

Oathbound®

Mysteries of Arena

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The night wind of the desert began to rise, lifting the red sand like a veil over Drev Nostrum's eyes. The dover caravan master of Port Makhesh blinked against the maddening grit that stung his face like tiny, nipping teeth. Driven hungrily across the dunes by the increasing wind, the sand stole much of his vision, leaving only the faint outlines of rock outcroppings about him. He struggled through the storm, feeling as forlorn as if he had awoken in a tomb bereft of the familiar surroundings and comforts wrought by life.

Longing for his abandoned sand mask, the dover pulled his shirt high over his furred muzzle in an effort to filter some of the intruding dust. Despite his efforts, the sand sprinkled his jowls and tasted metallic in his mouth, like old blood. The tang caused his mind to drift with painful clarity to the grim events that had devoured his livelihood and his world. In a rush of frightening intensity, sounds and sights streamed through his thoughts.

The defeat of Brehg Uhmaxus—a tyrannical warlord who had fallen afoul of power hungry mercenaries three weeks before—had created a rush of mercantile energy. Understanding the need for materials such power exchanges invoked, Drev quickly assembled a caravan laden with food, drink, entertainment, and healing balms. Alerted to the similar preparations of other merchants, he ordered the caravan's premature departure from Port Makhesh. This uncharacteristic haste was a gamble for which the caravan master vehemently berated himself. Not for the loss of life it caused, but for the end of his dreams of wealth and power.

On the night before reaching Uhmaxus' old holding he had ordered the evening procedures to begin. Lashing cables were set for the reptilian kine. Unhitched from the sand wagons, they were secured to the cables and fed. Their fur ringlets shimmered iridescently as familiar actions brought pleasure to their simple minds. Cook stoves were erected and the odor of fried bread began to drift over the camp. Perhaps it was the proximity of the journey's end that had loosened his caution or the promise of financial gain. Regardless, Drev allowed the traveling entertainers to placate his weary drovers with well-earned merriment and debauchery.

Whether it was the sounds of music and rhythmic dancing or the nearness of so much pulsing flesh that drew the creature, Drev could not say, but come it did, erupting from the sand in a tempest of lashing, ropy tentacles. Thick purplish strands of flesh lengthened and grew more numerous, weaving through the encampment with hideous ease. Everything touched by their passing was caught up and pulled into the pit from whence they had come. Entire wagons and kine vanished into that abyss, drawn to a horrific fate that was fast approaching.

The caravan dissolved into blind terror.

Screams of the stalked rose as summer heat to the heavens, and were matched by heinous clicking issuing from the pit. The dunes quaked and rolled, then bulged upwards as a creature shook itself free of the sand. Resembling a common desert lizard,

the beast was titanic – easily six times the size of a kine. Its mouth was ringed with a wriggling score of tentacles half the length of its tail that snapped out with surprising speed and strength.

Lacking pride and morals, Drev fled into the night, taking only his sword and moneybag. The cries of his fellows echoed across the dunes like accusations of the damned. Their pleas fell vainly on an empty heart as he ran on, fleeing as much from their cries as from the horror that had caused them. The cries abruptly ended, leaving the desert burdensome and silent with their absence.

The dover's reverie was snapped as the hairs on his nape stood erect. The calls of mating insects and the fluttering of night things that had accompanied him in his flight were gone. He halted, straining to hear any sign that the creature had followed him. His temples pounded ferociously, a sharp shiver lanced along his spine as the faint clicking noise reached him again. Knowing he was being hunted, Drev scrambled across the sand, trying to put as much distance between himself and the approaching horror as possible.

Blinded by a gust of sand laden wind, the caravan master staggered down a dune. The surface slid beneath his feet, causing his legs to give way completely. With a yelp, Drev tumbled down the shifting decline, halting himself near the bottom. Sputtering against the encroaching sand that was gathering about him, the dover growled and clawed his way free, plucking his sword and moneybag from the devouring dust just before they vanished from sight.

The dover's lungs burned with panic as he glanced about, seeking some refuge from the dreadful beast that drew ever closer. Ahead, through a mist of falling sand, Drev saw the wavering outline of an ancient structure. His spirits rose—an abandoned settlement! He staggered to his weary feet and lumbered toward it, praying the security it offered would suffice. Just then the wind weakened and freed his vision from the obscuring sand, as if urging him to glimpse a hidden mystery.

Just as the clicking of the horror spurred him on beforehand, the sight in front of him now rooted his steps. Beyond the ragged remains of the ancient structure were more buildings, comprising far more than in simple villages. He stood awestruck as the wind died, revealing the full import of his discovery. Clusters of intact buildings rose above the sand, creating a maze of streets and lanes long empty. In the distance the caravan master saw the towering edifices of obelisks and farther still the upper reaches of a marble tiered pyramid. The entire area—easily as large as Port Makhesh—was disturbingly free of dunes that ringed the ruins in shifting walls of red powder.

