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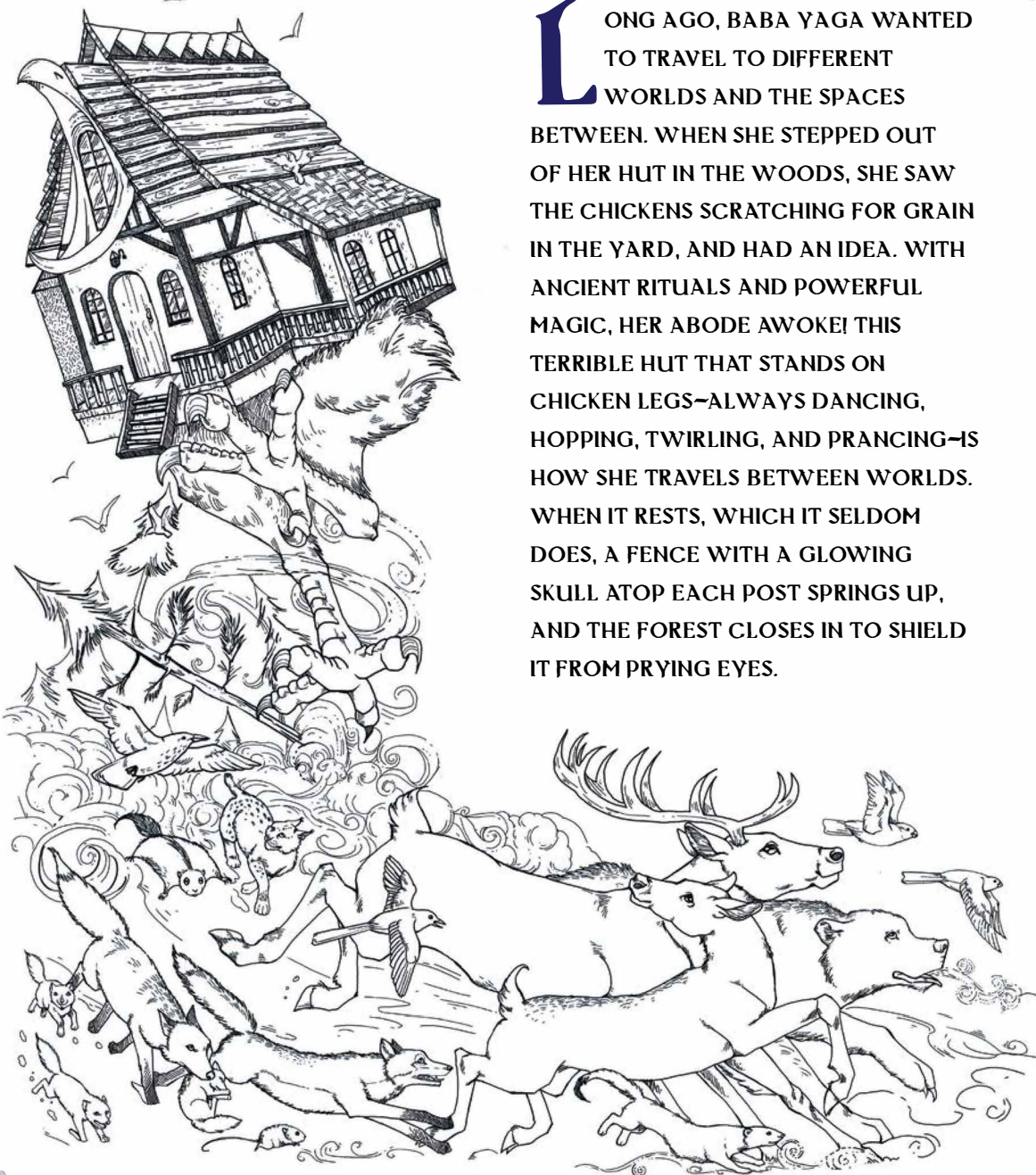
ADVENTURE PATH[™]



REIGN OF WINTER

THE SHACKLED HUT

by Jim Groves



LONG AGO, BABA YAGA WANTED TO TRAVEL TO DIFFERENT WORLDS AND THE SPACES BETWEEN. WHEN SHE STEPPED OUT OF HER HUT IN THE WOODS, SHE SAW THE CHICKENS SCRATCHING FOR GRAIN IN THE YARD, AND HAD AN IDEA. WITH ANCIENT RITUALS AND POWERFUL MAGIC, HER ABODE AWOK! THIS TERRIBLE HUT THAT STANDS ON CHICKEN LEGS—ALWAYS DANCING, HOPPING, TWIRLING, AND PRANCING—IS HOW SHE TRAVELS BETWEEN WORLDS. WHEN IT RESTS, WHICH IT SELDOM DOES, A FENCE WITH A GLOWING SKULL ATOP EACH POST SPRINGS UP, AND THE FOREST CLOSES IN TO SHIELD IT FROM PRYING EYES.





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REIGN OF WINTER

ADVENTURE PATH  PART 2 OF 6

THE SHACKLED HUT



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Advanced Player's Guide

APG

Irrisen, Land of Eternal Winter

ILEW

Bestiary

B1

NPC Codex

NPCC

Bestiary 2

B2

Paths of Prestige

POP

Bestiary 3

B3

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UC

GameMastery Guide

GMG

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UE

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ISM

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Redmond, WA 98052-0577

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	4
The Shackled Hut by Jim Groves	6
NPC Gallery by Jim Groves	54
Reign of Winter Treasures by Jim Groves and F. Wesley Schneider	60
Milani by Sean K Reynolds	64
Ecology of the Winter Wolf by Russ Taylor	70
Pathfinder's Journal: The Bonedust Dolls 2 of 6 by Kevin Andrew Murphy	76
Bestiary by Dale C. McCoy, Jr., Jason Nelson, and Sean K Reynolds	82
Preview	92



IZBUSHKA, IZBUSHKA!

Little House, Little House, turn your back to the forest and face me!” In Slavic folklore, this is the traditional phrase used to get Baba Yaga’s *Dancing Hut* to stop “dancing” and stand still, revealing its front door to visitors. Fortunately for PCs in the *Reign of Winter Adventure Path*, they have the mantle of the Black Rider and needn’t resort to such incantations to gain access to the *Dancing Hut*—though they will have to fight their way through a few guardians to get there!

But while the PCs encounter the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* for the first time in “The Shackled Hut,” this is far from its first appearance in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* or *Pathfinder’s* progenitors. Over the years, many aspects of the hut and its abilities have changed, but one thing has always remained constant—it’s bigger on the inside than on the outside. *Baba Yaga’s Hut* made its first appearance in the game in the *Dungeons & Dragons* supplement

Eldritch Wizardry in 1976, where it was described as an artifact 10 to 15 feet in diameter, with an interior 10 times the size of its exterior. The 1st Edition *Dungeon Master’s Guide* further detailed the hut, which contained 30 rooms on three separate floors, and whose kicks were as powerful as a blow from a hill giant. The hut was expanded even further in 1984, when Roger Moore’s “The Dancing Hut” adventure appeared in *Dragon Magazine* #83. The interior of Moore’s version of the hut was designed as a tesseract, a four-dimensional figure composed of eight cubes joined at their faces, and contained a variety of strange inhabitants and features, from Baba Yaga’s daughters Natasha and Elena, to a giant telepathic mouse named Ivan, to a steam-powered dwarven war cannon and a World War II Soviet tank. The hut was updated again in 1995, in the 2nd Edition module *The Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga*, which organized the hut’s interior rooms into a series of nested

equilateral triangles. *Dungeon Magazine* #196 presented a new “Baba Yaga’s Dancing Hut” adventure in 2011, which updated Roger Moore’s 1984 hut to 4th Edition Dungeons & Dragons rules.

In the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game, Baba Yaga has been a part of Golarion—via the nation of Irrisen—since the very beginning, but her *Dancing Hut* was not fully described until the release of *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends*. In updating the hut for the Pathfinder RPG, we wanted to do something different with its layout, something that had not been done before, but that still hearkened back to the hut’s history in the game. What we came up with was a *Dancing Hut* whose extradimensional interior changes depending on the hut’s physical location. The result is that on the inside, the hut on Golarion is completely different from the hut on Triaxus or the hut on the Plane of Shadow. Not only was this an interesting twist, but it also allowed us to present a new layout of the hut for the PCs to explore in (almost) every adventure in *Reign of Winter*.

The first hut layout appears in this adventure, but the PCs will soon find themselves in a new layout, as the hut travels to Iobaria at the beginning of the next volume, “Mother, Maiden, Crone.” This pattern repeats itself for the remainder of the adventures in *Reign of Winter*, but even so, these represent only a few of the hut’s possible configurations. The *Dancing Hut* can effectively travel to an infinite number of locations, meaning that there are an infinite number of interior layouts to the hut as well. The *Reign of Winter* Adventure Path explores only a few of these arrangements, but there’s nothing stopping you from seeding a few additional keys into the campaign and allowing the PCs to take the hut to even more exotic locales for side quests and extra adventures. The vastness of the Material Plane and the entire Great Beyond is open to those who master the *Dancing Hut*, and the only limit is your imagination.

PC DEATHS AND THE BLACK RIDER’S MANTLE

In “The Snows of Summer,” the PCs met Baba Yaga’s Black Rider and received his mantle, which transferred his duty to find the *Dancing Hut* and rescue Baba Yaga to the PCs, while also granting them a boon and the ability to bypass certain wards left by Baba Yaga. So what happens if, during the course of the Adventure Path, one or more of the PCs die? Irrisen is, after all, a dangerous place, and the hut is only going to take the PCs to ever more hazardous locations. Does that mean that only characters lucky enough to survive every adventure from the very beginning get to bear the mantle?

First and foremost, remember that the mantle of the Black Rider is a story element designed to give the PCs

ON THE COVER

Nazhena Vasilliova, great-great-granddaughter of Queen Elvanna and mistress of the Pale Tower, appears on the cover of this month’s volume. The PCs faced her apprentice in the previous adventure, but they must get through the White Witch herself to claim Baba Yaga’s *Dancing Hut* for their own.

a reason to cross through the winter portal into Irrisen, find the *Dancing Hut*, and go in search of Baba Yaga. It provides some mechanical benefits, but it comes with penalties as well should the PCs not follow through on their promise to rescue Baba Yaga. Nevertheless, this boon can provide characters with a significant advantage over others without the mantle.

The easiest way to handle this is to simply have the current PCs share the power of the mantle with new PCs. As inheritors of the power of Baba Yaga’s heralds, and therefore of Baba Yaga herself, they are capable of transferring the mantle to others, just as the Black Rider did to them. This way, every player gets the boon and the built-in story hook to find Baba Yaga.

An alternative way to address this is to tie the mantle into the new PCs’ backstories. Perhaps these characters met the Red Rider or White Rider before Elvanna killed the Riders and the characters joined the party, so they instead gained the mantle of the Red Rider (or White Rider)—equivalent in all ways to that of the Black Rider. Again, this gives all of the PCs access to the same benefits and penalties.

Finally—and this might be particularly useful in the unfortunate event of the deaths of all of the original PCs—you can do away with the mantle of the Black Rider altogether. Perhaps the *Dancing Hut* (and some of Baba Yaga’s other creations and minions) recognizes the PCs as agents of the Queen of Witches, and reacts to them just as if they were bearers of the Black Rider’s mantle. As long as the PCs are following the Adventure Path and trying to rescue Baba Yaga, they can still pass through her wards as if they possessed the mantle.

In any case, the fact that some players might have to roll up new characters to replace ones who died should not penalize them in certain situations or preclude them from finishing the campaign.

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THE SHACKLED HUT

PART ONE: JOURNEY TO WHITETHRONE

PAGE 7

Compelled by the mantle of the Black Rider, the PCs travel to the city of Whitethrone in search of the *Dancing Hut* of Baba Yaga.

PART TWO: THE HOWLINGS

PAGE 21

With Whitethrone under martial law, the PCs must infiltrate the city through the Howlings, where winter wolves walk in the guise of humans.

PART THREE: THE DRAGON OF WHITETHRONE

PAGE 31

To draw off the army guarding the *Dancing Hut*, the PCs must assassinate a dragon, kicking off an uprising against the Winter Guard.

PART FOUR: THE ENDLESS FOREST

PAGE 42

The PCs venture into a strange forest in the center of Whitethrone that has grown up around the *Dancing Hut*.

PART FIVE: THE DANCING HUT OF BABA YAGA

PAGE 49

The PCs explore Baba Yaga's infamous *Dancing Hut* and meet an ally of the Old Crone, as well as a guardian left behind by Queen Elvanna.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

"The Shackled Hut" is designed for four characters and uses the medium XP track.

4

The PCs begin this adventure at 4th level.

5

The PCs should be 5th level by the time they venture into the Howlings district and enter the city of Whitethrone.

6

The PCs should be 6th level before they face the white dragon Logrivich at the top of the clock tower.

The PCs should be 7th level by the end of the adventure.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

After decades of careful research, Queen Elvanna finally made the fateful decision to overthrow Baba Yaga, but she realized that success would require meticulous planning. Several events needed to take place almost simultaneously, and the first and foremost was the imprisonment of her mother.

This act signaled the start of Elvanna's rebellion, but it wasn't the only thing that required immediate attention—the *Dancing Hut* had to be separated from her mother as well. Not only is it Baba Yaga's mobile fortress and a repository of her many secrets, it is also her personal symbol across countless worlds and dimensions. Once Baba Yaga had been imprisoned, Elvanna transported the hut back to Golarion and shackled it in gigantic leg irons in Whitethrone's Market Square. There it was to serve as a testament to Elvanna's victory over her mother. At the same time, the queen deactivated the mystic keys required to transport the hut across the dimensions to prevent its theft from those still loyal to Baba Yaga. With the hut secured, Elvanna turned her attention to Whitethrone's Iron Guard, an organization that had notoriously maintained its loyalty to Baba Yaga above any of her daughters throughout Irrisen's history. In a well-coordinated strike, the queen purged the Iron Guard, installing in its place her own Winter Guard, drawn heavily from the city's ice troll and winter wolf populations. Finally, Elvanna went after Baba Yaga's Three Riders, the heralds who announce the Witch Queen's return every 100 years. The Winter Guard captured the Red and White Riders, impaling their dead bodies on a bone fence around the hut, but the Black Rider managed to escape. As the Winter Guard searches for the missing Black Rider, Elvanna has sequestered herself in a secret location to undertake the massive rituals needed to usher in a global ice age across all of Golarion.

Yet, not everything has gone according to the queen's plans. The Black Rider escaped through the winter portal to Taldor, and with his dying breath charged a group of adventurers with stealing the *Dancing Hut* and pursuing Baba Yaga. Meanwhile, the hut itself has not remained quiescent. Even chained, it struggles to free itself. An enchanted forest has grown up around the hut in the heart of Whitethrone, and fey entities from the First World now contend with the Winter Guard to control the area around the Market Square where the hut is imprisoned.

Nazhena Vasilliovnna, mistress of the Pale Tower and one of Queen Elvanna's great-great-granddaughters, has been called to Whitethrone to provide extra security and oversight. Nazhena may not know who opposes her, but she knows her Pale Tower has fallen and believes her apprentice and lover Radosek Pavril is dead. She now prepares herself to crush the meddlers she strongly

suspects are headed to Whitethrone to prevent Queen Elvanna from conquering the entire world.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

With the help of their friend and guide, Nadya Petska, the PCs travel across Irrisen to the capital of Whitethrone, where Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut* is being held. On the city's outskirts, the PCs meet a smuggler who can help them get into the city, which is under martial law and patrolled by members of Queen Elvanna's Winter Guard. To get inside, the PCs must navigate Whitethrone's Howlings district, populated and guarded by winter wolves, to obtain forged documents so they can move freely throughout the city.

The PCs find shelter with the underground resistance movement called the Heralds of Summer's Return, who operate a hidden shrine to Milani in Whitethrone. The PCs learn that the *Dancing Hut* is heavily guarded, but if they infiltrate a clock tower housing a white dragon commander of the Winter Guard, the ensuing chaos should allow them to get to the hut. Chaos ensues once the PCs kill the dragon, as the city's former Iron Guard rises up against the Winter Guard, pulling the extra troops away from the Merchants' Quarter, where the *Dancing Hut* is chained.

Upon entering the forest that has grown up around the *Dancing Hut*, the PCs find that though much of the Winter Guard has been pulled away, the woods are infested with fey. Three primal beings known as dawn pipers are siphoning away reality itself to bring the hut to the First World. Once they are stopped, the PCs must defeat the White Witch Nazhena Vasilliovnna, mistress of the Pale Tower, to claim the *Dancing Hut* for themselves and hijack it out of the heart of Whitethrone.

PART ONE: JOURNEY TO WHITETHRONE

As this adventure begins, the PCs have shut down the winter portal to Taldor, but doing so has trapped them in Irrisen. The Black Rider has charged them to seek out the *Dancing Hut* in Irrisen's capital city of Whitethrone, and use it to find and liberate Baba Yaga to end Elvanna's threat to the entire world. The PCs have probably made good friends and allies in Waldsby, but their continued presence there threatens the community. At the same time, the mystical burden of the Black Rider's mantle pulls them toward Whitethrone.

But the PCs don't have to go alone or without help. Their new friend Nadya Petska volunteers to be their guide across the snowy wilderness. Nadya is a skilled ranger as well as a 26-year-old widow and mother of two twin boys. In "The Snows of Summer," the PCs likely learned that Nadya's daughter, Thora, was taken to the Pale Tower and changed into the one of Irrisen's porcelain guardian dolls by Nazhena Vasilliovnna as punishment for a minor slight. While Nadya fears that Nazhena will return to Waldsby to

exact revenge on her family for the aid she gave the PCs, she harbors a burning desire to see life in Irrisen changed for the better, and her instincts tell her that destiny has touched this group of strangers she's befriended. Nadya tells the PCs that her late husband's uncle Ringeirr is a fisherman in a small shantytown called the Fishcamps on the outskirts of Whitethrone. Ringeirr Malenkov has lived in the shadow of Whitethrone for decades, and Nadya believes he could be a trusted ally who can help the party infiltrate the city. Nadya is convinced that if anyone can help the PCs find their way around Whitethrone, it's Uncle Ringeirr—if he is still alive.

If the PCs accept Nadya as a guide, she also takes this opportunity to relocate her family to avoid retaliation from Nazhena Vasillovna, packing up her sons, Orm and Mjoli. The family has its own cold weather gear, rations, and other supplies. Nadya plans to take the twins only as far as the village of Ellsprin, which the group should reach after about a week, and she promises to ensure they do not become a burden. After Ellsprin, Nadya will see the party the rest of the way to Whitethrone. Nadya's full stat block appears in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67.



NADYA PETSKA

Yet even without having two children in tow, travel to Whitethrone is a daunting task. It is a 9-day journey fraught with many perils besides the eternal winter. During the trip, the PCs face several encounters. These are presented below as both event-based encounters and location-based encounters. Each of the events includes a suggested time for the encounter to take place, but feel free to adjust the timing of these events as you see fit, interspersing them with the location-based encounters. On the other hand, each of the encounter areas is tied to a specific location. These encounters occur when the PCs reach the locations marked on the map on page 9.

TRAVEL AND WEATHER

Whitethrone is approximately 132 miles northwest of Waldsby—on average, it should take the PCs about 9 days to traverse the snowy wilderness. Snow is everywhere in Irrisen, reducing overland travel rates by half. During combat, entering a snow-covered square costs 2 squares of movement. If the PCs do not yet have them, cold-weather gear, furs, tents, and snowshoes are all readily for sale in Waldsby, as well as rations and other provisions. Rules for cold temperatures appear on page 442 of the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, and you can assume it is

always cold weather (0°–40° F), with occasional spells of severe cold (below 0° F). In general, however, characters wearing cold-weather gear or using daily alternatives such as *endure elements* should not have to attempt regular Fortitude saves. Food is always scarce in the Irriseni wilderness, adding 5 to the DC of any Survival checks to find food.

Staying warm at night requires establishing a camp to provide shelter and building a fire to stay warm. This requires a successful DC 15 Survival check and an hour of effort in the cold. A result of 20 or higher reduces this time to less than an hour. Once a camp is established, characters inside shelters can remove their cold-weather gear, study, pray, and rest to recover damage. Characters outside of a shelter but in a camp can stay warm with cold-weather gear even if the temperature drops below 0° F.

EVENT 1: THREAT FROM THE SKIES (CR 5)

This encounter takes place on the party's first day after leaving Waldsby.

Creatures: A half-dozen ravens approach from the south and begin a lazy circling pattern above the PCs. For the first few miles of the party's journey, the ravens'

presence appears to be benign, but with a successful DC 15 Perception check, the PCs notice the birds' numbers are gradually growing over time. The ravens are responding to magic employed by the White Witches in Whitethrone. Once Nazhena lost contact with her apprentice Radosek Pavril, she assumed the worse. On her authority, the White Witches have started looking for trouble from the southeast, and the ravens are among their spies. A successful DC 15 Knowledge (nature) check confirms that the ravens' behavior is unnatural, giving the PCs 1 round of warning before the ravens coalesce into two swarms and spiral down to attack.

RAVEN SWARMS (2)

CR 3

XP 800 each

(*Tome of Horrors Complete* 584)

N Tiny animal (swarm)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +11

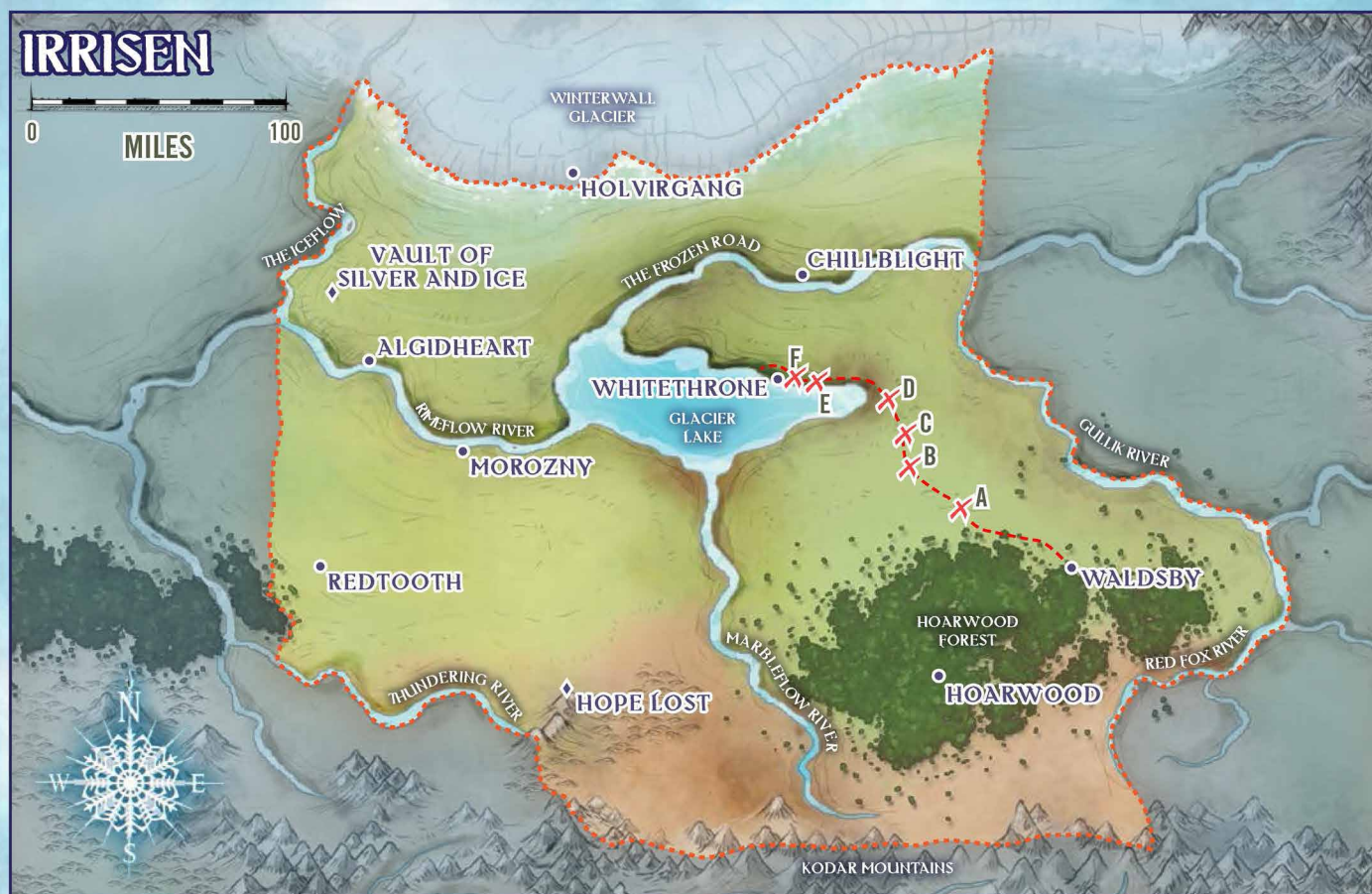
DEFENSE

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

hp 30 each (4d8+12)

Fort +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities half damage from piercing and slashing weapons, swarm traits



OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

Melee swarm (1d6 plus eye-rake)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction (DC 14), eye-rake

TACTICS

Morale Once one of the raven swarms is defeated, the remaining swarm disengages and flies away to the northwest.

STATISTICS

Str 2, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 2, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +3; **CMB** —; **CMD** —

Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Toughness

Skills Fly +10, Perception +11

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Eye-Rake (Ex) Any living creature damaged by a raven swarm must succeed at a DC 14 Reflex save or it is blinded as the swarm scratches and tears at the victim's eyes. The blindness lasts for 1d4 days or until healed with *remove blindness/deafness* or a successful DC 20 Heal check. The save DC is Constitution-based.

EVENT 2: GREMLINS' CURSE (CR 6)

Creatures: On the second day of travel, the PCs come under the scrutiny of a group of malicious winter-touched

jinkin gremlins. In Irrisen, jinkins often extort food from farmers and villagers in exchange for being left alone. The propitiation sometimes works for a while, but inevitably the fey must be run off when their urge for mischief eventually overwhelms them.

The six jinkins hide at a distance, behind trees and under shrubs and other undergrowth. The gremlins study the PCs as they set up their camp, noting where the party stores their supplies and who openly displays religious symbols. The jinkins' favorite tactic is to approach stealthily, especially when humans are on watch, while they prepare their tinker ability. Then they slice an opening into a shelter in order to touch a religious or druidic character and bestow their curse (a sleeping character is helpless but still receives a saving throw). If the characters on watch appear particularly attentive, the jinkins use *dimension door* to teleport directly inside tents or other shelters.

The jinkins' curse causes all spells that create or affect food, such as *create food and water*, *goodberry*, and *purify food and drink*, to automatically fail. Once the jinkins succeed in this antic, they rifle through the goods of the sleeping characters, stealing what they want and ruining the party's food with a variation of their prestidigitation ability used as *putrefy food and drink*. They avoid physical

attacks that could wake and rouse the whole camp. Instead, they watch with glee from afar when the morning comes and their victims discover their food is ruined and they have little chance of finding any more. If discovered, or when their evil handiwork is finished, the jinkins use *dimension door* to flee. If they've already used that ability, they rely on their natural stealth to help them escape the camp.

WINTER-TOUCHED JINKINS (6)

CR 1

XP 400 each

hp 6 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 142, *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 72, with the following changes)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +3)

At will—*putrefy food and drink*^{APG}

1/hour—*dimension door*

EVENT 3: LITTLE BOY LOST (CR 5)

This event takes place when the party sets camp for the evening of the fourth day of travel. Unless the PCs are specifically mindful, Nadya gives her son Orm permission to look for firewood before the evening snowfall begins. As Nadya finishes with her family's shelters, she realizes the boy has not returned. She raises the alarm and starts to organize a search for the boy.

Finding Orm is a race against time. The longer it takes to find him, the worse the situation becomes. The PCs can split up into multiple search parties if they wish; each search party can attempt a DC 21 Survival check. Failed checks can be retried, but each attempt represents 20 minutes spent searching.

Creatures: When Orm is found, he is surrounded by three boreal wolves, white-furred wolves adapted to Irrisen's eternal supernatural winter. If a search party locates him on their first attempt, Orm is unharmed. After two attempts, it begins snowing, affecting Perception checks and ranged attacks (*Core Rulebook* 438). The same conditions apply after three attempts; in addition, it is now dark and light sources are required to see clearly. Dropping a torch in the snow extinguishes it in 1 round. After four attempts, all previous conditions apply and Orm has been savaged by the wolves. He is dying and is at -5 hit points. If not stabilized, Orm will die when he reaches -10 hit points. After five attempts, Orm is found dead. The wolves attack to keep interlopers away from their quarry, but do not attack Orm if there are more dangerous predators to fight.

BOREAL WOLVES (3)

CR 2

XP 600 each

(*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Irrisen, Land of Eternal Winter* 56)

N Medium magical beast (cold)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +8

DEFENSE

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

hp 15 (2d8+6)

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

Immune cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee bite +3 (1d6+3 plus 1d6 cold and trip)

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 15, **Con** 17, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13 (17 vs. trip)

Feats Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Perception +8, Stealth +6 (+10 in snow), Survival +1 (+5 in snow or when tracking by scent)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Trackless Step (Ex) A boreal wolf does not leave a trail in snow and cannot be tracked. It can choose to leave a trail if it so desires.

Development: If Orm dies, Nadya blames herself. Having lost two children in close succession, she is inconsolable for some time. She becomes overprotective of her surviving child, Mjoli, never letting him out of her sight. She still honors her promise to guide the PCs to Whitethrone, but takes Mjoli with her rather leaving him in Ellsprin.

EVENT 4: NAZHENA'S HUNTERS (CR 7)

This encounter occurs on the eighth day of travel, after the PCs have left the village of Ellsprin.

Creatures: The events at the Pale Tower in "The Snows of Summer" have not gone unnoticed. Approximately a week after Nazhena Vasillovna lost all communication with her apprentice, Radosek Pavril, the White Witch dispatched a contingent of the Winter Guard from Whitethrone to investigate, instructing the soldiers to look out for and intercept any armed groups of adventurers en route to Whitethrone from the southeast. A winter wolf named Norgrimm was given command of four human Winter Guard falconers. Norgrimm is the absolute leader of this group, and the falconers defer to his authority. The group works as a team. The falconers send their animals ahead to search from great heights and return when they spot creatures. Once the falcons report a positive sighting, Norgrimm breaks off to circle around the party. Once in position, Norgrimm attacks the PCs from behind while the falconers send their falcons to attack and draw their bows to launch their own assault.

FALCON FEATHERED COMPANIONS (4)

CR —

Bird animal companion

N Small animal

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 8 each (3d8+3)

Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

Melee bite +3 (1d4), 2 talons +4 (1d4)

TACTICS

During Combat The falconers order their falcons to distract opponents in melee combat or attack ranged combatants or spellcasters.

Morale If a falcon is reduced to 4 hit points or fewer, its falconer (if still alive) recalls the falcon. Otherwise, the falcons fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 6

Base Atk +2; CMB +1; CMD 13

Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (talons)

Skills Fly +8, Perception +10

SQ tricks (attack, come, distract^{UC}, down, seek)

NORGRIMM

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male winter wolf (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

hp 57

TACTICS

During Combat Norgrimm charges the weakest-looking opponent on the first round of combat, then tries to catch as many enemies as possible with his breath weapon. He trips opponents and savages them once they're downed.

Morale Norgrimm fights until reduced to 10 hit points or fewer, at which point he flees back to Whitethrone.

WINTER GUARD FALCONERS (4)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Human ranger (falconer) 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Combat* 67)

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Senses Perception +6

DEFENSE

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

hp 19 each (2d10+4)

Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longsword +4 (1d8+2/19–20)

Ranged composite longbow +4 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (humans +2)

TACTICS

During Combat The falconers adopt strategies to best support Norgrimm, favoring ranged combat with their bows, but they do enter melee to flank opponents with the winter wolf.

Morale As long as Norgrimm lives, the falconers fight to the death. Once the winter wolf is defeated, however, the

falconers surrender when reduced to fewer than 10 hit points (see Development, below).

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +2; CMB +4; CMD 16

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot

Skills Climb +6, Handle Animal +5, Knowledge (geography) +5, Knowledge (nature) +5, Perception +6, Stealth +6, Survival +6

Languages Skald

SQ feathered companion^{UC} (falcon), track +1

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2); **Other Gear** studded leather, composite longbow (+2 Str) with 20 arrows, longsword, cold-weather gear, falconry gauntlet^{UE}, snowshoes, 6 gp



WINTER GUARD FALCONER

Treasure: Norgrimm has one blue eye and one violet eye. If he is slain, Nadya remembers old folk tales that suggest a winter wolf with different-colored eyes can be skinned to create a magic cloak called a *rimepelt* (see page 61). She offers to skin the wolf if none of the PCs have the appropriate skills. While this normally requires a successful DC 20 skill check, whoever skins the beast should automatically succeed at the task, as possession of a *rimepelt* will make the PCs' infiltration of Whitethrone in Part Two much easier.

Development: If Norgrimm is killed or escapes, the falconers quickly lose their will to fight. If interrogated, the falconers attempt to barter for their lives. They know a White Witch ordered Norgrimm to head to a tower outside the town of Waldsby and look for suspicious groups of adventurers traveling to Whitethrone from that direction. They know little else, as Norgrimm kept many details to himself. If Norgrimm successfully escapes, he is sure to beat the PCs to Whitethrone, where he tells Nazhena about this encounter and what he's learned of the PCs' abilities.

A. THE WOOD-WIFE'S PLIGHT

This encounter occurs when the party passes through a small wood.

A1. A Plea For Help (CR 5)

A rough wooden cabin stands just inside a small wood. There is no sign of activity around the cabin, but smoke rises from the chimney.

Creature: As the PCs near the cabin, a strikingly beautiful, red-haired woman in a hooded coat comes out of the cabin and hails them, asking for their help. She introduces herself as Sylgja, and explains that she believes her husband Finngarth was taken by a moss troll that lairs in a nearby cave. Sylgja begs the PCs to rescue or avenge Finngarth, in return for safe and comfortable lodging for the night and a magical treasure that belongs to her husband. Sylgja's story is completely true, insofar as she believes it, but she does not share everything with the PCs.

Sylgja does not reveal that she is Finngarth's wood-wife and a huldra, a fey creature with a long fox's tail and an opening in her back that reveals her body is a hollow wooden shell. Sylgja wears a long cloak or wears her hair down to hide her hollow back and tail, using her Disguise skill to conceal her true nature. She loves Finngarth, but the couple live in isolation because most Irriseni peasants would not accept their relationship. Huldras hate trolls, and Sylgja is no exception, but she does not believe she can defeat a troll on her own, which is why she seeks the PCs' aid.

If the PCs refuse Sylgja, she casts *charm person* to gain an ally to convince the PCs to assist her. If the PCs attack Sylgja, she responds in kind. She attempts to take out the majority

of the party's members with *deep slumber* or *color spray*, then casts *charm person* on any who remain, still hoping to send them to rescue Finngarth. If the PCs agree to help Sylgja, she directs them toward a small cave in a nearby rocky hillside where she believes the moss troll lives (area A2).

SYLGJA

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female huldra sorcerer 2 (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings* 59)

CN Medium fey

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +13

DEFENSE

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

hp 49 (9 HD; 7d6+2d6+18); regeneration 3 (acid or fire)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9, **Will** +9

Immune charm and compulsion effects; **Resist** cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee slam +10 (1d6+6), tail slap +10 (1d6+6 plus 1d4 Cha damage)

Ranged +1 dagger +9 (1d4+7/19–20)

Special Attacks lashing tail, manipulate luck

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +9)

Constant—*detect snares and pits*, *endure elements*, *pass without trace*

3/day—*charm person* (DC 16), *daze monster* (DC 17), *wood shape*

1/day—*deep slumber* (DC 18)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +7)

8/day—laughing touch

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 2nd; concentration +7)

1st (6/day)—*color spray* (DC 16), *unseen servant*

o (at will)—*dancing lights*, *ghost sound* (DC 15), *mending*, *ray offrost*, *read magic*

Bloodline fey

TACTICS

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Sylgja flees, using *pass without trace* to throw off pursuit.

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 16, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 25

Feats Deceitful, Dodge, Eschew Materials, Mobility, Nimble Moves, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +19, Disguise +19, Escape Artist +16, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +15, Perception +13, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +10, Stealth +16, Use Magic Device +17

Languages Common, Draconic, Giant, Gnome, Hallit, Skald, Sylvan
SQ bloodline arcana (+2 DC for compulsion spells)

Combat Gear scroll of remove curse; **Other Gear** +1 dagger, feather token (tree), 48 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Lashing Tail (Su) A huldra's tail slap is a primary attack. In addition, each time a huldra damages a creature with her

tail slap, she deals 1d4 points of Charisma damage, causing her target to grow progressively more deformed and ugly with each strike. A successful DC 15 Fortitude save negates the Charisma damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Manipulate Luck (Su) Once per day, a huldra can manipulate another creature's luck by spending a full-round action, during which the huldra must remain in physical contact with the target creature. When the huldra uses this ability, she must choose whether she is imparting good luck or bad luck. A creature granted good luck gains a +2 luck bonus on all saving throws, attack rolls, and skill checks, while a creature afflicted with bad luck takes a -4 penalty on all saving throws, attack rolls, and skill checks. A successful DC 18 Will save negates the effect. Huldras cannot be the target of this ability. This effect lasts for 24 hours and is a curse effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

A2. Mossy Cave (CR 5)

Creatures: This small cave lies about half a mile from Sylgja's cabin, and is inhabited by the "moss troll" that Sylgja believe attacked her husband. In fact, what Sylgja thought was a moss troll is actually her husband Finngarth, who has been infested by a strange, intelligent plant creature from the First World called a mindslaver mold. Upon catching a glimpse of Finngarth from the distance, Sylgja mistook him for a moss troll because he is now covered in mossy green vegetation. Finngarth has been enslaved by the intelligent mold, which is using him as a host to spawn more mold and grow a collective in this cave.

FINNGARTH	CR 3
XP 800	
Male human fighter 4	
NG Medium humanoid (human)	
Init +1; Senses Perception -3	
DEFENSE	
AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +1 Dex, +1 dodge)	
hp 38 (4d10+12); currently 30	
Fort +6, Ref +2, Will -2 (+1 vs. fear)	
Defensive Abilities bravery +1	
Weaknesses infested	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft.	
Melee battleaxe +9 (1d8+6/x3)	
Ranged longbow +5 (1d8/x3)	
TACTICS	
During Combat	
Finngarth attacks	

with his battleaxe, using Power Attack and Cleave to fell his foes.

Morale While under the mindslaver mold's domination, Finngarth fights to the death. If freed from the mold, Finngarth immediately surrenders.

Base Statistics When not infested by the mindslaver mold, Finngarth's statistics are **Will** +0; **Wis** 8; **Skills** Profession (hunter) +6, Survival +9.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 4, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 20

Feats Cleave, Dodge, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Survival), Weapon Focus (battleaxe), Weapon Specialization (battleaxe)

Skills Climb +11, Profession (hunter) +4, Survival +7

Languages Skald

SQ armor training 1

Gear studded leather, battleaxe, longbow with 20 arrows

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Infested (Su) Finngarth is infested with mindslaver mold. He has taken 8 points of damage and 4 points of Wisdom damage from the mold and its spores. He is completely dominated by the mold, and follows its directives until freed from the mold's infestation.

MINDSLAVER MOLD CR 3

XP 800

(Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings 61)

NE Small plant

Init +7; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 11 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12); fast healing 2

Fort +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities avoidance;

Immune cold, plant traits; **Resist** acid 10; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 5 ft., climb 5 ft.

Ranged spore pod +7 touch (spores)

Special Attacks infestation, spores

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th;

concentration +9)

1/day—dominate person (DC 16)

TACTICS

During Combat The mindslaver mold uses its avoidance

SYLGJA

ability to evade attacks, firing spore pods at anyone attacking it or Finngarth.

Morale If the mindslaver mold is removed from Finngarth, or if Finngarth is slain, the mold attempts to find a new host. It casts *dominate person* on the closest creature to allow it to infest a new victim.

STATISTICS

Str 2, **Dex** 17, **Con** 17, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +3; **CMB** –2; **CMD** 12 (can't be tripped)

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative

Skills Climb +8, Escape Artist +7, Perception +8, Stealth +14

Languages Aklo, Skald, Sylvan (cannot speak); mold mindlink

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Avoidance (Ex) When a mindslaver mold is infesting a living or an undead creature, it can attempt a Reflex save as an immediate action to completely avoid an attack that would normally have hit it. This attack instead harms the infested creature—the mold effectively slithers out of the way of the incoming attack so that the blow strikes the creature it controls. The mindslaver mold must choose to attempt avoidance after the attack roll is resolved but before damage is rolled.

Infestation (Su) A mindslaver mold can climb onto and attach itself to a willing or helpless host as a standard action. As long as the mold infests its host, the mold shares the same 5-foot square with its host's space; this does not negatively impact the host or the mold. As long as a mindslaver mold infests a host, the host takes a –4 penalty on all Will saves made against the mindslaver mold's *dominate person* spell-like ability, and the duration of that spell-like ability on the host becomes permanent as long as the mold remains attached. Each day, an attached mindslaver mold deals 1d4 points of damage to its host as it feeds on the host's blood and other bodily fluids. A mindslaver mold can be torn free from its host with a successful DC 15 Strength check made as a standard action—doing so deals 2d6 points of damage as the mold's tendrils tear free. A dead mindslaver mold deals no damage when it is so removed.

Mold Mindlink (Su) A mindslaver mold can communicate telepathically with any other mindslaver mold within 10 miles, and knows the condition of all other mindslaver molds in this area as if it had a *status* spell in effect on all other molds.

Spore Pod (Ex) A mindslaver mold's sole physical attack is to launch a spore pod the size of a sling bullet. This is a ranged touch attack with a range increment of 20 feet.

Spores (Su) Whenever a mindslaver mold hits a creature with its spore pod, or whenever a creature touches a mindslaver mold (including when a creature hits the mold with a touch attack, unarmed strike, or natural attack), the creature must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save to avoid taking 1d4 points of Wisdom damage as the mold's spores swiftly drain away the victim's willpower and sense of self. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Development: If the PCs discover the mindslaver mold's true nature and save Finngarth, both Sylgja and Finngarth are overjoyed and grateful. They offer their cabin as a safe place for the PCs to rest. The cabin is well appointed and large enough to host the entire party. In addition, if the PCs are suffering from any curses (such as the cursed *ring of lifebleed* from the Pale Tower in “The Snows of Summer” or the jinkins' curse in Event 2), Sylgja offers to remove it with her *scroll of remove curse*. Finally, if one of the PCs particularly distinguished himself saving Finngarth, Sylgja imparts good luck on that character with her manipulate luck ability before the PCs take their leave.

If the PCs inadvertently kill Finngarth, the situation becomes complicated. Sylgja doesn't blame them, and upholds her offer of hospitality for the night. However, that night while the characters are asleep, Sylgja casts *charm person* on a PC she might find attractive. If successful, she tries to convince that PC to remain to start a new life with her. Sylgja does this not out of revenge, but out of fear of being alone. The huldra has grown accustomed to her relationship with Finngarth, and she grasps for a new love to replace her old one. Sylgja's capricious fey nature doesn't perceive anything wrong with this, but her charm does not alter the mantle of the Black Rider carried by the PCs. With a successful DC 20 Sense Motive check, a PC gains insight into her motivations, and with a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check, a PC persuades her that charming a party member is a mistake, causing her to release her charmed victim with an apology.

Story Award: If the PCs defeat the mindslaver mold and rescue Finngarth, award them 1,400 XP, as if they had defeated Finngarth and Sylgja in combat.

Treasure: Regardless of whether Finngarth is saved, Sylgja keeps her word, even if there is an altercation with her afterward. She rewards the PCs with her husband's “lucky bear trap”—a magic item called an *insidious bear trap* (see page 60). If Finngarth survives, he happily honors the promise as well.

