

NEW MECHS

SOMEWHERE UNDER THE LOOMING MOON, AN OLD ELF LOOKS OUT UPON A CHANGED WORLD. When he was young, the forests were tall and magic reigned over the land. Now, one hundred years later, the forests are wasted stumps, and it is steam power that shapes the world. Gargantuan walkers stomp across the landscape, shaking the brittle leaves from meteor-scorched tree trunks. Cavernous city-mechs house thousands of refugees, fending off monstrosities falling from the sky. Avenging hero-mechs charge the lunar creatures, pushing back against the invading menace. One feature more than any other defines this new world: mechs. The old elf longs for days gone by - but the only safe place now is within the dense shell of a mech.

This Mech Manual is a guide to the changed world of DragonMech. Within these pages you will find forceful characters, strange magic, alien monsters, fragments of stories untold... and mechs. Dozens of mechs. Mechs that fly overhead or prowl the tunnels below, mechs fighting the lunar menace or running away from danger, mechs that keep traditions alive or that struggle to build a new world. War or peace, the mechs presented here can lead your campaign to new adventure.

Of course, no mech is quite as good as the one you build yourself. With that in mind, a selection of upgrades, options, weapons, and equipment is also presented. From new traits and unusual special abilities to mech-sized magic items, these pages offer a variety of exciting new options.

Several of the mechs are adventures in themselves. The Legion's Falcon is the world's first self-propelled flying machine. Each Iron Choir channels the power of terrestrial gods, and many would kill for the knowledge of its inner workings. The dreaded necropolis Sharlorn stalks the land, 400 feet of undead mech with a mission as large as itself.

But what would any adventure be without monsters? The Mech Manual also presents a new array of challenges for your DragonMech campaign, whether lunar or terrestrial in origin. The oil nymph and cogling crawler haunt the gear forests, while hellborgs and skelths threaten entire mechs. Lunar giants and ygapmpos drop from the moon

above in search of prey, while Stygian horrors crawl up from the depths below. All the while, heretic devils tempt those whose faith has been shaken, and the scalded remains of those killed by the lunar rain reanimate as horrid monsters.

Welcome to the world of DragonMech. The lunar rain threatens from above, the monsters of the underdeep threaten from below, and the only place you're safe is in a mech - but even then, there are other mechs looking to salvage yours for parts. Welcome to the Mech Manual!

STENIAN CONFEDERACY MECHS

An outgrowth of the traditional dwarven stronghold of Duerok mixed with the rising power of the Gearwrights Guild, the Stenian Confederacy is a bastion of law and order in a tumultuous world. The cornerstone of the Confederacy is the alliance of the 5 largest city-mechs that make up the bulk of its military. These city-mechs and the mech fleets hangared within house almost 30,000 souls and together patrol a wide swath of the surface world encompassing almost 200,000 square miles. Including those who still live on the surface, over 300,000 citizens are under the protection of the Stenian Confederacy, the vast majority of them dwarven.

This section presents the mechs of the Stenian Confederacy. These are the direct descendants of Parvus and the technology he bestowed upon the dwarves. As such, most are steam powered and traditional in design - but not all. A few are of dwarven design but not formally under Stenian control, while the rest are routinely found in Stenian military units. Collectively they comprise some of the most versatile and advanced mechs roaming Highpoint today.

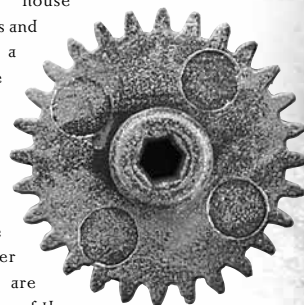


TABLE I-1: MECHS OF THE STENIAN CONFEDERACY

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Borukdatar	Dwarves	Colossal III	Steam	27,922
Crag Strider	Dwarves (Stenian)	Huge	Clockwork	7,199
Earth Breaker	Dwarves (Stenian)	Colossal II	Steam	23,348
Fell Hammer	Dwarves (Stenian)	Colossal	Steam	8,666
Iron Choir	Dwarves	Gargantuan	Animated	51,874
Judge	Dwarves (Stenian)	Colossal II	Steam	9,836
Steam Blade	Dwarves (Stenian)	Colossal II	Steam	10,997
Tunnel Warden	Dwarves (Stenian)	Gargantuan	Steam	5,461
War Smith	Dwarves (Stenian)	Colossal IV	Steam	46,163

BORUKDATAR

Size: Colossal III
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 64
Height: 90 ft.
Space/Reach: 45 ft. by 45 ft./45 ft.
Crew: 16
Firing Ports: 35
Hit Dice: 144
Hit Points: 792
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 396, Orange 198, Red 79
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 80 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 16 (steel, Colossal III)
Base melee attack: +6
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 2d12 +14
Trample: largest Gargantuan; safe Large; damage 6d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 38, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 14,822 gp
Total Cost: 27,922 gp
Labor Requirements: 7,680 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)
Special: Fast legs, linked weapons (two Huge steam cannons)

PAYLOAD USAGE	
PU	Use
16	Crew
48	Onboard Weaponry
64	Total

The Borukdatar is a unique mech, named after a hero of dwarven myth that crushed a whole mob of giant marauders with an avalanche started by throwing a single pebble. Though not as subtle as her ancient namesake, this mech applies the same ranged mastery.

Humanoid in shape, the Borukdatar is a broad shouldered mech with a flame nozzle sprouting from its chest, twin cannons mounted on each shoulder, and a massive steam cannon in place of a head. The bridge of the Borukdatar is actually in the upper chest of the mech, affording it greater defensive capability than that found in many mechs of similar size. The mech also has two arms and hands, but these carry no weapons, and rather are used for limited manipulation and improvised tactics.

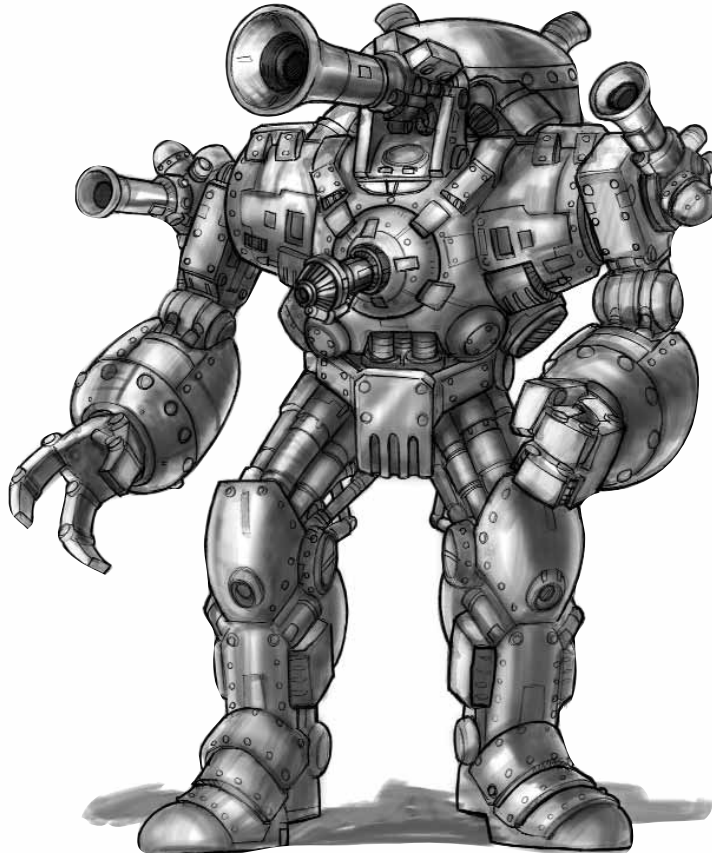
The Borukdatar is captained by its dwarven cre-

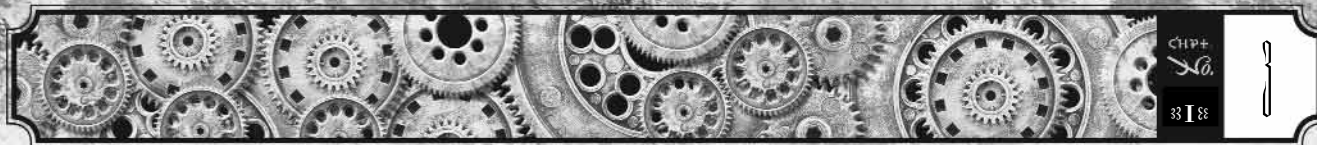
ator, Remna Aeriestone. Having created the mech for ranged combat and ambushes, Aeriestone relies on tactics of distance and surprise, and he is quick to retreat should enemies come too close. Though not officially part of the Stenian military, Aeriestone is fiercely loyal to the Stenian cause and is often hired for mercenary missions. Though the Stenians believe her to be more than slightly crazed, the Borukdatar's effectiveness and potent design cause them to give Aeriestone a great deal of leeway in creatively accomplishing missions the Confederacy fears to risk their own mechs on.

Remna Aeriestone, Wandering Warsmith
 Remna Aeriestone is one of the best-known names in modern mech development and creation. A visionary and masterful engineer, Aeriestone's inventions and progressively more ingenious designs have been driving Stenian mech crafting and upkeep for nearly 30 years. No one is exactly sure of the true age of Dr. Aeriestone, as she is temporarily known in some circles. Even more curious for her Stenian patrons who pay vast sums for each new invention she produces, no one ever seems to know exactly where Aeriestone is at any given time. A veritable genius, Aeriestone nonetheless has the curiosity and wanderlust of a human a fraction of her age, a trait

unheard of in elderly dwarves. As such, the master inventor has been known to disappear into the wilds of Highpoint for months at a time, sometimes with a mech and assistants, sometimes without, only to be picked up by a passing city-mech a hundred miles away from where she was "lost." Although this makes the Stenians that rely on Aeriestone's inventions unspeakably nervous, her dutiful and devoted assistants are a frazzled and worrisome lot who have themselves believed many times that their master was dead – only to receive a call for their assistance from halfway across the Endless Plains.

