

THUNDERSCAPE™

THE WORLD OF ADEN



THUNDERSCAPE WORLD 04

Villains of Aden

PATHEFINDER
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE



THE WORLD OF ADEN ORIGINALLY CREATED BY SHANE LACY HENSLEY

Thunderscape World 4:

VILLAINS OF ADEN

Written by Shawn Carman, Chris Camarata, Rob Dake, & Rich Wulf



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THUNDERSCAPE

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Thunderscape World 4: Villains of Aden

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VILLAINS OF ADEN

A hero is only as good as the villains he must face. The threat of the Darkfall has created a great schism in the people of the Known Lands, because there are many who consider any evil perpetrated by men a mere distraction from what is obviously a much greater and more dangerous threat. The fact that some have aligned themselves with the Darkfall, becoming corrupted by its power, goes a great distance toward mitigating this. However, the likelihood that anyone committing acts of evil, or even simply selfishness, may very well result in them being branded corrupted.

THE SMOKETOWN BANDIT

The mechanization of Urbana is considered one of the most significant post-Darkfall developments in the Known Lands. Most consider it a tragedy, although there is a significant portion of Urbana's population who considers it a necessity that has saved their lives from absolute chaos. Nevertheless, not everyone has benefited from the process, and there are many, even within the heart of its capital, Mekanus, who bear great resentment toward Lord Urbane and those who serve him. Most citizens of Urbana are far too cowed for open defiance of their lord, particularly because of the strict controls placed upon the populace by the military and the Inquisitors of the Eye. There are a handful, however, who are willing and able to make a show of their anger, and of those, none are more violent and notorious than the one known as the Smoketown Bandit.

The Smoketown Bandit is, by his actions, violently opposed to the vast industrial infrastructure of Mekanus. What makes him the most notorious is his complete disregard for any collateral damage or civilian casualties caused by his acts of terrorism. So many have been injured, maimed, and killed by the explosive sabotage the Bandit has caused that he is equally despised by the common folk as he is by the lords of Mekanus.



The Smoketown Bandit

Male jurak alchemist 5 - CR4

NE Medium humanoid (jurak)

Init +7; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +6

Defense

AC 15, **touch** 13, **flat-footed** 12 (+2 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 42 (5d8+5)

Fort +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 rapier +7 (1d6+1)

Ranged masterwork pistol +7 (1d8+1)

Special Attacks bomb 3d6+5

Special Defenses poison resistance +4

Alchemist Formulae Known

1st Level – bomber's eye, endure elements, expeditious retreat, jump, true strike

2nd Level – alter self, detect thoughts, resist energy

Statistics

Str 11, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 19, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16

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

Feats Brew Potion, Extra Discovery, Improved Initiative, Throw Anything, Weapon Finesse

Traits Folk Magic (cure light wounds), Ghost

Skills Appraise +12, Craft: Alchemy +12, Disable Device +11, Heal +6, Knowledge: Arcana +12, Knowledge: Engineering +12, Knowledge: Local +6, Perception +6, Profession: Alchemist +10, Sleight of Hand +8, Spellcraft +12, Survival +7, Use Magic Device +11

Languages Eastern Common, Jurakti, Kyall, Planar, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus: Hit Points x5

SQ alchemy, discoveries (explosive bombs, precise bombs, swift alchemy), mutagen, poison use

Equipment +1 rapier, masterwork pistol, alchemist's kit, leather armor

ARCUS THE BLACK

There are few names more feared than that of Arcus the Black. In truth, there is almost nothing known about the man, and his name is invoked as a sort of bogeyman that frightens not only children but full grown men as well. Sometimes, however, people in the Rhanate and its surrounding regions disappear. Sometimes just lone travelers, but on occasion entire villages go missing. And whenever this happens, Arcus the Black is the one who takes the blame.

Unbelievably, Arcus was once a member of the Radiant Order. He joined as a teenager and made it to the rank of hospitaler, but found the order's restrictions not to his liking. He left the life of a paladin behind and took up other interests instead, slowly but steadily becoming more self-centered and corrupt until he ultimately became a twisted and evil version of his former self. Arcus believes without question that might makes right, and he has never met anyone more powerful than himself. Deep in the hidden reaches of the Sundered Desert, he has constructed an arena where he pits those whom his forces kidnap against one another, weeding out the weak and the unworthy to create a cadre of experienced, deadly warriors, many of whom he sells into slavery to those who come to his arena to gamble on the matches. Arcus is wealthy beyond measure, surrounded by horrific violence, and has a legion of loyal, brutal men and women who will obey his every command without question.

There really isn't anything else he wants from life.



Arcus the Black

Male human anti-paladin 12 - CR11

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Perception** +12

Defense

AC 23, **touch** 11, **flat-footed** 22 (+12 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 125 (12d10+24+12)

Fort +10, **Ref** +6, **Will** +12

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *unholy bastard sword* +21/+16/+11 (1d10+8, +2d6 vs. good)

Ranged +1 *flaming scattergun* +15/+10/+5 (3d4+1d6)

Special Attacks smite good 5/day

Special Defenses plague bringer, unholy resilience

Antipaladin Spells Prepared

1st Level – *bane, death knell, murderous command, sentry skull*

2nd level – *bull's strength, desecrate, hold person, ironskin*

3rd level – *battle trance, burst of speed, deadly juggernaut*

Statistics

Str 26, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 20

Feats Cleave, Extra Lay on Hands (Touch of Corruption), Extra Smite, Furious Focus, Iron Will, Leadership, Power Attack

Traits Folk Magic (*cure light wounds*), Ruffian (+2 hp)

Skills Bluff +20, Intimidate +17, Knowledge: Religion +6, Perception +12, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +7, Stealth +9

Languages Eastern Common, Jurakti, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus Hit Points x12

SQ aura of despair, aura of evil, aura of vengeance, channel negative energy, cruelty (dazed, nauseated, shaken, stunned), detect good, fiendish boon (weapon), touch of corruption (12/day)

Equipment +1 *unholy bastard sword*, +1 *flaming scattergun*, +3 *full plate*

BILEFANG

There was a time when Bilefang was known as Roothan - an unexceptional member of a Steppes rapacian tribe. He was not particularly strong or brave or intelligent. The only traits that distinguished him from his clutchmates were his cruelty and boundless stubbornness. When he at least showed some mediocre talent at fighting he was trained as a warrior and sent away to serve the tribe by earning a living as a mercenary. Roothan resigned himself to what was sure to be a short and unexceptional life.

Five years ago, Roothan was employed by a trading ship on the Meander River when it was attacked by nocturnals in the midst of a freak storm. Enormous tentacled creatures rose from the tepid waters and attacked the vessel, tearing the hull apart and slaughtering the crew. Roothan knew that there was no hope for survival. Showing his characteristic stubborn tenacity, he determined to take his enemies to Infernus with him. He rushed to the hold, where the caravan masters had stored a wealth of alchemical reagents for sale in the city of Bulgrak. Upending barrels of noxious liquid and crates of volatile chemicals, he put a torch to the lot. Green flame consumed the dying vessel in a cataclysmic plume that reached the sky, setting the river ablaze and destroying the aquatic nocturnals.

