
Navigaccio

WORLDS OF RAVENLOFT



A Ravenloft Netbook

Navigaccio

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**A Ravenloft Netbook by
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And I learned that there are troubles
Of more than one kind--
Some come from ahead
And some from behind.

-Dr. Seuss



Nothing's finished. The moment never ends.
Wherever you stand, it's a Big World.

-Jeff Greenwald,
"The Size of the World"

Ludendorf, Lamordia.

December 10, 756.

Druinor d'Yantra stepped out of the carriage, adjusting the slight crumples on his shirt. His suit exuded sophistication, a bit uncommon for someone thirty-two years of age. He was also meticulous about his brown hair, usually tied to a neat ponytail, but this time he left it hanging untied. Without thinking he pulled out a small piece of folded parchment from his coat pocket and re-read the unusual note written within.

MIDWAY HAVEN:

I AM INGRID HUNTSCHWEILLER, A SEAMSTRESS. A MAN CLAIMING TO BE A MONK ENTERED MY SCHOOL AND TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN ONE OF THE BUILDING'S UPPER ROOMS. HIS MIND SEEMS TO BE DELUDED, YET HE CLAIMS EVERYTHING HE "SAW" WAS REAL.

MY STUDENTS HAVE TEMPORARILY TAKEN LEAVE. PEOPLE ON THE STREET ARE TALKING. I COULD FEEL THE KARGAT WATCHING ME ALL THE TIME. I HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO BUT YOU. PLEASE COME IMMEDIATELY.

HUNTSCHWEILLER WEAVING SCHOOL
115 KRUEGSTADT STREET
LUDENDORF

Letting out an indifferent sigh he shoved back the paper into his pocket. It was his first time to be in Ludendorf, and he already hated being here. The weather was freezing cold, he had a tight travel budget, and he had more important things to do back in the Observatory.

Kruegstadt Street was a bit far from the city center, seven miles away from the main port. Except for the imposing white building in front of Druinor, it could have looked like any other cramped, cobblestone walkway in any other city. Already the ground was wet with melted snow, and little flakes began to fall on this dank, cloudy autumn morning.

Druinor looked up to the white building and easily spotted the numbers "115" on the ornately carved chestnut door. "Well, this the place," he concluded, putting up a gloved hand to rub his goatee, "you might as well come out now."

"Hold on a moment," replied a clear feminine voice from the carriage, "let me fix my hood."

A tiny smirk formed on Druinor's face as he turned back around. "How many times

must I tell you, you don't need the hood. Nobody would notice you. There's no wind, the weather's fine," he lied further, "and besides I want everybody to see how lovely you look."

A slender woman wrapped in a black coat emerged from the carriage. Maegan Rumwall stood two inches shorter than Druinor, with white skin and hair so black it almost gave a hint of blue. Her features were angular, a heritage from her elfin father, but her eyes were large blue orbs, a gift from her human mother. "You, my dear sir, are becoming a master of flattery."

"And you, my lady, are more than worthy of receiving such," he mused. Druinor took her hand as she alighted from their fifteen-hour ride from Vallaki, in Barovia. "I think it's a welcome sight to finally see some snow," remarked Maegan, looking up to the gray, overcast skies overhead, then looking back to Druinor, "the weather back south bores me."

"I'm sure the snowflakes will be loads of fun for you, but you know what Thuri says: business first before pleasure." He quickly gave Maegan a quick smack on the cheek, a strand of his brown hair blown to his face by a slight breeze.

Maegan raised an eyebrow. "Quite so," she replied, "who passed on the note to you, anyway?"

Retrieving the parchment back from the depths of his coat pocket Druinor gave a slight shrug. "I don't know," he replied, "Dermott handed it to me. Said it came from one of the patrons in the Goat Bar."

"The Goat Bar," Maegan smiled slightly as she took the note Druinor handed to her, "what a rowdy place to get a drink in." She unfolded the paper and briefly scanned the etchings written on it. "I can't believe you can will yourself to actually go there night after night and still come back with your sanity intact."

Druinor shrugged again as she handed the note back to him. "Personally I think it's a good social habit. You get to meet a whole lot of people from a wide array of backgrou--"

"Oh don't get me started with the *people*," Maegan interrupted, giggling with a smile that Druinor loved so much, "and, yes, they come from different backgrounds alright.

Perhaps you've met the person who fancies himself a raka...a rashaka--"

"*Rakshasa*," Druinor corrected, exhaling a warm breath of air that floated upwards, "his name's Arijani, or at least that's what he wanted us to call him. But all that aside, I've met more...*sober* people as well. Why, just the other day, a young man named Gotten donated some scrolls to add to my book collection."

Maegan shook her head. "Now you know why I don't ever go to the Bar. You'll never know who you'd bump into over there. As if we don't already accept odd personalities who pop up from time to time in the Observatory."

She quickly nudged an elbow into his chest, ever so slightly. "Who knows, maybe you can add the monk referred to on your note to the growing list." Maegan looked up at Druinor with both her eyebrows raised, patiently waiting for a confirmation of her thoughts. He simply looked at her with astonishment. *Two eyebrows raised*, he thought to himself, *I'd be much better off if she only had one up*.

"I sure hope so," he eventually said, surrendering yet again to her powers of persuasion, "then we could leave this place and head back to Vallaki. I can't wait to read the new scrolls."

"There's no rush," Maegan protested slightly, "we just got here."

"You don't miss the cozy warmth of your room?" Druinor asked her, another nasty smirk growing on his face.

"Well, I know who I'd be pulling into my room as soon as we get home," retorted Maegan, "my warm, cozy room."

"With the fireplace," Druinor replied back. Their faces were slowly getting closer to each other.

"And the rug..."

"And just the two of us..."

Go figure, Druinor thought, *it's cold, and this would be the perfect time*.

"*Ahem!*" came a firm, throaty voice from behind them, just as they were about to get intimate under the December weather. "Now if you're not quite through playing your delightful game of pinch-my-pinky, we still have some work to do."

Druinor and Maegan both looked towards the base of the steps, where sat a tall, blonde man in a thick, casual suit not uncommonly used in the streets of the northern cities.

"Fritz Winterboone," muttered Druinor, fixing another unnecessary crease on his shirt, "you've finally arrived."

"Just in time, I might add." Fritz studied the faces of the couple, both now smiling in embarrassment on getting caught in such an awkward position. "You do know this is Lamordia. They'd fine you for public displays of affection."

Maegan wiped off some snow that had settled on her black coat. "Be easy on us, Fritz, it's our first time here. And don't give us that drivel about arriving just in time. You were supposed to be here before us."

Fritz slowly stood up, exposing his true height of over six feet. "I ran into somebody on the way. Besides, it's not like I need to be courteous to everybody I meet on the street... I have an outgoing personality, I guess."

"*Outgoing* being an understatement." Druinor took a step forward to shake the tall young man's hand. "So, how are things going in the North Bureau?"

"I'm sure all of you back in Lake Zarovich have heard of Azalin's return? Big news around these parts, you know."

"Intriguing, I should add. Have you gone to the Records Authority Office as I requested?"

Fritz took in a deep breath, letting the cold air enter his lungs. "I did. The Keeper didn't want to lend the original document, so I had to scribble the important notes myself." He pulled out two folded sheets of paper from the inside of his black coat. "I think you'll be interested in what I took down."

There was a genuine look of curiosity on Fritz's face as Druinor and Maegan unfolded the first document and read what was written inside. Maegan read aloud part of the writing. "The good ship *Navigaccio*, leaving Ludendorf Port on the 16th of July in the year--"

"690?" gaped Druinor, completing Maegan's sentence.

Maegan looked to Fritz, hoping for some answer. "But, this was over sixty years ago."

"I know," replied Fritz. "Then it gets stranger. I sent Yllanna to Nevuchar Springs to get more records... check out what she brought back."

The second document Druinor unfolded was from the Nevuchar Springs Port Authority, dated April 24, 756. Written on it was a list of ships that had docked during the past 24 hours on that date.

Entry number 28 listed the *Navigaccio*, arriving in an extremely bad condition, with only one crewman on board.

"I don't understand," explained Maegan, "how could a ship leave the Western Sea, and then dock on the Eastern Sea only sixty years later?"

"When there isn't any sea route between both bodies of water to begin with?" Fritz shot back. "That's what I've been trying to figure out all the time before you arrived."

"Which we would, soon enough," Druinor replied, an eyebrow raised, returning the documents to Fritz, "that's why we're here."

The three slowly walked up the flight of sixteen stairs to the school. Druinor didn't notice it at first glance, but there was a black brass knocker with the likeness of a bull's head bolted to the chestnut door.

Three quick knocks were all it took on the odd-looking sculpture before the door creaked ajar. A middle-aged woman's face peered slowly from within. "Yes, can I help you?"

Druinor looked at Fritz, then looked back down the street. He figured that since Fritz lived here he should do all the talking.

"Good day, Madame, I'm Fritz Winterboone, these are my colleagues Druinor d'Yantra and Maegan Rumwall."

Silence for a few seconds, as the woman raised her eyebrows.

Fritz almost forgot. "Oh yes, right, um, we're from the Midway Haven Observatory. I believe you sent us a note dated last week. You must be Madame Ingrid."

The woman simply nodded, gazing at the three with her mouth partially open. "Yes. Yes, of course." Then, as if hiding from somebody, she looked out and studied the street below. Assured that no one would notice her taking in some visitors, she turned back to the three and nodded yet again. "Come in." She muttered calmly.

They followed Ingrid into a claustrophobic stairway adorned with explicitly crafted draperies and wall rugs. A sole stained-glass window atop the flight of stairs provided poor illumination, and Fritz nearly tripped himself climbing the whole twenty steps.

"The Huntschweiller Weaving School has, for ten years now, produced students creating cloth designs of the highest quality," the woman explained, "so much so that both our students and our products are sought all over the North. Port-a-Lucine, Martira Bay..." She

merely shrugged, driving home the point of the institution's excellence.

"Impressive," remarked Maegan, staring at the works of art hanging all over the white washed walls, "if I could give my two coppers I'd say these designs rival those of Har-Thelen."

"Yes. And that's where my current problem lies." Ingrid replied further, a hint of concern in her voice. "Ever since the man took up residence, the most unusual people have been coming over. One morning three men in black robes just barged in, looking for 'information.'"

"The Kargat," Druinor concluded.

Ingrid nodded her head. "Exactly.

Luckily they didn't enter the rooms on the highest floor. I simply told them that's where I kept my textiles."

"You said the man hiding here was a monk." Fritz explained.

"Yes," replied Ingrid, "and an extremely elderly monk, to be specific."

Druinor looked towards Fritz. "What are you driving at?"

"It happened that I researched into this building's history." He took yet another piece of folded paper from another hidden coat pocket. "Sixty years ago it was a temple in the middle of a pine forest."

Ingrid shook her head. "I didn't know that. I only bought this building from the City Authority shortly after the Upheaval. At that time this was all but abandoned."

Druinor found himself rubbing his goatee. "Perhaps after his long voyage, the monk came back home, thinking his brotherhood was still here."

"That's what I was thinking myself when he came," Ingrid replied, "he kept warbling about an... Order of Guardians, which I've certainly never heard about." She turned further left to a hall, but Fritz tugged her gently back.

"If it's no trouble, Madame Ingrid, we'd like to see him now."

"Certainly," she said, pointing to the left hall, "this way."

Ingrid led the three through many more masterpieces of textile art to a simple door at the end of the creaky wooden hallway.

"Now please do understand," Ingrid explained as they stopped in front of the simple door, "he's a little bit... you know..." She tapped a finger to her left temple.

Druinor looked towards half-elf Maegan, who was discreetly rolling her eyes. Perhaps he *should* add the monk to the crackers list, after all.

After a series of knocks, Ingrid turned the knob and slowly invited the others along with her.

"Brother Cargill?" Ingrid called out. Her voice was muffled by the seemingly endless rows of textile rolls neatly stacked in open drawers around the large room. The intoxicating smells of silk, cotton, wool and countless resins permeated the air.

"Quiet, I'm busy!" replied a gruff, elderly voice from somewhere else inside the room. The voice reminded Druinor of some of the Goat Bar's regular customers.

"Brother Cargill, there are some visitors here who wish to see you!"

"What for?!"
"They're, um, interested in your...work." Ingrid turned back to the three. "Don't worry he's completely harmless. Much so I allowed him to do gods know what in there."

There was silence for a few moments until, from out of the textile forest, there emerged a hunched man with a long, white beard, garbed in a long gray robe. He wore spectacles on his eyes, with one of the lenses bearing cracks. "Visitors, you say? Interested in my work?"

"Brother Cargill, these people are explorers just like you told me about yourself. They're also alchemists who--"

"Aaaaah, very good, very good, indeed!" the old monk interrupted, briskly shaking the hands of each of his visitors. "Come in, come in! Many, many, many things to show you!"

Brother Cargill had already pulled Druinor and Maegan deep into his quarters. Ingrid tapped Fritz's shoulders before she closed the door. "If you need anything, I'll be at my spindle downstairs."

Druinor and Maegan were led to a clear portion of the textile room, which was fairly illuminated by three windows that looked out towards the sea. All the while the monk babbled about his life and his work. *What was the old monk saying? Maegan asked herself. Takhisis be damned--leave it up to old men to bring up a totally boring subject or to expound on a pet theory about nothing in particular.*

"--gone almost everywhere around the world, I have! Seen many sights, horrors!"

Brother Cargill's "workplace" was a large table strewn all over with pieces of paper and cartographic equipment. Scattered around were more paper, along with unusual objects.

Druinor was the first to talk. "So I take it you've been to the farthest islands beyond the Continent."

"Been there and *more*, yes! Hahahaha!" The old monk ran to his table and gleefully threw a stack of papers into the air, while clutching a quill with his right hand. "On the good ship *Navigaccio*, I rode! Fine ship. Fine, *fine* ship she be!"

Ignoring the instant mess the monk had made all over the room, and the paper cut he got shortly afterwards, Druinor pushed further. "Brother Cargill how old are you?"

Fritz answered the question for him as he emerged from the rain of parchment. "The Madame says he's ninety-four."

Druinor eventually approached Brother Cargill, who was now on his desk scribbling something with his quill. "What do you mean, 'been there and...more?'"

The monk looked him straight in the eye. "Why, been to more than islands, young man! Whole *worlds* hidden by the Mists!"

"You mean whole continents, whole oceans?"

"No, no, no, no, *no!*" The monk quickly stood up and held Druinor's shoulder's tight. "You think too much of size! Instead, look beyond size and think of *reality!*"

"A world has its own *reality*. It could be anything from, yes, whole continents and whole oceans...but it can also be as small as a room!"

Druinor gazed at the man with wide eyes. Perhaps he wasn't as crazy as everybody else thinks he is.

"This...world," Brother Cargill continued, looking up to the ceiling, "where we walk on, it's many worlds in one! Domains, realms, islands, it's like a thimble collection, I tell you!" He again started laughing like mad, hopping and skipping away around the paper mess he called his room.

Maegan picked up a torn piece of paper from the floor and called Druinor and Fritz over to study it. "It looks like a map of sorts. And look, it even has measurements, compass directions--"

"They're all maps," Druinor softly interrupted, gazing at the other papers all over the room, "he's been mapping every land he's been through."

"But I don't recognize these land forms anywhere in our records," Fritz remarked, pointing to a spot on the paper Maegan picked up, "this name--Kartikeya--it sounds Rajian, but I'm not entirely sure."

Maegan looked back towards the elderly monk, who was back at his desk scribbling more things while babbling incoherently. "He talked about worlds as small as a room," she mused, "well, I think this cloth stockpile is a world all by itself with him around."

"Brother Cargill," Druinor called yet again, "may I please know what--"

"Have you ever seen a rosebush?" the monk suddenly asked no one in particular.

Druinor stammered, surprised by this seemingly unconnected question. "Uh...y-yes, Maegan...grows one back in Midway Haven."

"When it blooms in spring," Brother Cargill continued, throwing back a crumpled piece of paper, "it's full of *beautiful* rose blossoms. But chances are you will *always* admire or pick the most beautiful ones, or the largest ones."