Besides her unknown age and often-unpredictable location, Aeriestone is also said to have a fortune of vast size and mysterious origin. This is suspected primarily because much of her early work, which involved the working prototypes of at least three Colossal-sized mechs, was conducted without funding from the Stenian military. Other tales of Aeriestone's wealth claim she has purchased at least eight other personal mechs to which she has made her own customizations and improvements and which she keeps in city-mechs and communities across Highpoint. Whenever Aeriestone reappears from one of her unexpected sojourns, she does so with a sizable amount of gems and





other easily disposable trinkets. This propensity for disappearing and reappearing with a small fortune has led many to believe she keeps a secret trove of treasure hidden somewhere in the Endless Plains, and has even led some to try to follow Aeriestone when she vanishes or retrace her steps when she reappears.

While Aeriestone is by and large a soft-spoken and level-headed dwarf, her curiosity and skill at creating massive weapons have forced her into a somewhat mercenary position. Though much of her work goes to serve the Stenian Confederacy and is paid for from their considerable coffers, Aeriestone does not consider herself a Stenian. Though she appreciates their cause and considers them a more noble and civilized lot than the Legion or the Irontooth Clans, she holds no exclusive contracts or alliances with the Stenians. However, the Stenians and the inventor have fallen into a mutually profitable relationship over the last several decades. On a yearly basis, the Stenian Confederacy grants Aeriestone a vast amount of gold. Aeriestone spends this small fortune as she wishes on any of a hundred projects or designs she may be pursuing, usually culminating in the creation of some new mech chassis or weapon. When such an invention needs field testing, Aeriestone again goes to the Stenians, who usually send her on some task they need accomplished or inform her of the location of some creature or enemy they perceive as a threat. Aeriestone is given free range to test her invention on said mission as she sees fit, usually with several interested members of the Stenian military or agents curious about the new invention. After the task has been completed, Aeriestone returns, more often than not in success and with a new invention to sell. Thus, Aeriestone is afforded unlimited funds to create as she chooses with seemingly endless opportunities for field testing, and the Stenians gain a steady supply of new mech advances while having their enemies harassed and wiped out.

From this mutually agreeable situation has come Aeriestone's most recent invention, the Borukdatur. A more sizable undertaking than most of the great inventor's creations, it seems that this newest mech chassis, with its impressive and powerful complement of state-of-the-art weaponry, is not for sale. Though Aeriestone happily used Stenian coin to fund its creation and even allowed several Stenian agents watch how swiftly it destroyed two orc terror towers, the inventor has mysteriously chosen not to sell her prototype. Although her assistants suspect that their master doesn't wish to part with her new masterpiece for romantic reasons, only Aeriestone knows the truth. This has created something of a conflict between the inventor and her patrons, who are interested in funding the creation of several more Borukdaturs and have continued to urge her to sell. While these urgings have not progressed past forceful negotiations, the Stenians are now watching Aeriestone

TABLE 1-2: ONBOARD WEAPONRY - STENIAN CONFEDERACY

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
BORUKDATUR ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Head	180° forward	Colossal II steam cannon (6dl2/x3, 850)	32	3
Left shoulder	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2dl0/x3, 1,000)	4	2
Right shoulder	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2dl0/x3, 1,000)	4	2
Chest	180° forward	Gargantuan flame nozzle (6dl2/x3, 50)	8	1
Total			48	8
CRAG STRIDER ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Head	Melee	Huge bore puncher (1dl0)	4	1
Total			4	1
EARTH BREAKER ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Front	Melee	Colossal II mass borer (7dl2+12/x4)	32	1
Total			32	1
FELL HAMMER ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Left arm	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2dl0/x3, 1,000)	4	1
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan mech hammer (2dl0+12/x3)	8	1
Total			12	2
JUDGE ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan lobster claw (2dl2/19-20)	8	2
Right arm	360°	Colossal steam cannon (4dl0/x3, 900)	16	3
Total			24	5
STEAM BLADE ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan steambreather (2dl2)	8	2
Left arm	Melee	Huge bore puncher (1dl0)	4	1
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan sword blade (2dl2+12/19-20)	8	1
Total			20	4
TUNNEL WARDEN ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Left arm	Melee	Huge siege shield	4	1
Right arm	Melee	Huge siege shield	4	1
Total			8	2
WAR SMITH ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Left arm	180° forward	Colossal II steam cannon (6dl2/x3, 850)	32	3
Right arm	Melee	Colossal II axe blade (5dl2+15/x3)	32	1
Total			64	4

carefully, fearing that she has received a greater offer from the Irontooth Clans or, even worse, the Legion.

Remna Aeriestone, Female Dwarf

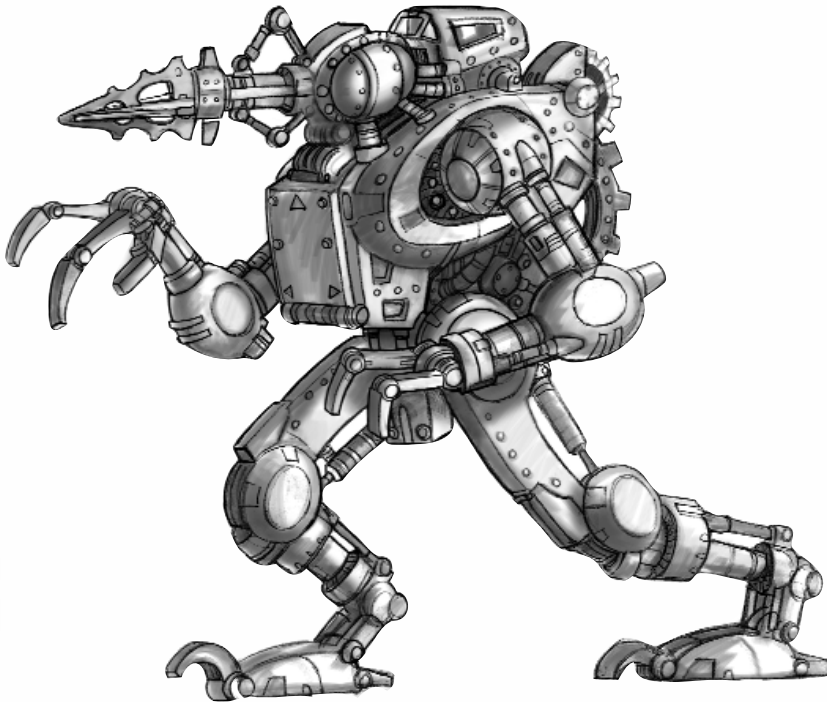
Cog5/Mcj4: CR 9; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 5d4+10 plus 4d6+8; hp 46; Init +0, Spd 20 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +5; Mech Atk +5; Grp +5; Atk +6 ranged (1d4+1, 19-20/x2, +1 seeking returning dagger) or +5 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +6 ranged (1d4+1, 19-20/x2, +1 seeking returning dagger) or +5 mech (any mech weapon); SQ dwarf traits, extraordinary pilot, machine empathy, mech fingers (warrior instinct), mech weapon proficiency (chattersword), patchwork repairs, push enve-

lope 1/day, steam powers (11); AL NG; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +7; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +5, Craft (blacksmith) +15, Craft (mechcraft) +15, Disable Device +15, Jump +5, Knowledge (geography) +11, Knowledge (history) +13, Knowledge (local) +11, Knowledge (mechs) +15, Knowledge (steam engine) +15, Mech Pilot +10, Spot +7; Craft Powered Mech, Craft Steam Gear, Mechwalker, Moon Watcher, Natural Pilot.

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven, Gnome, Orc.

Possessions: +1 seeking returning dagger, ring of protection +3



CRAG STRIDER

Size: Huge
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 7
Height: 18 ft.
Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.
Crew: 1 (weapons: 1)
Firing Ports: 5
Hit Dice: 12
Hit Points: 66
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 17, Red 6
Base Initiative: +4
Speed: 60 ft., climb 30 ft.
Maneuverability: Perfect
AC: 8
Hardness: 10
Base melee attack: +2
Base ranged attack: +6
Unarmed damage: 1d8+4
Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref +2, Will -
Abilities: Str 18, Dex 22, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 44
Base Planning Time: 88 days
Base Cost: 6,139 gp
Total Cost: 7,199 gp
Labor Requirements: 1,920 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Options: Extra weapon mounts (2), fast legs, two Medium iron arms (iron arm steam power x4)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
2	Open
4	Onboard Weaponry
7	Total

Crag striders are currently the smallest mechs used by the Stenian Confederacy. Thin and frail looking compared to the Stenians' other larger and bulkier constructs, the crag strider is the dwarven acknowledgment that sometimes speed is more necessary than defense.

With the forward pitch of a sprinting runner and a head reminiscent of a giant mosquito, the crag strider is a capable scout and harasser. Built with rocky terrain in mind, these mechs have small but powerful arms that allow them to climb sheer cliffs and underground crevasses. Although one pilot can effectively man a crag strider, there is space on board for an additional team of two elite warriors or demolitions experts. With the use of its climbing arms and head mounted bore puncher, the crag strider is capable of scaling larger mechs, opening a small hole, and dropping marines into the enemy's midst. With such a capability, larger mechs with hangers often store several crag striders, unloading them mid-battle to harrow enemy crews directly.

Special Rules

Climbing Speed: A crag strider has a climb speed of half its normal speed, due the iron arms built into and the unique nature of its construction. This costs 500 gp plus the cost of the iron arms.

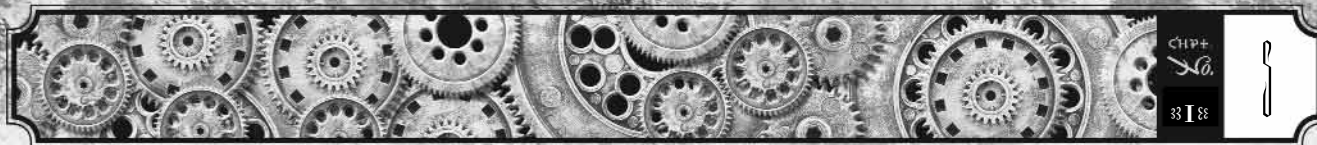
Riding Enemy Mechs: A crag strider can ride larger mechs. It counts toward a mech's normal limit of riders (per the table on page 96 of DragonMech) as 4 normal Medium humans. A crag strider is treated as having the Mech Rider feat (regardless of whether the pilot really does or not), so it does not need to make Balance checks to ride larger mechs. If such a check is called for, the pilot can use his Mech Pilot skill in place of the mech's Balance skill.