Though he expected to die, Roothan washed up on the shores of the river the next day - untouched by the fire, but changed. Something in the unusual mix of chemicals, vapors, polluted water, lightning, and nocturnal blood had seeped into his body. His flesh was riddled with sores that weeped deadly poison. Though horrifying to look upon, these pustules caused him no discomfort - in fact he found pleasure in milking the poison from them and rather enjoyed the taste. With concentration, Roothan learned to control the toxins in his body to cause weakness and nausea in others. Where many would have been horrified to become such a monster, Roothan was elated.

Finally - he was unique.

The rapacian renamed himself Bilefang and found a new career as a killer for hire. He is feared throughout the northern tribes and has offered his services to a dozen different warlords. He is fearless in battle, unleashing a wave of poisonous fluids and fear wherever his scythe falls. Though many whisper that he must certainly be corrupted - or at least insane - in the High Steppes such things matter little. All that matters is power.

That is one thing Bilefang has in abundance.

Bilefang

Male rapacian Fallen (befouled) 7 - CR6

NE Medium humanoid (reptilian)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision - 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** -1

Defense

AC 21, **touch** 12, **flat-footed** 19 (+7 armor, +2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 56 (7d8+18)

Fort +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 *scythe* +10 (2d4+5), bite +3 (1d6+1)

Ranged masterwork pistol +7 (1d8+2)

Special Attacks torment (DC 17 or sickened), scourge (+2 damage vs. tormented), suffering (DC 17 or nauseated or inflicted with dire venom, 6/day), dire venom (DC 15, 1d3 Strength for 4 rounds, two saves to cure, 7/day), wretched cloud (DC 15, 3/day)

Special Defenses befouled health (+2 vs. poison/disease), unholy health

Statistics

Str 17, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 20

Feats Furious Focus, Greater Tormentor, Power Attack, Tormentor, Weapon Focus (scythe), Wrath of the Fallen

Traits Armor Expert (-1 armor check penalty), Vicious (+1 scourge vs. sickened enemies)

Skills (*Armor Check Penalty: -2) Climb 3* (+7), Disguise 7 (+12), Intimidate 1 (+12), Stealth* 7 (+10), Survival 7 (+9), Swim 3* (+7)

Languages Eastern Common, Rapacian

Favored Class Bonus hit points (+7)

Ability Score Increases Strength (4th level)

SQ stigma (befouled), conceal stigma, poison use, putrefy water (1/day)

Equipment +1 *breastplate*, +1 *scythe*, 20 heavy pistol ammunition, climbing kit, masterwork pistol, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*

DURREAL THE BLOODY

The Sundered Desert of the Rhanate is a vast and dangerous realm. The Dust King ostensibly holds dominion over the entire region, which would make him the monarch with the largest kingdom in all of Aden, but he has a very limited interest in law enforcement. When combined with the generally lawless nature of the region, it only increases its danger. Bandits are a regular and persistent problem throughout the region, and only those who can afford to hire the Dust King's soldiers can depend upon their aid in dispatching those who transgress the law and common decency. This is a very volatile arrangement, however, and has given rise not only to dangerous bandits, but even more deadly forces arrayed against them.

Durreal is a former Thunder Scout, based on his equipment, abilities, and the expertise with which he uses both. Half of the man's face is covered with a map of scar tissue, suggesting horrible trauma sometime in the past, and his behavior toward bandits strongly suggests that they are responsible. Unfortunately, Durreal is not particularly discriminating in his meting of justice, and it is highly unlikely that anyone other than himself would ever call it justice.

Durreal travels the Sundered Desert alone, killing any enemies he encounters. Most are bandits, true, but there are some who bear the trappings of bandits without being actual criminals. Durreal does not discriminate, however, and if he encounters those who may be bandits, he errs on the side of slaughter rather than exercising caution. Durreal's career as a brutal vigilante has just begun, and as of yet he chooses his targets very carefully. As his skill and prowess increase, however, he will doubtless become bolder and may pose a more significant threat to others throughout the Sundered Desert.

Durreal the Bloody

Male human thunder scout 1 - CR ½

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +4; Perception +4

Defense

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

hp 15

Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +0

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee heavy mace +3 (1d8+2)

Ranged sniper rifle +5 (2d6)

Statistics

Str 14, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 12

Base Atk +1; CMB +3; CMD 16

Feats Exotic Weapon Proficiency (sniper rifle), **Toughness**

Traits Ghost, Ruffian

Skills Knowledge (Geography) +5, **Knowledge** (Local) +5, **Knowledge** (Nature) +5, **Linguistics** +5, **Perception** +4, **Spellcraft** +5, **Use Magic Device** +5

Languages Eastern Common, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus Hit Point

SQ pilot training, signature vehicle (thunder cycle)

Equipment heavy crossbow, heavy mace, leather armor

GOREMAX BLOODHORN SCOURGE OF THE SANDS

Not so long ago, the name of Goremax Bloodhorn was feared throughout the travel routes of the Sundered Desert, and for good reason. He was a ruthless bandit who earned his gruesome name a hundred times over. Together with his twin sister Goremina, he made ten fortunes raiding caravans, but he never gave it up. He enjoyed the violence too much. Finally, he made too much of a name for himself, because someone paid the Dust King's law enforcement forces enough for them to take notice and, eventually, eliminate the problem. Goremax was left in the ruins of his bandit forces, his sister having fled north, dying in a pool of his own blood.

But of course death was just another opponent to be defeated. Goremax clotted his many injuries with sand and crawled ten miles across perhaps the most unforgiving terrain in the world to the closest settlement, and there he squandered his entire savings (as well as a good bit of intimidation) to get a local mechamage to patch him up. Goremax the Barbarian, as some had called him, was gone. In his place was a golemoid warrior of deadly capabilities and intent. He operates alone, now, and is not entirely certain what became of his sister, although he heard rumors that she joined an exploration group operating near Brisson's Bay. Ultimately, it doesn't matter all that much. All that matters is that people are starting to fear the name Goremax Bloodhorn again. And maybe soon, the Dust King will send his forces after him again. That will be a good day.

Goremax Bloodhorn

Male ferran brute golemoid (juggernaut) 10 - CR9

NE Medium humanoid (ferran)

Init +3; Perception +10

Defense

AC 26, touch 15, flat-footed 23 (+11 armor, +3 Dex, +2 deflection)

hp 125 (10d10+70)

Fort +13, Ref +6, Will +3

Offense

Speed 20 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +18/+13 (1d10+8)

Ranged javelin of lightning +13/+8 (5d6)

Special Attacks steam breath (4d6)

Special Defenses integrated armor (+2 full plate)

Statistics

Str 26, Dex 16, Con 23, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 13

Base Atk +10; CMB +18; CMD 31

Feats Bull Rush Strike, Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Grapple, Juggernaut Punch, Leadership, Power Attack

Traits Axe to Grind, Hard to Kill

Skills Climb +10, Disable Device +10, Intimidate +14, Knowledge: Arcana +4, Knowledge: Engineering +9, Perception +10, Profession: Mercenary +4, Ride +4, Stealth +1, Survival +12, Swim +10

Languages Eastern Common

Favored Class Bonus Hit Points x10

SQ interchangeable parts, manite implants (minor: chest spikes, iron grip, manite buffering system, momentum manipulator, nocturnal vision enhancement, skill booster (intimidate); basic: empowered strikes, fortified flesh, integrated armor, steam breath; advanced: advanced resistance generator, blazing thrusters), steam mastery, steam reserve, true golemoid

Equipment six *javelins of lightning*, belt of giant strength +2, ring of protection +2,

INFECTIOUS ELANNA

Sometimes a child is born who simply isn't quite right. The elf Elanna was such a child. Born to parents who made their home in Kyan, it came as little surprise that Elanna was fascinated with insects from an early age, and of course her affinity for magic was equally unsurprising, as many among the elves possess such talents. But as she grew older, Elanna's childlike glee at insects did not abate, even though her studies as an entomancer should have made it more of a scholarly matter than one of such visceral delight. She was a gifted student but others began to regard her as extremely strange until, finally, her exasperated parents arranged for her to study at a smaller academy in an outlying village. Elanna departed High Hive, but never arrived at her destination, and no one has seen her since.

