



HANDOUTS

Messrs. Mortwell, Hask, and Tab—
A deal has come about that I need capital for. It involves property and gold, and though I am not at liberty to tell you the exact details, it will make us all rich. Come to Bradley's Barn on Cougar Creek tonight. We can meet there to discuss the details.

...time on your hands... father. Seems the... troubles with... kes

...ABOUT AS THISTLETOP AND WE WERE DISTRACTED BY THE REST. I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL THE REAL RAID. THIS TOWN DESERVES A BURNING, THAT'S FOR SURE.

...RIPNUGGET SEEMS TO FAVOR THE OVERWHELMING LAND APPROACH, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S THE BEST PLAN. WE SHOULD GET THE QUASIS' AID. SEND HER FREAKS UP FROM BELOW VIA THE SMUGGLING TUNNEL IN MY FATHER'S GLASSWORKS, AND THEN INVAD FROM THE RIVER AND FROM THE GLASSWORKS STRIKES. THE REST EXCEPT BRUTHAZMUS AGREE, AND I'M PRETTY SURE THE BUGBEARS JUST BEING CONTRARY TO ANNOY ME. MY LOVE'S TOO DISTRACTED WITH THE LOWER CHAMBERS TO MAKE A DECISION. SAYS THAT ONCE MALFESHNEKOR'S RELEASED AND UNDER HER COMMAND WE WON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT BEING SUBTLE. I HOPE SHE'S RIGHT.

...WHEN SHE OFFERED UP HER FIRST... LUCKY... TO... BEND... THEN?

You will learn to love me, Desire me in time as she did. Give yourself to the Pack and it shall all end.

RISE OF THE RUNELORDS

HANDOUT 2-3

Take the fever into you, my love—it shall be but the first of my gifts to you.

Your Lordship

I fear you. I hate you. You must fear and hate me as well. You may unmask me, so I must unmask you first.

Your Lordship

You, and you alone, have brought this fearful harvest. They are dead because of you, and more shall join them soon.

Your Lordship

HANDOUT 2-4

You continue to ignore my invitations, my love. Did you not sense my need for you that evening after we hunted?

Your Lordship

Can this be? Can the fox be outfoxing the hunter? Strange—you seemed so confident against the boars of Wickwood...

Your Lordship

You've let them all die! Their lives could have been spared, but your foolishness doomed them all! Just as you let my dog die on that goblin's blade, I let them die upon my own!

Your Lordship

HANDOUT 2-2

Messrs. Mortwell, Hask, and Taber—

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Your Lordship

Aldern,

You have served us quite well. The delivery you harvested from the caverns far exceeds what I had hoped for. You may consider your debt to the Brothers paid in full. Yet I still have need of you, and when you awaken from your death, you should find your mind clear and able to understand this task more than in the state you lie in as I write this.

You shall remember the workings of the Sihedron ritual, I trust. You seemed quite lucid at the time, but if you find after your rebirth that you have forgotten, return to your townhouse in Magnimar. My agents shall contact you there soon—no need for you to bother the Brothers further. I will provide the list of proper victims for the Sihedron ritual in two days' time. Commit that list to memory and then destroy it before you begin your work. The ones I have selected must be marked before they die; otherwise they do my master no good and the greed in their souls will go to waste.

If others get in your way, though, you may do with them as you please. Eat them, savage them, or turn them into pawns—it matters not to me.

