Adventure Seeds

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**The Lost Tome of Zorah**

Zorah was once a Sepharan sculptor of great renown. His idols often incorporated Sepharic symbols in their shape and form so that an image of a Earth Demon might be contorted into the iconographic arc of a ward against aeromancy. As such many of his pieces were highly sought after and pupils lined up at his shop to learn his sacred and artistic craft. Upon the nearing of his death, Zorah produced a large tome that contained the summation of his work including many of the various spells and calligraphs used in his work as well as secrets of sculpting, carving, and mixing of materials.

Upon the master's death however, the small cult following that had grown up around him split into various factions. The tome was supposedly lost, and even though different scions from Zorah's school claimed from time to time to possess the Tome and all the secrets of their lost master, none ever reached his skill and indeed, the book itself was never seen again.

*GMs notes:* The Lost Tome of Zorah is indeed lost to time. Only various scraps and pages remain, scattered across the Lower Planes with the remnants of Zorah's cult of sculptor-followers. However, some of these scraps do indeed contain powerful lost lore. With such rewards as bonuses to Craft: sculpting, carving, or pottery; Appraise: Sculpting, Carving, or Pottery; and even Cult Rituals all the way to lost and forgotten spells of Symbolotry the individual scraps and pages are frequently still sought after and fought over by Sepharan cults.

**Adventure Possibilities**

* The PCs are accosted by a wounded and obviously mad Sepharan. Before he expires he presses a scrap of parchment into one of their hands, and mutters something in a language they do not understand. Shortly thereafter, the PCs find themselves the targets of Sepharan monks for a period of time. Are the monks after the scrap of parchment with its strange arcane diagram, or do they wish the dying word of the Sepharan renegade they had poisoned?
* After finding a strange little sculpture amongst the ruins in the Fallen Lands, the PCs find themselves either the target of extreme ire of certain types of demons or completely ignored by others. At first, the sculpture itself seems to be the focus of this (dis)interest, but after one attack, the sculpture shatters revealing a long strip of carved deadwood covered with minute and intricate runes. Once removed from the crumbling pottery the strip seems to draw every demon for miles around. Every attempt to destroy the strip of carved wood fail. What does this signify? What do the symbols mean? Where can the PCs safely take this artifact?
* A Sepharan enclave in Orthyrion suddenly begins producing exquisite carvings. Within a few weeks, the carvings they produce become worth a fortune. Tarteran Houses first scoff, then begin to worry. Then just as suddenly as the pieces were released, they cease. Inquiries about the artists or the enclave are met with lies, stony silence, or outright threats from Orthyrion Tarterans. What happened to the Sepharans? And did they possess a piece of Zorah's Tome?

**The Forgotten Fortress of Sorinecharib**

In ages long past Sorinecharib was a mighty tactician of the Thane. While many of her fellows sought to master magic, Sorinecharib worked diligently to master more worldly matters. Sorinecharib was, if nothing else, practical in the extreme. She was one of the finest ship captains the Thane for quite a long time. Upon her death she was interred as per her wishes in her favorite vessel - a sleek, awe-inspiring craft armed against the many hazards that the Aethereal Seas possessed. Sorinecharib's Fortress, the craft was called, for with her at the helm, the ship had sailed against strange pirates from unknown ports, Zoab marauders during their Empire's height, and even various schools of aquatic demons. When the Thane awoke after their centuries of slumber, few remembered Sorinecharib. Those who did began to make inquiries - for even if her soul was lost, her mighty craft might yet remain. Alas, none of those the Thane have ever sent in search of Sorinecharib's Fortress have ever returned.

And yet . . . strange tales are occasionally told around Tarteran ports - tales of a strange, sleek black craft with an adamant prow. This strange ship is frequently sighted in or near the Bay of Mists, but never responds to hails.

*GM's Notes:* Sorinecharib was more than just a sailor, more than just a sorcerer. She was something of a philosopher poet. Though it is difficult to imagine, given the vision of the present Neferatans, Sorinecharib was a girl in love with the sea. Her most devout wish was to forever sail the seas . . . and not just the seas she knew. Using the leverage she had in the Thane empire, she managed to secure not only knowledge of the plane spanning properties of the Threshold but also the early knowledge that went into the soul sustaining spells that were to keep the Thane "alive" during their lands destruction. With that knowledge, and her body preserved and ensconced in her Fortress, Sorinecharib became a spectral entity haunting her own ship, sailing it out among the spectral waters of the Aethereal sea.

