Welcome to Adventure Path Plug-Ins
BY CLARK PETERSON

Adventure Background

Encounters

6. A FIDDLE AT DAWN
6. VISIT FROM GRAMMY (CR 1)
7. (MAP) THE GENERAL STORE
8. LINGERING SHADOWS (CR 1/2)
9. FIGHT OF THE OLD DOG (CR 3)
9. NOW HIRING: ZOMBIE FIGHTERS, SOME EXPERIENCE REQUIRED (CR VARIES)
9. EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! (CR 3 OR 4)
10. A SLIMY SKELETON IN THE CLOSET (CR 1/2)
11. RAVEN’S REST (CR 2)
13. (MAP) CEMETERY HILL
14. CEMETERY HILL (CR VARIES)

Trust Points

TABLE: TRUST POINTS

Epilogue

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Legal
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Adventure Path campaigns contain amazing plots and stories written by the industry’s best authors. But those adventures have space restrictions for print publication that often leave space either for alternatives for the busy GM or chances for the GM to personalize his or her game. The first installment of the current Adventure Path has just these issues—PCs need more small chances to earn experience and gain trust within the town. GMs need short adventures or locations that can be easily plugged in to the current adventure without disrupting its overall story. This adventure, *The Fiddler’s Lament*, fills that need and more, providing the PCs with experience and the chance to gain Trust as well as the chance for the party to redeem a lost and tormented soul, bringing peace out of tragedy for her and for the village as a whole. Their actions may lead the villagers themselves toward a path of deeper despair or transformative mercy, either way deepening their bond and investment with this place and its people.

Hey, What’s With the Names?

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Adventure Background

Alhindriosa had a fey spirit for even the folk of the Elven Kingdom. Her parents said she had her head more in other worlds than in this one as she sang and danced her way through life, sprightly even for an elf. When her parents died in a tragic boating accident, she was subsumed for their funeral, but even that fugue was short-lived as she soon went back to her ways of prancing across meadows to stir the butterflies and singing nonsensical songs to the birds. Many of the elves thought her stricken or possessed, and ultimately none were anything but secretly relieved when upon reaching the beginnings of adulthood she up and left the elves to explore the greater world outside their hedged realm.

Alhindriosa wandered for weeks, gradually making her way around the great inner sea before finally falling in with a band of gypsies headed north. In this people of dusken skin and dervish dances, Alhindriosa had finally found a kindred spirit. They knew the ways of the night song and the dance of the moonlight upon the water; they too could hear the music in the crakle of the campfire and freedom of Nature as it flowed through their veins in an expression of purest joy, devoid of thought or artifice. In turn, the Wanderers accepted her as one of their own and allowed her to dance to the sound of their fiddle and tambourine as they traveled the rugged countryside of the North.

For more than a decade Alhindri, as she became known, danced among the Wanderers, and even they had to recognize something different about her—something special that transcended the mundane and touched on some other plane of existence where the troubles of life were a trifling thing next to the trill of the music and the thrill of the dance. More than one of the dusky men offered to take her in marriage and make her a respected matron of their tribe, but she gently rebuffed them all content in their company alone, seeking neither companionship nor station—known to all the towns they visited as the dancing elf maid of the Wandering Folk.

Unfortunately though the years of an elf are long, her state of bliss came to an end all too soon. One evening as their caravan camped in the wilderness, a dark stranger came into their midst. Swathed all in cloak, scarf, and a wide-brimmed hat, though it was a warm spring night, he requested the hospitality of their fire. This was begrudgingly given but the elder matron of the tribe immediately made the ward against the Evil Eye at the stranger, and all fell silent in his presence. Perturbed at the end of the festivities the stranger demanded that the fiddler strike up a tune and that the elf maid dance for him. Alhindri thought that he seemed handsome enough from what she could see, but before she could acquiesce to his request—nay demand—the strangest thing happened. Lothiaro, the head of the caravan, took his fiddle and smashed it upon a rock claiming that none of the Wandering Folk would play for the Dark Stranger and that none under his protection would dance before him—as it has always been among the Wandering Folk, and as it would always be.

Alhindri did not quite understand what was going on and watched in a strangely calm daze as the Dark Stranger proclaimed, “So be it,” and proceeded to gruesomely slaughter the Wanderers—her kin of the last several years—with his bare hands before her very eyes. Some of them sought to fight; others tried to flee. It mattered not, for the stranger moved with a speed and savagery unmatched by mortal limbs. In moments, the gory massacre was done, and the blood-slicked stranger stood before Alhindri. She found that she could not look up into his mesmerizing eyes and only stared dumbly at the ground where she noticed the curious detail that he had cloven hooves instead of feet.

“Your adopted kin have purchased your freedom at a dear price this night,” he intoned to her, “but the demand of the Stranger cannot be denied forever. We will meet again, you and I.”

Then he was gone in the darkness, and Alhindri found that she couldn’t bring herself to move for some time but simply sat and stared at the dew-stained grass where he had stood and the imprint of two cloven hooves that remained faintly visible.

