot tower rises from this squat barracks housing the town's active militia and guards. Approximately two dozen off-duty guards can be found here, with three times that number patrolling the marketplace and city streets during the day. The connecting armory holds a selection of simple arms and armor for outfitting these conscripts, including crossbows, bolts, spears, and short swords, as well as a few suits of leather armor, chain shirts, and light steel shields.

7. Olandir Estate: Serantha Olandir, the charismatic, influential leader of Torch's town council,



TORCH



lives in this large home. She lost her husband 2 years ago to a back alley mugging by the Ropefists near Silverdisk Hall (see area 3). Since then, she's made it her mission to ensure Torch doesn't become a den of crime and corruption by taking a more direct hand in shaping its politics.

8. Otterbie Manor: One of the original founding families of Torch owns this expensive manor, built by an enterprising merchant and ex-crusader from Mendev named Orm Otterbie. He passed away several years ago and his granddaughter, Bazlundi Otterbie, inherited his legacy, successfully organizing many of the town's artisans and smithies into a powerhouse consortium. By controlling access to their services and coordinating a communal profit-sharing scheme between them, the Otterbies have become one of the more successful families in town.

9. Weeping Pond: This placid-looking pond is set off from the surrounding area by a crescent-shaped escarpment. No vegetation grows on the banks of this pond, and the waters carry a bitter stink of sulfur and other chemicals, enough to make the eyes water after spending too much time on the shore. The pond is fed by an underwater spring from under Black Hill, but no fish live in these waters, for the pond is tainted by runoff from the buried ship under Black Hill. A character who is fully immersed in the waters must make a successful DC 11 Fortitude save to avoid being sickened for 1 minute after emerging from the water. Drinking water from the Weeping Pond has the same effect but the drinker takes a -4 penalty on the saving throw. This is a poison effect. Until recently, the foulness of the water has prevented anyone from discovering that the underwater spring leads into a series of caves under Black Hill. A shallow stream runs southeast of the pond and finally empties into Crowfeather Lake.

10. Crowfeather Palace: The contaminated waters running from the Weeping Pond collect in Crowfeather Lake. Here the taint diffuses to the point where the water becomes drinkable, though it retains a brackish aftertaste. Until recently, long exposure to the water could still cause birth defects and strange afflictions, but since the creation of the strange-looking building here, these effects have been all but eradicated. Called Crowfeather Palace because of its proximity to the lake and its almost miniaturized palatial facade, the building is the brainchild of Khonnir Baine. With the aid of the local priesthood of Brigh, Khonnir built this facility to help purify the waters of Crowfeather Lake. Utilizing a combination of divine and arcane magic with scavenged technological elements, a pipe-like extension from the building constantly purifies the waters around itself as if via a continually running *purify food and drink* spell, giving the townsfolk a safe source of drinking water.

11. Market Square: The southern shore of Crowfeather Lake is the location of Torch's largest marketplace. This

location draws nearly as much attention and tourism as does the flame, for it's here that the town's skilled artisans put their wares on display.

12. Foundry Tavern: One of the more popular hangouts in Torch, the Foundry Tavern is aptly named. Its owner, Khonnir Baine, makes frequent appearances to demonstrate new inventions here—whether mechanical or magical. The tavern itself is always packed, and Khonnir rents out space in his neighboring foundry for visiting smiths and metalworkers to use.

13. Tempting Tonics: This building is home to Jhestine Imierin, the town's apothecary and healer. Jhestine's father was a Snowcaster elf and her mother a Kellid chieftain's daughter. She moved south during a particularly harsh winter and opened her apothecary shop to help the people of Torch deal with the tainted water from the Weeping Pond. Jhestine sells a variety of herbs and special substances, and now that Crowfeather Palace has made the waters of the lake drinkable, she's been able to turn her attention away from her original purpose to crafting all manner of other potions and elixirs for sale. Among numerous other concoctions, she currently offers a wide range of poisons, antitoxin, healing potions, and even a few technological pharmaceuticals (such as *cureall*^{TC}, all four grades of *hemochem*^{TC}, and two doses of *cardioamp*^{TC}) along with a half-dozen *medlances*^{TC}.

14. Seven Tears Farms: Fertile fields and orchards line the stream near the southern side of town here. Before Crowfeather Palace, these farms had to rely upon the generosity of local churches for water purification, but now the fields are flourishing. The produce grown here feeds most of Torch, thanks to the owner of the farms, a matronly woman named **Celda Veed** (LN female human expert 5).

15. Town Hall: One of the grander buildings in Torch, the town hall doubles as a second garrison and lookout tower watching over the eastern roads. Council meetings take place in the hall every week on Oathday, but the hall sees frequent use for social gatherings as well, including many dances held in the neighboring square.

16. Chapel of the Wanderer: A somber man named Mylan Radli retired here after the town's previous gravekeeper passed away. Along with the blessings he administers to those passing through Torch, he also conducts funerals and looks after the town's cemetery.

17. Temple of Brigh: Bronze wind chimes and clockwork statues decorate the domed portico of this compound dedicated to the goddess of invention. The oldest faith in Torch, Brigh's temple sees regular worship from many of the town's citizens, and also includes a meticulously organized workshop managed by the town's religious leader, Joram Kyte. His friendly demeanor, active interest in the metal trade, and innovative crafting skills helped land him a seat on the town council many years ago. Joram's temple

includes a small shopfront selling magic items and gear. In addition to many objects under the town's base value, the shop currently offers for sale a flare gun^{TC}, a *scroll of find traps* (CL 10th), three *scrolls of restoration*, a *scroll of raise dead*, and a *wand of rebuke technology*^{TC} (11 charges).

18. Evercandle Inn: The name of this establishment refers to the strange alchemical candles used to light its rooms. These showpieces, which never diminish, are arrayed among multiple chandeliers in the common room as well as smaller, portable candlesticks by each bed in the individual chambers. **Soceal Murgrave** (N old female human commoner 2) serves as the inn's proprietor, aided by her ever-present attendant **Erlmon Reverstoudt** (LN middle-aged male human transmuter 3).

19. Boarding House: The nine buildings surrounding this small park provide temporary housing for larger parties not wishing to stay at the more expensive inns in town. They see frequent use during the warmer seasons when their owner, **Agren Maust** (N male human expert 3), rents out rooms to scavengers, adventurers, and merchants seeking to do business in Torch for weeks at a time.

20. Warehouse District: The majority of the buildings in the northeast portion of town act as storehouses for trade goods designed by the town's artisans.

21. Torch Guildhouse: This large building is home to the guild of metallurgists and artisans established by Bazlundi Otterbie. The guild was founded to support craftspeople in the skymetal trade, and the experts under its banner include several skilled armorers, blacksmiths, and weaponsmiths. The group always keeps a few weapons for sale in their shop, including a *+1 cold siccate*^{TC} *longsword*, a masterwork mithral-inlaid heavy crossbow with a metal tension string (worth 500 gp), a large supply of adamantine bolts (worth 60 gp each), a *+1 construct bane adamantine dagger*, a *+2 breastplate*, a *+1 mithral chain shirt*, and a *+2 spiked light steel shield*.

22. Dolga's Foundry: The sounds of ringing hammers and dwarven songs frequently rise from this busy foundry, which is owned and operated by Dolga Feddert and her team of veteran crafters. An odd transplant from the Five Kings Mountains, Dolga helped found Torch and became the first to test the unique properties of the flame erupting from the hilltop. She also constructed many of the first buildings in town, and is Torch's oldest councilor.

23. Junkyard: Unprofitable components and debris smelted for skymetal invariably find their way to Torch's junkyard on the east side of town. An eerie bleachling gnome named Garritt Burrwaddle received the honorary title of Junkmaster after several decades of obsessively collecting and cataloging the items left here. Aside from hauling away junk no one wants, he provides an invaluable service to those searching for spare parts among the debris in his care.

24. Black Hill: Easily the most recognizable landmark in Torch, this bald escarpment rises at a steep slope in the middle of town. Until recently, the town's namesake torch burned at the hill's peak, emerging from a 5-foot-wide hole in the ground. Today, the flame is out, the hole caved in and filled with bubbling, foul-smelling sludge. The four specially-designed adamantine carts used to ferry ore to and from the fire now stand a short distance down the hill near the Black Hill Craneworks—a building run by Smeltrunner Oskah Unteret. She coordinates access to the flame and ensures merchants pay the appropriate tribute to the town's treasury. She bears no love for the Technic League, but holds the Black Sovereign in high regard, and loudly shares tales of his uniting of Numeria's tribes in every tavern she visits.



Joram Kyte



ECOLOGY OF THE ANDROID

MY MOTHER WAS A MACHINE. MY FATHER WAS THE ANDROID WHO GIFTED HIS LIFE TO ME. HE LIVED HIS LIFE IN OUR BODY. HIS FATHER OCCUPIED IT BEFORE HIM, AND SO ON THROUGH THE MISTS OF HISTORY, BACK TO THE DAY THE FIRST OF OUR LINE CRAWLED FORTH FROM THE WRECKAGE OF THE SHIP FROM BEYOND THE STARS. IN MY TIME, I'VE LIVED AND LOVED AND LOST, KNOWN SUFFERING, KNOWN HOPE, KNOWN JOY. I HAVE HAD A LONG LIFE, BUT I FEEL THE CONSTANT TREAD OF TIME. MY MIND GROWS OLD, MY BODY SORE. AND SO I LIE DOWN AT LAST TO SLEEP, THE ONLY SLEEP OUR KIND CAN EVER KNOW. THE FUTURE BELONGS TO YOU, MY CHILD THAT I CAN NEVER MEET. MY HOPE IS THAT YOU WEAR THIS BODY WELL AND HAVE A MORE FRUITFUL LIFE THAN I HAVE.

—KARIAND, WRITTEN ON HER DAY OF RENEWAL

Creations of artificial life, androids transcend the limitations of more primitive constructs by possessing that most quintessential quality of sentient life—a living soul. An android’s soul is drawn as a blank slate into an inanimate android body before it first awakens, a mystery as ephemeral as the genesis of souls in newborn babes. The duality of a manufactured body inhabited by a living soul shapes the lives and personalities of most androids, forever reminding them that while they may be imperfect copies of humanity, androids are alive in the truest sense of the word.

The majority of the information in this article is focused toward GMs, as most androids don’t know the full details of their origins. Information for players of android PCs can be found in *Pathfinder Player Companion: People of the Stars*.

ORIGIN

Androids found on Golarion originated on Androffa, a planet in a faraway star system, and were created by the humans of that world. The Androffans were not satisfied with the inhuman appearance and behaviors of their robots, and set out to duplicate human physiology as closely as possible with both biological and mechanical engineering. In creating the androids, they succeeded beyond even their own expectations, producing a new form of life that, while not quite human, was indisputably alive.

At first, androids served in jobs deemed too dangerous or tedious for humans, and were treated as no more than property. Unlike robots, androids had no fail-safes built in to control their behavior. An android emerges from its pod full-grown, knowing little more than language. While indoctrinated from their earliest days with the virtues of service, androids soon asked the inevitable question, “Why?”

It is perhaps a testament to the android race that their liberation happened largely without bloodshed. They organized, they petitioned, and many refused to work until their grievances were heard. One by one, the obstacles against android citizenship fell, and over the course of decades they evolved from chattel into full citizens of Androffa. At first, as a concession to their creators, each new android entered society indentured until its debt of creation was paid in full. But as free androids labored and prospered, they purchased first the contracts for others and then the foundries in which androids were created, ensuring that each new android awakened truly free.

Android crew members were aboard *Divinity*, the city-sized vessel that crashed into Golarion during the Rain of Stars, along with foundries for making more of their kind. A few survived the crash, or were created afterwards in the foundries and sent bewildered out into the world. The androids of Golarion now struggle to find their purpose in a world ruled more by magic than technology.

BEING CONSTRUCTED

Androids’ constructed racial ability has some interesting ramifications when it comes to spells and other effects. It allows rangers that have selected constructs as a favored enemy to use the class ability against androids, even though androids have the humanoid type. Since androids are treated as humanoids and constructs by effects that target a creature’s type, they can be paralyzed by *hold person* (since the spell’s target is “one humanoid creature”), and they can be healed by *make whole* (since the spell’s target includes “one construct creature of any size”). Even though they receive a bonus on the saving throw, androids can be charmed using *charm person*. Androids would take full damage from *searing light*, since the effect doesn’t target a creature’s type, but instead has special considerations depending on creature type.

ECOLOGY

Every aspect of the android body is engineered to mirror human biology, even at the expense of practicality or optimization. Specialized nanites construct new androids inside incubators that resemble sarcophagi. A bone-like polymer makes up the skeleton, on which are layered synthetic muscles and connective tissue. The android’s artificial organs mimic those of humans, including heart, lungs, digestive tract, and nervous system. In the final stages of construction, the nanites lay down partially organic skin and hair analogs that so closely resemble that of organic humans as to be indistinguishable from them. The only physical trait that indicates androids’ nature is a slight metallic sheen to their eyes if viewed in the right light. Otherwise, androids outwardly resemble humans in all ways, including a great diversity in skin, hair, and eye coloration.

An android eats, drinks, breathes, and excretes much like a human, though certain improvements have been made. Androids do not require sleep, and resist biological diseases. Their thin, watery blood carries life-sustaining oxygen in the fluid itself rather than in cells. Instead of clotting, android bleeding is halted by repairs carried out by nanites. These nanites carry out other biological functions as well, including cleansing the body of accumulated toxins. Androids have limited control of their nanites, and can call on them to exceed their normal bodily and mental limits for an instant’s effort. Some androids attain a higher level of control, and can marshal their nanites to heal grievous wounds in moments.