**Adventure Possibilities**

* The PCs encounter Sorinecharib's Fortress while sailing on a Tarteran vessel. Should they investigate the strange ebon craft, they find it empty of all life. Some of the ship's rooms are locked, and nothing seems to work on forcing them open. But other rooms are accessible, and seem to indicate that there was a crew on board recently. PCs find strange foodstuffs laid out for a feast, beds with blankets still warm, lines and rigging set to ride out a storm. Should the PCs stay aboard too long, they return top-side to find their own vessel has disappeared from view. Strange flitting images, spectral and ghost-like, move at the edge of sight. The PCs now seem to be the only crew of a strange ship. Can they finally sail it to port? What lies within the locked rooms? What happened to the former crew? And where is Sorinecharib?
* A Black Savant approaches the PCs after hearing rumors about Sorinecharib's Fortress haunting nearby waters. He wants the PCs to find the vessel, and if possible board it. He wants confirmation that the vessel is Sorinecharib's. That is all the PCs are to do. Confirm the presence of Sorinecharib's body and return to report to him. However, once aboard the vessel attempts to abduct the PCs. Out of sight of land, Sorinecharib's spirit will appear and plead with the PCs not to tell others of her presence. She fears that should others learn of her spirit aboard the boat, they will take her from the seas she loves. Whom do the PCs trust, the spirit of a Thane long dead, or a Thane no longer among the living?
* An Ebonite shadowizard approaches the PCs with a version of the legend of Sorinecharib. He claims that the vessel in question is actually powered by a huge soulstone that his former cabal created and that the legend of Sorinecharib is largely false. Sorinecharib, he claims, was a Thane ship captain, but was merely the soul used to power the soulstone that resides in the center of the vessel. The soulstone of Sorinecharib, he claims, should not be able to power the vessel, only provide navigation aids, nautical advice, and possibly, some necromantic protection for whomever stands at the helm. Obviously, he says, the sightings of Sorinecharib's Fortress are more than they seem. He wants the soulstone back as it belongs to his cabal, and he wants the PCs to get it. However, who, or what, is currently piloting the craft?

**The Worlds Tree**

Somewhere deep in the Deadwood Forest, rumor holds that there stands an ancient Deadwood tree of a grandiose and amazing size. Stories say that not only do the roots of this patriarch of trees claw downwards into the planes of the Underworld, but that its heavy, twisted limbs also stretch outward to pierce the barriers between the Midnight Realm and other outer planes of existence.

Some of the races in the Midnight Realms have differing legends about this old, gnarled tree. The Sepharans claim that one of their most revered Symbolators once studied the strange, otherworldly curves and lines of the Tree before undergoing a trial of pain and endurance after which he received insight into the nature of Sepharic runes. The Ebonites view legends of the Tree with some suspicion. Although they know that the trees of the Deadwood forest do reach the Underworld, few of them recall any sizable portions of Deadwood trees in other planes. The Thane however do know of Deadwood in other planes, but discount the legend all together claiming that while the trees do span across the planes, there is little veracity to any one tree of such age and prominence to do what legends claim. Certain Tarteran Houses tell stories of the Tree and how its properties can be used to help an individual pierce the planes and travel unhindered by constraints.

*GM's Notes:* Whether or not the Tree itself is real, the properties of Deadwood are strange and arcane. No one has ever entered the Deadwood forest and emerged with any substantial proof of the Tree of Worlds. Many claim to have never found it, others have emerged mad and rambling, with wild stories of things they saw or encountered while slumbering near the huge arching bowers of the Worlds Tree.

**Adventure Possibilities**

* PCs are hired to seek out a small cult of Sepharans who are forming an expedition to the Worlds Tree. These Sepharans are to be stopped from gleaning any dangerous knowledge from the Worlds Tree - how they are to be stopped is up to the PCs.
* PCs encounter an obviously mad Tarteran from Avernon. During his inane ramblings, the PCs can deduce that he has been to the Tree of Worlds. Further evidence can be found if the PCs manage to search his belongings. Inside a pack is a small deadwood carving of something resembling a crystalline city. If confronted with the miniature carving, the Tarteran flies into a rage, lashing out at anyone and anything nearby, all the while screaming about "Towers of Green Glass!" and "You fools! You fools! You don't know what you're going to let loose!" and occasionally heaving out great sobbing tears and flinging blasts of arcane energy at random unseen targets.