EARTH BREAKER

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 42
Height: 50 ft.
Space/Reach: 20 ft. by 30 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 1)
Firing Ports: 20
Hit Dice: 90
Hit Points: 495
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 223, Orange 99, Red 25 [NOTE: Aren't thresholds based on a percentage of the total? If so, shouldn't Yellow be 247 (50% of 495)?]
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 14 (steel, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 3d6+12
Trample: largest Huge; safe Large; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 15,453 gp
Total Cost: 23,953 gp
Labor Requirements: 7,680 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Steady feet, Gearwright maintenance, extra weapon mounts (10), light generators (10)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
2	Open
32	Onboard Weaponry
42	Total



Earth breakers are great, quadruped mechs distinguished by the massive drill that occupies the entire front quarter of their forms. Sleek and solid, these mechs appear almost like gargantuan metal moles and are equally capable of burrowing through even the thickest stone. Each of the mech's four feet is equipped with a powerful claw, allowing it to climb and cling to strong surfaces.

Though slow and vulnerable in combat, their strength comes in their ability to alter nearly any terrain and go just about anywhere. Commonly used in groups by the Stenian Confederacy to blaze trails for their city-mechs, several remaining dwarven enclaves have also used these mechs to multiply their mining capabilities a hundred fold.

FELL HAMMER

Size: Colossal

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 16

Height: 40 ft.

Space/Reach: 20 ft. by 20 ft./20 ft.

Crew: 4 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 12

Hit Dice: 48

Hit Points: 264

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 132,

Orange 60, Red 26

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 50 ft.

Maneuverability: Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 13 (steel, colossal)

Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 1d12 +12

Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 34, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 41

Base Planning Time: 82 days

Base Cost: 5,006 gp

Total Cost: 8,666 gp

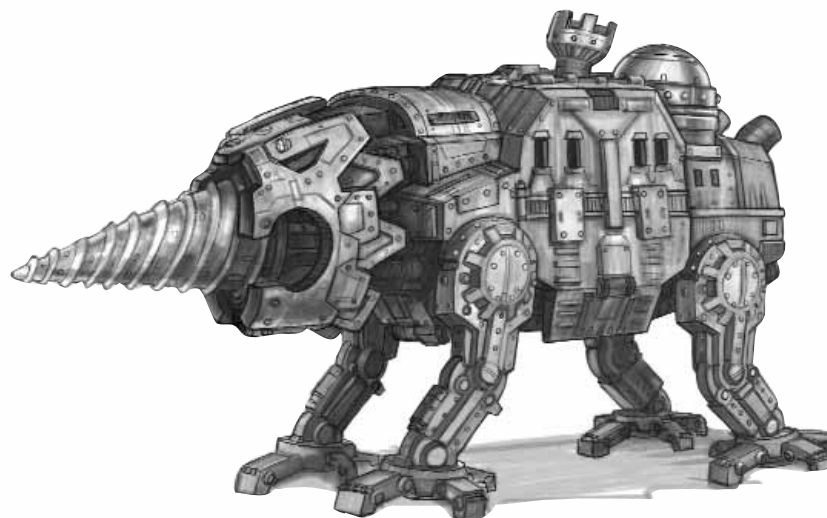
Labor Requirements: 3,840 man-hours

Construction Time: 48 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
4	Crew
12	Onboard Weaponry
16	Total

The fell hammer is a relatively recent creation of the Stenian Confederacy's ingenious engineers. With the increasing size of mechs, the time and danger involved in creating such mechanical behemoths has also multiplied. To help counteract workers' fatigue and decreasing usefulness, the fell hammer is the first of a new breed of mech: a mech constructed to create other mechs.



While one hand is a surprisingly dexterous, four-fingered claw, the other is a massive mithril hammer. A crew of skilled smiths and artisans controls the hammer, which is capable of manipulating materials of massive size; this "hammer crew" assures that each strike is as precise and deliberate

as that of a dwarven craftsman. A flame nozzle attached to the claw arm is also capable of applying fire with a precision no flesh-restrained smith could dare. Though not constructed for battle, fell hammers are just as capable of disassembling mechs as they are at creating them.

The only drawback commonly faced by fell hammers comes from their crew, as a group of equally masterful artisans rarely gets along, causing their mech to work ponderously as they argue over each blow of the hammer.



IRON CHOIR

Size: Gargantuan
Power Source: Animated (dispel DC 26)
Payload Units: 10
Height: 30 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 7
Firing Ports: 10
Hit Dice: 16
Hit Points: 88
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +3
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Good
AC: 6
Hardness: 10
Base melee attack: +2
Base ranged attack: -1
Unarmed damage: 1d10+6
Trample: largest Medium; safe Medium; damage 3d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -2, Will -
Abilities: Str 22, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 34
Base Planning Time: 68 days
Base Cost: 21,669 gp
Total Cost: 51,874 gp (plus any spell effects)
Labor Requirements: 1,920 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Steady feet

PAYLOAD USAGE	
PU	Use
7	Crew
3	Open
10	Total

Only a small number of iron choirs are known to exist. They are rare treasures crafted by dwarven zealots and coveted by the Stenian Confederacy. Although no two choirs are exactly alike, each resembles the steeple of some ancient cathedral, a severely pointed pyramid supported by eight equally spaced elephantine legs. The surface of each of these stone mechs is ornamented with dramatic religious scenes, bas-reliefs that cover the entire surface up to a heavily stylized holy symbol at its pinnacle. The only break in the sculptures covering these strange mechs are four wide, thin window ports that horizontally cross each of the mech's four faces at about three-quarters of the way to its top. From here, a contingent of clerics can fire ranged weapons and cast spells in relative safety.

The greatest power of iron choirs is not their sturdy defensiveness, however, but the intense spiritual connection they offer their passengers. Any worshipper of the deity to which that specific



iron choir is dedicated feels a closeness to their god not felt since before the lunar rain. Clerics who cast spells while within an iron choir do so with increased reliability and effectiveness, as if they stood under the direct scrutiny of their god.

Only one iron choir exists for each terrestrial god and their effects cannot be reproduced or undanely manufactured. They are afforded the same respect as great magical artifacts or major relics. Each choir is the work of a single high priest who invariably dies in the creation of the mech, but in doing so, animates it with a divine spirit. Both the Legion and agents of the lunar gods are intensely interested in capturing an iron choir and discovering its secrets.

Creating an iron choir requires a devout cleric of at least 16th level with the feats Craft Magical Mech and Craft Wondrous Item. It is only possible with the direct approval of the cleric's deity; performing the rituals without first receiving a sign of divine approval is a deadly affront to one's god. First the mech itself must be built at the usual cost. Then the cleric must undergo a ritual lasting 31 days. This ritual uses rare materials costing an additional 30,000 gp, and requires daily castings of all spells with which the final iron choir will be imbued. At the end of this ritual, the cleric's soul is consumed by the now-animated iron choir.

Mechs of the Gods

Iron choirs are unique mechs, each one constructed by unknown hands to honor a specific god. Crewed by some of the most devout mortals on Highpoint, these mechs are similar only in their most basic appearances. Upon closer inspection, one will see that they are covered in intricate reliefs depicting situations holy to the crew's god. Besides these mundane artistic differences, each iron choir is also blessed by the deity to which it is consecrated with a number of divine gifts.

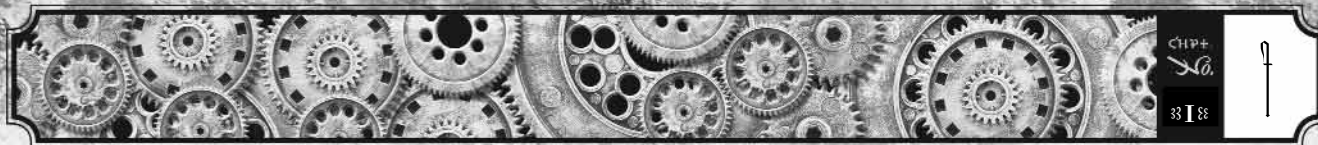
The most notable and best known feature of the iron choirs is that their crews seem to have the full attention of their gods. Each mech radiates a holy aura that most divine servants have not felt since before the lunar rain. All clerics who meditate on the iron choir *always* receive their full allotment of spells. In this epicenter of their god's strength, all divine spells work without chance of failure when cast by clerics of the iron choir's god. The only exception to this is in the case of *raise dead* and similar spells. In these cases, these spells still have a chance to fail, considering the urgency of the god's divine battles, but the soul to be summoned back is treated as having only half his normal number of levels, reducing the spell's chance of failure by half.

In addition to these potent abilities, each specific iron choir has a number of blessings bestowed upon it by its god. These blessings take the form of spells that affect all creatures inside the mech and all actions of the mech itself. Though the gods of Highpoint are too numerous and varied to note the powers affecting each iron choir, a representative sample is presented here. These examples should be enough to allow DMs to craft their own iron choirs with their own unique special properties.

Cronul, God of Death: This grim mech appears as a tower of iron skulls. Even the interior is sculpted to look as though every surface is a mosaic of skulls, bones, and wailing souls. Worshipers of the god of death who cast necromancy spells within 20 ft. of this iron choir are treated as a caster of double their normal level. Also, the mech itself and all within it are treated as being under the effects of the spells *death knell* and *death ward*.

Cronul is neutral evil. His symbol is a sickle-shaped sliver of the moon overlooking a burning grave. He is associated with both the end and beginning that death brings, as well as the death and rebirth that comes from fire. Since the advent of the lunar rain, many of his followers have found new symbolism in the moon element. His favored weapon is the scythe. His domains are Death, Destruction, and Fire.

Korduk, God of Dwarves: Shaped on each side to look like a massive hammer, ornate haft pointed toward the heavens, this mech is crewed only by dwarven clerics. While the interior feels like and in fact supports several active forges, this mech is primarily suited to battle. All clerics of the god of dwarves inside the mech or within 20 ft. are treated as if being under the effects of the spell *stoneskin* as



cast by a 15th level cleric. This effect lasts for as long as the cleric is within the area of effect and is only cast upon him once per day. Also, once per day, the lead pilot of the iron choir can cause the mech to cast *earthquake* as a 15th level cleric.