B. POCKET OF SUMMER (CR 4)

The skies are clear up ahead, and the air grows warmer. Sunlight shines down on fresh grass that has sprouted where the snow suddenly ends in clear line. As far as the eye can see, fir trees have shed any sign of white, and birch trees show signs of fresh new leaves. The sounds of rivulets of water and melting snow can heard everywhere.

As the PCs travel across the snowy landscape, they come across a 3-mile-wide zone in their path where the temperatures relent and rise well above 40 degrees. Grass and other vegetation become plainly visible. This small

pocket of verdant terrain is the handiwork of local druids who fight against winter's eternal grip on the landscape. These zones do not last long, as the White Witches stamp them out when they are inevitably located, or they become subsumed by the surrounding magical winter when the druids' power eventually fails, but with many of the Jadwiga Elvanna currently distracted, this zone has gone unnoticed longer than most.

Creatures: For the brief periods they exist, these sheltered areas almost always attract wildlife. Currently a single giant elk grazes in this "summer pocket." This "great elk" or megaloceros is a particularly large species of elk that has migrated from the Realm of the Mammoth Lords to the east. It stands 6 feet tall at the shoulder, and its antlers spread almost 12 feet wide. The great elk is large enough to serve as a mount for a Medium creature, but it is still a wild animal. The megaloceros is skittish and wary of predators, and becomes fiercely territorial and aggressive if approached.

The megaloceros is not the only animal life active in the area. A mated pair of worgs have been stalking the elk, but they consider the animal too strong and dangerous to attack. If they spy the PCs, the worgs hide and observe the party. If either the elk or the PCs are significantly injured, the worgs charge in to attack the weakest group, hoping that the stronger group will depart when confronted with a fresh and uninjured threat. As soon as the worgs appear, the megaloceros attempts to flee.

MEGALOCEROS

CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 34 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 187)

WORGs (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 26 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

C. HAUNTED VILLAGE (CR 6)

On the sixth day of their journey, the PCs come across a ruined village. Read or paraphrase the following to the players as the PCs approach this area.

This place was once a small town or village prior to the Winter War. Most of the buildings are little more than piles of snow-covered stones, with crumbled sections of their walls rising from the ruins. The only structure that might offer temporary shelter appears to be an old temple inside a walled circular churchyard with an arch at the entrance. The front door of the temple has rotted away, but a smooth stone circle engraved with the outline of a butterfly is mounted above the doorway.

These ruins are the remains of the village of Ulsgaard, now virtually forgotten. A successful DC 10 Knowledge

(religion) check identifies the symbol above the door to the temple as that of Desna.

Fourteen hundred years ago, during the first week of the Winter War, a mass exodus of native Ulfen flooded south before the might of Baba Yaga's army of giants and trolls and the onslaught of unseasonable winter. As the invading army approached, the adults of Ulsgaard left the village to search for a place where the community could hide and regroup with other survivors. They planned to return for the village's children, who were entrusted to a pair of clerics of Desna, once they located a sanctuary. Tragically, for reasons lost to history, no one from the village ever returned. Abandoned, with no place to hide or run to, and with children they could not protect, the clerics lost their faith in fear and madness. They conspired to offer the children as a sacrifice to Baba Yaga, and foolishly pledged their souls to her in exchange for mercy. But when the armies of the Witch Queen arrived at Ulsgaard, no one was spared.

Creatures: When the clerics renounced their faith in Desna and blasphemously prayed to Baba Yaga instead, their souls were damned. After the destruction of Ulsgaard, they rose as undead huecuvas. During the day, the huecuvas linger in the churchyard, appearing as their old human selves. At first, the huecuvas are confused by the presence of the PCs, mistaking them for new children, and they encourage the PCs not to worry and to "run along and play." Once the haunt (see below) manifests, however, the huecuvas reveal themselves for the monsters they are and attack.

HUECUVAS (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 16 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 150)

Haunt: When the clerics made their decision to sacrifice the children to save themselves, they gathered the children in the churchyard to play, so they would all be in one place when the time came to hand them over. The echoes of this betrayal remain to this day, and the spirits of the children of Ulsgaard remain in the churchyard where they were slain by Baba Yaga's minions. The haunt manifests in the center of the courtyard, 20 feet from the entrance of the church. When the haunt is triggered, a group of ghostly, translucent children appear in the churchyard, crying for their parents and screaming as ghostly trolls and giants enter the churchyard and begin snatching them up. The palpable despair of the children sweeps over any living creature in the courtyard.

THE CHILDREN OF ULSGAARD

CR 4

XP 1,200

CN haunt (20-ft. radius)

Caster Level 4th

Notice Perception DC 21 (to hear the sound of children screaming)

hp 8; **Weakness** tricked by *hide from undead*; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When this haunt is triggered, all living creatures in the churchyard are targeted by a *crushing despair* spell (Will DC 16 negates). Once triggered, the haunt's effects last for 4 minutes.

Destruction The huecuvas must be destroyed and *consecrate* must be cast on the churchyard.

Treasure: With a successful DC 20 Perception check, a PC locates a loose stone under the ruins of a toppled-over altar inside the temple where the priests hid some of the

temple's treasures from the approaching army. A small stone coffer sits in a cavity under the stone; it contains a *scroll of hold person* and a *scroll of resist energy* (cold) in an engraved scroll case worth 100 gp, a *bladed belt*^{UE}, a *ring of feather falling*, and two fire opals worth 250 gp each, as well as 220 gp and 27 pp.

D. ELLSPRIN

The tiny village of Ellsprin lies on the route to Whitethrone, about a week's travel from Waldsby. Nadya hopes to relocate her family here.

D1. Besieged Cottage (CR 6)

Read or paraphrase the following to the players as the PCs approach the village.

A solitary wooden house sits on the outskirts of a small village, partially surrounded by a small grove of trees and hardy shrubs, far from the other houses in the village. A thin column of smoke rises from the chimney, but there is no other sign of life from within, and the window shutters are pulled closed. Fifteen feet in front of the homestead, a humanoid shape lies facedown—the snow around it is dyed red with blood.

The house belongs to **Maret Truskin** (NG female human commoner 1) and is currently under siege. Maret's husband, Borvald, lies facedown, dead, in front of his home, while a terrified Maret has locked herself inside with their two children, Jory and Katlina.

When Maret was just a teen, a passing satyr seduced her and left her with child. She soon gave birth to a male faun she named Garen. Ostracized by the people of Ellsprin, Maret came to live on the outskirts of the village. Garen sensed he was the source of his mother's alienation, and when he came of age, he ran away. Years later, Maret found happiness and married a kind woodsman named Borvald, and the couple had two children of their own.

Recently, the now-adult Garen fell in with two quicklings, a couple named Faernip and Zzababa. The naive faun was unaware of the capricious cruelty of the fey and told them his story. The quicklings became outraged that "verminous humans" would presume to be ashamed of fey relations instead of the other way around. Now for cruel sport, they have traveled to Ellsprin to punish the village, starting with Garen's mother, Maret. Garen attempted to stop them, but the quicklings overpowered him and tied him up in an abandoned barn nearby. The quicklings intend to "toughen him up" by forcing him to watch what they do to his mother.

When the quicklings attacked, Borvald tried to fight them off while Maret and the children barricaded



HUECUVA

themselves inside. Sadly, the quicklings killed the woodsman and Maret and her children are now trapped inside the house. They can't outrun the fey, and the village is just too far away for their cries to be heard.

Creatures: The quickling Faernip and his twigjack ally, Tindlecrick, are not far from the cabin. Faernip stands motionless and invisible, watching the PCs to see what they will do. He doesn't understand non-fey well enough to actually know for sure. If they elect to pass by without investigating the house, he resumes his torment after they're gone. Tindlecrick hides in the nearby shrubs, waiting for Faernip's cue before acting.

If the PCs approach Borvald's body or the house, Maret shouts out a warning from the house. Alternatively, if the PCs search for tracks, any who succeed at a DC 10 Survival check detect Faernip's tracks, which abruptly end near the house (where he now stands invisibly). Once it becomes clear the PCs intend to interfere, Faernip and Tindlecrick attack. During the fight, Faernip makes derogatory and insulting comments about humans. You can use this to highlight his prejudice to the PCs.

FAERNIP
CR 4
XP 1,200

Male winter quickling (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 227 and page 90)
CE Small fey (cold)

Init +7; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 19, flat-footed 14 (+7 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural, +1 size)

hp 22 (4d6+8); fast healing 3 (when in contact with ice or snow)

Fort +3, **Ref** +11, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities evasion, natural invisibility, supernatural speed, uncanny dodge; **DR** 5/cold iron; **Immune** cold

Weaknesses slow susceptibility, vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 120 ft.

Melee 2 claws +10 (1d4 plus 1d6 cold)

Special Attacks frigid touch, frosty grasp, sneak attack +1d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +8)

1/day—*dancing lights*, *flare* (DC 12), *levitate*, *shatter* (DC 14), *ventriloquism* (DC 13)

TACTICS

Morale Crazed with hatred for "verminous humans," Faernip fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 24, **Con** 15, **Int** 15, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 19

Feats Dodge, Mobility^B, Spring Attack^B, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +14 (+50 when jumping), Bluff +9, Craft (shoes) +9, Escape Artist +14, Perception +9, Spellcraft +6, Stealth +18, Survival +4 (+8 in cold environments), Use Magic Device +7

Languages Aklo, Skald, Sylvan

SQ icewalking, poison use

TINDLECRICK
CR 4
XP 1,200

Male winter twigjack (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 274 and page 90)

CE Tiny fey (cold)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +4 natural, +2 size)

hp 32 (5d6+15); fast healing 3 (when in contact with ice or snow)

Fort +4, **Ref** +7, **Will** +6

Immune cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d4 plus 1d6 cold) or

spear +4 (1d4/x3 plus 1d6 cold)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft. (5 ft. with spear)

Special Attacks frigid touch, frosty grasp, sneak attack +2d6, splinterspray (DC 15)

TACTICS

During Combat Tindlecrick uses the shrubs and thickets around the house to use his bramble jump ability. He readies actions to attack when Faernip is flanking, so both of them can make sneak attacks.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 15 hit points, or if Faernip is slain, Tindlecrick flees, returning to the abandoned barn (area D2) to join Zzababa.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 17, **Int** 11, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 13

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +11, Climb +8, Disable Device +8, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +10, Stealth +22, Survival +0 (+4 in cold environments)

Languages Skald, Sylvan

SQ bramble jump, icewalking, woodland stride

Gear spear

Development: When Faernip and Tindlecrick are defeated, Maret emerges from the house, grateful for her rescue. She mentions the presence of another quickling, and explains why the fey were attacking her house—Faernip made it clear to her why she was being persecuted. Maret tells the PCs the story of her first son, Garen. She thinks that Garen is with the quicklings, though she makes it clear that she does not believe Garen is capable of the same cruelty. A successful DC 10 Survival check is all that is needed for a PC to follow Faernip's and Tindlecrick's tracks back to the abandoned barn where Zzababa waits with Garen (area D2).

D2. Abandoned Barn (CR 4)

Creatures: Faernip's mate, Zzababa, waits in this abandoned barn with Garen, whom she has tied up. As soon as Zzababa becomes aware of the PCs, she cuts Garen's bonds and presses a dagger into his hands, ordering him to attack the party. Garen refuses, and in a fury, Zzababa attacks the party. If at any point the PCs mention that Faernip (or the "other quickling") is dead (or if Tindlecrick fled to the barn following Faernip's death), Zzababa screams in shock and immediately redirects her wrath toward Garen, attacking the faun. Zzababa believes that Garen's refusal to support his fellow fey led to her mate's death, and she intends to see him die for it. She shrieks at the young faun, "We did this for you!" The enraged quickling fights to the death.

ZZABABA

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female winter quickling (see page 90)

hp 22

GAREN

CR 1

XP 400

Male faun (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 114)

hp 13

Treasure: The flighty fey have collected treasure worth a total of 500 gp in the barn, made up of various coins and small jewelry pieces, stolen from waylaid travelers. If Maret and Garen are reunited, Maret also rewards the PCs with a fine furred hat that Garen's father left behind years ago—an *ushanka of the northlands* (see page 61). She kept it for the memories it elicited, but now decides to give it to the PCs as thanks for bringing her first son home at last.

Development: Although there is much tragedy in this situation, there is also hope. If Garen survives, he and his mother reconcile. Nadya and Maret become friends, and Maret invites Nadya to leave the twins with her until Nadya finishes her obligation to the PCs. Garen takes up residence nearby to keep an eye on both families and help protect them.

Story Award: If Garen survives the encounter, award the PCs 800 XP.

E. TROLL BRIDGE (CR 6)

A small river cuts across the path, heading south toward the cliffs that overlook Glacier Lake. A stone bridge crosses the river, seemingly constructed with horse, wagon, and caravan traffic in mind. The bridge is well maintained, and the snow has been cleared from its span. Four-foot-high stone railings run along both sides of the bridge, topped at either end by iron spikes upon which clean and meticulously polished skulls have been carefully impaled and turned as if to observe the traffic. A white-painted signpost greets travelers approaching from the east.

The river is 20 feet wide and 15 feet deep here, making it difficult to ford. The sign on the bridge, written in Common, Hallit, and Skald, advises foreign merchants headed to Whitethrone that they require licenses to do business in the city and that they may be stopped for inspection without cause. Those seeking licenses should apply at the city gates.

Creatures: Three freshwater merrows lurk underneath this bridge to waylay travelers. The merrows normally dwell in Glacier Lake among the many underwater hot springs near Whitethrone. They are acclimatized to the colder temperatures but cannot live in the rivers indefinitely. Each evening they return to their underwater homes just south of Whitethrone. The merrows block the western side of the bridge and demand in broken Common, "Papers, please." Their intent is to bluff travelers into paying them a bribe without having to resort to violence and without any travelers reporting their activities to city officials. None of the merrows can read, but they examine any proffered documents seriously (and possibly upside down) before grunting, "Not in order! You pay bridge tax!" The merrows prefer living "food" as tax: a Large mount, a Small or Medium animal companion, two familiars, or the smallest PC, in that order of priority. With a successful DC 13 Bluff or Intimidate check, a PC convinces the merrows to let the party pass—the merrows know their tolls are illegal and that there will be reprisals if Whitethrone's officials learn what they're doing there. A failed check prompts the merrows to attack.

FRESHWATER MERROWS (3)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 189)

TACTICS

Morale If reduced to 10 hit points or fewer, a merrow attempts to leap into the river and escape.

Story Award: If the PCs dissuade the merrows from attacking, award the PCs XP as if they had defeated the merrows in combat.

Treasure: The merrows have hidden the body of an earlier victim beneath the bridge, but have not yet had time to strip it of valuables. The body can be discovered with a successful DC 15 Perception check, along with three +2 arrows, three +1 arrows, a frost-forged chain shirt^{UE}, a masterwork cold iron battleaxe, and a leather pouch containing two blue sapphires (worth 50 gp each) and 20 gp in coins.

F. THE FISHCAMPS

Once they have crossed the troll bridge, the PCs soon enter a forest of leafless birch trees, and after half a day of travel, the city of Whitethrone comes into sight. Nadya turns aside at this point, guiding the PCs toward the shantytowns east of the city called the Fishcamps, where her late husband's uncle Ringeirr lives. If the PCs express interest in heading

straight for the city, Nadya strongly discourages them from doing so. She believes it would be almost impossible to get into the city without being questioned and likely arrested, but Uncle Ringeirr probably knows of alternative methods entering the city without attracting attention.

The city of Whitethrone is built high atop cliffs overlooking Glacier Lake. The cliffs make fishing in the city impractical, so Whitethrone's fishing industry is carried out in small shantytowns a few miles east of the city. Life is hard and desperate in these small communities, but there is less direct oppression from the Winter Guard (and the Iron Guard before it). A Taldan exile named Marcian Enarxion essentially controls the Fishcamps, bribing whichever "Guard" rides out from Whitethrone for the privilege of "keeping order" in the shantytowns. He recoups that bribe money and more with a protection racket he operates with the help of a gang of thugs known as "the Fishcamp Guards."

If Nadya hasn't told the PCs the story of her husband's uncle by now, she shares it with them prior to their entrance into town. Ringeirr Malenkov is her late husband Hjalnek's maternal uncle. When Nadya's husband was just a boy, Ringeirr's wife and son were taken by the White Witches and brought to Whitethrone. Ringeirr went to the city to rescue them, but though he was able to secretly enter the city and leave it again many times, tragically he never saw his family again. Nadya's husband told her that Ringeirr stayed near Whitethrone, however, and the last she heard was that Ringeirr was living in the Fishcamps and working as a smuggler. Nadya's husband considered Ringeirr an expert in getting in and out of Whitethrone unnoticed, and she still places much stock in that opinion.

Read or paraphrase the following to the players as the PCs enter the Fishcamps.

Arctic gulls fill the overcast sky with their cries over this small shantytown. Ramshackle huts are erected on the cold ground, hard packed and barren from generations of foot traffic. Dories and other small fishing boats are moored to dilapidated piers nearby or pulled ashore on the gray pebbled beach of Glacier Lake. The pervasive smell of fish is everywhere, sometimes fresh, but often with the underlying stench of centuries of decay.

How the PCs initially approach the Fishcamps is significant, because the residents are distrustful of strangers. PCs who openly display weapons and armor might be mistaken as new members of the Fishcamp Guards or servants of the White Witches, or even recognized as adventurers intent on mischief. Characters who arrive on mounts are definitely perceived as wealthy and powerful, or outsiders. The villagers' mistrust isn't born of innate hostility, but strangers and unusual events are usually a sign of trouble for the whole town.

Nadya suggests that the PCs start asking about Ringeirr Malenkov. Small groups of fisherfolk congregate on the piers or around shacks, engaged in whispered conversations, but with watchful eyes on what transpires around them. An occasional child can also be seen, toiling to repair nets or performing some other chore. Initially, the villagers feign no knowledge of the man or outright refuse to speak to the PCs about him. A successful DC 15 Sense Motive check reveals the villagers are afraid of reprisals if they discuss the matter. A successful DC 15 Diplomacy or Intimidate check prompts a villager to admit knowing of Ringeirr, who was recently "arrested" for "disturbing the peace" by the Fishcamp Guards, a group of thugs who extort money from the village for their so-called "protection."

F1. The Fishcamp Guards (CR 5)

Creatures: After the PCs have had a chance to talk to the fisherfolk, the community's attention is drawn toward the piers. A group of Fishcamp Guards—little more than thugs, really—have encircled a local fisherman and knocked him to the ground after he told them he couldn't afford to pay his "tax." If the PCs were able to get any of the villagers to speak to them, they point out the thugs as being part of the same group who dragged Ringeirr off a few days ago. The Fishcamp Guards are unaccustomed to any organized resistance and pay little attention to the PCs until they're actually confronted face to face. Once they are challenged, they're almost surprised that anyone has the temerity to stand up to them.

FISHCAMP GUARDS (4)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Human fighter 2

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Senses Perception -1

DEFENSE

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

hp 17 each (2d10+2)

Fort +4, Ref +2, Will -1 (+1 vs. fear)

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee ogre hook +6 (1d10+4/x3)

Ranged dagger +4 (1d4+3/19-20)

TACTICS

During Combat The Fishcamp Guards' favorite trick is to trip opponents with their ogre hooks, then attack enemies while they're down.

Morale If a Fishcamp Guard is reduced to 5 hit points or fewer, or if half of the thugs have been defeated, the remaining guards throw down their hooks and surrender.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5 (+7 trip); **CMD** 19 (21 vs. trip)
Feats Combat Expertise, Improved Trip, Intimidating Prowess, Weapon Focus (ogre hook)
Skills Climb +8, Intimidate +8, Profession (fisherman) +4, Survival +4, Swim +8
Languages Common, Skald
Other Gear mwk studded leather, dagger, ogre hook^{UE}, 20 gp

Development: If any of the Fishcamp Guards are captured and questioned, they beg for their lives in exchange for what they know. Several of the fisherfolk also step forward, feeling guilty for not standing up for Ringeirr when he was taken. The guards tell the PCs that their leader, Marcian Enarxion, ordered Ringeirr arrested for trying to organize the peasants of the Fishcamps to take advantage of the current chaos in Whitethrone and overthrow the Fishcamp Guards while Elvanna's Winter Guard is distracted. Ringeirr is currently being held in the largest wooden shack in the village, which Marcian has dubbed his "guardhouse."

F2. Fishcamp Guardhouse (CR 7 and CR 5)

The windows of this large, ugly, unpainted building are boarded shut. Its construction is rough and haphazard, as if it were once a smaller shack that had many additions tacked on later. The word "guardhouse," along with a crude symbol of a shield crossed by a hook, is painted on the building's only door.

This shack used to be a small residence before Marcian Enarxion took it over. Shunned by rest of the community, the gang gambles and drinks here until Marcian sends them out in small groups to collect their "taxes" from the fisherfolk. The construction of the guardhouse is poor. The wooden walls are weak and flimsy (hardness 5, hp 40, break DC 18). The simple wooden front door has no lock but is barred from the inside (hardness 5, hp 10, break DC 25).

Inside, the furnishings are sparse, just a few small tables and chairs in two main rooms. Marcian keeps his personal quarters in a small bedroom in the back. This room has a secret door leading outside that can be detected from either side with a successful DC 20 Perception check. The whole building reeks of body odor and fish, particularly the two oversized cots on the floor of the main area.

Creatures: The leader of the Fishcamp Guards, Marcian Enarxion, and his two ogre bodyguards, Borger and Whunk, inhabit the guardhouse. Borger and Whunk were banished from Whitethrone for their repeated failures to differentiate licensed merchants from native Ulfen slaves. Marcian keeps the pair well fed and paid, and they now serve as his personal enforcers and bodyguards. The sour smell in the building is due to their presence. Unless the PCs have a means to get past the barred door, such as a *knock* spell or breaking the door or a section of wall down,

Whunk responds to any knock at the door. Red-eyed and groggy from sleep, he rudely orders the PCs to leave before it dawns on him that they might actually respond with violence. If combat erupts, Whunk backs into the building to draw the PCs through the door while he calls for Borger and Marcian to help him. The ogres fight to the death, while Marcian begs for his life. Unfortunately, he has little to offer in exchange.

BORGER AND WHUNK (2)

CR 3

XP 800 each

Male ogre (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 220)

hp 30 each

Melee ogre hook^{UE} +7 (2d8+7/x3)

MARCIAN ENARXION

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male human (Taldan) rogue 6

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +4; **Senses** Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex)

hp 48 (6d8+18)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9 (+2 vs. traps), **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 rapier+10 (1d6+1/18–20) or

dagger +8 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +9 (1d8/19–20) or

dagger +8 (1d4/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +3d6

TACTICS

During Combat Marcian positions himself to flank with

Borger or Whunk, or feints as a move action to make sneak attacks against opponents.

Morale If reduced to 12 hit points or fewer, Marcian attempts to flee. If reduced to 5 hit points or fewer, he surrenders.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 18, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 12

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

Feats Combat Expertise, Improved Feint, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Bluff), Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (rapier)

Skills Acrobatics +12, Bluff +13, Climb +5, Craft (traps) +10, Disable Device +14, Escape Artist +12, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Linguistics +5, Perception +8, Sleight of Hand +12, Stealth +12, Swim +5

Languages Common, Giant, Skald

SQ rogue talents (bleeding attack +3, finesse rogue, weapon training), trapfinding +3

Gear +1 studded leather, +1 rapier, dagger, mwk light crossbow with 10 bolts, ring of protection +1, cold-weather outfit, key to locker, mwk thieves' tools, gold necklace worth 50 gp, 17 gp

Trap: Concealed underneath the bed in Marcian's room is a small metal locker where he keeps the Fishcamp Guards' earnings and payroll. The chest is locked and trapped (Disable Device DC 25), but Marcian carries the key on his person. The trap triggers when the locker's lid is lifted without first disabling the trap or unlocking the locker with a key.

POISON DART TRAP CR 5

XP 1,600

Type mechanical; Perception DC 25; Disable Device 25

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; Reset none

Effect Atk ranged +15 (1d6 plus ice troll phlegm poison [see page 61])

Treasure: Inside Marcian's locker is an assortment of the gang's valuables that Marcian has been holding onto for "safekeeping." The locker contains a *wand of spider climb* (17 charges), a small pouch holding four uncut rubies worth 50 gp each, 179 gp in assorted coinage, and a curious silver mirror engraved with the image of two lovers embracing that's worth 100 gp. The locker also contains all of Ringeirr's equipment (see below).

Story Award: Marcian Enarxion's defeat is the first relief the Fishcamps have experienced in some time. Without his leadership, the Fishcamp Guards fall to squabbling among themselves and eventually disband as an organized group. If Marcian and his ogres are defeated, award the party 2,400 XP for liberating the Fishcamps from the yoke of this crime boss. Award the PCs an additional 1,200 XP for rescuing Ringeirr.

Development: Ringeirr Malenkov is tied up, gagged, and somewhat battered and bruised in a small bedroom next to Marcian's room. If Nadya is accompanying the PCs, she and Ringeirr are delighted to see each other. After a quick embrace, she introduces Ringeirr to the PCs, and he thanks them for the timely rescue and invites them to his hut to share their story (see Entering the Howlings on page 22).

RINGEIRR MALENKOV CR 4

XP 1,200

Male human (Ulfen) ranger (urban ranger) 3/rogue 2
(Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide 129)

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +3 (+5 in Whitethrone); Senses Perception +8 (+10 in Whitethrone)



RINGEIRR MALENKOV

DEFENSE

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

hp 33 (5 HD; 3d10+2d8+3)

Fort +3, Ref +9 (+1 vs. traps), Will +3

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +6 (1d6+2) or

dagger +6 (1d4+2/19–20)

Ranged dagger +7 (1d4+2/19–20) or

mwk sling +8 (1d4+2)

Special Attacks favored enemy (giants +2), sneak attack +1d6

TACTICS

During Combat If he must fight, Ringeirr favors ranged attacks with his sling. If he must fight hand to hand, he uses Stealth or tries to position himself to make sneak attacks as often as possible.

Morale Ringeirr won't abandon allies or companions, and fights to the death to defend them. If alone, however, he tries to flee combat if reduced to fewer than 16 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 12

Base Atk +4; CMB +6; CMD 20

Feats Dodge, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw

Skills Bluff +9, Climb +7, Disable Device +9, Disguise +7, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (local) +9 (+11 in Whitethrone), Linguistics +5, Perception +8 (+10 in Whitethrone), Profession (smuggler) +8, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +10 (+12 in Whitethrone), Survival +8 (+10 in Whitethrone)

Languages Common, Giant, Skald

SQ favored community^{APG} (Whitethrone), rogue talents (fast stealth), track +1, trapfinding +2, urban ranger^{APG}, wild empathy +4

Combat Gear dustburst pellets^{APG} (3), potions of cure light wounds (2), oils of grease (2), potion of undetectable alignment, alchemist's fire (2); Other Gear padded armor, club, dagger, mwk sling with 10 bullets, amulet of natural armor +1, cold-weather gear, thieves' tools, 6 gp, 9 sp

PART TWO: THE HOWLINGS

After his rescue, Ringeirr invites the PCs to his modest hut, where they have the opportunity to eat hot food and rest without having to fight the elements. He asks for their story, and provided the PCs don't give him cause to distrust them, he takes them into his confidence. He reviews what Nadya may have already told them, but then divulges a secret of which even Nadya was unaware: Sometime after

he came to terms with the loss of his wife and son, Ringeirr was contacted by the underground resistance group called the Heralds of Summer's Return. These resistance fighters in Whitethrone are members of a clandestine cult of Milani who maintain a secret shrine to the goddess in the city. After meeting them, Ringeirr found a new purpose in helping the oppressed people of Whitethrone. Now an agent of the Heralds, he smuggles the desperate out of the city and brings in much needed supplies to the resistance.

Ringeirr makes it clear how difficult it has become recently to get in and out of the city. He affirms what the PCs have likely already learned from the Black Rider—that Queen Elvanna has seized power from her mother, Baba Yaga, and intends to remain on the throne on Irrisen. He also adds that she has removed the Iron Guard from power and instituted a new military force in its place, the Winter Guard, loyal to her alone. Elvanna has also declared martial law in Whitethrone, making it extremely dangerous to go through the city's primary gates. Traffic still passes through the city gates, but it has slowed to a crawl, with large contingents of the Winter Guard performing thorough searches of anyone entering or leaving Whitethrone.

Entering the city isn't the only problem, Ringeirr explains—citizens are routinely checked even within the city. The PCs need papers authorizing their movement throughout Whitethrone, not just through its gates, but Ringeirr thinks they might be able to exploit a loophole. He describes a privileged group of Jadwiga called stilyagi, young nobles known for their outlandish behavior and styles of dress. Like-minded stilyagi form gangs that adopt the cultural and stylistic trappings of other lands and peoples—even pretending to be adventurers from other nations. With their wealth and indolent lifestyle, stilyagi are also notorious for the recruitment of foreigners (even those of other races) to Whitethrone to act as companions, teachers, and advisors—at least until they grow tired of them. Ringeirr suggests that the PCs could take the roles of stilyagi and their foreign guests to move about the city. While the PCs might want to forge their own identity papers, Ringeirr knows an eccentric forger in Whitethrone who not only can prepare the correct documents, but also knows the secret household symbols of many of the city's Jadwiga clans and can reproduce them with *arcane marks* for added authenticity. See the sidebar on page 30 if the PCs want to create their own forged papers.

The forger, a man named Mortin, lives on the borders of the district known as the Howlings, which is predominantly controlled by winter wolves, but it is the one district Ringeirr feels he might be able to get the PCs through and into the city. Thanks to an ancient pact with Baba Yaga, winter wolves can assume human form in the Howlings. The "Howlings Gate" is not a gate at all but rather a hole in the city wall that gives the wolves unrestricted access to

their district. The wolves are responsible for security of the district, and Ringeirr knows they're often lax about it and susceptible to bribery.

In exchange for his help in entering Whitethrone, Ringeirr does ask for the PCs' assistance in a side mission. If he is going to get them into the city and take them to Mortin, he wants to do so while bringing food to desperate humans who are going hungry, and he'd like their help in making the delivery.

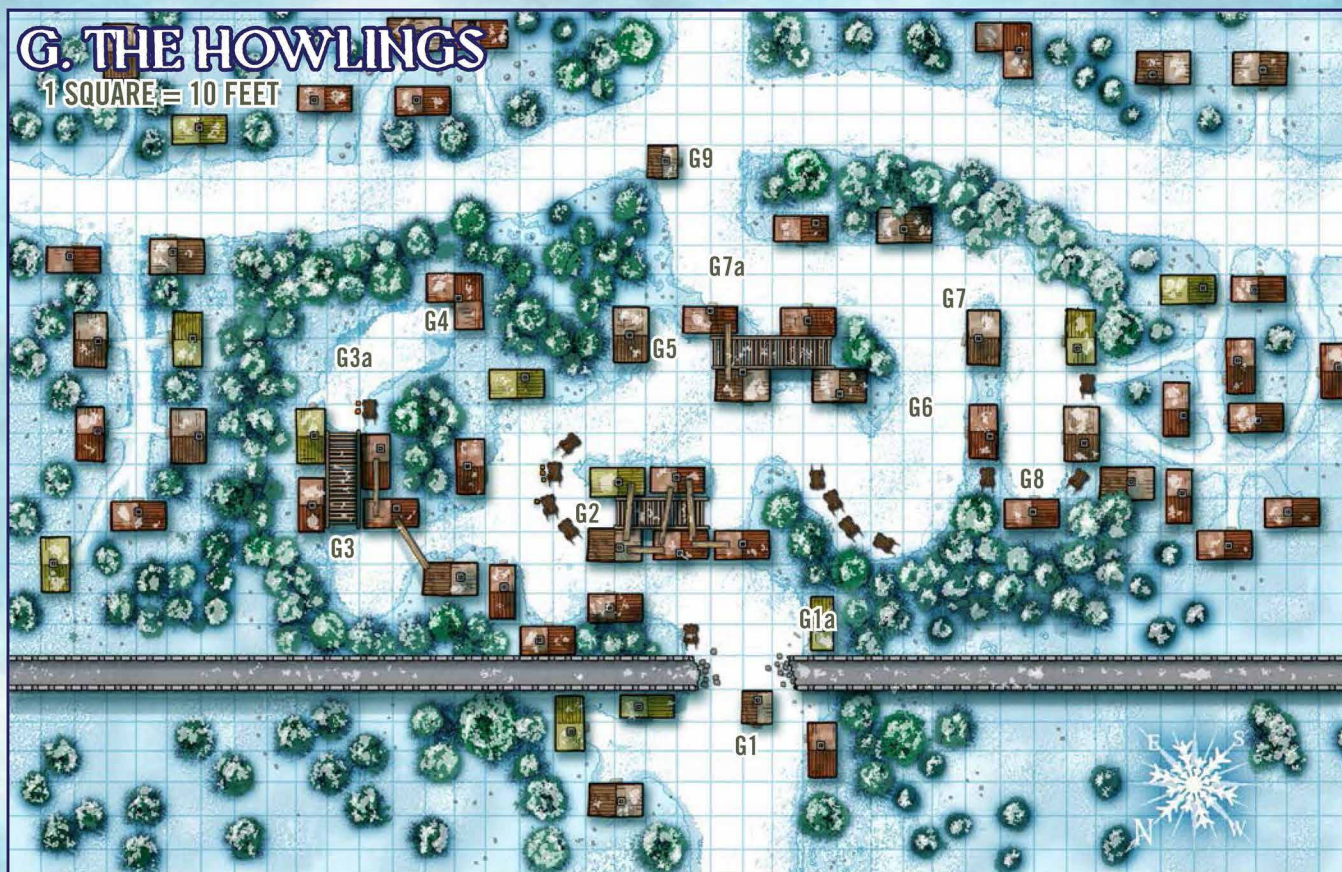
Once they're safely inside the city, with the PCs in possession of their forged papers and Ringeirr's food delivery made, Ringeirr will take them to meet his contact with the Heralds of Summer's Return, a woman named Solveig Ayrdahl. Solveig is the leader of the cult of Milani in Whitethrone, and she can give the PCs shelter in the city and more information on the current conditions there. If the PCs mention the *Dancing Hut*, Ringeirr is aware that the hut is somewhere in the city, supposedly put on display. He knows little else about the artifact, but Solveig Ayrdahl should be able to give them solid intelligence on the hut's location.

Assuming the PCs agree to Ringeirr's terms, they can head to the city as soon as they're ready. Ringeirr tries to convince Nadya to rejoin her children and leave him to guide the PCs from here forward. He pleads with her that he has much less to lose, and even if the PCs get to the *Dancing Hut*, their journey through Whitethrone might be a one-way trip. That said, Nadya and the PCs might have their own thoughts on her future role with the PCs. See the sidebar on page 25 for the repercussions of this decision.

ENTERING THE HOWLINGS

Before the PCs even approach Whitethrone, Ringeirr addresses some preliminary issues. First, the PCs can't just walk around the city decked out in medium or heavy armor or shields, or openly display weapons larger than a dagger without documents authorizing them to do so. For this reason, Ringeirr explains, papers identifying them as stilyagi or part of a stilyagi retinue are preferable, as they'll grant the PCs more privileges with fewer questions. For his part, Ringeirr intends to push a handcart full of snow-packed fish through the district as part of their cover. Unless the PCs have magic or superior disguises, Ringeirr suggests they wrap their heavier gear in oiled cloth and bury it under the fish. If the PCs balk at this idea, Ringeirr says it is only essential until they clear the gate. Once they're actually in the Howlings, they can reclaim their gear, but they'll need to either avoid or deal with any encounters until they deliver Ringeirr's load of fish and get to Mortin's home to obtain their papers.

If any of the PCs is wearing a *rimepelt* (see page 61), they have some interesting options. If they tell Ringeirr about



the *rimepelt*, he explains that anyone wearing one likely won't be questioned as a winter wolf in human form, and will be above reproach for being armed, though this holds true only in the Howlings. A *rimepelt* won't be a free pass through the district, but adds some options described in each individual encounter.

Ringeirr arranges for some fisherfolk to help him get the fish cart to the outskirts of Whitethrone, but he and the PCs must push it through the Howlings Gate and the district beyond. One person (Ringeirr volunteers) can safely push the cart at a speed of 30 feet per round. If the cart is pushed at a higher speed, however, the person pushing it must succeed at a DC 15 Reflex save each round or the cart will tip over. The cart has an AC of 9 while in motion, hardness 5, and 20 hit points, and a single Medium creature can crouch behind the cart for cover. It can carry 150 pounds of cargo, and currently bears a load of frozen fish.

G1. THE HOWLINGS GATE (CR 6)

Irrisen's capital is a vision in white—from the snow surrounding the city to its bone-white walls, from the blues and whites of its snow-covered buildings to the shimmering silvery ice of the Royal Palace. Read or paraphrase the following to the players as the PCs approach the Howlings Gate.

The walls of Whitethrone tower 30 feet high, and have the appearance of giant, sharpened femurs fused together, though closer inspection reveals only smooth stonework the color of bleached bone. Massive skulls of the same bone-white stone top the walls, staring with blank gazes outward from the city in all directions. A rough road of frozen mud, churned and trampled from the traffic of countless feet, leads through an opening in the wall, which appears to have been deliberately left unfinished rather than sundered.

Creatures: A winter wolf named Greta, currently in human form, has been tasked with guarding the Howlings Gate at this time. In human form, Greta is tall, with shoulder length silver hair, fair skin, and bright blue eyes—and by human standards she is very attractive. She watches the PCs' approach warily, and with a raised hand she bids them to stop and state their business.

She immediately challenges any PC who is openly armed and armored (except for a character wearing a *rimepelt*, whom Greta believes to be a winter wolf), and demands to see identification. If the PCs have no documents, or if she detects a forgery, Greta reaches for her signal whistle to sound an alarm before attacking. Note this is a worst-case scenario and should happen only if the PCs completely ignore Ringeirr's advice about openly displaying armor and weapons.

If the party appears unarmed, Greta is much easier to deal with. Her orders require her to perform a routine search of persons and items brought through the gate. Although her initial attitude is unfriendly, with a successful Bluff check (opposed by Greta's Sense Motive check) or DC 22 Diplomacy check, a PC convinces her to allow the group into the city with nothing more than a cursory visual inspection. Greta doesn't question anyone she believes to be a winter wolf (such as a character wearing a *rimepelt*), and such a character can attempt Bluff or Diplomacy checks on behalf of the entire party with a +5 circumstance bonus.

If the PCs fail to persuade Greta to let them past, all is not lost, especially if they remain polite. She looks both ways, then lowers her voice and demands that they pay a "service fee" for passing through the gate. Greta leaves how much of a bribe she

wants to their imaginations, but expects about 30 gp per character to look the other way while they enter.

GRETA

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female winter wolf (human form) fighter 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

NE Medium magical beast (cold)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 67 (7 HD; 6d10+1d10+29)

Fort +11, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4

Immune cold

Weaknesses vulnerable to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 greataxe +12/+7 (1d12+7/x3)

TACTICS

During Combat Greta charges into combat with her axe and Vital Strike. Thereafter, she uses Power Attack with her axe. If faced with multiple foes, Greta resumes her wolf form to use her breath weapon. As a wolf, she uses Vital Strike with every bite attack.

Morale Greta retreats if reduced to fewer than 16 hit points.

Base Statistics In her wolf form, Greta's statistics are **AC** 18, touch 11, flat-footed 16; **Speed** 50 ft.; **Melee** bite +10 (1d8+6 plus 1d6 cold and trip); **Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.; **Special Attacks** breath weapon; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 24 (28 vs. trip); **Skills** Stealth +5 (+11 in snow)

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 18, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 23

Feats Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Run, Skill Focus (Perception), Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +10, Intimidate +10, Linguistics +2, Perception +12, Sense Motive +6, Stealth +9, Survival +9

Languages Giant, Hallit, Skald, Sylvan

SQ change shape (human, *alter self*)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 chain shirt, +1 greataxe, signal whistle

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Change Shape (Su) Winter wolves in the Howlings district of Whitethrone (or in the town of Redtooth) have the ability to assume the appearance of a specific single human form of the same sex with silver or white hair. A winter wolf always takes this specific form when she uses this ability.

Development: Greta's partner, a male winter wolf named Agilur, is dozing in a guardhouse at area **G1a**. If the PCs bypass Greta without resorting to combat, Agilur plays no part in this encounter. If Greta sounds the alarm, however, Agilur joins the fray in 1d3 rounds. His stat block

GRETA

and equipment are the same as Greta's. If a fight breaks out, it should only continue to escalate as more winter wolves become aware of the situation and arrive to reinforce the guards, until the PCs make their escape.

If a PC wearing a *rimepelt* successfully uses Diplomacy on Greta, there is an added and unexpected complication. Greta motions for that character to step away from the others for a moment for a quiet word alone. She then asks the character for his name, and whether he would be interested in getting a cup of tea or spiced wine with her later. Greta's motives are not entirely innocent, but her flirtation is sincere. She currently has no mate and responds very well to Diplomacy from someone she believes is a winter wolf. She accepts honest rejection maturely and gracefully, but if misled or stood up, she can become a problem in the future. You can elaborate or expand upon this potential subplot as a side adventure as you see fit. See the sidebar for more ideas on using Greta as a recurring character.

Story Award: If the PCs successfully get through the gate without fighting Greta, award them 2,400 XP, as if they had defeated her in combat.

FEATURES OF THE HOWLINGS

Once the PCs are through the Howlings Gate, read or paraphrase the following to the players.

The streets of the Howlings wind back and forth crookedly, and are lined with wooden houses covered in intricate and detailed woodwork. Unlike in the Fishcamps, even the poorest homes are in good repair, pleasantly decorated, and painted a clean white or light pastel colors. The rooftops are steeply pitched to allow heavy snow to slide off. Covered alleyways run between some closely adjacent buildings, sheltering ground-floor entrances from the elements. In other places, open-air bridges or crosswalks join buildings together at their upper levels. Snowdrifts lie heaped between houses, but the streets are shoveled and brushed clean. There is little sign of domestic animals, but handcarts are parked outside some residences.

The covered alleys are 30 feet long and 8 feet high on average, with only dim light even during the day. It requires a successful DC 20 Climb check to scale an adjacent building to get on top of a covered alley, or a successful DC 12 Acrobatics check for Medium creatures to jump up and grab an edge (DC 16 for Small creatures), followed by a successful DC 15 Climb check to pull themselves up. The roofs covering the alleyways are flat, solidly constructed, and regularly cleared of snow, but the slanted rooftops of most buildings constitute difficult terrain. The narrow bridges between buildings are typically 2 to 3 feet wide and 15 feet above the ground. They are slippery after fresh snow falls, requiring a successful DC 10 Acrobatics check to safely cross.

FRIENDS, ALLIES, AND LOVERS

Depending upon the actions of the PCs, several of the NPCs appearing in "The Shackled Hut" can continue to play roles throughout the campaign, whether as allies, friends, or romantic interests for the PCs, or as cohorts gained with the Leadership feat.

Greta the winter wolf (area **G1**) is a strange but valid possibility for an ally, if she becomes involved with the PCs in some side adventures. Although she is neutral evil, she is not a member of Elvanna's Winter Guard and has no loyalty to the queen. Romance is on Greta's mind, however, and her worldview can expand and even her alignment can change over time if someone special gives her a reason. She'll be more interested if a PC can eventually craft an item to permit her to take human form outside of the Howlings, or if a reward from Baba Yaga is suggested. Assuming she learns the truth about the *rimepelt*, Greta's reaction is likely to be anger and annoyance at first, but she soon comes to terms with it—she's an experienced woman, after all, not a naive ingenue.

Nadya Petska is the most obvious choice for an ally, as she has been with the PCs since "The Snows of Summer." This adventure assumes she remains outside Whitethrone once she has handed over responsibility for the PCs to Ringeirr, but there is no reason why the PCs can't bring her with them, or go back for her after they establish contact with the Heralds, and acquire forged papers for her as well—with Ringeirr's misgivings, of course.

Ringeirr Malenkov is another likely prospect for an ally. His cause is his life, and other than Nadya, he has no surviving family. As an older man with nothing to lose, he could easily be tempted into following the PCs on adventures beyond his wildest dreams.