When villagers from the nearby town of Raven came upon the scene of the massacre three days later, Alhindri still sat as she had, staring at the ground, silent and unresponsive, her cheeks hollow from hunger and thirst and her brow burned from days in the unrelenting sun. The villagers buried the gypsies silent and unresponsive, her cheeks hollow from hunger and thirst and her brow burned from days in the unrelenting sun. The villagers buried the gypsies in the consecrated ground of their town cemetery to prevent them from arising again to trouble the living and took the elven waif in out of the kindness of their hearts, thinking her one of the forlorn members of her race presumably in shock over what she must have witnessed. They nursed Alhindri back to health but soon learned that her injuries were more of her spirit than to her body. She never spoke nor emerged from her silent stupor. Finally, realizing that they could do no more for the young elf, one of the local councilmen paid out of his generosity to have her transported to a hospital in a distant city where she could be cared for in hopes that she would eventually emerge from her fugue and be able to tell what had occurred to the Wanderers she had been with.

There Alhindri waited, known only as the Raven Patient, passed from hospital to prison to asylum, silent and alone for 85 years…until today. In the darkest hour of the early morning, Alhindri opened her eyes to discover a dark cloaked figure standing in her cell with her. He called her by name and told her it was time for her to return to her lost kin and dance for them once more. She was fascinated, as he spoke, by the pair of cloven hooves that peeked out
from beneath his cloak but became even more astonished when he handed her a meticulously cared for violin that in her mind’s eye she recognized at once as being that which had belonged to Lothiaro, made whole once more.

Immediately the color returned to Alhindri’s face and her life as she took the beloved instrument in her hands. She didn’t even notice when the Dark Stranger wrapped his cowl around her and she found herself no longer in her lonely cell but standing upon a hill covered in tombs, surrounded by ancient unmarked graves. In the pre-light of dawn she gave no more thought to her surroundings than to a gnat as she touched bow to fiddle and began to play. The fiddle had never been her instrument, but she had been around it enough to pick up a bit, and as she played upon Lothiaro’s beloved violin she found that it practically played itself. She soon lost herself to the music and began to dance as of old…and she did not dance alone as her long-lost gypsy kin rose from the ground to join her.

**Encounters**

*The Fiddler’s Lament* takes place in the town of Raven near the haunted prison described in the Adventure Path. The enigmatic Dark Stranger, for reasons of his own, has brought Alhindri back to the region where he slaughtered her adopted kin and has provided her not with the beloved fiddle of her former protector but an infernal instrument called the *Rebec Malevolenti*, crafted in the pits of Hell with the sole purpose to bring ruin upon mortals. With this instrument Alhindri heedlessly summons forth the dead from their rest and causes them to descend like a plague upon the unsuspecting town of Raven nearby. Only with the destruction of the fiddle can the plague of zombies and worse be stopped.

The adventure begins as the PCs, who have already come to the town of Raven for their own reasons, make their way to the general store to gather supplies for their ongoing investigation. It can begin at any time during the Adventure Path module but should probably occur early in their stay in Raven before they’ve had a chance to do much poking around in the nearby haunted prison. This can give them some much needed experience as well as some foreshadowing of things soon to come.

**A Fiddle at Dawn**

The early morning sun has barely peeked over the eastern horizon as you make your way through long shadows across the town square. The village itself is coming awake as goodwives push their sleepy-eyed children out the door to begin the day’s chores. The usual sounds of cock’s crow and the occasional dog bark are joined this morning by something unexpected. Floating lightly upon the morning breeze is the sound of a hauntingly beautiful melody as if the world’s saddest fiddler were out this morning plying his bow to catgut in a dirge for the day to come. Who the mysterious player might be is unguessed but the music, though mournful, is not unpleasant.

Though it is morning, the PCs are assumed to be wearing their normal gear and equipment as befits an adventuring party. Their reasons for visiting the general store are important but should just be to pick up some mundane supplies or equipment. Unfortunately, while there they learn that there is more to the fiddler’s music than they know and that its effects have come to visit upon the town.

**Visit from Grammy (CR 1)**

The storekeep and a local gaffer chat idly near the front counter talking about the strange music, which has apparently been heard across parts of town since before dawn, speculating as to who could be the source. The storekeep’s wife stocks shelves while their young girls run around playing chase. You once again eye the suit of fine plate armor that stands near the back of the store, wondering what kind of coin it would take to get the storekeep to part with it—you’ve heard him mention that it belonged to his wife’s long-deceased grandfather from back when he fought for the Crown.

As one of the young girls opens the cellar door to fetch a bag of herbs for her mother, you hear her small child’s voice suddenly exclaim with delight, “Grammy?!” to which the storekeep’s wife patiently explains, “No, dear. You know Grammy and Grampy passed on from the fever last winter. She’s not waiting in the cellar for you."

Out of the corner of your eye you notice that the arm of the suit of armor seems to shift and slightly raise, as if it had been dislodged and the whole thing was about to fall over forward, but you are distracted from further investigation by the sound of the heavy, slow tread of bare feet climbing the cellar stair and the look of delight still on the young girl’s face as she shouts, “It is Grammy!” at something behind the cellar door that you can’t see yet. As the suit of armor clatters to the floor at your feet and you see standing in the alcove behind it the worm-eaten corpse of what was once a gray-bearded old man, you can only think to yourself, “And this must be Grampy.”

Then the screaming begins.
the Fiddler's Lament
The map shows the floor plan of the general store, which is location “F” on the Adventure Path’s town map. The shelves hold only mundane equipment and supplies, though the waist-high shelves and front counter do provide cover to anyone behind them and require a DC 6 Acrobatics check to leap over them headfirst (DC 12 without at least a 10-foot running start), or a DC 12 (DC 24 with no run) to leap atop them. They can be easily climbed over with a move action, but it provokes attacks of opportunity.