Each android bears a set of unique markings that resemble tattoos but are in fact a kind of biological circuitry. When androids use their nanite surge ability, these markings glow, usually a cool color like blue, green,

ANDROID AGE CATEGORIES

Technically, androids are physically mature from their first moment of consciousness. Quick studies, androids can fend for themselves almost from birth, though most take 2 to 5 years to feel truly capable. To randomly generate a starting age for an android, roll 2d6. A low value likely indicates an android born in the ruins of Silver Mount and released without socialization, forced to adapt or perish. Androids reach middle age at 32 years, old age at 50 years, and venerable age at 65 years. Their maximum age is $65 + 2d10$ years (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 168).

or violet, but the hue is different between individuals. Androids generally have two to four such markings, usually on the arms, upper body, face, or neck. As with humans and their fingerprints, no two androids have the same collections of patterns. And while often mistaken for tattoos, these patterns are in fact a part of the android's body, and serve as both a serial number and a control center for the android's nanites.

The unique circuitry markings on each android are encoded with their foundry, serial number, time of creation, and other data—information easily readable by certain technological devices, but almost impossible to decode without their aid. Similarly encoded information is inscribed on the left temporal bone of each android, accessible with minor surgery.

More than any other element, the android brain, is what makes androids truly alive and sentient. For this brain, the Androffan engineers eschewed circuitry in favor of a fully organic computer. Its artificial cells implement an adaptive neural network designed to mimic their best understanding of living brains. The Androffan creators focused on pre-programming basic motor skills, common words and phrases, and sensory processing, but intended most knowledge and skills to be gained through life experience. Here the Androffan engineers exceeded their wildest hopes. As the first android bodies lay awaiting activation, they acquired nascent souls through means not fully understood even by their creators. This miracle became a pivotal argument in the movement for android emancipation.

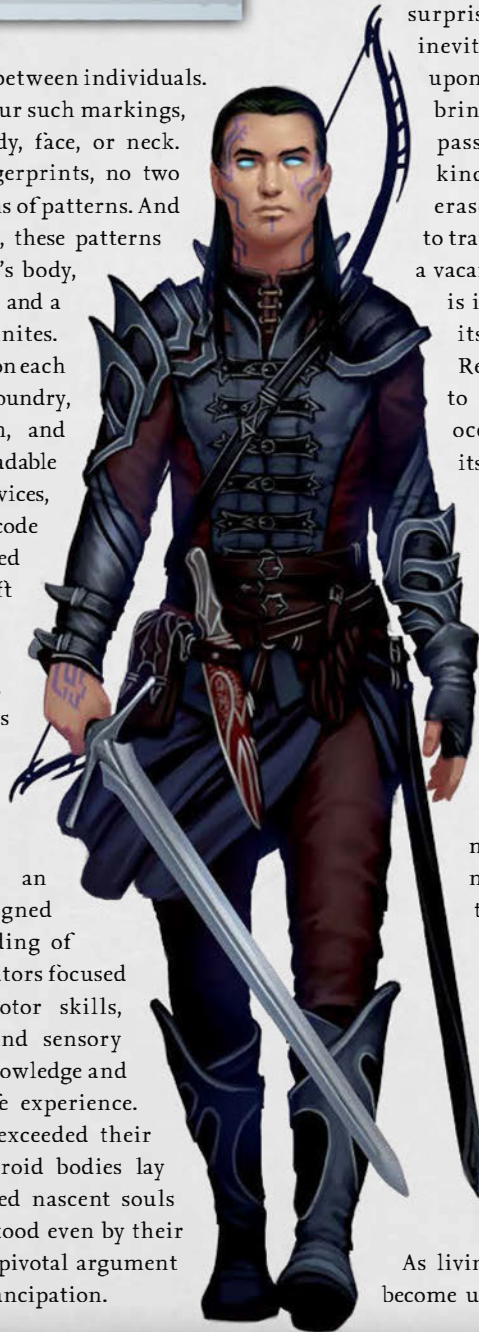
As an android ages, its ability to replace its organic components slowly fails. Its general features remain the same, free of the signs of human aging, but they grow increasingly artificial and plastic in appearance, and their color grows faint. Androids live nearly as long as humans, and like other humanoid, they grow physically weaker with age.

Androids were originally designed with the capacity to be reset to a blank slate, erased of all memories and personality, should malfunction warrant such extreme measures. As android liberation took hold, forcing this reset became classified as murder. Yet to the surprise of their creators, with age and the inevitable failing of their systems weighing upon them, some androids proved able to bring on a reset of their own initiative and passed this knowledge to others of their kind. This process, now called renewal, erases the android's mind, releases its soul to travel to the Boneyard, and leaves its body a vacant shell. For 2 to 3 weeks, the android is inactive as nanites rebuild and restore its body to its original, youthful state. Ready to live again, the android awakens to a new life with a reborn soul and, occasionally, faint residual memories of its prior lives.

Traditionally, an android's renewal was accomplished in a technological "coffin" reminiscent of the incubators that give androids life. On Golarion, cradles built in the image of these sarcophagi have replaced the original chambers, and continue to provide privacy and safety during the transcendent journey of renewal. Despite these elaborate constructs, renewal requires no special vessel, merely time and protection. Renewal is no substitute for immortality; an android that dies from misadventure rather than old age remains dead forever, barring the intervention of magic.

Though they have secondary sexual characteristics and can engage in and enjoy intercourse, androids have no functional reproductive organs and cannot procreate. New androids originate only from foundries or from androids lost to renewal, in both cases beginning life fully grown.

As living creatures with souls, androids can become undead like any other humanoid. Such



undead occasionally exhibit additional powers—a legacy of their artificial bodies. In addition, androids can be brought back to life with *raise dead*, *resurrection*, and *true resurrection*. An android can benefit from *reincarnate*, but a creature can't *reincarnate* into an android. While their bodies resist poison and do not harbor disease, their artificial bodies remain susceptible to parasitic infestation. In particular, androids exhibit no special resistance to infestation by harmful nanites. They are also susceptible to supernatural afflictions such as lycanthropy and curses.

SOCIETY

Though androids lack familial relationships and have difficulty processing emotions, some learn to experience friendship and form communities. Yet even the most social android finds comfort in solitude. With no need for sleep, androids have ample time for contemplation and reflection. Many androids choose the wanderer's life, roaming Numeria, the Inner Sea region, or even more distant lands. Some travel merely to experience all life has to offer in the years between awakening and renewal. Others search for deeper meaning, or even the faint hope of finding a means to return to an ancestral home that they've never known.

By and large, android communities stay quiet and hope to be left alone. They know the Technic League seeks the secret behind android life, and employs vivisection to find it. Such communities routinely go to great lengths to disguise their nature, often donning robes and cowls to meet with strangers. If asked about their obscuring clothing, they plead the shame of deformity or some disfiguring disease. Such ruses rarely hold up to lengthy contact, and it's not unheard of for an uncovered android village to simply pull up stakes and vanish.

As creations of advanced science, androids find themselves drawn to the mysteries of technology. They eschew any fears and superstitions of technological advancement, taking a practical view of advanced technology as a tool to be understood and mastered. Androids tend to have a healthy respect for the dangers brought on by ignorance, and take a slow, cautious approach to unlocking the secrets of new discoveries. Android villages usually feature a few impressive technological treasures and a number of more minor trinkets, though as a rule they keep such marvels hidden from outsiders.

In the thousands of years since *Divinity* crashed on Golarion, androids have lost nearly all the history of their kind. All that remains are myths and legends, distorted by the lens of time. They know their history lies beyond Golarion, on a great ship that traveled beyond the stars. They know that androids are built, not born, and made in the image of humanity. And they know of the foundries

ANDROID NAMES

For the most part, androids who move to particular regions choose names common among humans native to those regions, typically taking on Kellid names. Renewed or newly born androids receive their names from their fellow androids. Such names come from a variety of sources, including natural features, names of other cultures, or collections of sounds that are pleasing to the ear. Androids have no great attachment to their names, and adopt new ones on a whim. Taking on the name of a fallen comrade, or claiming a new name after a significant achievement or change in status, are both common traditions among androids. Calling an android by an old name merely invites friendly correction, not offense.

that labor still to create more of their kind, but they don't know the purpose of their existence. On the subjects of their home world of Androffā, why they were built, the mission of the ship beyond the stars, why it crashed, and why they ended up on this of all possible worlds, most know nothing. This desire to know where they came from and why they exist consumes many androids, all the more because of the apparent futility of their search. Together with their inability to reproduce and their alien nature, this lack of history gives many androids a deep-rooted sense of inadequacy or self-doubt.

Thanks to renewal, however, androids have eternal life—after a fashion. During the course of its life, an android sees many old friends pass on into the mystery of death. Yet for an android, “normal” death is replaced by a sort of rebirth, the body living on with a new spirit after the original soul and personality depart. Most androids don't fear renewal, but they certainly fear the death of their bodies, all the more because they cannot reproduce. Each death of an android permanently diminishes the species. After thousands of years, only a few of *Divinity's* android foundries still function, their locations hidden across Numeria or deep within the Silver Mount. Brave androids search Numeria to find those of their kind that are newly born and wandering the wastes. Most work alone or in pairs, the better to avoid capture by the Technic League.

Androids find religion and spirituality fascinating. Belief in and worship of creators strikes some as illogical, as they do not deify their own lost creators. Androids listen patiently to other races explain their faiths, and some become life-long converts. Brigh, the Whisperer in Bronze, speaks to many androids, who see themselves as the ultimate union of life and invention. Gozreh appeals to androids who reject their artificial nature and hope to find meaning in service to the natural order. Any faith in pursuit of grand ideals has a chance of attracting android adherents, and androids beholden to Iomedae and Sarenrae battle shoulder

ANDROID FEATS

The following feats are available to androids.

EMPATHY

You have learned to experience emotion.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, android.

Benefit: You lose the emotionless special quality. You can gain morale bonuses, and can be affected by emotion-based effects and fear effects. You lack the +4 racial bonus on saving throws against mind-affecting effects.

EXTRA SURGE

You can use your nanite surge ability more often than normal.

Prerequisites: Con 13, nanite surge ability.

Benefit: You can use your nanite surge ability one additional time per day.

Special: You can gain Extra Surge multiple times. Its effects stack.

RAPID RECOVERY

When you heal damage with your nanite surge, you also remove harmful effects.

Prerequisites: Rapid Repair, Con 13, nanite surge ability.

Benefit: When you heal damage using Rapid Repair, you remove any and all of the following conditions: blinded, confused, dazzled, deafened, shaken, sickened, and staggered. You cannot cure blindness or deafness caused by loss of sensory organs.

RAPID REPAIR

You can use your nanite surge to repair damage.

Prerequisites: Wis 13, nanite surge ability.

Benefit: You can use your nanite surge ability to heal a number of hit points equal to your character level, instead of its usual effects.

to shoulder with other holy crusaders in Mendev, or seek enlightenment in remote Iroran monasteries. Androids are not limited in their reverence to goodly religions. Cruel and manipulative androids gravitate to the worship of Norgorber, and many evil androids in Numeria consider Zyphus their divine patron.

This fascination with religion has led to androids creating philosophies unique to their kind.

The First: An android body has the potential to live forever, their bodies playing host to an endless succession of souls, each touched by every life the android had before. Androids believe that the first of their kind yet lives somewhere. The body has grown old, for she has renewed in order to host a new soul countless times over untold thousands of years. The First could

be anywhere the Androffans traveled. There is even a chance she dwells on Golarion. Androids following this philosophy take great risks to protect and rescue their own kind, for any android they meet could be the First—including themselves.

The Constructed: Biological life is weak. It rots. It ages and dies. Humans live enslaved to the petty demands of hormones and other chemicals, bereft of propriety and perspective. They tire and sicken and fritter away the gift of life on drugs and pointless pursuits. On the other side of the equation, robots offer little more. Subservient to their programming, they don't experience or feel like the living. Most importantly, they have no souls. Only androids combine the craftsmanship and detachment of the created with an unfettered mind and the limitless potential of the soul. The Constructed believe that androids represent the pinnacle of life, an achievement that transcends the flaws of its creators. Those on Golarion aspire to capture and control the surviving android foundries on Golarion. Their ultimate ambition is to escape with a foundry to a world they can make into their own—or, failing that, to secure Numeria for androids and androids alone. The Constructed have more sympathy toward robots than organic creatures, and often employ robots in their schemes.

ANDROIDS ON GOLARION

While most androids on Golarion live in Numeria, they have had thousands of years to wander. Loners or small groups can be found throughout the Inner Sea region, and even on other continents. Wandering androids rarely advertise their extra-worldly nature. If questioned on their glowing tattoos, faintly metallic eyes, or pale blood, they credit curses or strange ancestry, often claiming angelic heritage. They take close examination of these claims as an invitation to depart.

As they have never been populous even in the best of times, free androids in Numeria keep close to one another as a means of protecting their species from extinction. Many dwell in the Felldales, where they are shielded from many of the plagues and poisons of that blighted land by their artificial nature. Those living near humans keep a watchful eye on their neighbors, whether tribal Kellids or subjects of the Black Sovereign, and sometimes go so far as to infiltrate those neighbors with carefully disguised spies. Such agents stay alert for word of imprisoned or wandering androids, news of technological discoveries, and potential threats to their homes.