—Xanasha, Mistress of the Seven

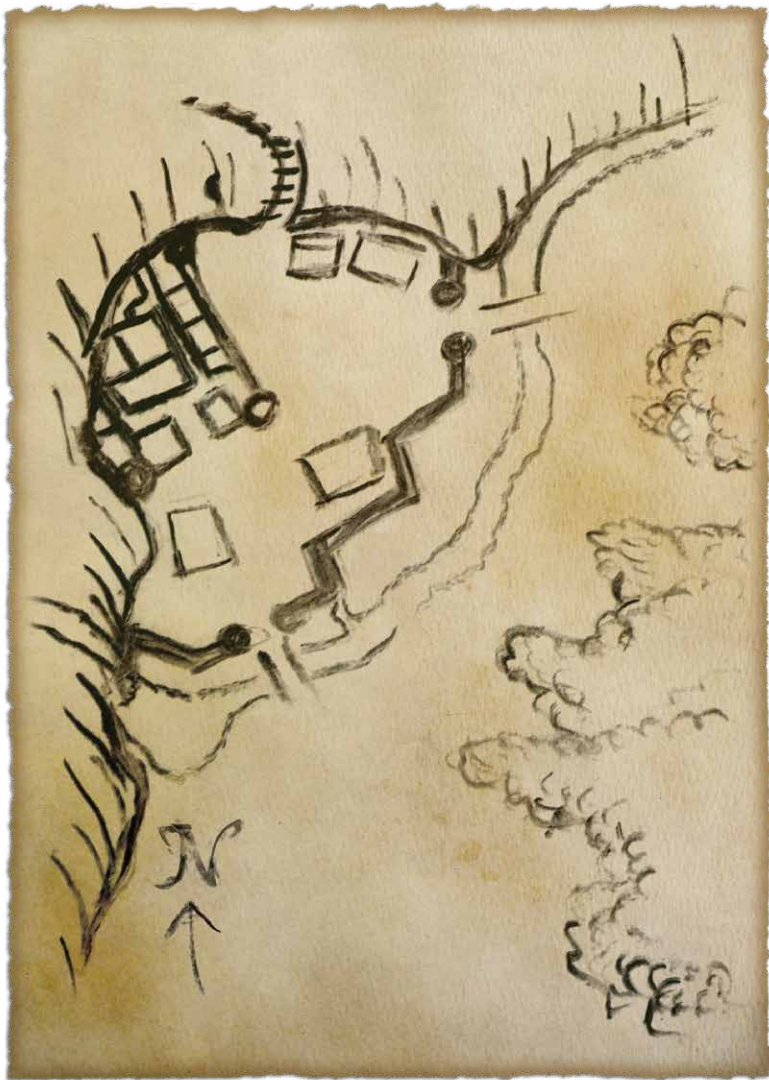
My sister—

I trust your little band of murderers is doing well, gathering the greedy souls for our lord's rise? Has Magnimar proven to be as sinful as you had hoped? It may interest you to know that my plan to nurture greed here in this backwater has blossomed—the quality of greed in a soul is so much more refined when it is given the proper care. Are you still simply carving the Sihedron on them as they expire? How crude! My method of marking is so much more elegant. In any event, I'm sure that your plans for harvesting greed where and when you can find it "in the wild" are progressing well enough—I just hope that your raw, ungroomed, and likely inferior victims don't interact poorly when mixed with the purity of my own subjects. If you tire of your little project there, know that you're always welcome to come to Turtleback Ferry and serve as my assistant, little sister! Fort Rannick should be in our control by the time you receive this letter, in any event, so there'll be plenty of room for you if you wish to take me up on my generous offer.

Oh! Before I forget! Have you managed to harvest that lord-mayor yet? By all accounts, he might just be the cream of the crop in Magnimar—his soul might even rival several from my hand-grown harvest!