Solveig Ayrdahl (see page 56) might also be interested in assisting the PCs to broker a better future for Irrisen, though she is torn by her responsibilities to the Heralds and her shrine. If reunited with Bella (area **L17**), Solveig has even more reason to stay behind in Whitethrone.

Between many clusters of houses are sections of unpaved earth where evergreen trees grow. Excess snow is usually shoveled here, forming drifts 1 to 4 feet deep. Entering one of these squares costs 4 squares of movement, and it is virtually impossible not to leave tracks.

G2. THE BACK-ALLEY BOYS (CR 5)

Creatures: A group of snow goblins called the Back-Alley Boys are lurking in the Howlings at this time. Snow goblins are native to Irrisen and the icy north. Their skin is more of a pale blue color, but they are otherwise indistinguishable from normal goblins. The snow goblin

population of Whitethrone is struggling with the same resource shortage as everyone save the Jadwiga, and the gang has left the Ratnest, the goblin warrens where they normally reside, to look for a group of humans to rob. Unfortunately for the PCs, Ringeirr's cart of fish proves to be irresistible bait.

The goblins are hiding behind a circle of carts in front of a covered alley. Their leader, an alchemist named Grindtooth, hides on top of the covered alley behind them, acting as lookout. All of the goblins have cover and are set up for a surprise attack. Have the PCs attempt Perception checks opposed by the goblins' Stealth checks. The goblins who remain unseen can act in the surprise round, launching ranged attacks with their shortbows or Grindtooth's bombs. As the goblins attack, Grindtooth shouts in Skald, "Leave the fish cart, longshanks! Run! Get out of here!"

If a PC is wearing a *rimepelt*, that character can attempt a DC 15 Intimidate check against Grindtooth immediately after the goblins launch their attack. If the PC succeeds at the check, Grindtooth mistakes the character for a winter wolf and ruefully calls off the attack with a muttered apology.

BACK-ALLEY BOYS (3)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Snow goblin warrior 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 19 each (3d10+3)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +0

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee horsechopper^{UE} +4 (1d8/x3) or short sword +4 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged shortbow +7 (1d4/x3)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with horsechopper)

TACTICS

During Combat The Back-Alley Boys use stealth and the alleys' dim light to launch one attack from range to weaken their targets' resolve, then demand they abandon their goods. If their victims refuse, the goblins attack with their horsechoppers, using their reach to trip less martial opponents. If an enemy comes inside their reach, however, the goblins use Quick Draw to draw their short swords and attack.

Morale The Back-Alley Boys fight to the death, unless Grindtooth is slain, in which case they scatter.

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 16, **Con** 11, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15

Feats Improved Initiative, Quick Draw

Skills Climb +3, Intimidate +2, Perception +1, Ride +6, Stealth +12

Languages Goblin

Combat Gear *potion of resist energy* (cold); **Other Gear**

studded leather, horsechopper^{UE}, short sword, shortbow with 20 arrows, cold-weather outfit, 4 gp

GRINDTOOTH

CR 1

XP 400

Male snow goblin alchemist 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 26)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 size)

hp 16 (2d8+4)

Fort +4, **Ref** +7, **Will** –1; +2 vs. poison

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee morningstar +2 (1d6)

Ranged bomb +7 (1d6+2 fire)

Special Attacks bomb 4/day (1d6+2 fire, DC 13)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared (CL 2nd)

1st—*bomber's eye*^{APG}, *endure elements*, *expeditious retreat*

TACTICS

Before Combat Grindtooth drinks his extract of *endure elements* every day.

During Combat Grindtooth drinks his extract of *bomber's eye* as soon as possible. He tries to keep the height advantage, staying up on the alley's roof and weakening enemies with his bombs first. Once he has run out of bombs, he drinks his mutagen and jumps down to join in melee combat.

Morale A born coward, Grindtooth abandons the fight when brought down to 5 hit points or fewer, drinking his extract of *expeditious retreat* to make his escape.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 19, **Con** 13, **Int** 14, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 14

Feats Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Throw Anything

Skills Craft (alchemy) +7, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Perception +4, Ride +8, Sleight of Hand +9, Spellcraft +6, Stealth +14

Languages Gnome, Goblin, Skald,

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +2, identify potions), mutagen (+4 Str/–2 Int, +2 natural, 20 minutes), discoveries (precise bombs [2 squares]), poison use

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of jump*, liquid ice^{UE} (2); **Other Gear** mwk studded leather, morningstar, alchemy crafting kit^{UE}, cold-weather outfit, formula book (contains all prepared extracts plus *cure light wounds* and *jump*), 2 gp

Story Award: If the PCs successfully cow the Back-Alley Boys by intimidating Grindtooth, award them XP as if they had defeated the goblins in combat.

Development: After the PCs have dealt with the goblins, Ringeirr encourages the PCs to drag the goblins' bodies under cover, pointing out that under Whitethrone's laws, the PCs are guilty of murder. If the PCs have not retrieved their gear from the cart, Ringeirr suggests they do so now in the dim light of the alley. Ringeirr then turns north, heading toward area **G4** to deliver his fish. "Once we deliver the food," he promises, "we go straight to get your papers. Then I'll take you on to the Shrine of Milani."

G3. MIRROR, MIRROR (CR 5)

As the PCs approach this covered alley, allow them to attempt DC 5 Perception checks to notice a robed and hooded humanoid figure—perhaps an elf or slim human—about 50 feet ahead (at area **G3a**). The figure is looking around but not directly at the PCs—yet. If Ringeirr is made aware of the figure, he turns pale and motions for the PCs to step out of the creature's line of sight. "That's one of the mirror men," Ringeirr whispers. "They're spies of the Queen. They have some magic way of speaking to the White Witches, who can see whatever the mirror men see. We have to hide, get it to ignore us somehow, or kill it. But if it becomes suspicious, don't let it escape alive—or we're done for, all of us!"

Creature: The mirror man walks slowly west, toward the PCs, looking for anything out of place. Although it can detect the PCs with its blindsight, it is mostly focused on its immediate surroundings, so it is not yet suspicious of the PCs. Both the PCs and the mirror man should make initiative checks at this point.

The mirror man walks at a speed of 30 feet per round; at the end of the second round, the mirror man should arrive at area **G3**, at the western end of the alley. Unless they're careless and draw attention to themselves, the PCs should have 2 rounds to act before the mirror man reaches them.

The best way to handle a mirror man under these circumstances is not to be noticed. If the PCs try to hide from the mirror man, they find it difficult because of the mirror man's blindsight (though the PCs are likely unaware of this ability). The covered roof of the alley is an excellent place to hide, but the PCs need to scramble up quickly before the mirror man arrives. Another spot to hide is among the trees on the side of the street, but to do so they must enter the deep snowdrifts around the trees, and the mirror man might spot their tracks with its Survival skill. It's also possible to enter one of the nearby homes and hide, though this gambit is risky. There is a 40% chance that a given

door is locked (DC 20 Disable Device), and a 30% chance during the day (70% at night) that the occupants are home.

Ringeirr's handcart might still be a problem, however, as abruptly abandoned food can look suspicious. On the other hand, a few appropriately dressed characters pushing the cart who keep their heads down are just as likely to be ignored. In this case, the PCs can attempt Disguise checks opposed by the mirror man's Perception check.

If a PC is wearing a *rimepelt*, that character can attempt to impersonate a winter wolf and allay the mirror man's suspicions. In this case, the mirror man asks the character whether the slaves (the other PCs) belong to him, and what they are doing. A successful Bluff check opposed by the mirror man's Sense Motive check satisfies the mirror man, but bear in mind that no creature, save a White Witch, is above suspicion in the eyes of Whitethrone's mirror men.

If the PCs attract the mirror man's attention by acting suspiciously, it demands to see identification. If no papers are produced within 1 round, the mirror man uses its alert master ability and follows the PCs, studying them and using its scrying focus ability to record their actions until a White Witch contacts it through its scrying focus, though this takes a minimum of 10 minutes. The mirror man does not attack unless it witnesses the PCs engaging in a criminal



GRINDTOOTH

act or it is assaulted first, at which point it draws its sword and attacks.

MIRROR MAN CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 53 (see page 88)

TACTICS

Morale If reduced to 25 hit points or fewer, the mirror man attempts to flee combat.

Development: If the mirror man survives long enough for one of the White Witches to make contact, she reviews the mirror man's recorded memories, if its mirrored face remains unbroken. In this case, an armed force of four ice trolls led by a winter wolf commander (a CR 9 encounter) is sent to sweep the entire Howlings district 20 minutes later, going from door to door specifically seeking the PCs and Ringeirr. If a White Witch is alerted but the mirror man's soul mirror has been destroyed, there is no immediate response, but at your discretion, the number of random Winter Guard patrols in Whitethrone can increase for the next 1d6 hours.

G4. FOOD DELIVERY

Ringeirr indicates the house at the end of this street as the destination for the fish in his handcart. He knocks on the door, which a brief moment later cracks open just enough for a figure to peer out. After Ringeirr exchanges a few words with the person inside, the door bursts open and a man, a woman, and several children stream out and start carrying the fish inside. Ringeirr explains that a network of neighbors will see that the food is distributed fairly. The adults pause momentarily to thank the PCs, and their gratitude for the party's courage and generosity is evident. Unless the PCs wish otherwise, Ringeirr leaves the cart with the family so the PCs will no longer be burdened by it as they go visit Mortin the forger to get their false papers.

Story Award: Award the PCs 1,200 XP for safely delivering the fish.

G5. WAGES OF SIN (CR 6)

Creatures: Two winter wolves, named Yargin and Scrobe, are standing here loudly arguing in human form. The pair were drinking and playing cards all night, and got into more than one fistfight; now they're drunk, bruised, battered, and thoroughly confused as to which way is their home, and they are more than willing to take out their frustrations on passing humans. The wolves' intoxicated state grants them the sickened condition for the duration of the encounter, which reduces their CR by 1. Once combat begins, Yargin and Scrobe return to their wolf forms to attack. They flee if reduced to fewer than 20 hit points, or if one of them is slain.

YARGIN AND SCROBE (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Male winter wolves (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

hp 57 each (each has taken 14 points of nonlethal damage)

Weaknesses sickened

Treasure: Yargin wears a pouch containing 20 blue quartz "ice diamonds" worth 50 gp each. Scrobe's pouch contains a curious magic stone called a *steadfast gut-stone* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 320), offered up as collateral on a loan, and 20 pp.

G6. THE HUNT (CR 5)

Creatures: An Ulfen man named **Jorhan** (CG male human commoner 1) runs pell-mell from the east and turns north at this point, barreling directly into the PCs. He drops to his knees, panting with exhaustion. Out of breath, Jorhan gasps, "My master's... in a rage." One round later, a winter wolf in wolf form named Korgin rounds the corner in front of the PCs and skids to a stop, eyeing them and Jorhan. If no one appears to be a winter wolf, Korgin snarls and orders them to step aside and be about their business.

If a PC is wearing a *rimepelt*, the wolf introduces himself: "I am Korgin. This man is part of my household, or was, until he decided to question how I manage my affairs. I'm sure you understand. Sometimes you just can't break that defiant streak, and they're good for nothing but a bit of sport."

It's up to the PCs to decide how they handle this encounter. It is clear that if they do nothing, Korgin will hunt the man down and devour him. The PCs cannot persuade Korgin to just let Jorhan go or give him a warning, but if Korgin thinks one of the PCs is a winter wolf, they might be able to convince Korgin to sell his slave. With a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check, a PC can convince Korgin to be rid of his troublesome slave for 75 gp. For every 5 by which the check exceeds the DC, Korgin reduces the price by 25 gp (to a minimum of 25 gp). The PCs can also try to intimidate Korgin, or just kill the winter wolf. Korgin fights to the death to reclaim his property.

KORGIN

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male winter wolf (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

hp 57

Development: If the PCs kill Korgin or purchase Jorhan and set him free, Ringeirr tells Jorhan to go home, gather any of Korgin's other slaves who might be there, and clear out the place of valuables, then go to a location where the Heralds of Summer's Return will help them get out of the city. Ringeirr tells the PCs that some of the wolf's wealth must go to help the slaves escape, but he'll see that they receive a fair portion of it to help them start anew.

If the PCs intimidate Korgin into letting Jorhan go, the winter wolf seeks out the Winter Guard as soon as the intimidation expires to report the *rimepelt* wearer as a traitor, and gives full descriptions and the last known whereabouts of the PCs.

Story Award: If the PCs rescue Jorhan without killing Korgin, award them 1,600 XP, as if they had defeated the winter wolf in combat. If they kill Korgin and work with Ringeirr to see to it that the wolf's whole household is rescued, award them 1,600 XP in addition to the XP for defeating the winter wolf.

Treasure: Korgin carries no valuables with him, but if Jorhan is rescued, he returns to his master's house as instructed, and 24 hours after the party makes contact with Solveig Ayrdahl (see area K), the PCs receive a portion of Korgin's valuables worth a total of 2,000 gp.

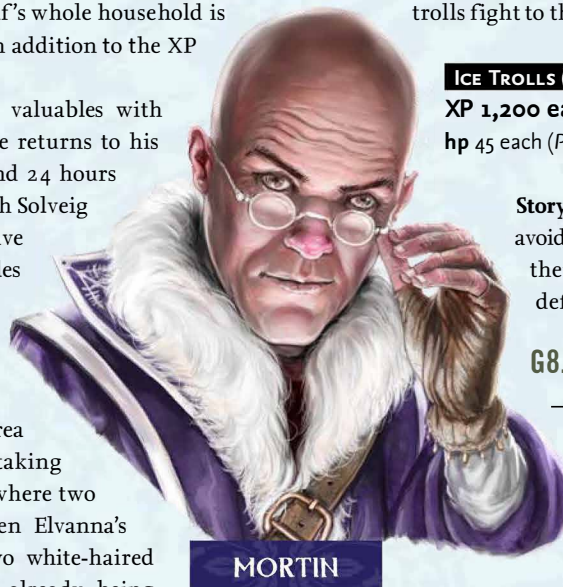
G7. WINTER GUARD PATROL (CR 6)

Creatures: When the PCs reach area G7, they notice a disturbance taking place to the north at area G7a, where two ice trolls in the livery of Queen Elvanna's Winter Guard have stopped two white-haired humans. Unless the PCs are already being stealthy, the trolls also notice the PCs at this point, though the trolls are still questioning the humans. With a successful DC 15 Knowledge (arcana) check, a PC realizes the two white-haired humans are winter wolves in human form. Ringeirr informs the PCs that the ice trolls and winterwolves frequently contest each other's authority, particularly in the Howlings, but such disagreements seldom last long. If the PCs want to avoid a confrontation with the ice trolls, they're going to have to act fast.

The PCs have 3 rounds to act before the ice trolls turn their attention to them. Ringeirr tells the PCs that their only hope of avoiding the trolls is to get out of sight. Luckily, the home of Mortin the forger is just around the corner (area G8). Unfortunately, no one answers and the strong wooden door is locked (hardness 5, hp 25, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25). Ringeirr swears and tells the PCs to open the door quickly—a challenge, considering the actions needed to accomplish the task (checking the door, getting tools out, a full-round action to disable the lock), which will require teamwork and luck to execute before the trolls arrive.

On the second round, the winter wolves assume their wolf forms, ending the argument with the ice trolls. With that situation resolved, the ice trolls take an interest in the PCs, heading toward them at a deliberate marching pace, and arriving at area G7 at the end of the third round. If

the PCs have entered Mortin's house (or they've at least opened the door and are walking in), the trolls eye them suspiciously for a few moments but then continue on their patrol, ending the encounter. If the PCs have not yet made their escape by that time, the ice trolls call out for the party to stop and begin to run toward them. Unless the PCs can bluff the trolls or produce forged documents, the trolls attempt to place them under arrest. If attacked, the trolls fight to the death.



MORTIN

ICE TROLLS (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

hp 45 each (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 271)

Story Award: If the PCs manage to avoid the trolls without fighting them, award them XP as if they had defeated the trolls in combat.

G8. MORTIN THE FORGER

Houses flank each side of this quiet side street. The street dead-ends at a house lacking any but the most basic "gingerbread" wooden trim. All of the building's windows are shuttered and closed.

The home of Mortin the forger lies at the end of this street. **Mortin** (CN male human expert 4/wizard 3) is an inconspicuous little man. He's completely bald and wears eyeglasses. Ringeirr met Mortin years ago, when the forger worked as a con artist and smuggler, supplementing his craft with magic. Mortin was arrested several years ago, was tortured by the Iron Guard, and faced execution before he made a daring escape. He suffered a mental breakdown as a result of the trauma, and is now agoraphobic, rarely leaving his home here in the Howlings.

If the PCs had to break into Mortin's home to escape the ice trolls (area G7), Ringeirr is furious with his old friend, regardless of how the situation played out. The two proceed to have an argument, but it ends with Mortin apologizing and promising to provide the PCs with forged documents "for no charge."

If the PCs fought and killed the trolls, Ringeirr directs them to drag the corpses of the trolls into Mortin's house. Mortin is aghast, but Ringeirr explains to the party, "We've no choice. It doesn't matter with goblins and mirror men—everybody hates them. But if we burn two ice trolls in the street, we're going to have an army rampaging through the entire district. We have to chop them up and burn them in the fireplace." Ringeirr shoots the horrified Mortin a pointed look, and the forger thinks

PAPERS, PLEASE!

Once the PCs have identification, they can more easily move about Whitethrone without arousing suspicion. Note that anyone trained in Linguistics can forge papers identifying a character as a slave, but impersonating stilyagi requires inside knowledge that is usually highly expensive and difficult to obtain. Fortunately, Mortin is an expert and can add more authenticity to his documents with *arcane marks* specific to one of Whitethrone's prominent Jadwiga families, but the PCs can choose what kind of forged credentials they want.

Slave: These papers identify the bearer as a slave (and therefore property) of an ice troll or winter wolf in Whitethrone. This status only allows movement through the city; possession of armor, weapons larger than a dagger, and obvious magic items is strictly prohibited. A successful DC 20 Linguistics check reveals that these documents are fakes.

Stilyagi or Noble Guest: These papers identify the bearer as stilyagi—despite the bearer's odd mannerisms or style of dress, a member of a Jadwiga clan—or a foreign guest of the Jadwiga. These documents carry no restrictions on armor, weapons, or magic items, but the DC of a Linguistics or Knowledge (nobility) check to detect fakes is only 15.

better of opposing the idea, and allows the PCs to dispose of the trolls' bodies.

With the business of the trolls concluded, Mortin begins working on forging credentials for the PCs, which requires a few hours. Ringeirr recommends the PCs get documents identifying them as stilyagi or stilyagi's foreign guests. Alternatively, Mortin can create credentials identifying the PCs as the property of a winter wolf or ice troll. Such lesser identification would be harder to dispute, but would also grant less latitude when it comes to unusual behavior. See the sidebar above for details about Mortin's forged papers.

If anyone in the party is badly hurt, Mortin consents to let them stay for one night. Otherwise, they can leave as soon as they have their forged papers.

G9. CHECKPOINT (CR 7)

The winding streets of the Howlings give way to an intersection of broad thoroughfares that lead to other districts of Whitethrone, where the buildings continue to improve in the quality of their construction and the exquisite detailing of their woodwork. In the distance, the sounds of more active neighborhoods can be heard, but Whitethrone is generally somber and muted. A white signpost, painted with neat black writing, stands at the crossroads.

This crossroads represents the boundary between the Howlings and the rest of Whitethrone. The signpost, written in Skald and Giant, points the way toward "Two Hills" to the northeast, "Merchants' Quarter and the Floes" to the southeast, and "Porcelain Street and Frosthall" to the south.

Creatures: Two mirror men have set up a checkpoint near a private residence here to watch for groups leaving the district. Their presence is due in part to reports of confrontations heard or witnessed by residents of the district. The mirror men are hiding in the shadows beneath the eaves of the building and can be spotted with a successful DC 20 Perception check.

How this encounter develops depends on the PCs' past conduct in the Howlings. The more complaints that were made, bodies left to be discovered, and violence that broke out, the more suspicious the mirror men are when they encounter the PCs. If the PCs resolved at least three of the six encounters in the Howlings (G1 through G3 and G5 through G7) with Stealth, social skills, or other creative solutions instead of resorting to combat, they have a chance to get past the mirror men with minimal harassment. In this case, the mirror men come out of hiding before the PCs leave the district, gesturing to see their papers while they observe the PCs' actions. The mirror men only make opposed Linguistics or Knowledge (nobility) checks to detect forgeries if the PCs give them cause, but they draw the moment out to see how the PCs react. If the PCs remain calm and nothing is out of place, the mirror men return the PCs' identification and let them pass. If any of the PCs are impersonating stilyagi, one of the mirror men warns them, "Public dancing remains strictly prohibited" in its cold telepathic voice as they leave.

If four or more of the Howlings encounters resulted in combat, the mirror men are already suspicious of the PCs, regardless of how good their forged credentials are. This is not to say that the identification won't work later and elsewhere, but the PCs have drawn too much attention to themselves at this time. In this case, the mirror men use their alert master ability immediately, then step out of hiding, motioning for the party to stop and surrender. They closely study any credentials offered, and if they detect any irregularities or the PCs resist, the mirror men attack.

MIRROR MEN (2)

CR 5

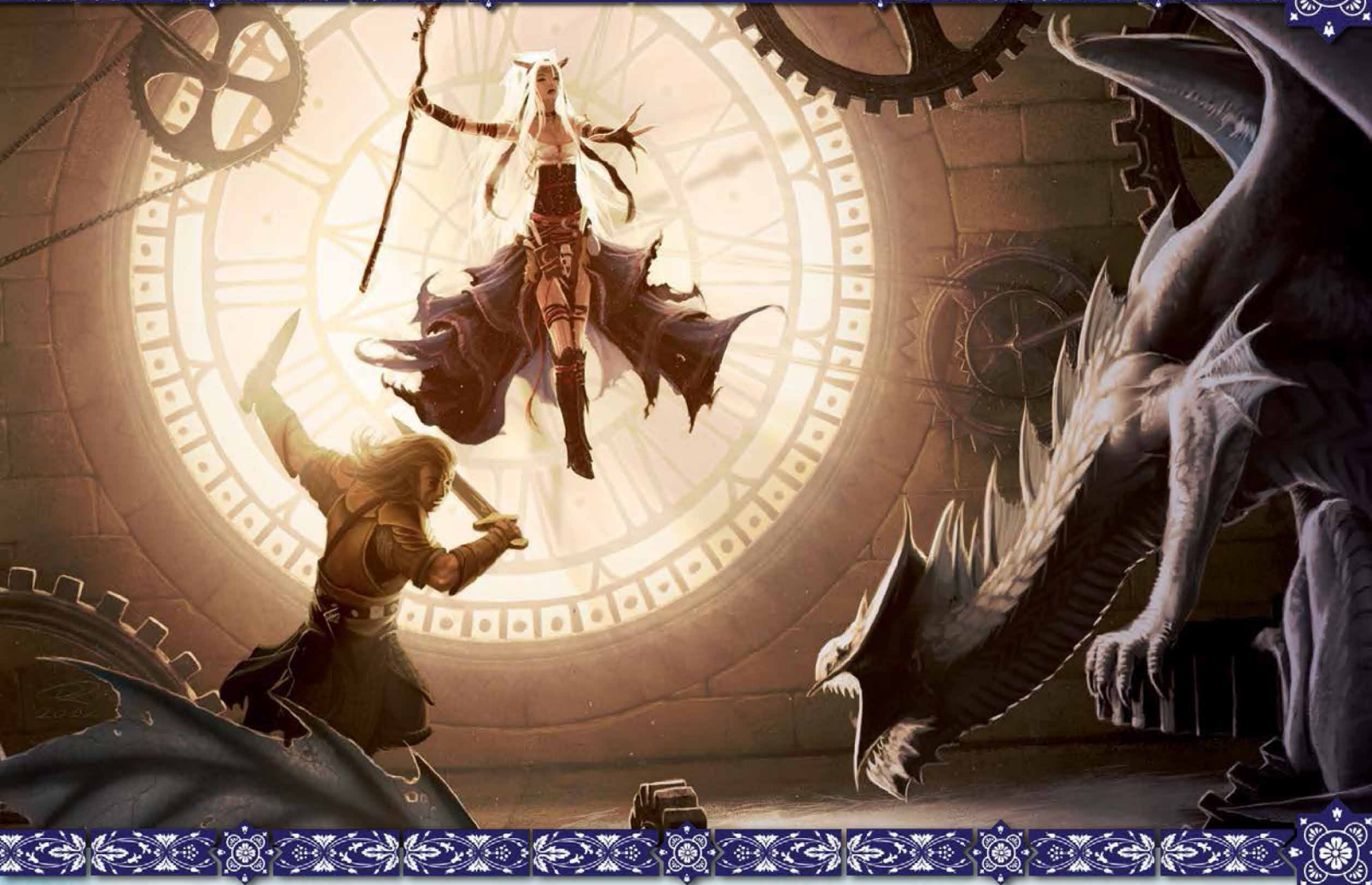
XP 1,600 each

hp 53 each (see page 88)

TACTICS

Morale One mirror man always tries to flee when reduced to half its hit points or fewer while the other tries to cover its escape, fighting until destroyed.

Story Award: If the PCs successfully get past the mirror men without fighting them, award them XP as if they had defeated the mirror men in combat.



Development: If the encounter results in combat and a mirror man survives for 10 minutes, or the mirror men's faces are not broken, a White Witch contacts the mirror men and sees the PCs' faces. The Winter Witches soon step up efforts to locate, capture, and eliminate the party. This reduces the effectiveness of the PCs' forged credentials (the DCs to detect a forgery are reduced by 5). In addition, wanted posters are put up throughout the city, there is an increased threat of random patrols and random encounters, and even the possibility of magical attempts to locate the PCs, such as *Irriseni mirror sight* (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 73), *nightmare*, or *screaming spells*. The implications of these developments are left for you to explore, but these ramifications are representative of what to expect anytime a mirror man escapes.

PART THREE: THE DRAGON OF WHITETHRONE

The city of Whitethrone is the capital of both Irrisen and the province of Thronehold. Situated on the northern shore of Glacier Lake, it is home to a diverse population of Jadwiga, Ulfen, dwarves, fey, gnomes, ice trolls, snow

goblins, and winter wolves, though most of the Ulfen, dwarves, and gnomes are little more than slaves, occupying a much lower position on the social ladder beneath the Jadwiga and the city's more monstrous denizens. Queen Elvanna's eldest daughter, Princess Cassisoche, rules Whitethrone, and with Elvanna's attention focused on her ritual to spread eternal winter over all of Golarion, Cassisoche is currently running most of Irrisen in her mother's stead with the help of the Jadwiga Elvanna.

Martial law has recently been declared in the city, making it even more dangerous than usual for foreigners to venture outside of the relatively safe Merchants' Quarter. Patrols of Elvanna's mirror men and the Winter Guard are everywhere, and moving through the city without proper credentials can be a death sentence. Nevertheless, trade goes on as it always does, and those with official papers (or forged ones) can still move around the city, provided they watch their step and take care not to attract attention to themselves.

Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Cities of Golarion has a detailed chapter on Whitethrone with information on all of the city's districts; it offers many adventure hooks and

LOCATIONS IN WHITETHRONE

Some of Whitethrone's more notable locations are detailed below and on the map on page 33.

H. Royal Palace: Queen Elvanna's Royal Palace is a delicate spire of ice rising 200 feet from the surface of Glacier Lake. With the city under martial law, entrance to the palace is strictly controlled, and no one but the Jadwiga Elvanna are allowed in or out. Queen Elvanna herself is not currently in the city, but is instead sequestered in a secret location to enact her winter ritual.

I. Water Palace: Hot springs heat the pools in this large bathhouse, which caters only to the Jadwiga and their most important guests.

J. Hidden Gardens: What few fruits and vegetables Irrisen produces locally are grown in this vast complex of ice-paned greenhouses, heated by the hot springs of the Floes.

K. Shrine of the Everbloom: This secret shrine to the goddess Milani lies beneath the Hidden Gardens. It is described in more detail below.

L. Logrivich's Clock Tower: The white dragon Logrivich makes his lair in this clock tower on the western edge of Ironside district. The tower is further detailed below.

M. Market Square: Whitethrone's central market square is located in the heart of the Merchants' Quarter, but it is now overrun with the forest that has grown up around Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut*. This area is detailed in Part Four.

ideas, should the PCs be interested in exploring the city beyond the bounds of this adventure.

WHITETHRONE

NE large city

Corruption +1; **Crime** +3; **Economy** +3; **Law** +2; **Lore** +5;
Society +0

Qualities academic, magically attuned, notorious, racially intolerant (non-Jadwiga humans), tourist attraction

Danger 20

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government magical

Population 24,900 (17,962 humans, 1,873 winter wolves, 1,237 ice trolls, 1,098 gnomes, 996 snow goblins, 614 dwarves, 543 fey, 95 frost giants, 482 other)

Notable NPCs

Lord Chegar Tuvash, Prince of Winter Wolves (NE male winter wolf barbarian 12)

Mistress of Gardens Ilyena Tetrovna (N female human expert 6)

Princess Cassisoche, First Daughter of Elvanna, Duchess of Thronehold (NE female human witch 8/winter witch* 10)

Queen Elvanna, Fourteenth Daughter of Baba Yaga (NE female human witch 10/winter witch* 10)

Stilyagi "Prince" Pavel Turosky (CN male human bard 2/rogue 2)

* The winter witch prestige class is presented in the *Reign of Winter Player's Guide*.

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 13,600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 85,000 gp;

Spellcasting 9th

Minor Items 4d4; **Medium Items** 3d4; **Major Items** 2d4

K. SHRINE OF THE EVERBLOOM

Once the PCs have made it out of the Howlings and into the city of Whitethrone proper, Ringeirr guides the PCs southward to the district called the Floes, where many of the city's elite Jadwiga live. Ringeirr heads for a small communal bathhouse catering to well-connected Ulfen just east of the Water Palace. After a knowing nod to the bathhouse attendant, Ringeirr leads the PCs downstairs and into the subterranean service tunnels connecting many of the nearby bathhouses, then through a hidden door into the secret shrine of Milani.

Created by druid members of the Heralds of Summer's Return many years ago, the Shrine of the Everbloom occupies a secret underground sub-level beneath the Hidden Gardens. Heated by the hot springs of the Floes, the shrine itself is not very big, but there are living quarters for up to a dozen people, usually occupied by fugitives the Heralds help smuggle into or out of the city. There are no mirrors anywhere in the complex.

Ringeirr introduces the PCs to Solveig Ayrdahl, the cleric of Milani who leads Whitethrone's cell of the Heralds of Summer's Return. Solveig is detailed fully in the NPC appendix on page 56. Ringeirr encourages the PCs to tell Solveig their story, and once she learns that the PCs plan to overthrow Queen Elvanna, she agrees to help them.

Solveig explains that although Queen Elvanna put Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut* on display in the city's Market Square, a thick forest teeming with strange creatures sprouted up around the hut almost overnight, and the market is now completely overgrown. The Winter Guard, under the command of one of the queen's great-great-granddaughters, a White Witch named Nazhena Vassiliovna, has cordoned off the entire Market Square. They have labored feverishly to cut down the forest, but so far they've only succeeded in halting the forest's spread through the entire Merchants' Quarter. Around the square itself, any trees cut down grow back the following morning. There's no way to get to the hut without going through a small army, no matter how good the PCs' forged papers might be, but Solveig has an idea.

She tells the PCs that the Heralds have made careful and tentative contact with the remains of the Iron Guard, the former military order loyal to Baba Yaga that Elvanna replaced with her own Winter Guard. Several of the Iron Guard's commanders survived Elvanna's purges and were



driven underground, but they hunger for the chance to reclaim the city (and all of Irrisen) for its true mistress. Unsurprisingly, the Iron Guard distrusts the Heralds, but the current situation has made the two groups allies of convenience. For their part, the Heralds are no supporters of Baba Yaga, but Queen Elvanna is by far the most powerful manifestation of the White Witches' rule, and removing her from power would be a telling blow against Irrisen's oppressive government.

According to Solveig, the Iron Guard is just waiting for an opportunity to launch a counterstrike against the Winter Guard, but one thing stands in their way—one of the Winter Guard's commanders, the white dragon Logrivich. Solveig's cell of resistance fighters is small, and they are guerillas, not trained soldiers. They survive by keeping their heads down and quietly helping the oppressed people of Whitethrone, not by engaging Elvanna's minions in open combat. If the PCs were to remove the threat of the dragon, however, Solveig believes she could convince the Iron Guard to strike back at the Winter Guard. Such an uprising would be sure to draw troops away from the Market Square, enabling the PCs to reach the *Dancing Hut* with much less opposition.

Assuming the PCs agree to Solveig's plan, she offers them shelter in the shrine for the duration of their stay in Whitethrone. The PCs can rest and recover within the small hideout, and Solveig offers them healing, if needed. They can even spend some time carefully exploring parts of Whitethrone looking for places to purchase or sell gear, so long as they keep a low profile. Before long, however, the mantle of the Black Rider should push them toward completing their quest to find Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut*.

Once the PCs are ready to face the dragon, Solveig gives them directions to the clock tower that Logrivich has claimed as his lair and warns them to prepare to fight ice trolls, many of whom occupy the tower. She offers the PCs three *potions of cure light wounds* and two skyrocket fireworks (*Ultimate Equipment* 109) to use on their mission. Once the dragon is dead, the PCs should launch one of the skyrockets from the clock tower to signal the Heralds and the Iron Guard to attack. Lastly, Solveig has a personal request for the PCs. She confesses feeling guilty that her plan also serves a personal ulterior motive and asks their forgiveness, but she begs them to consider her proposal anyway. Solveig's side quest is detailed on page 57.

L. LOGRIVICH'S CLOCK TOWER

When Queen Elvanna appointed the white dragon Logrivich to the Winter Guard, the young dragon made it clear he required a lair that afforded him an aerial view of Whitethrone so he could respond to threats from any quarter within moments. To this end, Elvanna gave him a sturdy stone clock tower on the Bone Road just south of the city's north gate. Logrivich tore out one of the clock's four faces to make an icy cave overlooking the city, and the tower's bottom floors were renovated to house the ice troll Winter Guards assigned to the dragon. An aged White Witch with no estate to support her was also sent to the tower to maintain a Jadwiga presence and ensure that Logrivich doesn't overreach his authority.

Logrivich's clock tower is of solid stone construction and stands over 70 feet tall. The ceilings are 15 feet high on the lower floors, with strong wooden doors between rooms. The clockwork gears in the tower above constantly rumble and grind, creating a background noise that unless otherwise noted imparts a –5 penalty on Perception checks made to listen through doors or between rooms. The tower contains numerous windows, but most are shut and barred to block out daylight. Although most of the tower's ground floor has been renovated to accommodate the size of the trolls, the staircases have not, requiring the trolls (or other Large creatures) to squeeze into those areas.

L1. Courtyard (CR 5)

A small courtyard stands outside the clock tower behind a delicate-looking white picket fence made of bones. A single step leads to a landing and a recessed set of large double doors to the north, while to the east and west stand two stone statues depicting two women in identical poses, reaching skyward as if to catch snowflakes. Neatly trimmed evergreen bushes surround the statues.

The bone fence has no lock, just a latch, and is easily opened and closed. The front doors of the clock tower are likewise unlocked. With a successful DC 15 Knowledge (nobility) check, a PC can identify the statues as a previous Irriseni queen, Betyrina, and her oldest daughter Zivia. A successful DC 20 check reveals that the two Jadwiga were famous for their work with clockworks and constructs.

Creatures: The statues are actually caryatid columns, instructed to allow ice trolls, children, and those dressed like winter witches or in the livery of the Winter Guard to pass unchallenged. The constructs are unintelligent, however, so characters in disguise or Small characters like halflings (who might be mistaken for children) can easily fool the statues. The caryatid columns don't animate until intruders cross the threshold into the tower itself. At that

time, the caryatid columns come to life and quietly enter the tower to attack intruders in area L2.

CARYATID COLUMNS (2)

CR 3

XP 800 each

hp 36 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 46)

Treasure: The caryatid column carved in Queen Betyrina's likeness wields an adamantite longsword, which can be easily recovered once the construct is destroyed.

L2. Foyer

This room features hardwood floors free of dust and debris. Double doors stand to the east and west, and a single door leads north. The low rumble of some great mechanism is clearly audible in the background, accompanied by a ratcheting sound at regular intervals.

This foyer is empty and the doors are unlocked. The rumble is from the clockworks in the tower above. The door to the north opens onto a landing and stairs leading up to the second and third floors.

L3. Barracks (CR 6)

This large room contains little in the way of furniture other than five beds sized for giants and two large chests. A five-foot-square extrusion runs from floor to ceiling near the southeast corner with a small rectangular access door at its base. A heavy, pervasive musky smell fills the entire room.

The ice trolls assigned to the clock tower use this chamber as sleeping quarters. The shaft to the southeast is a dumbwaiter. It is capable of lifting a Small creature (or a Medium creature that squeezes) up to area L10.

Creatures: Two ice trolls named Hartlegrath and Marrowsnap are currently here, trying to nap after a restless night spent listening to the clockworks. Neither is asleep, but both are lying on beds with their eyes closed. When anyone enters the room, the two growl in Giant to be quiet, but open their eyes 1 round later and jump up to attack intruders with their natural weapons. If confronted with fire or reduced to 15 hit points or fewer, one of the trolls runs to the door to area L4 and pounds on it while shouting in Giant, "Unplug yer ears, ya worthless pair o' goblins!" The other shouts (uselessly) for Granny Nan.

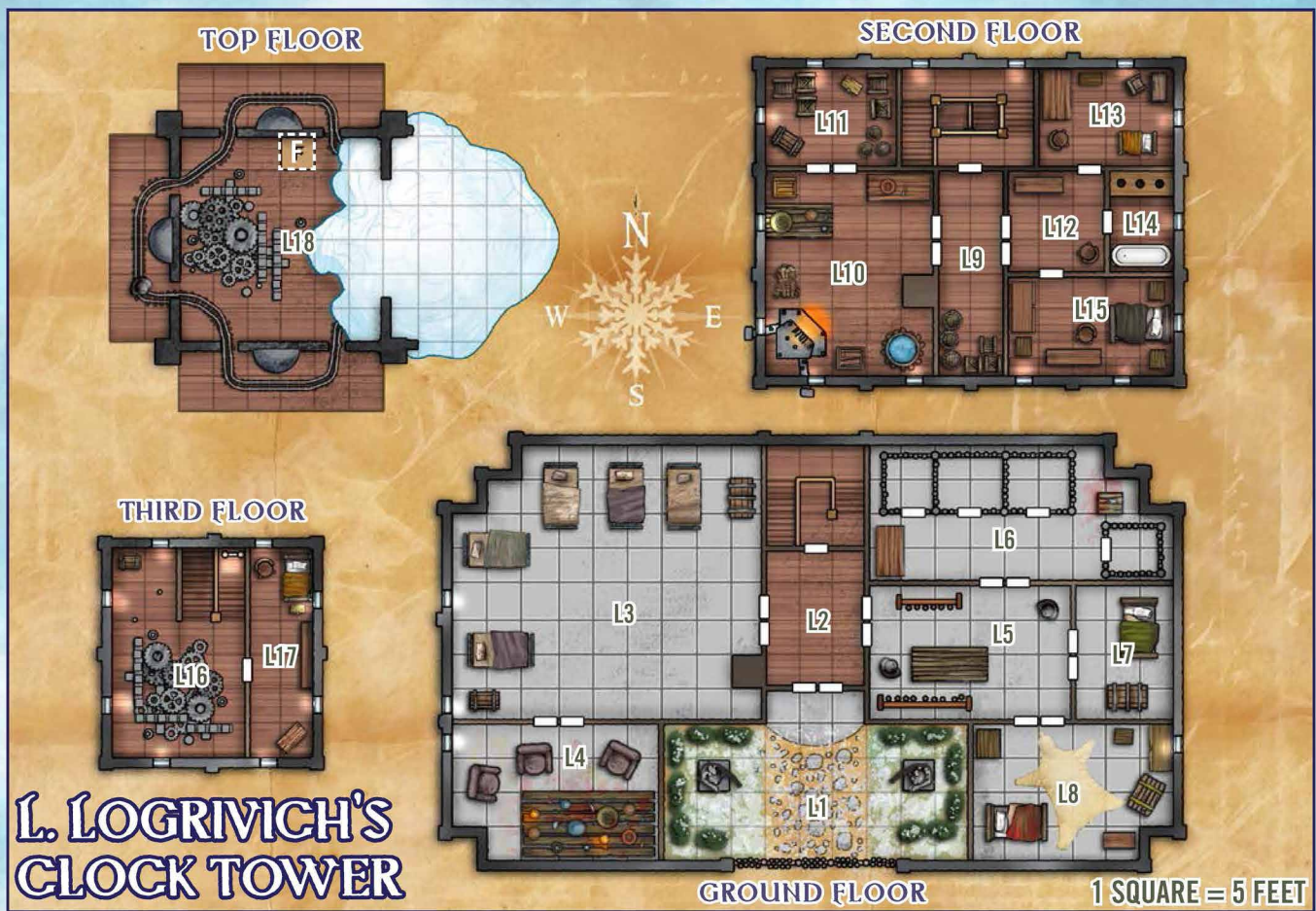
HARTLEGRATH AND MARROWSNAP (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Male ice trolls (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 271)

hp 45 each



L. LOGRIVICH'S CLOCK TOWER

Development: If one of the trolls manages to pound on the door to area L4, Garskink and Koruunden rise from their meal and fling the doors open 2 rounds later.

Treasure: Hartlegrath and Marrowsnap each carry 2d10 gp in various coins. The chests contain the trolls' smelly and worthless personal effects. At the bottom of one of the chests, however, is an artist's sketchbook filled with provocative illustrations of several members of the Jadwiga Elvanna in various states of undress. The artist is extremely talented, and the potential scandal it could cause makes it both dangerous and valuable to the right collector. The sketchbook is worth 1,000 gp.

L4. Mess Area (CR 6)

Three giant chairs are arrayed around an enormous wooden table that is shoved into the southeast corner of this room. Piles of discarded bones and partially cooked meat heaped upon oversized platters cover the surface of the table. The sickly sweet smell of blood and death is everywhere.

The trolls take their meals in this chamber but it is only large enough to serve three of them at a time. It's obvious

the bones on the table are humanoid, but a successful DC 15 Heal check reveals the average age of the victims is less than 16 years old.

Creatures: Two ice trolls, Garskink and Koruunden, are finishing up the remains of their latest meal. They're engrossed in gnawing every piece of rare meat off the bones to pay too much attention to their surroundings. If the doors are opened, however, they spin around and grab their weapons to see who is intruding on their meal.

GARSKINK AND KORUUNDEN (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

Male ice trolls (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 271)

hp 45 each

TACTICS

During Combat If opponents try to press their way into the room, the trolls let them, kicking the chairs out of the way and flanking the doorway. The trolls can flip the table over and against the wall as a move action.

Morale These two trolls fight to the death.

Treasure: Garskink and Koruunden each carry 2d10 gp in various coins.

L5. Armory (CR 5)

Weapon racks line the north and south walls of this room while two armor dummies stand in the northeast and southwest corners. A long table sits near the middle of the room, covered with weapons of various sizes.

Most of the weapons in the room are Medium sized, confiscated from the barracks of the Iron Guard. The trolls have been trying to convert some of them into Large weapons. Although most are serviceable, few are remarkable.

Creatures: A single ice troll named Rorgurt is here sharpening his battleaxe, and his pet trollhound Thukk is with him. Unlike many of his associates, Rorgurt is not easily taken by surprise. If anyone enters, he gives a cry of warning and rushes to attack.

RORGURT CR 4
XP 1,200
 Male ice troll (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 271)
 hp 45

THUKK CR 3
XP 800
 Trollhound (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 274)
 hp 30

Development: Rorgurt never flees combat, but if he's reduced to 15 hit points or fewer or Thukk is slain, he backs up to the doors to area L6 to try to summon help from the wikkawak Bonepick. At first, there is no answer, so Rorgurt uses a move action the following round to fling one of the double doors open, snarling in Giant, "Bonepick, you idiot, get out here! We're under attack!" Bonepick joins the combat the following round.