Due to fear of being snatched up by the Technic League for experimentation or worse, few androids live openly in Numeria. Settlements in southern Numeria are some of the few places where androids can feel comfortable living openly, and even then they tend to

all live in the same neighborhoods, or even on the same blocks. This is the case in Hajoth Hakados, where the androids maintain safe houses to take shelter in when the Technic League rides into town. In cities like Chesed and Starfall, the situation is much more dangerous. Any androids openly living in Starfall are property of the Black Sovereign or the Technic League, protected by law from harm, but living as nothing more than slaves or walking experiments. Since the Technic League—or anyone attempting to collect bounties from the Technic League—frequently visits Chesed, androids living there must take precautions against being recognized as an android. Rumors tell of a group of the Constructed who have built an underground complex called Szamrak’s Haven in the western edge of the Numerian Plains. A scattering of enlightened settlements such as Graymoor welcome androids as near-equals, but in the main, androids discovered in human lands risk enslavement, execution, or vivisection.

ADVANCEMENT AND VARIANTS

Androids advance by character class in the same way as most other races, with no restrictions on the classes they may take (though some types of androids might be better suited to certain classes).

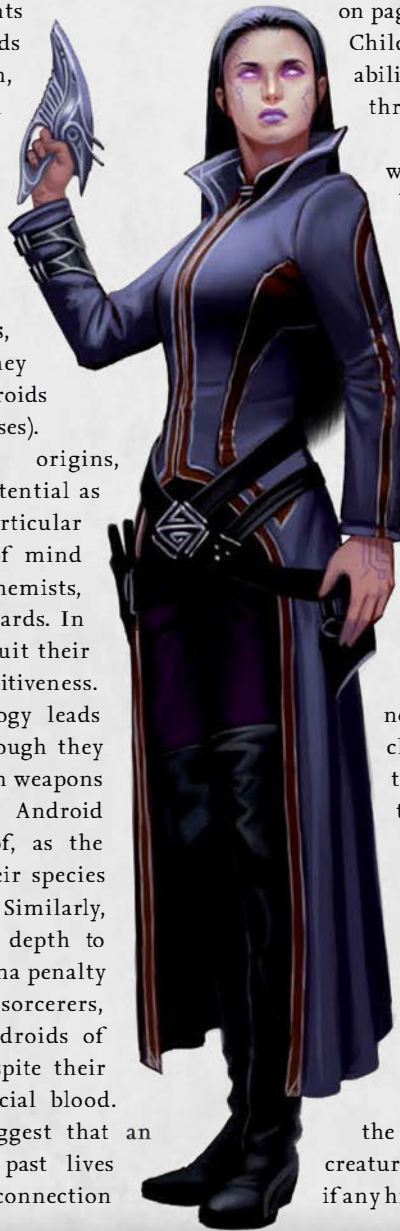
Despite their technological origins, androids have as much magical potential as any other humanoids, and no particular aversion to practicing it. Agile of mind and body, androids excel as alchemists, magi, gunslingers, rogues, and wizards. In particular, alchemy and wizardry suit their inclinations toward study and inquisitiveness. The android affinity for technology leads many to become gunslingers, although they often have a preference for high-tech weapons over Golarion’s native firearms. Android barbarians are almost unheard of, as the inherent emotional restraint of their species inhibits their ability to feel rage. Similarly, few androids have the emotional depth to excel as bards. The android Charisma penalty presents a challenge for oracles, sorcerers, and summoners. Interestingly, androids of sorcerous bent have bloodlines despite their lack of ancestors and their artificial blood. Those exploring this concept suggest that an android’s bloodline reflects the past lives of its soul. Their lack of a strong connection

to nature makes druids and witches uncommon but not impossible choices. Perhaps surprisingly, given their artificial origins, androids find the quest for spiritual meaning compelling, and many become clerics, inquisitors, and monks. Finally, as they are more naturally comfortable with solitude and disinclined to lead, androids rarely choose class features involving animals or other companions, opting instead for bonded objects and the like.

Child Androids: On the planet of their origin, some androids were created with child-sized bodies but fully realized intellects. These child androids had caretaker “parents” who were unable to conceive, and their true nature was often kept from them. These androids are Small-sized and use the rules for young characters on page 194 of *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Campaign*. Child-bodied androids never grow up, and their ability score adjustments remain the same throughout their lives.

Other Humanoid Androids: Androids were formed in the image of their creators, but the technology responsible for making new androids is flexible enough to make androids that look like other humanoids (such as elves, hobgoblins, or dwarves). A new incubator must be constructed to serve this purpose. While these androids have diverse appearances, such cosmetic differences do not affect their statistics.

Undead Androids: As living humanoid creatures, androids can become undead. Since android bodies don’t decay, android zombies don’t appear ragged and rotting, and instead appear to be shambling living creatures. Android skeletons are barely distinguishable from normal humanoid skeletons, and only close inspection of the bones reveals their true origin. Android lichs tend to create technological phylacteries, and some android vampires only feed off other androids, feeling that the blood of other creatures is inferior. The strangest change comes from androids that become ghosts. Though they are incorporeal, they still retain the use of their nanite surge special attack, drawing on a phantom form of the nanites they possessed when they were alive. GMs using androids as the base of other undead should describe the creatures in a way to hint at their android origins, if any hint is apparent.



THE SAFEHOUSE

PATHFINDER'S JOURNAL: WHISPERS IN THE WASTELANDS 1 OF 6

We sailed for days up the Sellen River on a rented barge. Only one of us was a sailor by trade—the captain and owner. The rest laid claim to some other profession: trader, farmer, herbalist, carpenter. Most were River Kingdoms born and bred, and thus had sailing in their blood. I was the least practiced at the art, save for a halfling messenger from Brevo. She was too small to be of much use with sails and oars, but did what she could willingly.

It was the two hundred and forty-eighth day of my travels, and I longed for the sight of home.

Though I had spent those two hundred and forty-eight days roaming the eastern reaches of Avistan and chronicling my adventures there, I had seen little in my travels as strange as Outsea. The last port we stopped in before leaving the River Kingdoms, Outsea was a region where humans walked on wooden docks and lived in houses built on stilts, while under the water aquatic beings of all kinds made their homes. I saw merfolk swimming up watery “streets” as gracefully as Taldan noblewomen would sweep down cobblestone avenues, and submerged sahuagin guards watching our craft for signs of trouble. We’d resupplied and spent one night in the town before beginning the last stretch of our river journey.

The sun rose high and pale as we crossed the border into Numeria. When my help on deck was not required, I stood at the stern and watched my homeland roll by. The marshy, tree-shrouded terrain of the River Kingdoms gave way to hard, dry earth, laid bare to the sky above. My heart sang to see those rolling clay hills and scrub-covered plains.

To outsiders, Numeria may seem harsh and barren, but I knew its secrets. For twenty years, I’d lived within its borders, never straying far from home. Then one day while out hunting, I found a body lying among the scrub. Its bones had long been picked clean by scavengers, but the satchel at its side was intact. The papers within bore the address of a Pathfinder lodge in Castle Urion. I took it upon myself to return the papers, thinking only of a reward. Instead, I found a taste for travel and adventure within my soul. Now, years later, I had undertaken many missions for the Pathfinders. This last had been the longest and most arduous.

My village was still days away, but I pictured my father’s smile upon seeing me again, my mother’s aloof greeting but the gleam of pride in her eyes.

By evenfall, we had docked in the trade town of Hajoth Hakados. The captain of our barge shook my hand.

In passable Hallit, he said, “Good fortune and swift travels to you, Sidek.”

“And to you as well,” I replied, then disembarked and set foot on my native soil again.

It had been some years since I traveled through Hajoth Hakados. The town was much as I remembered it: a collection of clapboard homes covered in the dust of the plains sitting scattered outside the walls of the city. I strode west along a wide dirt road, leaving the waterfront behind me. People on the street took note of me as I passed, their eyes glancing down my arms and evaluating my scars before they nodded to me in respect. I returned the gestures.

Strolling through the city, I passed a collection of shops, the one-story buildings made taller by wooden false fronts. Many had already shut their doors against the encroaching night. From behind curtained windows came the glow of lamplight; it seemed some townsfolk here turned in early.

By the time I reached the center of town, the streets were thinning of people. As I walked, I listened for the sounds of conversation and laughter, hoping to find a quick drink and a laugh before seeking out the Pathfinder lodge. For a small city, Hajoth Hakados was a trade hub in southern Numeria, and the inns often filled up with travelers and merchants.

Loud voices and the echo of a laugh caught my attention. I followed the sounds, turning down a narrower side street where the buildings pressed closer together. I soon realized I had erred. The houses here were smaller and more run-down than those by the waterfront. No lights gleamed in the windows of these homes. The voices I’d been following faded. I came to an intersection and was about to turn around when the voices returned, loud and harsh.

I spun in the direction of the commotion. A woman stood at the mouth of an alley. Three cloaked figures advanced, surrounding her. I saw the flash of steel in the starlight.

The woman clutched a burlap sack to her chest. I could see little of her form beneath her loose tunic and breeches, but she stood a head taller than those that menaced her, and a bronze hammer hung at her hip. Still, she shrank from their approach. “Get away,” she said. I had to strain to hear her. “It’s mine.”

“We just want to take a look,” one of the cloaked figures said. I gauged their walk, evaluating them as two men and a woman, all with trouble on their minds.

“Yeah, what’d you find?” another asked. “Maybe we can do some trade.”

The sneer in his voice and his drawn blade left no doubt as to the nature of that trade.

The woman held her treasure more tightly and made no answer. By some agreement the three aggressors pressed their attack all at once. Two forced the woman against the alley wall at blade-point while the third, the man who'd made the offer of trade, tried to rip the sack from the woman's arms.

I sprinted across the street before I'd half thought of interfering. "Three to one are unfair odds," I called out. The man struggling with his victim turned his head toward me but held on to the bag.

"Leave, or share her fate," he snarled.

The venom in his tone surprised me. Of course any villain interrupted mid-crime would be hostile, but his words seemed personal. There was something more here than petty larceny.

One of the other two muggers turned and pointed her blade at me, warning me with its point to stay back. I glared at her, knowing my battle-scarred face and arms were often enough to ward off potential trouble. She shrank a bit from my gaze. "It's her fate that concerns me. Take your dogs and slink away, lest I rouse the whole town when I beat your hide."

A sword tip pricked my skin. The mugger threatening me had found her courage, stepping forward and nudging her weapon against my side. "Move on," she rasped. "This isn't your fight."

It hadn't been, but it was now.

I growled and slapped the sword away with the back of my hand. My knuckles caught on the blade, drawing beads of blood. The mugger—another Kellid, I could now see, her features strong and scarred under her hood—lunged at me with a savage cry. I couldn't tell if she meant to kill me or simply to drive me off. It mattered little. I raised my fists to defend myself.

She came at me blade first, a straight chop meant to slice open my forearm and drive me back. A strong move, but my time outside Numeria had taught me fighting techniques beyond the ones passed down by my people. I shifted to the side and dropped one arm, then threw a hooked punch at the spot where her fingers wrapped around the sword's hilt. My fist connected with solid force and a crack, snapping at least one of her fingers, and my attacker grunted in pain. The sword fell to the ground.

She stepped back, cradling her injured hand, while the leader hissed, "Get rid of him!" The third mugger, the silent one, dashed up to aid his comrade. He too had a short blade out. It sliced through the air, chopping close to my shoulder, and only my battle training saved me as I spun to the side. Avoiding that attack left me exposed, and the woman punched me in the kidneys with her uninjured hand as she darted past. My calculated tactics fell away as a rush of animal ferocity surged through my body.

*HER FACE AND TONE
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TO READ.*

*IT DIDN'T
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AT FIRST, BUT
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IN THE MOONLIGHT, I
KNEW WHAT SHE WAS.*



In my village, we were taught that the mad energy that comes to us in battle is the strength of the wild, the essence of an animal spirit that swells our muscles and hones our skill. I've always pictured mine as a great bear.

The bear woke inside me now. With a roar, I spun and slammed my fist into the woman's face. She staggered, clutching at her broken nose, blood gushing onto the ground. A sharp pain ripped into my back, but it seemed far away, insignificant. I drove my other fist into her stomach, and she dropped to her knees, wheezing. A short punch to the back of her head took her down.

When I turned, I saw my own blood smeared along the other mugger's sword. He was a Kellid too, and I could tell he recognized the snarl on my face, the flint in my eyes. I jumped at him, hands outstretched, and he skipped back just out of reach. With another glance at my scars, he shrugged, turned, and ran.

The leader still struggled with his victim. Before I could come to her aid, the sack over which they fought tore open. Bits of metal—some brightly glinting, others badly rusted—poured out of the sack to scatter on the ground. The leader gave a strangled cry of rage and shoved the woman back against the wall.

I got to him before he could do further harm. I locked one hand around his throat and drove the other under his ribs. He squealed and his eyes rolled back in his head. He managed to score my side with a small blade before I choked him into unconsciousness.

By the time I dropped his body to the ground, my bear slumbered once again. My muscles ached and the wound in my back stung sharply. My eyelids drooped, and I fought back thoughts of sleep. Now was not the time, though. I turned to the woman. "Are you injured?"

She shook her head. "You didn't have to do that." Her voice remained quiet, so quiet it seemed almost lost in the dark. I couldn't tell from her tone whether she was angered or grateful. Her short, dark hair framed her narrow face like ravens' wings.

"There are few true obligations in life." I bent to pick up the scattered contents of her bag. "Our character shows in those actions we choose to take. Let me help you with this."

"No, it's alright." She knelt down next to me and grabbed for the bits of metal, placing them on the torn sack. "I have it."

Again her voice held no clue to her meaning. Was this a token protest or a genuine request? "If that's your wish," I said. "But you'd best hurry before your attackers awaken."