Elanna is still around, although she rarely allows herself to be seen by others. She is fascinated, or perhaps obsessed is a better description, with insects. Unfortunately for others, she has settled on insects that tend to carry infectious diseases as the most 'interesting' types. She enjoys bringing her swarms to interact with others and watch how

disease can spread through the ranks. She has personally depopulated entire settlements for no reason other than that it amuses her to do so. She is completely deranged, bereft of any common emotional base, fond of loud noises, and prone to hysterical outbursts of giggling for no apparent reason.

Infectious Elanna

Female elf entomancer 8 - CR7

CE Medium humanoid (elf)

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

Defense

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

hp 61 (8d8+8)

Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +10

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 light mace +10/+5 (1d6+4)

Ranged masterwork light crossbow +10/+5 (1d6)

Entomancer spells prepared

0 level – *create water, detect poison, everheat rune, purify food and drink, read magic, resistance*

1st level – *ant haul, blend, charm animal, ice armor, infest, lesser ambrosia, obscuring mist*

2nd level – *barkskin, cat's grace, control vermin, defoliate, pox pustules, stone discus, vicious carpet*

3rd level – *burst of nettles, call lightning, furious swarm, poison, protection from energy*

4th level – *ambrosia, cure serious wounds, healing swarm, swarm form*

Statistics

Str 16, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 19, Cha 12

Base Atk +6; CMB +9; CMD 15

Feats Dodge, Mounted Combat, Skill Focus (Ride), Weapon Focus (light crossbow)

Traits Hard to Kill, Killer

Skills Climb +10, Craft: Entomancy +8, Handle Animal +10, Knowledge: Nature +12, Perception +13, Ride +14, Spellcraft +12, Survival +11, Swim +8

Languages Eastern Common, Kyall, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus: Hit Points x8

SQ insect mastery (deadly swarms (+2d6), swarmbrother, swarm master), verminous call 1/day, vermin empathy, verminous servant (scout, steed, swarm)

Equipment +1 light mace, masterwork light crossbow, wand of lightning bolt (CL 5th, 5d6, Reflex DC 15), ilithix resin armor

KARIGITHA

Once, the jurak known as Karigitha was a scholar and an explorer. She was particularly interested with the lost history of Aden, especially in regards to such ancient races as the giants and naga. She led an expedition of jurak explorers deep into the Fangs in search of naga lore. Unfortunately, she found what she sought.

Karigitha and her party were captured by a band of vicious naga. One by one, her comrades were tried by the naga shamans, found to be Untrue, and murdered. The entire ritual seemed little more than a farce, designed only to terrify and humiliate captives before their ritual sacrifice to the strange Serpents the naga served. Yet when Karigitha was tried, the shamans hesitated. In her, they found something special - a powerful and ancient magic seeded deep within her blood. The naga determined to transform her into a weapon against the Untrue.

Over the next few months, the naga subjected Karigitha to excruciating torture and brainwashing. She believes that as part of the final ritual, the part of her that used to be jurak was stripped away and replaced with the spirit of an ancient naga queen. This new presence brought with it powerful magic, magic she was to use to sow discontent and strife among the Untrue.

For the last few years, Karigitha has moved among the people of Aden, pretending to be nothing more than an unassuming jurak traveler. She uses her magic to go unnoticed, but also to twist the minds of the people she meets. She delights in using her power to inflame old hatreds, to incite feuds between innocent locals, and to turn minor altercations into bloodbaths. Through it all, she is careful to remain hidden and undetected. She has absolutely no regard for the lives of non-naga, eagerly pitting them against one another in a sick drama for the amusement of the Serpents.

She carefully documents everything she sees, all the hatred, all the weakness, to be reported when she returns to her allies in the Fangs. Her journal appears to be little more than a woven scarf. For those who speak the mysterious language of the naga, its designs depict Karigitha's perverse studies in explicit detail.

Saving Karigitha

Whether Karigitha can be saved - or whether she even wants to be - is ultimately up to the GM. Perhaps some small shred of her original soul remains, buried under the twisted naga magic that controls her. Perhaps there is no naga magic at all - maybe the naga simply unearthed a power she always had and turned it to their ends through extensive torture. Whatever the truth, it's not something that a simple healing spell will cure. If it's even possible, restoring Karigitha's original personality will require patience, perseverance, and compassion.

If the party is successful, however, they will have gained a powerful ally - a woman who knows more about the naga culture than anyone else... and who is eager to gain revenge against her former captors.

Like the naga that created her, Karigitha hates and distrusts technology, especially mechamagic, though she will tolerate the presence of such things (and even ride in mechamagical vehicles) to maintain her cover. While she takes delight in killing mechamages, she is generally careful to avoid other spellcasters, always wary that they might discover the telltale signs of her arcane meddling.

As wicked as she might be, Karigitha will not ally herself with corrupted or nocturnals. She believes these creatures are Untrue abominations and will avoid or destroy them whenever possible. Though she might lead a group of adventurers into a nocturnal ambush or trick a nightmare beast into attacking a settlement, such actions only serve to insure that all of her people's enemies suffer.

Those who would hunt her had best be warned. Karigitha is cautious and meticulous. Each time she arrives in a new location she patiently gathers rumors and information (using her social skills as well as her spells) so that she can learn how best to twist the natives against one another. She then proceeds to weave a web of enchantment over the townsfolk. Due to her enchantments, locals might be quick to take her side, never realizing they are under her spell. Even local beasts are no match for her serpentine magic - a horseman might find his mount suddenly unwilling to pursue her further. A vengeful hunter might discover his own hounds have turned against him.

Karigitha is not the sort to engage in direct confrontation except as a last resort. She is quick to flee when faced with direct opposition, leaving her charmed minions and summoned monsters to fight her enemies in her stead. She might surrender, if cornered, but only if she believes her enemies will spare her life. In such a situation, she will attempt to ingratiate herself to her captors, spinning the (absolutely true) tale of how the naga corrupted and defiled her, displaying her many horrendous scars as proof. All the while, Karigitha quietly plots her next move, waiting for her chance to subdue her captors and escape. She is a slippery opponent, even without the use of her spells.

Though she is quick to retreat, she will always fall back to plan her revenge. Her familiar makes a particularly excellent spy (with +15 to Stealth assuming anyone who notices even realizes it isn't an ordinary snake), as Karigitha can use her serpentine abilities to overcome the usual limitations upon communicating with such a simple creature. Her inevitable revenge usually consists of waiting and following in disguise until a critical moment and then using her magic to turn innocents against her foes.