**Creatures:** The first of the undead brought forth by Alhindri’s bone fiddle that the PCs encounter are indeed the zombies of Grammy and Grampy come back to visit their young folk. They crept into the store before light while the owners were busy elsewhere and instinctively took up hiding places as they had once done to play with their grandchildren. The sound of the young girls playing has brought them out of their hiding places but has also triggered their instinct to destroy all living creatures, so playtime is over. They lurch to attack whoever is closest. Hopefully this will be the PCs as the storekeeper’s wife grabs the young child and bolts for the stairs to the upper floor while the storekeeper gathers up his other four older girls and hustles them that way as well. The gaffer likewise scoots out the front door leaving the PCS to deal with the zombie menace. They attack and pursue until destroyed.

**Granny and Grampy CR 1/2**

XP 50  
hp 12 (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary “Zombie”)

**Development:** When the PCs have finished with the zombies, they can hear the sound of screams from out in the town square with a successful DC 10 Perception check. However, immediately after they hear the shrill screams of the storekeeper’s wife grasps the young child and bolts for the stairs to the upper floor while the storekeeper gathers up his other four older girls and hustles them that way as well. The gaffer likewise scoots out the front door leaving the PCS to deal with the zombie menace. They attack and pursue until destroyed.

**Lingering Shadows (CR 1/2)**

If the PCs head upstairs in the general store, they find it still dark and shuttered from the previous night’s repose. The sound of whimpering cries and shrill little screams come from the master bedroom. A single candle lights the room and just a hint of dawn light leaks through the heavily curtained window. Across the room, behind the bed, huddle the storekeeper and his entire family. They point wordlessly to the open closet door that stands near the exit. From within the closet, sinister shadows can be seen to move in unnatural ways.

**Creature:** Another dire visitor from the town cemetery has made its way into here. It is a lesser shadow, much like its normal brethren but weaker and more stunted in its power. It lurches forth to attack as soon as the PCs enter, trying to get at the helpless family but willing to take on adventurers if they interfere. As long as the room remains in dim light, the lesser shadow has concealment against the PCs. If anyone thinks to open the curtain (the storekeeper can do so if they PCs think to tell him), the bright dawn light floods into the room and removes this concealment for the creature. In addition, it must make a DC 10 Will check each round to stay and fight or flee back into the closet and out through the walls of the house to find some shadowy corner of the town in which to hide. If it flees, it is not encountered again in this adventure.

**Lesser Shadow CR 1/2**

XP 200  
*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 541  
CE Medium undead (incorporeal)  
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

**Defense**

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+1 deflection, +1 dodge, +2 Dex)  
hp 6 (1d8+2)  
Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2

**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +1, incorporeal, shadow blend; Immune undead traits

**Offense**

Speed fly 40 ft. (good)  
Melee incorporeal touch +2 (1 Strength damage)

**Statistics**

**Str —, Dex 15, Con —, Int 5, Wis 10, Cha 14**

**Base Atk +0; CMB +2; CMD 15**

**Feats** Dodge  
**Skills** Fly +6, Perception +8, Stealth +6  
**SQ** phantom noises

**Special Abilities**

**Strength Damage (Su)** The touch of a lesser shadow deals 1 point of Strength damage to a living foe. A creature drained to Strength 0 by a lesser shadow dies. This is a negative energy effect.

**Shadow Blend (Ex)** In any light condition less than bright light, the lesser shadow’s form blends into the surrounding shadows, granting it concealment.

**Development:** If the PCs rescue the storekeeper and his family, they receive an additional 10% discount off of any other discounts or markups they may receive when they shop in the general store.
**Fight of the Old Dog (CR 3)**

When the PCs emerge from the general store, whether they have defeated the zombies and lesser shadow within or not, they witness the following scene. The mysterious fiddle plays on, barely audible above the ruckus that has arisen in the town square. Townsfolk flee everywhere with lurching undead horrors shambling along after them. Most people seem to be managing to lock themselves within their homes and businesses causing the walking dead to wander elsewhere in search of prey, but in the center of the square, where stands the old gazebo, a different scene unfolds. A number of disembodied, clawlike hands clamber across the ground towards the structure and up its rails. Within stands the towns mangy stray dog that has been adopted by the children. As the crawling hands approach menacingly the dog stands its ground growling at them and blocking the way towards a small group of children behind who it who at the same time appear to be trying to get past the dog with their sticks and play swords in order to bravely defend it from the approaching horrors. None of the townsfolk seem to have noticed this yet, and it is only a matter of time before the dog and children find themselves in trouble.

**Creatures:** Just as it appears, the local mutt is trying to protect four small children from a group of four crawling hands, while at the same time the children are trying to protect their pet from them as well. The dog is doing well to hold the children back and ward off the undead creatures, one group or the other will soon manage to get past its defenses and result in a tragedy for the town. If the PCs hurry, though, they will be able to intervene in time to save them. The crawling hands will turn on the newcomers while the dog will bolt causing the children to squeal and chase after it, leading them to safety. If the PCs find themselves in over their heads, the dog can return to fight alongside them (treat as a riding dog)

**Crawling Hands (4) CR 1/2**

**XP 200**

**hp 9 (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary “Crawling Hand”)**

**Development:** Once the crawling hands have been dealt with, the PCs can take stock of the situation around town. A few zombies wander hither and yon but without any apparent real motivation, and with most of the villagers safely locked up in their homes they are out of immediate danger. Checking with the sheriff reveals that he is away at one of the outlying farms this morning and most of his deputies are currently off duty tending to their own farming chores. There doesn’t seem to be anyone around in any better position to defend the town than the PCs themselves. All of the walking dead are recognizable to various townspeople as their departed family and friends who are supposed to be safely interred in the town cemetery to the north. No one knows why they would be up and about like this.