**The Fiery Atolls**

Owing their name to a strange quirk of weather in their location, the Fiery Atolls are situated near the borders of the Sea of Frozen Fire and Midnight Sea off the western coast of the Midnight Realm. As spray from the Sea of Frozen Fire passes over, an eerie phosphorescence blows up, over, and around many of the small islands causing them to appear to be burning in a strange Aethereal wind. Rumors vary as to the origins of this small string of isles: some Tarteran historians claim that they were part of a land mass connected to the continent but cut off during the demonic cataclysm that destroyed the Thane Empire, while others suggest that they are perhaps more recent, emerging from the tortured boundaries between the Sea of Frozen Fire and the Midnight Sea. In either case, these small islands remain largely a mystery to the modern inhabitants of the Midnight Realm largely because they seem to hold nothing of value. Indeed, during the frequent occurrences of storms in the area, the islands are regularly completely submerged rendering them not only largely inaccessible and dangerous, but also a great peril to any passing ships. While it is true that no one in recent memory has ever dared venture close enough to land on one due the presence of various entities such as void dragons, blue fire and night demons, stories abound about what some of the larger bodies might contain.

**Sepharos Isle** According to sailors’ gossip, this low wind-swept barren spit of land is completely covered in runes, sigils, carvings, and markings. While the writing is too small to make out from a distance, those who have sailed near this island claim never to have seen a Sepharan nearby. When asked, those Sepharans who do know of the Isle claim that it is false and that the real "Island of Runes" has been lost. Just how the Sepharans lost an entire island remains an enigma that none of them have bothered to explain.   
**Nobion’s Keep** The tallest of the Fiery Atolls, Nobion’s Keep is a viciously curved and twisted spire of dark black stone jutting upwards from the Midnight Sea like an accusing finger. Frequently wreathed in a nimbus of bluish flickering mist, the island is often seen by sailors to be struck by lightning. In this manner, they use the island as a harbinger of storms and an omen of the dangers of the rest of the atoll nearby. Indeed, those who have passed close to the reef surrounding Nobion’s Keep claim to have seen the remnants of various sunken craft surrounding the stone. As to the name of the perversely spiraling formation, Nobion was a Tarteran warlock of ages past who took his cabal with him and sailed north into a storm from Porphyrion’s port not long after that Princedom's formation. Precisely why this spire now holds his name is unknown, but all of Porphyrion’s sailors have called it thus.   
**Spirit Island** This cloven shelf of rock and muck is frequently cited as being the resting place for bands of night demons, giving it an air of ill repute. Furthering the peculiarity of this large, fungal covered stone is the sporadic sighting of a dark spectral tower rising out from the cleft in the south-western side of the isle. Reportedly, this tower is the home of a cabal of either shadowizards, accursed spirits, or a doomed archmage whose experiments went awry.   
**The Burning Isle** The brightest glowing Isle in all the Fiery Atolls seems to glow with its own light apart from that created by the sea spray from the Sea of Frozen Fire. Sailors claim that if one stares at the light for too long it seems to beckon the unwary like moths to a flame. The color of the glow from the Burning Isle changes intermittently, shifting almost with the mood of the viewer. No one has gotten close enough to see exactly what the island is made of and returned to tell the tale, but passing ships have occasionally seen the emaciated forms of Tarterans floating in the sea nearby and wreckage laying caught in the surrounding reefs. Strangely enough, this island seems uninhabited - the various demon-forms that dwell nearby seem to shun the strange flickering light of the Isle.

*GM's Notes:* The various individual Fiery Atolls are a favored location for arcanists from Porphyrion. From the reefs and small isles they collect a variety of fungi, fishes, and other items that go towards fueling both alchemy and enchantment. Some items of note include coral that can easily hold the 'water' of the Sea of Frozen Fire, light absorbing mosses from Spirit Island, and strangely glimmering rocks from the reefs around the Burning Isle.