Thoughts of death fell from Drev, replaced by the avaricious greed that was his soul's center. On numbed feet he plodded forward, his mind awash with fantasies of untold wealth. Such places were myth, told to children to tantalize and frighten. Every merchant has heard the stories, but never had



he expected to become part of one—to find a lost city of the Forgotten. Reputed to have been powerful masters of magic and flesh, the Forgotten left no evidence of their existence save scattered ruins and wondrous items of peculiar function. Realizing the immense value of such a site, the caravan master himself forward, rushing headlong into the city's choked interior.

The clicking of the creature was clearly audible now. The horror was gaining despite the dover's efforts and must surely be near the edge of the Forgotten's city. Desperate not to die in the midst of such wealth, Drev made for a large structure to his left, praying its thick walls promised protection against the hunger of the tentacled monstrosity. The echoes of crashing bricks and timber reached him, harkening the advance of the creature into the city itself.

Urged on by panic and greed, the dover lurched into the building's dim confines. The shadows within were moist and deep, sending invigorating shivers along his body. He coughed against the dampness. The caravan master's eyes adjusted, revealing a large columned chamber with peeling frescoes depicting oddly shaped beings holding bells and staffs. A passageway pierced the far wall, its broad lintel graven with mysterious characters that Drev did not recognize. Sensing his escape was at hand, the dover made for the opening.

Like the crack of a whip, a tentacle slapped the stone at his feet. Barking a startled cry, the dover leapt to one side and drew his sword. The creature's reptilian body was pressed against the entrance, its head thrust into the hall. It issued a series of vile clicks and croaks as its tentacles flayed about the chamber in blind passion. They wiped frescoes from the walls and wrapped around several columns. Deceived that it had captured its quarry, the creature's tentacles convulsed around the columns, sending fragments of stone across the chamber as the dolomite blocks crumbled and gave way.

The ceiling groaned and began to sag. A shower of dust shot down, followed by fragments of rock and slabs of plaster. The creature, infuriated at its false victory, sent all its tentacles into the chamber, grasping everything within reach. Thunderous clicks shook the air as the creature swallowed the captured debris.

Realizing that the creature's reach exceeded the chamber's size, Drev lunged for the far passageway, narrowly avoiding a trio of questing tendrils. The dover's foot slid on the plaster-strewn floor, upsetting his balance. His sword arm flailed out, sending the blade clattering beyond hope of retrieval. Dropping to one knee, the caravan master corrected his balance and tightened his grip on his moneybag. Howling his defiance, he scrambled on three limbs through the yawning archway. As if by design, the ceiling of the entrance hall collapsed as he passed through, raining dolomite on the creature's tentacles, crushing many. A large capstone drove down on the beast's skull, shattering it in a wave of bone and pulpy gore.

Smaller fragments followed the dover into the passageway, peppering his legs and back with sharp chips of stone. Agonized, Drev collapsed. Dazed and oddly inured to the prospect of death, he watched the queer play of shadows along the passage caused by the plummeting stones. The final spokes of radiance from the suns penetrated the passage, their path unhindered by sections of the falling roof. Then, bit-by-bit, they vanished as the blocks filled the entrance. Mind numbing moments later, the tumble dwindled then ceased altogether.

Drev panted heavily for several more moments, his legs alive with pain. But, as with the light, that too faded. He rose on unsteady legs, bracing himself against the wall, and peered down the length of the passage. Spear tips of waning light shot the length, revealing a door of metal or dark stone under which a pale glow emanated. Curious and desiring some tangible recompense for the loss of his caravan, he made his way onward, grunting with every painful step.

The red-tinged vapors of light were almost gone when he reached the door. Its bronze-sheathed frame was cool to the touch and molded with deep patterns whose nature escaped him. Feeling along its edge, he found a latch of warmer metal. Giving it a yank, the dover was rewarded with a shudder that ran through the bronze door. Wishing he still had his sword, Drev unconsciously held his breath and pushed the door wide, releasing a soft silvery glow that washed over him like soothing water.

His precious moneybag slipped from his limp fingers, forgotten and irrelevant. Even the agony of his wounds paled and passed to memory from the sight before him. Drev ki'Nostrum stood in the entrance of a chamber many times larger than the entrance hall. Its ceiling was equally as high, but vaulted and thickly braced. A squat platform rested in the center upon which was a fountain that spewed gray-limned powder. About the platform were scattered a collection of gems of myriad colors and sizes. Their luster flickered desirably in the silvery radiance of the cascading powder.

His eyes became moist and glimmering. A chuckling sob burst past his lips as he shambled towards the fountain and the promise it offered. An emerald dusted by the powder captured his eye. As large as his eye, it was worth the attention of any bloodlord and would make him a person of importance overnight. With a trembling hand, Drev reached for the precious stone.