"Right," Druinor nodded, "but I really don't get the drift of what you're comi--"

"But only a few would care to notice the roses that bloom *near* the ground or *behind* the bush." The three just looked at each other as

Brother Cargill ran to a shelf stacked with even more papers. "That's exactly what I did! Haha! I ran from the Order, took a ship and set off...into the *unknown*!!! Hahahahaaaa!"

Maegan simply took a deep breath and turned away, ever so tactfully to hide her irritation at a cliché so damn overused.

Meanwhile Brother Cargill was lugging around a book-bound ream of crumpled paper. "Help me here, boy," he told Druinor, "since you're so interested in my work, I think you and your friends should help me clean up and sort out my maps."

Druinor glanced at Fritz, who was shaking his head so slightly so as not to attract attention from the crazy monk.

Completely ignoring Fritz's silent plea, Druinor turned back to the man and smiled big. "Well then," he said loud enough for the others to hear, "it looks like we'll be staying in here for a while."



Charity Cove

A Town Submerged , a Guilt Unforgiven

"The godly youth!" said they among themselves. "The saint on earth! Alas, if he discern such sinfulness in his own white soul, what horrid spectacle would he behold in thine or mine!"

He had spoken the very truth, and transformed it into the veriest falsehood. And yet, by the constitution of his nature, he loved the truth, and loathed the lie, as few men ever did. Therefore, above all things else, he loathed his miserable self!

**-Nathaniel Hawthorne
"The Scarlet Letter"**

There are many unusual things a man can do in the name of love. Under its chaotic banner, man has defied the norms, challenged the world, and even sacrificed many lives. Such for the latter is Liturgicant Jonathan Cadderly, whose passionate devotion to a married woman cost the lives of hundreds of innocent souls.

The Land

Charity Cove is a rocky woodland beach about six miles across, and is surrounded on three sides by dense pine forests. On one side is the mouth of a river that leads into the ocean. The whole domain is basically uninhabited by people, with the exception of the very few who live by the domain's outskirts.

The town of Charity Cove itself lies under the water of the river, inundated seemingly ages ago by a disaster. Quietly it rests on the riverbed; where once was a thriving colonial town now sits a ruined haven for fish, muck and riverside wildlife.

The Folk

The folk of Charity Cove are few, so few in fact they could be counted with one's fingers. They live a simple hunting and farming lifestyle, and reside in simple houses far from view of the cove itself. These people are superstitious and will not even talk to each other unless important matters concerning them happen.

These simple folk fear the Cove; they believe that the sunken town harbors the tormented spirits of those who drowned in the disaster long ago. When asked about the disaster, all they could say is that it was the result of the wrath of a holy man to punish the folk.

The Law

The only law present here now is the law of the wild; only the strong survive. The few people have only themselves to take care about and usually keep to themselves. Once, however, the town of Charity Cove enforced a stiff religious bureaucracy, ruled by a chief who had holy men as advisers. The townsfolk were expected to follow the laws they implemented or had to face harsh and humiliating forms of punishment, such as branding and being publicly hanged for sorcery and magic.

Cultural Level

Once Charity Cove maintained a fairly Renaissance culture. But after the flooding the few people left live in a Dark Ages culture.

Native Player Characters

Due to the extremely small living population, there are no player characters from Charity Cove.

Encounters

Normal woodland creatures could be encountered in Charity Cove, but the ghosts of the town's dead also haunt the domain, especially at night. There is a 30% chance of encountering 1d4 ghosts each hour of the night.

Jonathan Cadderly

Lord of Charity Cove

Human Male Clr12: CR 12; Medium-sized human, HD 10d6; hp 51; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +9/+4 melee, +7/+4 missile; Al LN; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Wil +8; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 15.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +1, Craft (woodcarver) +4, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +2, Heal +6, Hide +6, Jump +5, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (religion) +8, Open Lock +5, Scry +4, Sense Motive +3, Spellcraft +5, Wilderness Lore +4; Ambidexterity, Blind Fight, Extra Turning, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Silent Spell, Still Spell.

Spells: (6/5/4/4/3/3/2)

Spells known: (8/7/6/5/3/2/2) 0--*cure minor wounds, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, light, read magic, resistance, virtue*; 1st--*bane, bless, cause fear, command, endure elements, entropic shield, sanctuary*; 2nd--*aid, consecrate, cure moderate wounds, death knell, silence, zone of truth*; 3rd--*helping hand, locate object, meld into stone, speak with dead, water walk*; 4th--*divination, repel vermin, tongues*; 5th--*dispel chaos, spell resistance*; 6th--*find the path, wind walk*.

Appearance

Jonathan Cadderly is a Liturgicant, a special religious advisor to the Chief of Charity Cove. Ever since the town was pulled into Ravenloft he always appears as a young but gaunt, sad man in semi-tattered black garb with golden and red trim.

Background

Charity Cove was once a frontier town at the edges of a great forest inhabited by the savage tree-folk, or "infidels" as the townsfolk called them. Inside the town, laws were based on religion and spiritual doctrine, and the chief appointed Cadderly as an enforcer and as adviser to the people.

All went well until a ship from the mother country Hamswick brought immigrants to the town; one of these was Margaret Wheaton, a tall and beautiful woman married to one Ishmael Wheaton, who was left behind in Hamswick to finish some business. Although he knew that Margaret was married, Cadderly could not resist his attraction towards her. One day after worship he approached the tall woman and they had a long and interesting conversation. Attraction and finally a loving relationship developed between these two, although they had to keep this a secret. For one thing, Ishmael was almost twice Margaret's age and she did not find him attractive at all. Secondly, although liturgicants could marry, the fact that Cadderly was madly in love with a married woman had to be hidden or dire consequences faced him once this was revealed.

Then, the inevitable happened: after a few weeks of hidden courtship, Margaret became pregnant. The swelling of her womb could not be hidden, and she eventually faced the wrath of the town council. They forced her to confess who was the father of the child, but she would not deface the reputation of her secret lover. The officials branded her a sorceress, communing with the "evil spirits" of the savage lands outside the town's borders. All the while, as Margaret suffered, Cadderly tried his best to protect her at the same time she was protecting him.

When the child was finally born, the verdict was given: Margaret Wheaton was to be branded an adulterer, a servant and a mistress of the savage forest spirits in front of the whole population of the Cove. This was when Cadderly lost his temper and all reason; the night before the public display, he ran deep into the forest, to a great and ancient rock formation that was actually a dam created by the forest-folk. In his clouded mind he thought he would rather see all of the people perish rather than see his love humiliated and degraded into a pariah by those same people.

By noon the next day the scaffold at the center of town was ready, and Margaret, holding

her baby, was brought up onto the structure. As part of the humiliation, the other liturgicants brought out a red sash and tied it around Margaret and her baby as a sign she was an adulterer. Finally as the townsfolk mocked the woman and her child, a great rumbling sound was heard upstream, and within a few moments waves of water mercilessly began to wash over Charity Cove. Cadderly, using all his strength, had broken down the dam and let loose the onrushing current. In moments, the whole town, including its people, had succumbed to this sudden flood. At the same time, a thunderstorm gathered above the flooded town and a great rain added to the watery destruction down below. After a few hours of this storm, the destruction was complete: Charity Cove was not just under fifty feet of water, but inside the Demiplane of Dread as well.

As for Jonathan Cadderly, the incident brought him back to his senses and he felt an intense grief for what he has done. Mysteriously, ever since then, he has ceased to age, perverted forever by powers unseen to relive that disastrous moment in memory.

Current Sketch

Cadderly now roams the quiet Charity Cove, still grieving over what he has done. The Dark Powers torment him even more: every year, on the anniversary of the town's demise, he is forced to relive the humiliation that Margaret suffered in front of the townsfolk. Their ghosts rise up from the deep waters of the Cove and reenact the scene, up to the point where Margaret and her baby die of drowning. The only way it seems to remove him from his curse is to convince him to forgive himself, a feat almost impossible for him to do, what with the ghosts of his loved ones tormenting him with their re-enacted deaths. So far no one has been able to relieve Cadderly from this tormenting curse.

Combat

Because of his overwhelming guilt Cadderly has no interest in combat; he avoids any form of confrontation as much as possible. However, when forced to fight, Cadderly will enter combat and fight like any other 10th-level cleric with the divine spells listed above.

Cadderly also has with him a magical sickle named "Finger of the Marble Lord," which allows him to cast *lightning bolt* (as the 3rd-level sorcerer spell) at will. He may use this sickle as he sees fit. He is also skilled in using *smokepowder* weapons (DM chooses two).

Special Attack

Turn Cleric (su): An unusual ability that the dark powers have given is the ability to turn clerics of any alignment as if he were turning undead. This may be the result of Cadderly's affiliation with the strict and discriminatory religious bureaucracy of Charity Cove. When he uses this ability, any cleric of a religion other than his own within a 30-foot area of him must make a Will Save at DC 7 + half the cleric's experience level rounded down or be overwhelmed by Fear, which is a mind-affecting ability. He can use this ability thrice a day.

Closing the Borders

When Cadderly wants to seal off his domain, a thick pine-scented fog forms around the edges of Charity Cove. Anybody who tries to flee will get lost in this fog and return back to the domain.



Dorjiloka

All Things are Impermanent

*When I become Enlightened,
May my realm be the highest,
Its people rare and excellent,
Its field of Truth superlative,
The land as good as Nirvana,
Matchless and incomparable.
Then in pity and compassion
I will liberate all beings.
Men from ten quarters, who, reborn,
Their hearts rejoicing and unstrained,
Have arrived inside my realm
Will dwell in peace and happiness.*

**-The Dharmakara's Prayer,
from the Lotus Sutra**

The Land

The arid plateau of Dorjiloka sits at the top of a high mountain range thirteen thousand feet above sea level. Hardly any plant life can take a foothold at this high altitude, but simple shrubs and small fruit trees have somehow survived the domain's oxygen-deprived atmosphere.

The domain itself is over a hundred miles wide, made up of steep gorges, high cliffs topped with hilly plains offering breathtaking views of even higher mountains in the distance. Summers are brief, lasting only three months at best, while snow covers much of the domain for the rest of the year.

Villages and monasteries are scattered all over the plateau. A large abandoned settlement, the City of the Shattered Bolt, lies to the northeast, while a smaller but sparsely populated town called Gzigkhai lies at the bottom of a fertile valley to the west.

The Folk

Dorjiloka's folk are mostly human and can live up to great ages, despite their surprisingly thin frames. The natives wear thick clothes made up of goat and yak fibers, and women decorate themselves with braids, beads and gold jewelry inlaid with semi-precious stones.

Native folk try their best to eke out a living in the unforgiving land, battering down rocks to create small farmland. Some resort to animal husbandry, tending to flocks of mountain goats and taming yaks for butter and leather.

Monks, generally called Rinpoche, are unusually common in Dorjiloka, and prefer to shave their heads and wear saffron-red robes. Monks' Orders are usually defined and differentiated by the decorative headwear they put on.

Religion runs deep among Dorjilokans, and this is shown in how they live: rugged, simple and sometimes destitute. "All things are impermanent," runs a sacred saying, "the material world is but an illusion. True power comes from hard work, good relations and devotion to the divine."

The people believe in a multitude of celestial deities, both peaceful and wrathful, who live in peace beyond the seemingly boundless forces of time and space. A simple mortal can become one of these deities through devotion to the gods, discipline of the faculties, and detachment from the physical world. Sometimes, the beliefs teach, deities help man reach god-level by going down to earth and taking on mortal form.

The Law

With Dorjiloka contained within the Mists, absolute power now lies upon the entity living within the City of the Shattered Bolt. The monastic society that has governed over the plateau now rules in exile in Gzigkhai.

In this semi-theocratic form of government, the highest monastic position is the person titled Jampal Rinpoche of the Lotus Hat Order, believed to be the living incarnation (Sattva) of the mighty Hjam-Dral-Dryangspa, the Gentle-Voiced One. Choosing the Jampal Rinpoche is done when the previous monk with the title has died. Dedicated monks then scour the land for his next "incarnation," usually a young boy with knowledge of his "past life." As the search continues, the next highest-ranked monk, the Mala Rinpoche of the Beaded Hat Order (Sattva of the gracious Mphreng-Ba-Ma, She of the Prayer Beads), holds power regardless of age.

Everything is considered sacred and holy in Dorjiloka, which may be why progress seems so slow. Even the wheel, perennial symbol of technology, is sacrosanct, shown by individuals spinning hand-held prayer wheels and rows upon rows of prayer drums upon temple walls.

Cultural Level

Dorjiloka ekes out a living at a Dark Ages level, with mystical knowledge and forgotten lore confined to the remote monasteries across the domain. Once, however, Dorjiloka may have even seen a militaristic Chivalric Age, as shown by numerous abandoned fortresses and walls cutting through the plateau.

Native Player Characters

Any native player character race may come from Dorjiloka, although non-humans are extremely rare. All player characters must start as monks of second level with the granted abilities of such, and may take the option of becoming multi-class characters henceforth. Native characters also suffer a -1 morale penalty to all attack rolls, skill checks and saves whenever in "worldly" locations such as large cities or places of ill-repute, but gain a +2 morale

bonus in extreme environments such as deserts, permafrost or high mountains.

Despite the tremendous power of the domain's lord, natives do not believe in its abilities. As such, any native gains a +4 reaction bonus and a +3 attack bonus when faced with the domain lord.

Personalities of Note

The Jampal Rinpoche is Gzigkhai's holy sovereign, a 12th-level monk who is highly revered by the natives as an earthly aspect of a benevolent deity. The Mala Rinpoche is a beautiful woman in her mid-30's, a 10th-level monk second in position to the Jampal Rinpoche.

A 9th-level warrior-priest named Tashi Yarlung is slowly and steadily gaining support from the natives as a person who could defeat Dorjiloka's lord. His skills and might in such an endeavor are still to be seen.

Encounters

There is a 20% chance each day of encountering monks doing their business anywhere in Dorjiloka. The plateau is also home to high-altitude animals such as yaks, goats, vultures and wild horses. Yeti, spirit folk, feys, nagas, rakshasa and some undead also populate less-explored parts of the domain.

Additionally, somewhere within the deep valleys of Dorjiloka lies a lake where nagas congregate to create *nagmani*, small seed-like stones made from their own venom. It is not known why Dorjilokans value these *nagmani*, but rumor has it they can harness the power of nature itself.

Dorji Kerima

Lord of Dorjiloka

Large Outsider (evil, chaos): CR 14; HD 12d6+10; hp 71; Init +5 (+1 Dexterity, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd fly 90 ft. (perfect); AC 16 (-1 size, +1 Dexterity, +4 natural, +2 deflection); Atk +9/+4 melee (slam 1d6+4); SA Spell-like abilities, Thunder's Call, Lightning's Will; SQ Ride the Lightning, Energy Form, Electric Aura, Electricity Subtype, Perfect Self; AL CE; Save Fort +8, Ref +8, Wil +8; Str 19, Dex 17, Con 19, Int 19, Wis 15, Cha 18.

Skills and feats: Hide +12, Jump +6, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Listen +8, Sense Motive +9, Spot+10, Wilderness Lore +10; Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Sunder, Toughness.

Appearance

The creature once known as Dorji Kerima is an extraplanar creature with deep-blue skin and an aura of bluish-white electricity surrounding him. Standing seven feet tall, he is imposing even without the aura. His face has sharp, angular features, his head is bald, and his body is elf-like but lithe. He wears a blue robe and holds a dorji, a scepter symbolizing a lightning bolt. At will he can spread his electric aura into two majestic sapphire-blue wings.

Background

Everything was completely different before Dorjiloka ever existed. Once, the plateau was named "Amritloka," The Realm of Nectar. What the monks now call the City of the Shattered Bolt was once named Sgrol-Ma, City of the Saviour.

It was a somber autumn morning when the aged 115th Jampal Rinpoche looked out his window from the Sgrol-Ma Palace, and breathed his last breath. As the whole plateau mourned the venerated leader's departure from this world, elite monks prepared to scour the land, looking for his next reincarnation.