* + **Sepharos Isle** - The reefs around the island of runes are often harvested for both coral which is used in magical pigments and dyes as well as a strange breed of fauna known as Rune Fish. Each of these small, darting silverfish bears a single crimson mark upon its side, and no two Rune Fish are the same. However, the marks they bear are difficult to decipher for the marks do not all 'face' the same direction. Indeed, it often seems that the fish is transparent and that the rune hangs in mid-water - the rune is mirrored on one side of the animal. The difficulty comes in deciphering what the rune is and which way it is supposed to face.
  + **Nobion’s Keep** - No one has set foot on Nobion’s Keep in recent memory, but the graveyard of ships surrounding it are home to aquatic vantic and moldworms, shivs, and aquademons. In addition, numerous spiritforms can be found here, trapped amongst the wreckage along with the belongings they and their ships once carried.
  + **Spirit Island** - On and around Spirit Island grows a strange, greyish moss that literally absorbs light. If left to grow on its own, it can subsist by 'consuming' the light around it; but if left locked away in darkness it begins to slowly decay emitting a faint, spectral light that is the only illumination that Ebonites can bear and that the moss itself cannot 'feed' upon. Called by the various names of "Dead man's weed," "Ebonmoss," or "Specter scum," it brings a high value in the markets of the Nine Princedoms that are frequented by Ebonites or those that cater to them.
  + **The Burning Isle** - The Burning Isle is indeed inhabited, but not by anything seen elsewhere in the Midnight Realms. The Cerygian is an ancient spiritform, banished long ago and bound to a witchstone that rests on the center of the island. It attempts to lure sailors in in an attempt to break the bonds that hold it so that it may be free once more.

The Cerygian is a strange, violent, and cunning spirit similar to a Phasm trapped upon the Burning Isle. In many ways, it is a cannibal for it consumes other spirits in order to sustain itself. This creature often appears as a shimmering display of color, similar in some aspects to an Illusion, but able to affect those normally immune to such effects. It possesses the ability to extend this field of Illusion over a larger area; but as the area increases, the effectiveness decreases. The spirit still possesses intellect and is capable of speech, but often it is so maddened with hunger, anger, and hate that its first reaction is to slay and then consume any 'trespassers' on its long-time abode.

Size: 15' tall, 25' long, weight - not applicable   
Str +1 Dex + 4 Spd +0 Con -1 CR 0   
Int +5 Wil +1 Per +2 Cha +4 MR +7   
HP 52 PR none   
Ability Level: 15   
Attacks/Damage: Energy Drain/Spectral Claws DR 6 (DR 12 vs spirits, demons, and other incorporeal creatures)   
Special Abilities: Detect astral/invisible/spirit entities within 1 mile, immune to illusions, harmed only by magic and substances noted as inflicting damage on extradimensional entities, incorporeal.   
Magic Use - Wizardry with Illusion, Influence, Attack, Move, Defend, and Conceal all at ability level.

**Adventure's Seeds**

* Rumors persist of a black diamond the size of a child's head that was lost on the Burning Isle in ages past. No one has been able to locate said stone through conventional means of scrying, but Porphyrion’s sailors claim to have seen strange glintings of light from something on the Isle. If such a stone exists, it in itself would be worth a small fortune - surely enough to propel its holder to the heights of the Hierarchy. Coupled with the power such a stone could contain, many of Porphyrion’s dregs attempt to sail for the Burning Isle, never to return. What happens when a family member of one of the Tarteran PCs decides to go? Do the PCs help or hinder them in their mission?
* During a strange alignment of stars and planets in the heavens, the Priest of a local Sepharan Cult makes a public appearance and while so doing, demands to see the PCs. When he meets with them, he informs them that he has seen their names writ large in the heavens, that it is their destiny to journey to Sepharos Isle and retrieve the Phantom Tablet of Shazrath. He refuses to elaborate on exactly what the Tablet is or what it can do, only telling them that their time is short, but they shall know the Tablet when they find it. Should the PCs actually find passage to Sepharos Isle, they arrive during a horrid conflagration of storms bred by storm demons over the Atolls. Additionally, all attempts to land on the island are foiled, apparently by sabotage. Who is to blame? The secretive, one eyed Tarteran ship captain, the handful of Sepharan crew members on board, or the strange and silent Thane who boarded at the last minute? Once on the island, what do the PCs find? Finding the tablet, do they dare return it to the Priest or are they bold enough to defiantly attempt to unravel its maddening secrets for themselves?
* A Porphyrion arcanist named Bibliok has a constructed a large tank filled with Rune Fish. Though his apprentices deride him in taverns and say that he is mad, he claims to have witnessed the strange fish actually schooling together and forming words, sentences, entire passages. However, Bibliok cannot read all of the runes the fish bear. He uses his higher station to demand that the PCs seek out a translator for him, giving each of them a small dried fish bearing a bizarre marking and forcing them to swear an oath not to let the fish fall into the hands of another. As the PCs search, the dead fish begin to reek a most unpleasant stench. The sheer maleficent odor of the flesh serves to draw all kinds of unwanted attention - roaming bands of imps, Sepharan cultists, ghasts, necrophages, and shivs. The PCs must act quickly to find a translator before the rotting flesh is illegible or they fall prey to what the smell brings.