**Now Hiring: Zombie Fighters, Some Experience Required (CR varies)**

To the south of the square, the moneylenders have stationed their troop of bodyguards outside their establishment, and this group of eight veteran warriors (human warrior 4) has dispatched a half dozen of the walking dead themselves. They put the finishing touches on a seventh as the PCs watch. One of the moneylenders leans out the second-floor window of his shop and shouts to the PCs that he will pay them 50 gp each if they will stay and defend his shop alongside his guards. At the same time, the haunting music continues to drift from the north and the sounds of additional shouts and screams can be heard from that direction.

If the PCs choose to take up post alongside the moneylenders’ mercenaries, they receive a chorus of boos from any of the villagers watching from their windows. Every 10 minutes another 1d4+1 zombies will wander through the town square and attack while the sounds of battle elsewhere in town will eventually die down to an ominous silence with only the fiddle music as accompaniment. This can go on for days with the sheriff and all his deputies eventually arriving and falling to the endless waves of zombies. At some point the PCs will need to either give the town up for dead or head north to try and stop the fiddling that seems to be somehow connected to the zombie plague.

If the PCs head north proceed with “Extra! Extra! Read All About It!” If they head south to reach the temple or some other area of town, see “A Slimy Skeleton in the Closet” for details of what is going on elsewhere.

**Extra! Extra! Read All About It! (CR 3 or 4)**

This event occurs at the posting pole (the location marked as “B” on the Adventure Path’s town map) at the east end of the covered bridge.

The posting pole lies just ahead, a thick tree trunk, stripped of branches, sawed off at head height on a tall man, and set upright in the ground at the end of the covered bridge so that notices and broadsheets can be tacked to it for all to see. The young lad that you recognize as being responsible for hanging the notices crouches at the top of the pole trying to stay out of reach of two clay-encrusted skeletons that swipe at him with jagged claws. His stack of posting notices lies scattered on the ground. Sitting astride a skeletal horse nearby is another skeleton, this one armored in a rusted breastplate. A frayed noose dangles from its broken neck, and a cracked leather eye patch covers one eye. The other two skeletons likewise have the remains of nooses hanging from them.

**Creatures:** The town’s posting boy has run afoul of a group of malevolent dead raised by the music of the Rebec Malevolenti. The bandit Kurchega was caught and hanged at the covered bridge by the townsfolk of Raven 40 years ago after plaguing the area with his bloody raids for an entire year. Two of his accomplices were hanged with him, and before he died he watched the townsfolk...
slaughter his prized mare. All were buried in the river embankment near the bridge in unmarked graves so that their memory would be forgotten by all. With the coming of the supernatural music, they have dug forth from their clay resting places. They came upon the posting boy unawares and have been making sport of him at Kurchega’s orders until he grows bored and orders the kill. When they see the party they turn to attack. If the PCs have been having an easy go of things so far, include the skeletal mount as a combatant. Otherwise it serves Kurchega as a mount but does not enter the fray as a combatant itself and likewise crumbles to dust when the bandit chief is destroyed.

Kurchega, Skeletal Champion  CR 2

XP 600
hp 17 (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary “Skeletal Champion”)

Skeletons (2)  CR 1/2

XP 135
hp 4 (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary “Skeleton”)

Skeletal Mount  CR 1

XP 400
Advanced heavy horse skeleton (Pathfinder Adventure Path #44 86)
NE Large undead
Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE
AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +2 natural, –1 size)
hp 9 (2d8)
Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +3
DR 5/bludgeoning; Immune cold, undead traits

OFFENSE
Speed 50 ft.
Melee bite +5 (1d4+5), 2 hooves +0 (1d6+2)
Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

STATISTICS
Str 20, Dex 20, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 10
Base Atk +1; CMB +7; CMD 22 (26 vs. trip)
Feats Improved Initiative*
Gear broken chain shirt barding

Development: If the posting boy is rescued, he immediately runs to his father’s restaurant at the river’s edge and tells him everything that transpires. The heroism of the PCs will then appear in tracts on the posting poles over the next several days.

A Slimy Skeleton in the Closet (CR 1/2)

This event occurs as the PCs reach the crossroads west of the covered bridge just north of location M4 on Adventure Path’s town map. Here the PCs run into Rufio, one of the acolytes (see “Raven’s Rest” for stats) from the temple of the goddess of fate and prophecy, the deity venerated by the locals. He has a small cut across his forehead and is much disheveled but otherwise seems none the worse for wear. He is running north towards the cemetery, but sags to his haunches out of breath in relief when he sees the PCs.

In between gasps for breath, he explains that Father Grimble and most of the acolytes went to the cemetery early this morning before the ghostly music started in order to prepare for a funeral. They have not returned. Just a short while ago a group of walking dead overran the temple and killed the other acolyte there while he fled out the back. He says he has got to get to the cemetery to alert Father Grimble and bring him back. He says that on his way here he passed Councilor Murik’s home and saw that they were having some sort of trouble. He kept going but promised he would send help as soon as he found Father Grimble. He now begs the PCs to head to Murik’s house and help him while he goes to fetch the good father. He will not force the PCs to go that way but will give them the pouch of seven scrolls of cure light wounds (CL 1st) that he snatched before fleeing the temple if they agree to do so. He will also expend the last of his own cure spells and channel energies to heal the PCs (assume he has enough to bring them all to maximum hit points). If the PCs refuse to go help Councilor Murik, he will not force them to but does not give them the scrolls. He will still heal them, though.