Korduk is neutral. His symbol is a simple, upright hammer on a backdrop of a mountain. Korduk is considered the father of all dwarves, both evil and good, and he is worshipped by mountain and hill dwarves, derro, and duergar – though each faction regards his other worshippers as deluded. His favored weapon is the warhammer. His domains are Earth, Protection, and Strength.

Alia, Goddess of Healing: Crafted of shining white metal, the iron choir of the goddess of healing is covered in frescoes depicting people of all races tending the wounded and giving comfort to the sick. The interior of this mech seems like a great clinic where the sick or distressed are welcome and aid is given to all in need. Clerics of the goddess of healing inside or within 20 ft. of this mech cast all healing spells as if they were double their caster level. Also, once per week, the pilot of this mech can cause the mech to cast *heal* as a 20th level cleric, which affects all creatures inside the mech.

Alia is lawful good. Her symbol is a staff intertwined with two serpents. Her favored weapon is the quarterstaff, and her domains are Good, Healing, Law, and Protection.

Ummoor, Goddess of Magic: Covered in mysterious symbols that seem to writhe of their own accord, the iron choir of the goddess of magic glistens and sparks with barely contained magical power. The interior of this mech even hums with auras of magic, and all the needs of its passengers are taken care of through spells and bound magical servants. All clerics of the goddess of magic inside or within 20 ft. of this mech can prepare one more spell of each level per day, as long as they rest and prepare their spells within this area. Also, once per day, the pilot of the mech can cause the iron choir to cast *antimagic field* as a 15th level cleric, or a *gaseous form* spell that affects the mech and all its passengers as a 20th level wizard.

Ummoor is neutral. Her symbol is a sparkling length of ivy. Her favored weapon is the quarterstaff, and her domains are Knowledge and Magic.

The Unnamed One, God of Secrets: This enigmatic mech is rarely seen and when it is, it appears insubstantial and dreamlike. Filled with winding passages that seem to shift and change of their own accord, it is said that the crew of this mech has accumulated a wealth of ancient texts and scrolls

from across Highpoint, creating a library of mysteries hidden within their iron choir. All clerics of the god of secrets inside or within 20 ft. of the mech are treated as if under the effects of the spells *detect thoughts*, *discern lies*, *nondetection*, and *true seeing*. Also, the mech itself constantly benefits from the spells *air walk* and *pass without trace*, and is constantly surrounded by a 100 ft. cube similar to that created by the spell *fog cloud*. All effects are at caster level 20th.

The Unnamed One is a god whose name remains a secret. It is said that his most dedicated followers learn his name when they enter his halls after their death. He has many symbols, most of which represent unknown horizons. Some of those in common use are a door leading to a darkened corridor, a winding road disappearing over the horizon, and a sun setting over a canyon that vanishes between two mountains. His alignment is chaotic evil, his favored weapon is the dagger, and his domains are Chaos, Destruction, Knowledge, and Trickery.

Most, God of Strength: This strange mech looks as though it is crafted wholly of metal sinew and its feet appear to be great fists that regularly pound into the earth, even when not moving. Inside, the mech has all the qualities of a great gym and indoor arena, where competing athletes constantly train. All clerics of the god of strength inside or within 20 ft. of this iron choir are affected as if under the effects of the spell *bull's strength* and as if they had the Endurance feat. Also, once per week, the pilot of the mech can cause the iron choir to cast *righteous might* to affect 10 creatures of his choice or create two *crushing hands*, as cast by a 20th level cleric.

Most is lawful neutral. His symbol is a powerful bull. His favored weapon is the club, and his domains are Law, Strength, and War.

Dracton, God of Tyranny: This terrible mech is covered in wickedly ornate, jutting spikes from which dangle skulls, bodies, and their grim trophies. Inside, this mech seems to be a great dungeon, filled with torture devices, positioned to entertain those who sit atop pillars crowned with iron thrones. All clerics of the god of tyranny inside or within 20 ft. of the mech gain the effects of the spell *unholy aura* for as long as they remain within this area. Also, once per day, the pilot of this mech can cast *dominate monster*, *summon monster VIII*, or *energy drain*. All effects are at caster level 20th. Dracton is chaotic evil. His symbol is a skull being crushed under the heel of a boot. His favored weapon is the longsword, and his

domains are Chaos, Destruction, Evil, and War.

Glorius, God of Valor: This glimmering spire appears to have been crafted from the finest mithril, and on each side bears the image of a massive, heavily armored warrior bearing a great, down-pointed sword. The interior of this mech has the holy seriousness of an order of knights, and gleams with polished white marble and walls of white steel. All clerics of the god of valor inside or within 20 ft. of this mech are affected as if by the spell *holy aura* for as long as they remain within this area. Also, once per day, the iron choir's pilot can cast *holy word*, *eagle's splendor*, *mass*, or *summon monster IX*. All effects are at caster level 20th. Glorius is neutral good. His symbol is a divine white horse. His favored weapon is the quarterstaff, and his domains are Good, Protection, and Strength.

JUDGE

Size: Colossal II

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 32

Height: 65 ft.

Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.

Crew: 8 (weapons: 5)

Firing Ports: 21

Hit Dice: 120

Hit Points: 660

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 297,

Orange 132, Red 33

Base Initiative: -3

Speed: 30 ft.

Maneuverability: Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 14 (iron, Colossal II, armor plating)

Base melee attack: +5

Base ranged attack: -3

Unarmed damage: 3d6+13

Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -5, Will -

Abilities: Str 36, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 44

Base Planning Time: 88 days

Base Cost: 2,226 gp

Total Cost: 9,836 gp

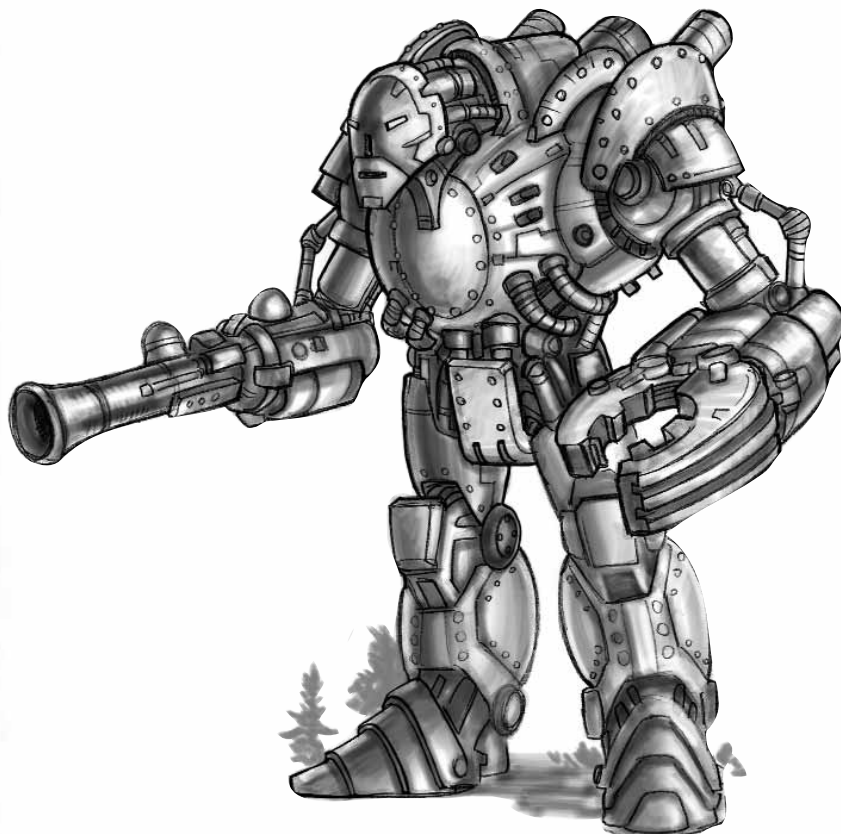
Labor Requirements: 7, 680 man-hours

Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Armor plating, Gearwright maintenance

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
24	Onboard Weaponry
32	Total



The judge is a little-used and rarely seen mech operated only by the military police of the Stenian armies. Daunting in both size and form, these grim-looking mechs are forged of blackened steel and glint with an obsidian sheen. Armed with a variety of weaponry, these mechs are well equipped to serve in battle, but their primary use is to track down rogue mechs and those who have defected from the Confederacy or disobeyed Stenian law.

Like many Stenian mechs, judges are vaguely humanoid in shape, though these mechs look much more stylized. Hints of features cover the mech's face: straight horizontal and vertical severe slits for eyes, nose, and mouth that make it look as though it's wearing a grimly implacable death mask. Even its left hand, ending in a powerful claw, has ridges that seem to suggest fingers. The right hand ends in a steam cannon, here given added versatility at the end of the mech's sturdy arm.

Usually only carried aboard Stenian city-mechs, judges are the personal mechs of some of the most talented and devoted of Stenian military pilots. Tasked not only with all the responsibilities of

members of the Stenian armies, they are also required to seek out dissension and traitors among the Stenian ranks and quell any potential for betrayal. Though such tasks might sound harsh to those that don't live aboard the city-mechs, when the welfare of the entire community relies on the efficiency and unification of the ruling military body, such extreme measures are often necessary.

The oft-stern and humorless pilots of judges are some of the most respected and feared members of the

Stenian military, as they are empowered to bring military scrutiny down upon nearly anyone they see fit. Although they pride themselves on being impartial and emotionless bringers of justice, judge pilots have an unspoken rivalry with the pilots of steam blades. While steam blade pilots seem to be recruited for their propensity to push and bend the rules, and use outlandish tactics, judge pilots follow Stenian protocol to the letter. Thus, on the seemingly all-too-often occasion that steam blade crews go rogue, it is often a judge or contingent of such mechs that most fervently hunt them down, regardless of any supposed concept of greater good.