**The Sands of Sorrow**

Bordered by the Iron River on its western edge and the Smoldering Plains to the south, the Sands of Sorrow are a vast expanse of rocky desert in the Fallen Lands. The dry barren landscape is pierced intermittently by twisted spires of rock and ash. Around these peculiar formations the locale's constant winds make spectral sounds of hooting, piping, howling, and screeching. The area is home to a variety of vile creatures such as brainworms, devil bats, feranths, and magmites. It is also a frequent haunt of a variety of demons, including dust, smoke, plague and earth demons. These things make the locale less than hospitable; however, there are several reasons travelers may brave the dangers posed by the terrain and its inhuman inhabitants.   
The rocky structures which gyre through the landscape delve deep underground as well and, as some travelers have discovered, are frequently hollow, leading to cavernous subterranean spaces that show signs of inhabitation. Indeed, many of the tunnels of rock seem to have worn carvings that could be used for hand and foot holds, while those that emerge above ground and arc into the air frequently have small openings to the outside world that let in light and stale, hot air. Scholars insist that there must be either ancient Thane burial sites in the area, just as in the Smoldering Plains. Occasionally burial relics are found in some of the cavernous spaces, placed into niches or upon strange alter-like carvings.

*GM’s Notes:* The twisting spires and mesas in the Sands of Sorrow are indeed home to something. Or rather, several somethings. There are three distinctly different major groups which inhabit the caverns of the Sands of Sorrow: a cabal of Ebonites, a group of Sepharan cultists, and a clan of Tarterans. The Ebonites are few in number, but great in power. The Tarteran clan is tough, using the winding tunnels and looping spaces for daring aerial assaults on their foes. The Sepharan cultists, while by far the most numerous of the inhabitants, are spread into roaming bands that do not always see eyes to eyes. All of them vie for the same resources - resources that include the rare, unwary traveler who finds their way into the tunnels of stone.

***Sorrow Ebonites***   
"Like the whispering of the wind we shall arrive. Like the silent sands we strike."

Your cabal has been in these tunnels for several centuries now, with little in the way of new members. Occasionally one of your ilk is destroyed by the other denizens of the land, but the rest of you continue on. You have a mission. Find the key to secrets interred here. You shall not fail. Too much depends upon it.

Appearance: 6'6" - 7'6", weightless or 110-160 lbs. when corporeal. Eyes like smoldering white coals. Appears as a tall, thin shadow when incorporeal, or as a black skinned, spidery humanoid when not. In both forms, hair and loose clothing are blown about by an aetheric wind, even when there is no breeze to be felt.

Str 0 Dex +1 Spd 0 Con +1 CR +2   
Int +2 Wil +2 Per +2 Cha -1 MR +2   
HP 18

Special Abilities: See clearly in even magical darkness; detect invisible, Aethereal, and astral presences by sight; immune to damage from unenchanted weapons and those not noted for damaging extra-dimensional entities; dismayed and partially blinded by strong light (-5 to all actions); damaged by magical radiance (suffers damage equal to the Level of the light spell); change from corporeal to incorporeal form at will (change takes one round); emanates an aura of death in a 10' radius (this spooks normal animals, and these must make a WIL roll or flee the Ebonite's presence).

Necromancy   
5 Modes at +6

two weapons of choice +2   
Shadowstep +2   
Stealth +3   
Survival: Sands of Sorrow +4   
Arcane Lore +2

Equipment: Shadowsilk robe and hood, choice of two shadowsteel weapons +1, spellbook bound in bone inset with shadowsteel filigree

***Sorrow Tarterans***   
*swift rush of wing-beaten wind* "Dare to fly with us tonight. Dare to dive through darkness."

Your clan has inhabited these caverns for generations. Your founder came here at the direction of a devil of great power with the intent of finding an ancient relic interred with one of the old Thane regents. The clans shamans still worship the devils, and the devils respond. Some of your brethren toil in the lightless depths, seeking still. Not you. You crave the rush of fetid air under your wings, and your enemy's blood beneath your blade.