As his hand closed about it he knew something was amiss. The stone tingled in his palm and swiftly grew hot. Yipping, he cast the offending jewel away and looked at his hand. The silver-gray powder had begun to eat into his flesh, speckling his hand with tiny pinholes that issued noxious fumes. Panic seized him. Reeling back, he made for the passageway already knowing he was doomed. Spasms contorted his frame, sending him crashing to the floor. A scream of pure terror exploded from his throat, tearing his soul and sanity asunder.

Drev felt the tendrils about his lips beginning to grow.

Chapter 1: Introduction

Arena's Mysteries

One would think that it is hard to hide something in the desert. Leagues upon leagues of featureless sand stretching endlessly from the horizon to as far as the eye can see; nondescript, treeless dunes rolling unremarkably like waves upon the ocean; barren mesas and blasted canyons, stripped of all but the most basic, hardy and weatherworn features; struggling oases, utterly ordinary with the sole exception of their life-giving sources of water. All of these places—at first glance—seemingly have nothing to hide. Yet Arena has many secrets, and this harsh, deadly domain keeps them well.

One would surmise that in a bleak desert realm, where eternally glaring suns bleach bones white and the ever-blowing sand scours them clean of all flesh, nothing of the past would survive—that everything is eventually blasted to dust. While this is generally the case, the harsh desert suns and perpetual wind actually aid in the preservation of many things that would

otherwise be lost. There is precious little moisture in the desert and without moisture, rot or decay is thwarted. The baleful heat and dryness slowly leeches the moisture out of all things, mummifying them over time, preserving them for eternity. The wind, when it is not stripping tatters of flesh and fabric, moves the massive

Arena dunes, one tiny particle of sand at a time, slowly covering and entombing things which might otherwise be discovered, devoured, or destroyed. In this manner, the desert becomes far more than a mindless ravager of flesh and stone, metal and bone. In this way, the desert takes on the guise of the silent and stoic protector of knowledge and artifacts for days to come, only revealing them to the courageous, the curious, or those favored by chance.

Arena seems to have a mind and desire of its own when it comes to secreting things away from the eyes of mortals; stashing them in unthinkable corners of its vastness until it deems them ready for display. Many say that this is the will of the ever-fickle Barbello, the mistress of the domain, while others theorize that it is an unknown entity that dwells beneath the sands, vainly trying to exert its will over the land which has encapsulated it for eternity. Whatever the reason, none can deny that Arena, like a shrouded thief in the night, holds far more than it ever shows within the deep folds of its blood red cloak. “The sands are more than blood and gold,” the aged merchants often say, and nothing could be truer.

Commonplace are the tales of the ruins of ancient cities that are hidden deep within the swirling sands of Arena’s massive sea of dunes. Each of these ancient places holds its own troves of magic, treasures, and enigmas, the likes of which have never been seen by the eyes of mortals. Rumors of gloom-filled places beneath the surface of Arena—that yawning stretch of

endless dark known as the Gloomskain—fill the ears of all who enter the domain. It is said that these places shroud entire civilizations that have never walked under the blazing light of suns, that the pervading gloom changes all those who enter into it, and that the dark itself lives with a bewildering and omnipresent malice. Well-known are the stories of the steaming, impenetrable jungles which border the mighty rivers that cut swathes through Arena’s bulk; that their dark and sweltering innards hold mysteries, riches, and horrors that have no names in the Common tongue.

Arena is far more than the sum and tally of battles fought and won and of gold dug from the hard, unforgiving ground. Only the simpleminded or ignorant assume that there is but gold and glory to be found in the trackless depths of the sand sea. Arena is a vast storehouse of treasures and obscured secrets, all of which the domain jealously guards behind sand, the glare of the suns, and the bewildering magic of the ever-wavering mirage. Long forgotten enchantments—powerful beyond mortal ken—and

sources of raw might that burble up from the depths of the world like dark aquifers can be discovered in, among, and beneath Arena’s blood-stained sand. Only those who are brave and adventurous of heart can find these treasures, however, for they are ever protected from casual observance by the very

domain itself.

The Oath of Mystery

In the depths of obscurity were you born,
Spawned by hate, wing, rage, and horn.
In the dark raven’s eye shall you ever peer,
Never knowing that which seeds your fear.
On black wings of enigma shall red doom fly;
Within its embrace, you too shall die.
Mysteries of the sands will bind you;
Never will true freedom find you.

Product Summary

Mysteries of Arena is a supplemental sourcebook in the OATHBOUND® capstone campaign setting that is meant to be used in conjunction with OATHBOUND: *Arena*. However, the design of this product allows it to be easily transferred to any existing campaign with minimal alteration. While there are many races, locations, monsters, magic items, and histories in this book that indelibly bear the mark of the Forge, they can all be adapted to any campaign. If you are unfamiliar with the OATHBOUND campaign setting it is advisable to peruse the information contained within OATHBOUND: *Domains of the Forge*, wherein the fantastic and unusual world of the Forge and vast city of Penance are introduced. If you would like more information on the extraordinary and remarkable city of Penance, then the second and third volumes in the line, OATHBOUND: *Plains of Penance* and OATHBOUND: *Wrack and Ruin* are suggested.