The search took the monks to the farthest reaches of the plateau, and auspicious signs were everywhere. A remote mountain waterfall bore the reflection of Sgrol-Ma Palace. Rare white vultures were seen in flocks. Trumpets and gongs were heard coming from a cloudless night sky.

Three years yielded three potential heirs to the Amrit Throne. One was a young boy with, apparently, the Rinpoche's wit and wisdom. Another was a pretty street urchin bearing the Rinpoche's Sacred Birthmark on the sole of her left foot. And still another had knowledge of the Silent Speak, known only to the residents of the holy Palace.

Dorji Byams -Pa was this third candidate, born of a non-native elite trading family northwest of Sgrol-Ma. When the monks arrived at Dorji's home, everybody was astonished to see the three year-old boy welcome

the arrivals with open arms and recognize them by name, even if he had never seen them before. His parents, mere immigrants to this land, were devoted to the possibility that their son might be the next Jampal Rinpoche.

But the test would not be easy. While the Mala Rinpoche ruled over as regent, it would take at least seven years to determine the Amrit Throne's true successor. All this time Dorji's parents instilled in him the benefits of royalty: how it would boost their mercantile business, how they would live in opulence, how they would be treated as gods on earth.

The Shaman's Decision

The ultimate test finally arrived, ten years later. One by one, the three candidates, now entering puberty, were led to a wide hall inside the Sgrol-Ma Palace, where ancient relics were kept from the public. The monks invited the three to "pick a favorite hat" from a table lined with different headwear, representing the Lotus Hat Order. Dorji did not have to wait for the instructions; he instantly grabbed one and put it on his head.

The monks were astonished but retained their peaceful demeanor. "Be careful," one of them said, "that is the Jampal's personal hat." Dorji, it seemed, was next in line.

But the final verdict lay with a shaman who has lived for over five hundred years, and had direct access to the gods themselves. In the end, the gods have declared that wisdom meant more than a scar on a foot and a secret language; the first candidate had become the 116th Jampal Rinpoche.

On the day of the new Rinpoche's ascension, Dorji watched the rituals from one of the Palace windows. The promises of royalty instilled in Dorji by his parents was firm. He was devastated, and bitter hatred grew in his heart. He knew he was the successor: the Hat Test saw to that. As the throng spun their prayer wheels, counted their beads and prostrated to their new god-king, Dorji made a secret vow: he *will* become a god-king, perhaps even more powerful than the Rinpoche; and no one, not even the forces of Nirvana or the Bardo, will stop him.

The Transformation

Dorji entered as a monk in the Lotus Hat Order and took in as much hidden lore as he can, learning the secrets of immortality, freedom from suffering and gaining favor with divinity.

Within six more years he had gained enough knowledge to cast a dangerous forbidden spell that would transform him, for one day at least, into a being of pure energy.

For three weeks Dorji labored privately in his meager quarters, slowly forming an intricate sand mandala on the floor. When it was ready, he opened up an ancient scroll he stole from a hidden chamber and recited the forbidden mantra.

Storm clouds gathered outside the Sgrol-Ma Palace as the rumbling of thunder echoed Dorji's hypnotic chant. Blue lightning pierced the sky, forking in all directions. Somewhere beyond the impermanent world, the gods of the plateau heard his prayer and decided to teach him a lesson in humility. From out of the sky a sphere of pure electricity, ball lightning, homed in on Dorji and exploded in front of the monk in a fit of destructive energy. Within that instant, Dorji felt his power increase a thousand-fold. He had become his namesake, Dorji Byams -Pa, the Emerging Lightning.

Monks and commoners cowered as a powerful bluish-white entity entered the Palace's grand hall. It introduced itself as a new god, more powerful than the Sattvas, and it demanded supplication. As proof of its power it let loose bolt after massive bolt of electricity towards the Jampal Rinpoche, rendering him unconscious and near-death.

With each bolt that struck Dorji's nemesis, lightning punctured the heavens and a bluish-white mist rolled in from the high mountains. Relishing in his newfound faculties, Dorji felt he had gained perfection through transmutation. As pure energy, he believed himself beyond the shackles of endless rebirth.

All Things Are Impermanent

But there was one lesson that Dorji forgot in his apparent ascension: even the gods themselves were not immune to the cycle of suffering.

Instead of cowering and prostrating to this enchanted being, the people silently bowed their heads and meditated, but not to Dorji. Even the Jampal Rinpoche, at the portal of death, closed his eyes and began to chant. The people knew what to do.

Slowly, they walked out of the Palace, out of the City itself. They all heard the shrill lightning cry of Dorji as he lost his subjects even before he ever gained them. Even as many of them were electrocuted and battered by a rain of

lightning, they all turned his back on him. The Jampal Rinpoche, rejuvenated by his prayer to the true gods, simply shook his head, looked upon the awesome Dorji with pity, and solemnly left the Palace. He had a simple message for Dorji: "All Things are Impermanent."

Within ten days, as Amritloka and the mountains surrounding it were wrenched into a dark realm of pure, misty illusion, Sgrol-Ma was abandoned to the impure Sattva they have renamed "Dorji Kerima," The Terrible Lightning. The holy city had also been renamed the "City of the Shattered Bolt", in honor of Dorji and his illusory perfection.

Current Sketch

Punished by the gods of Nirvana and the Bardo, Dorji Kerima is cursed to never gain followers and worshippers. Even if the once-pure Realm of Nectar had been drawn into the Demiplane of Dread and consecrated to his name by the same inhabitants of the plateau, no one will ever deem Dorji worthy of true worship. True, he may physically be more powerful than the Sattvas themselves, but Dorji lacks the all-important essences of compassion and selflessness the Sattvas have been known to harbor for countless generations. His frustration comes in the form of lightning bolts that kill anyone who tries to enter his City.

The people still devote themselves to the monastic theocracy, now exiled in the western town of Gzigkhai. They still rightly believe that Dorjiloka's incarceration in the Demiplane is but temporary and illusory, and that Dorji may soon be defeated some way or another.

Combat

Dorji Kerima rarely uses weapons when faced with "inferior beings," relying more on his extraplanar abilities. He usually wields his dorji scepter that acts similarly like a *Staff of Thunder and Lightning*.

Spell-like Abilities

At will--*lightning bolt, shocking grasp*; 3/day--*chain lightning, control weather*. These abilities function as the spells cast by a 12th-level sorcerer. All saves are at DC 15 where applicable.

Special Attacks

Thunder's Call (ex): Dorji can set off a deafening howl once a day. Anyone within fifty feet of the howl must make a Fortitude save (DC 15). Success means taking 1d6 damage. Failure means temporarily deafness for an hour, suffering a -3 reaction penalty.

Lightning's Will (su): Dorji can release ball lightning a foot in diameter from each of his fingertips. These spheres of pure electrical energy act like delayed-blast *lightning bolts*, following a designated target until exploding within a foot of him or her. The target must make a Reflex save (DC 14) to avoid the blast or take 2d6 electrical damage.

Special Qualities

Ride the Lightning (ex): Dorji can take the form of massive lightning forking overhead during a thunderstorm. He cannot harm anyone on the ground in this form, but flying beings he targets must make a Reflex save (DC 14) to avoid Dorji or take 2d6 electrical damage.

Energy Form (ex): If Dorji is somehow reduced to 0 hit points, he becomes a formless mass of sparkling energy that rises to the highest rooms of the Palace. Dorji reforms to his original form within 1d4 days.

Electric Aura (ex): A ten-foot sphere of bluish-white electrical energy surrounds Dorji. Anybody trying to penetrate this sphere is instantly electrocuted, taking 2d6 electrical damage (no save).

Electricity Subtype (ex): Dorji is immune to electrical damage, but takes double damage from cold attacks if he fails a save.

Perfect Self: This is similar to the class feature present within monks of 20th-level or higher.

Closing the Borders

When Dorji wants to seal off his plateau realm, a great curtain of blue lightning 100 feet high surrounds the domain. Anyone trying to penetrate the wall suffers 4d6 electrical damage each round (no save).

There is however a secret escape route through which one can pass freely when the domain is sealed. The Jampal Rinpoche's Palace in Gzigkhai has a small underground tunnel wherein small groups of people can pass through safely across the lightning barrier without being electrocuted.

The Lair

Dorji Kerima considers the City of the Shattered Bolt his abode, with the crumbling Sgrol-Ma Palace as its epicenter. The desecration and blasphemy wrought on the Palace make it a rank 2 sinkhole of evil.

Weaknesses of a False God

No amount of offense can truly destroy the Terrible Lightning. Only a person who has trained in the ways of the Dorjilokans, the way of passive resistance, can confront and defeat Dorji. This requires the character to have a good alignment, have a Wisdom score of 16 and at least have 18 skill ranks in Knowledge: Spiritual Interconnection. He or she must then, without bowing in supplication, submit to Dorji in selfless sacrifice. When faced with such a person, Dorji will immediately attack him or her with the full brunt of his powers, but will feel them weaken as time passes.



Huninfjord

Peer Beneath the Advancing Ice

The Land

Huninfjord is a mountainous, heavily forested realm ninety miles long and a mere twenty miles wide. To the west lies the main fjord formation, called Wotanheim, protected from the cold eastern winds by tall dolomite cliffs reaching two thousand feet high. The cold waters themselves go seaward for a mile before breaking into the Misty Border.

The rugged terrain of this small land is the result of uncharted ages of volcanic activity. At any given time there would be at least one small volcano erupting somewhere in the domain. Another result of this would be the presence of geothermal vents and hot springs scattered all over the realm.

The single most prominent land form in this realm is a glacier called the Isjöld, which flows from up North, snakes down through the domain via a steep pine-covered fjord, then takes a direct turn west, draining into Wotanheim's southernmost waters.

Beneath the surface lie dozens of dwarven settlements, some of them abandoned and even ruined. The largest of them, Minthagor Cavern, can easily hold up to ten thousand dwarves in seven underground levels, although less than three thousand occupy the immense halls at present.

Back at the surface, travelers may not see anything remarkable about the advancing Isjöld, but a *true seeing* spell or a successful Spot check both aimed solely at the advancing glacier will reveal the frozen corpses of thousands of dwarves. Discovery of this icy grave warrants a Horror check.

The Folk

The pine forests of Huninfjord are home to small, scattered settlements of humans, barely able to make a living by hunting and fishing in the freezing climate. Human settlements are usually located near the sites of hot springs or thermal vents.

Perhaps the most dominant race existent beneath the earth is the dwarven race. Deep in their caverns these reclusive people mine precious jewels and metals, then transform them into wondrous items and weapons.

Encounters between the humans and the dwarves of this land are extremely rare; one may not even know of the existence of the other were it not for entrances that lead both above and below ground. The humans believe that the dwarves are mythical "spirits of the Underworld," while the dwarves speak of humans as part of their "feyfolk mythology." Both races, however, believe in a distinct pantheon of gods, giants and spirits, hardy and warlike, who fight and feast in glorious celestial heavens along with ancestral warriors, heroes and lovely maidens.

The Law

The cold climate has led to a simple law: survive as best you can or face the harshness of nature. Each human settlement has a warrior-leader in whom lies the responsibility of ruling over a restless, warlike tribe.

It seems only the dwarves of Huninfjord are capable of creating a justifiable bureaucracy. Deep down beneath the snows, in the warmth of the grand mines, each settlement is a kingdom upon itself, ruled by a king or queen.

There is another unwritten law among the dwarves: to never go up to the surface world. To do so provokes the wrath of the dreaded Queen of the Lore, who stalks the endless pine forests above.

Cultural Level

Beneath the ground, the dwarves have mastered technology worthy of a Renaissance culture. The barren settlements of the humans, however, are a far cry from the progress of the dwarves, and thus are only of the Bronze Age level.

Native Player Characters

Human characters from this domain could only be rangers, fighters or barbarians, and could even be of the Avenger prestige class. But the most common native characters are dwarven, and could be of any character class available for dwarves. Dwarves get a -2 reaction penalty to all skill checks and saves when faced with the Queen of the Lore.

Nevertheless any player class from this domain can have a bonus +1 offensive weapon in their arsenal in place of any already found in the starting kit.

Any other humanoid races are not available for player characters from Huninfjord.

Encounters

Evil fey of all shapes and sizes scour the surface in search of dwarven intruders into their surface realm; as such there is a 25% chance each hour of an encounter with 2d8 of them. This increases to a +3% cumulative chance if there is at least one dwarf in a traveling party. The fey would also try to enter the caverns, searching for dwarves, and there is a 10% chance per round of an encounter with 1d4 them beneath the ground. Myconids, kobolds and goblins also wander the dwarven halls.

Another danger would be evil and undead treants, all capable of movement. Treants in Huninfjord can walk with their roots just as normal humanoids do with standard movement at 30 ft.

Uruni Njorlvalik

Lord of Huninfjord

Female Medium-size Fey (Unique): CR 10; HD 12d6+10; hp 80; Init +8 (+4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (perfect); AC 17 (+5 natural, +2 Dexterity); Atk. Touch +6 melee, longbow +5 ranged; SA Shimmering Rain, Crystal Touch, Sylvan Summoning; SQ Incorporeal, Rock Lore, Tree Form, Cavern Fear, Darkvision 60 ft.; AI CE; Save Fort +4, Ref +9, Wil +7; Str 14, Dex 19, Con 18, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 19.

Skills & Feats: Balance +3, Bluff +7, Disguise +4, Hide +14, Jump +3, Knowledge (the elements) +4, Listen +8, Move Silently +11, Search +3, Spellcraft +2, Spot +9, Swim +3, Wilderness Lore +12; Ambidexterity, Blind-Fight, Lightning Reflexes, Martial Weapon Proficiency (longbow), Quicken Spell, Still Spell.

Appearance

Uruni Njorlvalik, Queen of the Lore, manifests herself in any age she wishes, although she always has long, straight black hair, pale skin and creepy black pupils that almost fill her eyes. She also has black lips, black fingernails and wears a long body-hugging black robe. A simple gold crown adorns her oblong head. Her voice betrays her age, which almost always sounds like she has something stuck in her throat.

Background

Huninfjord was once known as the Valley of Thought, a pine-laden enclave where fey of all shapes and sizes kept their sylvan lore for countless ages. Their Queen was a stern but just entity, who saw to the safety of her kindred as well as their lore.

One day, the cold East Wind brought along with it short, stocky beings. They entered the valley and introduced themselves as dwarves, seeking asylum from the advancing cold. The fey folk accepted them with open arms, and the dwarves began breaking into the hard rocks to create their new homes. The fey folk even lent a hand in creating the foundations.

Deep beneath Huninfjord lay minerals and metals in vast quantities and quality beyond which the dwarves have never seen before. They

wasted no time in mining these gifts from the earth, and as the centuries passed by more and more refugees came into the Valley and settled in this gemstone paradise.

The mining operations, however, were taking their toll on the fey and their ecology. Silt, mineral wastes and smoke from the mines threatened to destroy the delicate balance of nature, as well as the unwritten fey lore kept within the ether of the Valley. Worse, tensions were mounting between fey and dwarf.

The fey turned to Queen Uruni for wisdom in resolving this matter. At first, she struck a deal with the King of Minthagor Cavern: as long as the dwarves cleaned up their waste, they could stay in the Fjord.

At first, the dwarves complied with the deal. Tons of silt and disposed stones were cleared away from the surface. But as time passed, the lure of gems deeper within the caverns returned to the top of the dwarves' priority list. Finally, the cleanup operations just stopped; although much of the mess had been cleared, the remaining waste was still large enough to corrupt fey knowledge.

Large enough, indeed, to even corrupt the goodness of the fey folk. As the dwarves mined deep beneath for more metals and gems, the sylvan folk, led by Queen Uruni, began scheming, creating a master plan to be rid of the dwarves. After three days of thinking, the Queen came up with a grand idea. So grand, in fact, that it may get rid of the dwarves from the Fjord for good.