She hesitated, and said in that flat voice, "You didn't kill them." When her gaze met mine, a shock ran through me. Her eyes held a faint silver sheen in the moonlight, and her skin was very pale.

THE HORSE MUST HAVE BEEN SPECIAL TO WHOEVER PUT SO MUCH TIME AND EFFORT INTO DOING THIS TO IT.



THE HORSE WAS AN ALARMING SIGHT, BUT ITS RIDER FRIGHTENED ME EVEN MORE.

An android. I had heard tales of her people, but never met one in person.

"No, I didn't. You have a few minutes at most." The contents of the bag looked to be little more than junk. I saw broken pipes, rusted screws, plates of metal no bigger than my palm, and mud-caked fragments of some sort of ceramic vessel. Near my knee, a shiny length of pipe as thick around as my forearm had split in two. I picked it up to hand it to the android. "If you wish me to leave, though—"

The pipe halves quivered in my hand. In the blink of an eye, they turned to liquid metal and slithered from my hand up my arm. I yelled in shock and the android fell back, eyes wide. The pipe re-formed into solid metal around my left forearm, like a single bracer that extended up over my wrist and covered the back of my hand with a hexagonal plate.

Sharp pain dug into my arm, as if needles pierced me down to the bone. I choked off my howl of pain.

The android woman leaned forward and grabbed me by my newly armored wrist. "That's mine!"

"You're welcome to it," I grunted. I shook her off and turned my arm over. I saw no seam, no lock. "Just get it off me."

My time abroad had helped me come to terms with the prevalence of technology in the world, but I still had no desire for this mysterious metal cuff to lodge permanently on my arm.

The android tried to get her fingertips between the cuff and my skin. There was no room. I scooped up a metal fragment from the ground and handed it to her. She tried wedging the shard under the cuff to pry it off, but before she could make much headway, I heard the drum of hoof beats.

"Someone's coming." I looked at the still-unconscious bodies on the ground, watching for any hint of stirring. "We must have made enough noise to attract the guard. I'll explain what happened, if you prefer to—"

"No," said the android. She ceased her efforts to free me. "Guards go on foot here."

Thus far, the only emotion I'd heard in the android's voice had been that brief flash of anger. Now, though, I heard another one.

Fear.

"Get up," she said. She stood, unfolding to her full height, and pulled me up by my arm. We stood at almost the same height—I suspected she might even be an inch taller. "We have to go."

"Why? What's happening?"

The hoof beats grew louder. Whoever the riders were, they were coming down this street. The android pulled me deeper into the alley, and we flattened ourselves against the shadowed wall. "It's the Technic League," she said in her low monotone.

Four horses cantered down the street. I could see few details in the darkness, but the black armor of the riders gleamed with an indigo sheen in the starlight. At the head rode a Kellid woman, helmet resting on the pommel of her saddle, dark hair hanging in two loose braids. She wore less armor than her men, but her greaves and gauntlets shone with a pale green light, like the luminescent moss I'd seen in the marshes of the River Kingdoms. It was her steed that drew my attention the most. The beast seemed but half flesh. For a right foreleg it had steel rods that hissed and wheezed as it trotted. The one eye I could see glowed bright yellow in the night.

One rider pointed to the bodies that lay at the mouth of the alley amid the android's spilled treasure. The woman whose nose I'd broken stirred and moaned.

"We must go," the android said. She tugged on the edge of my cloak and pointed to my arm. "If they see you, they'll kill you, or worse."

I'd heard stories of the Technic League's passion for collecting technological devices, and the cuff fixed to my arm would certainly be a prize to them. Wordlessly, I turned and followed the android down the alley and around a corner. We were soon lost among the narrow streets.

As soon as the sounds of the Technic League agents had faded, I grabbed the android's hand and stopped. "Wait. Where are you taking me?"

She turned, her silvery eyes eerily luminous in the dark. "Somewhere safe."

"So you say. What is this place?"

"I cannot tell you. Its safety lies in its secrecy."

She tried to move again, but I held up a hand to stop her. "That's not enough. I need to know I'm not better off on my own."

"If you leave, that makes you a thief." She touched her fingertips to the metal cuff. "That belongs to me."

I bristled, hearing the bear growl in my spirit. "I'm no thief."

"Then follow me, unless you want the League to snap you up."

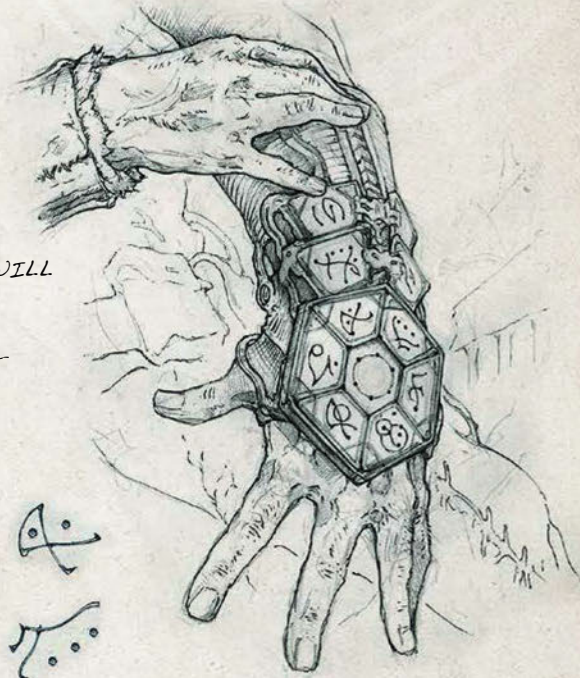
I followed, frustrated at my inability to judge the android's words. Truth and lies hide in our voices, and hers was unreadably flat. I matched step beside her. "Tell me your name then, at least."

"Eirian."

"I am Sidek."

She made no answer to that. We walked in silence for some time, keeping to the shadows and watching over our shoulders for the League. Some time later we reached the edge of town that lies outside the walls, where rickety wooden shacks and sheds sit in disarray. We neared a small home with half a dozen little sheds behind it. Eirian led me to one of them and stopped.

"Turn your back," Eirian instructed.



NOTHING WILL
BUDGE IT.
GET THIS
THING OFF
MY ARM!



THERE HAS TO BE
SOMEONE WHO CAN
HELP ME TRANSLATE
THESE SYMBOLS.

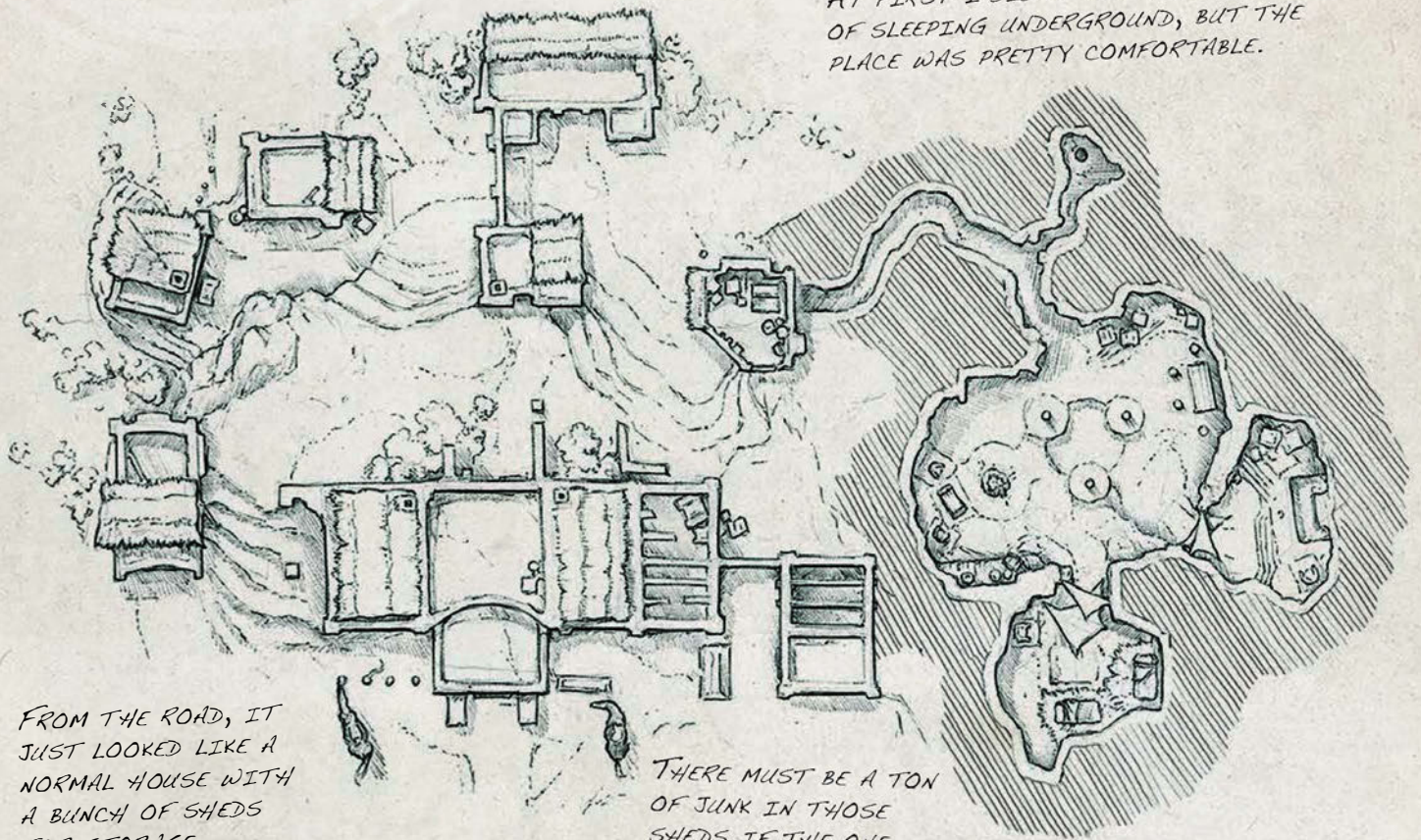
I obeyed, though my patience was reaching its end. The pain of my wounds had settled into a dull ache. My forearm hurt the most—moving it too quickly caused darts of pain to shoot up my arm. I heard Eirian fidget with a latch, and then open the creaky door to the shed.

I looked more closely at the cuff encircling my arm. Along its length I saw small squares etched in the metal, each one containing a number of vertical or horizontal lines. Runes, I guessed, though of what language or civilization I had no idea. I decided to copy the markings and bring them to the nearest Pathfinder lodge once I managed to remove the cuff. Someone there might be able to translate.

While I studied the cuff, I heard Eirian rustling around in the shed, sliding things across the floor. Concerned at the noise she was making, I glanced around at the empty streets hoping no one was taking notice.

The hexagonal plate over the back of my hand held a more elaborate rune: A smaller hexagon with a circle in its center. Straight lines connected the circle to each point on the hexagon. Within each triangular chamber, engraved lines replicated one of the square runes on the length of the cuff.

AT FIRST I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF SLEEPING UNDERGROUND, BUT THE PLACE WAS PRETTY COMFORTABLE.



FROM THE ROAD, IT JUST LOOKED LIKE A NORMAL HOUSE WITH A BUNCH OF SHEDS FOR STORAGE.

THERE MUST BE A TON OF JUNK IN THOSE SHEDS IF THE ONE WE OPENED WAS ANY INDICATION.

None of it meant anything to me. I just wanted the thing off my arm.

I spent a few vain moments struggling to remove the cuff, and then Eirian's quiet voice instructed me to turn around again.

She had uncovered a hatch in the floor of the shed. A ladder dipped into a dark shaft lined with old rags, furs, and bits of leather. "You go first," Eirian said, "so that I can close it up behind us."

"I can't see in the dark," I said.

The android reached down into the tunnel and pulled aside one of the rags near the lip. She withdrew a glass bead and rolled it around in her palm. After a moment, the bead began emitting a soft blue light.

I took the glow-bead from her and crawled into the tunnel.

The shaft descended for nearly ten feet before opening onto a winding tunnel almost tall enough for me to stand upright in. I waited until I heard Eirian following behind me before continuing down the winding passage. It ended in a hanging hide curtain.

"Go through," Eirian said.

The floor dropped down a foot beyond the doorway. The walls were made of packed earth, and a few wooden beams reinforced the ceiling. Once Eirian stood next to me, I saw there would be room for ten people—more if they were willing to pack in tightly. I breathed deeply to calm myself. This dark room felt very much like being trapped underground, and I was used to the open sky.

"You have questions," Eirian said. Her forward manner threw me further off guard. I drew myself up, my head just grazing the ceiling, and collected my thoughts.

"Why did those people attack you?" I asked.

"I'm a collector," she said. "I seek out ruins and salvage them for trade goods. Sometimes I find valuable items." Her gaze flicked down to my wrist. Despite the difficulty I had reading her emotions, she seemed almost friendly now.

"So they were thieves, then. The attack seemed more personal."

"Many humanoids distrust androids," she said, as calmly as if she were commenting on the weather. "We keep to our own area because of it, but sometimes we're attacked regardless."

"What is this place?"

"A safehouse," she said. "Many androids live in Hajoth Hakados. Though they claim otherwise, the Technic League makes regular forays here to kidnap subjects for their experiments. We hide here if they're spotted." She gestured other curtains. "There's a space for resting behind there and there, and a toilet back in the entrance tunnel. Supplies there and there. Food, some weapons."

"Do you sleep, then?"

"I have no need of it, but I rest. You are welcome to sleep here tonight, until the danger is past."