Mysteries of Arena provides tantalizing and intriguing gems of the unique and unusual locations, races, events, creatures, skills and equipment that can found within the war-ravaged domain of Arena. Further, this product unmasks several of the domain’s deepest secrets—be they previously unexplored regions of the domain, new and mighty artifacts that have long been buried, or the enigmatic enemies who challenge

the Seven before vanishing like blown sand into the desert. *Mysteries of Arena* also provides adventure hooks, story ideas, and campaign foundations that lend themselves to limitless hours of enjoyable game-time, and provides a full-fledged, ready-made adventure that draws and expands upon material presented within these pages and those of previous products.

The product is divided into six chapters plus supplemental appendices, each focusing on a specific facet of life or obscurity in Arena. The GM is urged to read the entire book, while player exposure should be limited to chapters 2-4, so that the mysteries presented elsewhere are not exposed too soon.

- This chapter gives an introduction to Arena and its mysteries, as well as a tangible overview to the text. It discusses Barbello and her influence on the domain and offers a few glimpses into the unknown and her relationship to them.
- Chapter 2 offers a plethora of character races, prestige classes, prestige races, and presents three new classes for PC and NPC alike.
- Chapter 3 details new feats and skills, and the ability to apply them to military units in mass combat, and a diverse selection of equipment found in Arena.
- Chapter 4 deals with lost magics and the artifacts wrought from them. Therein the GM and player will find new spells, magic items, and relics to enhance and invigorate their game.
- Chapter 5 offers insight into some of the major secrets of the domain, be they lost civilizations, enigmatic NPCs, or unrealized sources of power.
- Chapter 6 is a ready-made adventure that employs the information from this text and other OATHBOUND campaign products, and exposes one of the most alarming secrets of the domain.
- Appendices at the end of the product include statistical information from the adventure and new denizens of the shifting sands.

The Seven, the Mysteries, and Your Campaign

It has been said that the Seven seem to exhibit traits of both family and pantheon, but are truly neither. While they are ever interested in the affairs of the other, they are never so concerned as to become directly involved, unless their own fates are somehow at stake. It is along this same vein and light that the Seven view the various mysteries and secrets presented within this tome (at least the ones of which they are cognizant). For the most part, unless something occurs within Barbello's realm of unending battle that might directly affect them (such as the recent appearance and actions of the "The Last"), they remain pointedly disinterested. However, there is little doubt that if something of profound impact

was discovered within the depths or dunes of Arena that they instantly become involved.

This however, raises the question of why is Barbello, the Mistress of Arena, not more fretful over these strange occurrences that seem to be concentrated within her domain. It is said that none can truly know the mindsets of any of the Flock, but it is relatively simple to surmise the how and why of Barbello's actions: She is too haughty and infatuated with her own desires to care. Barbello craves only one thing, which she receives to no end within the confines of Arena—the perverse joy of eternal battle. Nothing, short of the security of her existence as provoked by her Binding Oath, can capture her interest. Therefore, within her ultimate conceit and narrow-mindedness, her ultimate doom may well lie.

In game terms, this proclivity allows the GM avenues to develop campaign-shaking events within the domain of Arena without ultimately spelling doom for the whole of the Forge (and very likely, their entire campaign). While GMs might elect to do this for any number of reasons, it is most often a device to herald or pursue wide-scale changes in game play (such as the changing of a rules set), to "reset things" to a simpler time, or even to "raise the bar" to take the campaign "up a notch."