One winter morning, as thousands of dwarven workers constructed a dam to divert water from the Isjöld, Queen Uruni suddenly emerged and, using her magic, tore a hole inside the stone structure. Immediately, tens of thousands of tons of icy water burst forth and drowned a huge number of dwarves.

As if on cue, whole armies of fey entered the great dwarven halls and killed every dwarf in their path. Luckily for some dwarves, the lower levels provided some refuge from the fey's murderous rampage.

A black pall settled over Huninfjord that bleak and bloody day, as a cold East Wind blew the domain into the Mists.

Current Sketch

The destruction of fey lore by the dwarves' detritus led to the destruction of their own good nature; however, the Queen and her

followers are cursed to never completely get rid of the dwarves in Huninfjord.

The Queen of the Lore, by killing off a vast number of the dwarven population, set a warning to other races not to destroy the Valley's pristine ecology; otherwise they would also meet the dwarves' fate. Lately, however, with the unwelcome entry of humans in the realm, Queen Uruni has begun to wonder what to do with them. Even if the native humans have done nothing more harmful than settling and hunting, she has decided to take no chances and treat them as hostile intruders.

Combat

In battle, the Queen of the Lore primarily sends out her fey minions to fight off her opponents. She has in her possession "Åkomaia," an enchanted longbow that shoots arrows with 100% accuracy, and always deals the highest possible damage for any arrow used along with it.

Spell-like Abilities

At will--any plant-related druid spell of 1st, 2nd and 3rd level; 3/day--*rusting grasp*, *tree stride*, *water breathing*; 1/day--*spike growth*, *spike stones*; 1/three days--*awaken*. These spells function as if cast by a 10th-level druid. Saves are at DC 12 where applicable.

Special Attacks

Shimmering Rain (su): The Queen can call forth a rain of sparkling gold dust that leaves anybody within a 50 feet radius of her stunned for 2 rounds unless a Will save (DC 20-victim's experience level) is made.

Crystal Touch (su): Any person touched by Queen Uruni takes cold damage equal to 1d6+experience level of the victim, no save.

Sylvan Summoning (su): The Queen can call under her control any fey creature within a 60 feet radius of her.

Special Qualities

Incorporeal: Thrice a day Queen Uruni can become incorporeal for 3 rounds. During this state she can only be harmed by incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic (with a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a

corporeal source). She can pass through solid objects at will and always moves silently.

Rock Lore (ex): The Queen has a perfect chance of identifying stones, rocks, minerals and rock formations in the realm.

Tree Form (su): Queen Uruni can instantly transform into any tree native to Huninfjord, particularly pine trees, as if casting a *polymorph self* spell. Changing to or from tree form is a free action.

Cavern Fear (ex): The Queen has an irrational fear of entering deep within the dwarven caverns. She cannot go beyond 60 feet from the surface.

Closing the Borders

When the Queen wants to seal off the borders of Huninfjord, gigantic pine trees appear at the borders, creating a confusing forest where direction sense is impossible to use. Those who eventually emerge from this wall of trees will find themselves back in the Fjord.

The Lair

The Queen does not have a permanent lair; rather, she sees the frozen Isjöld, the dwarven mass grave, as a masterpiece of her design. The glacier itself and its immediate banks (ten feet from the ice line on each side) measure up as a rank 3 sinkhole of evil.

Cleaning Up the Mess

Only a dwarf can destroy the Queen of the Lore. Even then, the dwarves are given a whole year to clean up the mess they made. This involves clearing away rocks, hauling silt back down to the deepest depths of their caverns, planting new trees and reconstructing fey lore into the essences of the Valley of Thought. All this can be done within one year.

If in that span the operation is not complete, Queen Uruni rises from her apparent death, hatching from a giant pea pod, resuming her evil reign. Moreover, all the cleaning done in the past year returns back to its messy state.



Kungthrom Sound

A Prophecy Awaits Fulfillment

Absolute power corrupts absolutely; when tyrants rise to the peaks of their power, the impact of their inevitable fall would be momentous indeed. But sometimes, those who wield absolute power are too blind to see their fleeting presence; sometimes, not even the call of higher powers could make them come to their senses. In the grand city of Kartikeya and its neighboring environs, the time for upheaval is ripe, yet it is denied the harvest it deserves.

The Land

Somewhere deep in the swirling miasma of the dark Mists lies a verdant tropical realm. The few visitors who visit this domain tell of huge groves of bamboo and palm reaching towards the sky like the vaults of a massive cathedral, of high cliffs covered in orchid blossoms that drop off into the warm salty seas below. Some will even tell of the humid air that smells faintly of jungle flowers, or of the massive elephants that lumber through the thick expanse of endless forests. This is Kungthrom Sound, a realm of beauty at the edge of chaos.

Kungthrom Sound starts at the north-east, where the Orchid River tumbles down a majestic waterfall. The river then travels 150 miles to the south-west, carving deep tropical canyons in its wake. It then passes through a hilly expanse of forest, orchards and rice fields called the Kungthrom Wilds. Finally, the Orchid River broadens into a twenty-mile wide delta, creating sandbars and islands as it drains into the sea and into the Misty Border itself.

On this delta lies the city-state of Kartikeya, seat of the Blue Peacock Throne. The city's foundations are built on the numerous islets that dot the delta, and it prides itself on its highly efficient waterway and canal system,

where boats of all shapes and sizes pry. Here and there elaborately-designed temples and pagodas tower over the bustling city, but all this gleaming majesty centers on the Phra Chakri Prasat, the royal palace, with its huge courtyard and intricate golden-red towers and domes.

Despite all this grand reflective beauty, the skies over Kungthrom Sound are perpetually overcast. The dull light that comes from above casts no shadows on the earth, only pale shades and blurry silhouettes. Although the realm has a relative "day" and "night," no true celestial light ever breaks through the thick bank of gray clouds overhead.

The Folk

Most of Kungthrom Sound's natives are human, but all are descendants of spirit folk. They have fair to brown skin, black hair and unusual purple-iris eyes. The folk live off the land, and rice is the most important crop. Kartikeya is host to 12,000 people, many of whom live as merchants on floating markets. Silk in this land is as common as cotton or wool in others, as such the folk use it in everyday clothing.

Kungthrom Sound is also home to devout monks seeking release from the endless cycles of rebirth. They walk the city and the countryside, their heads shaven and their orange robes setting them apart from the rest.

The Law

All of Kungthrom Sound, even the usually reclusive monks, are beholden to the monarchy within Phra Chakri Prasat. Behind the glowing beauty of Kartikeya lies fear and dissent, for the monarchy has slid from being a

symbol of pride to a symbol of tyranny. Orders and commands are given out from the royal palace, and these must be followed without question and with utmost perfection. Failure to do so results in immediate punishment.

Kartikeya, for its entire ordered splendor, is balancing on a tight rope. Disorder occasionally breaks in one of the city's wards, caused by rogues, bandits or white-robed monks, discontented by the monarchy's despotic rule.

Cultural Level

Kunghthrom Sound follows an Oriental Renaissance level, due to the people's mastery of waterworking on the wild Orchid River and the exotic art of Kartikeya's sacred towers.

Native Player Characters

Heroes from Kunghthrom Sound can be of any character class. However, the only allowed native player character race is human, but with certain adjustments: all player characters start out with a Charisma score of 16 due to their spirit folk ancestry.

Player clerics and monks must be of service to the White Elephant Pagoda, which is directly against current royal decree. As a result, they often flee Kunghthrom Sound or live in hiding. Their white silk robes show their defiance to the monarchy.

Restlessness in the capital has given rise to an increasing number of rogues. Starting rogues from this domain instantly get +2 ranks each on their Open Lock, Listen, Move Silently and Pick Pocket skills.

Personalities of Note

Khatt Chomuang is the Commander of the Royal Guards. Ruthless and fearsome, he takes bows to no one but the King. Using his steel sword, it was he who struck the first blow in the crackdown that led to Kunghthrom Sound's wrenching into Ravenloft.

Siriluk is the oldest younger daughter of the King, and is a monk of the White Elephant Pagoda. She, along with the King's other family members, now live in hiding somewhere in the Kunghthrom Wilds, by the banks of the Orchid River. She firmly believes that her brother must step down from power.

Pramual Suttha is the head monk of the White Elephant Pagoda, and also lives in hiding along with Siriluk and the other white-robed monks. He directs the actions of his monks beneath a series of caves in the Kunghthrom Wilds, which the exiled Order accepts as a new home.

Encounters

Besides encounters with creatures befitting a tropical Oriental setting, Kunghthrom Sound has its own share or unique encounters. For every two hours spent in the city of Kartikeya, characters must make a Dexterity check (DC 8) or be discreetly robbed of 1/4 their funds by clever street thieves. There is also a 25% chance twice a day of civil disorder somewhere in the city: characters suffer a -1 reaction penalty whenever caught in one of these riots.

The Kunghthrom Wilds are not exactly dense jungle, but are still home to such creatures such as monkeys, apes, elephants and other tropical Oriental creatures. Spirit folk and hengeyokai make their home in this area, but ever since the events when the sun last shone on this land, darker creatures have appeared. Aside from half-men and half-beasts (lycanthropes), ghosts of fugitives from the monarchy's rule now haunt the Wilds. Evil treants in the form of mangroves now also make their home on a dangerous part of the Orchid River.

Once a year, players may encounter a fabled white elephant roaming remote parts of the realm. Players in possession of the white elephant have a 12% chance (+6% cumulative chance every day afterwards) of being captured by royal guards.

King Thruksit XVII

Lord of Kunghthrom Sound

Male Ftr9: CR10; Medium-sized human; HD 9d10; hp 77; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 shield bonus); Atk. +9/+4 melee; SA Improved Grab, Smiting Fist; SQ Immortality, Birthright of the Blue Peacock, White Elephant Fear; AI LE; Save Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Balance +5, Climb +5, Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +3, Innuendo +2, Jump +4, Knowledge (Kartikeyan history) +3, Knowledge

(Kartikeyan royalty) +3, Ride +8, Spot +3, Swim +4, Use Rope +4, Wilderness Lore +3; Alertness, Blind-fight, Cleave, Endurance, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (war fan), Iron Will, Leadership, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Sunder, Trample.

Signature Possession: "Royal War Fan" (+ 3 war fan)

Appearance

King Thruksit XVII appears as a man in his late 40's, stands almost six feet tall, has a bald head, and dresses in royal garb befitting the tropical climate of Kungthrom Sound. His training as a warrior is shown by his powerful physique. He is never seen in public without him mounting a royal black elephant.

Background

The man known as Thruksit Lupchatimaneeya Nangkurihanouk the Seventeenth was born with his father's name, and was the eldest of six siblings in the royal palace of Phra Chakri Prasat. Aside from being the direct heir to the Blue Peacock Throne, the night of his birth was also auspicious: a red comet streaked through the constellation of the White Elephant, which at that time was also where the Silk Moon was passing. Astrologers have wisely predicted to the royal family that Thruksit would become an extremely powerful king.

Seeing to it that this prophecy should be fulfilled, the royal court wasted no time in training him in the arts of combat and war. At the age of seven, Thruksit persevered and had already mastered several weapons of war, including the deadly Royal War Fan that his father had used in the Venom Wars decades ago.

It was hardly a surprise that young Thruksit had perfected the ways of combat. Shortly after his father's death and lavish crematory ritual, he ascended the throne, at the age of 20, as the 17th monarch bearing the name Thruksit.

Aside from the Venom Wars, the reign of Thruksit's father over Kartikeya had been relatively peaceful, and he ruled over his city-state in good faith. Thruksit, however, was a restless soul who wished for combat; he truly believed that a kingdom's greatness was measured by its king's war victories. Indeed, within five years of his rule, he had made

enemies out of three large kingdoms to the east, namely Banteay Thom, Songkhaburi and Kota Phurao.

Thruksit turned out to be an excellent, albeit vicious, warrior in the wars that followed against Banteay Thom and Songkhaburi. Wielding the deadly War Fan, he easily killed hundreds of warriors on the battlefield. He brought home looted wealth to Kartikeya as tribute, enriching his tiny kingdom.

In Kartikeya, however, there was growing dissent against the king's blood-thirst. Many monks and scholars criticized his brash decisions of war, even if many could be solved and won through peaceful diplomacy, reason, or at least intrigue. These critics were immediately silenced, usually assassinated.

There was one more nation to bring to its knees: the rich, coastal kingdom of Kota Phurao. Before war broke out, however, the kingdom's rulers, the Twin Princesses, have asked for a truce, and opted to pay tribute to Thruksit in gold, jewels and silk.

Against his own will, Thruksit nevertheless agreed with the pleas of his advisers. War would not break out, but he would watch out for spies and dissenters. Kartikeya breathed a sigh of relief.

The Warrior-King's Dream

During the following time of relative peace, the king began to have nightmares. In his dreams he saw a beautiful blue peacock being pierced to death with a large red spear, by a child holding a round shield, riding a white elephant from the east. He would always awaken at the middle of the night with a sweat.

After two weeks awakening from the same nightmare night after night, Thruksit consulted soothsayers. They concluded to the king that spies from Kota Phurao have infiltrated Kartikeya, and the monarchy would fall in exactly the way Thruksit dreamt it. Worse, the gods were turning their favor towards Kota Phurao and the Twin Princesses, as shown by the sacred White Elephant.

Thruksit was furious. Why would the gods turn their backs on a great warrior-king? He took no chances: a Kota Phurao child on a sacred elephant, armed with a spear and shield, would not topple his mighty rule. He ordered Kartikeya's borders closed, along with the surrounding forests and farmlands. He ordered militaristic rule under his command. Suspected spies were rounded up and arrested throughout

the city. Aside from this, the king had also ordered the jungles scoured for white elephants.

Crackdown

The skies were overcast when King Thruksit ordered all of Kartikeya to converge in the immense Royal Courtyard. Seventeen white elephants, symbols of the gods on earth, were lined up along with dozens of arrested spies and critics. What does the king wish to do? They all asked themselves.

Gold gongs heralded the king's arrival, dressed up in his best robes and carried on his throne by servants and monks. A silent hush fell over the throng as Thruksit alighted and held up the Royal War Fan. Well-dressed royal guards took their positions behind each suspect and white elephant.

"Kartikeya will remain a great kingdom," Thruksit declared, "and no foreign power will ever destroy its greatness as long as I live!"

At this point, the people somehow knew what would happen next, and a few of them gasped in terror at the king's words.

The gongs were struck again, and in one swift movement the guards stabbed a sword into each suspect's back. For each execution, ten more swords were shoved into each white elephant.

The throng let out a single, almost ecstatic, cry of horror. By killing the elephants the king had blasphemed the good gods themselves. Why would the king go to so far just to single out dissention?

The answer was not forthcoming as clouds gathered en masse above Kartikeya and the forests around it. At the exact moment the last white elephant died, the gods turned the other way and left Kungthrom Sound alone. In their place a dark power took interest, and another domain had been taken for the Mists.

Current Sketch

King Thruksit's curse is to be constantly tormented by signs of his eventual overthrow from power, be it in dreams, sightings or suspected spies. He still believes that he and his rule is in danger by infiltrators from Kota Phurao, but this is only partly true. Inwardly he also believes that the gods have deserted him in favor of Kota Phurao's agents, and he swears to do anything just to preserve his power.

The public execution Thruksit ordered only added to internal dissent. The monks of the White Elephant Pagoda are a prime target of the king's wrath, especially since their order reminds him so much of his recurring nightmare.

Everywhere Thruksit turns, he sees spies and dissenters. People suspected of being such are arrested and immediately sent to the dungeons under Phra Chakri Prasat for "interrogation." Foreigners are almost always the target of the king's paranoia.

At least once a year, the king hears news of a white elephant roaming Kungthrom Sound. Fearing that the gods would topple his might, he orders his royal guards to scout the area and bring the elephant to the Royal Palace for immediate butchering by his warriors, lest his dreams become reality.

Combat

Being an exceptionally trained fighter, Thruksit is an awesome melee opponent, especially when wielding his Royal War Fan. He primarily favors fighting while riding his black elephant, trampling over his opponents without mercy.