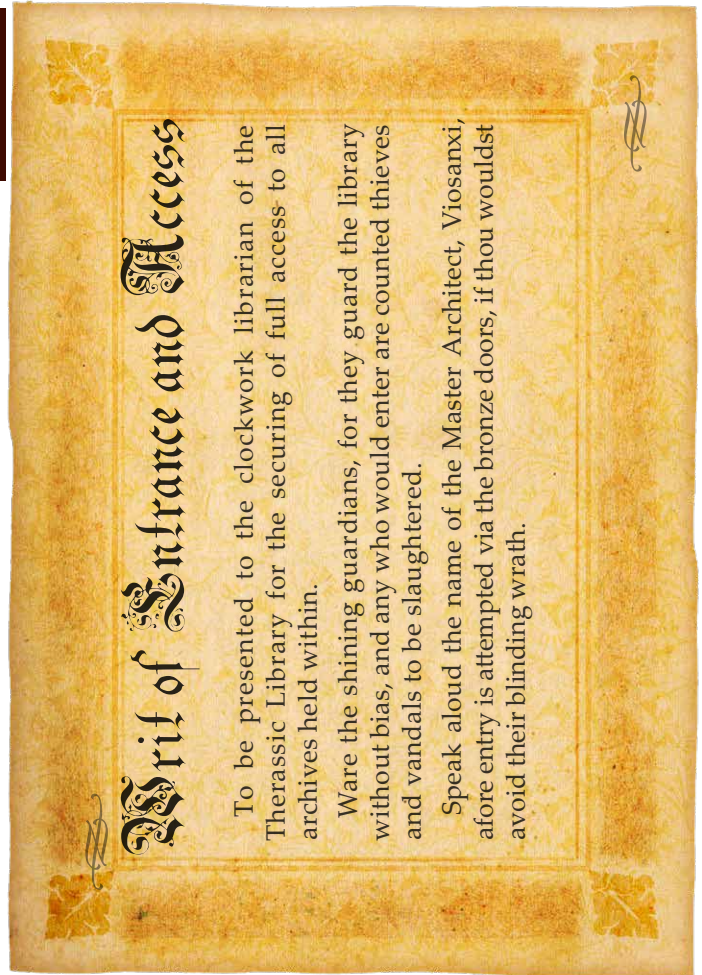
Now all men and women present and future that we, the members of the Brothers of the Seven, upon this day the 6th. Abadius in the year of 4624, Absalom Reckoning, hereby concede and by this deed confirm upon Vorel Foxglove provisional ownership of the holding to be known here and henceforth as **Foxglove Manor**, located north of Magnimar on the Lost Coast Road due west of Bleaklow Moor upon the promontory, for so long as he, Vorel Foxglove, shall live, or so long as his direct descendants shall live, to a period not to exceed one hundred years. Construction of Foxglove Manor, having been financed partially on the holdings and coin of Vorel Foxglove to the amount of six and sixty percent, and partially upon the coffers of the Brothers of the Seven to the amount of the remainder, four and thirty percent, backed by collateral in the form of the Seven's Sawmill, located itself upon Kyver's Islet of Magnimar, shall ensure only the physical and initial construction of the aforementioned manor; with any subsequent repair and maintenance to be the sole responsibility of Vorel Foxglove or his descendants for the aforementioned period of one hundred years. Upon the passing of this time, on the date of 6th Abadius of 4724, Absalom Reckoning, ownership of Foxglove Manor, to include all lands within a mile around and below, immediately and forevermore reverts to the Brothers of the Seven, with the employment of the manor, its grounds, and all improvements placed upon it by any prior inhabitants to be subject to the Brotherhood's discretion. And so that our gift, concession, warranty, acquittance, and defense have the best perpetual strength and security, we have affixed Magnimar's seal to the present charter, which shall serve in lieu of signatures, the names of the Brotherhood to remain apart from this or any other document.





HANDOUT 3-1

HANDOUT 4-1



Rit of Entrance and Access

To be presented to the clockwork librarian of the Therassic Library for the securing of full access to all archives held within.

Ware the shining guardians, for they guard the library without bias, and any who would enter are counted thieves and vandals to be slaughtered.

Speak aloud the name of the Master Architect, Viosanxi, afore entry is attempted via the bronze doors, if thou wouldst avoid their blinding wrath.