STEAM BLADE

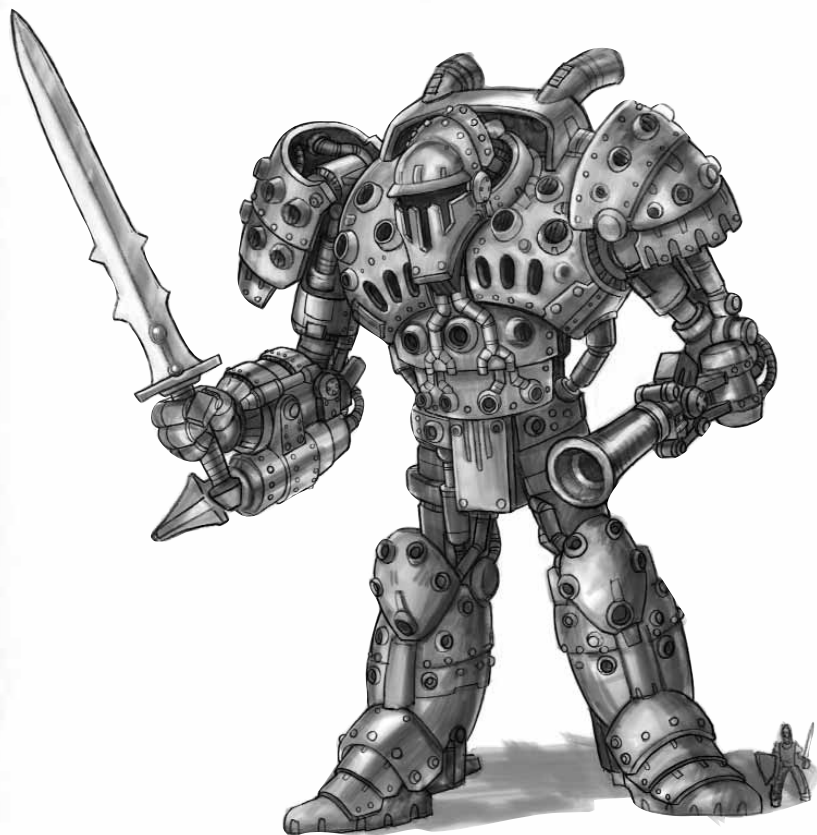
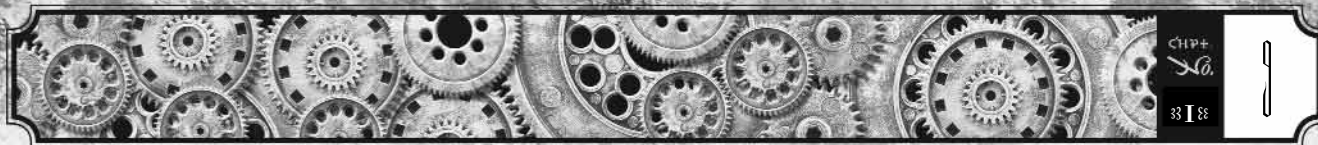
Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 32
Height: 65 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 4)
Firing Ports: 22
Hit Dice: 94
Hit Points: 517
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 233, Orange 103, Red 26
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 14 (iron, Colossal II, armor plating)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 3d6+12
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 9,791 gp
Total Cost: 10,997 gp
Labor Requirements: 7,680 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Armor plating, Gearwright maintenance, linked weapons (bore puncher and steam-breather), dehumidifier, fog generator

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
4	Open
20	Onboard Weaponry
32	Total

The aptly named steam blade is a roughly humanoid mech. One hand bears an appropriately sized sword blade while the other is merely a bottom-heavy spear-like fist. Heavily armored, the mech looks something like a gigantic suit of plate mail sprouting hundreds of tiny steam stacks in place of armor spikes. The steam blade's most powerful weapon is its bore fist. Each one of these mechs has an augmented bore puncher installed that is linked with a steambreather. Upon successfully hitting an enemy mech with the bore puncher, a powerful jet of super-heated steam is shot into the newly created hole, essentially boiling enemy crews alive. This weapon is also equally effective against giant living enemies, directly attacking their organs with searing steam.

Though steam blades are undeniably effective,



many members of the Stenian Confederacy (both military and civilians) believe that their standard issue weaponry goes beyond the laws of warfare and nears the realm of atrocity. As such, steam blades are used only in the most dire situations and rarely see implementation in full unit combat.

However, more than one steam blade has been stolen in the past years, possibly by ex-military officers tired of the restraints of the Confederacy, prepared to roam as hunted vigilantes to effect change. These rogue steam blades are only pursued with limited enthusiasm, as their hunters cannot deny the good they perform in unflinchingly hunting down brigand, orc, and lunar threats.

Special Rules

Steam Injection: Attacks from the steam blade's linked weapons are always resolved using the bore puncher first, then the steambreather. If the bore puncher hits and causes damage to the target, the steambreather automatically bypasses all hardness when determining damage. White-hot steam is injected directly beneath the target's hull. Against mechs with a crew, damage from the steambreather is divided between 1d8 randomly determined crew members on the same face as the attacker. Against all other targets, the damage goes

directly to the target's hit points, bypassing all hardness or other resistances.

Captain Gabriel Rosas, Rogue Steam Blade Captain

Captain Gabriel Rosas is the definition of a noble rogue. Cutting a dashing figure with his sun-tanned skin, bouncing hair, and gleaming smile, it's not surprising that he is adored by his crew almost as much as by the numerous paramours he has scattered throughout Highpoint. With his stolen Stenian steam blade (once called the Sapphire Sword, now the Amano), he and his companions travel Highpoint as mercenaries for hire, but they go out of their way to confront lunar threats for free.

Unlike many rogue mech pilots, Captain Rosas actually earned his title. Born on a Stenian city-mech, Gabriel spent many years surviving on his looks and charm, pilfering what he needed and relying on a quick word or a well-placed smile to get him out of trouble. After an ill-timed dalliance with the daughter of one of the city magistrates, Gabriel found himself in a situation he could not talk his way out of. Only the intervention of his starry-eyed lover with her father saw Gabriel's sentence changed from exile to conscription into the city's mech support crews.

Several years passed and Rosas found that he was quite skilled at working with mechs and the machines that maintained them, but he grew board with the life of a glorified repairman. Gabriel's exemplary service, good behavior, and natural charm convinced his unit's commander to allow him to pilot a patrol mech on a few simple missions. Learning the controls of his mech in record time and completing his mission as well as a mech pilot with years of experience got Rosas swiftly elevated to junior pilot fifth class. That moment marked the beginning of the end of a respectable career within the Stenian military.

Over the next six years, Gabriel rose through the ranks, his charm and guile advancing him past equally talented pilots. At 26, a series of daring (some said reckless) maneuvers against an orc war band quite possibly saved the lives of his unit and, after the appropriate spin and embellishments, saw Rosas turned into something of a hero. This feat saw Rosas promoted again, making him one of the youngest pilots to ever be made captain of a Stenian steam blade.

With a mech at his command and the authority to make decisions for himself and his crew, it was not long before Gabriel began to clash with his Stenian commanders. His mech, dubbed the Sapphire Sword by its previous captain, saw some acclaim for its exemplary (if unorthodox) service. But Gabriel chafed under the command of elderly ex-pilots who had seemingly forgotten what it was to feel the excitement of battle and the power of a twenty-story mech at your command. Therefore, while on a routine scout mission given to the Sapphire Sword and its unruly captain as something of a reprimand, Rosas made an intriguing and wholly unbelievable proposal to his crew. And with their agreement, the Sapphire Sword was renamed the Amano and never returned to its city-mech base.

Now nearly 40 years old, the Amano is still home to many of the same crewmen it held back when its loyalties were to the Stenian Confederacy. In the years since their effective desertion, Rosas and his crew have fought back countless orc raiders, battled otherworldly terrors from the falling moon, and even wounded the giant metal spider said to be haunting the remains of Lilat Forest. Though Rosas and his crew are mercenaries, they are not without hearts and souls. The crew of the Amano has seen much while wandering the scarred surface of Highpoint, and much of the suffering they've witnessed has been because of the arbitrary destruction of the lunar rain and the claws of the lunar horrors it has brought. Realizing that they have a duty to their world before their own pockets, the crew pursues tales of lunar threats throughout the lands, hunting them down even if no one is there to pay for their services. In the same manner, Rosas has turned down several profitable missions for questionable employers as he wishes to put an end to the suffering so rampant throughout Highpoint, not add to it.



With decades of experience, the same roguish flair that started him down his path, and an uncommon caring for the victims of the brutal world, Gabriel Rosas, his crew, and the steam blade Amano have become noteworthy heroes recognized in several lands. Although there is still technically a bounty on his head, even the Stenians that once hunted him have unofficially ignored the orders for Rosas' arrest and the Sapphire Sword's recapture, knowing that a greater evil would be to imprison such an unlikely champion of integrity and simple decency.

Gabriel Rosas, Male Half-Elf Mcj4/Rog4: CR

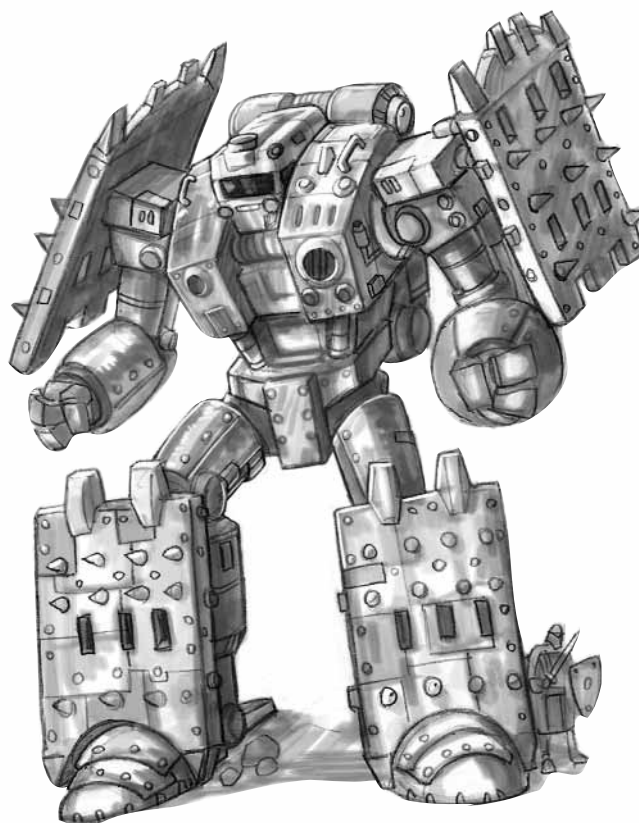
8; Medium humanoid (half-elf);
 HD 8d6; hp 28; Init +5, Spd
 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 13,
 flat-footed 14; Base
 Atk +6; Mech Atk
 +6; Grp +7; Atk
 +9 ranged
 (1d8+3, +3
 steamgun) or
 +9 mech (any
 mech weapon);
 Full Atk +9
 ranged (1d8+3,
 +3 steamgun) or
 +9/+4 mech (any
 mech weapon); SA
 sneak attack +2d6; SQ

half-elf traits, evasion, extraordinary pilot, hand speed, mech fingers (warrior instinct), patchwork repairs, push the envelope 1/day, trap finding, trapsense +1, uncanny dodge; AL CG; SV Fort +2, Ref +11, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Balance +9, Bluff +11, Climb +5, Craft (mechcraft) +9, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +7, Escape Artist +5, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (mechs) +7, Knowledge (steam engines) +7, Mech Pilot +8, Listen +9, Move Silently +11, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +9, Tumble +6; Alertness, Improved Initiative, Mechwalker, Natural Pilot, Weapon Focus (sword blade).