Appearance: 5’10"- 6’7", 200-240 lbs. Fiery red skin, emerald or onyx eyes, raven hair, ebon horns and chin-spurs, claw-like fingernails, bat-like wings.   
Str +2 Dex + 2 Con 0 Spd +5\* CR +4   
Int -1 Wil -3 Per +4 Cha -1 MR +1   
HP 24 \*Airborne; 0 on foot

Special Abilities: See clearly in even magical darkness, flight, highly susceptible to temptation (Will roll at GM's discretion)

Spear +4   
Weapon <One of choice> +2   
Aerial Combat +5   
Brawling +3   
Stealth +4   
Traps +2   
Demon Lore +3   
Survival: Sands of Sorrow +4   
Archaen, native   
Elder Tongue, fluent

Equipment: breechcloth and vest of leather, leather armor +2, Stone-tipped spear +1, choice of one weapon

***Sorrow Sepharans***   
"Follow us if you wish to see the surface again."

You and your brothers work constantly. The high priest directs your tasks. Frequently you are required to retrieve strange urns, mirrors, or tablets of stone from deep underground. Sometimes the shadows take your brothers. Sometimes the winged devil-men slay your kind. Do your best to keep your head and do as you are told. Learn the passages because a wrong turn in the lightless depths can take you to places where no one will ever find you again. There are things in the depths. Things the priests don't tell you about. Things that even the priests fear. Things that you never want to see again.

Appearance: 5'4" - 6'6", 100-180 lbs. Deathly pale skin covered with dark runes. Black eyes with a pearly white iris, black to brown head-tendrils in place of hair. A vertical slit in the middle of the forehead is a large third eye, larger than the other two and also black with a white iris.

Str +1 Dex +1 Spd 0 Con 0 CR +2   
Int +1 Wil +2 Per +3 Cha -1 MR +2   
HP 22

Special Abilities: Demon Eye

Demon Eye   
2 Modes of choice +2

one weapon of choice +4   
Brawling +2   
Stealth +5   
Laborer +4   
Mining +2   
Survival: Sands of Sorrow +3   
Demon Lore +4   
Cult Rituals +5   
four Calligraphs, each no higher than level 6   
Runic, Fluent   
Elder Tongue, Native

Equipment: Robes, sandles, weapon of choice, miner’s tools or laborers equipment.

**Adventure Seeds**

* The players are in the area - perhaps on a demon hunt - and wounded and weary need a place to rest. They group spies what they think is a cave near the base of a rocky cliff, but investigation reveals that its actually an entrance to a subterranean realm. Who finds the group first? What do the PCs make of these alien counterparts?
* The players begin delving into the Sands of Sorrow in search of an ancient Thane relic (the fabled Eye of Aubrik, one of the rare Tomes of Planar Understanding, or perhaps the funeral urn of a past Thane Necromancer-Sage) only to encounter a band of Tarterans. While the Tarterans do know about demons, they have little silver amongst their tribe. The PCs are taken before the Tarterans Shaman-priest, who indoctrinates them into the clan. The PCs can use these others as a means to navigate the strange under-world of the Sands of Sorrow.
* A strange, obese little man arrives at the PCs doorstep. He communicates with the aid of a small imp but seems to converse entirely in musical notes and tones. Somehow, he has learned of the strange sounds produced in the Sands of Sorrow and wants to mount an expedition there. He has a small chest carried by another imp that contains a sizable amount of silver, cresent-shaped coins. Should the PCs accept, once the expedition is starting, they will be approached by a Tarteran magician who claims that the expedition is doomed because the sounds made in the Sands of Sorrow are the "mournful cries of the damned. Should you bring them back, only misery shall follow." The strange little employer will admit that certain sounds and tones do carry certain meaning, but that the archiving of the sounds from this particular desert are sounds that he needs to bring new life to a composition he is writing. He cannot be dissuaded. Should the PCs balk, their employer will most certainly seek someone else willing to go.