Special Attacks

Improved Grab (ex): If King Thruksit hits a Medium size or smaller opponent without use of a weapon, he can hold his opponent without provoking attacks of opportunity from the victim.

Smiting Fist (su): If Thruksit makes a successful melee attack without weapons, his opponent must make a Will save (DC 15) or take 2d6 damage and be unable to do anything for 1d6 rounds. Opponents who successfully make the save only take 1d4 damage.

Special Qualities

Immortality (ex): King Thruksit does not age.

Birthright of the Blue Peacock (su): When reduced to 20 hit points Thruksit starts healing at 1d6 hit points per round for the next 10 rounds. This does not apply to when Thruksit is reduced to another 20 hit points in the same battle.

White Elephant Fear (ex): Thruksit fears the white elephants and their godly symbolism. When faced with such, he must

make a Will save (DC 14) or be frightened for 2d10 minutes.

Closing the Borders

When King Thruksit wants the borders of Kungthrom Sound sealed, he sends out scores of his royal guards to the extreme points of his domain. The guards always capture those who attempt to escape.

The Lair

Despite its seemingly beautiful exterior, the royal palace of Phra Chakri Prasat is the scene of past butchery and executions. The

Grand Hall is decorated with the large skulls of white elephants Thruksit had ordered killed, all plated with gold and adorned with precious stones. As such, the palace and the surrounding courtyard are a rank 3 sinkhole of evil.

Legacy of Prophecy

King Thruksit's siblings live in hiding somewhere in the Kungthrom Wilds. His oldest sister, Siriluk, has in possession a shield she calls the Silk Moon, and an ancient spear named the Blood Star.



Mubonyete

A Misconception of Power in a Parched Land

The power of the land rests in its ability to create and destroy, to give back to itself what it itself has taken away. Man in many ways knows this lesson so well: take from the land what you need, and the land will give you more than you deserve. We know too much of the consequences of abusing the land's bounty; nature can be a loving as well as a wrathful entity. In the parched, colored regions of the Brambled Karoo, what little left to be given back to the land is taken away to become fodder for an ambitious intention, destroying the land and its inhabitants even more.

The Land

Of all the domains hidden in the swirling Mists of Ravenloft, perhaps none is more exotic and wild as Mubonyete, the land of the Brambled Karoo. It extends 225 miles from north to south, east to west, and harbors a climate that supports life and at the same time destroys it. At daytime the sun beats mercilessly down with its heat, while the nights could be unusually cold.

Mubonyete is mostly grassland, where a wide array of animals such as zebras, wildebeests, giraffes and great cats roam, survive and devour each other. Rainfall is sparse: at most the domain only gets about 10 centimeters of rainfall each year. This however, has not deterred the appearance of waterholes throughout the Karoo, where different species of wildlife find nourishment to their thirst. Even then, animals can always find a permanent source of water to the southeast of the realm, called the Feathered Marshes, named after the multitude of birds which flock almost daily to the area.

There are three main humanoid settlements in Mubonyete. To the north lies

Dhabo, The Clustered Kingdoms, a collection of seven walled cities with a total population of 6000. A single walled kingdom named Gombasha, with a population of 2500, lies in the Feathered Marshes. A third settlement named Kifiru, with a population of 700, lies to the west.

Scattered throughout the Karoo are small nomadic settlements, each capable of holding ten to seventy people. A wide, circular bramble fence called a boma, which serves as protection from fierce predators, surrounds these temporary settlements, made of thatched grass and/or mud-bricks.

Another place of interest lies further west, named the Bone Citadel. Once, it could have been a beautiful place with an aura of magic; now, however, it lies barren and is considered forbidden.

The Folk

The inhabitants of this exotic land are dark-skinned, with varying heights. They have curly black hair and live in temporary homes, with the exception of the folk living in the permanent settlements mentioned. The occasional few who have long hair wear them in intricate braids. To distinguish rank, tribe and even faith, the people dress in thin yet richly-woven robes patched with abstract colored designs. Women and even men pierce and tattoo many parts of their bodies (ears, arms and lips) as a sign of beauty.

Families and friends are close-knit systems. Within each walled city as many as 3000 can live without fear of poor sanitation. Visitors to the land, however, may feel uneasy at the sight of twenty family members sharing the same hut.

Mubonyete folk have an animistic world-view: everything has an orisha, or spirit,

and they must be appeased or they cease to exist. As such these orisha are given form and invoked in matters as worship and affairs of law. Spirits are invoked through ritual dancing and singing with the aid of a fast-pounding drum, which induces trance states.

Only recently have the folk gained a collective fear of the night. By nightfall all are encouraged to be inside the safety of the walled kingdoms or their bomas. Local gossip relates that during the night, monsters made of bone and rotting flesh walk the night, draining the unfortunate ones of their fluids and flesh.

The Law

Gombasha and Dhabo are nation-states, each ruled by a shamanic monarch. In Dhabo, however, the balance of power rotates every three years between five kings and two queens.

Wise Queen Nyedzani, the first ruler in Mubonyete to actually create a sophisticated code of laws for her people, rules over the Gombasha. Her code has angered the monarchs of Dhabo, who are more appropriately titled as despots.

Despite this conflict between the kingdoms, there is a stable trade route connecting both. Gombasha provides water and vegetable crops, while the Clustered Kingdoms offer precious stones, metals and ochre.

The only things that cannot be traded are ivory, pelts and other animal remains. When an animal dies, either by natural causes, by hunting, or by a supernatural death the previous night, people known as Bone Collectors gather up the remains the next morning and haul them back to the small cliff escarpments of monastic Kifiru. Once there, the inhabitants give the remains a final blessing and carry them further westward to the Bone Citadel. Exactly what happens to the remains once they reach that desolate place remains unknown to most, and even the Kifiru are silent about this.

Cultural Level

The whole domain is a composite of Stone Age and Bronze Age cultures. While wizards, sorcerers, priests and druids have a mastery of higher forces other than the physical, inhabitants still live off the land and craft simple tools to make a living.

Native Player Characters

All characters are available for play in Mubonyete. The domain's lush yet near-barren environment allows players to start with no access to heavy armors. Their ability to adapt to extreme environments, however, gives them a +3 bonus to Fortitude saves relating to environmental and natural effects.

Before picking a class, however, players must choose a settlement in Mubonyete as a place of origin. The description for each settlement follows:

Nomadic

These are characters with no affiliation with the other main settlements in the realm. Nomadic player characters start with only half the standard beginning funds, but can take any two nature-oriented skills (Animal Empathy, Wilderness Lore, etc.) as additional class skills. For every two experience levels attained, the player can add an additional skill rank to any one of these two class skills.

Dhabo

Population: 6000

Current Ruler: King Mbefo Songwe (3rd year of rule in monarchical rotation)

Despotism in the Clustered Kingdoms does not allow for players with different views, such as clerics, wizards, sorcerers and artists. They must all be of service to the rotating monarchy, as such the character created has the monarchy pulling her strings, sending her on other duties at a moment's notice (DM decides how this would take effect). For every four experience levels attained, characters gain an additional three skill ranks which can be distributed freely into any physically-related skills they already possess (Balance, Swim, Jump, Tumble, etc.)

Gombasha

Population: 2500

Current Ruler: Queen Nyedzani

Characters from Gombasha can be of any alignment except chaotic, and Queen Nyedzani's code of laws leaves no room for rogues. Gombasha are an exceptionally cultured and artistic folk: for every two experience levels attained, characters gain an additional skill rank

in any skill related to culture or education (Appraise, any Craft, Diplomacy, any Knowledge, Perform, etc.). A hindrance to this is that the character becomes book-dependent: she suffers a -2 reaction penalty whenever she is nowhere within range of texts, books or a center of learning.

Kifiru

Population: 700

Current Ruler: not applicable

Kifiru is home to the enigmatic Bone Collectors, who scour the land every morning in search for humanoid and animal remains to take home. It is highly recommended that there be no player characters from this small enclave.

Encounters

Mubonyete is a land of frequent encounters with a wide array of animals. Non-native characters would not help but marvel at the variety of wildlife in the realm: stately elephant, zebra, wildebeest, gazelle and gibbon herds, flocks of heron, pelican and stork, tall giraffes and lumbering rhinos and of course the great hunting cats. The diversity is enough to overwhelm a visitor: for every start of the day in Mubonyete, non-native characters must make a Wisdom check or suffer a -1 reaction penalty related to any other encounter for the rest of the day.

During the daytime, players must also contend with the Collectors. For every hour while the sun is up, there is a 15% chance of encountering 1d6 of them gathering animal and humanoid remains. It is best for characters to leave them alone in their duties, or open conflict may result.

Things change during the night, when everybody fears the "proglers," which are actually undead creatures. There are no encounters whenever one is kept safe inside a boma or the kingdoms, but characters outside these safety zones risk a deadly encounter: every hour there is a 45% chance of meeting up with these horrors. Characters risk being devoured, drained and being prized by the Collectors the next morning.

Komozundu

Lord of Mubonyete

Male Lich Clr13: CR14; Medium-sized undead: HD 13d12; hp 108; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18 (+5 natural armor, +3 dexterity); Atk. Touch +9/+4 melee; SA Fear Aura, Paralyzing Touch; SQ Undead, Turn Resistance, Brass Bane; Al NE; Save Fort +8, Ref +4, Wil +8; Str 14, Dex 16, Con --, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +6, Concentration +11, Craft (bone carver) +6, Disable Device +9, Heal +5, Hide +12, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (animism) +11, Move Silently +10, Ride +6, Scry +12, Search +9, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +11, Wilderness Lore +6; Alertness, Craft Wondrous Item, Empower Spell, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Silent Spell.

Spells: (6/6/6/5/5/4/3/2)

Spells known: (8/7/7/6/5/4/2/1) 0--
detect magic, detect poison, guidance, inflict minor wounds, light, mending; 1st--bane, cause fear, curse water, deathwatch, magic stone, obscuring mist, sanctuary; 2nd--death knell, desecrate, enthrall, hold person, resist elements, shatter, sound burst; 3rd--animate dead (animals and humanoids only), continual flame, dispel magic, magic vestment, protection from elements, speak with dead; 4th--air walk, divination, greater magic weapon, sending, tongues; 5th--ethereal jaunt, raise dead, scrying, unhallow; 6th--antilife shell, forbiddance; 7th--blasphemy.

Appearance

All that remains of the clerical lich Komozundu is a tall seven-foot frame of sun-dried flesh on bone. The sockets of his eyes glow with white pinpoints of light masked in gaseous orbs of blue. He wears the tattered blue-black robes of his animistic order, the now-forgotten Keepers of the Brass Gazelle. Furthermore he still wears on his head a tattered feather headdress, which may have once looked elegant, even regal, on him.

Background

There is a saying in Mubonyete: "The power of the land lies within one's lifeblood." Those who still hope for a better future in the Brambled Karoo still keep faith in these wise words, no matter how much the nights bring only the grim option of death and consolation at the hands of the Collectors.

Once, however, long ago, there were no such things as Collectors, or the prowlers of the night. The land was larger than what is left today. Plains stretched endlessly from horizon to horizon, and hills and mountains were but distant mirages where earth touched sky.

Komozundu was born into this endless world with wide eyes and a large voice; traits of one thirsty of the secrets the world harbors. And indeed the world was ready to teach Komozundu: his father, a skilled warrior-priest, had taught him of the power of the land, of how its potential lies untapped within each animal, each tree and each person. One's greatness, he added, came from tapping this hidden power and using it for the benefit of others. But somehow, Komozundu never comprehended the deeper meaning of those wise words He took them too literally, as time would eventually show...

Later in life, still searching for the hidden power, Komozundu entered the animistic priesthood of his father, the Keepers of the Brass Gazelle. With solemnity and pageantry, he was initiated underneath the gigantic baobab tree that served as the order's commune and cathedral. The Keepers, too, preached of the power from within, but they taught more: none held more inner power than the great Brass Gazelle, the object of their veneration, which visited the land on rare occasions.

His miscomprehension was further twisted when one day, while gathering root crops out in the Karoo, Komozundu came upon a dying heron on the dry earth. He was compelled to put it out of its misery, as it was one of his order's duties--but not before becoming fascinated with the bird first. The white heron had suffered a fatal gash on its chest, and Komozundu peered into this wound to see the dying bird's heart still beating and pumping blood.

That night, sitting on one of the branches of the baobab tree, he pondered on the events of the day. The dying heron's heart was still beating, and thus it still harbored life--and therefore still retained the inner power he sought.

As the days went on, Komozundu went deeper into thought. He looked into his environs for answers: the cheetah hunted his prey and ate the meat, while the high-sweeping vultures would gather up and clean the grisly mess. All the while the cheetah was stronger, yet the vultures remained as scavengers. Could it be that the inner power still remained even after death? Was this inner power even related to life? What was this inner power in the first place?

Komozundu slowly slipped into confusion. The questions he asked might take many, many years, or even lifetimes, to solve.

A Visitor in the Night

The moon was dark and the midnight mist was unusually thick one night when he quietly crept from his treetop cloister and entered the Hall of Veneration at the base of the baobab's trunk. If there was one entity that might help him, he thought, it would be the spirit of the Brass Gazelle, the one the others said contained the great inner power. Kneeling before their venerated spirit guide's brass mask, Komozundu supplicated for knowledge and guidance.

But during that misty night long ago, another, less benevolent, power entered the brass mask. Komozundu never realized that the Gazelle's orisha never came down to respond to his call. In seven days, it proclaimed, "It" would come down from the spirit world and visit the material realm, and if Komozundu willed to do everything to tap the hidden power's potential, he had better listen to "It" and be prepared.

"To gather the inner power," the spirit had told Komozundu, "you must release it from the bounds of flesh. To receive my power, you will have to liberate me from my mortality." During that misty night the false orisha had also taught him to create the cunning method of killing "Itself."

Komozundu never told the others of his vision in the Hall. If he wanted fulfillment for his thirst into tapping the power within, he had to follow everything the spirit told him.

The God-Killer

Indeed, within seven days, the Brass Gazelle was seen roaming the Savannah. The Keepers prepared to welcome this heavenly creature into their commune, but Komozundu kept to the shadows, quietly preparing his own welcome to the sainted orisha.

When the Gazelle arrived, the trap was set. He hid in the shadows, so as not to arouse suspicion. As the radiant creature galloped gracefully into the commune's boma, spikes shot out from the earth and spears rained down from the great baobab's lush branches. The congregation watched in shock as spikes and spears mortally pierced into the orisha made flesh. Who on this realm would do such a thing to such a benevolent creature? Disbelief quickly

turned to rage. The Keepers scrambled to find the person responsible, and make him pay dearly.

Clouds gathered overhead, and thunder boomed in the distance. The orisha was barely alive when Komozundu emerged from his hiding place and into the deserted compound. He was armed with a large blade as he approached the Gazelle, its blood freely flowing on the ground like water. The orisha's heart lay exposed, still beating divine blood, but Komozundu had no time to marvel at the dying creature this time. It had to do "Its own" bidding.

With one clean swoop he cut off the creature's head. As he picked the dismembered head up from its grisly remains, thunder rumbled loudly overhead. Lightning penetrated through the thickness of gathering clouds. A radiant aura enveloped Komozundu, as he slowly felt his knowledge increase exponentially. Here it seemed, was the fulfillment to his lifelong quest for answers. The wisdom of a lifetime, indeed of many lifetimes, was in his grasp.

This brief vision of heaven suddenly ended with a spear that plunged into Komozundu's heart. A Keeper had witnessed his blasphemous ascension and never hesitated to make the god-killer pay.

All the wisdom Komozundu had gained from his murderous deed swiftly withered out of him, and scattered like a fog throughout the land. So near was he to his goal, yet he had paid the ultimate price. He seethed in anger and frustration, even in the face of death.

The Keepers did not deem Komozundu worthy of a priestly burial; they threw his body into the Karoo, where they hoped the elements would do the rest. As for the Brass Gazelle, they gave the lifeless orisha a lavish ceremonial burial befitting a wise ancestor.