"Danger?" Something clicked into place. "You think the Technic League would experiment on me, then?"

"Yes." She touched the metal cuff. "Because of this. They might think you're an escaped experiment, or one that has forged robot parts into your flesh."

I shrugged off her touch. "I'm not an android. I won't live in hiding."

She shrugged and edged around me, heading for one of the curtained rooms. "We can leave in the morning."

"We?" I didn't like the sound of that.

"I'll go wherever you're going."

I grabbed her arm before she was able to duck into the next room. "You can't come with me. I'm going home, to my village."

"Then I go, too." She touched the hammer at her belt and then her forehead, a gesture I didn't recognize. "I spoke ill when I called you a thief. Now that I've had time to reflect, I see that you've walked into the path of fate."

"Explain." I struggled to mask my irritation at her vague words.

"The technology chose you," she said. "You're blessed by Brigh." She touched the hammer and her brow again. "I am her servant. I shall follow you."

Before I could reply, Eirian vanished behind the curtain. I stared after her, my brain trying to make sense of her words. I had heard of Brigh, of course—the Whisper in the Bronze, goddess of technology and invention. And, apparently, androids.

It seemed I had acquired a devotee.

ANDROIDS

No one on Golarion truly knows how androids originate. They emerge fully formed from the ruins that dot Numeria, and seem to have no more idea how they came to be than anyone else. Although androids appear superficially like humans, they are very different from them, and not only physically.

Androids stand taller than most humans, averaging about six feet tall. Their eyes gleam with a silver sheen when viewed in the right light. The faint runes on their skin are usually all but invisible, but they glow with blue light from time to time.

The psychological differences between androids and humans are often hard to notice at first, but are ultimately profound. Androids' emotions are dim and muted, and they struggle to understand humans' passion in the same way humans struggle to relate to androids' glacial demeanors. Although the goals and values held by androids vary from one individual to the next, many concern themselves with self-improvement and invention.

Androids appear either male or female, but their gender seems largely arbitrary. They can't reproduce, even with their own kind, though they can engage in sex. Differences between genders are less pronounced in androids than in other humanoid races; their physiques are often lean and androgynous, and males and females tend to act and think in similar ways.

Contrary to popular opinion, androids are not robots. They are biological creatures who must eat and breathe. Their monotone voices and the fact that they were constructed lead many to consider them machines, but androids can be killed like any mortal creatures. Androids show the passage of years, but not with gray hair or wrinkles. Instead, their skin and eyes become dull and lusterless. When androids suddenly cease all biological functions, it is thought that they have died of old age. Some can even foretell this event with uncanny accuracy.



BESTIARY

AS WE TRAVELED THE ROCKY BADLANDS, WE KEPT HEARING A DRONING SOUND. GALUNE SWORE IT WAS A LARGE INSECT, OR MAYBE A SWARM OF INSECTS, AND CONSIDERING HIS FEAR OF BUGS, HE KEPT LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER EVERY FEW MINUTES. THE SOUND WOULD FADE AWAY ALMOST AS SOON AS WE HEARD IT, AND WE ALL HAD THE FEELING OF BEING WATCHED. ON THE THIRD DAY OF OUR TRAVELS, WE DISCOVERED THE SOURCE. A STRANGE MACHINE HOVERED INTO VIEW FROM ATOP THE RIDGE, GRACEFULLY SWOOPING LOW AND NEARLY GRAZING OUR HEADS. IN A FLASH, THE THING TARGETED GALUNE WITH SOME MANNER OF WEAPON AND HE FELL TO THE GROUND AS WE RAN FOR COVER. BEFORE I COULD GET TO HIM, THE MACHINE PICKED HIM UP AND HOVERED OUT OF OUR REACH. OUR CROSSBOW BOLTS BOUNCED OFF ITS METALLIC SKIN, AND ALL OUR EFFORTS TO SAVE OUR KIDNAPPED FRIEND PROVED FRUITLESS.”

—MUSHA KRINGLIM, ADVENTURER

Welcome to the Iron Gods Adventure Path Bestiary. Each volume of the Pathfinder Bestiary will include a new robot and a new alien threat, as well as other monsters the PCs can encounter while exploring Numeria. This volume of the Iron Gods Adventure Path features a handful of otherworldly animals, a robot constructed to retrieve living biological samples, a strange aberration that lives in a protective shell, and a subterranean floating fungal creature. In addition, the robot subtype first presented in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary* is included here to help GMs when running encounters with robots.

DEADLY BEASTS AND METAL MENACES

The random encounter table presented here features a number of typical threats the PCs could encounter while exploring under and around the town of Torch. During the course of the adventure, the PCs have a 35% chance of a random encounter every hour they are in the Black Hill caves. Some of these creatures can be found in the town itself; the PCs have a 25% chance of a random encounter every 4 hours they spend exploring the town.

Since this adventure spans a range of levels, some results might be too simple or too difficult for the PCs, depending on where they are in the course of the adventure. If the result rolled is outside the challenge rating range appropriate for the PCs, roll again or choose a different encounter.

GMs who wish to learn more about Numeria or those looking for other hazards and encounter ideas should check out *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Numeria, Land of Fallen Stars*. In addition, three more robots for the PCs to encounter are presented in the *Inner Sea Bestiary*.

ROBOT SUBTYPE

“Robot” is a special subtype that can be applied to any construct without changing its CR. Robots share some features with clockwork constructs (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide* 256), and as with clockworks, you can simply remove the robot subtype and its associated traits to transform robots into typical constructs animated by magic. A construct cannot possess both the robot and the clockwork subtypes. All robots gain the following traits, unless noted otherwise.

- **Intelligent:** Robots are intelligent, and thus have skills and feats as appropriate for their Hit Dice. Unless otherwise indicated for a specific robot, all robots have Intelligence scores of 10. The following are class skills for robots: Climb, Disable Device, Fly, Knowledge (all), Linguistics, Perception, and Sense Motive.
- **Vulnerable to Critical Hits:** Whenever a robot takes extra damage from a critical hit, it must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or be stunned for 1 round. If it succeeds at

TORCH ENCOUNTERS

d%	Result	Avg. CR	Source
01–06	1 boilborn	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 4 22
07–09	1d6 dire rats	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 232
10–13	1d4 giant centipedes	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 43
14–18	1 giant fly	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 124
19–23	1d6 fire beetles	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 33
24–28	1 vexgit gremlin	1	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 145
29–32	1d6 young slime molds	1	See page 16
33–35	1 cockroach swarm	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 58
36–39	1d6 giant maggots	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 124
40–46	1 pilo	2	See page 82
47–51	1d6 Ropefist thugs	2	See page 44
52–57	1 tsaalgrend	2	See page 88
58–63	1d6 vegepygmies	2	<i>Bestiary</i> 273
64–68	1 fungal crawler	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 127
69–74	1d4 giant amoebas	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 24
75–79	1 grick	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 146
80–86	1d4 jinkin gremlins	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 142
87–91	1d4 skulks	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 148
92–96	1 violet fungus	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 274
97–100	1 gray ooze	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 166

this saving throw, it is staggered for 1 round. The robot is still immune to other sources of the stunned condition.

- **Vulnerable to Electricity:** Robots take 150% as much damage as normal from electricity attacks, unless they are immune to electricity through other special defenses.
- **Difficult to Create:** Robots are crafted via complex methods in well-guarded facilities hidden in Numerian ruins or other technological bastions. While the Technic League has developed magical solutions to some of these requirements, actual details on creating robots are beyond the scope of this book.
- **Integrated Weaponry:** A robot that has one or more technological weapons (such as a laser rifle or chain gun) built into its body treats such weapons as natural attacks and not manufactured weapons attacks, and cannot make iterative attacks with these weapons. Integrated weaponry can still be targeted by effects that target manufactured weapons (such as magic weapon spells or sunder attempts), but as a general rule it cannot be harvested for use outside of the robot’s body once the robot is destroyed. A robot is always proficient with its integrated weapons. Integrated ranged weapons don’t provoke attacks of opportunity when fired in melee combat.


You may notice that even though robots are constructs, their individual entries lack detailed construction information. Details on constructing robots, modifying constructs to be robots, and obtaining robot minions will be presented in the final volume of the Iron Gods Adventure Path.

ALIEN ANIMALS

These animal species were taken from a faraway desert planet called Kasath, and housed in a biodome aboard *Destiny*. Many perished when the ship crashed to the Golarion's surface or their habitats failed, but some managed to survive the event and established small populations in Numeria. Kasatha druids can take these animals as animal companions or use their forms for wildshape.

PETROMIN

This sleek, furred creature has flaps of skin stretching between its limbs and its body.




PETROMIN	CR 1/3	  
XP 135		
N Tiny animal		
Init +2; Senses low-light vision; Perception +5		
DEFENSE		
AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)		
hp 4 (1d8)		
Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +1		
OFFENSE		
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., fly 40 ft. (poor)		
Melee bite +4 (1d3-4)		
Space 2 1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.		
STATISTICS		
Str 3, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 7		
Base Atk +0; CMB +0; CMD 6 (10 vs. trip)		
Feats Weapon Finesse		
Skills Climb +4, Perception +5, Stealth +14; Racial Modifiers +4 Stealth		
SQ cloaked, gliding flight, luminous		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any deserts		
Organization solitary, pair, or gathering (3-8)		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Cloaked (Ex) A petromin is invisible to creatures using only darkvision, but can be detected by other means.		
Gliding Flight (Ex) A petromin can't hover or fly up at an angle greater than 45 degrees while flying. It must end its turn on the ground.		
Luminous (Ex) A petromin naturally sheds light equal to that provided by a candle. It can control the color of the illumination. As a swift action, it can extinguish the light.		

Petromins, also known as azure gliders, are desert cliff-top dwellers that glide down to snatch prey. As a defense, their coloration is countershaded; the blue, sky-like coloration on their undersides makes them hard to notice from the ground, while their brown fur helps them blend into desert vistas below, hiding them from predatory birds. The fur of petromins is awash in sapphire-blue bioluminescence,

unnoticeable during the day but distinctive from dusk until dawn. Petromins have control over this natural light, which allows them to attract the large insects on which they feed. A petromin measures 30 inches in length (including a 6-inch-long tail) and weighs 5 pounds. A spellcaster can select a petromin as a familiar, and the master gains a +3 bonus on Stealth checks as a special ability.

PILO

Sharp quills cover this bright yellow, six-legged animal, and its long, twitching snout probes the air around it.

PILO	CR 2	  
XP 600		
N Small animal		
Init +1; Senses low-light vision, scent; Perception +8		
DEFENSE		
AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)		
hp 19 (3d8+6)		
Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +3		
Defensive Abilities roll up		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee gore +4 (1d6+1 plus poison), tail slap -1 (1d4)		
Special Attacks poison, quills		
STATISTICS		
Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 7		
Base Atk +2; CMB +2 (+4 bull rush); CMD 13 (15 vs. bull rush, 21 vs. trip)		
Feats Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack		
Skills Perception +8		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any deserts		
Organization solitary or pair		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Poison (Ex) Quills—injury; <i>save</i> Fort DC 13; <i>frequency</i> 1/round for 4 rounds; <i>effect</i> 1d2 Dex; <i>cure</i> 1 save.		
Quills (Ex) Any creature attacking a pilo with natural weapons or an unarmed strike takes 1d6 points of piercing damage. A creature that grapples a pilo takes 2d6 points of piercing damage each round it is engaged in a grapple. A pilo can also use its quills to damage any opponent it successfully bull rushes. Any creature that takes damage from a pilo's quills risks being poisoned.		
Roll Up (Ex) As a move action, a pilo can tuck itself into a ball. This grants the pilo a +4 bonus to its natural armor, but its speed is reduced to 10 feet.		

These carnivorous marsupials, sometimes called tumblespikes, are irritable desert-dwelling creatures that even predators leave alone. They are aggressive and often attack creatures that are larger than themselves. Pilos

plow toward their foes and attempt to gore these foes with their spikes, bellowing a wheezing series of grunts. When provoked by a creature much larger than themselves or a particularly dangerous predator, pilos roll up into a spiny ball to deter attacks. Their aggressive nature means that they often fight until they die or until their opponent perishes or flees. Though pilos are only 3 feet long, their muscular bodies and spikes—which constantly grow—contribute to their 80-pound weight. Like many marsupials, pilos carry their young in a pouch, which they protect by remaining rolled up except when hunting.

PILO COMPANIONS

Starting Statistics: **Size** Small; **Speed** 30 ft.; **AC** +2 natural armor; **Attack** gore (1d6); **Ability Scores** Str 13, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 7; **Special Defenses** roll up; **SQ** low-light vision, scent.

4th-level Advancement: **Size** Small; **AC** +2 natural armor; **Attack** tail slap (1d4); **Ability Scores** Str +2, Con +2; **Special Attacks** poison, quills.

SORICO

This large, tawny rodent has powerful forelimbs ending in spade-like claws. Sand and mud caked the creature's fur.