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven.

Possessions: +3 steamgun, mithril shirt, ring of feather fall, ring of jumping, wand of magic missiles (3rd).



TUNNEL WARDEN

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 10

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 2 (weapons: 0 or 2; see below)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 24

Hit Points: 132

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 66,
 Orange 33, Red 13

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 40 ft.

Maneuverability: Good

AC: 6

Hardness: 10 (iron)

Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 1d8

Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6

Saves: Fort +2, Ref -2, Will -

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 36

Base Planning Time: 72 days

Base Cost: 3,600 gp

Total Cost: 5,600 gp

Labor Requirements: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers
 plus 1 overseer)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew (see below)
8	Siege Shields
10	Total

Tunnel wardens were one of the first mech models put in to regular production in the modern era, but they were never built with surface use in mind. Rather, beaten down by their decades-long struggles with the displaced population of the surface, the remaining dwarven holdouts created their first mechs for no nobler purpose than to repel the endless waves of refugees.

Squat and crudely manufactured by current standards, tunnel wardens have no built-in weaponry. Rather, they are equipped with huge, spiked, tombstone-shaped shields on both arms. These siege shields can be affixed in a forward position, side to side, and are large enough to seal off sizable passages and underground openings, effectively becoming a massive, mech-carried gateway. These

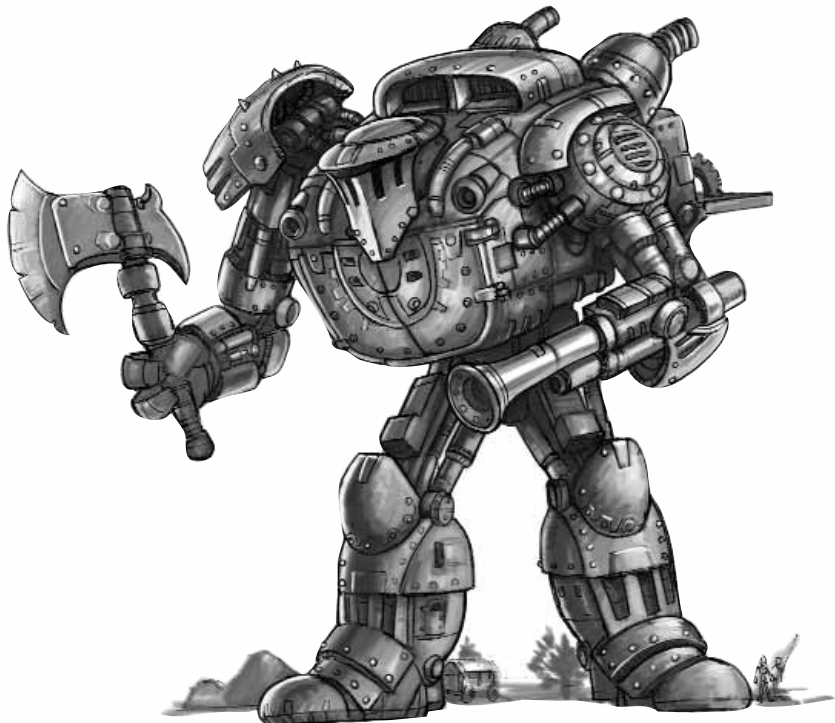


siege shields are constructed with long horizontal slits in them so gunners on board the tunnel warden can open fire upon smaller creatures in relative safety. Siege shields can also be used to force back large groups of enemies and can be used in devastating bash attacks.

Because tunnel wardens are built purely with defense in mind, they have no gunner berth. Normally a mech of such size would have three crew members. If a tunnel warden has skilled mech jockeys as pilots, they are able to operate the siege shields while also performing their other functions. If the crew is not so skilled, the tunnel warden moves to the location where it will park, then the crew members leave their normal stations to operate the siege shields. This usually isn't a problem because of the defensive, plodding nature of most tunnel warden deployments.

WAR SMITH

Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 128
Height: 120 ft.
Space/Reach: 60 ft. by 60 ft./60 ft.
Crew: 32 (weapons: 4)
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 192
Hit Points: 1,056
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 475, Orange 211, Red 53
Base Initiative:
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 18 (iron, Colossal IV, armor plating)
Base melee attack: +8
Base ranged attack: -3
Unarmed damage: 5d6+16
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Gargantuan; damage 7d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 42, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 50
Base Planning Time: 100 days
Base Cost: 33,163 gp
Total Cost: 46,163 gp
Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)
Special: Armor plating, Gearwright maintenance, hangars, steady feet



PAYLOAD USAGE	
PU	Use
32	Crew
32	Open (hangar space)
64	Onboard Weaponry
128	Total

War smiths are the Stenian Confederacy's answer to the Legion paladin. With the same size, power, and crew, the dwarves have opted for a simpler, more distinctly dwarven approach to their frontline combatants, exchanging a multitude of weapons and speed for a more solidly built mech equipped with a pair of devastating weapons. Far less elegant than its Legion cousin, war smiths are veritable fortresses that make up for their ponderous speed with the range and strength of their weaponry.

War smiths are also equipped with hangar bays capable of holding 1 Colossal mech, 2 Gargantuan mechs and a regiment of 8 warriors, or 3 Huge mechs (usually crag striders). These smaller mechs and extra crewmen are often used for boarding enemy mechs or defending from such instances.

Nicola Tessler, Selling the Future

To look at Nicola Tessler, one would not immediately note anything out of the ordinary. Pale-skinned with soft features and short-cropped jet-black hair, Tessler is an attractive young woman, but not remarkably so. The fact that she commonly wanders the corridors of whatever city-mech she's aboard with either a distant contemplative look or a steely glare of determination makes her all the more unapproachable. Only someone who notices her eyes, dark orbs flecked with both brown and green, might notice something more: a deep ambition and an unsatisfied hunger.

Tessler is a materialist and has refined this trait to an art form. Raised aboard a Stenian city-mech, she has always been interested in matters of quality, possession, and worth. Many people might think little of such traits, but within the limited confines of a city-mech, what one owns is often a matter of choosing necessities; only the wealthy and influential can afford to pay for and store frivolities. Though not necessarily greedy, Tessler has always had a taste for the finer things in life and thus seeks to elevate herself above the common masses. To do this, she has chosen a two-fold path: business and magic.

It doesn't take a financial mastermind to realize that the swiftest course to wealth, power, and

influence on Highpoint lies with mechs. Creating new types of mechs, repairing them, improving them: This is a sure route to security, but a tried one that thousands of engineers and smiths have ventured down. For Tessler, her path had to be more ambitious. Consequently, she forced herself to learn the basics of mecraft and steam engines. Without the drive or vision of a talented engineer, she turned what she learned to another course that she did have a skill for: magic and spells of manipulation.

Nicola has become a constructor, a breed of magic user that blends magic and machinery. But unlike her few brethren, Tessler does not dream of creating massive mech servants or steam-powered undead; instead, she has chosen a more "mass market" appeal. Using her knowledge of mechs and magic, Tessler is attempting to create a new kind of servile, miniature mech, which can be employed by owners in whatever fashion they see fit. Cheaper than golems and easier to manufacture than mechs, these constructs could be the servants, warriors, and driving force behind the next generation. Or at least, that's what her sales pitch says.

Although she has conducted a great deal of research into crafting such creations, and has at least the beginnings of the knowledge needed to implement her plans, Nicola currently lacks the funding to begin her experiments. She first attempted to gain the support of the Stenians in

control of her home mech, but with little success. Despite her most passionate negotiations, the Stenians were unswayed by Tessler's vision. Threatening to take her plans elsewhere backfired when she was again turned away, and so she has begun traveling. Currently, Nicola wanders Highpoint, mainly between the Stenian city-mechs, hoping her vision will take purchase with some visionary (or gullible) bureaucrat. Once she gains the funding and supplies she needs, she's sure that the actual creation process will be only a trifle for a talented engineer and magic user of her caliber.

However, as she's yet to find such backing, her dreams of an early and comfortable retirement are beginning to fade and she's becoming open to more radical ideas, such as looking to adventuring to gain the money she needs or trying to sell her vision to the Legion. As she's traveled, she's encountered more constructors, some with disturbingly similar goals. She initially feared that there was more competition for her vision than she'd expected, but subtle inquiries have revealed that her designs might not be as easily implemented as she had anticipated. Convincing herself that her supposed peers merely lack the skills necessary to combine magic and machines into the servants she envisions, she's beginning to look down other design

avenues. Tessler has begun collecting information about early mech designs, those engineering secrets of the other races, and ancient magics, becoming rather knowledgeable on these topics. The only problem is that such information tends to be rare or hard to obtain, leading her to hire adventurous intermediaries to track down such lore for her—for as cheaply as possible, of course.