The Wrenching

But Komozundu did not die. Three misty nights after the Keepers abandoned him in the Karoo, he arose in undeath. Deep within he sought vengeance against the Keepers, for denying him his lifelong quest for inner power. In the dark night he limped his way into the great baobab tree. Using his knife he slew all the Keepers in their sleep, his vengeance seemingly fulfilled. He took the Gazelle's rotting head from the shrine and poured his essences into it. In that instant, he became more than undead: he had become an abomination beyond what normal forces could rarely comprehend.

Out in the vast wilderness, animals groaned and howled in fear. That night, the mists that usually settled on the flat earth drifted outwards from the great baobab into the Karoo's limits. A blood-red sunrise heralded Mubonyete's entrance into the Demiplane of Dread. Komozundu had been cursed to never truly realize the true meaning of the true power from within.

Current Sketch

To this day Komozundu still seeks the inner power, which he wrongly thinks could help him ascend further into higher levels of consciousness. In his powerful undead state, he inwardly believes that if searching for his answer would take many lifetimes, then so be it.

The Keepers of the Brass Gazelle are no more. With no orisha to guide them they became the Collectors, undead like their lich master. The oldest Collectors are actually the priests Komozundu himself killed in a fit of vengeance. People who Komozundu thinks may serve him best also become one of them.

Every morning, Komozundu relays a telepathic message to the Bone Collectors to scour Mubonyete for the remains left over by his prowlers. After the remains have been collected in Kifiru, they are then brought to the Bone Citadel for the lich to study.

Combat

In combat, Komozundu will never be at the front lines. He would either send his Collectors or his prowlers first. But when faced with no other options, he would use the clerical spells at his arsenal.

Special Attacks

Fear Aura (Su): Creatures in a 50-foot radius looking at the lich must make a Will save (DC 8) or be affected by *fear*, as cast by a sorcerer of Komozundu's experience level.

Paralyzing Touch (Su): Any living creature Komozundu touches must make a Fortitude save (DC 9) or be permanently paralyzed. The effect cannot be dispelled.

Special Qualities

Undead: Komozundu is immune to mind-affecting effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. He is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain or death due to massive damage.

Turn Resistance (Ex): Komozundu has +4 turn resistance.

Brass Bane (Ex): Komozundu takes double damage from weapons made of brass unless the attack allows a save.

Closing the Borders

When Komozundu wishes to seal his domain, a gigantic boma made of bone fragments surrounds Mubonyete. This massive barrier, over a hundred feet high, threatens to create an avalanche by anyone who tries to climb it. Sharp bones deal 1d6 damage for every ten feet climbed, piercing even the strongest of magical armors. Those flying over simply fall back to the ground, and suffer 5d6 points of damage (no save).

Komozundu's Phylactery

The skull of the Brass Gazelle, actually an exotic-looking ki-rin, houses the lich's essence. It has a hardness rating of 20, has 45 hp and a break DC of 40.

The phylactery has replaced the Brass Gazelle's holy mask on the altar deep within the baobab. The only way to destroy Komozundu is to take his phylactery and re-bury it with the Brass Gazelle's remains somewhere in the catacombs beneath Kifiru. Unless this is done, Komozundu would rise up from the dead within three days after his apparent death.

The Lair

The massive tree that once held the Keepers now houses Komozundu. Throughout the years after the massacre, the baobab withered and dried up, leaving only a huge trunk with a massive crown of dead branches. He rarely, if ever, leaves the confines of the dead baobab, now strewn all over with the remains of countless animals and people. The grisly desolation of this place has led itself to be renamed the Bone Citadel.

Since Komozundu uses the detritus around the tree as tools for creating his prowlers, the Citadel, a mile in radius, is a rank 3 sinkhole of evil. The tree itself and the halls within are rank 4.

The Prowlers

As part of Komozundu's endless quest, he regularly sends out hordes of the "prowlers" into the Mubonyete night. These horrors are lower forms of undead, such as skeletons and zombies, but have been given the ability to drain life essences; as such, each of Komozundu's creations are given the special attack presented below:

Komozundu's Draining (Ex):

Komozundu's prowlers have the ability to drain another living being's life essence with a peck, a scratch or a bite, depending on how the type of undead attacks. The victim must make a Fortitude save (DC18) or be permanently drained of half its Constitution score. Those completely drained leave only a dried-out husk of a corpse. Beings totally drained by Komozundu's prowlers will not rise as undead in a later time.

The Bone Collectors

These enigmatic beings are a unique form of undead created by Komozundu to do his bidding. Masks made of flattened-out bone cover their faces, while a gray layer of ash covers their skins. Collectors never speak to anybody else but themselves.

Characters who have died in Mubonyete may arouse Komozundu's interests, and may have the unfortunate chance of becoming Collectors themselves. The simple template below describes the new Collector.

Creating a Bone Collector

"Bone Collector" is a template that can be added to any humanoid. The creature (referred to hereafter as the "base creature") must have Strength and Charisma scores of at least 13. The base creature's type changes to "undead." A Bone Collector uses all the character's statistics and abilities it already has except those noted here.

Hit Dice: increases to d12.

AC: the Bone Collector has +2 natural armor or the character's natural armor, whichever is better.

Special Attacks: same as base creature, but spellcasters lose all abilities to cast any spell.

Special Qualities: same as base creature, but also gains the abilities listed below:

Turn resistance (ex): A Bone Collector has +4 turn resistance.

Brass Bane (Ex): A Bone Collector takes double damage from weapons made of brass unless the attack allows a save.

Abilities: A Bone Collector gains +3 to Strength and Dexterity, and +1 to Charisma. Being undead Bone Collectors have no Constitution score.

Skills: A Bone Collector has a +4 racial bonus to Hide, Listen, Sense Motive and Spot checks. Otherwise, same as base creature.

Climate/Terrain: Mubonyete only.

Organization: Solitary or troupe (2-8).

Challenge Rating: same as base creature +1.

Treasure: Standard items only.

Alignment: Neutral Evil.

Advancement: By character class.



Tragathos

Where the Rich and Beautiful People Meet!

It's always a disappointment, no matter who you are. You just see your reflection and think, "That's not what I was hoping for. I could have sworn I was better looking than that. I must be thinking of someone else."

**-Paul Reiser
"Couplehood"**

The Land

Deep within the Mists lies Tragathos, a collection of three small islands surrounded by a warm sea. Each island is roughly twenty miles in diameter, and is heavily forested.

There are five large settlements in this realm. Hispaleia is located on the east side of the East Island, home to 2000 people. A larger town named Sirinthe, with a population of 4500, is nestled on the side of a mountain situated on the South Island.

The West Island has two towns and an abandoned city. Calloponikki and Ponthalos, both home to 3500, are coastal settlements located on the south side. The city of Tragos lies to the north side, and is all but abandoned. Once it could have easily been home to 8000 people. At the center of this desolate city looms a large outcropping of white basalt rock three hundred feet high, named the Pinnacle. Huge buildings supported by massive marble columns sit atop this unusual formation. The gleaming white structures of the Pinnacle are a far cry to the crumbling, decaying city down below.

There is no such thing as "day" or "night" in Tragathos. The western horizon glows a steady reddish-yellow, giving the impression of perpetual dusk. The sun, once known as Helios's Chariot, never arises from its cradle from beneath the sea. The indigo skies above are always clear, while a huge crescent moon named

Selena's Bow watches over the realm. Moreover, faint stars form constellations familiar to the natives.

The Folk

The vast majority of Tragathians tend to be tall and beautiful, with smooth skin, curly hair and straight noses. Both men and women dress in near-flimsy tunics that express, expose and flaunt their beauty.

All folk think at an urban level, and thus act such, even in the towns. Many native folk, if not most, tend to be athletic; track events, not to mention wrestling and bull fighting, are commonly held in small outdoor stadiums lit by large torches.

The arts are also a priority, particularly theater and opera. People regularly gather at the nearest amphitheater to watch the latest tragedy or listen to a famous storyteller or a skilled group of musical performers.

Natives believe in a pantheon of gods who represent an all-encompassing Ideal. For example, Demeter is not just the goddess of the harvest; she is the goddess of both a rich and bountiful harvest.

The Law

Each town has an extensive Code of Laws, or Constitution, mandated by the native commoners themselves. These may seem to be a bit harsh, but at the very least people still are happy that crime is extremely minimal. Everything to create an Ideal.

Occasionally, two extremely beautiful people from the Pinnacle would come down to the towns, pick out the six least attractive persons they could find, and return them back to

Tragos. There is no law that stops them from doing this.

Cultural Level

The Tragathians' excellence in the arts and architecture has placed the domain in a Classical Age.

Outsiders' Conditions

Outsiders entering Tragathos through the Mists experience a subtle transformation. Equipment, weapons, armor and even clothing too advanced for a Classical Age transform to suit Tragathos. For as long as visitors are inside this realm, they remain under this most unusual condition. Transformations for specific items are given below. Magical items and clothing are not affected, but their appearances would change to suit Tragathos's culture.

Normal Conditions	Within Tragathos
All armor	Breastplate armor
All clothing	Cotton tunics
All swords	Short swords
All bows	Longbows
All spears	Javelins
All smokepowder weapons	Slings
All spellbooks	Huge papyrus scrolls

Native Player Characters

Humans are the dominant Tragathian race; other races are unheard of. Player characters from this realm have an exceptional level of attractiveness; males have broad muscular figures and rugged faces, women have smooth skin and exceptional curves. Starting players therefore gain +3 Charisma after finalizing their rolls. Unfortunately, cultural conditioning has left all Tragathians with a -1 reaction penalty on skill checks when working around less attractive people, or people with lesser Charisma scores four points or lower than their own.

Encounters

Travelers with unattractive features and/or low Charisma scores often get negative attention from natives. Short, stocky humanoids like dwarves, gnomes and halflings have a 1%

cumulative chance per hour of getting on the wrong side of vain, good-looking Tragathians. Elves, half-elves and good-looking humans, however, get the opposite reaction, and have roughly the same chance of attracting natives.

Tragathos is host to bears, wolves, wildcats, wild livestock and mountain lions. A small coven of hags has taken residence on the East Island, just outside Hispaleia. Hordes of harpies constantly threaten Sirinthe. An evil treant in the shape of a giant willow tree is the center of worship for a group of evil priests outside Ponthalos. Ghosts manifesting different stages of pain and suffering also walk the domain, seemingly coming from the city of Tragos.

Lords of Tragathos

Tragathos has two domain lords.

Kalliope Droniketa

Female Sor6: CR 11; Medium-size human; HD 6d4; hp 19; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk. +3 melee, touch +5 melee; SA Skill Success, Beauty's Blessing, Dominating Kiss, Energy Drain; SQ Slow Aging, Alternate Form, Awe, Resistance; AI NE; Save Fort +2, Ref +2, Wil +5; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 18.

Skills & Feats: Bluff +4, Concentration +9, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +5, Gather Information +8, Hide +4, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Move Silently +8, Perform +4, Search +5, Spellcraft +9; Silent Spell, Skill Focus (Spellcraft), Toughness.

Familiar: White owl (gives Darkvision 60 ft., +2 to Hide and Search skills when summoned).

Spells: (6/6/5/3)

Spells known: (7/4/2/1) 0--arcane lock, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, flare, prestidigitation, read magic; 1st--charm person, hypnotism, magic missile, sleep; 2nd--detect thoughts, fog cloud, hypnotic pattern, mirror image; 3rd--suggestion. Base DC at 10+spell level.

Appearance

The dark powers have masked Kalliope's true form, and have given her many

appearances. Whatever form she may expose to the public, Kalliope is always the most beautiful female specimen in Tragathos, with shiny hair and nimble, delicate features.

Special Attacks

Skill Success (ex): Kalliope can select a person of her choice and automatically succeed in her Bluff, Disguise and Perform skill checks made against that person.

Beauty's Blessing (su): With just a simple touch, Kalliope can make a person more attractive or more hideous at will. The recipient must make a Will save (DC 10) or gain/lose 4 points of Charisma. This effect lasts 1d4 days.

Dominating Kiss (su): The effect of Kalliope's kiss is similar to a *dominate person* spell. The victim must make a Will save (DC 20) to avoid the effects.

Energy Drain (ex): Kalliope can drain a person's life essences with her touch, inflicting 5 points of permanent Constitution drain per round from a helpless victim as a full-round action, unless the victim makes a Fortitude save (DC 20). She can only use this ability on the Pinnacle.

Special Qualities

Slow Aging (su): Kalliope grows old at the painfully slow rate of one year every fifty years.

Alternate form (su): Kalliope can assume any good-looking humanoid form as a standard action.

Awe (su): All persons in a 40-foot radius of Kalliope must make a Will save (DC18) or be fascinated by Kalliope's attractiveness. No action is possible within the radius.

Resistance (su): Kalliope is resistant to any weapons or magical attacks whenever she not in the Pinnacle.

Nikolai Serres

Male Ftr8: CR 12; Medium-size human; HD 8d6; hp 45; Init +6 (+4 Improved Initiative); AC 15 (+5 breastplate); Atk; +8/+3 melee, touch +4 melee, +6 ranged; SA Skill Success, Beauty's Blessing, Dominating Kiss, Energy Drain; SQ Slow Aging, Alternate Form, Awe, Resistance; AI NE; Save Fort +6, Ref +4, Wil +6; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 18.

Skills & Feats: Balance +3, Bluff +4, Climb +9, Craft (blacksmith) +7, Disguise +5, Hide +4, Handle Animal +6, Innuendo +5, Jump +10, Perform +4, Ride +11, Swim +6, Tumble +3; Ambidexterity, Cleave, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Improved Initiative, Power Attack.

Appearance

Like Kalliope, Nikolai's true form is hidden by the dark powers. He also appears in many forms, and always as the perfect male specimen with neat hair, broad shoulders and a small waist. He is, however, a few inches taller than Kalliope.

Special Attacks/Qualities

Nikolai has the same special attacks and qualities as Kalliope.

Background

Around five hundred years ago, Kalliope and Nikolai grew up in the bustling city of Tragos to separate families, and never even knew each other. Unlike most of the inhabitants, they were unattractive, and all efforts to make them at least presentable to the public failed. Both became outcasts, ridiculed, denied basic needs and even mocked at for their unattractive looks. While Kalliope confined herself in the safety of her room, Nikolai defended himself in the streets.

It was around 25 years after they were born when a tall mysterious figure was seen walking the streets of the city at night. Nobody ever saw his face or even heard his voice. Everyone was afraid of this enigma except, oddly enough, the ugly outcasts of society. As the hooded figure passed by each of them, he gave away an old scroll that contained promises of beauty. Both Kalliope and Nikolai received such scrolls, and vowed to meet the figure in the designated time and place.

When the time came, a few outcasts assembled on an imposing rock formation outside the city, the two included. The hooded figure was there as well. He drew a circle around the gathering, and within a few minutes their looks began to change. The women magically became thinner, while the men grew tall and

firm. As they all returned to Tragos, the mysterious figure simply nodded in contentment.

The newly transformed individuals relished in their new forms. They have never felt so accepted, so welcomed, in a society of beautiful and gorgeous people.

Three months later, however, they all woke up one morning, gazed into the mirror--and found themselves as ugly as the day before the transformation. Most returned back to their measly outcast lives, except for Kalliope and Nikolai, who wanted--who *needed*-- their beauty back and more.

They returned to the hooded figure outside the city, demanding that their attractiveness be returned. Reluctantly, the entity gave them a condition: they can be beautiful, even the most beautiful, in the land, provided they can find the human essences needed for the transformation. Without a doubt both agreed.

At the end of four months, Kalliope and Nikolai used their beauty to lure seven outcasts to the Pinnacle, which was then the Temple of Dionysius, the god of revelry. Following the directions given to them by the figure, they recited the chant and watched as the seven were drained of their essences and transferred into their own. A thick fog surrounded Tragos and the surrounding islands, and another realm had been taken in for the Demiplane.

Kalliope and Nikolai in the years that followed, drained countless people's life essences to perpetuate their own beauty. They always picked those deemed unattractive by society, so as not to arouse suspicion.