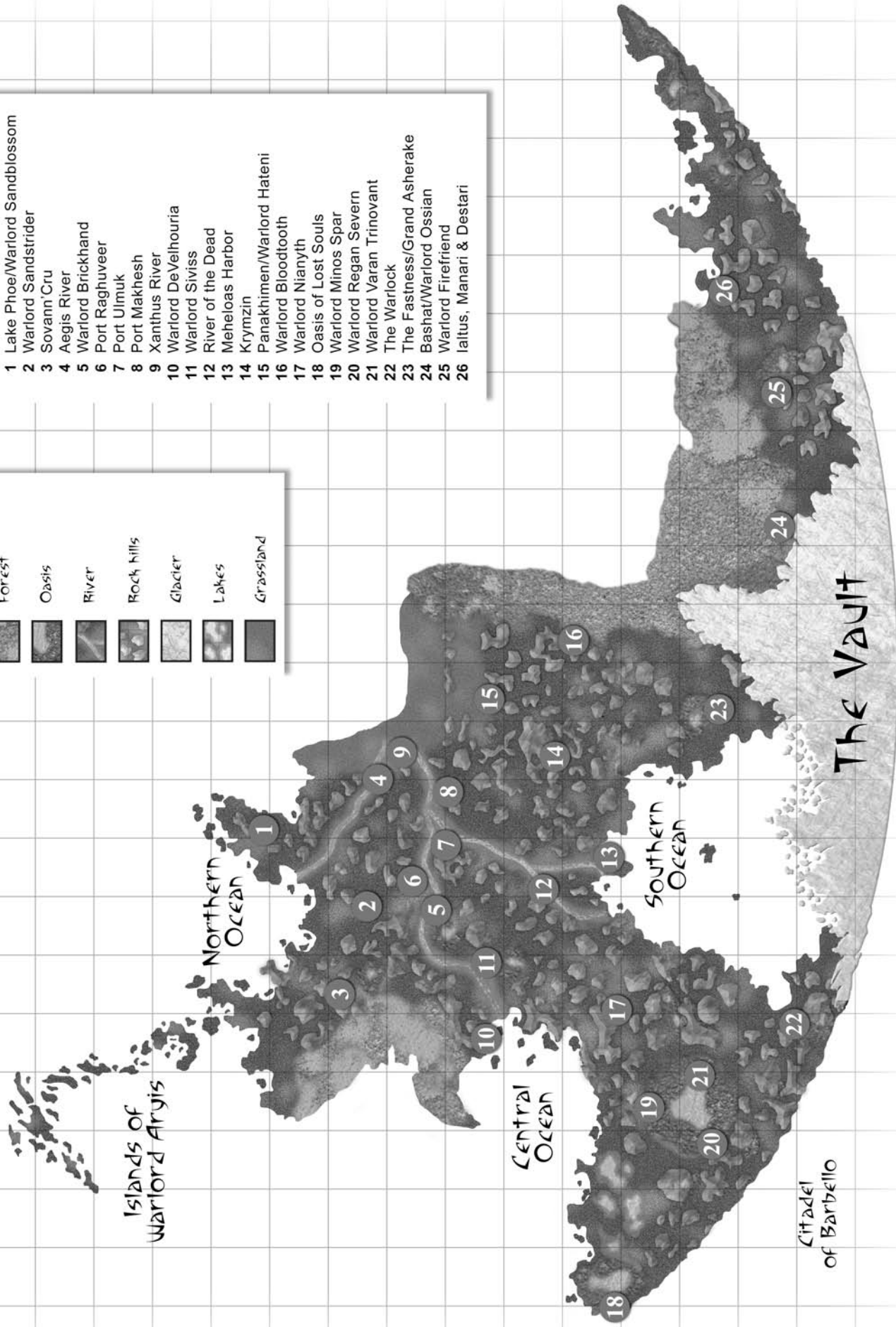
Whatever the reason, the campaign mechanic is herein provided with *Mysteries of Arena*. If you want to introduce a potentially world-altering artifact into your game for a specific purpose, but not have it get out of hand, then this is the perfect place to hide it and guide your players toward its finding. Once the major change has occurred as a result of the artifacts' usage, the Feathered Fowl will become involved and the damage can be "minimized" to whatever end game the GM has in mind for the campaign.

That said, *Mysteries of Arena* continues the proud and intriguing line of OATHBOUND products by intensifying and adding to the rich tapestry that is the Forge. We at Bastion Press hope that this product opens your eyes to new possibilities, both in your own campaigns as well as within your own imagination. Without further ado, let's begin unlocking the doors to the secrets that Arena holds.

Key



- 1 Lake Phoe/Warlord Sandblossom
- 2 Warlord Sandstrider
- 3 Sovann'Cru
- 4 Aegis River
- 5 Warlord Brickhand
- 6 Port Raghuveer
- 7 Port Ulmuk
- 8 Port Makhesh
- 9 Xanthus River
- 10 Warlord DeVelhouria
- 11 Warlord Siviss
- 12 River of the Dead
- 13 Meheloas Harbor
- 14 Krymzin
- 15 Panakhimen/Warlord Hateni
- 16 Warlord Bloodtooth
- 17 Warlord Nianyth
- 18 Oasis of Lost Souls
- 19 Warlord Minos Spar
- 20 Warlord Regan Severn
- 21 Warlord Varan Trinovant
- 22 The Warlock
- 23 The Fastness/Grand Asherake
- 24 Bashat/Warlord Ossian
- 25 Warlord Firefriend
- 26 Ialtus, Manari & Destari



Almaric the Dark

Medium-size Human Male, Shaded Creature

Rogue 6/Shadow Assassin 4

Hit Dice: 6d6+12/4d6+8

Hit Points: 65

Initiative: +8 (Improved Initiative, Dex)

Speed: Walk 30 ft.