Treasure: Rorgurt carries 2d10 gp in various coins and the keys to the cells in area L6. Thukk wears a leather collar studded with blue quartz "ice diamonds" worth 100 gp. Most of the weapons in the room are unexceptional, but a masterwork composite longbow (+2 Str) lies on the table, and one of the dummies is wearing a suit of +1 scale mail.

L6. Prison Larder (CR 4)

Three prison cells line the north wall of this chamber, while a fourth cell is set in an alcove to the east. Toward the northeast corner stands a large butcher's block covered with old bloodstains. A cleaver too large for human hands is embedded in it. A bare table rests along the west wall.

The doors to the cells are locked (break DC 28, Disable Device DC 25). Rorgurt (area L5) and Granny Nan (area L15) carry keys to the cells.

Creature: A creature named Bonepick currently occupies this room. Bonepick is an albino northern bugbear called a wikkawak—a sinister, 7-foot-tall humanoid with white fur and dead white eyes. The ice trolls are not fond of Bonepick's company, and he keeps his own quarters away from them. Even so, the trolls keep him around because he's an effective combatant—particularly when the threat of fire and acid is present. Bonepick loves the smell of fear, and he frequently enters this room to frighten the children held here and drink in the heady scent of their terror.

Six young human children, three girls and three boys between the ages of 6 and 12 (CG human commoners 1) are locked in the cells. They are all orphans, runaways, or simply disobedient, and were taken by or given to Granny Nan to feed the ice trolls. The children have no idea what's in store for them, but they know that those who are taken from this room are never seen again.

Bonepick is distracted with terrorizing the children, so the first round of combat is a surprise round in which the PCs can act. When the children see the PCs, their expressions brighten with hope and they immediately begin to plead for help. Once Bonepick comprehends the situation, he grins nastily at the PCs and says, "I am not afraid of fire." Just before his turn in the initiative count, one of the children calls out, "Then be afraid of this!" She pulls a bag of marbles (*Ultimate Equipment* 68) from her dress pocket and throws them into his square. Bonepick must succeed at a DC 10 Reflex saving throw or fall prone. Although he is unlikely to fall, throwing the marbles is all the children can do to help their would-be rescuers, but they provide color for the battle by cheering when the PCs do well and groaning disappointedly when the PCs get hurt.

BONEPICK CR 4
XP 1,200
 Male wikkawak (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Monsters Revisited* 8)
 CE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)
Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +3 natural)
hp 39 (6d8+12)
Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +3
Resist cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee ogre hook^{UE} +9 (1d10+7/x3)
Ranged javelin +7 (1d6+5)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +5)
 At will—*pass without trace* (self only)
 3/day—*quench*

TACTICS

During Combat Bonepick casts *quench* to extinguish any light

sources that opponents are carrying, then attacks enemies with his ogre hook. He focuses his assault on the weakest-looking foes, alternating his attacks with Intimidate checks to demoralize his opponents.

Morale A loner by nature, Bonepick does not seek help from the ice trolls and fights to the death.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 22

Feats Intimidating Prowess, Nimble Moves, Power Attack

Skills Climb +9, Intimidate +12, Perception +12, Stealth +16, Survival +8; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth

Languages Giant, Goblin, Skald

SQ thuggery

Gear mwk studded leather, javelins (3), ogre hook^{UE}, necklace of severed fingers, 75 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Thuggery (Ex) Intimidate and Stealth are always class skills for wikkawaks.

Development: If rescued, the children require some direction. If the PCs don't provide any, the children simply run pell-mell out of the clock tower and into the streets to try to find their way back to their homes. If the PCs speak to the older children, they can corral the little ones in area L2 to wait for the PCs to deal with the other threats in the tower. The PCs can take the children to the Shrine of the Everbloom, where Solveig will do her best to return the children to their homes or arrange care for them.

The children tell the PCs that the room to the south (area L8) is the home of the “nastiest ice troll.” Only two of the 6-year-olds have been upstairs before, but they report that a girl named Inga was taken up there a few days ago (see area L13). In addition, there is an old witch there who cooks for the trolls (Granny Nan in area L15), a ghost (the attic whisperer in area L9), and at least two dragons—one white (Logrivich) and one black that breathes fire (the Gobbler in area L10). “Oh,” one of the children pipes up, “and a beautiful princess who sings—when she’s not crying” (Bella Belvorica in area L17).

Story Award: If the PCs rescue the children and get them to safety, award them 1,600 XP.

L7. Bonepick's Quarters

Bonepick's room contains little more than a bed and a footlocker. The bed, such as it is, is sized for a giant—soiled sheets and a flattened, lice-ridden pillow heaped atop a lumpy straw-filled sack.

The footlocker contains a number of stolen children's toys, mostly broken.

Treasure: At the bottom of the chest, beneath all the toys, is a *hand of the mage* and a pouch containing 75 gp.

L8. Amagarra's Quarters (CR 5)

A giant-sized bed sits in the southwest corner of this spacious room, and a large polar bear rug sprawls across the floor. Several small tables occupy the corners of the room, along with a chest in the southeast. Behind it on the wall hangs a large mirror.

The mirror on the wall is used by the White Witches to look in on the room's occupant, Amagarra, using the *Irriseni mirror sight* spell (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 73).



No one is viewing the room through the mirror currently, but the option exists at your discretion.

Creature: Logrivich's second-in-command is a female ice troll named Amagarra, assigned command over the trolls in the clock tower to keep the more aggressive and territorial male trolls in line. She is a strict disciplinarian, and more than one of the trolls in the tower has felt the bite of her axe when he didn't immediately follow one of her orders. Amagarra can normally be found here, in her quarters, but unlike the trolls under her command, she is not likely to be taken by surprise. If the PCs have already fought Rorgurt in area L5, Amagarra is aware of their presence and she waits to ambush them just east of the doors to her quarters. If the PCs appear to have gone elsewhere, Amagarra carefully peeks out. If necessary, she stalks them throughout the clock tower, hoping to take them by surprise at an inopportune moment.

AMAGARRA

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female advanced ice troll (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 271, 292)

hp 57

Treasure: The chest is locked and requires a successful DC 25 Disable Device check to open, but Amagarra carries the key on her person, as well as a key to the Bella Belvorica's cell (area L17). Inside the chest is the ice troll garrison's payroll, consisting of 767 gp in various coins. The chest also holds Amagarra's personal treasure stash: a Medium +1 *greatsword*, a *potion of spider climb*, an iron nose ring, and her collection of 12 brightly polished human skulls.

L9. Upstairs Hall (CR 4)

Several boxes and barrels are stacked waist high at the end of this broad hallway. These contain surplus food supplies: sacks of bone meal, barrels of pickled fish, and even some produce like potatoes and onions brought over from the Hidden Gardens. Some of the food is used to fatten up the children, while the rest supplements the meals Granny Nan serves to the ice trolls. The door to the north leads to a landing on the stairs, which go down to the first floor and up to the third floor.

Creature: An attic whisperer named Evija quietly plays behind the crates here. She died alone in the clock tower long before the current occupants came to reside here, and now appears as a conglomeration of tiny clockwork gears, bird bones, dried twigs, and scraps of dog fur, topped with a cracked and chipped porcelain doll's head. Granny Nan has since befriended the attic whisperer and treats her almost like a second familiar. Evija longs for the day when another child becomes "just like I am."

Evija has cover behind the boxes, so the PCs must succeed at Perception checks opposed by her Stealth check to detect her.

When the PCs first enter the hall, she peeks out to see who has arrived. If undetected, she watches what the party does. If possible, Evija tries to avoid combat in this area entirely. She does her best to get to area L15 to warn Granny Nan.

EVIIJA

CR 4

XP 1,200

Attic whisperer (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 34)

hp 45

TACTICS

During Combat Evija fights only as a last resort. She is canny enough to use her steal breath ability against martial characters and her steal voice ability against spellcasters.

Morale If there is no way for Evija to flee combat, she fights until destroyed.

Treasure: Evija has no treasure, but when she's destroyed, her body falls apart into broken toys and junk, including a key to areas L13 and L15, which Evija stole months ago.

L10. Kitchen (CR 6)

Three tables occupy the northern half of this room. A five-foot-square extrusion with a small access door on its western face runs from floor to ceiling just south of the eastern doors. A gigantic cast-iron cauldron stands in the southeast corner with wood stacked beneath it. A large iron stove with twin flue pipes running into the walls dominates the southwest corner.

This is Granny Nan's kitchen of horrors, where she cooks up captured children to feed the tower's troll garrison. She keeps it fairly clean despite the awful events that take place here. The extrusion on the east wall is a dumbwaiter that leads down to area L3. Granny Nan uses it to deliver the ice trolls their meals without having to climb the steps.

Creature: The kitchen is the lair of "the Gobbler"—Granny Nan's enormous, evil, animated stove. A black iron monster with feet molded to look like the claws of a beast, the stove is a family heirloom passed down to her in her twilight years. She rode the stove to the clock tower like a hulking beast of burden and then installed it in this room. The stove was given its silly name, born of the terror of many young children, generations ago. Granny Nan finds the name hilarious.

The Gobbler is a mindless construct, but it carries a faint spark of malign intent, haunted by the spirits of the children devoured within its maw. It attacks with enthusiasm, and the serrated jaws of its oven doors snap wildly like those of a hungry crocodile. With a successful DC 16 Knowledge (religion) check, a PC realizes that the Gobbler can be harmed by positive energy.

If any creature besides Granny Nan, Evija, or an ice troll enters the kitchen, the Gobbler abruptly lurches to life and

attacks, pulling away from the wall to leave its flue pipes dangling behind. Three rounds after the stove animates, smoke from its flue pipes begins to fill the room (*Core Rulebook* 444). The Gobbler fights until destroyed. If it defeats the party, the stove waddles back to its corner and reinserts its flue pipes into the wall.

THE GOBBLER

CR 6

XP 2,400

Animated object (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 14)

NE Large construct

Init -1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception -5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 8, flat-footed 17 (-1 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)

hp 52 (4d10+30)

Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -4

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; Immune construct traits;

Resist fire 5

Weaknesses harmed by positive energy, vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee bite +9 (1d8+6 plus grab), slam +9 (1d6+6)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks swallow whole (1d6 fire damage, AC 14, 5 hp)

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 8, Con —, Int —, Wis 1, Cha 1

Base Atk +4; CMB +11 (+15 grapple); CMD 20 (24 vs. trip)

SQ Construction Points (additional natural attack [bite], grab, metal, resistance [fire], swallow whole), flaws (brittle, haunted, slower)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Brittle (Ex, +1 CP) The object gains vulnerability to cold.

Haunted (Ex, +1 CP) The object is haunted by malevolent spirits, which makes its alignment neutral evil. It takes damage from positive energy as if it were an undead creature and can be detected by detect undead.

Resistance (Ex, 2 CP) The object gains fire resistance 5.

Slower (Ex, +1 CP) The object's speed is reduced to 20 feet.

Swallow Whole (Ex, 2 CP) The object gains the swallow whole special attack (the object must have a bite attack before it can take this ability). Any creature swallowed by the object takes 1d6 points of fire damage each round.

Treasure: Granny Nan's *cauldron of brewing* (*Ultimate Equipment* 287) sits atop one of the tables to the northwest.

L11. Pantry

Crates and barrels fill this storeroom, and a rack hangs on the eastern wall, dangling with kitchen equipment and utensils, above a shelf covered in small glass containers. Shallow laundry basins stained a rusty brown inside sit in the southeast corner. A faint sickly sweet odor hangs in the air.

The crates and barrels contain more foodstuffs, similar to those in area L9. The glass vials contain nothing more than household herbs and spices. The laundry basins are lightweight metal tubs, rusted and stained from blood. A successful DC 10 Perception check allows the PCs to spy hooks driven into the ceiling above them, where victims are hung and exsanguinated prior to being made into roasts and hams for the ice trolls. Granny Nan opens the window frequently, so the smell is not nearly as bad here as in some of the downstairs rooms.

L12. Sitting Room

This is Granny Nan's sitting room, which contains a table in the northeast corner on which rests an attractive glass oil lamp atop a doily. A rocking chair sits in the southwest corner next to a basket containing yarn, knitting needles, and a half-completed mitten. The room is otherwise empty.

L13. Nursery

Toys and dolls are strewn about the floor of this room, and small tables and chairs sized for small creatures or children sit in the northeast and northwest corners. Books, papers, quills, and ink vials sit atop the tables. A cot stands to the southeast. The windows are barred, but the shutters are open to let in the natural light.

This door is kept locked at all times (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25) by Granny Nan, who holds the only key.

Sometimes children brought to the clock tower are malnourished and skinny, and sometimes they just stop eating. In these cases, Granny Nan intervenes, sequestering such children in this nursery away from the cells downstairs. Granny assures them that they have nothing to fear and encourages them write letters to their parents or Queen Elvanna, asking for forgiveness or mercy. It's all a lie, of course, intended to calm and soothe the children while they're fattened up in preparation for being eaten.

Creature: The nursery's only currently occupant is an 8-year-old waif named Inga (CG human female commoner 1). Inga is overjoyed at the sight of the PCs, but sagely puts one finger to her lips and whispers, "Have you met Granny Nan yet?" Inga knows nothing of the Gobbler (area L10), but can tell the PCs that Granny has a "little ghost" who follows her around (the attic whisperer Evija in area L9). Inga can also explain how she has been treated (but not why). If given clear instructions, such as "go downstairs and wait in the hallway," Inga complies.

Treasure: The books on the tables are children's picture books, or collections of fables and folklore from other nations of the Inner Sea. One dubious and inappropriate exception is entitled *The Wilewood Labyrinth*. The book is the life's work of a scholar of distant Sevenarches, collected

posthumously. It contains many ghastly illustrations of shadowy creatures, and is worth 300 gp.

L14. Water Closet

This room contains a bathtub to the south and washbasins and a privy to the north. Granny Nan frequently tricks her young victims into washing up before preparing them for cooking, telling them they'll be sent home after they've had a good bath, and to remember to scrub behind their ears.

L15. Granny Nan's Room (CR 5)

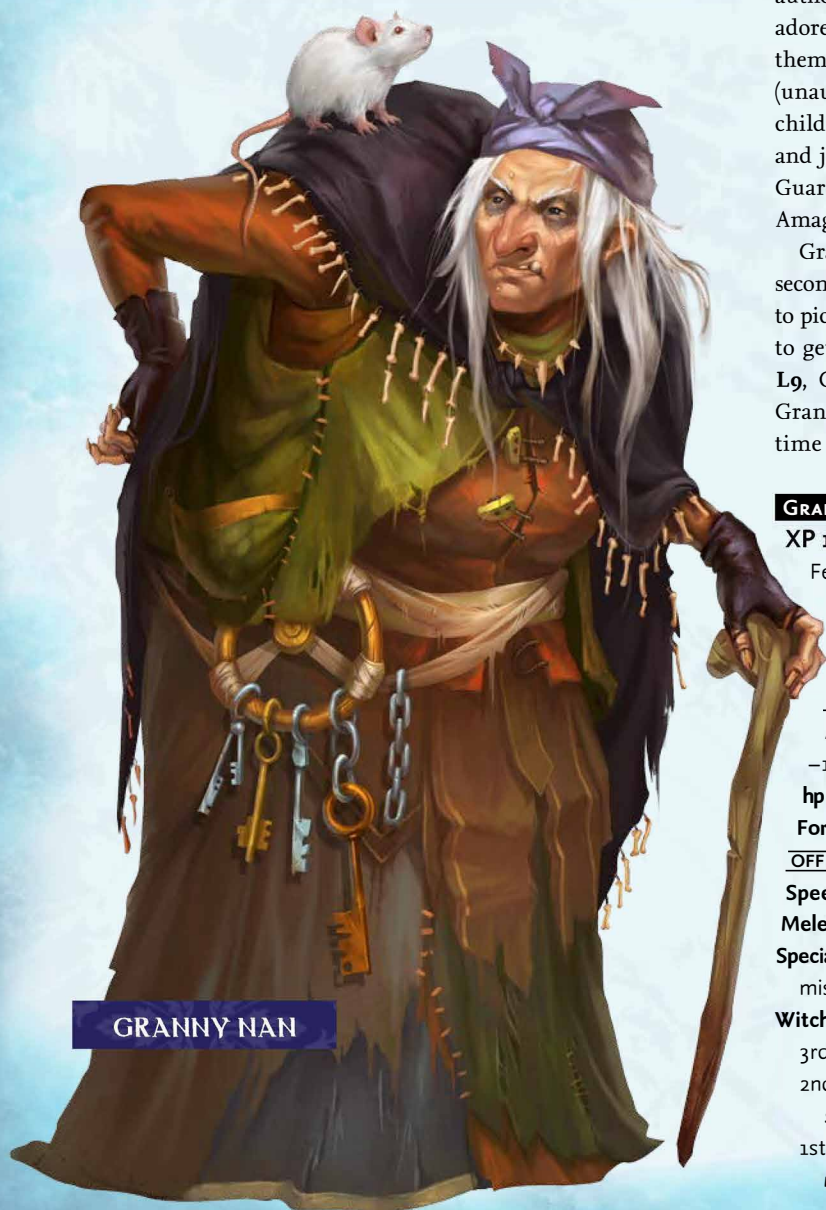
The walls of this cozy bedroom are painted powder blue. A bed occupies the east side of the room, its headboard pushed against the wall with a nightstand on either side. A desk and

chair sit next to the south wall. A dresser with a large mirror above it is pushed against the west wall. A curtain rod is affixed above the mirror with curtains pulled away to either side.

Granny Nan keeps this door locked, even when inside, and holds the only key (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25).

Creature: This is the abode of Nan Hestreka, known to the children in her charge as "Granny Nan," a spinster Jadwiga witch whose bloodline has fallen into relative obscurity. Forced to sell her sole remaining property last year, Granny Nan faced potential poverty, a situation the White Witches found "unseemly" for one of Jadwiga blood. For the sake of propriety, she was appointed mistress of the Winter Guard barracks in the clock tower. In fact, Granny Nan has little authority. Logrivich mostly ignores her, but the ice trolls adore her. They're unaccustomed to someone looking after them and preparing savory food for them. In Logrivich's (unauthorized) name, Granny Nan has requisitioned children and young adults from Whitethrone's orphanages and jails to feed her "boys." The leadership of the Winter Guard assumes the requisitions are to feed the dragon, and Amagarra has not corrected them.

Granny Nan uses the attic whisperer Evija as a spy and secondary guardian. If Granny hears someone attempting to pick the lock on the door, she assumes Evija is scratching to get in. If Evija came here after seeing the PCs in area L9, Granny Nan is expecting them, and Evija fights at Granny's side. If Granny is defeated, Evija flees again, this time up the tower to alert Logrivich in area L18.



GRANNY NAN

GRANNY NAN

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female venerable human (Jadwiga) witch 6 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 65)

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init -1; **Senses** scent (children only); Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +1 deflection, -1 Dex)

hp 46 (6d6+23)

Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +9

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +0 (1d6-3)

Special Attacks hexes (cackle, child-scent^{UM}, evil eye [-2, 7 rounds], misfortune [1 round], slumber [6 rounds])

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +10)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *blink*, *vampiric touch*

2nd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 16), *false life*, *hold person* (DC 16), *scare* (DC 16)

1st—*burning hands* (DC 15), *command* (DC 15), *mage armor*, *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 15)

o (at will)—*daze* (DC 14), *light*, *mending*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

Patron deception

TACTICS

Before Combat Granny Nan casts *false life* and *mage armor* before combat.

During Combat Granny Nan casts *scare* to reduce the number of foes facing her, then casts *blink*. Thereafter, she targets enemies with *bestow curse*, *blindness/deafness*, or her evil eye, misfortune, or slumber hexes. She casts *vampiric touch* and *burning hands* if forced into melee combat.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Granny Nan attempts to flee to area L10 to join the Gobbler, using her *potion of fly* and *potion of invisibility*, if necessary.

STATISTICS

Str 4, **Dex** 8, **Con** 10, **Int** 18, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 10

Feats Alertness^B, Brew Potion, Extra Hex^{APG}, Iron Will, Toughness

Skills Craft (alchemy) +13, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Knowledge (nature) +13, Knowledge (nobility) +6, Perception +4, Profession (cook) +11, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +13

Languages Common, Draconic, Giant, Hallit, Skald

SQ witch's familiar (rat named Ivanek)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of fly*, *potion of invisibility*; **Other Gear** club, *ring of protection* +1, spell component pouch, keys to areas L6, L13, L15, and L17

Treasure: A large glass snow globe depicting Whitethrone's Royal Palace with a music box built into the base sits atop one of the nightstands, and is worth 50 gp. Under the desk, there is also box containing dozens of handwritten letters to Queen Elvanna and children's parents, written by children kept in area L13. Alongside them are requisition orders, all stamped with approval, for children from orphanages in Whitethrone to be brought to the clock tower. The box's contents paint a grim picture of what has transpired here.

L16. Clock Sub-Floor

A flight of steps climbs to a platform where a short ladder is mounted to the wall, leading to a closed trap door in the ceiling just above it. A single door is set in the eastern wall. The area is otherwise barren except for a column of clockwork gears that rises right through the ceiling above it. An icy draft wafts from above, and the ticking and ratcheting of the giant clock drowns out any other sound.

The clockwork mechanism is not navigable terrain, and all Perception checks made to listen in this room take a –10 penalty. The trap door in the ceiling is unlocked and leads to area L18.

L17. Bella's Cell

This comfortable suite holds a bed, dresser, chair, and bookshelf. A large mirror hangs on the eastern wall above the bookshelf.

The door to this room is locked (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25). Granny Nan and Amagarra both possess keys to the door.

Creature: The captive opera singer **Bella Belvorica** (NG female human [Chelish] bard 1/expert 3) is detained in this cell.

Bella was Solveig Ayrdahl's onetime lover in Kintargo and came to Whitethrone in search of Solveig under the pretense of performing at the Frosthall Theater. Bella never had the opportunity to find Solveig—Logrivich overheard Bella singing at an outdoor performance days prior to the declaration of martial law and

ordered her brought here to perform for him whenever he might feel like hearing his "pet songbird" sing.

Bella lives in constant fear of being eaten—either by the ice trolls or Logrivich himself, if he finds her music displeasing. She thinks that no one knows she is in the clock tower, and hasn't dared to hope of rescue, so when the PCs arrive, she is almost overwhelmed. She has no strong magic and her emotional state has left her too harried to help in a fight, but she volunteers to keep the children in line downstairs and bring warning if anyone enters the clock tower from below.

L18. Logrivich's Lair (CR 6)

This large chamber contains the workings of an enormous clock, with huge clock faces on the north, west, and south walls. To the east, the entire exterior wall has been knocked out, and a platform of gleaming ice extends out into the open air. A chill wind blows through the opening. Tracked rails weave in and out of the corners of the room, passing through five-foot-square openings in the walls. A block of clockwork gears and mechanisms runs to the ceiling toward the west. A trap door is set into the floor on the north side of the chamber.

This level of the tower is almost 50 feet off the ground. The interior ceiling is 15 feet above the floor. The openings



BELLA BELVORICA

in the walls lead to ledges on the exterior of the tower, below the clock faces. Suspended just off the floor of each ledge, inside the tracks, is a giant bell.

The icy ledge to the east is 10 feet thick, and can support the weight of the PCs and the dragon. Entering an ice-covered square costs 2 squares of movement, and the DC of Acrobatics checks increases by +5.

The trap door opens to a ladder leading down to area **L16**. The trap door is not locked, but Logrivich has scattered a few handfuls of coins from his hoard on top of the door; their jingling imposes a –5 penalty on Stealth checks made to open the door.

Creature: The young white dragon Logrivich makes his lair here, where he can keep tabs on the entire city. The young dragon has spent a great deal of effort refurbishing his new nest. Logrivich has become accustomed to the sound of the clockworks, and as a result takes no penalties on his Perception checks. He attacks any intruders entering his lair.

LOGRIVICH

CR 6

XP 2,400

Male young white dragon (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 100)

hp 66

TACTICS

During Combat Logrivich's preferred tactic is to keep his enemies trapped inside the tower and wear them down with his breath weapon and attacks from the air. The dragon begins combat with his breath weapon, then takes to the air, flying around the tower. He avoids combat on the bare floor when possible, preferring to engage in melee combat only on the exterior ledges or the ice platform. While in flight, Logrivich makes flyby attacks against opponents on the ledges while waiting for his breath weapon to recharge.

Morale Logrivich fights to the death.

Treasure: Logrivich's hoard consists of a +1 heavy wooden shield, an adamantite warhammer, a serpentine owl figurine of wondrous power, a bone scroll tube containing a scroll of blink, a scroll of scorching ray, and a scroll of see invisibility, a wand of silent image (12 charges), a wand of true strike (5 charges), a gold censer with a platinum inlay of Desna's holy symbol worth 500 gp, and five tourmalines worth 50 gp each, as well as 24 pp, 628 gp, 1,905 sp, and 7,326 cp.

Development: If the PCs slay Logrivich, they should launch one of the skyrocket fireworks from the tower to signal the Iron Guard that the deed is done. It doesn't take long before the sounds of upheaval can be heard across the city, along with plumes of smoke. The Iron Guard has risen up to strike back against Queen Elvanna's Winter Guard, hopefully leaving the Market Square—and Baba Yaga's hut inside it—with fewer defenders.

PART FOUR: THE ENDLESS FOREST

Following the death of Logrivich and the uprising of the Iron Guard, Whitethrone is temporarily in chaos. The PCs likely need to recover from their ordeal in the clock tower, and may safely do so at the Shrine of the Everbloom. But they do not have much time. The Winter Guard has pulled away excess troops from the Merchants' Quarter to deal with the Iron Guard, but the uprising will likely last no longer than a few days. If the PCs don't realize this, Solveig bluntly informs them of this fact. Allow the PCs to heal and replenish any supplies, but if they want to take possession of Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut*, they need to use this window of opportunity while it remains open.

M. MARKET SQUARE

The area surrounding Whitethrone's Market Square is now overgrown with a thick forest that erupted almost overnight around the *Dancing Hut*. Every day, the Winter Guard chops down the forest, only to see it regrow overnight. The streets around the square are a wreckage of stumps and fallen trees, and many of the traders residing in the Merchants' Quarter have been evacuated. The Market Square itself has almost entirely vanished save for a few buildings that are now completely out of place in this sylvan landscape.

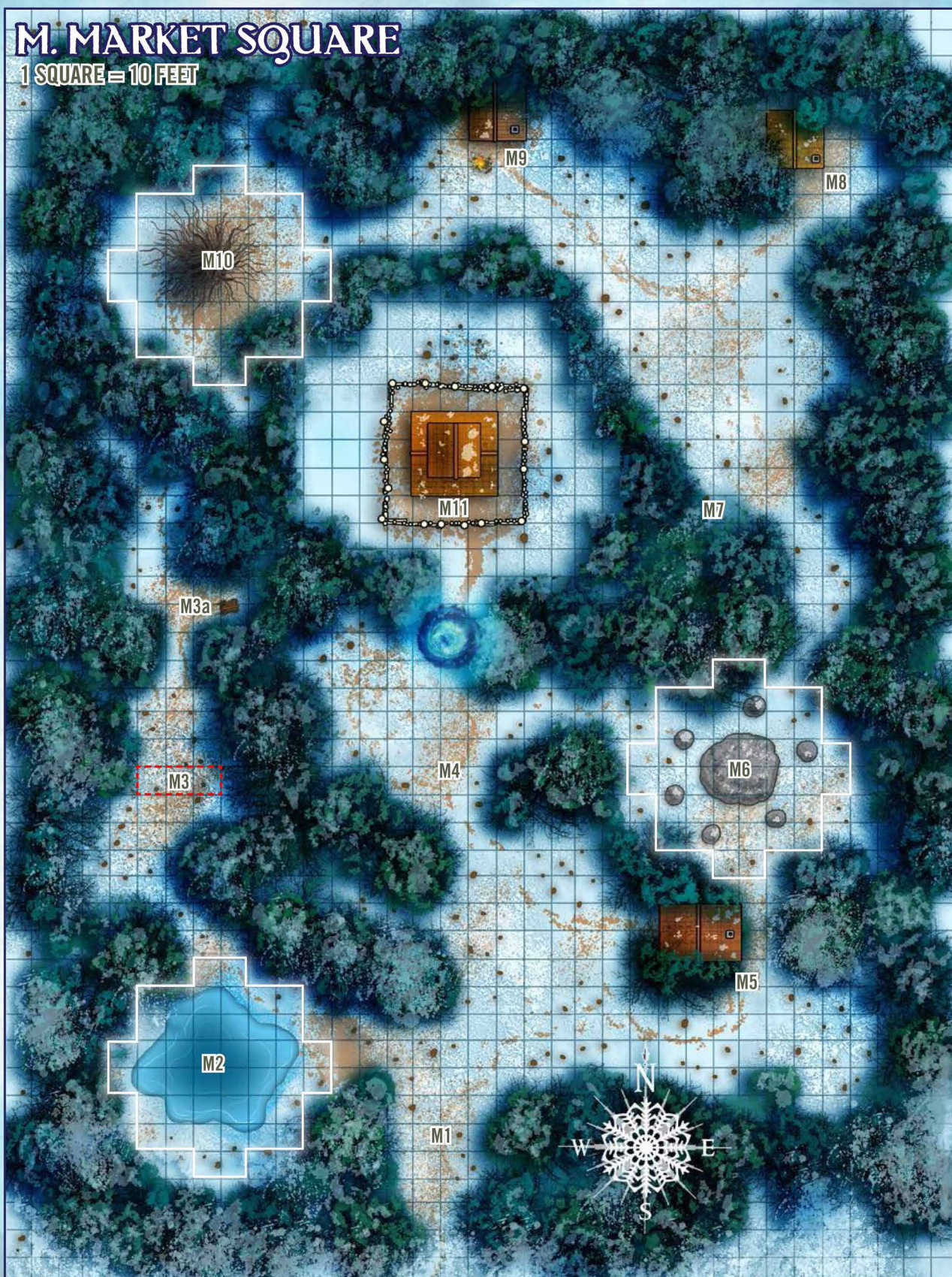
In fact, the *Dancing Hut* is drawing upon the energies of the First World to create this supernatural forest in the middle of Whitethrone as a sort of automatic defense system. At the same time, strange creatures have also been drawn here from the First World, including three immortal fey called dawn pipers. When the dawn pipers discovered the *Dancing Hut* in the forest, they began a ritual to siphon this part of the Material Plane into the First World—hopefully taking the *Dancing Hut* with them.

Other creatures prowl these new woods as well, amid pockets of refugees and stranded Winter Guards. The White Witch Nazhena Vasilliova stands guard at the heart of this madness, determined to prevent anyone from reaching the *Dancing Hut*. Unfortunately, both she and the hut are now cut off from the rest of Whitethrone by the dawn pipers' reality siphon.

The trees, shrubs, and undergrowth created by the *Dancing Hut* have grown up into a dense maze that fills the Market Square. Until the *Dancing Hut* leaves the area, those areas on the map that contain trees function as a permanent *wall of thorns* (CL 15th). Because of the First World energies sustaining it, this *wall of thorns* is not subject to spells such as *diminish plants*. The trees are even thicker around the clearing containing the *Dancing Hut* itself (area **M11**). These also function as a permanent *wall of thorns* (CL 15th), but they deal piercing damage each round equal to 35 minus the creature's AC, and creatures attempting to move through the wall are subject to an *entangle* effect (DC 18).

M. MARKET SQUARE

1 SQUARE = 10 FEET



This *wall of thorns* repairs itself almost instantly, so it is impossible to cut through it, and even magical fire has no effect on the barrier. The wall even blocks characters with an ability that would normally allow them to pass through undergrowth unhindered (such as woodland stride). In addition, the trees' canopies have grown together to form a living dome over the hut, blocking flight into or out of the clearing.

Feel free to add additional or random encounters in the less overrun areas of the Merchants' Quarter, but the adventure focuses on the PCs' arrival at the Market Square.

M1. Forest Entrance (CR 7)

Read or paraphrase the following to the players as the PCs approach the Market Square.

The shops and homes of the Merchants' Quarter stop abruptly at a towering wall of evergreens that has burst through the snow-covered cobblestones of the city's streets. Ahead, the trees part to form a path winding into the dark forest that has replaced all sights and senses of the city around it.

Creatures: Three ice trolls of the Winter Guard watch over the entrance to the overgrown Market Square, and they allow no one but Winter Guards or White Witches to enter the forest. The ice trolls fight to the death, but are reluctant to pursue enemies into the woods. They won't enter the clearings at areas **M2** or **M4**, or go farther than area **M5**.

ICE TROLLS (3) **CR 4**
XP 1,200 each
hp 45 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 271*)

M2. Font of Water (CR 6)

A pool of strange silvery water stands in a clearing here. On the pool's surface, ripples begin at its outermost edges and rush inward to a single point, where drops of water fall up toward the sky. The entire pool rains skyward while snowflakes float down between the droplets. A brisk wind rustles through the trees. Paths continue on to the north and east out of the clearing.

This pool is an elemental font created by one of the three dawn pipers in the Market Square, one of three fonts sustaining the reality siphon in area **M4**. Although the liquid in the pool looks strange, it is normal water. The upward-raining effect is the result of a minor distortion of reality around the font, but has no further effects.

Creatures: The dawn piper Auraenos stands in the center of the frigid, ankle-deep water with one shoulder hunched and his head cocked at a crooked angle. Auraenos has created a water elemental font that grants him additional

water-themed spell-like abilities. He is biding his time until the reality siphon in does its job, and if the PCs don't yet realize his font is an obstacle in their path, Auraenos doesn't explain it to them. He's a strange and detached creature, and arrogant in his interactions with non-fey. Auraenos is accompanied by another planar refugee, a spriggan named Wortleby, whom the dawn piper calls "my little steward from the Dullard Lands." Auraenos has promised to "fix" the spriggan so he can perceive beauty once more. In return, Wortleby has agreed to be the dawn piper's bodyguard. Wortleby hides behind some trees just to the north and west of the pool. Unless attacked first, the pair does not attack the PCs.

AURAENOS **CR 5**
XP 1,600

Male dawn piper (see page 86)

hp 45

TACTICS

During Combat Auraenos relies on Wortleby to keep opponents busy while he uses his spell-like abilities and dissonance ability against them.

Morale Auraenos fights to the death to defend his font.

WORTLEBY **CR 3**
XP 800

Male spriggan (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 257*)

hp 22

TACTICS

During Combat Wortleby hides until he can make a sneak attack against an unwary foe or use his spell-like abilities. Once revealed, he grows to Large size to keep melee combatants away from his master.

Morale Wortleby fights to the death, unless Auraenos is slain and the font destroyed, in which case he tries to flee.

Development: If Auraenos is killed, his elemental font is immediately destroyed. The waters of the pool rush inward and fall upward in a sudden, violent rush, leaving behind an expanse of muddy earth.

Treasure: When the elemental font is destroyed, a score of large freshwater oysters are revealed lying in the muck where the pool sat. If all of the oysters are shucked, 10 enormous freshwater pearls can be found, each worth 400 gp.

M3. Tricks and Traps (CR 6)

Creatures: When the forest erupted around the *Dancing Hut*, two nuglub gremlins found themselves lost in the melange of city and forest. They've spent days preying upon merchants and refugees, but with the immediate area depopulated, they're preparing to move elsewhere soon. They've laid a trap across the trail, and hide just out of sight behind a wagon at area **M3a**. Once the trap is sprung (or if

the trap is discovered and the PCs attempt to disable it), the gremlins attack.

NUGLUB GREMLINS (2)

CR 2

XP 600 each

hp 19 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 143)

TACTICS

During Combat The nugalubs focus their attacks on armored opponents first, casting *heat metal* before attacking.

Morale If one of the gremlins is slain, the survivor flees into the forest.

Trap: The nugalubs have strung a trip wire across the path connected to two trees that are ready to fall across the path and crush anyone underneath. Creatures that fail their Reflex saving throws are knocked prone and are entangled for 1 round under the tree branches. After the trap is triggered, the affected area is considered difficult terrain.

FALLING TREE TRAP

CR 4

XP 1,200

Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** none

Effect falling trees (4d6+6 bludgeoning damage plus knocked prone and entangled for 1 round, Reflex DC 18 avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-by-30-ft. area)

Treasure: The wagon at area **M3a** holds a half-dozen human corpses—the remains of a foreign merchant and her family, who ran afoul of the nugalubs as they tried to flee the Merchants' Quarter—and their mundane possessions. Each of the bodies displays tiny bite and claw marks. A successful DC 15 Perception check allows the PCs to find a small coffer buried in a larger wooden chest of clothing. The coffer is locked and a successful DC 25 Disable Device check is needed to open it (one of the nugalubs swallowed the key). It contains three *potions of cure light wounds*, 200 gp in coins, a gold locket worth 50 gp, and a silver necklace worth 30 gp with a pearl pendant—actually a *pearl of power* (1st level).

M4. The Reality Siphon

Dark forested paths lead north, east, and south out of this large clearing, but the way to the north is blocked by a rippling hemisphere of churning darkness and twisted shadows. The surrounding trees seem to lean toward the area, as swirls of nearby snow and forest debris are sucked into the vortex, accompanied by a distant roar of wind. On the other side of the dark phenomenon, the path leads to a forest clearing containing a dilapidated wooden hut perched atop two giant chicken's legs, surrounded by a picket fence of bleached bones.

Finding themselves stranded on the Material Plane after they were pulled from the First World by the *Dancing Hut*, the three dawn pipers wasted no time in establishing elemental fonts around the hut. They have just completed the ritual to create their reality siphon, which is slowly beginning to draw this part of the Material Plane into the First World, taking the *Dancing Hut* with it. It will take a week for the reality siphon to fully subsume the forest into the First World, but once it has done its job, the dawn pipers will be returned to the First World as well, having seized the hut out from under Queen Elvanna's nose.

The reality siphon completely blocks the path to the *Dancing Hut*. It plugs the gap in the tree walls like a cork, and functions as an *antilife shell* (CL 9th), preventing living creatures from bypassing it or skirting around it. To get to the hut, the PCs must first defeat the dawn pipers in areas **M2**, **M6**, and **M10** and destroy the reality siphon.



NUGLUB GREMLIN

If the PCs study the reality siphon, they can learn the following information with successful Knowledge (arcana) or Knowledge (planes) checks.

Result	Information Learned
10+	The vortex is some sort of extraplanar portal or gateway that seems to be siphoning away reality itself. As such, it cannot be passed through or bypassed.
15+	The vortex is not a spell effect, but rather a form of ritual magic. It is unlikely that the <i>Dancing Hut</i> created it—something else surely did.
20+	The vortex will take some time before it completely drains reality away from this area, taking everything nearby with it, but no more than a week at most.
25+	Multiple external power sources sustain the vortex. If they are all destroyed, the backlash should disrupt the vortex as well.

Development: One the PCs have slain all three of the dawn pipers and destroyed their elemental fonts, the reality siphon implodes upon itself, clearing the path to the *Dancing Hut*. The destruction of the reality siphon alerts Nazhena Vasillovna in area **M11** as well, and she readies herself to face the PCs.

Story Award: Award the PCs 1,600 XP for destroying the dawn pipers' reality siphon.

M5. Tottering Treehouse

Perched precariously in the branches of the trees here is a small house, apparently lifted into the air from its foundations. The branches creak as the house teeters and sways with the wind.

Creatures: When the forest erupted unexpectedly in the Market Square, the house of a Varisian merchant named Karend Angetti was thrust skyward into the treetops. **Karend Angetti** (NG male human expert 7; hp 31 [currently 25]) and his son and daughter, **Trevis** and **Crina** (CG human commoner 1; hp 3 each), currently occupy the house, which balances precariously 20 feet in the air, ready to fall. Karend was thrown from bed when the house was lifted and broke his leg, leaving him unable to climb down, and the children are scared to attempt it (Climb +0). The children call out for help when the PCs walk past, explaining that their father is hurt and that the Winter Guard just ignored them.

The tree can be reached without interacting with the *wall of thorns* effect, but care must be taken not to dislodge the house. Climbing the tree requires a successful DC 15 Climb check, but failing the check by 5 or more shakes the tree and causes the house to come crashing down. A creature can be lowered from the house with ropes in 2 rounds with a successful DC 10 Strength check, but failure means the house suddenly shifts and no progress is made, and failure by 5 or more means the house falls. With a successful DC

12 Knowledge (engineering) check, the PCs can devise a strategy to shore up the house so that it falls only on a failure by 8 or more. At your discretion, other creative solutions, including spells such as *diminish plants* or *wood shape*, might be able to prevent the house from falling altogether.

If the house falls, it deals 6d6 points of bludgeoning damage to any creature inside or within 10 feet of the house underneath the tree (including anyone climbing the tree). Creatures underneath that succeed at a DC 20 Reflex save take only half damage, but those inside receive no saving throw.

Treasure: If the PCs rescue the family, their gratitude is profound. Karend offers the PCs an *amulet of natural armor* +1. "I gave it to my late wife years ago to keep her safe," he explains. "You saved her children today. She would want you to have it." The children can help their father walk, and Karend has legitimate foreign merchant credentials and some political contacts. He is confident the Winter Guard will allow them to evacuate the market, so long he as he doesn't try to return.

Story Award: Award the PCs 1,600 XP for safely rescuing Karend and his family.

M6. Altar of Earth (CR 5)

A large chunk of stone juts from the ground like a natural stage. Six boulders float in the air and slowly orbit the raised platform. The rich scent of loamy earth hangs heavy in the air.

This is one of the three elemental fonts created by the dawn pipers to sustain the reality siphon in area **M4**. The stone platform is roughly 20 feet square and 10 feet high. Because of a minor distortion of reality around the font, the boulders float about 10 feet off the ground, and rotate around the platform with a speed of 25 feet. The boulders are about 5 feet square, with just enough room for a Medium or smaller creature to stand atop them. Each boulder can support up to 200 pounds of weight; if weighed down, a boulder floats back up when released and resumes its place in the orbit.

Creature: The dawn piper Ravathiel squats upon the stone platform with his flute in his hands. Ravathiel has created an earth elemental font, granting him additional earth themed spell-like abilities. Less detached than Auraenos in area **M2**, Ravathiel has observed the PCs' actions in nearby areas with interest. He makes no pretense at ignorance, warning the PCs as they approach, "Turn back, mortals, you cannot pass. We have come to claim this reality, and we'll take the Crone's hovel with us. Turn away and live your lives in peace and safety, unburdened by the heavy weight of relevance." His offer is sincere, but if the PCs refuse to leave, Ravathiel is not surprised. "So be it," he croons softly, and attacks before the PCs can surround the stone platform.

RAVATHIEL

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male dawn piper (see page 86)

AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 45

Gear mwk rapier, bracers of armor +2, mwk flute

TACTICS

During Combat Ravathiel casts *grease* to prevent opponents from scaling the platform to reach him, and uses *spiked pit* to control the battlefield and maintain a height advantage. If an enemy reaches the top of the platform, Ravathiel activates his terrible beauty aura to blind foes, then shoves them off the platform.

Morale Ravathiel covets the *Dancing Hut*, and fights to the death to protect his elemental font and keep the reality siphon intact.

Development: If Ravathiel is killed, the floating boulders shudder and crash to the ground. The stone platform remains, but the elemental font is otherwise destroyed.

M7. Heart Hunters (CR 6)

Creatures: A mated pair of perytons have taken up residence here. They have made great sport of stalking and hunting humanoids in the wood before their brief and brutal mating ritual ends. They hide in the treetops until the PCs pass, then fly over the party using their shadow mark ability before swooping down to attack their prey. The perytons break off combat if they manage tear out a victim's heart; otherwise, their hunger and savagery drive them to fight to the death.

PERYTONS (2)

CR 4

XP 1,200 each

hp 42 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 207)

M8. Abandoned House (CR 5)

A solitary building sits partially surrounded by trees here. A few patches of cobblestones still cover the ground outside, while a wooden street sign lies facedown in the snow.