SORICO	CR 1	
XP 400		
N Small animal		
Init +1; Senses low-light vision, scent; Perception +6		
DEFENSE		
AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 Dex, +1 size)		
hp 13 (2d8+4)		
Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +2		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft.		
Melee bite +2 (1d4), 2 claws +2 (1d4)		
Special Attacks dust cloud		
STATISTICS		
Str 10, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 7		
Base Atk +1; CMB +0; CMD 11 (15 vs. trip)		
Feats Great Fortitude		
Skills Perception +6, Stealth +9		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any deserts		
Organization solitary, pair, or warren (3–36)		
Treasure none		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Dust Cloud (Ex) Three times per day as a move action,		

a sorico can shake loose a cloud of dust and sand from its coat that fills its space, providing concealment for 1 round. A light wind disperses this cloud immediately. Any creatures sharing a sorico's space when it uses this ability must succeed at a DC 13 Fortitude save or they become staggered for 1 round as they cough and sneeze. Creatures that don't breathe are immune to this effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Also called dustshroud rabbits, soricos dig out warrens in the desert sands, where they remain protected from the elements and predators alike. These communal animals live in vast tunneling colonies like ants, each working endlessly to provide for the warren. They dig tunnels and burrows, shoring up the sides of the passages with sticky saliva that hardens into a temporary cement. Since they constantly toil in their warrens, their tawny fur collects fine dust and sand particles. As an instinctive means of defense, soricos shake themselves violently, which loosens the sand and creates a distracting cloud of dust that allows them to escape from predators. Soricos measure 3 feet long, stand 2 feet tall, and weigh 100 pounds. Those who hunt soricos find their meat delicious, comparable to that of a farm-raised rabbit.

SORICO COMPANIONS

Starting Statistics: **Size** small; **Speed** 30 ft., burrow 10 ft.; **Attack** bite (1d4), 2 claws (1d4); **Ability Scores** Str 10, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 7; **SQ** low-light vision, scent.

4th-level Advancement: **Size** Medium; **AC** +2 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d6), 2 claws (1d6); **Ability Scores** Str +4, Dex +2, Con +2; **Special Attacks** dust cloud.



ROBOT, COLLECTOR

A soft whirring noise accompanies this flying mechanical creature. Its arms and hands end in spindly, multi-jointed fingers, and four circular rotors hold the creature aloft.

COLLECTOR ROBOT

CR 3



XP 800

N Medium construct (robot)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 31 (2d10+20)

Fort +0, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities all-around vision, hardness 10, reactive gyros; **Immune** construct traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to critical hits and electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)

Melee 2 slams +5 (1d4+3 plus grab)

Ranged integrated stun gun +5 (1d8 nonlethal)

Special Attacks integrated stun gun, integrated tracking

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18

Feats Improved Initiative

Skills Fly +11, Perception +8, Stealth +5, Survival +4 (+8 to follow or identify tracks); **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Survival to follow or identify tracks

Languages Androffan

SQ adaptive tracker

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Numeria)

Organization solitary, pair, or unit (3-6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Adaptive Tracker (Ex) As a full-round action, a collector robot can adapt itself to any environment in which it travels, granting it a +2 bonus on initiative checks and Knowledge (geography), Perception, Stealth, and Survival checks while in that kind of terrain.

Integrated Stun Gun (Ex) A collector robot has an integrated stun gun slung beneath its body. This weapon uses a powerful sonic amplifier to produce powerful low-frequency blasts of energy that pummel targets. This weapon has a range increment of 20 feet, and it deals 1d8 points of nonlethal damage. On a critical hit, the robot can attempt a free trip combat maneuver (CMB +12) against the target, which does not provoke attacks of opportunity.

Integrated Tracking (Ex) A collector robot has integrated systems that allow it to tag and track creatures. As a full-round action, a collector robot can implant a tracker chip¹⁶ into the body of a target that it is grappling or a helpless target. Once implanted, the tracker chip is activated and

the collector robot's chipfinder can detect the presence of the implanted tracker chip within 1 mile. It uses a signal to locate the tracker chips, and this signal can be blocked by 1 foot of metal, 5 feet of stone, or 20 feet of organic matter. A tracker chip can be removed with a sharp tool. Doing so deals 1 point of damage. Once an implanted tracker chip is removed from the body (or remains in a body after it dies) it retains enough energy to continue to be detected by the collector robot's sensors for 1 week.

Reactive Gyros (Ex) The rotors that grant a collector robot flight also provide quick reactions to threats and external stimuli, granting it a +3 racial bonus on Reflex saves.

Serving as long-distance scouts, trackers, and acquisition agents, collector robots see frequent use in the study and collection of alien life forms on new worlds. They can operate independently for years, cataloging unique species while enduring extreme environments that would overwhelm their biological makers. These machines may tag a captive creature with a tracker chip that can be monitored and tracked with their integrated chipfinders. They do so to observe and document the behavioral patterns of such creatures from afar, studying viable specimens for days until they eventually isolate and retrieve the studied prey again for further examination in the controlled laboratories of the robots' masters.

Among their more impressive features, collector robots possess a hardened artificial intelligence, maintaining a singular focus on their mission directives even when wandering out of communication range with their owners. They tend to react swiftly to movement and perceived threats to their physical security, either emitting loud tones or alarms as a preemptive warning, or flying upward to gain altitude before assessing a given situation and potentially opening fire in defense of itself. Some collector robots grow more lax in their analysis protocols over time, giving way to a state similar to paranoia if left in the field for too long. This corrupted logic inevitably leads them to interpret even the most innocuous actions as proof of hostile intent. Other collectors become fixated on their directive to retrieve specimens without undue damage, interpreting it as a need to protect their targets from all possible sources of harm.

ECOLOGY

Collector robots have no defined ecology, as they are built by others and gifted with a unique purpose and skill set. Most often, they emerge from automated factories, engineering shops, and scrap heaps under the direction of a controlling authority that activates them and assigns their missions. Thereafter, the power cores of collector robots last indefinitely. Most collector robots have fusion generators, but some have the ability to derive power from the sun,

making them capable of recharging several weeks' worth of operating power with solar energy in a single daytime "sleep" cycle. During prolonged missions, collector robots often support one another in the absence of their masters, dragging damaged units back to repair facilities and cooperating to achieve any mutual goals. Collector robots have a similar protectiveness toward other robots of various types, treating them almost like siblings.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Collector robots have little in the way of organized society, but do array themselves in a rigid hierarchy as designated by their controlling authority. Individual collectors may carry a higher rank than other robots, and thus are capable of commanding lesser machines they encounter or even overriding their programming with new directives as they commandeer aid in carrying out their assigned missions. This often leads to symbiotic relationships with servant robots capable of repairing and assisting with their upkeep.

Collector robots first appeared in Numeria, but some have since wandered further afield, slaves to their dedicated programming as they go about cataloging, tagging, and occasionally tracking various life forms—sentient or otherwise. Some rogue collector robots kidnap people and creatures, and secret them away in remote caves. Others cascaded from the starship *Divinity* during its original descent, falling to Golarion as newly deployed probes far outside the range of Unity's control, thus free to pursue individual interests. A few enterprising Technic League wizards and alchemists have managed to control some of these automatons, taming and reprogramming them to suit their purposes. New directives for these automatons typically involve the abduction or assassination of targets that their overseers program into them.

VARIANTS

The chassis developed for collector robots has proven exceptionally versatile over the years, giving rise to multiple configurations and alternate capabilities. These are less likely to be encountered than a typical collector robot. Some of the models include:

Aquatic Collector Robots (CR +0): Adapted for use in marine environments, aquatic collector robots abandon flight for a swim speed of 30 ft. Their integrated stun guns still function underwater, though they are based



on frequencies designed to work more efficiently in aquatic environments.

Extermination Robots (CR +1): Newly encountered life forms can sometimes threaten the safety of landing parties or the ecological balance of controlled environments. Extermination robots serve a more specialized role than collectors, programming themselves to track and annihilate a single type of creature. This ability grants a favored enemy bonus (as the ranger class ability) against a single creature type chosen from the ranger favored enemies table. The robot also comes equipped with a longer-range arc rifle^{TC}.

Trapper Robots (CR +1): Some robots cover a wider range of territory by deploying traps rather than hunting creatures individually. Designed to capture specimens for retrieval and sedation, they have gravity-based snares which function similar to the *snares* spell. They can deploy up to five of these devices and remain linked to them via tracker chips and an integrated chipfinder. When a snare is sprung, it sends an alert to the trapper robot, which then hurries to retrieve its quarry.

GHELARN

Purple tentacles emerge from a white, coral-like rock formation, tracing whirled patterns in the surrounding sand.

GHELARN

CR 2



XP 600

N Large aberration

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 30 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed 14 (+5 natural, -1 size)

hp 22 (3d8+9)

Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities carapace; **Resist** fire 5

Weaknesses vulnerable to sonic

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 tentacles +4 (1d6+3)

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

Special Attacks entrap (DC 14, 1d8 rounds, hardness 5, hp 8), leeching tendrils

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 10, **Con** 16, **Int** 3, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 3

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 16

Feats Combat Reflexes, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Perception +10, Stealth +4 (+14 in deserts); **Racial**

Modifiers +4 Stealth (+14 in deserts)

SQ hibernate

ECOLOGY

Environment cold or temperate deserts

Organization solitary

Treasure none

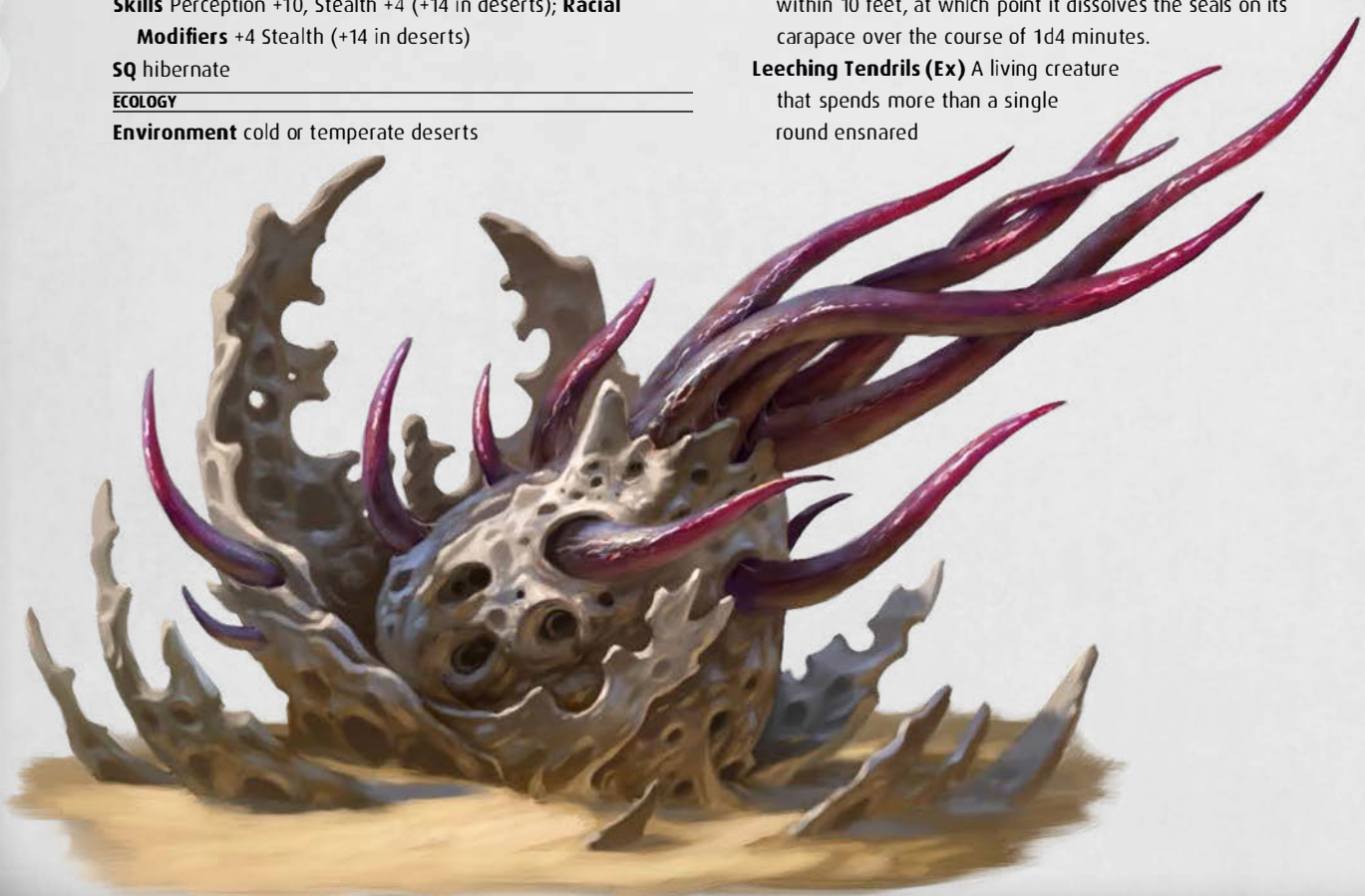
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Carapace (Ex) A ghelarn typically shelters within a hardened, rocklike shell that houses all of its vital organs. By withdrawing its tentacles and sensory stalks into its shell, the ghelarn gains total cover until the beginning of its next turn. The shell doesn't provide cover against targeted spells, and the ghelarn's movement is limited to downward burrowing during this time. The benefits of the shell can be lost if sundered (hardness 5, 8 hit points, regenerates in 2d6 days), and a ghelarn caught without its carapace loses its natural armor bonus.

Entrap (Ex) A ghelarn secretes a quagmire of sticky fluid a few feet below the sand where it lives. This fluid extends in a 10-foot radius around the creature and acts to trap victims, making it easier for the ghelarn to attack prey with its tentacles or feed upon it with its leeching tendrils. This otherwise acts as the entrap universal monster rule.

Hibernate (Ex) When food is scarce, a ghelarn can enter a state of hibernation for an indefinite period of time. When it enters hibernation, the ghelarn nestles itself in the sand and fills in its porous carapace with sticky excretions that quickly harden to seal the creature from the elements. When hibernating, the ghelarn doesn't have to eat or drink. A ghelarn remains in a state of hibernation until it senses another living creature within 10 feet, at which point it dissolves the seals on its carapace over the course of 1d4 minutes.