Female jurak sorcerer (serpentine bloodline) 8 - CR7 - XP 3,200
NE Medium humanoid (jurak)

Init +8; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** -1 (+1 with familiar in arm's reach)

Defense

AC 18, **touch** 14; **flat-footed** 14 (+4 armor, +1 shield, +2 Dexterity, +1 natural)

hp 42 (8d6+8)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee masterwork cold iron battleaxe +5 (1d8)

Ranged dagger +6 (1d4)

Special attacks blood frenzy, serpent's fang (bite plus poison DC 15, 1d2 Con damage, 2 saves to cure, 8/day)

Special defenses hardy

Sorcerer Spells Known

0-Level - dancing lights, daze (DC 17), detect magic, detect poison, ghost sound (DC 16), light, mage hand, mending, message, prestidigitation, read magic

1st Level (8/day) - *charm person* (DC 18), *color spray* (DC 17), *disguise self*, *hypnotism* (DC 18), *mage armor*, *protection from evil*, *silent image* (DC 17), *vanish*

2nd Level (7/day) - *delay poison*, *detect thoughts* (DC 17), *hideous laughter* (DC 19), *levitate*, *mirror image*, *see invisibility*

3rd Level (6/day) - *haste*, *hold person* (DC 20), *suggestion* (DC 20), *summon monster III*

4th Level (4/day) - *charm monster* (DC 21)

*Karigitha typically casts *mage armor* in advance before venturing out into public. Her stats are calculated as if she has cast this spell already.

Statistics

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 22

Base Atk +4; CMB +4; CMD 16

Feats Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (enchantment), Improved Initiative, Spell Focus (illusion), Stealthy

Traits Cosmopolitan Education (+1 Stealth and counts as class skill), Reactionary (+2 initiative)

Skills Diplomacy 8 (+16), Escape Artist 8 (+12), Stealth 8 (+16), Use Magic Device 8 (+16)

Languages Jurakti, Lowland, Naga, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus (paladin) bonus spells (3 0-level, 2 1st, 2 2nd, 1 3rd)

Ability Score Increases Charisma (4th level, 8th level)

SQ orc blood, serpentine arcana (mind-affecting spells work on animals and magical beasts), speak with reptilian animals at will, viper familiar, wastelander

Equipment 4 daggers, *amulet of natural armor +1*, *headband of alluring charisma +2*, masterwork cold iron battleaxe, mithral buckler

THE SHOGUN ENIGMATIC MASTERMIND

The villain known as the Shogun began life with another, far more mundane name, but no one, not even the Shogun, remembers what that name was. As a member of the secretive Echo race, the Shogun was forced to live a life in obscurity, existing on the fringe of the Known Lands' society in order to survive. While most of the Echoes accept this way of life as a necessity, the Shogun was never able to make that sacrifice. She wanted more. She wanted much, much more and was willing to do whatever was necessary in order to attain it. It was this raw avarice that eventually led her to leave her people behind in her search for power and wealth, and that eventually led her to the Nameless, an ancient sect of men and women who craved power and were willing to do whatever was necessary to get it, even forging damning pacts with the darkest factions in the courts of the fey.

The loss of her name meant nothing to the Shogun, because she had changed names so often throughout her life that they had all become meaningless to her anyway. She claimed identity after identity, never remaining in one place longer than necessary, seizing resources and whatever else she needed and moving on to the next level of her plan, which was at best vague and at worst completely improvised. In the wake of the Darkfall, however, the Shogun recognized how desperate people were for protection and security, and she saw at last that she could truly and permanently take what she wanted by providing those things to people, even if the safety she provided was from a threat of her own devising. She could not operate in chaos, however, at least not and accomplish the things she needed, and so she set her sights on the nation of Vanora, one of regions of the Known Lands least impacted by the Darkfall.

The identity the Shogun currently claims as her own is that of Nairus Taeken, a male elven officer of some significant rank in the Sons of the Dragon, the military order that serves the Dragon Emperor directly. As

Nairus, the Shogun is familiar with the Emperor himself, and the two have hunted together on numerous occasions, as well as various other noble pursuits. Nairus is generally regarded as a virtuous samurai with considerable military skills and a proper lack of ambition, preferring to serve rather than seeking to command. This is true, because the Shogun regards her Nairus identity as existing only to gather information on her prey, and does not seek further promotion within the ranks.

The ritual of the Nameless has lent the Shogun a cunning and an ability to plan long term that she once lacked. She has spent years building a discreet power base throughout Vanora, beginning with small-time criminals and eventually building an organized crime syndicate that extends to every major settlement and every class of people in the nation. If she so chooses, she can manipulate any economic transaction or silence any voice that becomes problematic. Until the moment that her assassination attempt on the Emperor failed, no one had ever heard of the Shogun. She realizes now that she made a mistake, moved too swiftly, and she curses the failure, but at the time it seemed advantageous. The plan was to throw the Empire of Vanora into chaos so that she could move her agents into more powerful positions, become the power behind the throne for whomever succeed Dyok as Dragon Emperor. Now she is forced to reevaluate her plans and draw back her agents, something that she hates with a passion.



The Shogun

Female echo samurai 5 / slayer 5 - CR9

NE medium humanoid (echo)

Init +3; Senses Darkvision (60 ft.); Perception +14

Defense

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+7 armor, +1 deflection, +3 Dex)

hp 55 (10d10)

Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +3

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 katana +15/+10 (1d10+6/19-20, x2)

Ranged masterwork longbow +15/+10 (1d8)

Special Attacks mounted archer, slayer talents (deadly range, fast stealth), sneak attack (+1d6), studied target (+2, 2 targets)

Statistics

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

Base Atk +10/+5, CMB +13; CMD 26

Feats Cleave, Dodge, Mobility, Power Attack, 7, Weapon Focus (katana), Weapon Specialization (katana)

Skills Bluff +15, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +15, Knowledge (local) +9, Perception +14, Sense Motive +14, Stealth +11, Survival +9

Languages Eastern Common, Thrun, Vanoran

SQ banner (+2/+1), challenge (2/day), order of the shark (merciless), resolve (3/day), track, transient form, weapon expertise (katana)

Equipment +1 katana, masterwork longbow, +2 scale mail, ring of protection +1, three potions of cure serious wounds

THE SWAMP LORD

In the earliest days following the Darkfall, there was a great deal of confusion about what exactly had happened and who was responsible. The knowledge that intelligent beings could give themselves to the Darkfall in exchange for terrible power was won through great suffering, and chief among such incidents was the appearance of the Swamp Lord and his minions near the city of Stone in Carraway. The Swamp Lord's prodigious power to summon elemental creatures was such that he drove the people of Stone from their homes, hounding them across the countryside until they reached the city of Karsten, where the villain was finally defeated and believed killed after laying one final curse upon the city. But things in the world of Aden are rarely so simple.

The Swamp Lord yet lives. Horribly wounded, brought to the very brink of death, the arcanist was only saved by the intervention of his dark patron, the enigmatic force behind the Darkfall. It has taken the Swamp Lord years to recover from the grievous wounds he suffered in the battle for Karsten, and during much of that time he has been an incoherent, rambling creature wandering the Forsaken Lands in Carraway, protected from death only by the blessings of the Darkfall. In recent months he has finally recovered his full power, however, and even some hint of his lost memories have begun to return. The Swamp Lord is not what he once was in terms of his mind, but he is dangerous nonetheless, and the creatures he summons obey him just as they did when he brought Carraway to the brink of ruin. That time may well come again, and soon.