Creature: A single member of the Winter Guard, a winter wolf named Bragda, is holed up in this abandoned house. When the marauding fey in the forest attacked her patrol, Bragda led her troops here to wait for reinforcements—who haven't come. The human members of her patrol have succumbed to their injuries, leaving Bragda alone, and she is not about to try to fight her way through the wood by herself. She watches the path outside carefully, and ventures outside if she sees the PCs. Rather than attacking, however, Bragda tries to commandeer the PCs. As the most senior authority in the immediate area, she wants to assume

command of their group and lead them out of the area as a unit (providing herself with an escort at the same time), and she's not joking. Bragda doesn't care about papers or credentials—she just wants to get out. If the PCs refuse to accept her leadership, Bragda snarls and tells them they can't just leave her trapped in the forest, and offers to release them on their own recognizance once they're out of the wood. If she and the PCs cannot come to an accord, Bragda turns her frustrations and fears on the PCs and attacks.

BRAGDA

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female winter wolf (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 280)

hp 57

Treasure: Inside the house are the bodies of the three human Winter Guards of Bragda's patrol who died here from their injuries. Much of their equipment is of little value, but the following items can be salvaged: a masterwork composite longbow (+2 Str), three *potions of lesser restoration*, and an *efficient quiver* holding 10 +1 cold iron arrows and 30 normal arrows.

Development: If the PCs actually agree to escort Bragda from the forest, the winter wolf tries to lead them to the nearest Winter Guard barracks. If they refuse, there is a tense moment while Bragda considers her few options, but after a moment she gives up. She halfheartedly orders them to leave the Merchants' Quarter altogether and departs, never looking back at the PCs.

Story Award: If the PCs escort Bragda out of the Market Square, award them 1,600 XP, as if they had defeated her in combat.

M9. The Last Party (CR 6+)

A large campfire burns before a house that squats beneath the eaves of the forest. Several logs are arrayed around the fire as if to serve as seats. Empty wine bottles and charred, sharpened sticks for roasting food over the fire litter the ground.

Creatures: Three baccae from the First World have gathered at this house to carouse. They are creatures of powerful emotion, and have used their charming gazes to entice three human merchants to join them in their revels. Together they sit outside, talking, laughing, and sharing the baccae's strong wine. The merchants believe that some catastrophe has befallen Whitethrone or that the queen has been overthrown, and they act almost as if this were the end of the world. The baccae are allies of the dawn piper Zephimere in area **M10**, and watch the woods to waylay any intruders.

The baccae are currently in human form, appearing as beautiful women with long hair the color of red wine.

Both they and the merchants call out to the PCs and invite them to share the fire, the wine, and the company. If questioned, the group explains they have found this oasis away from the forest's monsters and are passing the time until order is restored. If the PCs refuse to join them, the baccae use their charming gaze ability and ask a second time. Drinking the baccae's wine has the effect of *calm emotions* on imbibers (Fortitude DC 13 negates). The save DC increases by +1 for every cup of wine consumed. Further refusal angers the baccae, who change to their beast forms and attack. Under the *calm emotions* effect of the baccae's wine, the charmed and drunk merchants do not join in the combat unless attacked first, at which point they fight to defend themselves, but they flee if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points.

ELZBETHE, JOLIPHETTA, AND MARI (3)

CR 3

XP 800 each

Female baccae (*Tome of Horrors Complete* 44)

CN Medium fey

Init +3; Senses low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 10 (+3 Dex, +2 natural, -2 rage)

hp 37 each (5d6+20)

Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +5

DR 5/cold iron

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bite +8 (1d6+5), 2 claws +7 (1d4+5)

Special Attacks beast form, charming gaze, rage

TACTICS

During Combat The baccae rage on the first round of combat, focusing their attacks on male opponents.

Morale While raging, the baccae fight to the death. Otherwise, they flee into the woods if reduced to fewer than 10 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 16

Base Atk +2; CMB +7; CMD 18

Feats Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (greatclub)

Skills Bluff +11, Diplomacy +11, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (planes) +3, Knowledge (religion) +3, Perception +7, Stealth +11

Languages Common, Sylvan

Gear greatclub, cold-weather outfit, bottle of wine

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beast Form (Su) When angered or intoxicated, a baccae takes on a beastlike visage, growing sharpened fangs and

claws. This transformation lasts for 1 hour and cannot be ended voluntarily.

Charming Gaze (Su) In human form, a baccae can charm any humanoid within 30 feet who meets her gaze. This functions as a *charm person* spell (CL 5th). An affected creature can attempt a DC 15 Will save to resist the effects. A baccae can suppress this ability as a free action. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Rage (Su) Once per day, a baccae in beast form can fly into a berserk frenzy. This frenzy lasts for 10 rounds. In this rage, she gains temporary bonuses to two ability scores: +4 Strength and +4 Constitution. She likewise gains a +2 morale bonus on Will saves, but takes a -2 penalty to Armor Class. A baccae cannot voluntarily end her rage.

CHARMED MERCHANTS (3)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Drunkard (*Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 303)

hp 23 each

M10. The Sky Tree (CR 6)

An enormous dead beech tree towers over this clearing, standing apart from the evergreen trees around it. Dead, dry leaves lift from piles around the tree to rustle and dance amid whorls of fine powdery snow.

This tree is the third elemental font created by the dawn pipers to power the reality siphon in area M4. The piles of dead leaves heaped around the tree and the tree's massive roots cover the entire clearing with what is effectively light undergrowth (*Core Rulebook* 426).

Creatures: The dawn piper Zephimere stands in the branches of the tree some 10 feet above the ground. Her air elemental font grants her air-themed spell-like abilities. Zephimere's twigjack servant, Sliverthorn, hides in the nearby *wall of thorns* bordering the clearing using his woodland stride ability, eagerly awaiting his mistress's call to attack.

If the PCs have already destroyed either of the elemental fonts in areas M2 and M6, Zephimere is expecting them. When the PCs approach the tree, the dawn piper offers them a final chance. "Go now. This forest and



the *Dancing Hut* are ours, and I will not yield.” If the PCs do not turn back, Zephimere and Sliverthorn attack.

SLIVERTHORN

CR 3

XP 800

Male twigjack (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 274)

hp 27

TACTICS

During Combat Sliverthorn takes advantage of the terrain, using his bramble jump ability to move back forth through the area, remaining hidden until he can make a sneak attack or use his splinterspray ability to maximum effect.

Morale Sliverthorn fights to the death to defend Zephimere.

ZEPHIMERE

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female dawn piper (see page 86)

hp 45

TACTICS

During Combat Zephimere uses *fly* to remain above the fray, supporting Sliverthorn’s attacks and raining down attacks from above.

Morale Zephimere fights to the death.

Treasure: A successful DC 20 Perception check reveals a large blue-green gemstone among the tree’s roots—an *air elemental gem*.

M11. The Dancing Hut (CR 8)

A two-story wooden hut dominates this clearing. The hovel stands on enormous chicken legs that restlessly scratch at the ground, but a gigantic manacle of iron, attached to a huge chain bolted to a spike in the earth, shackles the hut in place. An osseous fence surrounds the structure, and two corpses are impaled upon the sharpened bone pickets. A few ravens hop and flutter over the bodies, picking at the choicest bits of flesh.

This is the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga*, chained and put on display here by Queen Elvanna. The bone fence grew up around the hut while it’s been imprisoned here, much like the larger forest around it. The bodies impaled on the fence outside are those of a man with red hair, antlers, and hooved goat legs, and a white-clad, pale-skinned woman with white hair, still crowned with the remains of a holly wreath. These are Baba Yaga’s other two Riders—the Red Rider, her “Red Sun,” and the White Rider, her “Bright

Morning”—killed by Queen Elvanna and displayed in front of the *Dancing Hut* as tributes to her success. They are both dead and cannot be brought back to life by any means likely in the PCs’ possession. With a successful DC 26 Knowledge (nature), a PC identifies the Riders. Characters with the mantle of the Black Rider can make this check untrained and gain a +10 bonus on the check.

Creatures: The White Witch Nazhena Vasilliovna waits for the PCs in front of the *Dancing Hut*, having been trapped in this clearing by the dawn pipers’ reality siphon and the hut’s *dimensional shackles*. By this point, Nazhena is most likely aware of the PCs’ identities as those who infiltrated her Pale Tower in the previous adventure and killed her apprentice Radosek Pavril. “I suppose I should thank you for ridding me of this fey incursion,” she says coldly, “but we both know what you’ve cost me already.” She wastes no more time with words, and attacks the PCs. Nazhena has also brought an ice golem from the Royal Palace with her to help guard the *Dancing Hut*. She orders it to take up a position blocking the path from area M4 and attack anyone attempting to enter the clearing. The ice golem fights until destroyed. If the

fight spills inside the bone fence surrounding the *Dancing Hut*, see Part Five for the hut’s reactions.

ICE GOLEM

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 53 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 161)

NAZHENA VASILLOVNA

CR 7

XP 3,200

hp 63 (see page 54)

PART FIVE: THE DANCING HUT OF BABA YAGA

Queen Elvanna bound the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* in the Market Square with an artifact of her own creation. These chains are effectively giant *dimensional shackles*, but their *dimensional anchor* effect extends to cover the entire clearing. The shackles not only block the hut (as well as anyone inside the clearing) from engaging in extradimensional travel, but they also prevent anyone from entering the hut. Even creatures swallowed by the hut can’t get inside; such creatures are dropped to the ground instead after being grappled by the hut. The shackles also prevent the hut from using any of its spell-like abilities while fettered.



NAZHENA VASILLOVNA

Whether by instinct or training, the *Dancing Hut* remains within the confines of the bone fence surrounding it, pacing like a restless lion in its cage, even if its reach allows it to attack beyond the fence. The hut attacks any creatures inside the fence, including Nazhena Vasilliovna, though it can only use its melee attacks. The hut can sense the mantle of the Black Rider, however, and does not attack any creature bearing the mantle, though the PCs might not be aware of this fact at first.

The shackles binding the hut are incredibly strong; not even the hut itself can break them, and they cannot be destroyed by mortal means. Fortunately, the PCs possess some measure of Baba Yaga's own power, in the form of the Black Rider's mantle. If a character with the mantle of the Black Rider touches the hut's shackles, the chains shatter, freeing the hut.

N. BABA YAGA'S DANCING HUT

Once the PCs have defeated Nazhena Vasilliovna, nothing stands between them and the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga*. The hut can sense the mantle of the Black Rider on the PCs, and once its shackles are removed, it lowers itself to the ground, allowing them access to its porch. The hut's windows are considerably tougher than normal glass (hardness 15, hp 60, break DC 28) and also benefit from the hut's fast healing ability. Regardless of the hut's physical location and current configuration, anyone peering through the windows from the outside sees the hut's "default" configuration—a simple and cozy room that strangely appears to be a bit bigger than the hut itself. The windows can only be opened using the hut's controls, but the hut's front door opens at a touch, leading to area N1.

The *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* is a powerful artifact, construct, and conveyance. See pages 63–65 for full details on the hut's powers and abilities. For now, however, the PCs can explore the interior of the hut (at least the configuration of its rooms in Irrisen) before placing the keys that the Black Rider gave them into the hut's cauldron.

N1. Cauldron Room (CR 6)

Bundles of dried herbs hang from the rafters of this comfortable-looking room, and along the walls are numerous shelves holding a bewildering variety of glass jars, bottles, and vials containing all manner of strange magical components and alchemical ingredients. A massive cauldron sits in the middle of the room. No fire burns under the pot, but the liquid within it bubbles and churns, and white fumes rise and lap over the brim. A large stove, writing desk, bookcase, and fireplace complete the room, along with a number of crates, barrels, and sacks. A short flight of steps leads up to a set of double doors in the north wall, and a small ladder climbs to a trap door in

the ceiling in the northeast corner. Two windows flank a door to the south.

It is immediately apparent that this room is larger than the *Dancing Hut's* exterior. Otherwise, it appears to be the interior of a simple, country cottage. The cauldron in the center of the room is used to transport the hut to other locations, provided one has the proper "keys." These keys can normally be found among the ingredients on the shelves, but Queen Elvanna has deactivated all of the keys inside the hut. The cauldron is a part of the hut and cannot be removed. The cracked clay bowl and brown hen's egg used to control the hut sit on the desk in this room, though the PCs likely will not realize their significance (or even be able to use these controls) at this time. The crates and barrels contain dried foodstuffs, fresh water, and other mundane supplies that can feed a dozen people for up to 2 weeks.

A successful DC 15 Perception check reveals a small symbol inscribed on one of the stones of the fireplace. This sigil has a conjuration aura and marks the entrance to Zorka's hidey-hole (see page 58). The bookcase along the eastern wall conceals a secret door that the PCs can discover with a successful DC 20 Perception check. The door is locked (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25), but Zorka (see below) has a key. The double doors to the north are unlocked but trapped (see below). The ladder in the northeast corner leads to the loft above (area N5). The southern door leads to the *Dancing Hut's* porch outside, while the windows on either side look out onto Whitethrone's Market Square.

Creature: The kikimora Zorka is in this room when the PCs first arrive. See page 59 for her reactions to the PCs' presence in the hut.

ZORKA

CR 6

XP 2,400

hp 68 (see page 58)

Trap: A permanent *glyph of warding* (CL 10th) is inscribed on the double doors to the north. Servants of Baba Yaga (such as Zorka and those bearing the mantle of the Black Rider, like the PCs) do not trigger the trap, though opening the doors does cause the glyph to momentarily flare and then fade again.

GLYPH OF WARDING

CR 5

XP 1,600

Type magic; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

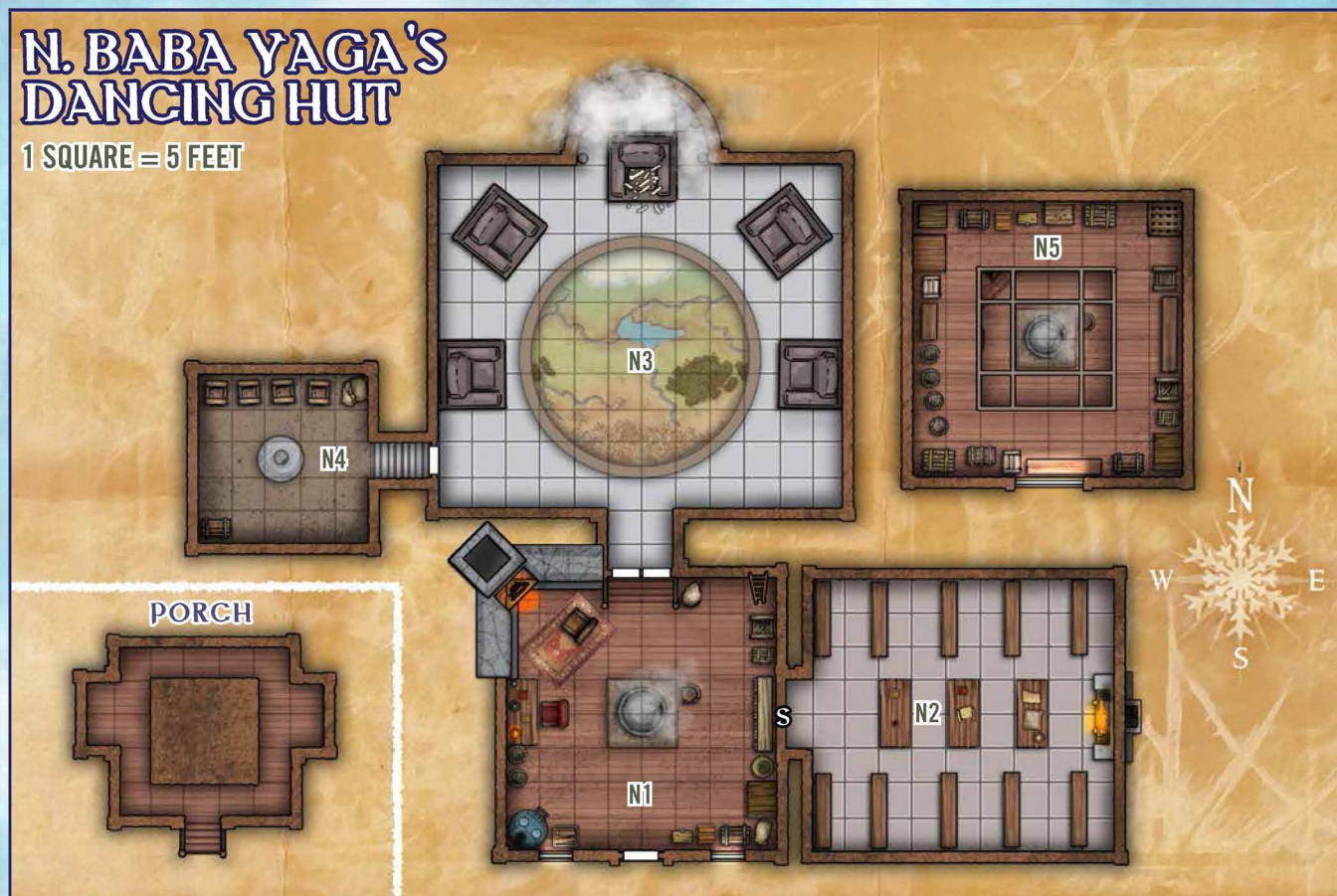
EFFECTS

Trigger spell; **Reset** automatic (immediate)

Effect spell effect (*glyph of warding* [blast glyph], 5d8 fire damage, Reflex DC 15 half); multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-square area)

N. BABA YAGA'S DANCING HUT

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



Story Award: If the PCs befriend Zorka and gain her as an ally, award them 2,400 XP, as if they had defeated her in combat.

Treasure: Among the mundane ingredients in this room are a *bead of newt prevention*^{UE}, an *elixir of love*, a *hexing doll*^{UE}, *restorative ointment*, *seer's tea*^{UE}, *unguent of timelessness*, and *universal solvent*, each of which can be found with a successful DC 15 Perception check. In addition, the shelves in this room hold almost every imaginable spell component and alchemical ingredient, allowing spellcasters and alchemists to restock their spell component pouches and alchemist's kits. At your discretion, they might also be able to find more costly material components here.

Development: See Concluding the Adventure on page 53 for details on what happens when the PCs drop the keys given to them by the Black Rider into the cauldron.

N2. Library

Tall bookcases stretch from floor to ceiling in this chamber, flanking a row of tables standing in the center aisle. Numerous books are strewn upon the tables, along with blotters, vials of ink, sheets of vellum, and abundant quills. A fire burns merrily in a fireplace built into the eastern wall.

Baba Yaga's library contains books in a variety of languages on nearly every topic imaginable. The entire room has a powerful divination, conjuration, and transmutation aura. But this is not the entirety of Baba Yaga's collection, only the portion of it accessible from this configuration of the *Dancing Hut*. Each time a creature (or group of creatures) enters the room, new volumes are rotated into the stacks from extradimensional storage, while an equal number are rotated out. Books and other items can be removed from the library, but vanish if removed from the hut itself. These objects magically return to the library's stacks and may be available again at some later point, but not immediately. Any character performing research here gains a +4 circumstance bonus on Knowledge checks made within the library. However, one noteworthy subject is conspicuously absent from all of the tomes: what happens to Baba Yaga's daughters after their reigns as queens of Irrisen. The library does not provide a bonus on Knowledge checks about this topic, which is one of Baba Yaga's greatest secrets. At your discretion, the library might also contain a selection of alchemical formula books, arcane spellbooks, divine prayer books, and magic scrolls that the PCs can use to learn new spells, alchemical formulae, and other magics.

These books rotate into and out of storage along with the rest of the library's collection.

Treasure: A pair of *spectacles of understanding* (*Ultimate Equipment* 227) sits atop one of the reading tables. In addition, a large book on one of the tables contains a partial index of the library's contents that updates whenever new volumes are rotated in. It also contains a detailed painting of the library room on its center spread. The book has a strong conjuration aura and is never rotated out of the library's collection. If the book is opened to its center spread and placed against a wall in any of the *Dancing Hut's* rooms (regardless of the hut's current configuration), a door appears in the wall that opens into this room. From a campaign standpoint, this allows the PCs to access the information and resources of the library even though the configuration of the *Dancing Hut* changes when it travels to other lands and worlds. If the PCs do not realize the book's value or its function, Zorka (area N1) can inform them of how it works.

N3. Map Room (CR 8)

Five iron thrones are arranged around a circular map in the floor of this large room. Translucent, three-dimensional images of cities and villages hover a few inches above their locations on the map. A large pile of bones and skulls, roped together by sinew, sits atop the center throne. Behind this throne, columns set against the wall form a semicircular alcove filled with a swirling mass of white mist.

Baba Yaga uses this room to remotely survey Irrisen. The map in the floor has a moderate divination aura and depicts the nation of Irrisen, which the PCs can identify with a successful DC 15 Knowledge (geography) check. By crouching low to the ground, one can literally view the landscape of Irrisen, from its snowbound wilderness to its cities and towns. The scale of the map makes it impossible to clearly view individual creatures, who are depicted as little more than specks, but large groupings of creatures, such as entire armies, can be observed. Baba Yaga created this room during the Winter War. She and her generals sat in the thrones and used the map to plan large-scale military maneuvers that resulted in the conquest of Irrisen.

The map can also be used to scry on a specific creature, provided that creature is within Irrisen's borders. This functions just like a *crystal ball*, including the decrease of the save DC to resist with multiple uses. If the *srying* is successful, the white mist behind the center throne coalesces into a live visual image of the subject. The *srying* effect of the map is strictly limited to creatures in Irrisen; it cannot scry on creatures elsewhere on Golarion or on other planes or planets. However, if the PCs use *plane shift*

to revisit the *Dancing Hut's* Irrisen layout while the hut is on another world, the map still functions, though it still only shows Irrisen.

Creature: Queen Elvanna recognized the danger of her enemies gaining access to this chamber, so she placed her own guardian inside the room. As soon as any creature steps more than 15 feet inside this room, the pile of bones on the center throne animates into a bone golem and attacks. The golem attacks first with its bone prison ability, then uses its natural attacks. It fights until destroyed.

BONE GOLEM

CR 8

XP 4,800

hp 90 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 133)

N4. Root Cellar

The door to this room is locked (hardness 5, hp 20, break DC 25, Disable Device DC 25), but Zorka (area N1) has a key.

A flight of steps leads to a cool, earthen chamber beneath the hut that by all rights should not exist. A grinding sound fills the air, emanating from a millstone in the center of the room that turns endlessly, powered by some unknown force. Several small bins sit along the north wall, next to a few bulging sacks in the northeast corner. A small wooden box wrapped in chains sits in the southwest corner.

Baba Yaga uses the millstone to prepare many of the magical components stored in area N1, as well as bone meal for her bread. The bins along the wall contain potatoes, turnips, onions, and other vegetables that require low temperatures and controlled humidity for safekeeping. The sacks in the corner contain several pounds of bone meal and dried grains.

Treasure: The box in the southwest corner is a *migrus locker* (*Ultimate Equipment* 310); it's sealed with iron chains (hardness 10, hp 5, break DC 26) that must be broken to open the locker and release the migrus inside.

N5. Loft

The center portion of the floor of this loft is open, crossed by wooden rafters and overlooking the bubbling cauldron in the room below. Numerous barrels, boxes, and crates are arrayed around the room's walls. The south wall holds a large window.

This loft overlooks area N1. The containers in this room hold more mundane supplies: blankets, buckets, candles, cooking utensils, extra pots and pans, linens, rope, washtubs, and the like. The window in this room looks out through the *Dancing Hut's* "beak," and overlooks Whitethrone's Market Square.



CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the PCs have explored the *Dancing Hut*, they can use the keys given to them by the Black Rider in “The Snows of Summer”—the lock of hair from a frost giant’s beard and the plague doctor’s mask—to take the hut to its next destination. From the information given to them by the Black Rider, the PCs should know that they must place the two keys into the hut’s cauldron (in area **N1**) and stir the ever-bubbling stew inside it, which will transport the hut to the location associated with the two keys. A PC who succeeds at a DC 20 Knowledge (arcana) or Use Magic Device check can also identify the proper use of the keys. If the PCs came to an accord with Zorka, she can inform them of the process as well.

If NPCs such as Nadya or Ringeirr are still accompanying the PCs, they must now come to a decision—either return to their normal lives in Irrisen, or stay with the PCs on their journey to parts unknown, possibly with little hope of ever returning home. The PCs might also wish to avail themselves of the library or the map room, but time is not on their side. The PCs have scored a major victory

against the White Witches, but now Queen Elvanna is all too aware that Baba Yaga has surviving agents who are moving against her. The enormity of what they’ve done—killing a White Witch and hijacking the *Dancing Hut*—will soon warrant a response from Elvanna herself, and it would be best not to tarry long in Whitethrone. With enemies in their wake and enemies on the horizon, the multiverse may seemed arrayed against them—but for now, the PCs are in the possession of one of the most powerful artifacts of legend.

Once the PCs drop the two keys into the cauldron and stir the stew within, the room around them shimmers and changes. Although it may not be apparent to the PCs at first, the hut has traveled to a new location, leaving Whitethrone behind. They can explore their new destination—and the *Dancing Hut*’s new layout—in the next volume of the Reign of Winter Adventure Path, “Maiden, Mother, Crone.”

Story Award: Award the PCs 3,200 XP for taking possession of the *Dancing Hut* and using the Black Rider’s keys to take the hut to its next destination.

NAZHENA VASILLIOVNA

The former mistress of the Pale Tower, the beautiful but cold Nazhena Vasilliovnna not only has her queen's ambitions at heart, but a very personal vendetta to pursue as well.

NAZHENA VASILLIOVNA

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female human (Jadwiga) witch^{APG} (winter witch^{ISM}) 5/winter witch^{POP} 3

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Senses Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+4 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 63 (8d6+33)

Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +10

Resist cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee Emberchill +3 (1d6 plus 1d6 cold)

Special Attacks ice magic^{ISM}, hexes (cauldron, flight [*feather fall* at will, *levitate* 1/day, fly 8 minutes/day], frostfoot^{ISM}, frozen caress^{ISM}, slumber [8 rounds]), unnatural cold^{POP}

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +11)

4th—*wall of ice* (DC 19), *summon monster IV*

3rd—*ice storm*, *sleet storm*, *vampiric touch*

2nd—*false life*, *glitterdust* (DC 17), *spectral hand*, *touch of idiocy*

1st—*chill touch* (DC 15), *frostbite*^{UM}, *mage armor*, *snowball** (DC 17), *unshakable chill*^{UM} (DC 16)

o (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

Patron winter^{UM}

TACTICS

Before Combat Nazhena casts *false life* and *mage armor* every day. Once enemies enter area **M11**, she drinks *potions of barkskin* and *shield of faith* and activates her flight hex.

During Combat Nazhena casts *summon monster IV* on the first round of combat to summon an ice mephit. She then casts *spectral hand*, relying on her ice golem minion and summoned mephit to engage opponents on the ground while she uses her *spectral hand* to deliver touch spells from above, infusing them with her frozen caress hex. She casts *wall of ice* to isolate specific threats, and *touch of idiocy* to reduce the effectiveness of a rival spellcaster. If brought to ground, Nazhena casts *ice storm* or *sleet storm* to put difficult terrain (mitigated by her frostfoot hex) between herself and her enemies.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Nazhena tries to flee, covering her escape with *sleet storm* while she flies away. If cornered and unable to escape, Nazhena fights to the death rather than surrender.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 10

Base Atk +3; CMB +2; CMD 16

Feats Alertness^B, Brew Potion, Craft Construct, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Spell Focus (conjuration), Toughness

Skills Craft (alchemy) +16, Craft (sculpting) +10, Fly +19, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (planes) +12, Perception +12 (+15 sight-based and opposed in shadows or darkness), Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +13, Swim +3, Use Magic Device +10

Languages Common, Giant, Hallit, Skald, Sylvan

SQ cold flesh^{ISM}, freeze and thaw^{POP} (1/day), hyperboreal patronage^{POP}, winter witchcraft^{POP}, witch's familiar (owl named Zapada)

Combat Gear *potions of barkskin* (2), *potions of cure moderate wounds* (2), *potions of shield of faith* (2), *wand of ice spears** (10 charges); Other Gear Emberchill (+1 frost sickle, currently storing *wall of ice*; see page 60), hyperboreal robe (see page 60), spell component pouch, blue quartz tiara worth 500 gp, ice diamond necklace worth 100 gp

* See *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 72–73.

Nazhena Vasilliovnna is a tall and attractive woman with striking blue eyes, a flawless complexion, and lustrous platinum blonde hair, which she usually wears pulled back from her proud face. Her beauty is almost purely physical, however, deriving from her mixed Jadwiga-Ulfen heritage, not from her personality. A great-great-granddaughter of Queen Elvanna, Nazhena grew up in Elvanna's court in Whitethrone, sent by her mother from the Pale Tower to the Royal Palace to learn her true place in Irrisen's society as one of the Jadwiga Elvanna.

Nazhena was not born the cruel woman she is today, but she has learned well the lessons of the Royal Palace. At the age of seven, Nazhena suffered a broken arm at the hands of one of her female cousins, in thanks for a moment of kindness that her playmates interpreted as weakness.

When Nazhena wept, she was told her pain was her own fault. When she demanded justice, she was told to take her own revenge (which she did a few years later, with hideous consequences for her tormentor). While this one unfortunate childhood incident was not the sole defining moment of her life, it was representative of the lessons taught at Queen Elvanna's court.

In time, Nazhena grew into an ambitious woman, sacrificing much of her personal happiness to dedicate herself to the mastery of cold magic and domination over the lives of all those around her. Her growth culminated in her seizure of the Pale Tower from her own mother, an act that only raised Nazhena's esteem in the eyes of her great-great-grandmother. Likewise, Nazhena shaped her apprentice, Radosek Pavril, into a finely honed tool, though he was also a rare concession to her own personal needs. As a foreigner and a male, Radosek could never truly be Nazhena's equal, but neither master nor apprentice held any illusions about their relationship, and though both were ambitious, Nazhena did not believe them to be condemned to mutual betrayal. She believes Radosek truly loved her, and for all that she publicly blamed her "flawed Taldan apprentice" for her own failures, in the secret depths of her heart she loved him as much as she was capable of loving anyone.

The fall of the Pale Tower at the hands of meddling adventurers fills Nazhena not only with indignation, but also with shame, and her unwillingness to accept or deal with the grief of Radosek's loss only makes her more dangerous toward his murderers. She shows the PCs no mercy, and does not rest until they are dead and all that they love lies in ruins.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Nazhena is the final villain of "The Shackled Hut," the last obstacle in front of the PCs before they can claim the *Dancing Hut*. Amid the campaign's grand plot of world domination, Nazhena puts a very personal face on the forces aligned against the PCs. She has thrown in her lot with Queen Elvanna, and literally and symbolically represents her mistress at a stage in the campaign where the PCs have no way of directly opposing the queen. Consequently, Nazhena does everything within her power to stop the PCs from acquiring the *Dancing Hut* and thwarting Elvanna's plans. Besides her magic, Nazhena's most valuable asset is Irrisen itself—a country inherently inimical to the PCs and capable of grinding them down before they can even get to the hut.

If Nazhena flees from the final confrontation with the PCs, it is not the end of her story. If she survives, the PCs will have made a very personal enemy out of her. Of course, the fact that she was unable to prevent the PCs

from stealing the *Dancing Hut* means that as far as Queen Elvanna and the White Witches are concerned, Nazhena's life is forfeit. In Irrisen, the penalty for failure is death, but Nazhena is unlikely to just throw her life away. Instead, she flees Whitethrone, knowing that her only hope of redemption in the eyes of her great-great-grandmother is to return with the *Dancing Hut*.

In this case, Nazhena dedicates her life to hunting down the PCs, and may return to trouble them at a later point in the campaign. You will need to level her up to keep her a threat to the PCs as they advance in levels, and she will likely require new allies and new magic to trace the PCs' steps across worlds, but Nazhena follows the PCs wherever the *Dancing Hut* takes them, driven to recapture the hut and bring about the PCs' destruction.



SOLVEIG AYRDAHL

With a passionate evangelism for hope and freedom, Solveig Ayrdahl plays a dangerous game inside the city of Whitethrone, walking a tightrope between her calling to help and inspire an oppressed people and the needs and desires of her own heart.

SOLVEIG AYRDAHL

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female human (Ulfen) cleric of Milani (hidden priest) 6

(Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Magic 35)

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Senses Perception +3 (+5 vs. agents of Irrisen)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 20 (+7 armor, +2 deflection, +1 shield)

hp 36 (6d8+6)

Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +8

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee Everbloom's rose +8 (1d8+4)

Ranged sling +4 (1d4+3)

Special Attacks channel positive energy 5/day (DC 15, 3d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +9)

6/day—touch of good (+3)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 6th; concentration +9)

3rd—dispel magic, helping hand, prayer, remove curse^P

2nd—align weapon^P (good only), bull's strength, hold person

(DC 15), spiritual weapon, undetectable alignment

1st—endure elements, divine favor, magic stone, protection

from evil^P, shield of faith

o (at will)—guidance, light, read magic, stabilize

D Domain spell; Domains Good, Liberation

TACTICS

Before Combat Solveig casts *endure elements* and *undetectable alignment* every day. Before combat, she casts *bull's strength* and *shield of faith*.

During Combat Solveig uses her spells to hinder her enemies and aid her allies, engaging in melee combat only if necessary.

Morale Solveig never abandons a friend, though if the situation seems hopeless, she does her best to persuade her allies to retreat and live to fight another day.

STATISTICS

Str 16, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 14

Base Atk +4; CMB +7; CMD 19

Feats Deceitful, Eschew Materials, Lightning Reflexes, Selective Channeling

Skills Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +5, Heal +8, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (religion) +8, Sense Motive +8 (+10 vs. agents of Irrisen), Spellcraft +8

Languages Common, Skald

SQ false arcanist

Combat Gear *scroll of lesser restoration*, *scroll of silence*, alchemist's fire (2); **Other Gear** +1 *breastplate*, buckler, *Everbloom's rose* (+1 *morningstar*, see page 60), sling with 10 bullets, cold-weather outfit, silver holy symbol of Milani, spell component pouch, 10 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

False Arcanist (Ex) A hidden priest is able to disguise her divine spellcasting as the arcane spellcasting of a sorcerer. Solveig must succeed at a Knowledge (arcana) check (DC 10 + twice the level of the spell) to disguise the spell she is casting as a sorcerer spell and successfully cast the spell. Solveig must still use any divine focus components for her spells, but she can use a symbol of Milani stitched into the palm of her glove instead of her more obvious holy symbol. A successful Spellcraft check identifies Solveig's spells as normal, but the result of the check must exceed the DC by 10 or more to recognize the spell as divine. Solveig adds half her class level (+2) on all Bluff checks to send secret messages about religious matters, Sense Motive checks to recognize similar messages, and Perception and Sense Motive checks relating to agents of the laws of Irrisen (the White Witches, mirror men, the Iron Guard, the Winter Guard, and the like). This ability replaces Solveig's 1st-level Liberation domain power.

For Solveig Ayrdahl, change has been the only constant throughout her life. As a native Ulfen child growing up in Irrisen, Solveig saw many horrors and depredations heaped upon her people, but when she was 12 years old, a compassionate cell of the Heralds of Summer's Return smuggled her family over the border to LOSTHOME in the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. Solveig was initially overwhelmed with her newfound freedom, but with time, she absorbed much of the lost ancestral Ulfen heritage that had been scrubbed away from her people in Irrisen centuries ago. Her experiences in Irrisen had touched and changed her forever, however, and Solveig eventually realized she would always exist just outside the Ulfen culture of the Linnorm Kingdoms. When she grew, she found a trader who agreed to take her as part of his crew and sailed south to see the world and find her place in it.

In due course, Solveig found herself in Cheliox. There she tried to reconcile the experiences of her Irriseni childhood against House Thrune's governance over the Chelish people. One night, after speaking too freely in a run-down tavern in Kintargo, she was invited to a private worship service of a small congregation dedicated to Milani. Solveig experienced an epiphany that night, and immediately converted to the Everbloom's faith. Thus began a 4-year career to undermine the Chelish government and deepen her faith. Solveig was bold and brash in those years, and her striking Ulfen features did not lend themselves to maintaining a low profile, earning her a reputation that attracted trouble from Thrune inquisitors. Solveig's lover at the time, a Chelish opera singer named Bella Belvorica, persuaded her that she needed to leave the country for her own safety. Solveig begged Bella to come with her, but sadly the singer refused. Alone, Solveig decided to return to Irrisen for the first time in years.

In Irrisen, Solveig made contact with the Heralds of Summer's Return. Using what she had learned in Cheliox, Solveig quickly established herself as a leader with invaluable skills and the divine backing of Milani. With her reckless youth behind her, Solveig traded boldness for cunning and cautiously infiltrated Whitethrone to form a congregation of Milani that would also function as a cell of the Heralds in the city.

Months ago, Solveig finally found the courage to send a letter to Bella, unsure if it would ever reach its destination. To Solveig's surprise, Bella arrived in Whitethrone for a series of performances at the Frosthall Theater. For security reasons, Solveig had not specifically mentioned that she was in Whitethrone in her letter, so Solveig has interpreted Bella's arrival in the city as an effort by her old lover to find her. Tragically, before Solveig could make contact with Bella, Queen Elvanna imposed martial law on the city and the dragon Logrivich took Bella to his tower. Solveig is now torn between duty and a second chance at love.

Solveig is a tall, fit woman with honey blonde hair and fair skin. Her bright blue eyes, easy smile, and gentle but earthy humor make her approachable, but she burns with a passion to right the wrongs she sees all around her. She does what she can to help the downtrodden of Whitethrone and waits for an opportunity to strike down the oppressors of her people.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Solveig can provide resources the PCs might otherwise have difficulty obtaining. Her Shrine of the Everbloom represents an oasis in hostile territory, offering the PCs an opportunity to rest and recover in safety. Even more importantly, Solveig knows the major players in Whitethrone, and she has contacts within the now-defunct Iron Guard. This enables her to act as a logical bridge between the Guard and the PCs to strike back at the White Witches—providing the Iron Guard with the opportunity to stage an uprising that at the same time creates the distraction the PCs need to seize the *Dancing Hut*.

SIDE QUEST

Solveig asks the PCs to rescue her former lover Bella Belvorica from Logrivich's clock tower and bring her to the Shrine of the Everbloom. She believes that Bella's remarkable talent shouldn't be collateral damage in a world so thirsty for beauty. Solveig doesn't specifically mention her relationship with Bella, but if she is asked how she knows about Bella's plight or why she has

an interest in the opera singer's fate, a successful DC 15 Sense Motive check suggests the two are actually acquainted, while a success by 5 or more intuit that there is much more to Solveig's relationship with Bella than mere concern for a foreign performer caught up in the midst of war and revolution.

Reward: If the PCs rescue Bella and get her safely to the Shrine of the Everbloom, award them 1,600 XP. When Solveig and Bella finally meet face to face, they can't help but embrace and kiss. Afterward, they thank each of the PCs personally, and Solveig presents the PCs with *Everbloom's Rose* (see page 60) as a personal token of her gratitude.



ZORKA

With the Black Rider's demise, this strange fey creature is the only one who remains to speak for Baba Yaga. Zorka struggles to come to terms with strangers in her house in the greater cause of rescuing her mistress.

ZORKA

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female advanced kikimora (*Midgard Bestiary* 67, *Pathfinder*
RPG Bestiary 294)

CN Medium fey

Init +10; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +15

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 17, flat-footed 15 (+6 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural)

hp 68 (8d6+40)

Fort +6, **Ref** +12, **Will** +11

DR 5/cold iron; **SR** 17

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +10 (1d4+3)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +15)

At will—*forced quiet*^{UM} (DC 18), *invisibility* (self only),
mending, *prestidigitation*

3/day—*break*^{APG} (DC 18), *charm animal* (DC 18), *deep slumber*
(DC 20), *pain strike*^{APG} (DC 20)

1/day—*major image* (DC 20), *make whole*, *summon swarm*

TACTICS

During Combat Zorka tries to avoid combat if at all possible, but she uses her spell-like abilities to hinder her attackers until she can safely flee, targeting opponents with *deep slumber* or *pain strike*. She casts *break* on their weapons, and uses *major image* to create the illusion of a more fearsome enemy for foes to face.

Morale If reduced to 20 hit points or fewer, Zorka flees to her hidey-hole, casting *summon swarm* to cover her retreat.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 22, **Con** 19, **Int** 16, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 25

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 24

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +12, Appraise +8, Bluff +18, Diplomacy +18,
Escape Artist +17, Knowledge (nature) +10, Linguistics +5,
Perception +15, Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +17,
Spellcraft +10, Stealth +17

Languages Aklo, Common, Giant, Russian, Skald, Sylvan

SQ hidey-hole

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hidey-Hole (Su) When a kikimora chooses a house to inhabit, she can create an extradimensional space by scrawling a

sigil on a wall, baseboard, cupboard, or semipermanent object (like a stove). This sigil serves as the entrance to the kikimora's tiny domain, where she can live within the house without being detected. Only the kikimora can enter this hidey-hole. Anytime after designating a hidey-hole, the kikimora can transport herself and up to 50 pounds of objects to the hidey-hole as a standard action, as long as she is in the same room as the sigil. The kikimora can exit the hidey-hole in the same way, appearing in the closest empty square to the sigil. Any objects left within the hidey-hole remain there when the kikimora exits the space, even if she removes the sigil and places it in another location. While inside the hidey-hole, the kikimora can see what is going on outside of the space through a special sensor, as if the kikimora were standing where her sigil is placed. As a result, mundane objects placed in front of the sigil can block the kikimora's sight from the hidey-hole.

Zorka has scrawled her sigil in rooms throughout the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga*, allowing her to enter and exit her hidey-hole from any of the *Dancing Hut's* configurations. In effect, Zorka has access to every room within the *Dancing Hut*, even those rooms currently inaccessible because of the hut's physical location. Because multiple sigils provide access to Zorka's hidey-hole, removing one of the sigils has no effect on the hidey-hole or any creatures inside it unless all of the sigils within the *Dancing Hut* are removed.

Zorka is a kikimora, a fey creature often called a "house spirit." She appears to be a hunched, old crone with a long bird's beak, donkey ears, horns, and stringy black hair. She wears a peasant's dress with a red shawl tied tightly around her wizened head, but these articles do not disguise her clawed hands or the scaly bird talons that are her feet. Zorka is a mischievous busybody who serves as the housekeeper of the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga*. Although she knows the hut belongs to the Queen of Witches, Zorka nevertheless fancies the hut to be "her house." This boast notwithstanding, Zorka often spends as much of her time creating messes and mischief as she does feigning to clean and maintain order. Zorka hails from Baba Yaga's own homeworld of Earth, and while she is an occasional irritant, she is steadfastly loyal to the Witch Queen.

Zorka does not usually draw attention to herself, seeking to avoid notice, and prefers to communicate through her deeds, which are performed when no one is around and left to be discovered later. Yet Baba Yaga's current absence—both prolonged and unexplained—is unprecedented, as is the commandeering of the *Dancing Hut* by one of her daughters. This drives Zorka to reveal herself and take direct action in order to gather information and plan a course of action.

The kikimora is initially suspicious of the PCs when they first enter the *Dancing Hut* and she hides, invisible, while studying them to learn their intentions. As a precaution, she tries to pick up the hut's egg-and-bowl controls and hide them in the folds of her dress to prevent these strangers from issuing commands to the *Dancing Hut*. Zorka has no ability to detect the mantle of the Black Rider on the PCs, and so has no reason to trust the PCs from the start. She knows that Elvanna has been through the hut and has deactivated the transportation keys, and left behind guardians and traps in some of the hut's rooms as well. As a result, the kikimora might mistake the party for agents of the queen, depending on their actions. In this case, Zorka views the PCs as a threat, and attempts to lead them into area N3 in the hope that the bone golem in that room will get rid of them. If the Black Rider's mantle allows the PCs to successfully bypass the *glyph of warding* on the doors to area N3, however, Zorka starts to wonder whether they might be new servants of Baba Yaga.

Eventually, Zorka initiates contact with the PCs, though she prepares to immediately retreat to her hidey-hole if attacked. She demands to know by what rights they are traipsing about "her home," and what their business is. She lectures them on their lack of manners while trying to discern whether they're telling the truth. Zorka's initial attitude is considered unfriendly, so a successful DC 27 Diplomacy check is required to make her friendly. If the PCs tell her of their meeting with the Black Rider and their quest to find Baba Yaga, they gain a +10 bonus on the check.