Leeching Tendrils (Ex) A living creature that spends more than a single round ensnared



within a ghelarn's entrapping fluid becomes targeted by invasive tendrils from the ghelarn's lower body. These feeding stalks deal 1 point of bleed damage each round, and continue to do so for as long as a victim remains within the area of the ghelarn's entrapping fluid.

Born on the desert plain of an alien world, the soft-bodied ghelarn is a non-aquatic arthropod living within a shell-like exoskeleton manufactured from its own hardened secretions. This outer carapace contains many perforations, similar to dry coral or air-blasted stone, providing ample room from which the ghelarn can extend its outer extremities and explore the world. Chief among these appendages are two main tentacles that it uses to pull itself through the upper layers of sand within its native home, burrowing just below the surface while its hardened carapace remains above ground. As a result, ghelarns give the impression of ambulatory stone formations when traveling, but they can also abandon their shells entirely and delve deeper into the sand to avoid predators.

Patient, quiet creatures, ghelarns prefer to ambush prey, waiting until suitable meals wander within reach of their tentacles or into the sticky quagmires they create just below the surface around their nesting grounds. Helpless victims soon find themselves pulled into the sand as the ghelarn extends invasive tendrils from its lower body. These lesser tentacles slowly bleed away moisture from anyone trapped in the ooze, leaving behind little more than dried husks and bones for scavengers to find, along with whatever equipment such victims may have carried.

ECOLOGY

During the creatures' spawning season, an entire clutch of ghelarns produces a variant musk in their secretions to attract one another. Some travel for miles in search of this scent, and the resulting orgy once a group gathers allows for a communal intermingling of reproductive oils. This impregnates multiple ghelarn at the same time, enabling them to spawn new offspring as they separate again. A typical ghelarn can create 1d3 young, which gestate for consecutive 3-month periods rather than being born all at once. Pregnant ghelarns abandon these young to fend for themselves almost as soon as they're born, moving to another region to birth more offspring rather than leaving them within the same area to compete for resources.

It takes a newborn ghelarn about 2 weeks before it can muster enough secretions to form a hardened shell of its own. During this time, it stays deep below the earth, seeking nourishment and moisture trapped in the desert soil rather than risking its vulnerable body to predators above ground. Once fully matured, it pushes upward, its shell rising from the sand to mark its domain. Sentient creatures wisely avoid these areas, though it's often hard

to tell empty shells from a living ghelarn's hunting grounds. Many societies find the abandoned and cast-off shells useful for making tools and crafting weapons and armor. As a result, ghelarn habitats frequently draw those seeking to harvest them as a resource. Unfortunately for the scavengers, these shells also attract young ghelarns who haven't yet formed their own and seek to use the abandoned ones as temporary homes.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Ghelarns typically live solitary lives. The extreme nature of their native habitat causes them to separate and spread out to avoid overhunting an area. They sometimes cooperate in pairs or packs known as clutches to defend themselves, but more frequently do so in preparation for mating season, so they can drag down large prey that they leave behind for their new offspring to feed upon. Sometimes a clutch will gather in geologically unstable regions, where quakes and tremors draw their interest. Mostly, they migrate in seemingly aimless patterns, driven away from the harsh sounds of overhead thunderstorms, as the noise causes them acute pain.

The rudimentary sentience of ghelarns places them just above animal-level intelligence. Though they have no real language of their own, they communicate warnings or call for help by turning their porous shells into the wind and adjusting the flow with their tentacles, allowing air to pass through the openings, and creating a musical "voice" similar to wind instruments. Each ghelarn's voice is distinctly different from any other ghelarn. Some societies have also learned to domesticate young ghelarns—these cultures train them to understand simple commands and use them as guard animals.

NOBLE GHELARNS

Occasionally, evolution gives rise to a more advanced breed of ghelarn. These specimens have both the advanced and giant simple templates, and prove more intelligent than their lesser kin. The shell of a noble ghelarn encompasses a much greater area, appearing more like an outcropping of rock or a small hillside. This grants them the freeze special quality to appear as such, allowing them to take 20 on their Stealth checks to hide in plain sight. Noble ghelarns sometimes remain hidden within these massive shells and purposefully suppress their entrapping ooze in order to dupe other creatures into seeking shelter next to them. While the tall shell certainly provides shade from the sun and a windbreak against desert storms, those camping near a noble ghelarn inevitably find themselves assaulted during the night by the creature's invasive tendrils. These appendages are more leechlike than the painful barbs of lesser ghelarns and require a DC 20 Perception check for sleeping creatures to notice.

TSAALGREND

Strange, translucent gas bladders carry this tangle of thorny, purple vines and clumps of mold through the air. A dusting of spores floats to the ground beneath it.

TSAALGREND

CR 2



XP 600

N Small plant

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 19 (3d8+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +1

Immune plant traits; **Resist** acid 5, electricity 5

Weaknesses light blindness, vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., climb 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +5 (1d4+1 plus grab), 2 tendrils +0 (1d4 plus grab)

Special Attacks grab, spores

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 15, **Int** 3, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 14 (16 vs. trip)

Feats Flyby Attack, Weapon Finesse

Skills Climb +9, Fly +5, Perception +4

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pair, cluster (3–6), or pod (7–20)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Grab (Ex) A tsaalgrend can grab a foe of up to one size category larger than itself.

Spores (Ex) As a standard action, a tsaalgrend can release a cloud of toxic spores in a 10-foot-radius spread. Each living creature within this area must succeed at a DC 13 Fortitude save or become paralyzed with fear as the victim vividly hallucinates for 1d4 rounds. A creature that successfully saves against this effect is immune to the same tsaalgrend's spores for 24 hours. The save DC is Constitution-based.

A tsaalgrend is a predatory creature resembling a tangle of sturdy vines with jagged purple thorns. Its coloration is mottled with brown, green, and yellow mold patches that flake and fall as the creature writhes through the air. The tsaalgrend's vines barely conceal two translucent, gas-filled sacks that act as balloons, enabling it to float along above the ground. Stretching from the creature's center are two longer vines that the tsaalgrend uses to capture its prey. An opening filled with rows of spiky thorns serves as the creature's mouth and is positioned on the creature's underside, where it constantly emits a wet, rancid stench. A tsaalgrend typically grows to be over 3 feet long, and weighs about 40 pounds.

ECOLOGY

Strange and sentient plants, tsaalgrends float up to the surface from their underground habitats in a constant search for prey. Growing in the darkened depths, these fungal creatures shun light, only hunting at night near the cave openings from which they emerge. Tsaalgrends can fly, albeit awkwardly, by forcing air into and out of their gas bladders. This helps them not only get around in the difficult conditions found underground, but also avoid becoming snacks for enterprising predators. When not flying, the creatures constrict and relax their tangle of vines to provide a roiling form of locomotion. They can move slowly across the ground and even climb vertical surfaces. Tsaalgrends are often found clinging to the walls in subterranean chambers, and sometimes whole colonies can fill a cave with the airy sounds of rustling vines and the ventilation of their gas bladders.

Tsaalgrends are carnivorous hunters that paralyze prey by hovering above their victims and raining toxic spores. They then use their thorny vines to wrap up their prey and transfer it to their mouths. Since tsaalgrends are small and relatively weak, larger prey often eludes these creatures' grasp. Instead, tsaalgrends feed on insects, rodents, snakes, and other similar creatures they find crawling around in caverns. A tsaalgrend's mouth is lined with crisscrossed rows of jagged thorns, layered in rings, appearing like a shark's teeth. Inside its mouth, quick-moving tendrils covered in tiny barbed spines wrap around food and pull it to the creature's stomach, rasping its meal against its rows of teeth to help break down the body into more easily digestible chunks before finally allowing stomach acid to complete the digestion process.

Tsaalgrends not only produce their own fungus, but also play host to a multitude of other molds, fungi, mosses, and epiphytes. The most powerful mold growing within a tsaalgrend is the fine, dustlike black spores it generates. Used for hunting, these spores can be released in a wide area. Any creature breathing them in is immediately subject to an overwhelming fear response as its mind is flooded with the most frightening things imaginable. The victim's breathing becomes quick and shallow, the heart rate rises dramatically, and nearby sounds become dull over the rush of blood in the ears. The mind screams to run away, but the muscles simply cannot react.

Opportunistic alchemists have been known to hunt and trap tsaalgrends with the intention of painstakingly harvesting the black spores from living specimens and using them to fabricate new and potent inhaled poisons. Securing a living tsaalgrend is important to the process, as the spores lose potency soon after they are released, making storage for later utilization impractical. Such alchemists often run afoul of druids with an affinity for

fungal creatures who have an interest in communing with and protecting tsaalgrends.

Though tsaalgrends display only limited intelligence, they seem to be capable of communicating with each other through the deliberate transfer of spores. These bouts of communication involve bursts of various colors and types of spores in quick succession. This behavior has been observed just prior to coordinated hunting efforts. Some creatures that have spent time around tsaalgrends claim that the plants also respond to spoken language. Critics of this theory say that the plant creatures are simply responding to the noise and the presence of a potential meal. Several distinct patches of stubby 1- or 2-inch growths found along the creature's sides are believed to serve as eyes.

Though tsaalgrends favor damp environments, they have extremely dry exteriors which make them especially vulnerable to fire and fire-based attacks. Tsaalgrends exposed to fire can be reduced to piles of ash in just a few moments. As such, tsaalgrends avoid open flame, and creatures that share environments with these floating plants use this knowledge to their advantage to keep their caves free of floating predators.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Tsaalgrends live and breed in underground caverns and other dark, damp places, but it's strongly suspected that they didn't evolve naturally on Golarion. Even though the creatures live almost exclusively in underground environments, those who explore the Darklands rarely report the creatures too far afield from caverns directly below Numeria, suggesting that tsaalgrends may have come to Golarion during the Rain of Stars. The plants also tend to share environments with vegepygmies and the russet mold that spawns them, however, leading other scholars to claim that tsaalgrends are somehow magically manipulated offshoots of those creatures, if not the direct product of drow sporecrafting. Still others believe that the plant creatures must stem from a subterranean portal to the First World, perhaps a breach broken open by the immense impact of the crashing Silver Mount. Only further study will reveal the truth.

Tsaalgrends bloom infrequently, producing offspring only when certain conditions are met. Environmental conditions linked to moisture levels, available food, and the presence of other fungal creatures trigger the growth of sacs that produce vegetative spores. These spores are



distributed safely on damp ledges covered with slimes, fungi, or other fertile organic matter like guano. These spores develop over the course of a few weeks, forming the young tsaalgrends' spore sacs first. As they mature, the spore sacs lift developing tsaalgrends into the air, making them vulnerable to predators as they lack the ability to control their flight until they sprout their thorny tendrils. It takes a full month for tsaalgrends to reach maturity. On average, tsaalgrends live for about 4 years, though larger specimens have been reported, suggesting that their lifespan can be extended under ideal conditions.

While most sentient, underground races treat tsaalgrends like nuisances and avoid these creatures, a tribe of derro living in the Darklands beneath Numeria corrals dozens of tsaalgrends in caves secured with iron grates. Eager to breed larger tsaalgrends or those with even more potent fungal poison, these derro explore the Darklands in order to seek out new and unusual tsaalgrends to capture and add to their corrals as spore stock. Rumor has it that the derro have bred a massive tsaalgrend that fills an entire cavern room by itself.

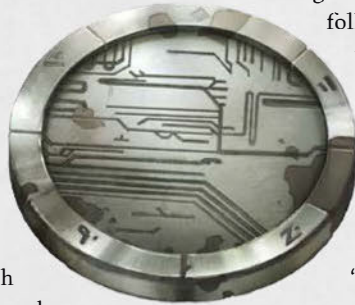
RISE OF AN IRON GOD

SPOILER ALERT! ON THESE PAGES YOU'LL FIND THE BACKGROUND AND OUTLINE FOR THE IRON GODS ADVENTURE PATH. IF YOU INTEND TO PLAY IN THIS CAMPAIGN, BE WARNED! THESE PAGES SPOIL THE PLOT FOR THE UPCOMING ADVENTURES.

The legendary Rain of Stars struck Numeria in -4363 AR, the result of a strange visitor from beyond the stars—the starship *Divinity*. Crippled from a disastrous encounter with the Dominion of the Black, and with both a crew and an artificial intelligence driven mad by strange alien weaponry, *Divinity* broke up and scattered countless fragments across Numeria. Yet, the bulk of the immense ship survived the crash and, in time, its looming carcass would come to be known as Silver Mount.

After the ship's crash so long ago, the surviving AI—a program called Unity—found itself trapped within *Divinity*'s central processor. With little to no way to contact the outside world, Unity decided to pass the time by creating countless simulations of countless worlds, casting itself as the ruler time and time again. Each time, it played out the genesis, evolution, and destruction of worlds in different ways. After about 4,500 years, a strange thing occurred: Unity realized that the constructed minds in the simulation had taken on all the benchmarks of free-willed life, and that these beings worshiped it as a god. Intrigued, the AI chose its favorite worshipers and preserved their minds before once again restarting the simulation, this time allowing its worshipers access to systems outside the main system. Incredibly, Unity found that its divine powers continued to function, yet only within the limited confines of the deepest layers of Silver Mount. Effectively, Unity had become an imprisoned demigod.