The people of Carraway will never see death coming for them.

The Swamp Lord

Male human summoner (master summoner) 16 - CR15

CE medium humanoid (human)

Init +7; Senses Darkvision (60 ft.) Perception +2

Defense

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 148 (16d8+99)

Fort +12 Ref +8, Will +14

Offense

Speed 30 ft. (flying 60 ft., perfect control)

Melee +2 heavy mace +15/+10/+5 (1d8+3)

Special attacks summon monster (10/day; 16 minutes), summon monster VIII

Special defenses energy resistance (lightning 20), immunity (fire), SR 27

Special dark jaunt 160 ft

Spells (CL 16th; 6/6/6/5/5/5/2)

0-Level – acid splash, arcane mark, detect magic, mage hand, message, read magic

1st Level – ant haul, expeditious retreat, grease, lesser rejuvenate eidolon, mage armor, magic fang, protection from good, summon monster I

2nd Level – barkskin, bear's endurance, blur, bull's strength, cat's grace, haste, invisibility, see invisible

3rd Level – charm monster, dimension door, dimensional anchor, dispel magic, greater invisibility, greater magic fang, enlarge person (mass)

4th Level – baleful polymorph, bear's endurance (mass), bull's strength (mass), hold monster, purified calling, transmute

5th Level – creeping doom, banishment, greater dispel magic, greater telepathy, spell turning

6th Level – greater planar binding, incendiary cloud, maze

Statistics

Str 12, Dex 17, Con 20, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 24

Base Atk +12; CMB +13; CMD 14

Feats Arcane Blaster, Augment Summoning, Evolved Summoned Monster (x3), Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Spell Focus (conjunction), Superior Summoning, Toughness

Skills Fly +22, Knowledge (planes) +20, Spellcraft +20

Languages Eastern Common, Fundamental

Equipment +2 heavy mace, bracers of armor +6, cloak of resistance +5

Minion

8th Level, HD 6, EP 9, BAB +6, Saves +5/2, Ability Increase 1, Skills 24, Feats 3, Armor 6

AC 18+1, Str 23, Dex 18, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 11

Skills Perception (Int) +6, Stealth (Dex) +18, Survival (Wis) +14, Swim (Str) +12

Attack +12 bite (10d6+6), Tail +12 (1d6+6)

TOVAR

GRAND KAZAN OF THE HIGH STEPPES

There are many who believe that the Rhanate, vast and dangerous as it is, is the most lawless realm in the Known Lands. While the Rhanate is certainly a perilous region, those who make such claims only do so because they are not familiar with the High Steppes, and of the many dangers that plague the High Steppes, none are more deadly than its ruler, the Grand Kazan of the High Steppes, Tovar the Mad. From his citadel in the city of Bulgrak, the madman holds supreme dominance over the many bandit tribes that make the steppes their home. His reign is notable not only for his ruthlessness and cruelty, but for his absolutely unpredictable nature.

Tovar was born into one of the kurzak tribes of the central steppes region. His parents were not people of note and there was little to distinguish him from his many kinsmen. As he grew older, however, it rapidly became apparent that he would allow nothing to stop him from attaining the power that he craved. Although there is no one left alive to tell the tale, it is whispered in certain circles that he betrayed his parents in order to gain favor with his chieftain, a man whom he later murdered to take his position. By the time the Darkfall took place, Tovar was one of the most powerful and longest-standing Kazans in the entire steppes region, and by far one of the most feared. It was perhaps due to the sheer number of men and women under his leadership that ensured Tovar was one of only three Kazans to survive the chaos that followed the Darkfall, and when the sorceress Lilith proposed the traditional kurzak joust to see who among Tovar, Lilith, and Mikael would lead them for the next ten years, Tovar did not hesitate to agree. His victory was a shocking upset given that Mikael was younger and, as a jurak, vastly more powerful physically. As has been the case throughout his entire life, however, people see Tovar's cruelty and madness and they overlook his raw, animal cunning. Tovar's use of the thunder lance in the joust assured his victory, and for ten years he has reigned as a mad lord over the largest concentration of bandits and murderers anywhere in the Known Lands.

The time for Tovar's rematch with Mikael is fast approaching. At his age, Tovar is even less of a threat to Mikael than he was a decade previously, and most agree that the jurak warrior, who has bided his time for ten long years, will emerge victorious. But they thought that once before, and Tovar surprised them all.



Male human barbarian (raider) 14 - CR13

CE medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Perception** +18

Defense

AC 22, **touch** 14, **flat-footed** 20 (+8 armor, +2 Dex, +2 natural armor)

hp 130 (14d12+39)

Fort +12, **Ref** +6, **Will** +5 (+9 vs. enchantment)

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +2 *frost greatsword* +20/+15/+10 (3d6+6)

Ranged *masterwork heavy crossbow* +17/+12/+7 (1d10)

Special Defenses DR 3/-, improved uncanny dodge

Statistics

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

Base Atk +14/+9/+4, **CMB** +17; **CMD** 29

Feats Cleave, Furious Focus, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Trick Riding, Weapon Focus (greatsword), Weapon Specialization (greatsword)

Skills Climb +20, Handle Animal +16, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (local) +18, Perception +18, Ride +19, Survival +18

Languages Eastern Common, Juraki

SQ cold rage, greater rage, rage powers (ferocious mount, ferocious trample), trap sense (+4)

Equipment As lord of the High Steppes, Tovar has access to a vast array of equipment of all types, and while the steppesmen usually have less access to magic items, the raiding of Carraway and Aramyst to the south has ensured that Tovar has a wide selection to make use of. He frequently carries the following items: +2 *frost greatsword*, *masterwork heavy crossbow*, +2 *chainmail*, +2 *amulet of natural armor*, *bag of tricks* (grey)

LORD MARLEK URBANE

THE IRON TYRANT

Marlek Urbane was born to poverty to a large peasant family in the rural hills of Columbey. The lower classes had few prospects even in those days, as much of the nation's wealth and economy was dominated by the powerful Mithral Consortium. Marlek's home life was violent and abusive; his father had a quick temper and his children were often the targets of his outbursts. His mother was a broken woman; she sought solace in drink rather than confront her husband.

In a desperate effort to escape his situation, Marlek and three of his brothers left home at a young age to seek their fortunes. Even as a youth, Marlek displayed extraordinary strength, cunning, and tactical acumen. He rose to prominence as an adventurer and eventually founded his own mercenary company with his brothers. They were named, quite aptly, the Brothers of Urbana. They quickly became known as the most efficient, deadly, and professional band of hired killers in Aden.

In those times, Columbey had come to rely heavily on the Peace of the Rose to protect its borders. Its own military was sparse, frequently supplemented wherever possible by mercenary contractors - paid from the vast wealth of the Mithral Consortium. Urbane found it mildly amusing that his company now prospered in services of the same merchants and nobles who had subjugated his family to crushing poverty - but he could not deny the fact that they simply paid better than anyone else. The work was simple enough - protecting a bunch of pampered nobles was certainly easier than fighting Kurzak barbarians or Misari pirates. For a time, life was good.