AC: 21 (flatfooted 17, touch 14)

Base Attack Bonus: +8/+3

Grapple: +12

Attacks: +13/+8 melee primary (1d6+5/17-20x2, *short sword*+2); +12/+7 melee secondary (1d4+4/19-20x2, *dagger of venom* +1); +12 range (1d4+4/19-20x2, *dagger of venom* +1); +11 range (1d8/19-20x2 light crossbow)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Evasion (Ex), Precognitive (Su) 3/day, Sneak Attack +5d6, Trap Sense (Ex) +2, Trapfinding, Uncanny Dodge (Dex bonus to AC), Death Attack, Hide in Plain Sight, Shadow Heal, Darkness

Saves: Fortitude +4, Reflex +11, Will +4

Abilities: Str 16 (+3), Dex 19 (+4), Con 15 (+2), Int 17 (+3), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 17 (+3)

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Skills & Feats: Appraise +3, Balance +11, Battlespeak +14*, Bluff +13, City Lore +8, Climb +9, Concentration +2, Craft (mapmaking) +9, Decipher Script +5, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +11, Forgery +3, Gather Information +14, Heal +2, Hide +21, Intimidate +5, Jump +8, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (geography: Arena) +9, Listen +4, Move Silently +11, Open Lock +17, Search +7, Sense Motive +2, Spot +10, Sleight of Hand +7, Swim +1, Tumble +10; Alertness, Armor Proficiency (Light), Improved Critical (Short Sword), Improved Two Weapon

Fighting, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Two Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (Short Sword, Dagger)

Languages: Asherake, Common, Draconic, Elf, Faust

Gifts: Keen Ears[†], Twist of Fate[†]

Prestige Races: Focus of the Shadow (*Shadow*: +3 natural armor bonus, +6 circumstance bonus to Hide checks; *Shaded*: spell resistance 15)

Possessions: Light crossbow (10 bolts); *cloak of the bat*; *dagger of venom* +1; *potion of cure serious wounds*; *ring of misdirection*; *studded leather* +1; *short sword* +2

[†]Found in *Oathbound: Arena*

Background

Born in the city of Port Raghuv eer, your parents were trained assassins in the service of the enigmatic Shadow Mage for which the city was named. Raised from a young age by a retainer of Raghuv eer himself, it was evident from a early age you would follow in your parents footsteps. After many years of faithful service to your master, Lord Raghuv eer has instructed you to leave your home and travel the sands of Arena. Your mission is not specific, only to journey across the red sands for the span of five years. Should you survive, you're to report back to the Shadow Mage all that you have said and done. You do this happily, as you have always wanted to see the rest of Arena and maybe someday the other domains of the Forge.

Character Notes

Flumphflo Victorovan

Small-size Picker Male

Sorcerer 11

Hit Dice: 11d4+22

Hit Points: 55

Initiative: +7 (Improved Initiative, Dex)

Speed: Walk 20 ft.

AC: 21 (flatfooted 17, touch 21)

Base Attack Bonus: +6/+1

Grapple: +2

Attacks: +9/+4 melee (1d3+3/19-20x2, dagger +3, blinding)

Space/Reach: 2-1/2 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Detect Magic (Sp), Enhanced Memory (Ex), Summon Familiar

Saves: Fortitude +6, Reflex +8, Will +9

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 18 (+4), Con 14 (+2), Int 17 (+3), Wis 13 (+1), Cha 16 (+3)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Skills & Feats: Bluff +6, Concentration +7, Hide +15, Knowledge (arcana) +13, Listen +10, Move Silently +9, Search +8, Spellcraft +13, Spot +2; Combat Casting, Empower Spell, Improved Initiative, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Spell Penetration

Languages: Common, Chromithian, Elven, Nightling, Picker

Spells (6/7/7/7/6/4 - per day; 9/5/5/4/3/2 - known): 0-level: *acid splash, daze, detect poison, flare, light, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic*; 1st-level: *burning hands, endure elements, identify, magic missile, ray of enfeeblement, shield, true strike*; 2nd-level: *arcane lock, bull's strength, cat's strength, darkness, darkvision, detect thoughts, web*; 3rd-level: *daylight, deep slumber, dispel magic, fireball, lightning bolt, slow, wind wall*; 4th-level: *fire shield, ice storm, polymorph, scrying, wall of fire, wall of ice*; 5th-level: *cloudkill, cone of cold, permanency, wall of force*.

Gifts: Recall[†], Voyeur Sense[†]

Prestige Races: Focus of the Gloom (*Aphotic*: Gains Alertness, Blind-fight and Self-sufficient feats, +4 racial bonus to Listen checks), Focus of the Shadow[‡] (*Shadow*: Gains +3 natural armor bonus and +6 circumstance bonus to Hide checks)

Possessions: *Ring of protection* +3, *wand of magic missiles (9th)* - 15 charges, *wand of cure moderate wounds* - 40 charges, *boots of teleportation, robe of stars, gem of seeing, dagger* +3 (blinding[†]), 502 gp, 267 sp.

[†]Found in *Oathbound: Arena*

[‡]Found in *Oathbound: Domains of the Forge*

Background

You scour the lands of Arena in search of magic items and other objects of power. Your travels have taken you everywhere in the domain where you have learned to tap the power of your blood and wield magic that many fear. Only the acquisition of magic and power matter to you; all else is trivial. You are quick to join an adventuring troupe and just as quick to leave them to their fates should an item of power come within your sight. Many an adventurer has died by coming between you and your goals.