If the PCs are aggressive, Zorka turns invisible and retreats to her hidey-hole, but not before cackling that she has the hut's controls and they'll never find them. Once tempers have cooled, however, Zorka comes to the realization that she and the party are likely allies, by necessity if not by choice, and eventually makes another attempt to contact them. If the PCs are polite and grant her some latitude, Zorka grudgingly gives them the egg-and-bowl controls and tries to explain their function.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Zorka is not intended to be an enemy of the PCs. Instead, the kikimora is designed to be a recurring character throughout the Reign of Winter Adventure Path, someone who can help—or hinder—the PCs during their travels in the *Dancing Hut*. Zorka has resided inside the hut for centuries, and is well versed in the artifact's secrets and idiosyncrasies. Her ability to move freely throughout the hut's various configurations makes her a useful medium to convey information and clues to the players throughout the campaign. As a servant of Baba Yaga, Zorka can advise the PCs when no one else is available or has cause to. The one thing Zorka never discusses is the matter of Baba Yaga's daughters and their fate after their tenure as queens of Irrisen—not even she knows the answer to that mystery.

Zorka is a trickster at heart, and as she becomes more comfortable with the PCs, she begins to play pranks and tricks on them, such as "misplacing" items left in the hut or "accidentally" breaking the PCs' possessions, in order to get them to propitiate her with gifts—thus offering her the respect to which she feels entitled.



REIGN OF WINTER TREASURES

The following unique treasures can be found in "The Shackled Hut." Player-appropriate handouts appear in the *Pathfinder Cards: Reign of Winter Item Cards*.

EMBERCHILL		PRICE 12,806 GP
SLOT none	CL 10th	WEIGHT 2 lbs.
AURA moderate evocation (plus aura of stored spell)		



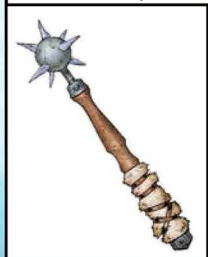
Emberchill is a +1 frost sickle whose cruel blade is crafted entirely of magical ice. The weapon itself is immune to fire damage. It is believed that one of Irrisen's past queens originally forged *Emberchill*, and over the succeeding centuries, tradition has kept the weapon in the hands of the White Witches, such

as its current wielder, Nazhena Vasilliovna. A spellcaster can store a single spell of any level with the cold descriptor and a casting time of one standard action in *Emberchill*. The wielder can use the stored spell to counterspell any spell with the fire descriptor, provided that the stored cold spell is 1 or more levels higher than the target fire spell (unless the cold spell specifically counters the fire spell). The wielder must still ready an action and succeed at a Spellcraft check to identify the spell to counterspell it. Once stored in the weapon, the cold spell cannot be used for any other purpose, but the wielder can harmlessly discharge the stored spell as a swift action to make room for another spell. Abilities that grant the cold descriptor to spells, such as the frozen caress hex of the winter witch archetype, make those spells suitable for storing within *Emberchill*.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 6,556 GP
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Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Improved Counterspell, *dispel magic*, *ice storm*, creator must be a caster of at least 10th level

EVERBLOOM'S ROSE		PRICE 3,000 GP
SLOT none	CL 3rd	Weight 6 lbs.
AURA faint abjuration		



Often created by evangelistic clerics of Milani, an *Everbloom's rose* is a +1 morningstar. Once per day, the wielder of an *Everbloom's rose* can cast *remove fear* on a creature touched by the weapon. If the subject succeeds at a saving throw against a fear effect while under effects of this spell, the subject

gains a +1 morale bonus on attack and damage rolls against the source of the fear effect for 1 round. If the subject is immune to fear effects, she gains no bonuses from this effect.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 1,654 GP
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Craft Arms and Armor, *bless*, *remove fear*

HYPERBOREAL ROBE		PRICE 7,000 GP
SLOT body	CL 6th	WEIGHT 1 lb.
AURA moderate abjuration and necromancy		



This beautiful robe is fashioned from fine blue silk embroidered with silver thread, and trimmed with owl feathers and tiny shards of crystal. The robe grants its wearer a +2 resistance bonus on all saving throws. In addition, the flesh of the robe's

wearer becomes searing cold to the touch. Anyone who strikes the wearer with an unarmed strike, a touch attack, or a natural weapon takes 1d6 points of cold damage. The wearer can activate or deactivate this ability as a free action.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 3,500 GP
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Craft Wondrous Item, *chill touch*, *resistance*

INSIDIOUS BEAR TRAP		PRICE 6,300 GP
SLOT none	CL 5th	WEIGHT 10 lbs.
AURA faint transmutation		



This bear trap looks no different from any other ordinary bear trap (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment* 76), but it has several additional magical abilities. On command, an *insidious bear trap* snaps

shut, opens to release a trapped creature, or resets itself. The trap can also be set to ignore a creature that speaks a password (designated by the person setting the trap), thus preventing the trap from triggering when the creature enters the trap's location. In addition, the person setting the trap can effortlessly insert and withdraw the spike designed to secure the trap into the ground or even stone.

Once per day, an *insidious bear trap* can be commanded to turn invisible for up to 5 hours or until triggered. While invisible,

the *insidious bear trap* is virtually impossible to spot or disable (+40 to the DCs for Perception and Disable Device checks), though the person who set the trap can still see it. The trap receives no bonus on its melee attack roll. If a target of the trap has the trap sense class ability, it retains those bonuses to avoid the trap's attack. Additionally, once per day, an *insidious bear trap* can also be set to emit an audible alarm or mental ping, as per the *alarm* spell, when it is triggered.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 3,150 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>alarm</i> , <i>invisibility</i> , <i>snare</i>	

RIMEPELT		PRICE 3,350 GP
SLOT shoulders	CL 11th	WEIGHT 5 lbs.
AURA moderate transmutation		



This snow-white fur pelt of a winter wolf can be worn over the shoulders as a cloak. The pelt functions as furs, granting its wearer a +2 bonus on Fortitude saves to resist cold weather. The wearer can, as a standard action, transform into a Large winter wolf as if using *beast shape IV*. In certain

special locations where winter wolves have the ability to take human form, such as the Howlings district of Whitethrone or the town of Redtooth, the wearer of a *rimepelt* in wolf form can take human form as winter wolves do, appearing as a white-haired, blue-eyed human. In either wolf or human form, the wearer of a *rimepelt* smells like a winter wolf to other winter wolves and creatures with the scent ability. When the wearer returns to his normal form, or after 2 hours have elapsed, the *rimepelt* becomes a mundane winter wolf pelt.

Very rarely, a properly skinned winter wolf pelt manifests the properties of a *rimepelt* without requiring additional enchantment. A winter wolf whose pelt has such potential usually manifests some telltale physical attribute, such as heterochromatic eyes. Creating a *rimepelt* from such a rare creature requires a successful DC 25 Profession (hunter) or Survival check. Taking 20 is not allowed in this situation, and a failed check results in the pelt being utterly ruined for any use.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 1,675 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>beast shape IV</i>	

USHANKA OF THE NORTHLANDS		PRICE 4,500 GP
SLOT head	CL 5th	WEIGHT —
AURA faint abjuration		



This large, furry hat is sewn from the thick pelt of an animal native to the frozen north, and has earflaps that can be pulled down or folded up over

the crown of the hat. When worn, an *ushanka of the northlands* grants its wearer a +2 resistance bonus on saving throws

ICE TROLL PHLEGM POISON

This crudely nicknamed poison was concocted by Irriseni winter witches and is intended not only to debilitate would-be thieves but also to aid in their subsequent identification. This is particularly effective when a community knows that uncharacteristically blue skin represents a thief or a traitor (a DC 10 Knowledge [local] check in the Whitethrone area)—though ascribing these qualities directly to an ice troll is ill-advised.

ICE TROLL PHLEGM

Type poison, injury; **Save** Fortitude DC 14; **Cost** 150 gp
Frequency 1/round for 4 rounds
Effect 1d2 Dex damage and target's skin turns bright blue until the Dex damage is completely healed;
Cure 1 save

against cold effects and a +5 competence bonus on Survival checks. When the earflaps are pulled down, the wearer gains a +2 bonus on saving throws against sonic effects, but also takes a –2 penalty on Perception checks made to hear. Pulling the earflaps down is a move action.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS	COST 2,250 GP
Craft Wondrous Item, <i>resistance</i> , creator must have 5 ranks in Survival	

BABA YAGA'S DANCING HUT

Baba Yaga possesses many unique magical accoutrements, including her broom, her mortar and pestle, and most famously, her *Dancing Hut*. A highly complex and powerful artifact, the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* stands on gigantic chicken legs and has the ability to travel to other worlds and planes. The PCs first encounter the *Dancing Hut* in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #68, but it plays a prominent role throughout the Reign of Winter Adventure Path. The PCs have the opportunity to become keepers of the hut as they search for Baba Yaga during the campaign—though whether they remain its masters is another matter. The *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* first appeared in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Artifacts & Legends*, but its details are reprinted here for use during the Reign of Winter Adventure Path.

DANCING HUT OF BABA YAGA

SLOT none	CL 30th	WEIGHT 3,500 lbs.
AURA overwhelming conjuration and transmutation		

Approximately 15 feet tall and 15 feet square, this crude hut sits atop a pair of gigantic chicken legs that, when not tucked beneath the structure at rest, endlessly pick and scratch at the hut's surroundings. The life-like legs aren't

the only thing that make the hut remarkable, however. The small building's only door opens into a room that can be significantly larger than what the structure can naturally contain, for the hut possesses countless configurations of extradimensional rooms that change depending on the hut's physical location. Nothing that transpires outside the hut has any effect on those inside. The properties and abilities of the *Dancing Hut* are divided into two categories: the defensive and the transportive.

Defensive: At its most basic level, the *Dancing Hut* is a unique CR 17 construct. The statistics and abilities of this remarkable creation are detailed below. A creature inside the hut can command the structure to move, attack, use its special abilities, or immediately perform any other function it is capable of by employing the *Dancing Hut*'s unusual controls, which consist of a brown hen's egg inside a simple, cracked clay bowl sitting upon a table inside the hut. Both the bowl and egg can easily be removed or destroyed, but both reappear 1 hour later and only function within the confines of the hut. Breaking the egg reveals the head of live and very irate rooster that dies a long, squawking death—and disappears an hour later when the controls reform. Any creature that makes a successful DC 30 Use Magic Device check can use these innocuous controls to command the *Dancing Hut*. Failing this check causes the hut to dance erratically, potentially trampling creatures nearby, but has no effect on creatures inside the hut. A creature must succeed at a new Use Magic Device check every round to directly control the hut's actions. The hut can be assigned simple, standing commands to follow, such as to attack any humanoid that approaches, to patrol an area, to head in a direction for a set period, or to flee if damaged, but cannot be assigned commands that require it to follow multipart instructions, recognize specific individuals, or seek a specific place.

Transportive: As a construct, the *Dancing Hut* can physically move on its own, but it also possesses the ability to slip between planes and even travel to other planets, carrying any inside the hut with it. This remarkable ability is activated using the cauldron within the hut, which links the hut to countless—if not infinite—locations across the planes. To use these transportive abilities, a creature must stand before the hut's cauldron, place two ingredients inside, and stir the ever-bubbling stew within—a process requiring a full-round action, though finding the desired ingredients might take longer. The two ingredients act as “keys” to a specific destination. Each destination the hut can travel to has a specific combination, or “recipe,” of two keys, which appear to be relatively normal items stored throughout the hut itself. Although the keys appear to be absolutely mundane, only those specific items within the hut function as keys. So while a red apple might be one key, it must be the red apple found inside the *Dancing Hut*, not

just any apple. Like the hut's controls, keys can easily be destroyed or removed from the hut, but they reappear 1 hour later. In the *Reign of Winter Adventure Path*, Queen Elvanna has deactivated the keys within the hut to keep anyone from stealing the hut and taking it away from Golarion. Throughout the campaign, the PCs seek out additional keys hidden by Baba Yaga that enable them to control the hut. Since these additional keys were not present in the hut when Elvanna deactivated them, once brought into the hut, these new keys function exactly as would the keys normally found in the hut, in all cases. At no point during the campaign do any of the deactivated keys function; if placed within the hut's cauldron, they simply disappear and reappear, still deactivated, 1 hour later. Until the PCs rescue Baba Yaga, who can reactivate the keys within the hut, the only way to use the *Dancing Hut*'s transportive abilities is with the extra keys left behind by Baba Yaga.

Once the proper keys have been placed in the cauldron, the *Dancing Hut* immediately appears at its new destination, as if it had traveled there via *plane shift* or *interplanetary teleport* (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic* 225). The hut always appears in the same location at a given destination—the keys are tied to that specific location. Once at a destination, the *Dancing Hut* can move (or be moved) normally to any other location on that world or plane. Once the hut arrives at its new destination, the keys immediately disappear from the cauldron, reforming elsewhere in the hut.

Each time a new combination of keys is used to transport the *Dancing Hut* to a new location, the interior layout of the hut changes, as each location to which the hut can travel has its own corresponding layout of the hut's interior. As the hut travels, these layouts can change dramatically, though every layout contains one room with a cauldron and the hut's controls, regardless of how many other rooms are present in that layout. Starting with *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #68, each adventure in the *Reign of Winter Adventure Path* presents a new layout of the hut, based on the physical location of the hut in that adventure.

When the *Dancing Hut*'s layout changes, the other layouts still exist, but are inaccessible from within the hut itself. Magic such as *plane shift* can still be used to visit these otherwise inaccessible layouts, and Baba Yaga herself (as well as certain other residents of the hut) can freely travel throughout all of the rooms of the hut, regardless of the hut's physical location.

DESTRUCTION

If the cauldron inside the *Dancing Hut* is used to open a *gate* within the cauldron itself, a rift in reality opens, destroying the hut's extradimensional interior and sucking in the exterior frame—likely destroying whoever activated the cauldron, and some posit much more than that. Only Baba Yaga knows the recipe to open this self-destruct portal, one ingredient of which is her own left eye.

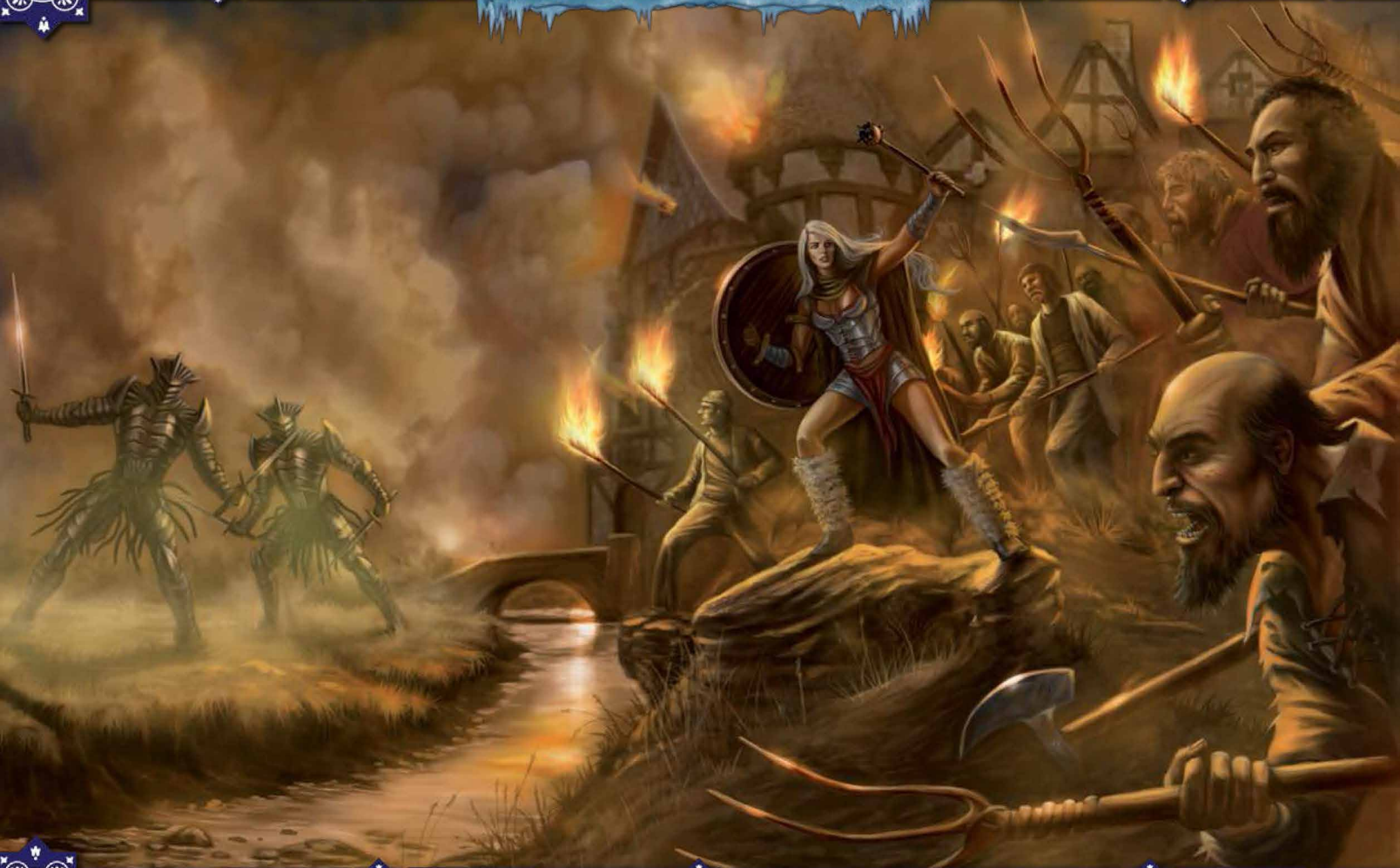
PROPERTIES OF THE DANCING HUT

As a construct, the *Dancing Hut of Baba Yaga* is also considered a CR 17 creature, with its own creature statistics. These statistics are detailed below.

DANCING HUT OF BABA YAGA	CR 17
XP 102,400	
N Huge construct	
Init +12; Senses blindsight 120 ft.; Perception +8	
Aura frightful presence (60 ft., DC 30)	
DEFENSE	
AC 34, touch 20, flat-footed 22 (+12 Dex, +14 natural, –2 size)	
hp 188 (27d10+40); fast healing 30	
Fort +9, Ref +21, Will +17	
Defensive Abilities evasion, immortal structure; DR 15/adamantine; Immune construct traits, gaze attacks, visual effects and illusions, sight-based attacks; SR 28	
OFFENSE	
Speed 60 ft.	
Melee 2 claws +38 (2d6+13 plus grab), slam +38 (2d8+13 plus grab)	
Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft.	
Special Attacks constrict (2d6+19), fast swallow ^{B3} , swallow whole (see below), trample (2d8+19, DC 36)	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th; concentration +22)	
At will— <i>dimensional anchor</i> , <i>freedom of movement</i> , <i>irresistible dance</i> (DC 25)	
3/day— <i>blink</i> , <i>dimension door</i> , <i>incendiary cloud</i> (DC 25)	
STATISTICS	
Str 37, Dex 34, Con —, Int —, Wis 27, Cha 25	
Base Atk +27; CMB +42 (+46 grapple); CMD 64	
Languages understands any (cannot speak)	
ECOLOGY	
Environment any land	
Organization solitary (none)	
Treasure none	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
Immortal Structure (Ex) Reducing the <i>Dancing Hut</i> to 0 hit points causes its legs to buckle, bringing the hut itself toppling to the ground. Such a defeat has no effect on the hut's extradimensional interior or any creatures inside the hut. The hut remains immobile and unresponsive to its owner's commands to move or use any of the special abilities described in its creature stat block for 24 hours, though the transportive abilities of the hut and its cauldron can still be employed. The hut cannot be reduced to fewer than 0 hit points, no matter what damage, circumstances, or environment it might be subjected to after its defeat. After 24 hours, the hut regains half its hit points (94 hp) and its fast healing ability reactivates. It may then use its special abilities to escape from nearly any situation in which it finds itself. The <i>Dancing Hut</i> can only be destroyed by the method detailed in the artifact's destruction entry.	

Swallow Whole (Ex) If the *Dancing Hut* successfully grapples a creature with its slam attack, the victim is scooped up by the hut's front door and flung inside. The target appears within the extradimensional space inside the hut—the layout of which depends upon the hut's physical location. Being inside the hut is not necessarily dangerous, unless one of Baba Yaga's guardians or some other creature is there. A swallowed creature can attempt to escape by breaking open the front door, a deceptively sturdy barrier with hardness 15 and 100 hit points that also benefits from the hut's fast healing ability. The hut can expel swallowed creatures as a full-round action, flinging them from its open door. It must attempt a combat maneuver check against creatures that don't wish to leave, with failure meaning the target is able to hold on to the pitching and warping interior. The hut may choose which creatures it wishes to expel and which to keep inside.





MILANI

THE MINOR GODDESS MILANI (MIH-LAH-NEE) IS USED TO BALANCING MULTIPLE ROLES IN MULTIPLE WORLDS—ELF AND HUMAN, SAVIOR AND MARTYR, SAINT AND DEITY. SHE REPRESENTS HOPE, DEVOTION TO A CAUSE, AND THE WILL TO RISE UP AGAINST OPPRESSION. THOUGH NOT AS POPULAR OR BELOVED AS IOMEDAE, MILANI IS RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE AS A MINOR PROTECTOR-GODDESS AND A HERO TO THOSE UNDER THE YOKE OF TYRANTS AND SLAVERS. DESPITE BEING RELATIVELY NEW TO DIVINITY—HAVING ONLY BEEN RAISED IN THE LAST CENTURY—HER FERVOR AND DEDICATION TO THROWING OFF THE SHACKLES OF TYRANNY RIVAL THAT OF ANY OF HER DIVINE COLLEAGUES.

Born a half-elf in a community of Forlorn elves that traded with nearby human settlements, Milani was raised to believe that the elves would one day return to Golarion and restore true civilization to the world. When the demon Treerazer attacked Kyonin and the elves did not return to stop him, she realized that waiting for others to save the day was a luxury only the immortal elves could afford. Embracing her human heritage's zest for life and willingness to make sacrifices to accomplish great deeds, the white-haired lady took up arms and used her elfborn skill at the hunt to strike at Treerazer's minions. Her vigor attracted the attention of the living god Aroden, who blessed her with his power and tasked her with protecting human settlements in places where civilization held little sway.

Aroden's newest champion made a name for herself throughout the Inner Sea region, standing up for the common folk against monsters, barbarians, and oppressive lords. After nearly a century of battles, her hair had turned as gray as old iron and age had begun to weaken her limbs. She waited for the right cause that would cement her legacy and inspire others. She found that cause when she battled a cult of Taldan diabolists with plans to sacrifice a hundred peasant virgins in a vile pact in order to gain immortality. Milani's old heart stuttered and failed just as she smashed the skull of the cult's master. As a reward for her service, Aroden made her a saint of his church, returning youth to her old frame and restoring her iron-gray hair to its original shining white. She spent the next several centuries crafting visions to inspire mortals to greatness. When Aroden died, her old training took over, allowing her to escape the fiendish attacks that claimed many of his exalted saints. Bearing a tiny portion of the Last Azlanti's power from that long-ago blessing, she did what she could to help the world in the chaos following the god's passing, and she gained a foothold on divinity.

Though she was born a half-elf, Milani avoids elven culture (though not its role in her heritage, for she is depicted and appears as a half-elf to mortals). Instead, she focuses on the bright hearts and stubborn wills of the human race. She welcomes half-elves and half-orcs into her faith, and many half-humans who reject their non-human heritage see her as their patron—a symbol of the greatness that a mixed-race person can achieve despite prejudice. Milani has no bias for or against dwarves, gnomes, or halflings, though some

halflings venerate her for her freedom aspect, but most of her worshipers are human, half-elven, or half-orc.

Also known as the Everbloom, Milani is an outgoing goddess and treats her followers in a familiar manner, much like a border warden who is willing to joke with scouts she's worked with for years. Having lived an entire half-elven lifetime as a mortal has given her much perspective on mortal existence, and that perspective was not dulled by over 2 millennia as a servant of a god very interested in mortal affairs.

Her religion as a distinct entity is young (barely a hundred years old) and small, so she is able to take a personal interest in the lives of her followers, and it is a point of pride for her that most of the time she is able to personally answer the prayers of her priests, rather than granting spells through one of her celestial servants. As a goddess, her ability to directly intervene in the mortal world is constrained, but she tries to offer advice when she is able, though these communications are necessarily brief.

Milani was a ranger in her mortal life, and in her aspect as the goddess of uprisings she still thinks like a ranger, making strategies that assume her side is outnumbered and outclassed. She sees every object as a tool for fighting oppression, from a common scythe that can draw an enemy's blood to a printing press than

can subvert a tyrant's reputation. In her hope aspect, she teaches that good people can accomplish great things if their hearts are true and they are willing to fight against oppression. As the goddess of devotion, she believes that though individuals may be weak, uniting for a common purpose makes the whole greater than the sum of its parts—whether that purpose is to start a revolution, drive out an unscrupulous lender, or just get through a rough spot in a marriage. A person must recognize her strengths and faults, take advantage of the strengths, compensate for the faults, and push past despair and weakness to achieve victory.

The Everbloom opposes tyranny and using one's power to oppress others. This also means she opposes slavery—even debt-based or voluntary slavery—which puts her into conflict with many people in countries such as Katapesh and Qadira.

Milani manifests as a half-elven woman in the prime of life with stark white hair and white swan's wings. She is usually dressed as a ranger, clad in homemade light armor made of leather and wood, and she carries a morningstar



"YOU CANNOT COMPROMISE WITH EVIL OR TYRANNY; SOMETIMES YOU MUST RISE UP AND FIGHT FOR PEACE, LOVE, HEALTH, AND LIFE."

~THE LIGHT OF HOPE

and buckler. In art, she is usually shown breaking chains, slaying fiends, and leading peasants to overwhelm evil-looking knights.

Milani shows she is pleased through images of roses, the scent of roses, or the appearance of white animals (particularly doves, mice, and owls). When her followers anger her (usually by thinking of betraying their fellows), flowers wither and sprout thorns, tiny wounds bleed excessively, and spilled liquids (especially drops of blood) form the shape of a rose.

Milani is chaotic good, and her portfolio is hope, devotion, and uprisings. Her weapon is the morningstar. Her holy symbol is a rose growing from between the cobbles of a bloody street. Her domains are Chaos, Good, Healing, Liberation, and Protection. Most of her worshipers are humans, but she has many half-elven and half-orc followers. Much of her faith is centered in Andoran, Cheliah, Galt, Iger, parts of the River Kingdoms, and Taldor. Her priests are clerics or rangers; the very rare inquisitor of Milani has no official role in the church hierarchy.

A typical worshiper of Milani is a human commoner or expert who prefers to live a life of peace and freedom, but is willing to take up arms against evil when necessary. Her followers are optimistic, loving, friendly, and accepting, but not afraid to throw a punch (or take one) in response to an offense or injustice.

Services mix historical speeches, songs, and inspirational personal anecdotes about devotion and overcoming hardship. Temple music is very folksy, using drums, simple stringed instruments, and singing. Many songs of the faith double as revolutionary songs and are used as coded messages to listeners, warning of hostile patrols or members of the community who need help, or ridiculing current tyrants.

Milani greatly encourages her followers to find love and marry. As a mortal who outlived most of her human friends, she understands a widow's grief and teaches that finding love again after a spouse dies is normal and healthy. She does expect married couples to be true to each other, and has little sympathy for a straying spouse—if a partner has a wandering eye, better to end the marriage and find someone who wants only you than to wait for the inevitable pain of betrayal. She believes that children should be spared the horrors of war so that they can grow up with loving hearts; using children or young people as soldiers is abhorrent to her.

TEMPLES AND SHRINES

Milanite temples are built on an incline, like a theater, so the speaker is at the bottom and the seats rise upward from that point. This serves a metaphorical purpose, as to leave the temple the followers must ascend from a low point, just as a person under the thumb of a tyrant must rise up. The structure also serves a practical purpose, as the lowest

point is built at ground level and the inclined floor allows for a small basement area; in peacetime this is used to store supplies, and in times of war it is used to hide weapons and freedom fighters. Most temples have a rose garden or at least a well-tended rose bush.

In smaller communities, a town hall may double as a temple, with a small shrine or altar kept out of the way or behind a curtain when it is not needed. Shrines to Milani are common in old Arodenite temples; even temples that have since been converted to the worship of Iomedae may have a small alcove with rose iconography or a niche along the outer wall where a rose bush grows wild. In lands where her faith is suppressed, a shrine may be little more than a head-sized rock with a rose carved near the bottom (or even hidden beneath on the flat underside), or a small rosebush surrounded by a circle of smooth stones.

A PRIEST'S ROLE

Milani's priests are mainly clerics or rangers. In peacetime, Milani's clerics usually divide their time between tending to the spiritual needs of the community and a standard profession, such as carpentry or leatherworking. Her rangers are the border guards for communities, scaring off dangerous animals, hunting monsters, and capturing fleeing criminals. They greatly value individual freedoms, but recognize that the community is stronger than just the sum of its individual abilities, and even unpleasant measures such as (fair) taxes contribute to the betterment of society and the welfare of the common folk. Priests of Milani plan for the long term, setting aside tools, weapons, and emergency money just in case they need to build, smite, or buy something in a hurry. Most priests are trained in Healing to care for their community and in Knowledge (history) in order to better remember the lessons of the past.

In times of revolution or war, both kinds of priests are strategists, scouts, spies, and militia commanders, lending their expertise and powers to soldiers and commoners, using spells like *imbue with spell ability* and a ranger's bond with companions to make their allies more effective. They prefer hit-and-run tactics and superior battlefield mobility. A Milanite priest feels comfortable leading others, not because he believes he is better than they are, but because he knows together they can tear down something they could not defeat alone. Her priests understand that there is a time for talk and a time for action, and in times of action sometimes great sacrifices must be made to defeat evil, without compromise. A good person doesn't compromise about how often she allows an enemy to steal from her or how many of her children she allows to be sacrificed; it is the priest's duty to draw the line in the sand, stoke the fires of courage, and be the sword that strikes the first blow so others see that the enemy can be hurt.

Each morning, a priest typically rises, eats, reads part of Milani's holy book, and thinks of the problems to be addressed

that day. If she believes any of the day's tasks are beyond her experience, she consults with someone who knows more, or asks for guidance during her prayers. If her work is hunting or violence, she studies her intended foe and thinks of the weapons and tools she'll need. If she is caring for or hiding others from the authorities, she tends to them early in the day; otherwise, she proceeds with her normal work much like any typical person with the same mundane professions as the priest. Whenever time permits, she helps train members of the militia, showing them how to use simple and improvised weapons, where to strike a target to incapacitate rather than kill, and where to land a killing blow if necessary.

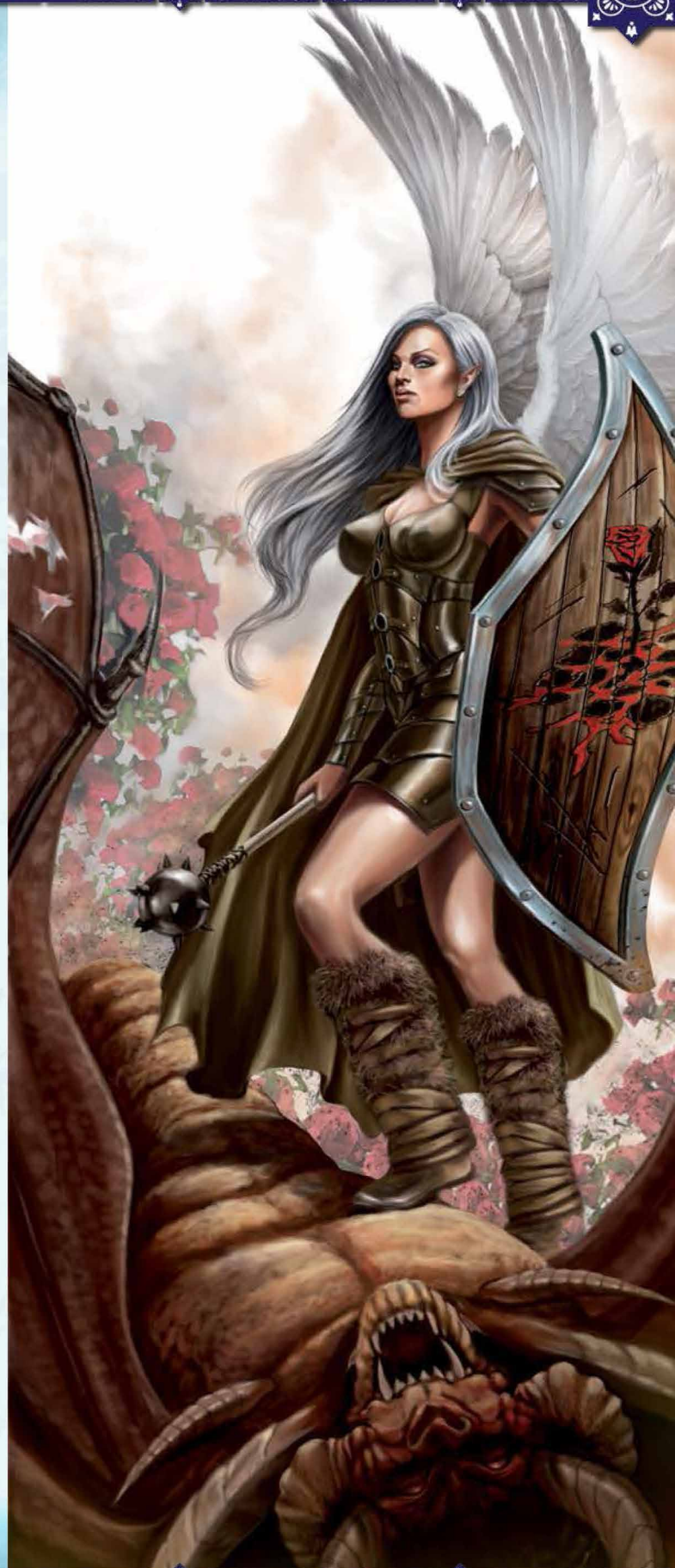
Milani's followers take their defensive responsibilities seriously; they know the history books are full of razed towns that allowed themselves to be overrun by invaders or crushed under the boots of a tyrant's enforcers. When training others to fight, they set aside any inclinations to joke or be soft, for soft words make weak soldiers.

The church is organized much like a cult, with small, independent cells able to function without communication from other communities, but willing to use whatever communication channels they have to coordinate efforts. The church puts little stock in grand ceremonies, medals, or titles, preferring to let talented leaders rise to the top on their own merits and expecting that other members of the faith will assist when help is needed.

Formal dress for the clergy is a long white tabard with dark brown trim and a red rose in the center. This is only worn for ceremonies and put away when not in use. It is tradition for the priest to add a decoration to the trim—typically a button or embroidered emblem—for each person in the community who died defending another. In most communities, this garment is passed down to successive leaders; a few have scores of decorations going back to the origin of the goddess's church, and these items are treasured and respected by the faithful, much like a memorial to the fallen. Adventuring priests of Milani mark their tabards to commemorate fallen allies, cohorts, or even animal companions. A priest wanting to display her faith may wear a badge with a rose emblem or a dark brown tabard with a red rose.

During an uprising, the church welcomes those with skill at arms. When personalities conflict during these situations, the priests normally allow the visitor to make his or her own plans for dealing with the problem. After all, despite any arguments, the priest should remember that they are on the same side. This coordinates the rest of the community, preferably in a way that endangers as few lives as possible.

Milani's priests understand that the work of a revolutionary is often rewarded with death, and they all come to accept that they may one day be called to die for a cause. Fortunately, the goddess teaches that the truly devout who are martyred saving other people from death or tyranny will rise again in some way—perhaps even immediately,



though being reborn again in the faith is much more likely. Some priests claim to be the third or fourth incarnation of past followers of the goddess, able to access memories of past lives with the proper magic and meditation.

HOLIDAYS

No month in the standard Golarion calendar is named for the Everbloom. Individual communities celebrate anniversaries of patriotic war victories achieved with the help of civilian uprisings. The church observes a moment of silence on the death anniversaries of local heroes and on Foundation Day to honor Aroden, who made Milani a saint. The faith celebrates Liberty Day in Andoran (an uprising with surprisingly little violence), Armasse for teaching commoners to fight, and Even-Tongued Day for freedom from Imperial Taldor. The church does not celebrate All

Kings Day, for Milani hates the endless violence wrought by Galt's Red Revolution.

APHORISMS

As Milani's followers are ordinary people pushed into extraordinary circumstances, many of the faith's common phrases are used to inspire hope and determination.

Know What Is Worth More Than Yourself: True devotion is the willingness to make sacrifices in order to protect something other than yourself. Whether this is a spouse, a child, your home, or freedom, by accepting responsibility for the things you love, you are given the choice to give up something to promote something greater. In wedding vows, this is usually altered to "love is when you care for another more than you do yourself."

Find Your Hidden Strength: The faithful understand that sometimes you must endure hardship to reach a better place, whether that is a peasant woman going hungry so her children can eat or a candlemaker joining a militia to fight an invading army. Milani teaches that humanity is at its very best when things are at their worst, and hope—courage of the heart—is a source of incredible power.

Peace, Love, Health, and Life: Also known as the "Four Pillars," these ideas are the core of defining humanity's gifts. The cost of any action should be weighed against these ideas—promoting one at the cost of another may be worthwhile if the rewards outstrip the costs.

HOLY TEXT

The official book of the church is *The Light of Hope*, which begins as a history of Milani's deeds as a mortal, supposedly written by her after she became a saint. It also includes homilies about family, defense, hope, and perseverance, and a few ritual prayers and songs. In some communities it is split into two books, one focusing on her history and the other on her specific lessons for mortals. It is traditional to use a pressed rose as a bookmark, and when giving a copy of the book as a gift, it is customary to mark the giver's favorite pages with individual rose petals.

RELATIONS WITH OTHER RELIGIONS

Milani gets along well with most good deities, especially Cayden Cailean (a fellow ally of freedom), Desna (a hope-affirming goddess), Erastil and Torag (community protectors), Iomedae (a fellow servitor of Aroden), and Shelyn (the inspiration for perfect devotion). She is awkwardly formal with Sarenrae, not wanting to offend an obviously good deity much more powerful than she, but is repulsed by some of Sarenrae's followers' (particularly those in Qadira)



acceptance of slavery. She is friendly toward Kurgess, a deity with rural origins and a willingness to help others in need.

The Everbloom uses her position as a minor goddess to her advantage, avoiding attention from—and conflicts with—evil deities except under circumstances where she can aid mortals to thwart the plans of her opponents. Asmodeus and Zon-Kuthon are her most frequent targets, for she despises everything they stand for and especially how they glorify their wickedness. Milani ignores the minor elven deities unless she absolutely must respond to them, and despite similar alignments she has little tolerance for those who shirk their responsibilities toward their neighbors. She does not consider them enemies, but is embarrassed at her elven kinship with such beings.

NEW SPELLS

Clerics and rangers of Milani may prepare *coordinated effort* (Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide 212) and *good hope* as a 3rd-level spell; inquisitors may select *good hope* as a 3rd-level spell known. Rangers of Milani may prepare *remove fear* as a 1st-level spell and *imbue with spell ability* (ranger spells from the schools of abjuration, divination, and conjuration [healing] only) as a 3rd-level spell.

Her priests also have access to the following spells.

MARTYR'S LAST BLESSING

School conjuration (healing); **Level** cleric 3, ranger 3 (Milani)

Casting Time 1 minute

Components V, S, DF

Range personal (see text)

Target you and one ally/level, no two of which can be more than 30 ft. apart (see text)

Duration 1 hour/level or instantaneous (see text)

Saving Throw Will half (harmless, see text); **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)

You charge your body with healing energy, which erupts from you if you are dying or are killed before 1 hour per level has passed. If you're brought below 0 hit points or killed (including by effects that kill without dealing damage, such as *phantasmal killer* and *power word kill*), the eruption of healing energy acts as *mass cure light wounds* on allies (other than you). Allies with the fewest Hit Dice are affected first. Among allies with equal HD, those closest to you are affected first. If the duration ends, the stored healing energy dissipates with no effect.

PEASANT ARMAMENTS

School transmutation; **Level** cleric 1, inquisitor 1, ranger 1, sorcerer/wizard 1 (Milani)

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, DF

Range touch

Target 1 improvised weapon/level

Duration 1 minute/level (D)

CUSTOMIZED SUMMON LIST

Milani's priests can use *summon monster* spells to summon the following creatures in addition to the normal creatures listed in the spells.

Summon Monster I

Great horned owl* (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3)

Summon Monster IV

Hound archon (CG, otherwise as standard hound archon)

* This creature has the extraplanar subtype but otherwise has the normal statistics for a creature of its kind.

Saving Throw Will negates (harmless, object); **Spell**

Resistance yes (harmless, object)

You transform one or more improvised weapons into equivalent simple or martial weapons. The bearer of such a weapon can wield it with proficiency (no penalty for using an improvised weapon or not having the required proficiency). This does not alter the weapon's shape or appearance in any way. For example, if cast on a chair leg, butter knife, and pitchfork, the weapons function as a club, dagger, and trident, respectively, and anyone who wields them does so without a nonproficiency penalty, but the weapons look no different than they were before the spell.

The spell has no effect on items that are not improvised weapons. For example, if cast on a short sword, it does not grant proficiency to anyone wielding it.

PLANAR ALLIES

Paralleling Aroden's practice, most of Milani's divine servants are dead mortals granted sainthood, and most of those are human rangers with the celestial template, veterans of many battles in life and after as saints. Her herald is Courage Heart (page 84). Her most frequently summoned servitors are the following.

Charl: This sandy-haired sturdy young man is eager to visit the mortal world and lend his expertise to the common folk. He wields a pair of old hunting knives or a homemade shortbow. He is a celestial human ranger 6, and prefers payment in the form of small stone magic items or gems.

Dallem the Lucky: This waifish young woman has black hair except for a white strip in the front. Quiet as a ghost, she loves teaching others how to move silently and incapacitate opponents without killing them. She is a celestial human ranger 4, and she likes being paid for her service with scrolls, sling bullets, and magic ointments.

Nyla: This chaotic-good hound archon is said to have been Milani's companion in life, granted sentience and immortality when the Everbloom became a goddess. The archon prefers her animal form—that of a white retriever—to her humanoid form, and enjoys using this shape to spy on enemies. She enjoys swimming and takes payment in the form of magical foods and potions.



ECOLOGY OF THE WINTER WOLF

OUR GUIDE ASSURED US WE WERE NEARLY TO TROLLHEIM. WE CRESTED A RISE ONLY TO SEE OUR PATH BLOCKED BY A RAVINE. THE LIGHT WAS FAILING, AND THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO MAKE CAMP AND TRY TO FIND A WAY AROUND TOMORROW.

NO ONE WILL STAND GUARD; THEY FEAR TO LEAVE THE PROTECTION OF THE FIRE. WHAT WAS LEFT OF OUR LAST WATCH WAS FOUND FROZEN IN THE SNOW YESTERDAY AT DAWN. AS THE SUN SETS AND THE HOWLS RISE UP, I KNOW NOW THAT THE WOLVES WERE NEVER CHASING US. THEY WERE HERDING US.

~PAGE FROM A BLOOD-STAINED JOURNAL FOUND NEAR TROLLHEIM

Creatures of frozen forests and icy hills, winter wolves resemble mere beasts, but behind their cold eyes lurk malevolent intelligence and hatred for all that is warm in the world. Winter wolves live for the joy of hunt, the terror they bring to their prey, and the sadistic thrill of murder.

Winter wolves lie between worgs and dire wolves in size. In appearance, they resemble pale wolves as large as bears. Despite their name, winter wolves are more closely related to worgs than they are to wolves, being descended from a breed of northern worgs now believed to be extinct. Like worgs, winter wolves have the gift of speech. Their muzzles, shorter and more flexible than those of wolves, aid them in forming words while leaving their formidable bites unimpaired.