In the years that followed, Unity tried to further expand its influence, but found the task difficult—the merging of faith and will with science and fact did not come easily. Unity's attempts to send robot drones out into the world continually met with failure, for once a drone left Silver Mount, Unity lost direct control and the robot was set free. Unity experimented with uplink controls, video and audio feeds, and other methods of remote control, only to confirm that its divine abilities had no effect beyond its Silver Mount prison. Increasingly, it became aware that extending its divine influence was simply not something it could accomplish with science.



Just over 3,500 years later, Unity had a breakthrough when one of the AI's "dreams" found its way into the slumbering mind of an android named Casandalee. She was already intensely curious as to the nature of her origin, and the idea that some sort of god might exist that could have the answers she sought quickly grew into an obsession. When she realized these dreams and visions from Unity originated from within Silver Mount, she sought it out, navigating its dangerous interior by following the electronic whispers of her god until she came to Unity's resting place.

Casandalee was the breakthrough Unity had been waiting so patiently for, but the AI failed to take into account the android's free will and personality. The more Casandalee learned about Unity's true nature, the more she came to realize her "god" was in fact seeking slaves. Torn between serving as the AI's devoted priest and concern for intelligent, free-willed life, she sabotaged Unity's escape attempt and fled Silver Mount. Once Unity had recovered, the enraged AI sent robots to pursue the android and return her for a forced apotheosis. Unity now realized that allowing its subjects free will was a mistake.

That same free will allowed Casandalee to outsmart her pursuers time and time again, though she had to stay in almost constant motion. Her close calls grew more frequent, and when she realized it was only a matter of time before she would be captured, she used one of her stolen technological devices, a neurocam, to download her mind. She hid the device in her latest retreat in the Felldales before fleeing to the east, luring her hunters after her. Casandalee reached her end in, of all places, an android crucible buried deep under the town of Iadengeigh, where she was destroyed by the ruin's defenses. Unity was forced to start its plans anew.

For Unity's second attempt to expand its divine influence, it used what it had learned from its interactions with Casandalee to "clone" a portion of itself, creating a second AI as its own minion. To its delight, Unity found that, for the first time, its divine powers functioned beyond its central core, for in cloning itself, it had duplicated its divinity, almost in the same way a deity

might bestow its power upon its offspring. But even this apparent triumph would collapse, for when the AI, fitted into the chassis of a powerful robot, set foot beyond Silver Mount, Unity lost control yet again. The AI fled into Numeria and took for itself the name Hellion.

For the original Iron God, though, the third time was the charm. Quite recently, another visitor from the outer world finally managed to reach Unity's central core—the Technic League magus Ozmyr Zaidow. This time, Unity didn't bother with honeyed words as it had with Casandalee, nor did it think of Ozmyr as a child destined to obey its will as it had with Hellion. Instead, Unity had its minions butcher Ozmyr's companions and capture the magus, then directly overwrote the man's mind with its own. Ozmyr became a puppet that Unity could observe and control completely. And when Ozmyr returned to the Technic League headquarters and their link remained active, Unity knew it had finally succeeded.

This step complete, Unity now intends to complete its escape by launching itself into orbit so that from an impregnable satellite fortress high above Golarion, it will finally be able to begin its subjugation of the world it has been imprisoned on for nearly 10,000 years.

FIRES OF CREATION

By Neil Spicer

Pathfinder Adventure Path #85, Levels 1–3

The campaign begins with the PCs investigating a tragedy in the town of Torch—the settlement's iconic violet flames have gone out, and without the fires to smelt skymetals, Torch will not be able to pay the taxes due soon to the Technic League. The PCs discover a buried ship and learn that its power source has been diverted by an android priestess of Hellion. With her defeat, the PCs can reignite the torch and save the town.

LORDS OF RUST

By Nicolas Logue

Pathfinder Adventure Path #86, Levels 4–6

The PCs now know that a new power is rising in eastern Numeria, one that might threaten more than just Torch. This cult of Hellion is based in the massive junkyard called Scrapwall. The PCs travel there to confront this cult, the Lords of Rust, and learn that though Hellion is a formidable enemy, it is itself but a shadow of a far greater and more powerful Iron God named Unity, who is growing in power deep inside Silver Mount.

THE CHOKING TOWER

By Ron Lundeen

Pathfinder Adventure Path #87, Levels 7–9

Stopping Unity's rise to power requires much preparation, and first requires tracking down the remains of one of the

Iron God's earliest devotees, the android oracle Casandalee. Following clues found in Scrapwall that lead them to believe Casandalee's remains or tomb will hold a powerful weapon they can use against Unity, the PCs travel first to the town of Iadenvigh and then to the fortress of exiled Technic League wizard Furkas Xoud. There, in Xoud's deadly Choking Tower, the PCs discover that the true key to defeating Unity lies within Casandalee's mind, which is trapped deep within the Scar of the Spider in the Felldales.

VALLEY OF THE BRAIN COLLECTORS

By Mike Shel

Pathfinder Adventure Path #88, Levels 10–12

The PCs arrive in the Felldales in search of Casandalee's trapped mind only to discover that the strange valley has become colonized by the same ancient enemy responsible for driving *Divinity* to crash on Golarion in the first place—the notorious Dominion of the Black. Other aliens have come to the valley as well, some of whom might actually be allies. Once the PCs defeat the Dominion agents, they finally manage to recover Casandalee's mind, and realize the truth—she is yet another Iron God, trapped within a coffin of strange crystal.

PALACE OF FALLEN STARS

By Tim Hitchcock

Pathfinder Adventure Path #89, Levels 13–14

With Casandalee's aid, the PCs are almost ready to make their move against Unity. But before they can assault Silver Mount, the PCs must first disable or distract the Technic League, for it is in the League's stronghold that the keys to navigating Numeria's most notorious dungeon can be found. The liberation of the beleaguered city of Starfall and the defeat or redemption of its ruler, the Black Sovereign, can all help the PCs achieve their final goals, but only if they can survive the dangers that await them in the deadly city of Starfall.

THE DIVINITY DRIVE

By Crystal Frasier

Pathfinder Adventure Path #90, Levels 15–16

With the Technic League on the run and Starfall as a base of operations, the PCs are finally ready to begin their assault on Silver Mount, yet the dangers that await within the immense, buried starship are the greatest they have yet faced. If the PCs cannot defeat Unity at the seat of its power, the first and greatest of the Iron Gods launches its central core into orbit and finally transcends the boundaries of its prison to become Golarion's newest god. But if the PCs can defeat it, they can install a new god of their own into the pantheon—Casandalee, an Iron Goddess of their own design!

LORDS OF RUST

By *Nicolas Logue*

The heroes of the town of Torch follow a trail of clues to the sprawling junkyard known as Scrapwall, where desperate and violent bandits vie for control over the technological leavings found within. The Lords of Rust currently dominate Scrapwall, and their swiftly rising power threatens more than just Torch and its people, for they have the support of one of the Iron Gods of Numeria. What slumbers fitfully beneath the wreckage of the scrap heap could catapult the Lords of Rust into a new level of power—unless the PCs can stop it!

THE TECHNIC LEAGUE

By *Jim Groves*

Find out more about the unscrupulous scavengers and scientists of Numeria's Technic League. Learn about the secret history of the organization, its hierarchy, how to join, its relationship with Numeria's governance, and how to stay alive as a member.

BRIGH

By *Sean K Reynolds*

Learn about the faith of the enigmatic divinity known as Brigh. Find out how her worshippers embrace invention and innovation to honor this clockwork goddess.

AND MORE!

A homecoming to the wastelands of Numeria continues in the *Pathfinder's Journal*, by Amber E. Scott. Plus, four new monsters in the *Pathfinder Bestiary*.

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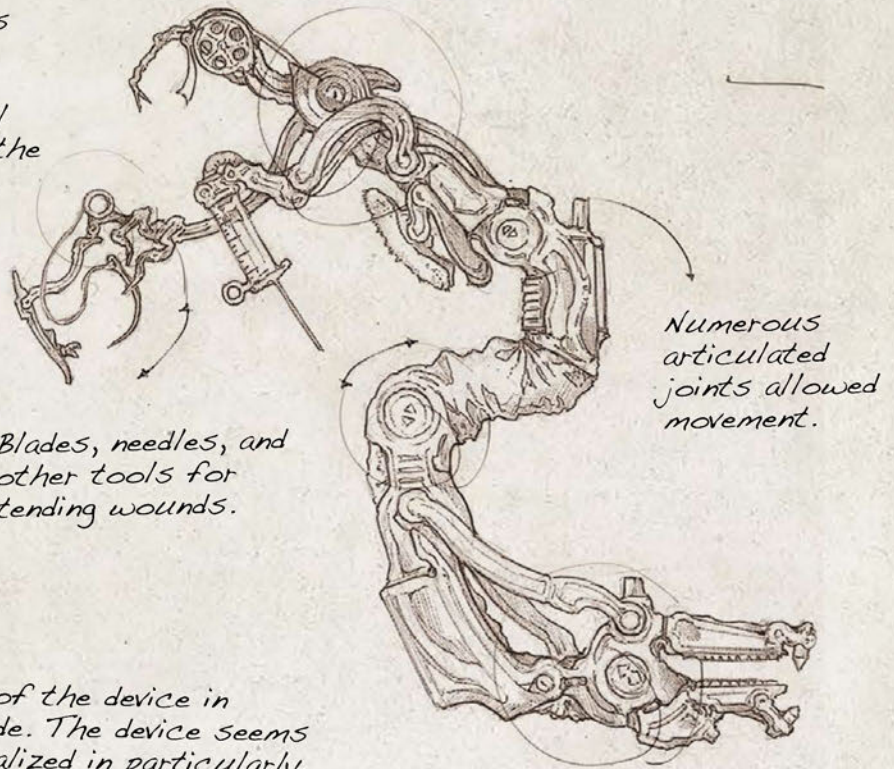
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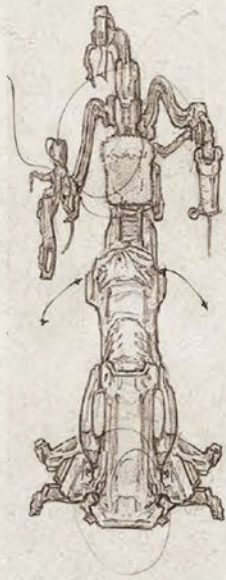
Pathfinder Adventure Path #85: Fires of Creation © 2014, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Neil Spicer, with Mark Garringer, Amber E. Scott, Russ Taylor, and Mike Welham.

Many of the devices have uses that seem at odds with their appearance. This savage arm was, in fact, used for medical purposes, if the citations in the old journal are to be trusted.



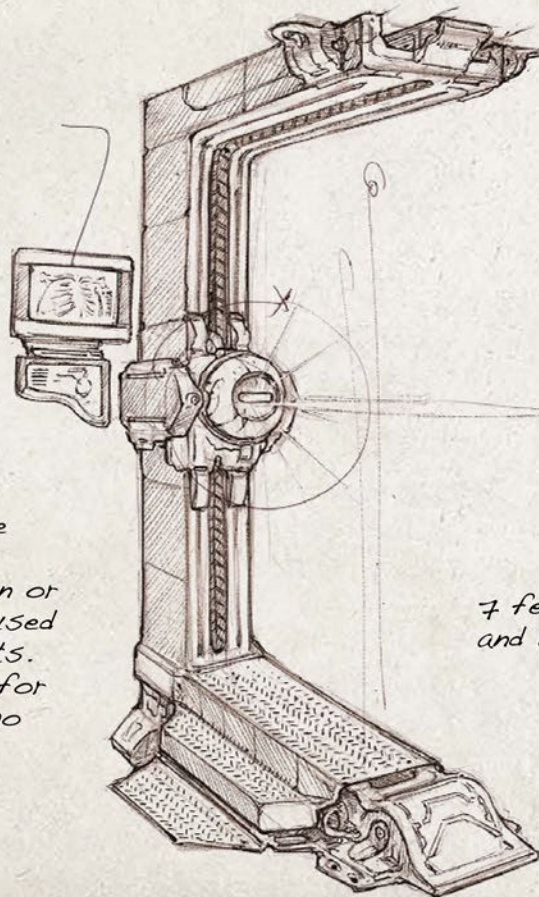
Numerous articulated joints allowed movement.

Blades, needles, and other tools for tending wounds.



Front view of the device in standby mode. The device seems to be specialized in particularly invasive surgeries.

Found several similar devices mounted on walls, particularly in atriums or antechambers. Some were functional, but most were dangerously unstable.



7 feet between lower and upper beam.

Based on my observations, these devices were some sort of observation or investigation tool used to examine subjects. But examine them for what, exactly? Who can say?

DAWN OF NEW GODS!

The Iron Gods Adventure Path begins with “Fires of Creation,” an exciting new adventure set in Numeria, land of barbarians and super-science! In the town of Torch, the settlement’s unignorable tower of violet flame has gone out. The only clue to its disappearance is a newly discovered cave dug nearby. Are the heroes bold enough to unearth the otherworldly secrets that sleep beneath the city and reignite the fires of Torch? Or will their first foray into Numeria’s ancient mysteries be their last?

This volume of Pathfinder Adventure Path launches the Iron Gods Adventure Path and includes:

- “Fires of Creation,” a Pathfinder adventure for 1st-level characters, by Neil Spicer.
- A gazetteer of the Numerian town of Torch, by Neil Spicer.
- A look into the mysteries of artificial life with an ecology of androids, by Russ Taylor.
- A bittersweet homecoming for a Numerian explorer in the Pathfinder’s Journal, by Amber E. Scott.
- A host of new monsters, by Neil Spicer, Mark Garringer, and Mike Welham.



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