At first, they took only the outcasts of Tragos. They led the elderly, the disabled, the unwashed and the sick up the Temple of Dionysius with false hopes of a night of revelry with the most beautiful persons in the land. Those people were never seen again.

Eventually, the people of Tragos became terrified of the disappearances and the dried-up corpses that have appeared in the city streets. Worse, horrific ghosts of those missing started to haunt the city. Nobody ever put the blame on the beautiful people, seen as too attractive to do anything so cruel. Gradually, the city was abandoned, and the Temple of Dionysius was renamed the Pinnacle.

Current Sketch

The two lords may look beautiful to the rest, but they will always look ugly to each other. They do not work as a couple; on the contrary they frequently squabble. They only help each other claim more life essences to perpetuate their beauty. When out mingling in public, they take on different aliases and different forms.

Kalliope and Nikolai are beyond any compassionate emotion: all this vain duo cares about is their beauty, their maintenance of it, and the earthly, hedonistic pleasures derived from such.

Closing the Borders

When either lord wants to seal off Tragathos, those fleeing automatically go blind and deaf. They remain as such until they somehow turn around back into Tragathos.

The Lair

The abandoned city of Tragos is home only to ghosts and the occasional non-attractive person left alone to fend for him or herself. It also serves as an "amusement ground" for Kalliope and Nikolai. Therefore, Tragos is a rank 2 sinkhole of evil.

The desecrated Temple of Dionysus, atop the Pinnacle, is the lords' home and site of the almost tri-monthly essence draining of victims. Such horrible acts in the name of beauty have given the Pinnacle a rank 4.

Down with the Beautiful

Kalliope and Nikolai are vulnerable to attacks only in the Pinnacle. When either lord is somehow reduced to 0 hit points, their life essence travels down from the desecrated acropolis into the next most beautiful person in Tragathos. Within three days, the person takes on the traits of the slain lord.

The only way to break the cycle of death and beauty in Tragathos is to fool one of the lords into draining the life essence of the other. When this happens, the other lord becomes an ordinary fighter or sorceress, whichever the case may be.



Xi'anlin

Bitter Tears in Grief's Snowfall

*Her dainty locks of hair
Fall raven-black
On her lifeless form; her lips full, yet
Cold and blue in the light of the Opal Eye.*

*Her songs follow every man, longing
To see her lover mirrored
In their faces...
In winter, in frost and in snow,
She weeps and withers.*

- "The Maiden of Angel Forest," Traditional Xi'anlin song

Love, as many people say, lingers even beyond the confines of death. The mortal coil that may sunder the love of two people has no effect beyond life, where love is eternal and unbound. But sometimes, just sometimes, darker powers may seek to pervert this eternal union. The people of Xi'anlin know this all too well, in their songs, their art and their stories, of a young woman long dead, still searching for the love she had lost in life.

The Land

Xi'anlin is a mountainous realm about 150 miles long and 100 miles wide. Scattered across the realm are pine and bamboo forests, hills, villages and tiny lakes, each seemingly placid and in tune with harmony. The most prominent locales in this beautiful land include three towns: the largest is Shiyuan, a fishing village located east of the placid Yu Ban Lake, northeast of the realm. Nanlu is located to the east, deep within the forest known as Sanzhou Grove. Daoming lies to the south, and is

considered a convenient starting-off point by travelers in Xi'anlin.

Somewhere in the middle of the domain lies the long-abandoned Lai Estate. Only the locals know where exactly this large tract of land lies, but they would only tell outsiders of the Estate's location under extreme circumstances.

The land's temperate climate produces some of the most beautiful seasonal displays one could only imagine: spring brings about the fragrance of a thousand varieties of flowers painting the countryside like oils to a canvas. Balmy summers harbor the reds of colored sunsets and the blues, whites and greens of earth. Autumn and its harvests bring forth endless hues of red, yellow and purple.

The winters, however, are as mysterious as they are captivating; snow peacefully settles from cloudless skies, watched over by a perpetually full moon locals have named the Opal Eye. Nobody knows why this happens, but elder folk relate it to the heart-wrenching tragedy that had long ago befallen the abandoned Lai Estate.

The Folk

The native peoples of Xi'anlin are simple and content, with their short frames, slanted eyes and black hair. They are as well-meaning as they are industrious. While they retain their peaceful demeanor, they would work as hard as their somewhat small frames would support them. Many work through fishing, farming and artistry. Magic and the hidden arts are seen as "diversions," while the arts of war are almost shunned upon.

The only "popular" race in Xi'anlin is human. Elves and half-elves are seen as signs of good luck, while dwarves are perceived of as mountain-dwellers, cut off from "modern

society." Other races are unheard of in this placid land.

Cultural Level

Xi'anlin's cultural level could mildly be described as Oriental Dark Ages as shown by many native folks' expertise in agriculture and craftsmanship. However, traces of a long-past Oriental Classical age are present everywhere: scattered all across the domain are stone ruins of a once-grandiose empire, the Lai Estate being one of them.

The Law

There is no common law in Xi'anlin; the towns are almost completely autonomous of each other. A council that oversees trade, commerce and production governs each settlement. Law and order is kept intact by a group of civil guards hired by the ruling council of each town.

Perhaps the only unifying law that binds the people of this realm is its religion; every native is an adherent of the faith of the Celestial Gardens. Followers of this near-shamanic religion believe in the important role of nature spirits and their contribution in keeping the balance of man and nature intact.

Native Player Characters

Reflecting the simplicity of the peoples of Xi'anlin, the only available player classes include ranger, monk, cleric, rogue, druid and bard. Additionally, only humans, elves and half-elves are allowed as player characters. A few modifications to some classes are listed below:

- ❖ Clerics, druids and shamans must adhere to the Celestial Gardens religion, which is Neutral (ethos) in alignment. Followers of this religion believe in a multitude of spirits who control an aspect of nature, e.g., trees, rocks, bodies of water etc., and who strive for the balance of both man's and nature's progress. Clerics of the Celestial Gardens have the same class abilities as druids (except for alternate forms), but also have the ability to turn undead.
- ❖ Xi'anlin rangers can summon a mount, just as paladins and paragons. Statistics for mounts could be found in the "Paladin" section of the *Player's Handbook*.

Encounters

During the spring, summer and fall seasons, Xi'anlin is virtually one of the safest places to be in the Land of Mists; the downside is that very rarely do travelers enter the domain at this time. Aside from natives and animals and monsters befitting an Oriental setting, there are other encounters of note. Beneath the waters of Yu Ban Lake lives an aquatic lumber hulk that the locals have named "The Crayfish King." Sanzhou Grove and other forests in Xi'anlin host an array of spirit folk and hengeyokai.

All this feeling of sanctuary, however, disappears in the winter season, when the domain opens itself up more frequently to travelers. Packs of worgs and winter wolves roam the snowy landscape (5% chance of encountering 1d6 of each per round in winter). The ethereal resonance of the tragedy of this domain's lord gives rise to certain creatures such as incorporeal undead (15% per round each winter night). Additionally, a tribe of paka has been discovered eking out a living in Sanzhou Grove, dangerously near the village of Nanlu. There also have been rumors of "living clay statues" guarding the Lai Estate, though this still has to be confirmed.

Travelers in Xi'anlin during the winter season must be meticulously careful; there is always the possibility of meeting up with the domain's lord.

Lai Niangxue

Lord of Xi'anlin

Female 3rd-Rank Ghost, Ftr6: CR 9; Medium-sized undead (incorporeal); HD 6d12; hp 56; Init +5 (+1 Dexterity, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd Fly 30 ft. (perfect); AC 13 (+3 deflection); Atk. Incorporeal touch +8 melee, or dagger (+4 melee); SA Manifestation, Corrupting Touch, Frightful Moan; SQ Undead, Incorporeal, Aura of Despair, Turn Resistance, Ghost Writing; Al N; Save Fort +5, Ref +2, Wil +5; Str 13, Dex 17, Con --, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Craft +5, Disable Device +3, Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +6, Hide +10, Listen +9, Move Silently +3, Ride +3, Spot +10, Wilderness Lore +4; Alertness, Ambidexterity, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Improved Unarmed Strike.

Appearance

In life Niangxue was the epitome of blossoming beauty in her land: long, silky black hair tied to a neat bundle, smooth creamy skin and a rich feminine figure. In undeath, however, she appears with deep-set eyes and skin as pale-white as snow. She wears a translucent white death-shroud, and a ribbon of dried flowers decorates her disheveled black hair.

Background

The mighty Yinshi Empire was entering a crumbling Decadent Age when Niangxue was born as an only daughter to the Lai aristocracy. Civil war threatened to destroy the great walled cities of the Dynasty, and the Lai were forced to hastily retreat to a distant portion of the Empire, untouched by political upheaval. In the quiet northern land of Xi'anlin, "Angel Forest," they rebuilt their estate and their lives. This is the environment Niangxue grew up in: surrounded by endless natural and pastoral beauty.

Wild Xi'anlin taught Niangxue how to fish, to farm, to fight and to play various musical instruments, all the while maintaining her aristocratic stance. She had learned much during her nineteen years of life, but she yearned for what more the world could teach her.

It was also at this time that she became enamoured to a martial artist in Shiyuan town, who went by the name Lung Ma. Aside from his short hair, clean-shaven face and emerald-green eyes, Niangxue saw in him a restless spirit tempered with compassion, one who, like her, dreamed to be more than what the world offered them. For many, their love was seen as the closest to perfection: a sturdy young man and a dainty young lady encompassed by an ideal world.

Their love was reaching its peak when history returned to Xi'anlin, and the simple lives they had would be changed forever.

The Vigil

The Civil War threatened to penetrate Angel Forest's borders. Barbarian hordes had been reported pillaging the outer towns, and a sturdy force was needed to fight them, or at least curb them away. It came to no surprise, but with great emotion, that the handsome Lung Ma was drafted to fight the onrushing horde. Naturally,

Niangxue didn't want him to leave and die in some "foreign land." But circumstances dictated otherwise, and Lung Ma had to go. The night before he left with the other defenders, Lung Ma promised to return. As guarantee, Niangxue cut off a lock of her hair and gave it to him.

Finally, as the defenders left south, Niangxue looked out from her bedroom window to see Lung Ma stare longingly back at her.

So deep was Niangxue's love for Lung Ma that everyday, from morning to dusk, she looked out her window facing south, awaiting for her lover to return. She imagined him scarred, tired, but alive, walking down that same road she last saw him walk away from, smiling and looking back at her.

A different story, however, reached the small towns of Xi'anlin: the barbarian hordes may have weakened, but casualties were mounting on both sides. But Niangxue was stubborn and refused to believe that Lung Ma may have died. She kept to herself, never speaking to anyone, hopeful that her lover would return.

A deep longing to see Lung Ma had entered Niangxue; hope slowly gave way to despair, looking out that same window, day by day, week by week. But still, there was no sign of Lung Ma.

Trail of Lanterns

One winter morning, as snowflakes began to fall on the ground, a servant walked into Niangxue's room and gasped in shock. Her ward was sitting by the window, her head slouched, her eyes closed, and her skin pale as the snow that fell that day. The young Niangxue had died during the night.

On her desk was a white dove, a homing bird, which during the cold night had delivered a small piece of paper with a simple message. It was from the war front, and it simply stated that an arrow had pierced Lung Ma's chest, instantly killing him. Nobody really knew exactly how Niangxue died; perhaps it was the deep grief she felt upon reading that simple note.

Down below, there was rejoicing as better news arrived: the barbarians were diverted away from Xi'anlin. But their joy was brief; it was tempered by the fact that the battle was won at the cost of an ideal love.

Niangxue was interred in the caves beneath the Estate in a lavish yet solemn ceremony befitting an aristocrat's daughter. As was the tradition, statues of clay were interred

along with her, to guard her eternal rest. The night of her funeral, the townsfolk lit numerous lanterns trailing from the South road, as a symbolic gesture of Lung Ma's return.

Things never really returned to normal afterwards in Angel Forest. When the Civil Wars ended thirty years after Niangxue's death, the Lai abandoned their Estate and returned to the walled cities. But the rural folk of Xi'anlin never forgot about Niangxue. Long after anybody could even remember the funeral, people still sang songs and wrote poems about the young girl who paid with her life in vain, wishing to see her lover return.

There were also some people who said that Niangxue still awaited Lung Ma's return: if one listened intently towards the deserted Estate, one could hear the sound of a stringed instrument being played. Travelers at night even claimed to see a faint lamp glowing by Niangxue's windowsill, long after anybody ever set foot inside the Estate. Niangxue, everyone agreed, patiently waits for Lung Ma, even beyond death.

The "Return" of Lung Ma

The snows came early, a hundred and fifty years after Niangxue's death. Six travelers were trapped in the thick snow, and sought refuge for the night. Though the skies that night were clear, and the Opal Eye radiantly gleamed from above, the winter weather told a different story.

The travelers knew of a small town named Daoming a short distance North, and to get there they had to pass through the South road before the sun set west.

As the travelers reached Daoming safely right after sunset, something unnatural happened: farmers saw blue flickering lights in the abandoned Lai Estate.

One of the travelers was named Bei Xu, a scrappy young rogue with emerald-green eyes. Tucking himself to bed in Daoming's inn, he felt a warm wind blow from outside, even if the night was freezing cold. Little did he know what would happen next.

From great distances wolves could be heard howling in the night as a white, translucent figure ran out of the Lai house and into Daoming. People who remember that night heard the figure wailing out "Lung Ma! Lung Ma!" in an eerie fashion.

Xu was restless in his bed that night. Twisting and turning he dreamt only of an unearthly being chasing him through the dark.

When he awoke in a cold sweat he screamed in horror at the figure facing him: the horrid ghost of a grimacing young woman.

Niangxue had returned as undead. She saw in Xu the face of Lung Ma, with his emerald eyes, finally home from the war.

Too terrified to move, Xu had awoken everybody else up with his screams. As the other travelers barged in and tried to get Xu out, Niangxue only saw in them bandit faces, prying Lung Ma out of her reach once again.

Quickly the travelers, and some others, whisked Xu out of the inn, but to no avail. Believing them as bandits Niangxue brought out a dagger from her clothes and slew them one by one.

A cold mist came out of the ground as Niangxue's ghost came upon the terrified Xu. "Lung Ma, my love," the ghost remarked, "now we will never be separated again." The last thing Xu ever felt was Niangxue's icy lips on his, taking his life away.

Moments later, as a light snow fell, Niangxue's frightful wail was heard all over Xi'anlin. Across the forest people shuddered in their sleep. The love Niangxue thought had returned had once again been taken away. She knew right then that invisible powers will taunt her with false hopes and false faces of Lung Ma, for their own pleasure. But as long as Lung Ma is not by her side, her hope for his return literally springs eternal.

Current Sketch

Lai Niangxue is now a powerful spectral entity, who believes that Lung Ma is still alive. She waits patiently in the abandoned Lai Estate, sometimes staring down the South road, watching if the next traveler walking down the trail might be Lung Ma.

Fortunately for travelers in this domain, the ghost does not manifest itself directly during the spectacular spring, summer or fall seasons that Xi'anlin is famous for. Her best manifestations in these seasons come in the form of blue ghost lights in the Lai Estate, mysterious writings on street walls, or the sounds of a single string instrument flying through the air.

All travelers to Xi'anlin enter through the South road into the first town, Daoming. When indeed male travelers come down this route, she would always pick sight of Lung Ma walking among them. Niangxue will always recognize one person as Lung Ma, one with

green eyes or short hair or any other trait she may relate with him. Although the person picked is always male (in a traveling party it is always the best-looking male, or the male with the highest Charisma score), those around him are not immune to her ideas: she will always see the other travelers as bandits, taking back Lung Ma to the wars. As such she will not hesitate to see them destroyed so she could be alone with her long-lost love.

The native peoples of Xi'anlin do not see Niangxue as evil but see her as tragic. They themselves do not know how to make her happy, so they go on with their simple lives. They even feel a hint of compassion for the ghost, as expressed through their poetry and artwork.