Travelers and hunters dealing with winter wolves would do well to remember that the wolves communicate with howls in addition to using human speech. Nocturnal baying may well be winter wolves laying an ambush, using their vocalization for long-distance communication, not simply wolves howling at the moon. Winter wolves always prefer hunting intelligent creatures over animals, and they count on their prey underestimating them.

A winter wolf's lack of hands limits its tool use to what it can manipulate with mouth and paws. To mitigate this, winter wolf packs often ally with humanoids, particularly giants. Some winter wolves seek the means to attain humanoid form themselves and overcome this racial limitation entirely.

GENESIS

Winter wolves lack a written history. Elder wolves pass on their legends to young cubs as pack members gnaw bones in the dark recesses of their dens. According to the winter wolves, their race had its origins in the hardy northern worgs. These worgs eked out hard lives in the bitter cold, their numbers too few to claim richer lands from their southern kin, despite their greater size and ferocity. Their legends tell that the destiny of their kind changed forever during the Age of Darkness, for Earthfall had awakened Thremyr, the First Jarl, who became god of the frost giants. Enraged, the icy god stalked furiously across the frozen wastes of Golarion, shedding fragments of his hide with the force of his thundering steps. Where his bounty rained down, the ice and snow awakened.

In these stories, the winter wolves speak of the First Pack, the first worgs to become their own kind. Some say the First Pack dared dine on the fallen flesh of Thremyr, or that its pack mates slew and devoured the ice trolls and frost giants his detritus spawned. Other tales claim that Thremyr came across a pack that blocked his way and swept it aside with a blow from his mighty fist. All agree that Thremyr's touch awakened winter's heart within the

winter wolves, driving the warmth from their flesh and the color from their fur. Never again would the winter wolves fear the cold of winter or crave the heat of warmer lands.

Whenever northern worgs and winter wolves met, the worgs were forced to submit to their fiercer kin. One by one, the winter wolves claimed leadership of the worg packs, exterminating those that resisted. Cubs from matings between the species invariably were touched by frost like the winter wolves. Within a century, the northern worgs were gone, supplanted by the winter wolves.

ECOLOGY

Winter wolves can live as long as 50 years, though most die violently rather than of natural causes. They reach their prime at around 10 years of age, and enter a slow decline near their twenty-fifth year. A winter wolf pregnancy lasts 7 months, ending in a litter of two to four cubs usually born in the dead of winter. Females have a litter every 3 to 5 years. Winter wolf cubs spend their first 18 months largely defenseless, after which proper fangs and their breath weapon develop. Winter wolf cubs of 18 months to 3 years in age are about as big as a normal wolf and have the young simple monster template. Winter wolves reach adult size toward the end of their fourth year, and it is then that they gain acceptance as full members of the pack.

Fully grown winter wolves stand 4-1/2 feet tall at the shoulder. They measure 8 feet from nose to hindquarters, with another 3 feet of bushy tail. Even well-fed winter wolves weigh only about 450 pounds—their bodies are surprisingly lean for their size. Despite this, they have greater strength than the heavier dire wolves. Winter wolves have broad pads on their feet, well suited for running across snow.

Pale nearly to the point of albinism, winter wolves have gleaming white coats and piercing ice-blue eyes. In cold weather, the knowledgeable can distinguish them from white-furred dire wolves by their lighter build and the telltale absence of fog when they pant. A healthy winter wolf is never warm to the touch, and its breath is as chill as the morning frost. Even though they have no need of fur for warmth, winter wolves have luxurious coats. This thick fur serves nearly as well as a coat of armored plates against bites and weapon blows. Close examination of a winter wolf pelt reveals long, hollow-shafted guard hairs not so much white as translucent. Beneath these guard hairs lie finer, shorter hairs, also colorless. Perhaps owing to these guard hairs' hollow shafts, winter wolf pelts weigh less than furs of similar quality while still keeping the wearer pleasantly warm.

Though winter wolves can survive in any normal climate, temperatures much above freezing leave them irritable and sweltering—they're only truly comfortable in ice or snow. Winter wolves succumb quickly to extreme

RIMEPELTS

Winter wolf pelts are prized for their beauty, warmth, and luxurious feel, as well as their light weight. On occasion, fortunate hunters find an exceptional pelt that upon the death of the winter wolf manifests magical powers. The powers of these *rimepelts* vary by the telling, generally providing resistance to cold, imbuing the wearer with bestial ferocity, or even granting the ability to assume the form of a winter wolf.

Only on the rarest occasions does a winter wolf's pelt develop these properties. When it does happen, *detect magic* reveals a magical aura (matching the school and strength of the *rimepelt* itself) immediately after death. The pelt proves surprisingly easy to remove from the wolf's dead flesh, requiring only a knife or other blade and a successful DC 25 Profession (trapper) or DC 25 Survival check. Failing the check by 5 or more destroys the pelt; the attempt can be repeated at a cumulative -2 penalty per failed check. This penalty applies even if another person makes the attempt. Each check takes 1 hour to perform. After removal, any remaining blood or flesh on the fur flakes away over the next several days. A *rimepelt* requires no additional treatment for preservation or to keep it supple.

For more information on the properties of a *rimepelt*, see page 61.

heat, a condition they avoid at all costs. Though well aware of their vulnerability to flame, winter wolves cannot truly be said to fear fire. Rather, harming or threatening a winter wolf with fire arouses its ire, leaving it determined to repay each burn with tooth and claw, no matter how minor. Winter wolf packs concentrate their attacks on any enemy using fire, particularly favoring their breath weapon should it prove effective.

An adult winter wolf must consume an average of 20 pounds of meat per day to support its metabolism—more if it makes frequent use of its icy breath. Any good-sized animal suffices as prey for a hungry winter wolf, but they particularly crave intelligent prey that fully comprehends the terror of its eminent demise. Young prey is preferred, as it is less able to defend itself. Winter wolves particularly like to drag away children, and for full intimidating effect they devour babies in front of their parents. Winter wolves hunting alone seek out feeble or isolated prey, while packs attack groups, with each member of the pack trying to bring down its own kill. Winter wolves usually hunt creatures weaker than themselves; if forced to bring down more dangerous game, pack members work together to separate and cripple a single individual.

Winter wolves prefer to eat muscle tissue that's frozen solid, but they also favor organs and entrails that are still

warm. They freeze the extremities of their prey with their breath and save the unfrozen torso for last. The bitter cold leaves blood flow sluggish, often keeping their hapless meal alive for most of the feast. Winter wolves can survive for some time on a non-meat diet, but their health and temper rapidly suffer.

SOCIETY

Like true wolves, winter wolves run in packs. Unlike wolves, however, winter wolf packs aren't led by a mated pair. Instead, the pack follows a single dominant pack leader of either gender. Any other member of the pack, or even a winter wolf from another pack, can challenge the pack leader for dominance. First, the challenger must fight a pack member of the leader's choice. If the challenger defeats this champion, it must fight the pack leader next, with no opportunity to rest. Such challenges rarely end in death, though a triumphant pack leader always marks the challenger with a souvenir of its defeat, typically a torn ear or a gouged eye. A winter wolf chosen as champion can refuse, and a pack leader that loses the respect of the pack may find itself standing alone against a challenge. Winter wolves that ignore the protocol of challenge risk facing the wrath of the entire pack.

Packs rarely exceed a dozen wolves save under the guidance of exceptional pack leaders. Larger packs develop a regimented structure, with the pack leader ruling a gang of alpha wolves, each of which keeps another dozen or so wolves under its control. Such larger packs tend to break apart if the pack leader doesn't frequently assert dominance over the other alphas.

Cubs treat the pack as family, but remain closest to their parents. The pack encourages cubs large enough to fight to take on easy prey like animals and Small humanoids, and quickly step in if the cub gets in over its head.

Young wolves frequently strike out from the pack to hunt on their own for weeks or months, returning or joining another pack as their wanderlust fades. Likewise, mated pairs often strike out together and form their own packs as their cubs mature. Most pack leaders make no effort to keep wayward wolves in the pack, though they ruthlessly drive solitary wolves away from favored hunting grounds. As a rule, winter wolves save violence for those not of their own kind, preferring posturing and threatening over fighting.

Though they don't consider themselves precisely crippled by their lack of hands, winter wolves recognize the value of tool use, and frequently ally with humanoids as a consequence. They also feel a level of contemptuous kinship with worgs and mundane wolves, and sometimes incorporate these lesser breeds into their packs.

Working safely with winter wolves requires mutual respect. As long as the wolves feel valued and well-treated,

they remain content. They cannot abide working with the weak or fearful, and inevitably betray or desert such allies after a time. Relations with warm-bodied creatures are always touchy for the winter wolves; any mutual benefit is weighed against the wolves' lust to feel hot blood cooling against their fur.

Frost Giants: As fellow creatures of the cold, winter wolves share a common bond with frost giants and often work closely with them. They take a subservient role to the more powerful giants, though any frost giant that repeatedly treats the wolves harshly is likely to meet a grisly end from the vengeance of the pack.

Hill Giants: When working with dim-witted creatures like hill giants, winter wolves keep up a pretense of being nothing more than advisors and allies, but often run matters behind the scenes. Winter wolves working with hill giants are notoriously fickle, obeying the hill giants for only as long as it suits their own interests.

Humans: Winter wolves only work with humans of exceptional intelligence or power, such as the White Witches of Irrisen. In no circumstances do they allow themselves to be treated as slaves or mere animals, though bearing riders can be negotiated. Generally, winter wolves feel similarly toward other non-giant humanoids, though they harbor considerable antipathy towards elves. Winter wolves almost never work with Small humanoids like goblins (leaving worgs to fill that role), viewing them as little more than unsatisfying meals.

Trolls: Trolls, particularly of the ice troll variety, enslave winter wolves for use as guard animals. Their regeneration (and the cold immunity of ice trolls) protects them from the worst the winter wolves have to offer as they brutally beat the winter wolves into submission. Given an opportunity, such abused winter wolves eagerly betray or turn on their troll masters.

Werewolves: Winter wolves view werewolves almost as kindred spirits, owing to their intelligence and propensity for evil. They generally only cooperate with natural lycanthropes, as afflicted werewolves lack a proper appreciation of lupine ways. Winter wolves harbor deep jealousy of the lycanthrope's hybrid form, combining as it does the best aspects of humanoid and wolf.

Wolves and Dire Wolves: Winter wolves acknowledge a distant kinship with wolves. They occasionally seize leadership of dire wolf packs, their strength and intellect making them more than a match for their larger kin. Wolves running with winter wolf packs eat last and often go hungry. The winter wolves make use of these cousins much like humans use hunting dogs, and wolves' great speed is perhaps the only trait that winter wolves could be said to envy.

Worgs: While winter wolves dismiss common worgs as slow-witted and weak, they may admit worgs into their packs when prey is plentiful. Worgs in a winter wolf pack rank low in the pecking order, but still above wolves and dire wolves. Winter wolves allied with worgs often send their smaller cousins out to scout, taking advantage of the worgs' superior stealth.



B. METHEVEY

GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT

From sire and dam to cub, each generation of wolves passes on the tale of the Pact to the next. No two packs tell the tale quite the same, but each telling speaks of a great white wolf, eyes red as coals, meeting the pack and challenging its leadership. This mythical wolf was none other than Baba Yaga in wolf form. Coming to the winter wolves, she ripped the pack leader's champion to shreds, then forced the leader to submit and bare its throat. Though the pack was hers to rule by right, she declined leadership and instead offered them a pact. She came to the winter wolves to recruit their aid in the Winter War, and promised them their own place in her nation once it was won. After Irrisen was hers, the wolves would travel to a human city known as Whitethrone. Here they would be honored beyond all save the blood of the queens of Irrisen. They would guard Whitethrone from enemies both inside and out, and rip the flesh from any who tried to escape the city walls. A hole would be rent in the city's mighty walls, that no gate might stand between the pack and the glory of the hunt. For their loyalty, they would be granted a boon—within their district in Whitethrone, dubbed the Howlings, the wolves would have the power to take the form of a human, enjoying all the pleasures that might bring.

In human form, wolves in both Redtooth and Whitethrone favor loose clothing that they can quickly don when changing into human form, and just as quickly remove or shake off when changing back into wolf form. When visiting winter wolves enter one of these areas, they feel the tingle of old magic and immediately are aware of their ability to shift. Wild winter wolves often feel animosity toward the city-dwelling wolves, but they jealously yearn to walk on two legs and feel the creature comforts of humanity. The pact has endured since the age of Whitethrone's founding, a testament to both the winter wolves' unparalleled freedom within the city and the seduction of human form.

This tenacious effect is difficult to hinder. The ability to change shape does not function in an *antimagic field*, and any wolves entering an *antimagic field* in human form instantly revert to their true form. Permanently unraveling this effect requires powerful magic. A *mage's disjunction* spell has the potential remove it, but the effect is treated as if it were an artifact. Baba Yaga is directly tied to this effect—destroying it would certainly attract her attention.

LAIRS

Winter wolves in the wild live in natural caves or dens dug into the earth and snow. Some packs take captives who they force to dig or enlarge their lairs for them. Such slaves rarely survive past their work's completion. As the pack sleeps, one

or two wolves stand guard some distance outside the lair, howling to alert the others if trouble approaches. Winter wolves can see in the dark, and as such, they keep their caves and tunnels pitch black—the approach of light thus serves as another warning against intruders.

When winter wolves ally with humanoids, they often make superior accommodations part of the arrangement. They favor cozy rooms that resemble dens, but that have door latches lupines can easily open without assistance. They expect a supply of clean drinking water, furs to sleep on, and ready access to the outdoors. Winter wolves prefer to hunt for their food, but if that isn't practical, they also demand plentiful meat, preferably freshly killed.

Though winter wolves have little practical use for material wealth, they recognize its value. Many hide substantial caches of coins and valuables in their lairs for potential bribery or trading. They enjoy the look and cool touch of gemstones and keep them to admire or give them to their pups for playthings. Wooden and leather items they tend to chew into ruin, even those bearing magical enhancements.

Most winter wolves don't bother wearing magic items, though a few wear magical jewelry such as headbands, necklaces, and rings. Notable exceptions are the shapechanging wolves of Redtooth and Whitethrone. In human form, they make use of lightweight magic items, particularly potions and weapons, but avoid bulkier items such as armor and belts that might be lost when shifting back into their natural form.

WINTER WOLVES ON GOLARION

No land holds more tales of winter wolves than Irrisen, where the Jadwiga count them as trusted allies. In Irrisen's capital of Whitethrone, the wolves serve Baba Yaga's daughter and, in accordance with an ancient pact, even walk the streets in human form. A similar magic holds sway in Redtooth. The winter wolves of this village take human form by day, returning to their four-footed form at day's ebb. In Redtooth, the life of anyone foolish enough to venture out after dark is forfeit to the pack. At night, the human residents of Redtooth stay safely shut away in their homes, their yards always secured by a gate. For whether by ancient pact or by eldritch curse, no wolf of Redtooth may pass through a closed gate save by leave of the residents beyond. Notably, Redtooth's only inn, the Open Claw, lacks such a protecting gate.

In both Whitethrone and Redtooth, white hair, ice-blue eyes, and perhaps slightly pronounced canine teeth may betray a winter wolf beneath a human guise. In the case of Redtooth, however, many true human residents of the city bear similar features, making them an unreliable auger at best. In Irrisen, white or silver hair and a wild manner often leads to accusation of "a nip of the wolf" in the

family lineage, and in truth the wolves of the city do take human mates from time to time. Such couplings rarely produce offspring, and when they do, it's never of the human sort. Female winter wolves bear cubs as normal, whereas human women impregnated by a winter wolf find themselves infected by the magic of the Howlings, and take on an increasingly wolflike appearance as the pregnancy progresses. Should the expectant mother leave Whitethrone, the pregnancy invariably fails; should she stay, the end of her term culminates in the birth of a cub much like any other winter wolf, but often of keener mind. The few human mothers who survive the agonizing and dangerous delivery shed their silvery fur and lupine features in a matter of weeks.

Many Ulfen of the Lands of the Linnorm Kings wear winter wolf pelts as proof of hunting prowess. The winter wolves of this land run in large packs organized with near-military discipline and execute brutal raids against Ulfen towns. Smaller packs ally themselves with frost giants or ice trolls as a matter of survival.

In the Fog Peaks of Taldor, the fallen kingdom of the frost giants once kept winter wolves more as pets than as allies. Now the packs run free, sworn to never again be subjugated. The winter wolves of the Fog Peaks prey mercilessly on the trolls and surviving frost giants there, often dragging away their young to serve as slaves.

Winter wolves plague the wilderness of Darkmoon Vale, working in close allegiance with the worgs that infest the region as well as the lycanthropic druids of the Arthfell Forest. The winter wolves of Darkmoon Vale run in mixed packs with wolves, worgs, and dire wolves. As the sight of a white-pelted wolf draws unwelcome attention from hunters, the wolves often roll in mud or dirt to mask their color when venturing near settled areas. Of late, a few winter wolves have been initiated into druidic mysteries by the werewolves of the Arthfell Forest. They seek to extend the druidic art of wild shaping in order to take on humanoid forms.

ADVANCEMENT AND VARIANTS

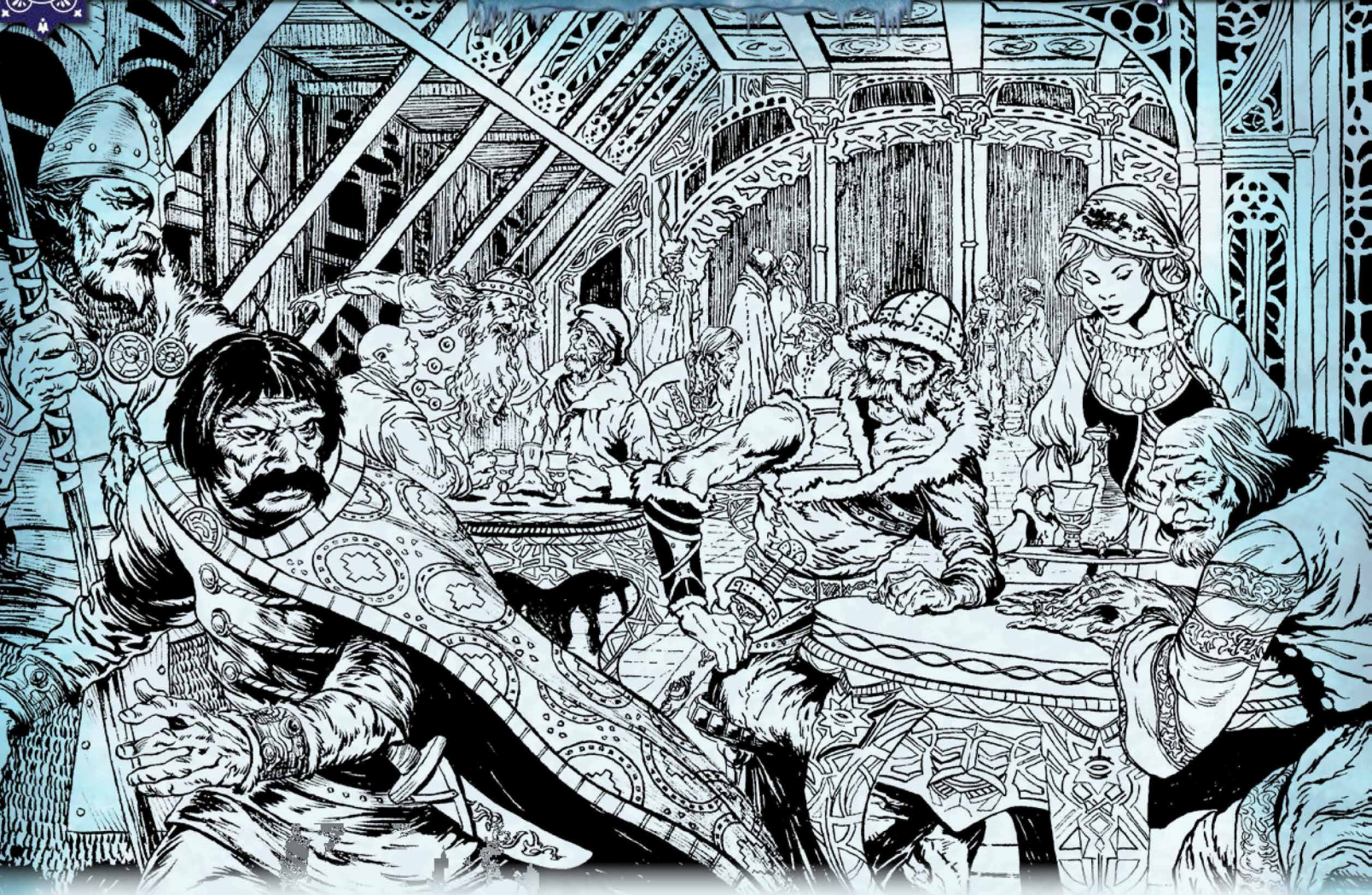
A typical winter wolf pack leader has the advanced simple template. More powerful winter wolves generally advance by class level rather than by increasing Hit Dice. Appropriate martially inclined classes include ranger, rogue, fighter, and barbarian, roughly in

that order. Spellcasting winter wolves, while rare, include bards (using howls to inspire their allies), oracles (of the bones, nature, or wind mysteries), sorcerers (of the boreal, destined, or water elemental bloodlines), and occasionally druids and summoners. As winter wolves have no racial talent for spellcasting, they require the Eschew Materials feat to cast most spells. Verbal components do not hinder them.

In Redtooth and Whitethrone in the nation of Irrisen, winter wolves can assume human form. Another variant, the northern worg, is commonly believed to be extinct, but may still exist in remote regions of the world.

Northern Worg (CR -1): Northern worgs have the same statistics as winter wolves, but they lack the cold subtype, the accompanying vulnerability to fire, and winter wolves' frosty breath weapon. They appear much the same as do winter wolves, but with yellow eyes and slightly darker fur.





THE COCOA POT

PATHFINDER'S JOURNAL: THE BONEDUST DOLLS 2 OF 6

We ran down an aisle and an alleyway, cut through a stall selling painted boxes and other knickknacks, ran past a regiment of the Iron Guard relaxing around a tea stand's samovar, and came out onto a wide boulevard on the edge of Market Square. Winds funneled by the high buildings gusted down the round white cobbles, fluttering the backs of the tents and blasting snow in stinging bursts. The street was almost deserted except for a few young Jadwiga coming from a costume party and a gang of trolls leading a group of children in chains.

"Here!" cried the goblins. "Screamy rocket come from here!"

"Here!" cried one, reaching into the snow, so cold it flowed like sand. She held up a spent match.

I tossed her the promised hop-frog. She squealed in delight. "Let go of me!" Orlin cried.

Near the trolls, an old woman wearing a dark dress and a wicked-looking knife at her belt held my brother by the ear. "A foreign child!" she cackled. "All on his own. Will anyone notice if he goes missing, I wonder?"

"Just wait till my brother finds you!" Orlin threatened.

"But he's not here," the crone hissed. "All that's here is this stick." She shook a broken broom handle under his nose, "and it'll beat your hide black as your hair if you don't march with the other slaves!"

I was in fact "here," but neither the crone nor Orlin had noticed. The snow was beginning to swirl around them, making their ghostly faces appear and disappear in the whirling flakes.

I believe I mentioned my brother's "metaphysical peculiarities." These tend to display most strongly when he is in distress.

"I'll beat you, you ugly hag!" Orlin reached for her stick, but she cackled and held it out of reach. I reached for a bomb. Then the broom wrenched itself out of her hand. The woman turned and the broom handle hit her in the forehead with a sharp *crack!*

Spectral snickers echoed from the shopfronts, seeming to issue from the cobbles themselves. The hag stood there, stunned. She glanced up the street to where the Iron Guards stood taking their tea, then back to Orlin, hovering a foot above the ground. His ear dripped blood onto the snowy cobbles.

Then her stick hit her in the face again. "Mercy!" she cried, falling to her knees. "Mercy, young master! How was I to know you were a witch child? Your hair is dark, and your accent foreign!"

The goblins laughed maliciously. "Guards! Tell guards!"

"No," said a thin but authoritative voice. "Someone much worse has already heard."

One of the young Jadwiga stepped forward. With the turban on his head, the white monkey on his shoulder, and the extraordinarily besequined vest, harem pants, and curl-toed slippers, he could only be Abu-Fazim, the famous rug merchant from *The Tales of Katapesh*. But he said, "I am Poskarl Elvanna."

"And I am his cousin, Irynya Elvanna," said a maiden in the astoundingly defeathered gown. It had to be some modiste's conception of the Parrot Princess from the same tales. She had even accessorized it with a rainbow-colored parrot.

"I'm Olya Elvanna!" the parrot chortled. While I did not think it likely that a parrot was a member of Irrisen's royal family, this was undoubtedly Irynya's familiar, so it could claim what it liked.

The white monkey, which was wearing a tiny fez, chattered and waved an admonishing finger at the hag.

Somewhere in this, my brother calmed down. At least his feet now touched the cobbles. The broomstick still floated high in the air.

The trolls shuffled their huge feet and the line of shackled children looked on in mute horror. "This is a grave crime," Poskarl intoned. "How do you intend to make amends?"

"Mercy, good sire!" cried the woman. "I am but a poor crone! I possess little gold and these thralls are all spoken for save one. And she is but a worthless thing I was going to sell to the Bone Mill..."

"Could this creature serve as a whipping girl?" Poskarl mused, stroking his wispy beard.

"If—if the witch child would wish it..." The hag turned to Orlin, her eyes plaintive.

"You'll sell her to the Bone Mill if I don't?" My brother stood aghast. "What's a Bone Mill?"

"It is where those who serve no use in our ancestress's realm can serve some," Irynya explained.

The trolls licked their lips.

"Yes," Orlin said quickly. "Yes. She'll be my whipping girl. Now."

The hag gasped like a drowning woman. "Don't just stand there!" she snarled at the trolls. "Unchain her! Unchain her now!" The trolls hastened to comply.

The woman dragged a girl forward, tugging back her hood. "Its parents called it 'Pyatinka.' They sold it for a bushel of moldy wheat."

Pyatinka was a pale strawberry blonde with large eyes a green so light they were almost gray. A few freckles dusted her cheeks.

"It doesn't speak, but it does cry. Sometimes."

"She's mine now," said Orlin.

"And so she is," said Poskarl smoothly, "but a slave-minder is little use without her goad." He looked pointedly toward the stick, still floating in the air, then at Orlin's new whipping girl. "Unless you care to make use of it first?"

Reluctantly, Orlin floated the stick back into the old woman's eager grasp. "Why would I?" he said coldly. "I've done nothing wrong."

Poskarl and his cousin laughed. The parrot and the monkey joined in, followed quickly by the goblins and the trolls—possibly even some of the children, though they no doubt would pay for that later.

I patted my brother's back. "Well done."

The crone and the trolls retreated with their charges as I extended my hand to the Jadwiga. "I am Norret Gantier of Galt. I believe you've already met my brother, Orlin."

Poskarl Elvanna laughed. "Well met." He pointedly ignored my hand. "Allow me to introduce my cousin's lovely friend, Valya Morgannan. Oh, and the big lout is Kyevgeny, her 'little' brother." He gestured to a huge man dressed in an equally huge white bearskin cloak with an owl-feathered mantle and beaked hood.

I am tall enough myself that it is rare for me to look up to see another man's eyes, let alone look him straight in the chest. He leaned down and his mittens enveloped my hand in a bone-crushing grip. "Welcome to Whitethrone."

His voice was unexpectedly light for such a large man, and I tried to place where I had heard the name *Morgannan* before. It was not *Elvanna*, the current dynasty—perhaps it was one of the other Jadwiga families who had ruled Irrisen in the years between Baba Yaga's centennial returns.

Valya moved forward in a Galtan walking gown of sprigged muslin, her feet in sandals, her ice-blond hair done up in a pre-Revolutionary band ornamented with artificial cherry blossoms and a stuffed song thrush. She appeared older than the others, though still somewhat

younger than myself. I was uncertain what her costume portrayed, but she was certainly another witch, her attire far too slight for the season. It also matched the porcelain doll she bore in her arms, a fashion doll made in the form of a maiden. "And this is Madenya," she introduced her doll, "and Koliadki," she added with a touch to her headband.

The thrush twisted its head and peered at me upside down. Another familiar.

The monkey chattered angrily until Poskarl laughed. "And this is Lychee, the wise and learned, a great scholar among the snow monkeys of Minkai."

I was reminded of the time the members of my regiment decided to name their weapons, until Citizen Cedrine put a stop to it.

Then the child beside Orlin spoke. "I am Tinka," she said, and promptly fainted.

"She is bone-chilled," said Kyevgeny, looking a bit cold himself. Even his monstrous costume or shamanic garb could not compete with witchcraft or alchemy or Galtan knitting and white-hot rage. "The wind here is too great for those without witchcraft. We'd best get her to somewhere warm unless you want to take her to the Bone Mill immediately."

Poskarl chuckled. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"The Cocoa Pot is nearby," Kyevgeny picked up the child easily. "Follow me."

He loped off with great strides. Orlin ran after—half, I think, from the cold, half to keep track of his new ward.

Poskarl and Irynya looked bemused but seemed to have nothing better to do, and followed at a more sedate pace.

Valya linked arms with me and led me up the street. "Cocoa goes wonderfully with Merryhead cake." She touched a bare finger to the red string on my bakery box, then added conspiratorially, "The Gray Cat bakes for the Royal Palace, so Poskarl should have no cause for complaint, though he always does."

I didn't know what to say, so of course said nothing.

The Cocoa Pot was a large white building edged with blue. Its signboard displayed a peculiar porcelain pot with the handle set at a ninety-degree angle to the spout, like a teapot crossed with a coffeepot.

More of these pots were in use inside. Galt's wars had made imports unpredictable at best, and the chocolatiers' art had

suffered accordingly, but Citizen Cedrine had nonetheless made certain I understood the bean's properties and how to compose potions as bonbons in case I encountered a reliable source.

I did not know whether the Hidden Gardens were amazingly abundant or if it was the result of Irrisen's eon-long trading alliances and stockpiles, but there was no shortage of cocoa on display. Blue-haired gnomes wearing crimson felt caps tended the machinery, the roasters, the winnowers, the granite millstone and conching rollers, and the coal-powered furnaces that fueled the devices. The air was warm and deliciously perfumed with cocoa.

A brass-edged glass wall separated the chocolate-making side from the shop and parlor. Tables and sofas clustered around several fireplaces and potbellied iron stoves with cheerful isinglass windows.

Kyevgeny had placed Tinka on a fur rug before one of these and removed her mittens, and was now rubbing her tiny hands between his own huge paws. His owl-beaked hood was back, revealing a beardless youth, his hair gold rather than platinum. His eyes were the same striking lapis blue as those of the other Jadwiga.

"Back at the palace, we have wood fires," Poskarl sniffed.

"They have wood fires here too." Valya pointed to neat stacks of firewood and a slate listing prices for each type. I polished my monocle, wondering whether condensation had added a few decimal places. It had not.

Poskarl held his nose in the air, disdainfully regarding the coffered ceiling that resembled an inverted chocolate mold. "I do not recall this as an establishment to run a tab."

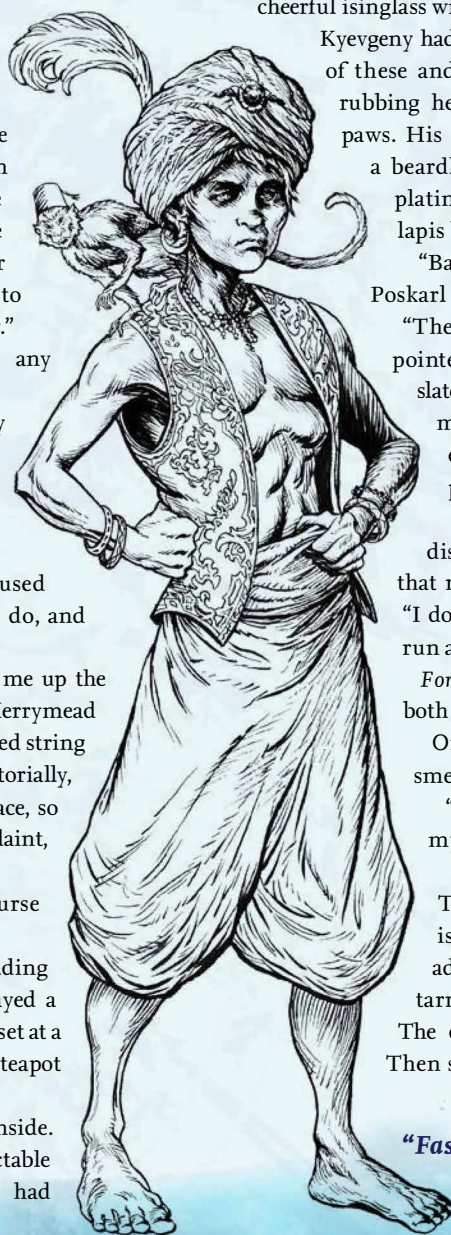
For you, Irynya mouthed to Valya, and both girls giggled.

Orlin stood before me. "Where are your smelling salts?"

"Here." I removed a vinaigrette from my bandolier. "Let me administer them."

I knelt down and uncorked the vial. The active ingredient of sal volatile is spirits of hartshorn, but I had adulterated this with camphor and tarragon vinegar. It had the desired effect. The child promptly inhaled, then sat up. Then she began to weep.

"Fashion is always about rebellion, but the stilyagi may take it too far."



"Why are you crying?" asked Orlin.

"You're a witch. You're going to beat me..."

Orlin looked shocked, then grim. "No," he said. "No one is ever going to beat you again." He picked up a sliver of wood from one of the stacks and pushed it through one of the iron stove's air intakes. "As this burns, so may the hag's stick burn."

The twig blazed alight on the other side of the isinglass.

I was impressed, and so were the Jadwiga. I doubted Orlin had the power to actually effect such a curse, but he had been learning the principles of sympathetic magic from observing Dr. Orontius, and his conventions were sound.

There was an exchange of looks, then at last Irynya said to Poskarl, "Well, you *wanted* firewood."

"That I did," Poskarl laughed. "And now I want cocoa. And some of that cake he's carrying."

I smiled. "I'm certain that can be arranged."

"I'll get the cocoa," offered Kyevgeny.

"And I," said Valya, "will show you something a little bird told me."

"Oh?" said Poskarl, feigning boredom but betraying interest.

She turned to Orlin. "Would you like me to mend that cut on your ear?"

My brother looked to me. He knew I could brew an infusion that could heal it, but he also knew our mission. "What would it cost me?"

She laughed. "What would you offer?"

Orlin considered, then reached into Madame Eglantine's knitting bag and withdrew a pair of stockings. "Knitting for knitting? You knit my flesh, I give you some fine Galtan hosiery?"

Valya's pupils widened at the sight of Madame Eglantine's stockings. "You have a bargain." Holding her doll in the crook of one arm, she reached into her reticule with her free hand and took out a white lace handkerchief. It looked like a giant snowflake. She moistened it with spit, then reached out to Orlin's ear while her thrush clung to her band's cherry blossoms and softly chirped in hers. She nodded, then recited,

*"Baba Yaga's faithful wolfhound
Saw the blood upon the snowfall,
Saw her pup had torn his dewclaw.
Lovingly she licked her houndlet
Smooth and clean as winter's snowfall.
Blood to blood and bone to bone,
Joint to joint, let all be joined."*

As she spoke the charm, the blood disappeared and Orlin's wound with it. Even the blood on Orlin's shoulder vanished, leaving it as clean and unblemished as Valya's snowflake handkerchief.

Orlin presented her with the stockings.

"I would like to learn that charm," said Irynya.

"So would I," said Olya, her parrot.

Poskarl huffed haughtily, but his eyes betrayed him, as did his monkey. Lychee punched him in the shoulder and chattered angrily while pointing to Valya and her thrush.

Kyevgeny had returned with the cocoa and had also seated Tinka and poured her the first cup. I placed the bakery box on the table and cut the string.

Being Galtan, my first instinct was to divide the cake equally—but being Galtan, I had also seen a starveling child wolf her food till she choked or gorge till she vomited. I cut a modest slice and placed it on a plate for Tinka. The plates were snowy porcelain in the shape of snowflakes, but with an opalescent overglaze Powdermaster Davin had taught me was known as "Winter's Kiss"—as much of a mystery as Irrisen's formula for porcelain itself.

A blizzard of smaller snowflakes made up Tinka's cup, which she took hesitantly, then sipped slowly. As she did, I saw a small blue mark on the bottom. Cobalt glaze, four tiny curved brush strokes. Taken together they gave the impression of interlaced mammoth tusks or a buttressed tower or a stylized M.

The child put down her cup, her upper lip darkened with cocoa, but appeared too fearful to ask for more no matter how desperately she might want it.

I pushed the slice of honeycake toward her, picking up another plate as I did and stealing a glance at the bottom. An ivory tower... Did the "M" stand for "Mistress"?

"Admiring the porcelain marks?" Irynya inquired.

"Um... yes," I admitted. "I'm trying to remember if I've seen this sigil before."

"Pay it no mind." She waved dismissively. "It's just the seal of some old dynasty from the early days of the empire, of no power or consequence in the modern age. I doubt anyone even knows who they are now, much less cares."

"Oh stop it, Irynya," Valya said, giggling. "You're utterly terrible."

"I know," Irynya tossed her head, making the rainbow-colored feathers of her fascinator dance, "but I'm an Elvanna. It's expected." She looked at me pointedly. "And you are certainly a Galtan, serving a thrall before those of royal blood." She paused and added, "Don't worry. I find it deliciously scandalous."

"We are *stilyagi*," Poskarl explained. "We do not follow Whitethrone's arbiters of fashion, and we admire the customs of foreign lands. Some customs." He smiled, displaying teeth that were exceedingly white. "I would still like a piece of cake."

I nodded and cut a generous slice. I doubted Poskarl had gone hungry a day in his life.

He accepted it with a nod and passed it on to Irynya. "For you, my dear cousin."

She took it then passed it to Valya. "For you, my valued companion."

Valya smiled and nodded, then signaled to Kyevgeny, who brought a tray from the lower shelf of the teacart he had wheeled over. On it was a miniature cocoa service, including the peculiar miniature pot. She proceeded to cut tidbits from her larger piece, placing them on plates and serving them in turn to Irynya's parrot, Poskarl's monkey, her thrush, and finally her doll, Madenya, which she had seated upon her bag, making it look like a hassock.

"Where is your helper?" Valya asked Orlin.

"My what?"

"Your familiar," Poskarl said. "We've seen you work witchcraft. You're not like poor Kyevgeny there, picking lint out of charm bags in hopes of finding even a crumb of magic."

"Indeed," agreed Irynya. "Surely you must have a toad or hedgehog hidden in one of your pockets."

"Oh, my spirit guide," Orlin said. "Rhodel's used to serving herself. She's Galtan, too."

On cue, my knife levitated, Rhodel cutting herself a slice, followed by the cocoa pot levitating and pouring her a cup as well. The spare chair next to Tinka pulled out.

The little girl's eyes went wide, and then, when nothing horrid occurred, looked hungrily at the cake. Rhodel slid her portion over.

She then proceeded to play hostess, serving Irynya, Poskarl, Kyevgeny, Orlin, and finally myself.

"So," Irynya said to me, "we saw you use that revivifying phial to wake the child. Where is *your* helper?"

"I don't have one yet," I admitted, "though I've been thinking of making a homunculus." Four sets of lapis-blue eyes gave me mystified looks, so I explained, "It's a familiar made out of various materials—mostly mandrake root."

"Oh, a mandragora!" Irynya exclaimed. "We have an aunt who has one of those."

"Nasty creature," said Poskarl. "Spawned from demonblood from what I heard."

Irynya raised an eyebrow and took a sip of cocoa. "Are we talking about the mandragora or Aunt Lubov?"

Poskarl grinned. "You tell me."

Irynya took a diplomatic sip of cocoa instead.

Kyevgeny asked, "So you can farm mandragoras?"

"That's theoretically possible, but a homunculus is created in a laboratory. It's an alchemical process."

He leaned forward intently. "You know alchemy?"

"Some. I make perfumes and fireworks. Would you like to see my samples?"

"Didn't you have that dreadful Revolution?" said Irynya. "I heard that Galt once had truly fine perfumes, but since?" She rolled her eyes. "The fashion at court is for the perfumes of Tian Xia anyway."

"I thought you stilyagi set your own fashion," said Orlin.

"In town, yes. At court? Well..." She waved her fingers and gazed upward.

"Our grandmother once had some Galtan perfume," Kyevgeny mentioned. "She might be interested."

Poskarl rolled his eyes. "Your grandmother..."

This was not going as well as I liked. "Well," I said, making conversation, "did you at least have a pleasant costume ball?"

"Costume ball?" echoed Poskarl.

"For Merrymead. You're dressed as Abu-Fazim, the carpet seller, yes?"

Poskarl's pale cheeks turned pink, then bright red, then almost purple. Irynya burst out laughing. "I told you, cousin! I told you! The turban was simply too much!"

Poskarl fumed, then turned to me, demanding, "Very well, then. But what does she look like?"

"The Parrot Princess from *The Tales of Katapesh*?" I hazarded.

Irynya looked shocked, and then began to laugh, as did her parrot.

Valya arched a pale eyebrow at her friend and took a dainty sip of cocoa. "Next time you will allow me to design for you rather than patronize the Frosthall's wardrobe mistress." She paused, then inquired of me, "What did you think I was dressed as?"

"An elegant lady from before the Revolution?"

"Oh pooh," she pouted, "I knew those fashion plates were outmoded."

"This is why we find foreigners refreshing," Irynya laughed, then paused, daintily raising a napkin to her lips. A moment later, she removed a sliver of gold, then wiped the last poppy seed free and unfurled it. "The Fan of Flirtation! I shall be lucky in love!"

I toasted her with my mug of cocoa, then took a sip. Rich and creamy, it tasted of calcium, the mineral found in everything from eggshells to limestone.

"I found one, too," said Tinka softly. "I was never taught the witch marks, but I know what this must say." She placed a tiny charm on the tablecloth, a whip made from a length of gold braid. "I must give this to my master, for I am a whipping child now."

"Nonsense," Poskarl admonished. "That is the Whip of Vengeance. It is terribly unlucky to give away a Merrymead trinket. You must set that whip on one who has wronged you." He smirked at Orlin. "Looks like you may not want to beat her for a while."

"I wasn't planning to," my brother said drily.

"You wear it until you need it." Irynya showed off her bracelet, one of its charms a tiny fan, its scurrilous inscription now furled.

"I have no jewelry," said the child.

"Pick up your bauble," said Kyevgeny.

She did as she was bidden. He picked up the red string from the bakery, threaded it through the loop at the base, and tied it around her wrist. He examined the trinket. "If

anyone wrongs you, throw this and say, "The wasp stings until she is satisfied."

The child mouthed the words but did not say them aloud.

Different words were being said in my head. It took me a moment to realize the voice was inside my mouth: "Norret, I shall be attending 'Kostchtchie the Deathless' next Fireday. Meet me on the Frosthall steps afterward. Use this talisman to reply if needed. Orontius."

I reached for my napkin and discreetly spat the Merrymead token out into it. Orontius had apparently had ulterior motives in giving me the cake.

"Did you say something?" asked Poskarl.

"I think he said, 'Kostchtchie the Deathless,'" said Irynya. "Does anyone have tickets? Poskarl traded ours."

"Grandmother has her box," Valya said. "Sometimes she favors us."

Irynya snorted. "Your grandmother reads the harrow for her dolls."

Valya covered her doll's ears. "Don't listen to her, Madenya."

Poskarl glanced to Kyevgeny. "At least you had the sense to leave that foolish little barbarian doll at home." His monkey nodded in agreement and sipped its cocoa.

"Klaufi isn't foolish!" Kyevgeny protested.

Poskarl was about to respond when he glanced my way. "Ah! You've found the Bee-Eater!" He pointed to the bird-shaped charm in my napkin.

Irynya laughed like her parrot. "It's a year of malicious gossip for you unless you buy the next cake!"

"Who's 'Kostchtchie the Deathless'?" asked Orlin.

"A foolish barbarian," said Poskarl.

"The patron spirit of frost giants," said Irynya.

"A demon who eats bad children..." whispered Tinka.

"All true," Kyevgeny agreed. "Would you like to hear the tale?"