If the PCs agree to head south, Rufio tells them to not bother going to the temple as it is overrun. As soon as they help out the councilor, he asks them to join him up at the cemetery so that Father Grimble and the other acolytes can link up with them to sweep the undead from the town.

If the PCs head south to Councilor Murik’s house, proceed with the following. If they instead follow the acolyte to the cemetery skip to “Raven’s Rest”.

The stately home of Councilor Murik stands among the trees beside the road. Several of the lower windows are broken out and the occasional scream issues from within followed by the sound of shattering glass and breaking furniture. Soon the aged councilor himself hobbles out onto the front porch, slams the door behind him, and huddles behind a large flower urn to hide. Following him a slimy apparition that appears to be wearing the finery of a wealthy man, a wealthy man with a striking resemblance to the councilor himself, steps through the door as if it wasn’t there and leaves a spot of viscous ooze upon the hardwood. As the dripping creature lurches towards the cowering councilor, you see that the ghostly image of a hatchet protrudes from the back of the apparition’s head. When the councilor catches sight of you he shouts in a raspy, fear-choked voice, “Help me! I didn’t do it! He thinks I’m my father!”
Creature: Councilor Murik is currently being menaced by the ectoplasmic remains of one of his own ancestors, Pecrit Murik, foully murdered many years ago and now come back to visit revenge upon the wrong descendant.

The ectoplasmic creature attempts to slay Councilor Murik unless the PCs interpose themselves between it and the feeble old councilor. If the PCs do not do so, assume that the creature manages to finish the old man off in 3 rounds before wandering off to vent its rage elsewhere. If the PCs manage to damage the creature, it turns its attention towards them. The councilor’s serving staff remains hidden in the house and does not emerge to assist until the battle is over.

Development: If the ectoplasmic creature is defeated and Councilor Murik survives, the old politician emerges from hiding and thanks the PCs profusely for their aid. He sheepishly admits that the creature was undoubtedly his grandfather, Pecrit Murik, a vile and abusive drunk. According to family lore, the councilor’s own father Alberit waylaid his grandfather in the woods with a hatchet when he was drunk and buried him in a hidden grave somewhere on the property. The councilor never knew where the grave was or even if the legend was true, and Alberit has been dead for over 40 years, however, based on the apparition that appeared seeking vengeance it would seem that the old tale was true. Here the councilor clears his throat awkwardly and states that it would be quite an embarrassment to his family and the town if it was revealed that one of their councilors was the son of a murderer. He assures the PCs that he will do all he can to make their stay in Raven as welcoming as possible if they would, how shall we say, use the utmost discretion in any matters pertaining to what they have learned here. Regardless of their response, he then encourages them to hurry and help the acolyte who was heading to the cemetery to find Father Grimble and end this plague of undead.

Pecrit Murik CR 1/2
XP 200
Male ectoplasmic human (Pathfinder Adventure Path #43 86)
CE Medium undead
Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception –1

Defense
AC 12, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (+2 natural)
hp 8 (1d8+4)
Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +2
DR 5/slashing; Immune undead traits

Offense
Speed 30 ft.
Melee slam +3 (1d4+3 plus horrifying ooze)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st)
Constant—air walk

Statistics
Str 16, Dex 11, Con —, Int —, Wis 10, Cha 12
Base Atk +0; CMB +3; CMD 13
Feats Toughness
SQ phase lurch

Special Abilities
Horrifying Ooze (Su) Any creature that is struck by the ectoplasmic creature’s slam attack must make a DC 11 Will save or become shaken for 1d4 rounds. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Phase Lurch (Su) An ectoplasmic creature has the ability to pass through walls or material obstacles. In order to use this ability, the ectoplasmic creature must begin and end its turn outside of whatever wall or obstacle it is moving through. An ectoplasmic creature cannot move through corporeal creatures with this ability, and its movement speed is halved while moving through a wall or obstacle. Slimy mucus that lingers for 1 minute marks the spot on a wall where an ectoplasmic creature entered and exited it.

Raven’s Rest (CR 2)
The cemetery lies a short distance north of the town and is not shown on the town map, though the Adventure Path does provide a map of the cemetery itself. When the PCs arrive, they approach from the southwest gate. If they choose to enter by a different gate, use the same encounter but relocate it to there. If the PCs accompanied the acolyte, then omit the portion in parentheses from the following description.

The source of the day’s trouble lies ahead, the Raven’s Rest Cemetery. It rises from the moor like a well-tended garden of stone, rising beyond its gates past row upon row of headstones to a low hill crowned by a circle of ancient tomb vaults. The fiddling floats over the cemetery much louder than elsewhere in town and achieves an almost manic quality. Everywhere across the cemetery tombstones tumble over and the earth churns where things that ought lie still struggle to emerge from the cold ground. Yet atop the hill a single figure can be seen racing around, jumping to and fro in time to the music. There lies your quarry, and a road runs straight to the top if only you can win past the emerging hordes of the unquiet dead. From the brush beside the gate steps a foul creature, obviously once a wolf, its skin hangs in ragged strips from it moldering hide with ribs showing through the gaps in its bloated, putrid flesh. (There is fresh blood on its jaws, and the torn robes of a temple acolyte beside the road hide the remains of the wolf’s recent handiwork.)