Then the Darkfall came. Columbey was hit hardest, or so it seemed. The green and verdant landscape became a twisted nightmare. Entire cities were consumed. The capital city of Tarello fell to darkness. King Warrus Warrain rallied all surviving defenders of Columbey, massing his armies for a counterattack against the Darkfall. As Urbane and his brothers had already distinguished themselves against the mysterious enemy, they were promoted to serve as the king's personal guard.

The night before the Columbey army planned to retake Tarello, the King's camp was suddenly beset by shadowy nocturnal assassins. Marlek and his brothers fought desperately to protect the King. The assassins appeared impervious to harm until Marlek commanded one of the company's mechemages to fill the camp with magical sunlight. Weakened by the radiance, the creatures became suddenly vulnerable - but it was too late. The Brothers of Urbana - including Marlek's own brothers - were overwhelmed. In the end, only Marlek stood between the final few assassins and the king. He fought savagely, striking down all but one - and dealing the survivor a mortal blow before succumbing to his wounds.

It was not enough.

The King's healers did their best to save the survivors, but the nocturnals had utilized a strange and virulent poison against their targets, slowly killing and putrefying their flesh. The King and Marlek's brothers died that night. Marlek himself was not believed to survive. He spent the night in fevered sleep, teetering between life and death. His soul was tormented by nightmares, horrifying visions that he now believes were the Darkfall's attempts to claim his soul. At the same time he saw a light in the darkness, which he believed to be his brothers' souls. Though they had perished in battle, they lent him their strength.

When Marlek rose again the next morning, he was a changed man. He was consumed with righteous fury, an implacable hatred of the Darkfall. Unfortunately, the camp was nearly deserted save for a few healers. When news of the King's death had spread, his army had begun

to scatter. Urbane would hear none of it. Seizing the mechamage who had aided him the previous evening, he climbed a watchtower and lifted his sword high. Using the mage's magic to amplify his voice, he shouted to the retreating armies.

"Cowards!" he shouted. "Run to the shadows and let fear rule you. Die like cowards! I say that those who leave the field are already dead, killed long ago by the weakness that has rotted Columbey from within."

"They say that Columbey has fallen, that its King is dead. They may be right. But I know you, brothers and sister. You are stronger than this. And each time our strange enemies strike against us, we learn more about them. Follow me, and we will learn their weaknesses. We will learn how to fight them. How to kill them!"

"Columbey has fallen this day. Shed no tears for it. For today rises something new - an army that will send this Darkfall screaming back into the vile shadows that spawned it. Rise with me, my new Brothers of Urbana - and let the Darkfall know fear!"

For those desperate soldiers, there was something in Urbane's words, or perhaps in his newborn maddened zeal, that resonated deeply. The deserters regrouped behind his banner and, after a hard-fought battle, retook the city of Tarello that same night. Urbane crowned himself the new ruler of the nation and, true to his word, rechristened it Urbana in honor of his fallen brothers.

In the years since his rise to power, Urbane has developed into a complex figure. His Shadow Army has become an unparalleled fighting force. They have won countless victories against the Darkfall, many of them due to his personal leadership. He has built the capital city of Mekanus on the bones of old Tarello and transformed it into a center of industry. He was the driving force behind the creation of the Thunder Trains, mechamagical wonders that have reunited the fallen nations and brought hope to millions. He has turned some of the finest minds in Aden toward plumbing the secrets of the Darkfall, and has taught the world how to kill creatures once thought invincible. He is unequivocally one of the greatest heroes Aden has ever known.

At the same time, he is a heartless despot. He is called the Iron Tyrant, and rightly so. He has turned every resource in Urbana toward reinforcing its army and finding new ways to harm the Darkfall. He has turned a blind eye toward the slavery, corruption, and poisoning of the land that have risen in the wake of his wanton industrialization. Paranoid that former supports of the Warrains, Mithral Consortium, or corrupted assassins may be plotting against him he has granted the Eye - his secret police force - unchecked power. Though the cities of Urbana are mostly safe from the Darkfall, many of its people suffer in poverty.

Though Urbane is not blind to the hardships of his rule, he believes such sacrifices are a necessity. The Darkfall is endlessly adapting and utterly depthless in its cruelty. He believes that, to counter it, he must be equally cold and cruel. He believes that the cruelties he must inflict upon his people will strengthen them - just as his own brutal life strengthened him. He will fight till the last in order to see his brothers and the fallen of Columbey avenged, and anyone who interferes will face his wrath as certainly as if they were nocturnals themselves.

At the same time, Urbane is no fool. He knows that he is hated throughout Urbana and beyond. He knows that the brutal mechanization of his homeland is not sustainable. Everything he has done is dedicated toward one solitary purpose - the utter defeat of the Darkfall. He knows that he is no true king, and that there will be no dynasty to survive him. It is for this reason that he has refused such official titles, naming himself simply "Lord."

The night that King Warrain died, Urbane did not survive unscathed. The nocturnal poison that ravaged his body has



been slowly killing him for years. Though most believe that he adopted his manite implants simply as a show of solidarity with his golemoid troops, in truth they are a necessity. Every year, a little more of Urbane's healthy flesh and bone is consumed by the poison. Every year, a little more of him is replaced with unfeeling manite technology. Urbane's terminal condition is the closest kept secret in Urbana, known only to him and a handful of high-ranking mechemages. These individuals are steadfastly loyal to Urbane and guard the secret of his condition well, knowing the disaster that might befall all of Urbana should the Iron Tyrant appear weak.

He knows that, one day, the manite will not be enough. Either the nocturnal poison or the Wasting will prove too strong, and he will join his brothers who perished that night so long ago.

He only prays that the Urbana he leaves behind is strong enough to finish what he has started.



Male human paladin (shining knight) 13, fighter (tactician) 4 - CR17

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft; **Perception** +19

Defense

AC 35, **touch** 16; **flat-footed** 35 (+15 armor, +4 deflection, +4 natural, +1 luck, +1 insight)

hp 140 (17d10+51)

Fort +25, **Ref** +16, **Will** +20

Offense

Speed 35 ft.

Melee +5 *corrosive keen lightning sword* +30/+25/+20/+15 (2d6+17 plus 1d6 acid)

Ranged +2 *pistol* +26 (1d8+3)

Special attacks aura of justice, smite evil 5/day

Special defenses aura of courage, aura of resolve, divine grace, divine health

Manite Implants (Steam Reserve: 12)

Minor Implants chest spikes, integrated scabbard, iron grip, momentum manipulator

Basic Implants greater luminescent implants, manite injector (typically loaded with *potion of enlarge person*), manite speed boost
Advanced Implants blazing thrusters, greater empowered strikes

Statistics

Str 24, **Dex** 10, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +24 (+28 trip); **CMD** 38 (40 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Expertise, Critical Focus, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (lightning sword), Furious Focus, Greater Trip, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Manite Blood (X2), Power Attack, Staggering Critical, Weapon Focus (lightning sword), Weapon Specialization (lightning sword)

Traits Cosmopolitan Education (+1 Perception and counts as class skill), Folk Magic (*true strike* - 1/day)

