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Edit Share Skeletal of Scarwall, an adventure by Greg A. Vaughan with support articles by Sean K Reynolds and James L. Sutter and fiction by James L. Sutter, is the fifth in the Curse of the Crimson Throne adventure path and was released in July 2008. Condemned by a history of abominations, an army of living dead stands between Korvosa and his only hope for salvation. Within the wrath of haunted Scarwall, the lifeless legions of ancient warfare Kazavon guard the same cursed tees they've stabbed for more than 700 years. Across an abandoned country to reach the notorious citadel's dreaded gates, the computers must explore the dirty castle's ghost halls, fight with other worldly terrors, and cleanse the taint of Kazavon's last days before any of the curse of the Crimson Throne finally breaks. This volume of Pathfinder includes: Skeletons of Scarwall, an adventure for 12th-level characters, by Greg A. Vaughan. A terrifying glimpse of the seed church of Son-Kuthon, god of darkness, envy and pain, by Sean K Reynolds. An exploration of the orchestman-controlled Likes of Belkzen, unteameable country of monsters, savagery, and ancient secrets, by James L. Sutter. Surrounded by savages, Eando Kline discovers the cruelty of orchestra goes far beyond mere blood loop in the Pathfinder's Journal, by James L. Sutter. Five new samples by Greg A. Vaughan and Sean K Reynolds. Content[edit] This volume of Pathfinder Adventure path features a gazetter of the brutal countries known as the Hold of Belkzen, a presentation on Zon-Kuthon (god of darkness and pain), and several new monsters native to Belkzen and the ghost depths of Castle Scarwall. Preface: What a horrible night to have a curse by F. Wesley Schneider (4) Managing Editor F. Wesley Schneider discusses gothic horror and offers tips on capturing the mood of classics from the genre within the context of this month's adventure, and praise writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure , and praise writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure, and author Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure , and writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure, and writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure, and writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure, and writer Greg A. Vaughan for being the workhorse of the genre within the context of this month's adventure. In order to defeat him again and save both Korvosa and the Queen, the computers must travel deep into the orchestra countries of Belkzen and bravely reach the ghost of Castle Scarwall, once the dragon's seat of power. Somewhere deep inside the holy weapon serithial, the sword responsible for his defeat hundreds of years ago. Only on its edge can the dragon be driven from the world. 2. The hold on Belkzen by James L. Sutter (58) Bloodshed and brutality prevails in the rough, sample-mitted Houvas of Belkzen. For centuries, armies of orchestos have stamped the land into a stripped-out, broken battlefield. Yet the endless warfare, the ruins of past empire, remnants of lost peoples, nations, evidence of dark secrets lies hidden in the dust. 3. Sun-Kuthon by Sean K Reynolds (64) Gaze in the endless void of Sun-Kuthon, deadly god of darkness, envy, pain and loss. Tremble at the faces and shout of his eternally tortured victims, shrink at the secrets of his tragic immorte corruption, and participate in the ecstasitic torments of his pain-addicted church. 4. A friend in Emergency (Pathfinder's Journal) by James L. Sutter (70) Pathfinder Eando Kline discovered that there is more to Belkzen's savary then crying orchestable and hungry monsters. Savages turns sinister into this chapter of Pathfinder's Journal. 5. Combat by Sean K Reynolds & Greg A. Vaughan (76) chained spirit dance macabre gug The Prince in Chains umbral Dragon Adventure Review [edit] The secret of evil festerin in Korvosa's heart leads to the dreaded castle Scarwall, a ghost of cytod deep in the ork-devastated wasteland of Belkzen. Once home to a murderous warning, the castle halls with the skeletal footfalls and tormented corners of the troubled dead — abominations still obey their lost master, even after centuries. Community content is available under CC-BY-SA unless otherwise noted. The heroes learned the identity of the wickedness that harassed Korvosa- the depicable remnants of an evil dragon that once ruled much of Belkzen as an adistic warning worker. In order to defeat him again and save both Korvosa and then, the PCThis item does not belong on this page. Thank you, we'll look at this. Versions Pg. 1 Publisher: Paizo Publishing Year: 2008 Electronics (PDF, DOC, eBook, HTML, etc.) Product Code: PZO9011E View Corrections Link Image Publisher: Paizo Publishing Year: 2008 Soft Cover Product Code: PZO9011 ISBN-13:978-1601250995 96 pages Size: Letter view Corrections Link Image Description History of the Back of the Book: Condemned by a history of abominations, an army of living dead stands between Korvosa and his only home for salvation. Within the wrath of haunted Scarwall, the lifeless legions of ancient warfare Kazavon guard the same cursed tees they've stabbed for more than 700 years. The computers must explore the dirty castle's ghost halls, contend with other worldly terrors, and cleanse the contamination of Kazavon's last days before they had any hope of finally breaking the curse of the Crimson Throne. This volume of Pathfinder includes: Skeletons of Scarwall, an adventure for 12th-level characters, by Greg A. Vaughan. A terrifying glimpse of the