If Rufio preceded the PCs here, then he was paralyzed by the ghoul wolf when he attempted to enter the cemetery. If the party instead accompanied him here, then his stats are included under “Development” below. He does not know exactly where Father Grimble and the other acolytes were making their funeral preparations but assumes the high ground at the boneyard’s center is as good
a place to start looking as any. He will assist in any combats unless you feel the PC's are having too easy a time of it, in which case he hangs back and stays out of any fights.

Creature: A wolf died in the brush near the edge of the road after running afoul of a hunter's trap and developing infections in its wounds. With the summons of the Rebec Malevolenti, it has arisen as a ghoul wolf and attacks anyone it meets, fighting until destroyed.

**Ghoul Wolf**  
CR 2  
XP 600  
*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 649  
CE Medium undead  
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +9  

**Defense**  
AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 natural)  
hp 18 (4d8)  
Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +6  
DR channel resistance +2; Immune undead traits

**Offense**  
Speed 50 ft.  
Melee bite +7 (1d6+4 plus paralysis plus trip)  
Special Attacks paralysis (1d4+2 rounds, DC 12, elves are immune to this effect)

**Statistics**  
Str 17, Dex 15, Con —, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 10  
Base Atk +3; CMB +6; CMD 18 (22 vs. trip)  
Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (bite)  
Skills Perception +9, Stealth +6, Survival +2 (+6 tracking by scent)

Development: If the PC's did not accompany Rufio the acolyte here, then he is lying wounded by the edge of the road where he fell after being attacked by the ghoul wolf. He is currently paralyzed, but the effect will wear off in 2 more rounds. He has a single potion of cure light wounds on him (which the PC's could use to cure his wounds if they chose) plus the pouch of scrolls if he did not already give it to them. If he was with the PC's all along, then he is not wounded.

**Rufio, Temple Acolyte**  
CR 1  
XP 400  
Male human cleric 2  
LN Medium humanoid (human)  
Init +1; Senses Perception +6  
Aura lawful

**Defense**  
AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+1 armor, +1 Dex, +1 shield)  
hp 13, currently 7 (2d8+1)  
Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +5

**Offense**  
Speed 30 ft.  
Melee light mace +0 (1d6–1)  
Special Attacks channel positive energy (all used for the day), spontaneous casting (cure spells)  
Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd)  
At will—lore keeper (melee touch +0)  
5/day—rebuke death  
Spells Prepared (CL 2nd)  
None currently  
D domain spell; Domains Healing, Knowledge

**Statistics**  
Str 9, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 12  
Base Atk +1; CMB +0; CMD 11  
Feats Alertness*, Self-Sufficient  
Skills Heal +9, Knowledge (religion) +5, Perception +6, Sense Motive +4, Survival +4  
Languages Common  
Combat Gear potion of cure light wounds; Other Gear padded armor, light wooden shield, light mace, silver holy symbol
Cemetery Hill

(S) Skeletons
(A) Alhindri

One square = 5 feet

(S) Skeletons
(A) Alhindri
Cemetery Hill (CR varies)

The Raven’s Rest cemetery is large and sprawling with multiple pathways leading through ranks of headstones, but one path in particular leads directly to the crown of the hill at its center. Everywhere the PCs look they see grave’s churning as their occupants slowly unearth themselves or open graves where the occupants have already departed. Straying from the path or exploring the cemetery has a 50% chance of an encounter with an undead creature each round (see table in the “Rebec Malevolenti” sidebar to determine what kind). Searching for Father Grimble and the missing acolytes will likewise cause these random encounters.

When the PCs climb the hill read the following.

A cluster of aged stone vaults stand atop the hill overgrown with creepers and high wild grass. It seems this portion of the cemetery is older and gets less tending than other areas. Barely visible in the tall grass are a number of headstones, cracked and crumbling with age and cantled at wild angles from their long years exposed to the elements. Dancing among them like a vision out of a fever dream is an elven maid. She is barefoot with long, lithe limbs and wears a tattered and stained hospital shift and the ragged remains of a straight jacket that no longer restrains her. In her arms she holds a narrow-bodied gypsy fiddle which she plays energetically as she dances about. Her face is the very picture of transported bliss as her eyes dance with gaiety and unbidden laughs actually burst forth from her mouth from time to time.

Though the elf may be the image of grace and joy, the effects of her playing cannot be denied, as rotten and skeletal arms continue to rise from the ground around her, clawing their way to the surface as they sway in perfect time with the frenetic music.

The stone vaults all remain sealed, so no undead have come forth from them yet. The headstones around her are dated 85 years ago and simply say “Unkown Wanderer. Fouly murdered.” A DC 10 Knowledge (local) identifies Wanderer as the name for the enigmatic gypsy bands that wander the North. A DC 20 Knowledge (local or history) recalls tales of Alhindri’s band massacred near Raven and of the lone elf maid survivor who never spoke a word and was eventually locked up and forgotten. The headstones do not impede movement but do provide cover to Small creatures.