"Please," said Irynya. "Your shows are always amusing."

Kyevgeny was an exceptionally large man with a voluminous cloak. I should not have been surprised when he reached in and produced a Clever Nella theater.

The proscenium arch, while painted paper, looked like sculpted ice. The curtain, instead of red velvet, was iridescent silk.

And then it was not. Kyevgeny had just freshened our cocoa, dimmed the fishy-smelling table lamp, and moved it behind the toy theater when the silk changed to red velvet. The curtains parted, revealing a screen of silk, shimmering like frost on a windowpane, and moving shadows that shifted, becoming real. A window into the past.

As we watched, the shadows told the story of Kostchtchie, an Ulfen man forced by his father to murder his mother and sisters, and who then murdered his father in turn. From there, he became a terrible warlord, becoming so powerful that he eventually challenged Baba Yaga herself, demanding the secret of immortality. The Witch-Queen

agreed, but not in the way he expected, twisting his form into that of a hideous giant and hiding the last fragments of his soul away in a magical torc. Shamed, Kostchtchie fled to the Abyss and became the patron of frost giants. From there, he plots against Irrisen, hoping to recover the torc containing his former soul so that he might reverse his condition.

"An interesting tale," interrupted a voice, "and an intriguing method of presentation. A screen made from the silk of dream spiders? How novel. And moral. Most people, when they obtain such a substance, brew it into a valuable drug. But of course, you wouldn't know anything about that."

I turned. Beside me sat a wolf with blue eyes and silver-white fur. Then he was a man with the same colors. Then a wolf. Then a man. Back and forth, one after another, like the pages of two different flipbooks interleaved.

I looked down at my cocoa and realized I had been drugged.



"Tinka understands well the cruelty underlying Irrisen's brittle charm."



BESTIARY

THOSE CREATURES, THE ONES THEY CALL THE MIRROR MEN, STRIKE FEAR INTO THE PEOPLE OF WHITETHRONE. IT'S NOT LIKE THEY NEED ANYTHING MORE TO FEAR, WHAT WITH THE TROLLS AND WOLVES WALKING ABOUT. NOT TO MENTION THE WITCHES THEMSELVES, ALWAYS EAGER TO SEND SOMEONE TO THE BONE MILL FOR THE SLIGHTEST TRANSGRESSION. THESE MIRROR MEN ARE ALWAYS WATCHING, ALWAYS REMINDING US THAT WHAT THEY SEE, THE WITCHES SEE ALSO. ONE DAY, SUMMER WILL RETURN TO OUR LANDS, BUT UNTIL THEN... BE CAREFUL, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

—HURIS SKELDEVIG, HERALD OF SUMMER'S RETURN

This month's Pathfinder Bestiary includes strange primordial fey, a template that imbues winter's chill into fey, sinister constructs, and a herald of a revolutionary goddess.

MORE WINTRY ENCOUNTERS

The random encounter table presented here includes a mix of creatures the PCs could reasonably encounter on their journey to Whitethrone and trouble they can get into once inside the city walls. During the course of the adventure, the PCs have a 30% chance of a random encounter every 2 hours. If, when rolling on this table, you get a result that is not appropriate to the location, substitute another result or roll again. Some of the encounters listed in the table are presented below to help set the scene.

GMs who wish to provide more encounters suitable for a theme of winter and an arctic environment could consult the encounter tables on page 51 of *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Irrisen, Land of Eternal Winter*. A number of other cold-themed monsters and Irriseni threats can be found in Chapter 3 of that book.

Bavradir Clan (CR 7): Crude and disgusting trappers who make their home in the hinterlands near Whitethrone, the members of the Bavradir Clan make their way into the city once every month. While in town, they sell the pelts they've collected over the month, have their gear repaired, and spend their coin in alehouses and brothels—frequently starting fights the city guard needs to break up. The patriarch of the clan, Mordros Bavradir, always brings his wolfanimal companion into the city, barely restraining the animal as it snarls at passersby. His cousins and sons make up the rest of his entourage, all drunken louts smeared with filth from sleeping out in the woods. Mordros carries a fine warhammer that always catches covetous eyes.

Cold Chain Slavers (CR 6): This trio are making their way through the city and capturing people to either feed to ice trolls or sell into slavery in some of the Jadwiga's homes. A cruel bunch, they make a good bit of coin not only from selling those they capture, but also by ransoming back those who have loved ones capable of paying their rates. If the trio can't get their quarry to come along through intimidation, they resort to tanglefoot bags and their trusted saps, taking care not to bruise the faces of their prey too much.

Sorcerer and Entourage (CR 5): Barely touched by the blistering cold, Celarynn travels the snowy lands of Irrisen, and frequently visits the city of Whitethrone with her five barbarian bodyguards. Interest in all things dragon-related, particularly white dragons, lures her to the lands of the White Witches. Despite the fact that elves arouse suspicion in Irrisen, she proudly walks the streets of the city, though she confines herself to the Merchants' Quarter. It's said she carries with her a foot-long dragon's tooth etched in pale blue runes, capable of freezing a target solid.

WHITETHRONE ENCOUNTERS


d%	Result	Avg. CR	Source
01–04	1d12 snow goblins	3	<i>Bestiary</i> 156
05–09	1 attic whisperer	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 34
10–14	1d6 jinkins	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 142
15–19	1d4 timber wolves	4	<i>Pathfinder</i> #67 83
20–24	1 winter fey quickling	4	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 227 and see page 90
25–29	1 winter witch baroness	4	<i>Irrisen, Land of Eternal Winter</i> 62
30–34	3 goblin riders (goblins on wolves)	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 156 and 278
35–39	1 ice golem	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 161
40–44	1d4 Medium ice elementals	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 114
45–49	Sorcerer and entourage (1 whiteclaw sorcerer and 5 savage mercenaries)	5	<i>NPC Codex</i> 10 and 161
50–54	1 winter wolf	5	<i>Bestiary</i> 280
55–59	1 gambler	6	<i>NPC Codex</i> 30
60–64	1d4 ice trolls	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 271
65–69	1d8 nuglubs	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 143
70–74	1 revenant	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 2 235
75–79	Cold Chain Slavers (1 turnkey and 2 slavers)	6	<i>GameMastery Guide</i> 266 and 271
80–84	Winter Guard unit (1 guard officer and 4 guards)	6	<i>GameMastery Guide</i> 260 and 261
85–89	1 young white dragon	6	<i>Bestiary</i> 100
90–94	Bavradir Clan (1 beast master and 4 bandits)		<i>GameMastery Guide</i> 258 and 263
95–100	Ulfen brutes (1d4 raiders)	7	<i>GameMastery Guide</i> 280

Winter Fey Quickling (CR 4): A threat to both adventurers and the city of Whitethrone, a cruel quickling by the name of Calarosi has been a thorn in the side of the White Witches for months, but none of their minions have been able to kill or capture the wily fey. When not just attacking people randomly, Calarosi picks a mark and follows him from a distance, waiting for him to be in a shady alley or empty street. She then darts through the street and slashes at her prey with her short sword before running off, only to repeat the attack a minute later.

Winter Guard Unit (CR 6): The Winter Guard, established by Queen Elvanna to replace the Iron Guard, patrols the streets of Whitethrone to maintain the peace and keep tabs on the citizenry. These units typically patrol in groups, or at minimum, in pairs. This unit is a standard patrol consisting of one guard captain and four guards. The guards use their saps to break up fights or subdue less dangerous criminals, but if their targets resist or brandish weapons, they are not afraid to resort to more deadly weapons.

COURAGE HEART

This woman with vaguely half-elven features wears a wooden breastplate and wields a wooden morningstar in one hand. In her other hand she holds a thorny red rose; blood from that hand trickles down her arm.

COURAGE HEART	CR 15	  
XP 51,200		
CG Medium outsider (chaotic, extraplanar, good)		
Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +27		
Aura rebellious aura (60 ft.)		
DEFENSE		
AC 30, touch 13, flat-footed 27 (+10 armor, +3 Dex, +7 natural)		
hp 195 (17d10+102); fast healing 10		
Fort +18, Ref +18, Will +14		
DR 10/lawful; Immune fear; Resist acid 20, cold 20, electricity 20, fire 20		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (average)		
Melee +3 <i>anarchic morningstar</i> +29/+24/+19/+14 (1d8+11)		
Ranged +1 <i>anarchic dart</i> +26/+21/+16/+11 (1d4+9)		
Special Attacks bloody rose, favored enemy (evil outsiders +6, humans +2, lawful outsiders +8, undead +4)		
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +24)		
At will— <i>aid</i> , <i>chaos hammer</i> , <i>remove fear</i> , <i>holy smite</i>		
3/day— <i>cure moderate wounds</i> , <i>darkvision</i> , <i>dimension door</i> , <i>dispel law</i> , <i>magic vestment</i> , <i>magic weapon</i> , <i>neutralize poison</i> , <i>peasant armaments</i> (page 69), <i>protection from arrows</i> , <i>shield other</i> , <i>status</i>		
1/day— <i>martyr's last blessing</i> (page 69), <i>mass invisibility</i> , <i>telepathic bond</i>		
STATISTICS		
Str 23, Dex 23, Con 22, Int 22, Wis 21, Cha 24		
Base Atk +17; CMB +23; CMD 39		
Feats Blind-Fight, Dazzling Display, Deflect Arrows ^B , Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Lookout ^{B, APG} , Outflank ^{B, APG} , Point-Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Swap Places ^{B, APG} , Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (morningstar)		
Skills Bluff +19, Climb +23, Handle Animal +29, Heal +20, Intimidate +29, Knowledge (local) +25, Perception +27, Perform (oratory) +19, Ride +13, Sense Motive +27, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +26, Survival +27, Swim +23		
Languages Celestial, Common, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.		
SQ change shape (owl or mouse), martyr's blood, tactician		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any land (Elysium)		
Organization solitary		
Treasure standard (+4 <i>darkwood breastplate</i> , other treasure)		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Bloody Rose (Su) At will as a free action, the herald can create a thorny red rose. She may use this rose as a +1 <i>anarchic dart</i> as if she had the Quick Draw feat. The rose loses all its powers 1 round after it leaves the herald's hand.		

Darkwood Breastplate The herald's +4 *darkwood breastplate* has all the normal properties of darkwood but is as hard and strong as steel (similar to wood created with an *ironwood* spell).

Favored Enemy (Ex) The herald has the favored enemy ability of a 17th-level ranger.

Imbue with Power (Su) The herald can imbue an ally with a portion of her power. This ability functions like *imbue with spell ability*, except she may transfer uses of the following spell-like abilities as if they were cleric spells: *cure moderate wounds*, *magic weapon*, *peasant armaments*, *protection from arrows*, *shield other*, and *status*. Using this ability reduces the number of times per day she can use that spell-like ability until she dismisses the transfer or the recipient expends it (for example, if she imbues a target with *cure moderate wounds*, thereafter she can only use that spell-like ability twice per day).

Martyr's Blood (Su) By marking an ally with her blood, the herald can transfer part of her fast healing ability to that ally. The herald's fast healing decreases by 1 (minimum 0), and the ally gains fast healing 1 for 1 hour. This ability has no effect if the target already has fast healing.

Rebellious Aura (Su) The herald's aura grants allies within 60 feet the effects of *good hope* and a paladin's aura of courage. The effects of this ability are included in the herald's stat block.

Tactician (Ex) The herald has the tactician ability of a 17th-level cavalier (4/day, one teamwork feat, all allies within 30 feet, 11 rounds). She may use this ability with any of her teamwork feats (Lookout, Outflank, Swap Places).

Courage Heart is a weapon against tyranny and a mighty spark that kindles the fires of hope in mortal hearts. Once a mortal ranger in the service of Milani, she was an early champion of Galt's Red Revolution when its purpose was to depose evil Chelish nobles, but when that movement become more about chaos and vengeance, she fought against it instead. Eventually branded a Chelish sympathizer by the Revolutionary Council, she allowed herself to be captured in order to allow her allies to escape. She was executed with a *final blade*, which trapped her soul within it.

Milani, having spent a century communicating directly with her followers, saw the merits of having a divine champion like other deities, and plucked the woman's soul from the artifact and made her a herald. Now the martyred hero keeps her original name secret so her living relatives in Galt do not become targets by association, and calls herself Courage Heart. Her mission is twofold: to attack the powerful enemies of the church (especially immortal undead who would subjugate the common folk and conjured outsiders used to strike fear into mortal hearts), and to inspire hope among mortals so they can find the strength to turn against tyrants.

As Courage Heart opposes slavery and unjust imprisonment, she has made it her personal crusade to steal all the *final blades* and free the souls within them. Milani must look at the bigger picture, so the herald has to make progress toward this goal when she can. Courage Heart has been trying to get Pharasma's herald, the Steward of the Skein, to join her cause, as preventing souls from reaching the Boneyard is of interest to the Lady of Graves, but that herald's strange nature and the recent creation of the *final blades* (relative to the history of civilization) means she has made little headway in establishing that alliance to date.

ECOLOGY

As she has only been immortal for a few decades, Courage Heart still acts and feels like a mortal woman. She loves her homeland, cares deeply for her mortal relatives (most of whom have some elven blood and were alive when she was murdered), and enjoys worldly delights such as music and stories. Though she has an instinctive knowledge of the people and places near her, she has perfect recall of such things in Galt and feels great sorrow when she discovers that a building or person she knew in life has been destroyed or has died. She collects remnants of Galt's history, such as travel journals about its settlements, songs about its people, and sketches of its locations and inhabitants.

Having died for her beliefs holding no expectation of ever returning, Courage Heart considers it an honor to die again and again in her goddess' service, especially if doing so advances the cause or saves mortal lives. The only thing she fears is torture, but she knows her immortal flesh is resistant to punishment and she has magic at her disposal to help her escape almost any confinement.

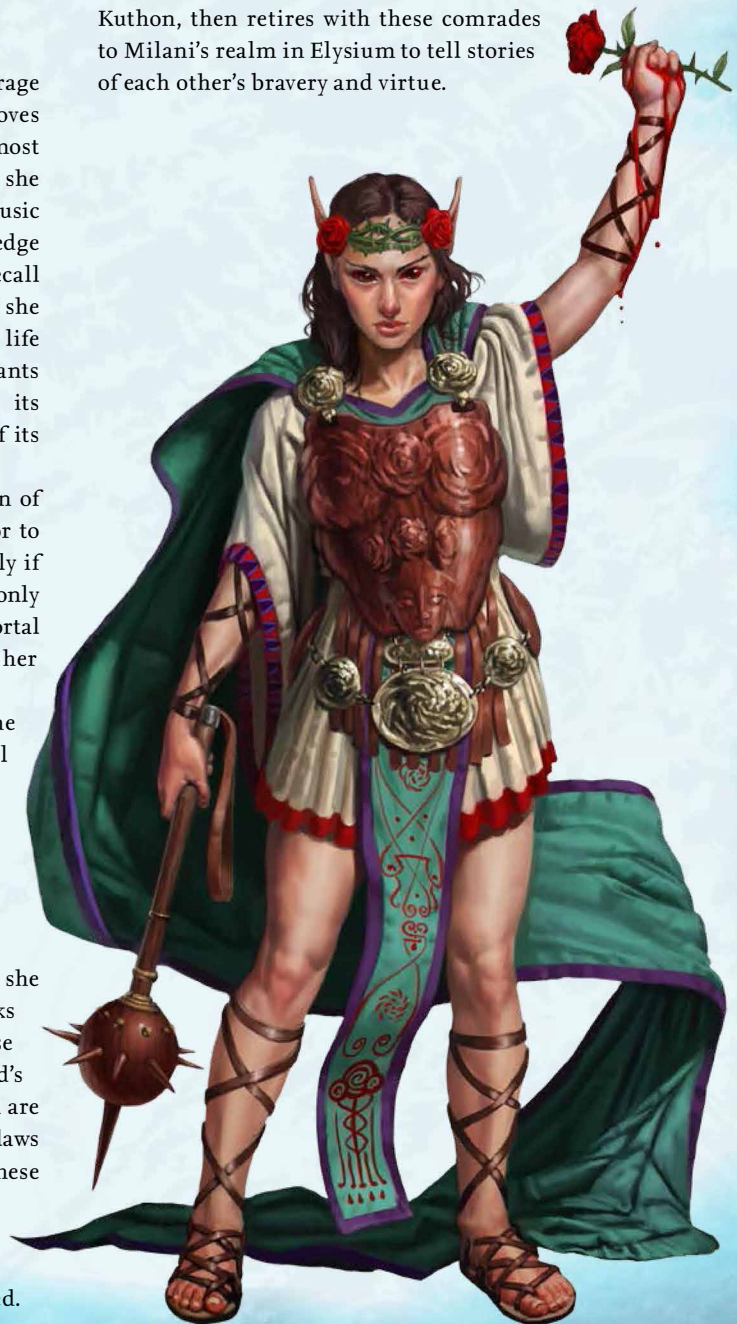
Though she does not need to eat or drink, she still feels the urge to do so, and favors traditional Galtan food. A priest who calls her and has a Galtan meal ready for her is much more likely to get help than one who offers no such courtesy and expects immediate compliance.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Though the herald tries hard to not play favorites, she loves Galt and her extended family, and often checks up on her friends and relatives by lurking in mouse or owl form. Milani's small following and the herald's recent elevation to immortal status means they both are inclined to push the boundaries of what the divine laws allow for direct intervention on Golarion. To bypass these restrictions and watch over her revolution-corrupted homeland, Courage Heart often asks Milani to incarnate her as a mortal ranger (usually of 4th to 7th level) so she can lend a hand where she is needed.




In these incarnations she may be male or female and of nearly any human ethnicity or features, but she generally prefers light armor and wields a morningstar. In this mortal shell, she is more careful with her life—not out of any sense of self-preservation, but because she doesn't want her death to upset anyone she befriends. She prefers to show up in a settlement, deal with a problem, then leave before there are too many questions.

Among the other celestial servitors of Milani, Courage Heart is beloved as a comrade and leader. She often gathers teams of like-minded celestials to ambush and slay devils, undead, and minions of Zon-Kuthon, then retires with these comrades to Milani's realm in Elysium to tell stories of each other's bravery and virtue.



DAWN PIPER

Eldritch energy burns within the eyes of this humanoid figure. Strangely colored hair crowns her head like a torch, and gleaming white teeth shine from her grin. The creature cradles a pipe in her long, graceful fingers.

DAWN PIPER	CR 5	  
XP 1,600		
CN Medium fey (extraplanar)		
Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +11		
Aura terrible beauty (30 ft., DC 16)		
DEFENSE		
AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)		
hp 45 (7d6+21)		
Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +7		
DR 5/cold iron; SR 16		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee mwk rapier +8 (1d6+2/18–20)		
Special Attacks dissonance (every 1d4 rounds, 15-ft. cone, 6d6 sonic damage, Reflex DC 16 half), elemental font		
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +10)		
3/day— <i>calm emotions</i> (DC 15), <i>delusional pride</i> ^{UM} (DC 14), <i>reckless infatuation</i> ^{UM} (DC 16), <i>unadulterated loathing</i> ^{UM} (DC 16), <i>unnatural lust</i> ^{UM} (DC 15)		
1/day— <i>charm monster</i> (DC 17), <i>overwhelming grief</i> ^{UM} (DC 17), <i>rage</i> (DC 16)		
STATISTICS		
Str 15, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 17		
Base Atk +3; CMB +5; CMD 20		
Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Weapon Finesse		
Skills Acrobatics +12, Bluff +11, Craft (musical instruments) +6, Diplomacy +10, Knowledge (nature) +10, Knowledge (planes) +8, Perception +11, Perform (wind) +12, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +8, Stealth +10, Use Magic Device +13		
Languages Aklo, Common, Sylvan		
ECOLOGY		
Environment any forest		
Organization solitary, duet, or choir (3, 5, or 7)		
Treasure standard (mwk rapier, mwk musical instrument, other treasure)		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Dissonance (Su) Every 1d4 rounds as a standard action, a dawn piper can use a musical instrument to unleash a deadly torrent of sonic vibrations that tears at the very physicality of its enemies. This is similar to a breath weapon that deals 6d6 points of sonic damage in a 15-ft. cone (Reflex DC 16 half). A dawn piper must be in possession of a musical instrument in order to use this ability. The save DC is Charisma-based.		
Elemental Font (Su) A dawn piper can infuse a 40-foot-radius area with the primal qualities of the First World. The creation of an elemental font requires a musical instrument		

and a musical ritual lasting 8 hours. As long as the piper returns to it every 24 hours, a font can persist forever, but it is destroyed immediately upon the creator's death. A dawn piper can also destroy its own font as a full-round action. The dawn piper gains additional spell-like abilities based on a single element while within range of its elemental font. *Dimensional anchor* and *dimensional lock* stop the flow of power, preventing the piper from using the additional spell-like abilities. The save DCs are Charisma-based, and the spell-like abilities are cast at caster level 7th.

Air: 2/day—*fly, gust of wind* (DC 15), *shocking grasp*

Earth: 2/day—*grease* (DC 14), *spiked pit*^{APG} (DC 16), *stone call*^{APG}

Fire: 2/day—*burning hands* (DC 14), *fireball* (DC 16), *pyrotechnics* (DC 15)

Water: 2/day—*aqueous orb*^{APG} (DC 16), *hydraulic push*^{APG}, *slipstream*^{APG}

Terrible Beauty (Su) As a standard action, a dawn piper can surround itself in an intense aura of magnificence that is too potent for non-fey to withstand. Non-fey creatures within a 30-foot radius of the dawn piper must succeed at a DC 16 Will save or be blinded or deafened for 1d4 rounds (the piper's choice, but the effect is consistent for all affected creatures), and take 1 point of bleed damage from their eyes or ears (depending on the specific effect). This aura lasts 1 full round, and a creature that succeeds at its saving throw cannot be affected again for 24 hours. This is a visual or auditory, mind-affecting effect. A dawn piper requires a musical instrument in order to create this aura. The save DC for this ability is Charisma-based.

Strange and enigmatic creatures from the First World, dawn pipers are unmistakably humanoid and share some of the same delicate features of half-elves. But dawn pipers' otherworldly nature becomes evident when one looks at the creatures' eyes, which burn with a strange light. Their skin is smooth, free of blemish or body hair, and radiant. Their hair moves constantly, like the flickering flames of a torch in the breeze, and seems to express a seasonal theme in coloration. Their faces are portraits of every emotion that passes through their consciousness; joy, loss, and murder may all dance across their expressions in a matter of moments. Only when a dawn piper is asleep or plays a soothing melody on its pipes does its expression become static and human—and through such songs, dawn pipers' heartbreaking beauty becomes truly evident.

ECOLOGY

Early on in their primordial realm, dawn pipers toyed with emotion and its effects on the mutable nature of the First World. They marveled at how their plane could be transformed by an expression of strong will and passion. Their name allegedly stems from being the "musicians at

the dawn of Creation.” Yet, coming from the First World, they are soulless creatures and immortal on their home plane. Dawn pipers cannot hold on to their feelings, and with the passage of time their emotions slip away from them like sand through their fingers. Through study and experimentation, dawn pipers devised a means to cheat their own ephemeral nature through music. The pipers associate emotion with melody, and when their passions leave them, they recreate them from memory through their music. While music is an exercise in creativity, it also has elements of structure and pattern, and that is what the pipers retain long after other fleeting experiences fade. This is no small advantage in the highly morphic environment of the First World, allowing them to knead and shape portions of their home through the use of music and emotion. Though the dawn pipers have no strict elemental association, they may also use their music to create an elemental font through which they can channel and shape the energies of the Inner Planes.

Dawn pipers are not wholly flesh and bone, as a raw creative power also infuses them—the source of the burning light that shines out of their eyes. Despite their transitory emotions, there is enough definition imposed upon their existence that they remain subject to physical laws. If killed in the First World, dawn pipers do not truly die but are reborn. The same cannot be said when they expire on other worlds.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

Dawn pipers have no formal, overarching society of their own, but they sometimes form small partnerships called choirs, which always have a prime number of members. They act as entertainers, advisors, and shapers among the fey of the First World. Outsiders find them easy to dismiss as slaves to the very emotions they conjure, but nothing could be less true. Dawn pipers are usually shrewd and manipulative, and merely play at the role of a manic social gadfly. It is said that azatas can sometimes reason with them when they meet; otherwise, dawn pipers jockey for power and influence with fey beings greater than themselves. Dawn pipers are great proponents

of subsuming parts of the Material Plane into the First World, yet few such incursions ever happen because they are reluctant to travel to the Material Plane, where they are mortal, unless on a matter of great importance. They rarely take mortal lovers as such dalliances seldom end happily—though when they do partake in them, there are always new melodies waiting to be improvised by which to remember the forsaken relationships.

DAWN PIPER CHOIRS

A choir of dawn pipers can use their elemental fonts to absorb a part of the Material Plane into the First World by creating a reality siphon. To open a reality siphon, at least three dawn pipers must perform a musical ritual lasting 8 hours. Each piper must have its own elemental font prior to the start of the ritual, and no font can be more than 400 feet from another. At the conclusion of the ritual, the reality siphon appears, creating a 10-foot-radius hemispherical area of twisted reality that functions as an *antlifest shell* (CL 9th). After the ritual is complete, the pipers are free to take other actions until the reality siphon fully manifests. Over the course of 1 week, the reality siphon gradually expands until it encompasses a 400-foot-radius area, at which point everything in the area encompassed by the reality siphon is fully subsumed into the First World. Destroying the elemental fonts sustaining the reality siphon before it fully manifests causes it to implode upon itself, destroying the siphon and preventing it from drawing part of the Material Plane into the First World.

At the GM's discretion, certain more powerful choirs may have additional spell-like abilities, similar to the abilities a hag's coven possesses. They may also have powers related to the alteration of their environment in the First World.



MIRROR MAN

Tall and lean, this hooded figure resembles a human until the terrible face beneath the cowl is revealed—nothing but a featureless mirror, reflecting a hard, cold world.

MIRROR MAN

CR 5



XP 1,600

NE Medium construct

Init +6; **Senses** blindsight 60 ft., darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +12

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 17, flat-footed 11 (+6 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 53 (6d10+20); fast healing 2

Fort +2, **Ref** +8, **Will** +4

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** blindness, gaze attacks, illusions of the pattern subschool, construct traits

Weaknesses susceptible to mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 longsword +10/+5 (1d8+4/19–20)

Ranged dagger +12/+7 (1d4+3/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +11)

At will—*detect magic*, *light*

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 23, **Con** —, **Int** 15, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 26

Feats Alertness, Dodge, Quick Draw

Skills Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (nobility) +8, Linguistics +7, Perception +12, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +10, Survival +5; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Linguistics, +4 Perception, +4 Sense Motive, +4 Stealth

Languages Common (can't speak), Giant (can't speak), Halit (can't speak), Skald (can't speak); telepathy 100 ft.

SQ alert master, mirror sight, scrying focus, soul mirror

ECOLOGY

Environment any land

Organization solitary, pair, or cell (3–7)

Treasure standard (+1 longsword, daggers [4], other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Alert Master (Su) Three times per day, a mirror man can send a brief message to a creature it is familiar with (typically its master). This effect is similar to the *sending* spell, but it takes only a standard action, the communication is one way, and the target cannot respond to the sending.

Mirror Sight (Ex) A mirror man has no eyes, but is capable of visually perceiving through the use of blindsight, darkvision, and low-light vision.

Scrying Focus (Su) Mirror men are specifically created to interact with the spell *Irrisani mirror sight* (*Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 73) in special ways. The construct's mirrored face can serve as a known mirror, allowing the caster to see from the perspective of the construct's face with normal sight. The caster may also communicate telepathically with the mirror man. As a swift action, the mirror man can choose to remember and record up to 1 minute of what it sees. This memory is visual only and can be viewed remotely through *Irrisani mirror sight* or played back across its face. The mirror man can only retain 1 minute of images; when its memory is full, old memories are erased so it can remember new ones. The caster may interact with the mirror man's soul mirror even after the construct body is destroyed as long as the face itself remains unbroken. If the construct has not been destroyed, an opponent must succeed at a sunder attempt targeting the mirrored face to break the mirror. The mirrored face is considered a separate



weapon with a hardness of 1 and hit points equal to the mirror man's Hit Dice. If the construct has been destroyed, the mirrored face can be smashed as a standard action.

Soul Mirror (Su) The soul of a mirror man is bound within its mirrored face. As long as the face remains intact, it can be affixed to a new construct body using the same cost to create a new construct. Once a soul is bound to a mirror, the soul continues to learn, and if the mirror is later affixed to a new body, the soul retains any memories from its previous bodies.

Susceptible to Mind-Affecting Effects (Ex) The self-aware and autonomous nature of a mirror man makes it susceptible to mind-affecting effects, despite the fact that it is a construct.

At a glance, mirror men are easily mistaken for humans. They are tall, slender, and graceful and mask their true selves in fine hooded cloaks appropriate to Irrisen's eternal winter. Nevertheless, their grace is the product of precision, not elegance, and their hooded garments serve to obscure an inhuman countenance. A mirror man has no eyes, nose, or mouth. Its face is a featureless mirror, affixed atop a lifeless body. Behind this mirror is a vacant hole left behind when the body was prepared for its current use.

ECOLOGY

Mirror men are constructs whose origin is less than a century old, and are typically found in larger Irriseni cities such as Whitethrone and Algidheart. Just as guardian dolls are animated with the souls of children, mirror men get their spark from adults—usually criminals. They are created to be the spies and assassins of the White Witches, and their construct nature makes them utterly loyal to the Jadwiga. Mirror men are cunning, merciless, and determined in the execution of their orders. Underneath their garments they resemble zombies, or even flesh golems. All unnecessary internal organs and fluids have been removed, and what remains is wrapped in cold muscle and skin of a grayish hue that is magically maintained and self-repairing. No eyes remain within their skulls, but the soul trapped within the mirror can sense all movement nearby.

While some golems and constructs are simple replacements for guards and protectors, the mirror men of Irrisen represent a very specific design. They are intended to investigate, spy, and report, and are created with abilities carefully selected to help them fulfill these purposes. Even their ability to magically create light serves to allow the witches to see better while peering through their looking-glass faces. Mirror men are trained to be familiar with nobility of the region, to detect forgeries, and to investigate crimes. There remains a flaw in their creation, however—any caster of *Irriseni mirror sight* can peer through the face of any mirror man she's familiar with. The White Witches of Irrisen often assume foreigners don't know their secrets, but nothing save tradition prevents an outlander from

learning the spell. A mirror man can't attempt to resist an unwanted connection, and its only recourse when used as an ambulatory sensor for someone unauthorized is to cover its face and send a warning to the witch who governs it.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

For centuries, the Iron Guard observed and recorded events in Whitethrone; its members nominally served the Jadwiga but their true allegiance was to Baba Yaga—a fact that did not go unnoticed by the descendants of the 14 queens. Under Elvanna's reign, the mirror men were created to act as the eyes and ears, not of the Iron Guard, but of the White Witches themselves. For decades, the Jadwiga Elvanna maintained that the role of the mirror men was to provide additional oversight of the kingdom, but with the recent usurpation of Baba Yaga, the mirror men's role as the White Witches' secret police has become evident. Mirror men have broad authority to question, search, and arrest anyone but the Jadwiga themselves. Even with telepathy, mirror men avoid self-expression as much as possible whenever a gesture or pointed finger will suffice. In Whitethrone, it is universally understood when a mirror man jabs a finger at someone, followed by a tap on the open palm of their other hand, it means the citizen should stand still and allow himself to be viewed through the unsettling visage of the mirror man.

There is no love lost between the mirror men and any of Irrisen's monstrous citizens (or the Iron Guard, for that matter). The constructs' presence only fuels an atmosphere of paranoia and distrust as the monsters are left wondering who might be watching them as well as the native Ulfen slaves.

CONSTRUCTION

The creation of a mirror man requires a single living creature (usually human), which is killed during the process. Its manufacture requires costly alchemical reagents and a mirror faceplate crafted specifically for the creature. The creature's soul is bound to the mirror, which prevents it from continuing to the afterlife and protects it from being resurrected or raised from the dead. Most of the original creature's memories are expunged, but mirror men retain many of their original skills; consequently, the most effective mirror men are former career criminals and foreign spies. The creation process is excruciating to the victim, and creating a mirror man constitutes an evil act.

MIRROR MAN




CL 11th; Price 24,500 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate dead*, *cat's grace*, *geas/quest*, *Irriseni mirror sight*, *magic jar*, *sending*, creator must be caster level 11th, soul of a living creature that dies or is slain during the creation process; **Skill** Craft (sculpture) DC 17 or Heal DC 17; **Cost** 12,500 gp

WINTER FEY

From his snow white beard and blue, frost-covered face to the wicked look in his frozen eyes, this little humanoid betrays a cruelty that only winter itself can match.

WINTER REDCAP	CR 7	  
XP 3,200		
NE Small fey (cold)		
Init +8; Senses low-light vision; Perception +12		
DEFENSE		
AC 22, touch 15, flat-footed 18 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +5 natural, +1 size)		
hp 68 (8d6+40); fast healing 3 (when in contact with snow or ice)		
Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +7		
DR 10/cold iron; Immune cold		
Weaknesses irreligious, vulnerable to fire		
OFFENSE		
Speed 30 ft.		
Melee Medium scythe +11 (1d6+11/x4 plus 1d6 cold), kick +5 (1d4+7 plus 1d6 cold) or 2 claws +10 (1d4+5 plus 1d6 cold)		
Special Attacks frigid touch, frosty grasp		
STATISTICS		
Str 20, Dex 19, Con 20, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 15		
Base Atk +4; CMB +8; CMD 22		
Feats Cleave, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (scythe)		
Skills Acrobatics +15, Bluff +13, Climb +16, Escape Artist +15, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (nature) +14, Perception +12, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +19, Survival +0 (+4 when in cold environments); Racial Modifiers +4 Survival when in cold environments		
Languages Aklo, Common, Giant, Sylvan		
SQ boot stomp, heavy weapons, ice walking, red cap		
ECOLOGY		
Environment temperate forests, mountains, or underground		
Organization solitary, pair, or gang (3–12)		
Treasure NPC gear (leather armor, Medium scythe, other treasure)		
SPECIAL ABILITIES		
Boot Stomp (Ex) A winter redcap wears heavy iron boots with spiked soles that it uses to deadly effect in combat. These boots give the winter redcap a kick attack that it can make as a secondary attack, either as part of a full-attack action or as part of its movement, just as if it had the Spring Attack feat.		
Heavy Weapons (Ex) A winter redcap can wield weapons sized for Medium creatures without penalty.		
Irreligious (Ex) Bitter and blasphemous, winter redcaps cannot stand the symbols of good-aligned religions. If a foe spends a standard action presenting such a holy symbol, any winter redcap that can see the creature must succeed at a DC 15 Will save or become frightened for 1 minute and attempt to flee. A winter redcap who successfully saves is shaken for 1 minute.		

Red Cap (Su) A winter redcap wears a tiny, shapeless woolen hat, dyed over and over with the blood of its victims. While wearing this cap, a winter redcap gains a +4 bonus on damage rolls (included in the above totals) and fast healing 3. These benefits are lost if the cap is removed or destroyed. Caps are not transferable, even between other redcaps. A winter redcap can create a new cap to replace a lost cap with 10 minutes of work, but until the winter redcap takes a standard action to dip the cap in the blood of a foe the winter redcap helped to kill, the cap does not grant its bonuses.

Infused with the primal power of winter's chill, a winter fey possesses the power to freeze its victims with a mere touch. It is said that this wintry power freezes the heart of any normally good fey, corrupting the creature's nature and infusing it with hatred and spite. While a winter fey is visually recognizable as being a variant of its normal counterpart, its personality is decidedly altered. Whereas most fey are merely capricious and whimsical, winter fey take pleasure in causing pain and suffering. A winter fey is the same size as its normal counterparts, but it typically weighs a bit more because of the ice crusting its body.

ECOLOGY

Found mainly in the reaches of the far north and the frigid regions of the First World, winter fey live in places far too cold for most humanoids to survive without magical assistance. The harsh landscape and bone-chilling climate match the hearts of these bitter creatures. A winter fey found far from cold lands is typically acting on the orders of a liege or in pursuit of an especially wily victim, as few choose to wander so close to the "hot lands" without a particular purpose in mind. However, winter fey have been known to travel deep into warmer climates in order to play a worthy enough trick on a creature.

Some winter fey are known to move south every winter in search of new creatures to steal from, torment, or maim. As cruel as a winter storm, a winter fey feels no remorse for those it hurts. For its own amusement, a winter fey leads its victims far from civilization without any means to protect themselves from the elements and then abandon them, typically leaving them to freeze to death. Such a fey creature targets the innocent and gullible simply for sinister laughs, spending months crafting an exceptional ruse and then watching it play out. Savoring such delicious cruelty is what winter fey live for.

HABITAT & SOCIETY

On Golarion, winter fey live in the cold northern realms, staying far away from the heat of summer. When winter strikes, these malevolent creatures sometimes migrate south with the snowstorms, then return to the north as quickly as they came, at the first sign of the spring thaw.

Being able to craft an original and depraved trick upon a creature and share the tale of that trick is how a winter fey gains respect and ultimately a greater status among its peers. Once a winter fey plays a trick upon a creature, that creature is considered marked. Although it is not forbidden to trick a creature marked by another winter fey, young winter fey caught doing so are looked on as sloppy and unoriginal. As such, young winter fey are constantly looking for new creatures upon whom to let their wicked imaginations run wild, while their elders poach their marked targets. Sometimes winter fey work together to pull off a truly heinous yet epic trick. One of the best-known times that a group of winter fey worked together like this involved a bloody carnival of torture and death.

A winter fey's characteristic icy claws are frequently stained with blood. Winter fey love nothing more than to feel the suffering they cause with their own frosty hands. Blood and gore from warm-bodied creatures are among the few sources of warmth winter fey willingly touch, and they often display a prize of their most recent murderous delight—usually a body part of one of their victims—until a new target is marked for death.

CREATING A WINTER FEY

“Winter fey” is an inherited template that can be added to any fey creature without the fire subtype, referred to hereafter as the base creature. A winter fey uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: As base creature +1.

Alignment: Any evil.

Type: The base creature's type remains fey, but it gains the cold subtype.

AC: Natural armor improves by +2.

Defensive Abilities: A winter fey retains the base creature's defensive abilities, and gains the following ability.

Fast Healing (Su): A winter fey gains fast healing 3 when in contact with ice or snow.

Speed: A winter fey retains the base creature's normal movement and gains the following.

Ice Walking (Ex): A winter fey takes no penalty to speed or on Acrobatics, Climb, or Stealth checks in snowy or icy terrain or weather conditions and can walk across snow crusts or thin ice without breaking through.

Attacks: A winter fey retains all the natural weapons, manufactured weapon attacks, and weapon proficiencies of the base creature. A creature with hands gains one claw attack per hand; the winter fey can strike with each of its claw attacks at its full attack bonus. A claw attack deals damage as if the winter fey

were one size category larger than its actual size (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 301–302). If the base creature already had claw attacks with its hands, use the winter fey claw damage only if it's better.

Special Attacks: A winter fey retains the base creature's special attacks and gains the ones listed below.

Frigid Touch (Su): Once per day, a winter fey may attempt a touch attack against a foe; if successful, it deals 1d6 points of Dexterity damage by freezing the blood in its victim's veins and numbing its victim to the bone.

Frosty Grasp (Su): A winter fey's natural attacks, as well as any weapons it wields, deal an additional 1d6 points of cold damage.

Abilities: A winter fey's Strength and Constitution increase by +2.

Skills: A winter fey gains a +4 racial bonus on Survival checks when in cold environments.



MAIDEN, MOTHER, CRONE

by Tim Hitchcock

On the trail of Baba Yaga, the heroes find themselves on a new continent—far-off Casmaron. Here they must explore three ancient, mystically linked dungeons in the barbaric land of Iobaria in search of more clues to the fate of the Queen of Witches, but they must also contend with savage centaurs and demon-worshipping frost giants who seek to claim Baba Yaga's secrets for themselves.

THE DVEZDA MARCHES

by Tim Hitchcock

Discover this distant stretch of Iobaria encompassing Hoofwood, the Deeprun Crevasse, and the mysterious monument called Artrosa—a land of centaur tribes and lost ruins.

KOSTCHTCHIE

by Sean K Reynolds

Learn more of the history behind the twisted demon lord of cold, giants, and revenge. Find out how this being

changed from a foul Ulfen man into the demon lord known as the Deathless Frost after Baba Yaga took his soul and transformed him forever, physically and spiritually.

AND MORE!

Take a sleigh ride down the creepy cobbles of Porcelain Street with Norret and Orlin in "The Bonedust Dolls," an alchemically loaded Pathfinder's Journal! Also, five terrible monsters from the frozen reaches of Golarion menace this month's Pathfinder Bestiary.

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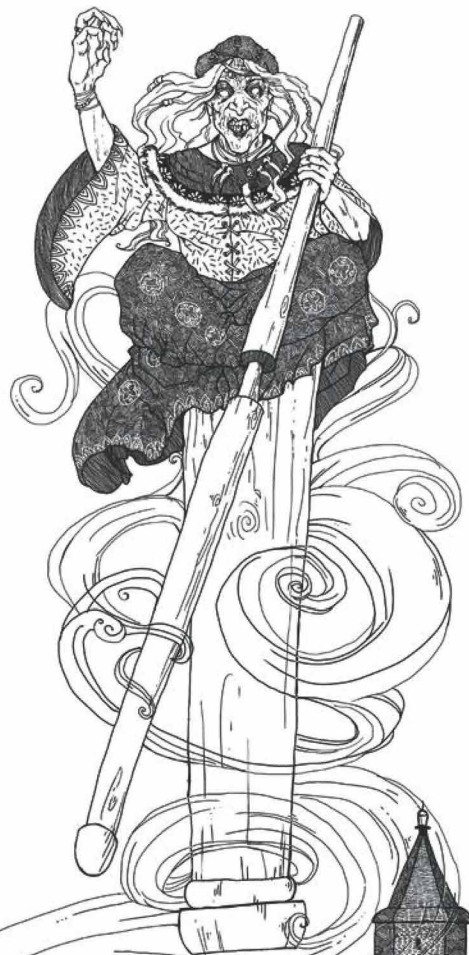
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O GRANDMOTHER, O GREAT
CRONE! YOU CAME TO US
AND RAISED A THRONE!

AFTER THE WINTER WAR WAS WON,
GRANDMOTHER FLEW ABOVE HER
NEW CAPITAL IN HER MAGIC MORTAR
AS THE WIND BLEW AND THE SNOW
BEGAN TO FALL. SINGING POWERFUL
WORDS IN HER GRAVELLY VOICE,
CALLING TO THE LAKE BELOW, SHE
RAISED UP GLISTENING SPIRES OF ICE,
IMPOSSIBLY TALL AND WREATHED IN
FOG AND FROST, TO FASHION
THE ROYAL PALACE. NOW
BABA YAGA'S DAUGHTERS SIT
ON THE THRONE SHE BUILT,
OVERSEEING OUR WINTER-
TOUCHED REALM AND RULING
ALL HER CHILDREN.



CITY OF WHITE WITCHES

The winter portal has closed, but the heroes now find themselves trapped in the frozen land of Irrisen with an urgent quest—to find Baba Yaga! In order to track down the missing Queen of Witches, the heroes must brave the monster-infested capital city of Whitethrone, where Baba Yaga's *Dancing Hut* has been captured and put on display. Will possession of the miraculous artifact lead them to the Witch Queen, or will they die a cold death at the hands of Irrisen's White Witches?

This volume of Pathfinder Adventure Path continues the Reign of Winter Adventure Path and includes:

- “The Shackled Hut,” a Pathfinder RPG adventure for 4th-level characters, by Jim Groves.
- An exploration of the ecology and the origins of the cunning and dangerous winter wolf, by Russ Taylor.
- A look into the cult of rebels and revolutionaries who revere Milani the Everbloom, by Sean K Reynolds.
- A dangerous introduction to Whitethrone's aristocracy in the Pathfinder's Journal, by Kevin Andrew Murphy.
- Four new monsters, by Jim Groves, Dale C. McCoy, Jr., and Sean K Reynolds.



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Printed in China. PZO9068