sadden church of Zon-Kuthon, god of darkness, envy and pain, by Sean K. Reynolds. An explanation of the band control Keep of Belkzen, untepmable country of monsters, savagery, and ancient secrets, by James L. Sutter. Surrounded by savages, Eando Kline discovers the cruelty orchestra extends far beyond mere blood loop in the Journal, by James L. Sutter. Five new samples by Greg A. Vaughan and Sean K. Reynolds. Edit More Information | History This page does not exist. You can edit this page to create it. Files Title | Hot | Recent [Browse File x] [Upload File x] Language: All African Albanian American Sign Language (ASL) Arab Azerbaijani Basque Belarusian Bengali Bosnian Bulgarian Bulgarian Catalan Chinese Croatian Czech Dutch Dutch Esperanto Estonian Faroese Filipino Finnish French Galician Hebrew Indonesian Inuktitut Iranian Italian Italian Korean Latin Latin Latin-Lithuanian Luxembourg Malay (neutral) Norwegian Polish Portuguese Romanian Russian Sardinian Scottish Gaelic Slovakian Slovenian Swahili Swedish : Pg Ratio: Periodic Articles Podcast Episodes Pg. 1 Statistics RPG Item Rank: 2015 Num Ratings: 12 Average Rating: 7.75 Standard deviation: 0.92 Num Views: 1892 GeekBuddy Analysis: Analyze similarly rated: View Avg. Game Weight: 4.0 Fans: 0 Your Tags: Add Labels Popular Tags: [View All] Skeletons of Scarwall The Harrows were in a bit of disbelief after their trusted friend Zellara tore apart in front of them by the spirits haunting Castle Scarwall. However, they couldn't stop here as they turned their attention back to the massive structure before them and the journey continued across the causal path. As they approached the entrance, they saw two cross-bolts flying from the second story of the castle. Xandak cursed under his while the shot flew overhead and Barilut kept his ground when the bolt gunned down his armor. We disturb our fire from the windows. Let's double step and get to the castle to avoid any hits! Barilut said as he led the group to follow him to the castle. As they approached the castle, they could see the iron port cultivars growing up and a group of skeletons marching out swords and shields. Among them was a skeleton horse ridden by an armored skeleton that had a lane in his hand. We seem to have brought out the welcoming party. Sial said, look at the small battalion in front of them. I got it. Get back. Rey'la said as she moved up to the front and started throwing a game. Suddenly, the ground began to soften around the skeletons when it stirred to life and tried to pull off the three warriors to the ground. With the Hunger Earth game in place the skeletons were stuck and unable to move. The game didn't grab a hold on the nightmare, but if the skeleton house was a few feet from the ground and was not in touch with it. The skeleton pulled out over the water to get his horse in a better position than the rest of the skeletons struggled to move. Barilut ran to the nearest one and smashed it with his Dwarf gust as the rest of the group of arrows and crossboat bolts loaded it off at the skeletal horse. The arrows pierced between the legs and did not have that strong impact, but they slowly carried off the insulting animal. The rider charged in advance when he drove the track into the shoulder of Xandak and pierced the half-band's body with a solid blow. Meanwhile, the game continued to pull the skeletons deeper as it was delivered uselessly throughout the game. Xandak and Asyra moved up to the unddress horse to try to break it apart with their weapons as the axe and speckled chain cut and pierced into the legs. With the situation unfolding as it was limited many of the options the adventures could do. Jathan, Rey'la, and Philo stand in the back and unleash constant barrage on the skeleton while Xandak and Asyra went close. While their attacks were not the most effective against the skeleton horse, it eventually wore it until the nightmare died and crumbled into legs. The skeleton rider jumped off the crumbling horse as he landed on the edge of the bridge that still swings his lance. He let out two quick push out with the weapon, one in both Xandak and the other in Asyra. Rey'la moved up near the front line to heal Xandak's wounds so he could continue attacking while the Hunger Earth consumed the skeletons in the ground below. With only the skeleton leader above the ground, he was no match for the group when they attacked him from all sides. In the end, Xandak cut throughout the rider and destroyed him with a violent swing. All that was left were the skeletons that stuck underground. Barilut ordered Bauble to break when the Earth Elemental went underground and continued to destroy one after another. When he did them all, he came up again, and the battle was over. They quickly puddled up any wounds they had before they finally entered the caste. As they entered the castle, they overcoming a strange sense of fear. The castle felt uncomfortable as if eyes were watching them from everywhere and that this place was stained with darkness. The Harrows entered the guardhouse and saw numerous arrow holes and murder holes along the entire length of the hallway that led to the other door. It didn't take much for them to think it had to be dangerous, so Barilut did Bauble a scout. The earth elementally went into the ground to try to see what was around them, but quickly panicked. He left to his Master that there were spirits living in the walls and the moment he went in, they Attack. Attack. With that information, the group knew they would have to be careful about how they went through here. The next task the dwarf had for Bauble