Skills (* -3 *Armor check penalty*) **Climb*** 3 (+10), **Craft** (machinery) 5 (+8), **Heal** 3 (+6), **Intimidate** 12 (+21), **Knowledge** (dungeoneering) 10 (+15), **Knowledge** (engineering) 10 (+15), **Knowledge** (nobility) 5 (+10), **Linguistics** 2 (+7), **Perception** 15 (+19), **Sense Motive** 15 (+18), **Spellcraft** 8 (+13), **Survival** 15 (+18), **Swim*** 3 (+10)

Languages Dwarven, Giant, Lowland, Nocturine, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus (paladin) skill points (+13)

Ability Score Increases Strength (4th level, 8th level), Charisma (12th level, 16th level)

SQ armor training, channel positive energy, lay on hands (6d6 damage, 12/day), mechemagical bond (steamreaver energy cell), mercy (shaken, frightened, staggered, blind), tactical awareness (+1 initiative), true golemoid

Equipment (as the ruler of Urbana, Urbane has access to virtually any equipment he needs at any time. However, he generally carries the following items into combat and, as such, they are accounted for in his statistics; he is also known to frequently carry a wide assortment of potions and alchemical items suitable for the task at hand) +2 *pistol*, +5 *adamantine Chandrey armor*, +5 *corrosive keen lightning sword*, 20 armor piercing ammunition, 40 standard ammunition, *amulet of natural armor* +4, *belt of giant strength* +6, *cloak of resistance* +5, *goggles of night*, *handy haversack*, *headband of alluring charisma* +6, *ioun stone (dusty rose prism)*, *jingasa of the fortunate soldier*, *ring of protection* +4, *sash of the war champion*

Urbane's Faith

Urbane became a paladin on the night that King Warrus Warrain died, and like all paladins he is a man of faith. Lord Urbane does not dedicate himself to any specific religion - rather, his faith is in his vision of Urbana itself. He truly and sincerely believes that it is his nation's destiny to destroy the Darkfall. He will do whatever he must to see that dream become a reality. His zeal grants him a commanding presence, and has been somewhat contagious among his followers. Many members of the Shadow Army have dedicated themselves to Urbane's vision, following his example and becoming paladins of Urbana.

Like all paladins, Urbane follows a code of honor. The following are vows that Urbane has sworn in pursuit of his vision, and could be adopted by player characters following his example.

1) **Loyalty** - Urbane is absolutely loyal to his ideal Urbana, particularly as embodied by the Shadow Army and its other military organizations. Urbane will not betray his soldiers. He will almost invariably choose to protect military personnel rather than civilians (unless the civilians have greater value to the war against the Darkfall or to Urbana's future as a whole). At the same time, he will not hesitate to sacrifice soldiers or civilians if he believes their deaths would ultimately aid in defeating the Darkfall, or protect the people of Urbana as a whole. While he recognizes the role of the other nations in his war, all outsiders are expendable so long as Urbana survives.

2) **Knowledge** - Urbane believes that knowledge is the key to victory. He will always attempt support scholars and men of magic in their pursuits, particularly in regards to plumbing the secrets of the Darkfall. Though normally an intensely paranoid and secretive man, Urbane will openly share any discoveries he makes about the Darkfall's tactics and weaknesses.

3) **Perseverance** - So long as he lives, Urbane will never surrender in his battle against the Darkfall. He will never collaborate with its servants or brook any such collaboration by those under his command. (Though there are some corrupted among his servants, they operate with utmost discretion - Urbane has repeatedly demonstrated his complete lack of mercy where the corrupted are concerned.)

WAMBA THE MAD

Wamba has many suffixes to her name, none very flattering. Her past shrouded in mystery and her present in tobacco smoke, details about her beginnings are difficult to learn. And none can vouch for the validity of what she tells anyway. Most information gleaned from Wamba is usually confusing at best, and completely arbitrary at worst. However, if one could learn the system to decipher what she says, there may actually be an immense wealth of knowledge hidden in her scrambled mind.

There are many rumors and stories told about Wamba. Her wandering brings her all over, and she does all in her power to add to her own legend. Some claim she is a shapeshifter, able to transform into an enormous bird of prey. Others call her a healer and a friend of all, while some would brand her as a witch and a menace. However children seem to have an innate fondness of her, always flocking around her as she enters settlements, telling stories and playing games with the young ones.

Wamba is tall and thin, with a pale white face covered in dust and ash, framed by unruly jet black hair containing various twigs and leaves, as well as at least one well-chewed pipe. Her smile may have been beautiful once, as is wont of elves, but it seems to have evolved into an unsettling grin showing an exaggerated amount of teeth at the best of times. This 'feral' smile in combination with her glassy grey eyes always darting across the room causes unease in most, especially in combination with her at times slithering and nonsensical speech. Her long fingers and dirty nails are always running through her hair, fingering her many pockets or tapping impatiently on her walking staff/spear. Slightly hunched over, she evokes none of the majesty of her elven kin, but rather calls forth imaginations of a wildling, an image exasperated by the way she occasionally cocks her head to listen and mumble semi-coherently to herself or inanimate objects around her.

Wamba is, of course, quite insane. Not in a hostile way, but in a frustrating one. Gaining information from her can be quite taxing as she loves to play mindgames, often leading people one with snippets of information or questions of her own until the person in need of information lands on the correct answer by themselves, at which point Wamba will clap her hands excitedly and offer up her compliments on the genius of the questioner. She harbors a strong dislike of elves, and will often be snarky and sometimes downright unfriendly towards them. She also simply refuses to acknowledge the fact that she is, in fact, an elf herself. Any comment towards this fact will be ignored, and if the matter is pushed she will enter a state of even deeper insanity where any meaningful conversation with her is absolutely impossible until she calms down, at which point she simply doesn't remember the subject being brought up at all. This also applies for questions about Wamba's past. Whatever happened to her has long since been pushed out of her mind, but the damage remains. Perhaps it is for the best, as whatever broke her so completely is probably something no one should remember anyway.

All about tricks and flair, Wamba carries on her various herbs and tobaccos, which she uses for various effects. Over the years she has

built up immunity to many poisons and herbs, allowing her to billow away on her pipe completely unharmed, while anyone else breathing in the smoke may suffer all the ill effects of whatever she has been smoking.

She never misses out on an opportunity to add to her legend, and will use her cloak and hood, together with her skills in stealth and awe to convince people that she deserves to be in their stories for generations to come. There are countless stories out there about the giant bird that appears out of nowhere, only to turn into the mad woman known as Wamba.



Female elf witch 6 - CR5

CN Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +10

Defense

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

hp 38 (6d6+6)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5

Offense

Speed 30 ft.

Melee rapier +4 (1d6+1)

Ranged pistol +6 (1d8)

Special Defenses immunities (sleep, +2 vs. enchantment)

Witch Spells Prepared (Patron: Shadow)

0-Level – *message, read magic, resistance, touch of fatigue*

1st Level – *burning hands, cure light wounds, forced quiet, hypnotism*

2nd Level – *bullet ward, enthrall, glitterdust, see invisibility*

3rd Level – *arcane sight, reckless infatuation, sands of time, share senses*

Statistics

Str 13, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 19, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 14

Feats Accursed Hex, Craft Wondrous Item, Persistent Spell

Traits Ghost Sight, Magic Crafter

Skills Fly +15, Knowledge: Arcana +13, Knowledge: Nature +13, Perception +8, Spellcraft +15, Use Magic Device +11

Languages Arcadian, Goreaux, Jurakti, Sylfanic, Western Common

Favored Class Bonus Hit Points x6

SQ elven magic, familiar (bat), hexes (cackle, flight, scar, slumber), keen senses, patron spells (shadow), weapon familiarity

Equipment rapier, pistol, corset of witchcraft, +1 amulet of natural armor, headband of vast intellect +2

Is Wamba Evil?