HANDOUT 3-2

BARL—

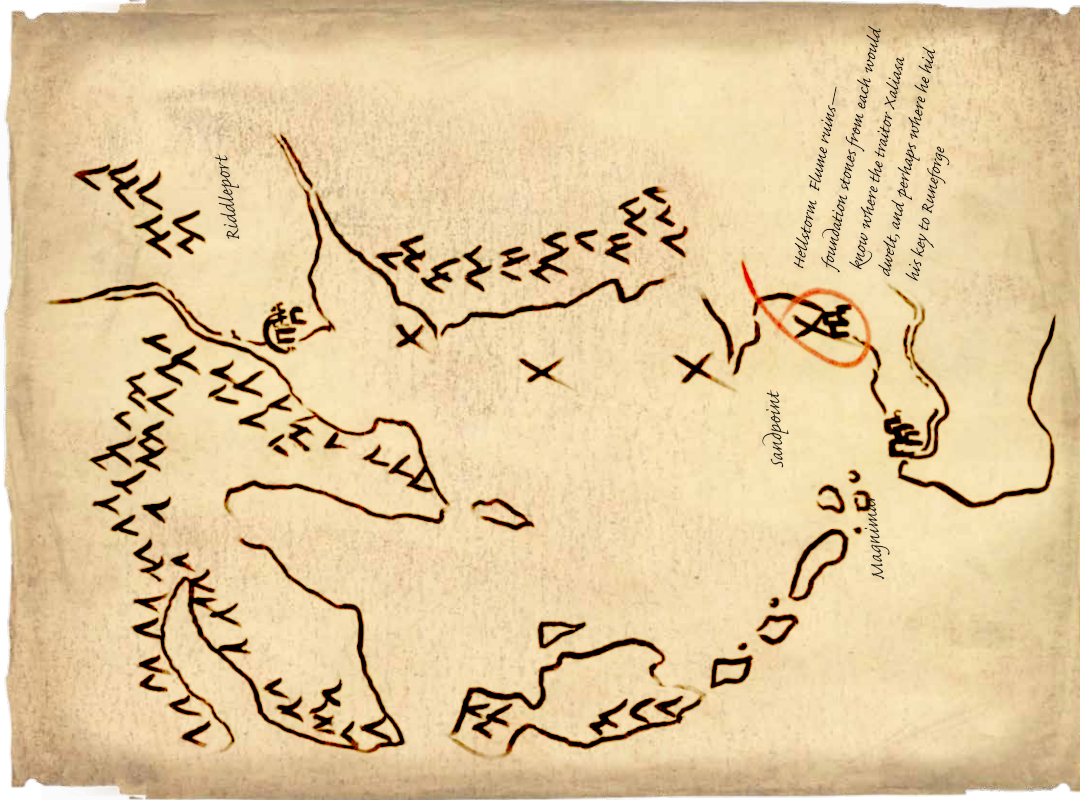
LATEST CONTACT WITH TERAKTINUS INDICATES HE HAS NARROWED THE SEARCH—HE BELIEVES A HUMAN TOWN CALLED SANDPOINT COULD HIDE WHAT MY LORD SEEKS. TERAKTINUS WILL LEAD SEVERAL OF THE PEOPLE, AS WELL AS THE DRAGON, ON A RAID INTO THE TOWN SOON. WHEN THEY RETURN, THEY MAY BE PURSUED, AND I MAY NEED YOUR OGRE SLAVES TO AID IN TERAKTINUS'S RETREAT TO JORGENFIST. BE READY TO RETURN AT MY COMMAND!

M

IF MAGIC BRIGHT IS YOUR DESIRE,
 FOR ONLY THERE DOES WIZARDS' ART RECEIVE ITS DUE AND PROPER START.
 ON EASTERN SHORES OF STEAMING MIRROR, AT END OF DAY WHEN DUSK IS NEARER,
 WHERE SEVEN FACES SILENT WAIT ENCIRCLED GUARDS AT RUNEFORGE GATE.
 EACH STONE THE GRACE OF SEVEN LORDS, ONE PART OF KEY EACH RULER HOARDS;
 IF OFFERED SPELLS AND PROPER PRAYER, TAKE SEVEN KEYS AND CLIMB THE STAIR.
 ON FROZEN MOUNTAIN YIN AWAITS, HIS REGAL VOICE THE YAWNING GATES
 KEYS TURN TWICE IN SIHEDRON—OCCULTED RUNEFORGE WAITS WITHIN.
 UPON RARE LORE YOUR MIND CAN GORGE—
 AND NOW YOU'VE COME AND JOINED THE FORGE
 AND WHEN YOU SLOUGH THE MORTAL WAY IN RUNEFORGE LONG YOUR WORK SHALL STAY.