was to send him down the hallway to see if anything happened. Sure enough, while Bauble was moving through the hall four crossbow bolts sliding from the side arrow. Fortunately, two of the arrows missed and the other just cut bits from him. I can help us get over this. Laori said with a bright chirp. She throws Darking Miss as a misty vapor surrounding her makes it incredibly difficult to see. The adventurers stayed close together and pulled as a suit in the hall. Due to the fog blocking sight it meant that whatever shooting on them would not be able to see them. The plan worked as they navigated the hallway and moved into the next room. This room also has plenty of arrow slots that lined the walls and Barilut and Bauble moved slowly to make sure the coast was clear. This time there didn't seem to be anything shooting on them as they turned their focus on the contents of the room. The place was a blood bath while bodies were treamed everywhere. It was a mixture of orch and human bodies and many could be seen after they died with a death grip still on their weapon or their blade immersed in the corpse of their last victim. A large number of bodies were poured into the corner and piled up while the blood decorated the room. When the party moved into the room, the pile of corpses began to stir. Arms and legs pulled and cut to move the big hill to them as a foreign outdoor language comes from the creacular. They quickly jumped into action when Philo began preparing to summon a creature to help them in the fight. The group of corpses all moved their heads as the jaws opened and unleashed an over crushing painful shrink that filled the room. The shouting racked the adventurers as some felt it worse than others. It was so painful that even Philo lost concentration on his game and watched the magic fizzle gone. Xandak and Asyra moved in to attack the hope of their weapons as they cut body parts from the creacular. Rey'la had to stay back and help heal Jathan who didn't feel as good after the scream. Barilut took a position behind Asyra as his sulphur could reach from a distance when he smashed one of the heads in the helm. The looks file moves slowly to them as the bodies try to slam and grab a hold of as many of the intruders as it could. It was unable to hit Asyra or Barilut, but it hit Xandak as the insufficient arms grabbed a likes of him and pulled him closer to the hope. Philo saw that Xandak was in trouble and used his Forceful Hand game and summoned a phantasmal hand trying to make the pole try did. It took the corpses with power and was able to push it back just enough that it lost its grip on Xandak. With some of his wounds now cared for, Jathan was ready to get into the framework of the battle as he moves in and has a place where he could come from. He drove his dagger to the pile of bodies, but when he felt a pain shoot through his legs, he had not fully recovered and swung wide. The phantom hand kept the sample in the bay as the corpses washed up again at the heroes. This time it smoulmed in Xandak, Asyra and Jathan as it grabbed a hold on the half-orchestra and half-eleven to dress them closer. Laori saw them being grabbed by this creature as she began throwing a game and shooting out an explosion from Searing Light in the monster to burn away from the bodies. Philo followed up to an acid dart as the corpses melted and Asyra delivered another powerful strike with her speckled chain before the monster was dead and the corpses spread along the floor. It was.... Something. Xandak said, dust himself off. Indeed. Barilut replied. Just a sign of the abominations awaiting us in this place. The adventurers tried to move on but were stopped when they felt the door in front of them on the other side. One by one they tried to break through the door, but it seemed heavily strengthened. Finally, they decided to tear down the door as they hit it over and over with their weapons. The wood splintered along the floor until nothing was left and they could eventually go through. In the next room, the group saw another pile of skeletons and bodies, signs of struggle clearly in the room. Almost all skeletons were picked cleanly except for one left in a corner that still covered its full plate weapons in a skin dust. As the Harrows looked around the room, Jathan and Philo heard the faint sounds of the war. It was hard to determine where it came from and the elderly wizard used a Detect Magic game to try to identify him what was in the area. The first thing he noticed was that the whole castle itself radiated a slight necromantic aura that upset just more philosophers. In addition, the room seemed to have had its own strong necromantic energy as well as the full plate weapons on the skeleton. Before Philo could relay the information to the rest of the team, the room exploded with cacophony when sounds of the battle filled the room. Dying eager and collision of weapons continued to fill the room that makes it impossible to hear what anyone said as a scratching angry spirits began spiraling around the room screaming in madness. The shout was so intense that it was Rey'la, Xandak, and even Bauble disoriented disoriented Confuse. As the spirits died in the Harrows, they prepared to deal with the aftermath of the strange ghost. However, they were unable to come out of the skeleton as black and form together in a dark muscular mass of a male figure. The smoky wrath looked at them all with its glowful yellow eyes as it moved on to them with a glimpse of revenge and wrath like another battle on them. They.

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