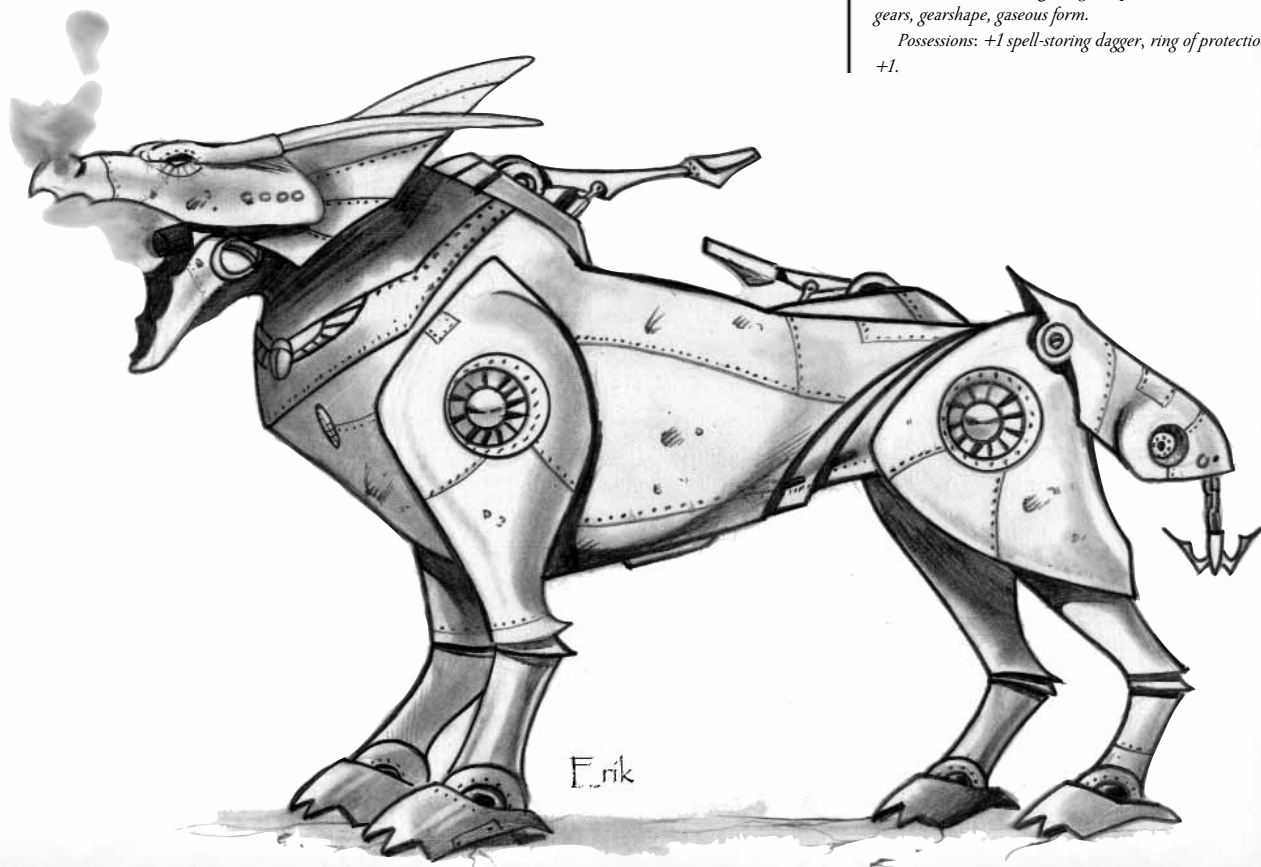
Nicola Tessler, Female Human Con5: CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d4; hp 14; Init +1, Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +2; Grp +2; Atk +4 ranged (1d4+1, +1 *spell-storing dagger*); Full Atk +4 ranged (1d4+1, +1 *spell-storing dagger*); AL N; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 12.

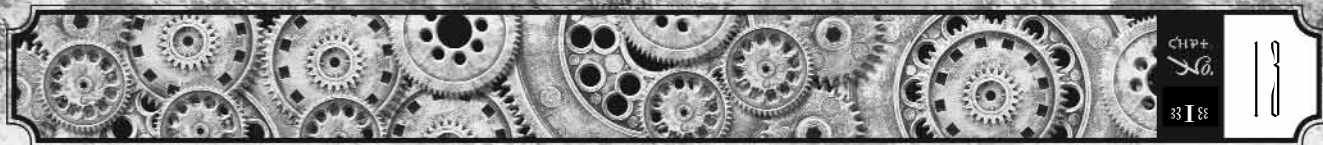
Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Bluff +5, Concentration +4, Craft (alchemy) +4, Craft (mechcraft) +4, Diplomacy +2, Disable Device +9, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (mechs) +7, Knowledge (steam engine) +9, Ride +3, Spellcraft +11, Search +4; Craft Construct, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, Persuasive, Scribe Scroll.

Languages: Common, Draconic, Dwarf, Elven.

Spells (4/5/4/3; save DC 13 + spell level): 0—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *mending*; 1st—*charm person*, *detect clockworks*, *enginemaster's grasp*, *mage armor*, *speak with constructs*; 2nd—*hold construct*, *make whole*, *resist energy*, *eagle's splendor*; 3rd—*control gears*, *gearshape*, *gaseous form*.

Possessions: +1 *spell-storing dagger*, *ring of protection* +1.





LEGION MECHS

The Legion is trouble waiting to happen. Founded by a charismatic demagogue with unparalleled leadership abilities, the Legion professes to strive only for security from the lunar menace. But beneath this benevolent veneer lie disturbing undertones. Shar Thizdic, founder and leader of the Legion, has repeatedly purged his armies of non-humans. He preaches that history has ignored the nomadic human tribes of the Endless Plains, but now it's their time to rise. His ability to unite traveling bands and nomadic herders who have bickered for generations marks him as a once-in-a-thousand-years kind of leader – which in turn marks him as a huge threat in the eyes of the established factions of Duero, the Stenian Confederacy, and L'arile Nation.

This section presents mechs of the Legion. The Legion is a militarized nation dedicated to Shar Thizdic. Its harsh, simple laws are straightforward and brutal, and this is reflected in its mechs.

CHIMERA

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 32
Height: 25 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 8)
Firing Ports: 20
Hit Dice: 96
Hit Points: 528
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 264, Orange 132, Red 53
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 70 ft.
Maneuverability: Average (poor for turning, turning in place, and clearance; see below)
AC: 2
Hardness: 12 (iron, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: -4 (includes penalty for horizontal frame; see below)
Base ranged attack: -2 (-4 when in motion; see below)
Unarmed damage: 3d6+12
Trample: largest Huge; safe Large; damage 5d8
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 7,843 gp
Total Cost: 10,665 gp
Labor Time: 7,680 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers

TABLE I-3: MECHS OF THE LEGION

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Chimera	Legion	Colossal II	Steam	10,665
Defender	Legion	Huge	Steam	2,498
Falchion	Legion	Huge	Clockwork	17,423
Fist of Valor	Legion	Colossal II	Steam	13,486
Humanity's Vengeance	Legion	Colossal III	Steam	15,360
Just Retribution	Legion	Colossal	Manpower	5,551
Paladin	Legion	Colossal IV	Steam	36,899
Vortex	Legion	Gargantuan	Steam	5,551

plus 1 overseer)

Special: Horizontal frame

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
24	Onboard weaponry
32	Total

The chimera is the Legion's first experiment with a four-legged mech, and so far it has been a success. Originally conceived as a simple troop transport, the chimera has evolved into a versatile infantry support machine. Models with as many as eight legs are now under consideration, and the chimera's original designer was rewarded with an officer's commission and a space on the Haven city-mech.

Its name is a slight misnomer: The chimera only has one head, and it lacks wings. It does have a tail, in the form of a rear-mounted chain tentacle, and its head breathes fire. And it is a quadruped. After several false starts, the construction team found a way to balance the mech's weight evenly, allowing it to walk without toppling to one side.

The original design was basically an empty box on legs, enough to transport two dozen soldiers inside, but after they disembarked, the chimera didn't have enough mass to stay upright. Placing a catapult between the front shoulders helped the problem. After installing footboards along the mech's flanks, allowing infantry to ride on the exterior, the design team decided to use the rest of the interior space for small-scale weaponry instead. While this reduced its use as a transport, the chimera's improved effectiveness against both infantry and mechs made up for it.

Before combat, the riders take their place along the footboards, each of which is about five feet off

the ground. A series of chains run the length of each side, with rawhide grips for the troops to hold on to. Once the chimera starts moving, the riders hang on with one hand and strike at passing foes with the other. Sometimes the riders will be instructed to jump off upon reaching a certain area of the battlefield, but other times they are to stay with the chimera.

The mech itself is a decent war machine. Its horizontal frame makes melee difficult, so it avoids mechs that specialize in such combat. Instead it uses its catapults to strike from a distance. Each catapult is mounted on a swiveling base, allowing it to command half the field. One catapult is between the front shoulders, while the other is midway down the mech's back. In keeping with the mech's spirit, one catapult's base is often protected by a metal frame shaped like a lion's head, and the other with a goat's head frame.

The catapults are mostly used against foot soldiers and smaller mechs. If larger targets are present, the chimera turns its chain tentacle on them. Its housing lies just beyond the mech's rear shoulders, allowing it to fire at any target not directly blocked by its own catapults. The chimera crew usually tries to trip opposing mechs rather than drag them nearer, allowing the chimera's riders to board the fallen foe.

Inside its dragonlike head, the mech has a linked pair of flame nozzles. Each one shares the same firing arc. While this reduces the area of effect, limiting its use against hordes of enemy infantry, it does allow the chimera to inflict tremendous damage against those it corners. The flame nozzles are the chimera's primary offensive weapon against other mechs, although its best tactic is still to use the chain tentacle and its own riders.