Combat

Niangxue will not attack anybody who she thinks are not "bandits" out to take "Lung Ma" away from her. If so, she has along with her a +4 dagger that can cut through physical as well as ethereal beings.

Special Attacks

Manifestation (su): As an ethereal creature, Niangxue cannot affect or be affected by anything in the material world. She can, however, strike with her touch attack.

Corrupting Touch (ex): Niangxue can hit a living target with her incorporeal attack and deal 1d4 damage. Against ethereal opponents, she adds her Strength modifier to attack and damage rolls. Against material opponents, she adds her Dexterity modifier to attack rolls only.

Frightful Moan (su): Niangxue can moan as a standard action. All creatures within 30 feet of Niangxue must make a Will save or be panicked for 2d4 rounds. This is a sonic, necromantic, mind-affecting fear ability. A creature that successfully saves against the moan cannot be affected by Niangxue's moan for the same day.

Special Qualities

Undead: Niangxue is immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. She is not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, energy drain or death from massive damage.

Incorporeal: Niangxue can be harmed only by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better

magic weapons, or magic, with a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. She can pass through solid objects at will, and her own attacks pass through armor. She always moves silently.

Turn Resistance (ex): Niangxue has +4 turn resistance, reduced to +2 if faced with a native of Xi'anlin.

Aura of Despair (su): All creatures within 28 feet of Niangxue must make a Will save. Those who fail suffer a -3 morale penalty to all attack rolls, skill checks and saves, afflicted with a deep apathy and melancholia that makes action difficult. This lasts until the victim leaves the aura's radius. Those who succeed cannot be affected by this ghost's aura for the next 24 hours.

Ghost Writing (su): Niangxue can cause words to appear on any touched surface. In her case, these words are poetic etchings depicting her love for Lung Ma and how she misses him. In Xi'anlin, these are not illusory scripts. The words can last for three days, although Niangxue can make them disappear if she wishes.

Closing the Borders

When Niangxue wants to seal off Xi'anlin, a rain of snowdrop petals appears at the borders, even from cloudless skies. As one penetrates further, he finds it extremely difficult to focus on his direction outward, due to the dizzying display of petals. The person will eventually find himself back in Xi'anlin. Niangxue can only use this ability in the winter time.

The Lair

Niangxue still calls the abandoned Lai Estate home, even after more than hundred and fifty years after her death. Although not really a sinkhole of evil, Niangxue still gains a +3 bonus to all attack rolls, skill checks and saves, plus an additional +2 turn resistance, while in the Estate.

Reuniting the Lovers

There is only one way to break Niangxue's curse. Somewhere not far outside Shiyuan lies a forgotten cemetery where Lung Ma's bones were buried at the same day during

Niangxue's own funeral. The overgrown stone marker clearly indicates the location of his grave. One must dig up Lung Ma's bones and bring them to the underground cavern beneath the Estate where Niangxue's own body is interred, and lay them beside Niangxue herself. This is not a difficult task, provided the person who does this knows whom to talk to in locating the cemetery in the first place. Also, he must know how to defeat a whole army of clay golems guarding the cavern, not to mention certain undead who have chosen to live in the caverns, possibly even Niangxue herself.



Notes and Credits

Navigaccio has proven to be the most extensive Ravenloft project I've had so far, alongside my being a DM to Mark, Guia, Dale and Jason. Of course, I would never had completed this without my two co-DM's Kirby (who, by the way, created Midway Haven Gothic Earth, which he refuses to put online), and Midge (who has somehow taken my lifelong grogginess for vampires and turned them into something I would actually like). I'd also like to thank the people at Lonely Planet for providing those wonderful guidebooks in the local bookstores. Another inspiration for creating *Navigaccio* would be the mp3 music from "Sid Meier's Civilization III".

Charity Cove

This small pocket first came out in the prototype issues of the "Demiplanar," now hidden somewhere in the GeoCities cache where this netbook also rests. The domain was evidently inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," the first non-fantasy, non-science fiction novel that I really got hooked into. The sunken town was inspired by the opening credits of the movie "In Dreams," starring Robert Downey Jr.

Dorjiloka

Most of what appears in Dorjiloka was influenced by my fascination with the cultures of the Himalayas, particularly that of Tibet and Bhutan. I've read somewhere ("Legends and Lore", I think) that it is extremely difficult to translate Buddhism into D&D stats, and I think it should be so.

Huninfjord

There has been growing interest in having a Ravenloft dwarf and faerie domain, much as canon Sithicus is home to elves and kender. Along with this came a growing interest in creating a Nordic domain. Huninfjord is close enough, but not quite--it's based on Iceland, where statistics have proven that 90% of its population believe in faeries. I surely hope

Huninfjord satisfied some questioning minds; my apologies to the readers if this domain I created seems so deeply entrenched in fantasy--I'll do better next time.

Kungthrom Sound

I have a cousin whose job requires him to travel to other parts of Southeast Asia, and the most frequent country he visits is Thailand. Sometime ago, when my aunt had to clean up their magazine bin, she sent a whole stack of "Sawasdee" Thai Airlines inflight magazines to our house. I kept them in my personal library, hoping I might find some use for them sooner or later...and Kungthrom Sound was the eventual product.

Mubonyete

One of the most neglected cultures when it comes to literature is the African culture, which is actually rich in mythology and folklore. I figured it needed a Ravenloft domain of its own. Many thanks to Joël Paquin for helping me out here.

Tragathos

With all the monsters taken from Greek mythology--minotaurs, chimaera, hydras, titans etc.--it has always been hard to project a true Greek-type Ravenloft domain. Those who envision Xena as Greek are dead wrong. Herein I tried to project a feel for classical Greece, and the search for physical perfection. The idea for combining both ideas came to me while watching the "Relic Hunter" episode where they all went to Athens. I'd like to give credit to Alhoon, from the Malodorous Goat Bar, for suggesting some great ideas for this domain's creation--sorry if I didn't get your real name. Another inspiration is Mount Kristos, a website that I found absolutely hilarious.

My apologies, meanwhile, go out to those who found Tragathos too erotic.

Xi'anlin

As Asians, we get CCTV (Chinese Central Television) even on cable. The idea for this winter domain came from watching a cultural documentary on CCTV one day. Even if I couldn't understand a word that was being said, the small village being presented gave me the idea to create an Oriental domain UNLIKE the canon I'Cath, which so severely limits the imagination of Oriental horror gamers. I wanted to create a domain where Oriental (and non-native, of course) characters could find some degree of peace and downtime, and at the same time create a haven for players tired of the usual Japanese flair of conventional Oriental gaming.

Xi'anlin is not your typical Ravenloft story where a domain lord is done in by his or her own evil. I wanted to give a more sinister aspect to the dark powers, taking in completely innocent people and granting them their own domain. Again I'd like to thank Joël for helping me create Xi'anlin's tragic domain lady.



This won't be the last installment of the "Worlds of Ravenloft" series. There were supposed to be fourteen domains presented in this compilation, but I'm currently drained out of ideas.

So now, you could discover ten new domains in "Uncharted: Worlds of Ravenloft 2," which I promise would come out on or before the end of April 2002. Finally, the unfinished domains of Hiva Motu, Nonchalant, Session Road, Chamhok Mun, Ukhu Pacha, Issutôq, and Meza Chimindu will be given their time to bask in the spotlight.

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A Guide to Igid Rabi-i

The Ravenloft island domain of Igid Rabi-i was first introduced in the Kargatane's Book of Sacrifices in late 2001. As far as fantasy games go, Ravenloft has always taken flak about domains and ideas based on real-world settings; Igid Rabi-i is not an exemption as it sharply mirrors the Philippines in its medieval-colonial period under Spain. If ever there would be a smooth combination of standard fantasy (European) gaming, Oriental gaming and gothic gaming, then the Philippines would fit right in. What is written below is an optional elaboration for what is already written in the Book of Sacrifices, and serves only to enrich adventuring in the domain.

Getting There

Igid Rabi-i can be reached from any Oriental or tropical realm. As such, adventurers from Souragne or Rokushima Taiyoo can easily find their way into the Edge of Night if ever the Mists will them so. Ever since the wrenching of the domain, the land has mysteriously grown in size: Igid Rabi-i is now 100 miles wide, up from the original 60 miles.

Igid Rabi-i is divided into two: the western lowlands and the eastern highlands. While as the lowlands are home to the "civilized" folk, the highlands are home to mountain tribes, and are beyond the political and religious rule of the lowlands.

Major Settlements

The Arzopado of Tagudin has in its archives a registry of cities, towns and villages in lowland Igid Rabi-i. Much of the settlements' original tribal names have all but been forgotten and replaced with names given by the colonizers:

Tagudin	Bauan	Santa Cruz
Santa Maria	San Ildefonso	San Esteban

Santa Lucia	Santa	Kawayan
Cervantes	Kandon	Bantay
Narbakan	Sina-it	Suyo
San Emilio	San Vicente	Magsingal
Kabugaw	Del Pilar	

Tagudin

The complete name of Tagudin, the largest settlement in Igid Rabi-i, is "*La Recognizár Ciudad de Vigueña Tagudin*," as inscribed in the records of the Turonite clergy. Tagudin is named after the main industry of many of its 9000 inhabitants, namely weaving ("agtagud"). Small bands of Vistani have already taken note of Tagudin and its hand woven wares.

La Vestibulo

The declaration of Igid Rabi-i as a colony of the Holy Empire roughly took place on May 1, 752 BC (though the natives and the Turonites themselves do not know this calendar and therefore do not use it; this is merely a referential anchor point), as proclaimed by Arcapatos Miguel Agustin. The patronal feast of the church is the "first landing" of the Turonites on Parola Bay.

The Vestibulo is the main center of worship in Tagudin. It stands 30 meters high, 86 meters long, 27 meters wide, is made of pure adobe, and is roughly similar in construction to other large temples scattered throughout the Holy Empire. The Vestibulo is distinctively "Earthquake Baroque," a specialized architectural design that, as its name implies, makes a building withstand huge earthquakes. Four black gargoyles in the shape of Oriental dogs sit atop the yellow baroque façade of La Vestibulo.

Unlike most Holy Empire temples, however, the Vestibulo was exclusively built for *Sagrada Madre*, Matherion in Her Aspect as

Holy Mother. A ten-foot high bronze statue of Sagrada Madre is situated behind the Vestibulo's altar.

Torre de Vestibulo

Ten meters away south of the Vestibulo is the belfry, a 25-meter high and 3-level structure. The oldest of its three bells, *Todos los Açimon*, actually existed even before the Turonites arrived, and is believed by the simple folk to have been forged by the spirits of the Heavens themselves. A dome tops the hexagonal tower with a rotating copper rooster that also serves as a weather vane.

Calle Crisologo

This old stretch of cobblestone road is located within Tagudin's Mestizo district, a short distance south of La Vestibulo. It is here where travelers can trade, can get room accommodations and can mingle with others in taverns with names such as "Wooden Wheel," "La Tikbalang," "Arroz Caldo" and "Flickering Lamppost."

Local legends dictate that no one should be wandering Calle Crisologo alone and unprepared at nighttime, and that sleepers must keep their windows shut even in hot weather. A wandering revenant named "Bangungot" travels Calle Crisologo, looking for young victims to sustain its essences.

The Sundial

At the eastern outskirts of Tagudin, near the village of Bantay, stands an old instrument that keeps time through the tracks of Aldaw, the sun. Elder folk will dictate that this small monument was created long before they were even born and even longer before the land was corrupted and wrenched into the Great Fear.

Unknown to the Turonite colonizers, the sundial is all that remains of an ancient temple dedicated to Aldaw. Travelers still flock here to be protected from the creatures of the night. Even if the sundial is inanimate, any undead that tries to enter a 50-foot radius around it are instantly turned.

Parola Bay

This beach stretches all the way from Bauan to the village of Sina-it to the North. The waters along this beach are calm, but could get rough when typhoons arrive from the southeast. Depending on the location, Parola Bay could be rocky or sandy. The waters of the Bay themselves stretch five miles outward towards the Misty Border.

Most of the domain's villages and towns, including Tagudin, are located at least a mile from Parola Bay. Naturally, the livelihood of the folk who live in these villages are fishing. Unlike in other prime material domains, however, where fishing starts from sunset and ends at sunrise, the fishers ready their nets as the sun sets and get back to shore before midnight. Tales of dead men rising from the seas (bowllyns) keep the folk fearful and cautious.

Sarmin ti Bulan

This small lake is located inland at the foot of the eastern mountain range, and is fed by a tributary of the Sudipen River. Somewhere at the shores of this lake is an ancient and overgrown circular temple to Bulan, the Silver Moon. Though almost completely forgotten, the temple is still the stuff of legends among the elderly rural folk. Both the lake and the temple are said to be guarded over by a priestly lich.

Bauan

The second largest settlement in the domain, Bauan is located at the southernmost point of Parola Bay. The stretch of beach in this town is smooth and sandy, making Bauan an ideal resort station.

The Sleeper's Grotto

The rocky beach of Narbakan, south of Tagudin, is home to an unusual formation simply called The Sleeper's Grotto, which sits on top of a rock 500 meters out to sea. The Grotto itself is a small concave-shaped dome carved by the waves and maybe even crafted to perfection by human hands, no one really knows, as this formation is said to be as ancient as Time itself. The Sleeper's Grotto has been for countless ages

worshipped as a tomb of a numinous entity known only as "The Sleeper," who only awakens once every fifteen generations. Legends claim that The Sleeper is actually an ancient warrior honored in death for his deeds, but cursed forever to remain restless in his eternal sleep.

La Sierra Macnungan

The eastern mountain ranges are home to a number of tribes who live outside the lowlanders' sphere of influence. Turonites have never successfully claimed La Sierra Macnungan and its inhabitants as part of the Holy Empire, but for some reason the Dark Powers have decided to pull these sturdy people in along with the rest of Igid Rabi-i.

The mountain ranges are steep and nearly impassable. Coconut groves and bamboo forests give way to tall pine trees and small mountain shrubs. The climate drops ten degrees centigrade lower while in these high altitudes.

Ibaloi

Ibaloi is a "Gathering Place," a nexus where elders from different tribal groups meet to discuss important matters. This sacred town sits atop a plateau where, in a much brighter time, the ancient gods came down to the Land. Now, however, dark powers rule supreme, and the gods have not come down to Ibaloi in a long time. The town is slowly swelling with natives, concerned about this silence from their deities. Any non-native who tries to enter Ibaloi will be met with resistance, until proof of good intent is shown.

The Rice Terraces

Mountains cannot support cereal crops; even if they did, their yield would be limited. For untold ages, the highlanders have been carving out terraces into the mountains in order to grow rice and other crops, food that would sustain them for ages more to come. The sight of these majestic stairways to heaven may overwhelm the visitor, as he may not believe such a simple people could build structures so massive and long-lasting.

Arcapatos Miguel Agustin

(Third Edition)

Human Clr14: CR 14; Medium-sized human; HD 14d6; hp 59; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Atk +9/+6 melee; Al LE; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Wil +9; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Skills & Feats: Appraise +4, Balance +4, Concentration +10, Diplomacy +6, Gather Information +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (history) +13, Knowledge (Holy Empire) +13, Knowledge (religion) +12, Listen +7, Perform +10, Scry +11, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +13, Spot +8. Alertness, Blind-Fight, Extend Spell, Forge Ring, Scribe Scroll, Still Spell.

Cleric Spells per Day: 6/7/7/6/6/5/5/4. Base DC = 16 + spell level. Deity: Matherion. Domains: Knowledge (All Knowledge skills are class skills, divinations at +1 caster level.), Law (Law spells at +1 caster level).

Special Attacks

Inflict Weakness (Su): Agustin can inflict a weakness with just a touch. The target must make a Fortitude Save (DC 14) or be unable to do anything for two rounds. The victim simply collapses onto the ground in an ecstatic trance.

Special Qualities

Fear Aura (Su): Agustin has a 20-foot aura of fear around him, whose effects are similar to the spell of the same name. The clergy of Matherion are immune to this aura.

Charm Immunity (Su): Agustin is immune to all charms and mind-affecting abilities.