Character Notes

Silverbreeze Firefriend

MEDIUM-SIZE HAZE FEMALE, GRIM AND TOUGHENED CREATURE

Ranger 12/Vigilante 3[†]

Hit Dice: 12d8+24/3d8+6

Hit Points: 123

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: Walk 30 ft.

AC: 19 (flatfooted 16, touch 19)

Base Attack Bonus: +15/+10/+5

Grapple: +19

Attacks: +22/+17/+12 melee primary (1d8+7/19-20x2, sword of ghosts); +22/+17/+2 melee off-hand (1d4+7/19-20x2, dagger +3, persuading); +19/+14 melee (1d6+4/x2, claw); +19 melee (1d6+4/x2 beak)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Mindsight (Ex), Telepathy (Ex), +2 insight bonus to saving throws vs. illusions, Favored Enemy (Aberration, magical beast, fey), Wild Empathy, Combat style mastery (two-weapon), Animal Companion, Woodland Stride, Swift Tracker, Evasion (Ex), Sense Attack (Ex), Reflexive Awareness (Ex), Uncanny Dodge, Spell Resistance 15

Saves: Fortitude +15, Reflex +14, Will +8

Abilities: Str 18 (+4), Dex 16 (+3), Con 14 (+2), Int 14 (+2), Wis 16 (+3), Cha 8 (-1)

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Skills & Feats: Balance +6, Battlespeak +12, Climb +14, Concentration +12, Gather Information +5, Handle Animal +4, Heal +13, Hide +15, Jump +14, Knowledge (geography: Arena) +12, Knowledge (nature) +14, Listen +17, Move Silently +15, Search +14, Spot +10, Survival +15, Tumble +6; Alertness, Armor Proficiency (Light), Combat Reflexes, Desert Breath, Dodge, Endurance*, Greater Two-Weapon Fighting*, Improved Natural Attack (claw), Improved Two-Weapon Fighting*,

Investigator, Martial Weapon Proficiency, Multiattack, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Shield Proficiency (All), Stealthy, Track*, Toughness, Two-Weapon Fighting*

Languages: Asherake, Common, Picker (comprehend only)

Spells (2/2/2): 1st-level: *delay poison, entangle, read magic, refinement[†], summon nature's ally I*; 2nd-level: *barkskin, cure light wounds, hold animal, invert sand, path of the scorpion, wind wall*; 3rd-level: *cure moderate wounds, greater magic fang, neutralize poison, remove disease, repel vermin.*

Gifts: Regenerate[†]

Prestige Races: Focus of the Grave (Grim: Gains Investigator, Stealthy and Toughness feats), Focus of the Brawler[†] (Toughened: Gains damage reduction 5 vs. nonlethal damage, +2 racial bonus to Constitution and +2 racial bonus to Fortitude saves)

Possessions: *Sword of ghosts[‡] (+3 longsword, ghost touch), dagger +3 (persuading[†]), bag of people holding[†], ring of protection +2, bracers of armor +4, periapt of health, decanter of endless water, 867 gp, 100 sp.*

* Class bonus; [†] Oathbound: Arena; [‡] Oathbound: Domains of the Forge

Background

You serve the mighty warlord Droghin Firefriend and his quest to widen his domain of control. You are under orders to seek out magical treasures and capable adventurers that would aid in Droghin's cause while serving as scout and reconnaissance for the warlord. You have lead small guerilla strike forces in the past and are seeking to find capable mercenaries to form a new force so that Droghin may challenge the holdings of the warlord Og Brickhand.

Character Notes

Halygon the Slayer

Medium-size War Valco Male, Havoc Creature

Duneslayer 10

Hit Dice: 10d10+30

Hit Points: 105

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: Walk 30', 40' desert

AC: 19 (flatfooted 17, touch 12)

Base Attack Bonus: +10/+5

Grapple: +16

Attacks: +17/+12 melee (1d8+7/20x3, *masterwork spring spear*); +12 ranged (1d4+6 (per ball)/19-20x2, war bola, 6 ball); +17 melee (2d6+6/20x2, ramming attack)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Natural armor +2, Resistant to poison and disease (+2 save), Ramming Attack (Ex), Desert Warfare, Co-operative Combat, Desert Tactician, Improved Footing, Bravado

Saves: Fortitude +7, Reflex +5, Will +3

Abilities: Str 22 (+6), Dex 14(+2), Con 16(+3), Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 16(+3)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Skills & Feats: Climb +7, Hide +8, Jump+8, Knowledge (geography: Arena) +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Spot +5, Survival +7; Battle Fury, Desert Thirst, Endurance, Run, Weapon Focus (Spring Spear)

Languages: Asherake, Chromithian, Common, Dover, Dwarfish, Elvish, Faust, Nightling.

Gifts: Danger Sense, Keen Eyes[†]

Prestige Races: Focus of Warfare (*Havoc*: gains barbarian rage number of times per day equal to Constitution bonus)

Possessions: Masterwork spring spear, war bola (6 ball), dagger, *breastplate* +2, climber's kit, *amulet of natural armor* (+1), *potion: cure moderate wounds* (3 doses), *potion: delay poison* (4 doses), 200gp, 488sp.