I was mistaken. Runelord Xanderghul still slumbers. It is that monster Karzoug who quickens and nears rebirth. Damnation! He must not be allowed to precede Xanderghul into the world, for he would rebuild Thassilon in his own inferior image, a testament to his own greed rather than one of pride in the work. He must be delayed or defeated!

I have managed to escape this place, to a certain extent. By astral projection I can explore what the world outside has become. It is a brutish place, yet it pleases me to see Thassilon's mark endures in the shape of our monuments. Still, the wilderness of the world vexes me. Gone is the empire I knew. Karzoug's city of Xun-Shalast is now hidden high in the mountains, and when I finally discovered it, I found the spires where his body is hidden to be inaccessible, warded against astral travelers by the occlusion field around the peak of Mhar-Massif. As long as his runewell is active, I fear even a physical approach would be impossibly deadly. I must determine a way to pierce these wardings, and to send an agent in my place. No need to risk my own life before my clone is ready.



I have time to finish before the dementia takes hold...

The search for an agent goes poorly. Delvaine seems more interested in her own lusts than aiding me. Worse, the lapses and fevers are increasing. I fear that I will be forced to see to Karzoug myself, in which event I will need to use the master circle I built into the Halls of Wrath to escape this place. Yet first, I must set aside my work on delaying Karzoug's return and turn back to the final development of my 205th clone. I only hope

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I have taken steps toward an alliance with Delvaine. She may be able to escape this place, for she was not of the original blood. At the least, she can call upon agents from outside, and perhaps through them we can secure servants in the outer world. She seems uninterested in Sorshen's return; all the better for Xanderghul, that.

HANDOUT 5-3

HANDOUT 5-4

RUNEFORGED WEAPON COMPONENTS?

SLOTH admixture of the four humors

GREED waters from the pool of elemental arcana

ENVY vial of ethillon?

LUST one of Delvaine's personal toys, perhaps?

PRIDE a shard from any of the mirrors Vraxeris has looked in

WRATH ashes from anything in the Halls of Wrath

GLUTTONY some of that delicious nib wine

HANDOUT 6-1

Salutations, Mr. Quink!

Thank you again for the kind words and drink. It's always a pleasure to speak with readers of my work, especially those well read and civilized enough to know of my writing beyond *Eidolon*. Alas, I was unable to procure a copy of the early draft from my personal files. It would seem that it has gone the way of so much of my early work, lost forever to the gulfs of time and narrow-minded publishers unable to grasp the import of a young Pathfinder's work.

Fortunately, my mind is as quick now as it was in those early days of my explorations of your fantastic homeland. I recall the evening I first heard the story of Xin-Shalast, while seated on a log in a Varisian camp, sharing ruby mead with an enchanting young woman. Ah, but that's a story for other times.

I was intrigued by the tale, though. All peoples have tales of "cities of gold," yet with Xin-Shalast, the Varisians had no tradition of explorers seeking it. They viewed the place as one of evil, a place to be feared and forsaken. As far as I could tell, none of your indigenous people ever sought out the ruins before the advent of Chelish rule. But there was mention, come to think of it, of two dwarven brothers. Vekker, I think their names were. Claimed to have found the route to Xin-Shalast and convinced several tradesmen in Janderhoff to support and supply their plan to establish a base of operations in the low Kodar Mountains along the Kazaron. Their vanishing into the Kodars bankrupted all but one of their investors, I hear, and even today, the Vekker name is generally accompanied by a litany of rousing dwarven profanity when it comes up in Hoffian taverns.

In the stead of enclosing a copy of the early, complete draft of my work, though, please find a signed copy of *Eidolon* with this missive. I trust it will look quite handsome on your shelf.

In good health,
Redwing