Creatures: Here at the summit of the hill the PCs have found Alhindri, totally enthralled in joy as she plays the fiddle provided for her by the Dark Stranger. She is blissfully unaware of the effects it is having on the surrounding graveyard and cannot be interrupted in her playing. And since the fiddle provides her with unnatural vigor, she will go on playing it for days without stop until she actually dies of starvation. As the PCs will soon discover, attacks upon Alhindri herself are pointless as it is the Rebec Malevolenti that must be destroyed to end the zombie plague. In the meantime, concealed among the tall grass at the points marked on the map are the skeletal remains of her former gypsy companions. They still wear the tattered remains of their distinctive Wanderer garb and rise up to defend Alhindri from anyone that attempts to interfere with her playing. She uses one move action each round to dance about atop the hill and another to play her fiddle. These do not provoke attacks of opportunity unless she moves through a threatened square, which she will attempt to avoid doing if possible. She does not otherwise react to the PCs’ presence. There are a total of seven skeletons guarding Alhindri. Every 2 rounds, another gypsy skeleton emerges from the earth (countersong does not effect these as they are ones that had already been called forth and were busy digging). It is considered flat-footed and provokes attacks of opportunity in the round that it emerges, though it has concealment in the tall grass. Choose the spot of its emergence at random. When the Rebec Malevolenti is destroyed, all remaining undead in the cemetery and nearby town fall dead once again and no more emerge.

### SKELETONS (7 OR MORE) CR 1/3

<table>
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<td>hp 4 (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary “Skeleton”)</td>
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### ALHINDRI CR 1

<table>
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<th>XP 400</th>
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<tr>
<td>Female elf commoner 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>N Medium humanoid (elf)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Init +2; Senses low-light vision; Perception +0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

#### DEFENSE

- AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)
- hp 7 (3d6–3)
- Fort +0, Ref +3, Will –1; +2 vs. enchantment
- Defensive Abilities false life, freedom of movement; DR 5/magic; Immune sleep, undead traits

#### OFFENSE

- Speed 30 ft.
- Melee unarmed strike –1 (1d3–2/nonlethal)

#### STATISTICS

- Str 7, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 6, Cha 16
- Base Atk +1; CMB –1; CMD 12 (16 vs. sunder)
- Feats Dodge, Skill Focus (Perform [dance])
- Skills Linguistics +0, Perception +0, Perform (dance) +9, Perform (string instruments) +4
- Languages Common, Elven, Wanderer
- Gear Rebec Malevolenti
the \textit{Fiddler's Lament}
Rebec Malevolenti (Minor Artifact)

Aura strong necromancy [evil]; CL 12th
Slot —; Price —; Weight 3 lbs.

Description
This is a three-stringed fiddle made with a narrowboat-shaped body and a horsehair bow. Its finish has the cracked polish of old bone, and when stared at intently tiny glowing red lettering can be seen to swirl about just beneath its varnish, never staying still long enough to read the infernal writing. When played by someone with at least 1 rank in Perform (stringed instruments), the rebec grants the following powers to the fiddler for as long as she plays:

The player is provided with a +3 bonus to natural armor and DR 5/magic. The player receives the immunities associated with undead traits, though she does not actually become undead or become otherwise susceptible to positive energy attacks.

The player becomes engrossed in the playing and suffers a –4 penalty to Perception while doing so.

Anytime the player is reduced to 0 hit points or below, the rebec grants the effects of a false life spell on the player as an immediate action giving her 1d10+10 temporary hit points. Unlike the spell, these temporary hit points remain for as long as the fiddler plays. There is no limit to the number of times it can cast false life, and it can do so multiple times per round.

The rebec grants lesser restoration upon the fiddler once per day to mitigate any effects of fatigue or exhaustion in order to allow her to keep playing. The player remains under the constant effects of a freedom of movement spell.

The primary purpose of the rebec is to animate the dead to wretched unlife. Each round that the rebec is played, any corpses within the range of its hearing (including those buried in this range) are subject to reanimation. Even corpses that have rotted away can return as incorporeal undead. For each round of playing in an area where dead bodies are available, roll d6 to determine what type of undead creature that is created. These creatures do not attack the fiddler but are not otherwise under the player’s command; they remain true to form, attacking living creatures as opportunity presents. They remain animated until destroyed or the rebec is destroyed at which point all previously animated undead return to death once again.

```
d6          Undead Type
1–2         skeleton
3–4         zombie
5           ectoplasmic creature (see Pathfinder Adventure Path #43 86)
6           creature of GMs choice
             (lesser shadow and ghouling wolf in this adventure)
```

The effects and powers of the rebec cannot be dispelled or nullified by silence or countersong (though countersong will prevent the animation of undead creatures for its duration). The fiddler need not concentrate for the rebec’s powers to activate, though she must use a move action each round that does not provoke attacks of opportunity to play the instrument.

Destruction
The rebec can only be destroyed by sundering it, though it provides a +4 bonus to the fiddler’s CMD to resist sundering. It has hardness 5 and 20 hit points. It does not gain the broken condition but when reduced to 0 hit points it is destroyed.