[†]Found in *Oathbound: Arena*

Background

Born in Penance, you came to Arena at an early age and the desert has been your home ever since. You have served in the armies of no less than 20 warlords during your military career and you've been the spearhead of more than a 100 successful campaigns. Lately, you have decided to strike out across Arena on your own in search of wealth, perhaps even become a warlord someday. You know there are hundreds of hidden caches of gold and magic across the red sands, mysteries just waiting to be discovered.

Character Notes

Large-size Female Karnos

Barbarian 5/Cleric 6

Hit Dice: 5d12+10/6d8+10

Hit Points: 101

Initiative: +6 (Improved Initiative, Dex)

Speed: Walk 40'

AC: 17 (flatfooted 15, touch 17)

Base Attack Bonus: +9/+4

Grapple: +20

Attacks: +17/+12 melee (1d10+8/18-20x2, masterwork maul, bladed); +16/+11 melee (1d6+6/20x2, claw), +16 melee (2d6+6/20x2, bite)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Natural weapons, Weapon Totem (maul, bladed), Fast Movement, Rage 2/day, Improved Uncanny Dodge, Trap Sense +1, Turn Undead

Saves: Fortitude +9, Reflex +3, Will +6

Abilities: Str 24 (+7), Dex 14 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 10 (+0)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Skills & Feats: Climb +7, Concentration +6, Intimidate +5, Jump +7, Knowledge (geography: Arena) +2, Knowledge (religion) +2, Listen +7, Search +2, Spellcraft +6, Survival +8; Improved Critical (Maul, bladed), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Savage Bite, Weapon Focus (Maul, bladed)

Languages: Common, Karnos, Valco

Gifts: Painless†, Precognitive

Possessions: Masterwork bladed maul (weapon totem), pouch, spell components, *potion of cure serious wounds*, 40gp.

Clerical Spells Prepared (5/4/4/2): 0-level: *detect magic*, *inflict minor wounds* (3), *resistance*; 1st-level: *cause fear*, *inflict light wounds* (2), *magic weapon*; 2nd-level: *death knell* (2), *shatter*, *spiritual weapon*; 3rd-level: *animate dead* (2)

†Found in *Oathbound: Arena*

Background

You are karnos. You live for battle and the glory of your race. Cowards are weak and deserve to die, and only through combat and death do we truly live. Your patron is none other than the Mask of Fury herself, as it was she who saved your race and brought them to this ultimate battlefield called Arena. In an effort to serve your people better you have decided to travel the red sands and learn all you can of Barbello and others of Arena that revel in war. Already a powerful leader of your people, this journey will harden you and bring more glory on the battlefields for you people.

Character Notes

Rhan Tonthis

Large-size Ramzadi Male, Immunized and Scaled Creature

Fighter 10

Hit Dice: 10d10+20

Hit Points: 95

Initiative: +6 (Improved Initiative, Dex)

Speed: Walk 30 ft., Climb 20 ft.

AC: 19 (flatfooted 17, touch 15)

Base Attack Bonus: +10/+5

Grapple: +12

Attacks: +14/+9 melee primary (2d6+8/19-20x2, *greatsword* +3); +15 range (1d10+2/19-20x2, *triple-threat crossbow* +2)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Acid Resistance 5, Darkvision, Fast Healing 1, Scent, Skull Crush (Ex)

Saves: Fortitude +9, Reflex +5, Will +3

Abilities: Str 16 (+3), Dex 14 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 10 (+0)

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Skills & Feats: Climb* +11, Hide* +11, Intimidate +4, Jump +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +4, Survival +2; Armor Proficiency (All), Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative, Leadership, Martial Weapon Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Simple Weapon Proficiency, Shield Proficiency (All), Track*, Weapon Focus (Greatsword, Triple-threat Crossbow), Weapon Specialization (Greatsword)

Languages: Common, Draconic

Gifts: Nature's Blessing[†], Voyeur Sense[†]

Prestige Races: Focus of the Body[‡] (*Immunized:* +2 racial bonus to Constitution, immune to disease, +6 racial bonus to saving throws vs.

all poisons), Focus of the Serpent[‡] (*Scaled:* +2 natural armor bonus, acid resistance 5)

Possessions: *Greatsword* +3, *triple-threat crossbow* +2, *bracers of armor* +4, *elixir of fire breath*, 299 gp, 58 sp.

* Racial bonus

[†]Found in *Oathbound: Arena*

[‡]Found in *Oathbound: Domains of the Forge*

Background

Due to an "incident" that brought dishonor to your clan, you've left the forests of Xanthus and have embraced the mercenary life. Now, you sell your sword to the one who pays the highest coin no matter what the mission. You are fearless and will take on any task provided the price is right. Now, you feel the time is right for you to make your move towards becoming a warlord by forming an elite company loyal to you and your ambitions.

Character Notes

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