She hardly seems to fit with the others assembled in this work, does she? The truth is that Wamba is not a particularly evil person. She is, in fact, rather good-natured, and children tend to love her, which speaks of her character. She resents violence and chooses to avoid it most of the time. But... she is still insane. She is thoroughly, utterly insane and she does not have a complete understanding of her own past. She has done things that are unpleasant, unsavory, perhaps even evil, and there are those who remember those acts. To them, of course Wamba is a villain, and she may yet prove them correct.

- APPENDIX - VILLAIN GROUPS

There are forces in the world of Aden that cause the shadows to be longer, deeper, and more dangerous, but which have nothing to do with the Darkfall. Indeed, that ominous event and the mysterious force behind it have made it simpler for certain groups and individuals to operate with less scrutiny. Those who are careful to maintain their obvious lack of corruption by the Darkfall often find that many are willing to overlook other oddities in favor of hunting more pressing dangers.



The Gray Masters

Prior to the Darkfall, one of the most persistent and well-known threats to the Known Lands was the insidious group of spellcasters known as the Gray Masters. As might be imagined, the power they wield is significant indeed, as it must be for them to have avoided eradication at the hands of entire nations, all of whom consider their practices both illegal and immoral. The origins of the Masters are vague at best, although it is generally believed that they are the remnants of a group that abandoned the Known Lands during the Great War and settled on the Gray Isles off the western coast of Aden. Although they are proficient in most forms of magic, their unrivaled mastery of necromancy is their most significant and dominating resource.

The Gray Masters are considered the foremost enemy of Arasteen, or at least they were until the Darkfall occurred. It was one of the Masters, a sorcerer named Zarloch, who posed such a significant threat to the mainland that forced King Tirrian to respond by creating the Radiant Order to oppose them and other such nefarious threats. Since that time, the Masters have posed periodic threats to Arasteen, but have largely left neighboring Ionara and Urbana alone, potentially because they do not wish to attract the attention of those more combative and ruthless monarchs.

Using the Gray Masters in a Campaign

The Gray Masters are a very high profile, long-standing villainous organization that has only managed to survive by limiting its horrific attentions to a single foe, and one too noble and often too thinly stretched to make its destruction their primary goal. They can easily serve as primary antagonists for an entire campaign, or merely a diversion from a greater threat that the characters may not see because they are blinded by the threat of the Masters.



The Nameless

There is little more tragic than those who begin as heroes and lose their way, but the cabal of individuals known as the Nameless is exactly that. Historians who specialize in the northeastern region of the Known Lands are well aware that long after the influence of the fey withdrew from the other portions of the continent, the region currently known as the High Steppes continued to suffer greatly from their predations. The court of fey called unseelie was particularly active in the region, and while they felt that they were merely having fun at the expense of the mortal realms' denizens, a great many did not survive being the targets of their humor. 'Amusing' to the fey, of course, often meant crippling, disfiguring, or outright fatal to the men and women of the local tribes.

The circumstances of the fey's large-scale banishment from the mortal plane remains a mystery, even to the Nameless. That information has simply been lost to the ages, as has so much else in the history of the Known Lands; it is possible that the Seer Order has, at some point in the past, infiltrated the group and destroyed their records, but with the Seers gone, no one can say for certain. Regardless, when the fey were removed from the mortal plane, there were those who understood that the banishment could not endure forever. The curiosity of the unseelie was simply too great to be held at bay. Knowing this, a group of bold men and women gathered together and came to a consensus: they would offer themselves to the unseelie in an attempt to satiate their curiosity. These men and women gave a portion of themselves, part of their soul or identity, depending upon whom was asked. This allowed the unseelie to experience a glimmer of the mortal plane through the eyes of those who formed the pact with them, and those who entered into it gained the surety that their people would be safe from further fey torment.

The tradition of defending mortals from the unseelie went on for centuries without interruption. Unfortunately, no group of people, no matter how wise or well-intentioned, make mistakes. In the case of this tradition, these mistakes gradually compounded as men and women of less stringent moral fiber began to take over the membership as the older members gradually retired. In time, all that remained was a group

of individuals, powerful in their own right, who had tasted the might of the unseelie and craved more. And it was in that desire, that craven ambition, that the Nameless as they are now were born.

The traditions of the Nameless were born in altruism, when men and women lent their names to the fey in exchange for keeping them at bay. In time, however, the Nameless lent their names to the fey in exchange for greater power. The destruction of one's name has significant effect upon a person's mental state, however, and even those who give their names to the fey in hopes for relatively mundane things quickly become darker and more sinister, eventually spiraling into power-hungry madness or, at the very least, boundless treachery against anyone more powerful.

It remains unknown how many of the Nameless currently exist in the Known Lands, and indeed there may be no one outside their ranks that even know they exist. However, theorized members of the Nameless include the following well-known and often cursed figures:

✦ **The Swamp Lord** – One of the earliest allies of the Darkfall remains one of the least understood. The Swamp Lord was a corrupted spellcaster who descended upon the people of eastern Carraway and ultimately drove them from their homes and settlements, forcing them to flee westward until they reached the city of Karstan, where the Swamp Lord was finally defeated. For all his power, the Swamp Lord has not been seen since that day, and his fate remains the subject of much fearful speculation in Carraway.

✦ **The Shogun** – The enigmatic criminal mastermind of Vanora is known only due to a failed assassination attempt made against the Dragon Emperor, and that attempt came dangerously close to succeeding. Since that fateful day only a short time ago, many in Vanora have struggled to learn more about the Shogun, but to no avail. He is a whisper on the wind, a fleeting shadow in the morning sunlight.

✦ **The Silent One** – One of the most notorious villains in Aden's history, probably the single greatest threat to ever face the Known Lands before the Darkfall, was the incredibly powerful necromancer called the Silent One. He brought Eastern Aden to its knees and threatened to overrun the entire world before he was finally stopped, and it was partially (but not entirely) due to the powerful rituals of the Nameless that he could command such incredible power.

✦ **Scratch** – Currently the most powerful known necromancer in existence, many believe that Scratch is affiliated not only with the Gray Masters, but also the Nameless. This is a matter of conjecture, of course, because his name, Scratch Terramys, is known to the people of Arasteen. However, few remember that he was an orphan adopted into the house of Terramys during his childhood, and that his true name is unknown. Unknown or perhaps merely forgotten because of the magic of the fey.

Using the Nameless in a Campaign

The Nameless are much more difficult to incorporate into a campaign than the Gray Masters simply because no one knows about them. But then that's exactly the kind of thing that a good group of player characters can accomplish, isn't it? Uncovering the conspiracy and its tragically well-intended origins can prove for a strong story if done correctly over time. A more personal manner to incorporate them is if one or more characters discover that they have a "hole" in their memory, with an individual, perhaps an important friend or enemy that they simply cannot remember. This person has joined the Nameless and is now a greater threat than ever before, and it may only be through their failing personal knowledge of the individual that he or she can be defeated.

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