Trust Points
The adventure The Fiddler’s Lament provides a number of opportunities for the PCs to accrue Trust Points and even a few for them to lose them. These are outlined below. These points are added or subtracted for the entire party even if only one or two PCs were involved in the specific action—the party gains and loses the Trust Points together.

```
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table 1—1: Trust Points</th>
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<td>+4</td>
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```
When the *Rebec Malevolenti* is destroyed, all undead created by it are immediately destroyed as well. The other powers it provides likewise end immediately. If still alive, Alhindri stops in her tracks. The expression of jubilation and total abandon vanish from her face instantly and are instead replaced by the ashen pallor that once again leeches the color from her cheeks. She is visibly reduced to a shell of her former self becoming completely unresponsive and listless. She will offer no resistance and can easily be slain or led about. Alhindri has become one of the forlorn once again. The twisted work of the Dark Stranger is over for now. Who he was or what his purpose may have been remains a mystery to be solved for another day. The townsfolk recognize Alhindri from tales of the gypsy massacre and will wish to lynch her to prevent her from being able to come back and threaten the town again at some time in the future. If the PCs can change their attitude from hostile towards her to indifferent, they will agree let the sheriff lock her up until she can be transported back to the asylum from which she escaped.

If the PCs search for Father Grimble and the missing acolytes, they find that one of the burial vaults at the eastern edge of the cemetery has been blocked shut from broken headstones piled against the door. This can be cleared in a matter of minutes, but clearly visible in the dust before this pile is a pair of cloven hoof prints much too large to be a goat or other natural creature. Father Grimble can only state that as he and his acolytes entered the vault in the predawn darkness to prepare it for the coming funeral, the heavy door slammed shut behind them and became held fast. They then began to hear the eerie fiddling and knew something foul was afoot.
**Rios**

**Greg A. Vaughan** cut his professional adventure-design teeth writing in *Dungeon Magazine* for Paizo Publishing with his first adventure “Tammeraut’s Fate.” Since then he has continued to write for Paizo, being featured in every one of their Pathfinder Adventure Paths to date, as well as doing work for Wizards of the Coast, Green Ronin, Sinister Adventures, and assisting in the creation of Frog God Games with Bill Webb of Necromancer Games fame. He now joins the all-star cadre of Legendary Games put together by Clark Peterson—legendary himself as the other half of Necromancer Games.

**Clark Peterson**, founded Necromancer Games, Inc., and has the distinction of being the first person to make use of the Open Game License and release content compatible with Third Edition with his free, ENnie-award winning adventure, *The Wizard’s Amulet*. Clark produced a number of key third party products for Third Edition, from the famed *Creature Collection and Relics and Rituals* with Sword and Sorcery Studios, to the indispensible *Tome of Horrors* series. He wrote a large number of classic “First Edition Feel” adventures, from *The Tomb of Abysthor* and *Bard’s Gate* to *Rappan Athuk*, the world’s deadliest dungeon crawl. Clark has had the pleasure of working with Gary Gygax on *Necropolis*, Flying Buffalo on *The Wurst of Grimtooth’s Traps* and the honor of bringing Judges Guild’s *Wilderlands of High Fantasy* and *City State of the Invincible Overlord* to the Third Edition rules. An expert on the Open Game License, Clark has been a tireless supporter of open gaming. Clark is also an outspoken advocate for the classic “old school” heart of gaming. A friend and supporter of Paizo since its inception, Clark served as a judge for several years on Paizo’s RPG Superstar competition. Legendary Games is Clark’s latest venture—an all-star team of authors and designers assembled to bring you the best third party support for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game.

**Timothy K. Wickham**, some college students go to Cancun for Spring Break, while others discover Role-Playing Games. Tim... belongs to the second group. After finishing his education he moved to the Pacific Northwest for the coffee and stayed for a career. When he’s not pushing the limits of the Print/Pixel divide he enjoys long walks with his 90 pound “puppy” and culinary alchemy with his wife, Kate. At this very moment he is engrossed in the latest Design Problem (ahm, ‘Challenge’) and is honored for the opportunity to give form to the fiction at your game table.

**Robert Lazzaretti** started as an intern at Game Designers Workshop where he basically took on illustrating all of the maps because no one else in the art department really enjoyed drawing them. After working on *Dangerous Journeys*, *Traveller*, *Twilight 2000* and *Challenge Magazine* for a couple of years, He was hired by TSR to join the Cartography Department. Almost immediately, he was put to the task of designing maps for the new Planescape setting. Rob has created maps for almost every Role playing game world over the past 18 years.

**Colby Stevenson** is a freelance illustrator who resides deep within the forests of Connecticut. His attraction to dark worlds and the diabolic creatures that reside in them has dragged him into the realm of RPGs headfirst! Completing numerous private commissions for avid Pathfinder gamers, Warcraft fans and everything in-between, he soon moved onto Paizo Publishing’s web fiction illustrating such stories as *Lord of Penance* and *Guns of Alkenstar*. Colby has now found himself locked within the dank, dungeons of Legendary Games conjuring up images and nightmares for the gaming world to feed upon. When not drawing dragons, succubi or elves, Colby can be found working on Music/Audio Production or reciting quotes from such films as *Aliens* and *Star Wars.*

**Jason Nelson**, started professional RPG writing in 2002 with the *Save My Game* and *Behind the Screen* gamemastering advice columns for Wizards of the Coast, then broadening into writing adventures for *Dungeon* (“Practical Magic” and “Man Forever”) and several articles for *Dragon*. In 2008, he made the final four in Paizo’s inaugural RPG Superstar competition, and since then has been a regular contributor to Paizo’s adventure paths, including *End of Eternity* for *Legacy of Fire*, *War of the River Kings for Kingmaker*, and *The Hungry Storm* for *Jade Regent*. In addition to adventure writing, Jason has co-authored 10 Pathfinder Chronicles and Companion sourcebooks and has written major sections of the Ennie-award winning *Pathfinder Chronicles* Campaign setting, *Gamemastery Guide*, *Advanced Player’s Guide*, *Bestiary 2*, *Ultimate Magic*, and *Ultimate Combat*. A devoted Christian, husband, and father, and a proud gamer since 1981, Jason loves to bring hardcore old-school stylings alongside inventive new creations to his contributions to Paizo and is excited to be bringing the same high-concept, high-action, high-adventure attitude to Legendary Games.
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