**The Colossal Isles**

Off the south eastern shore of the Midnight Realm are a series of strange islands connected by shallow causeways and reefs. The entire area resonates with a strong magical synergy that affects certain Orders of spell casting. From what modern Tarteran scholars can determine, the Colossal Isles are apparently a similar structure the twin colossi that form the Threshold, but larger and perhaps of a slightly different shape. It was apparently humanoid in form, and now rests ‘face down’ in the dark waters of the Midnight Sea. It is unknown if the giant construct was once on land and fell into its current position, or if the strange and eroded figure was being constructed while in the water. In either case, the figure of the structure is worn and weather-beaten unlike the forms of the colossi - whether this means that this shape was an early attempt and a failure at that, or if this colossus was something else entirely is unknown. The islands are named, appropriately enough, after the parts of the body that are capable of supporting some modicum of life: *Pedesti* - a long parallel stretch of stony beaches that were probably the legs of the structure; *Corpori* - the thick trunk of the form and the most inhabited; and *Capuchi* - the crown of the figure and where the strongest distortion of the magical field occurs.

The islands are covered in lichens, mosses, and, on Corporo, small stunted deadwood trees. While evidence exists of caves and tunnels that burrow through and below the surface of the islands, it is unknown how deep they go, or if they are water-logged beneath. The strange magical disturbance is centered somewhere underground on Capuchi and extends out into the Midnight Sea in the direction of the Threshold and down onto Corpori. Pedesti is largely free of the effects, but some Orthyrion sailors claim that they have been the victims of the vagaries of magics off the northern Pedesti coast. A variety of small rodents, insects, and aerial creatures lair upon the three Colossal Isles, and the surrounding environs are known to be the haunts of both water and psycho-demons. Thane ships are frequently sighted near the Isles, as if they too are studying the strange form, but if they were the builders why would they need to study something they constructed?

*GM’s Notes:* The structure known as the Colossal Isles is a strange contradiction. It is seemingly a stone statue, but it rests as if floating like a swimmer in the waters of the Midnight Sea. It has a strange effect upon magics cast in its area, but seems as if it itself is magical as well. This disturbance can affect spellcasting from the Orders of Necromancy, Wizardry, Witchcraft, Shamanism, and Invocation by as much as -10, while Elementalism and Mysticism spells are affected an opposite degree. The Thane do acknowledge that the general form of the Isles is similar to the forms that make up the Threshold, but they are reticent to divulge any other information. Indeed, no one at present knows exactly how the Thane constructed the Threshold. In any case, the magical disturbance seems to point towards the Threshold as the ‘feet’ of the Isles point towards the general direction of Othryion. Some of the Pirates have tried over the centuries to discern the secrets of the Isles for their own gain and profit, but to no avail. At times, the Pirates whisper, it seems as if the Isles are alive, and wish to keep their secrets to themselves.

**Adventure Seeds**

* Pintoshi, an Othyrian Pirate and a former ally of one of the PCs returns into the character's life with a grandiose tale of being marooned on Pedesti where she discovered something strange and miraculous. She claims that she was able through magical means to dive down under the waters of the Midnight Sea to the “toes” of the great figure and discovered a huge band of argentium about the smallest toe on the figure's left foot. As near as she could tell, the band radiates a powerful aura of magic, and she believes that she can remove it. However, she would need the aid of some daring souls to watch not only for her former crew who left her there, but also for the ubiquitous aqua demons known to lair in the area. Dare they trust her mad tale? Or will she double-cross them again, as she has done in the past?
* A number of psycho-demons lair near the apex of Capuchi. The steep, cliff-like sides of the isle prevent easy access, but a Thane sea-captain insists that he has discerned that these psycho demons are guarding some secret. While he isn't sure exactly what it is that the demonic presences are hiding, he is sure that it is crucial to understanding the nature of the Colossal Isles.
* Shipwrecked by a flock of storm demons, the PCs struggle ashore on Copori and manage to find a trail up the precipitous sides towards the southern end of the island. As the days go by, and the PCs must fend off the various denizens of the island, intermittent demonic attacks, and untrustworthy weather while waiting for rescue, they chance upon a significant discovery - the Colossal Isles move. While not rapid - indeed, the PCs may at first not believe their senses - the Isles definitely exhibit some degree of motion in relation to the heavens, the shore, and the Threshold. Is the island an island at all, or some strange monolithic creature slowly moving towards the upper planes?