Anyone attempting to board a chimera had better impact on its cost. The advantages and limitations

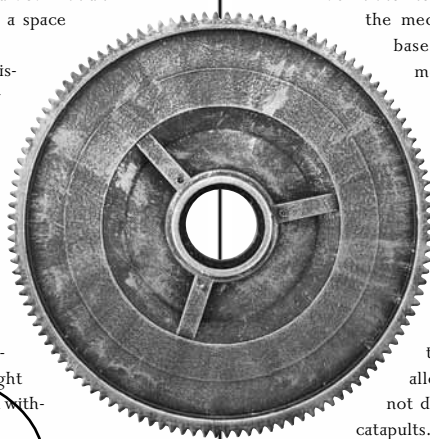


TABLE I-4: ONBOARD WEAPONRY – THE LEGION

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
CHIMERA ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Head	90° forward	Linked huge flame nozzle (2d8, 30, fire)	4	1
Head	90° forward	Linked huge flame nozzle (2d8, 30, fire)	4	0
Back	180° forward	Huge catapult (3d6, 150)	4	2
Back	180° back	Huge catapult (3d6, 150)	4	2
Back	360°	Chain tentacle (2d8, 100)	8	3
Total			24	8
DEFENDER ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Right arm	Melee	Huge flail (1d12+5/19-20)	4	1
Total			4	1
FALCON ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Torso	180° forward	Huge ballista (3d6/x3, 120)	4	2
Total			4	2
FIST OF VALOR ONBOARD WEAPONS				
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan bore puncher (2d8, ignores hardness)	8	1
Upper left arm	Melee	Huge lobster claw (2d8/19-20)	4	1
Lower left arm	Melee	Gargantuan flail (3d6+12/19-20, trip)	8	1
Total			20	3
HUMANITY'S VENGEANCE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan barbed sword (2d12+14/19-20/x3)	8	1
Left arm	Melee	Colossal axe (3d12+14/x3)	16	1
Torso	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	8	2
Right shoulder	360°	Linked gargantuan ballista (5d6/x3, 180)	8	2
Left shoulder	360°	Linked gargantuan ballista (5d6/x3, 180)	8	2
Total			48	8
JUST RETRIBUTION ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Torso	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950 ft.)	8	2
Total			8	2
PALADIN ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Torso	180° forward	Chain tentacle (2d8, 100)	8	3
Right arm	Melee	Colossal lance (3d12+16/x3)	16	1
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan buzzsaw (2d12/19-20/x3, ignore hardness)	8	1
Left arm	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	8	2
Head	360°	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	8	2
Total			48	9
VORTEX ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Huge changler (1d10+8, +4 trip)	4	1
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan buzzsaw (2d12/19-20/x3, ignore hardness)	8	1
Total			12	2

ter bring lots of supplies. The mech's exterior is smooth, with only a handful of portholes and no hatches. The footboard lies a full 20 feet below the top of the mech, which is where the only entrances

are to be found. Chain ladders are hitched to the two hatches on top, and the crew draws them inside once they've taken their duty stations.

Special Rules

Horizontal Frame: The chimera is not the only four-legged mech in existence, but it has one of the best designs. It is built to bring out the advantages of a horizontal frame, as well as limiting the drawbacks. The result is a faster, steadier mech that doesn't have as many combat options.

Most obviously, a mech with horizontal frame isn't as tall. The mech's base height is half of the normal height for its size category. Its space remains the same, but its reach is also halved. Horizontal mechs lack the flexibility of their upright counterparts.

Still, what they lack in reach, they gain in movement. A mech with a horizontal frame moves faster than normal, adding 10 feet to its speed if below Colossal size, and 20 feet for Colossal or larger. (The fast legs trait can be added to create a mech capable of great speed.) A horizontal frame also grants the effects of the steady feet trait for free.

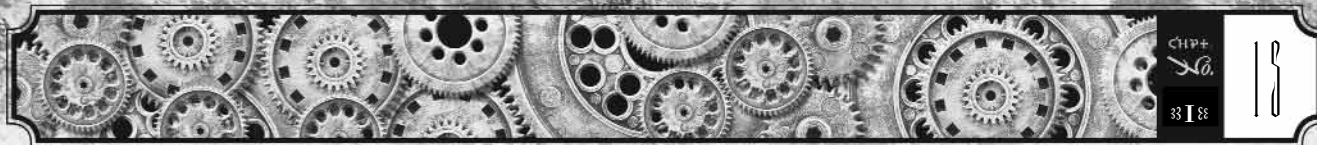
In addition, horizontal mechs can support more riders. Twice as many ground-level riders can find room on a mech with horizontal frame as they can on an upright model. Note that this does not increase the maximum number of riders, meaning that mechs smaller than Gargantuan gain no benefit. This does make horizontal mechs easier to board, so many of them are sent into battle with a full complement of external riders.

This improved movement has its limits. Horizontal mechs cannot jump, and they climb with an additional -4 penalty. Their turn radius and their clearance are also not as good, as they have to take their longer bodies into account. Treat a mech with a horizontal frame as if its maneuverability were one level lower for the purposes of turning, turning in place, and clearance.

The biggest disadvantage of a horizontal frame is its impact on combat. Not only does the mech have much shorter reach than usual, it has trouble making any attacks with its limbs, as all of them are needed to support the mech. A melee attack is made at an additional -8 penalty, and after the attack is completed, the pilot must make an immediate Mech Pilot check to maintain the mech's balance, including any terrain modifiers. (See page 42 of *DragonMech* for the Mech Pilot skill check DCs to maintain balance. The minimum DC is 10.) It takes a skilled pilot to use a horizontal mech in melee.

It is also difficult to mount weapons on the limbs of such a mech. It cannot hold anything in its hands, reducing the number of spaces available. Weapons mounted on the limbs have a -2 penalty to their attacks while the mech is in motion, as the legs of a horizontal mech move more than their upright counterparts. (This additional -2 penalty does not stack with the melee penalty.)

Creating a mech with a horizontal frame has no



balance each other out. In theory, any size of mech could have this trait, but in practice it is difficult to design a city-mech capable of supporting its weight horizontally.

Summary of horizontal frame attributes:

- Half normal reach and height
- Faster: +10 ft. speed if below Colossal; +20 ft. if Colossal or larger
- Gains effects of steady feet for free
- Twice as many ground-level riders
- Cannot jump
- Climb at -4 penalty
- Maneuverability as one level lower for turning, turning in place, and clearance
- Melee attacks: -8 attack penalty; Mech Pilot check to retain balance
- Limb-mounted weapons suffer -2 attack penalty when mech is in motion



DEFENDER (A.K.A. TINDERTWIG)

Size: Huge

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 1 (Weapons: 1)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 12

Hit Points: 66

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 36, Orange 20, Red 10

Base Initiative: +0

Speed: 40 ft.

Maneuverability: Good

AC: 8

Hardness: 5 (wood)

Base melee attack: +3

Base ranged attack: 0

Unarmed damage: 1d8+5

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort +2, Ref -2, Will -

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 10, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 33

Base Planning Time: 66 days

Base Cost: 2,109 gp

Total Cost: 2,498 gp

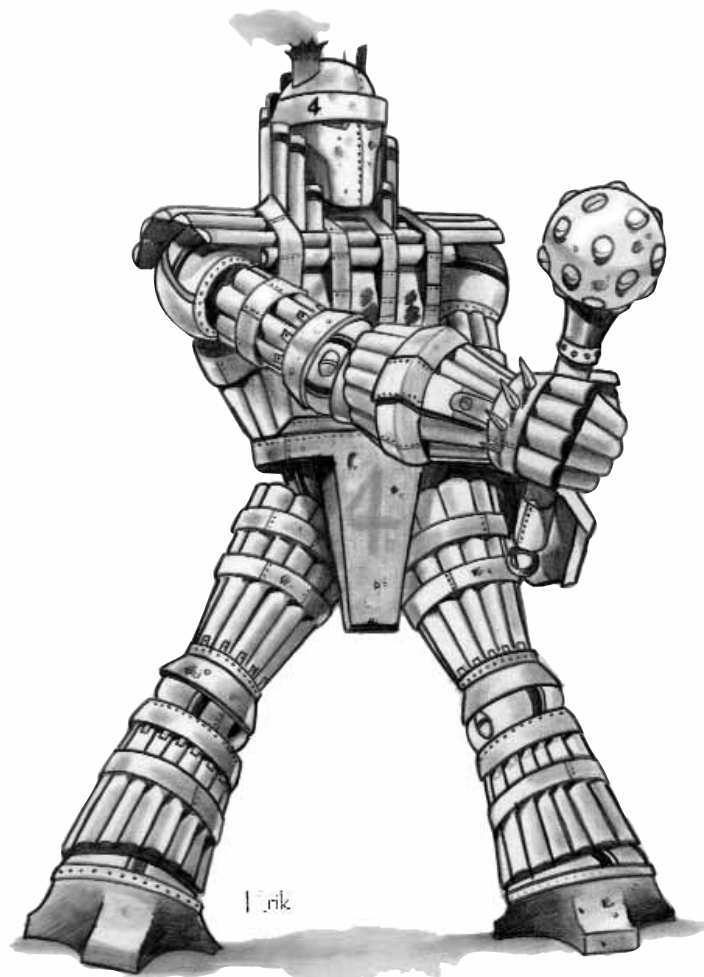
Labor Time: 768 man-hours

Construction Time: 10 days (10 average laborers and 1 overseer)

Special: Weak Infrastructure

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Weapons
5	Total



The defender can be built faster and more easily than almost any other mech. Early on, the Legion was trying to get as many mechs in the field as possible. Doing so would have several benefits, as Shar Thizdic saw it: The Legion's army would be that much stronger, more pilots could be trained, and perhaps most importantly, people living within Legion territory would see themselves as safer. A group of coglayers was told to "design or die," and they came up with the defender, which is now a common mech across the Legion.

Unfortunately, the shoddy work has its price. The mech's central structure is badly designed, meaning that a defender is particularly susceptible to critical damage. Its wooden armor does save money, but after a pair of the mechs were ambushed and destroyed by bandits with a supply of alchemist's fire, the nickname Tindertwig came into common use. The mech has no special vulnerability to fire relative to other wooden models, but the reputation stuck anyway.

The defender is intended to fight infantry or

other small mechs. It can't stand up to heavy weapons for long, and more than one enemy has figured out how to turn the Tindertwig's armor against it, but piloting one isn't a death sentence. A skilled pilot can make good use of the flail, tripping other mechs and allowing Legion troops to board or disable them. Ordinary ground troops are in trouble when facing any mech, including the defender. Its flail and its fists are capable of squashing targets to jelly. In one celebrated instance, a defender pilot singlehandedly crushed nearly three dozen skeletons and then ran down the necromancer who animated them.

This is also an easy design to modify. Individual pilots will often switch out the flail for a melee weapon more suited to their personal style. A pair of Legion officers calling themselves the Bullwhip Brothers have installed changlers on their units; they specialize in bringing down larger mechs.

Often a defender pilot is someone on his or her first assignment. It isn't a difficult mech to operate, and after training on one an officer is often

sent into the field with that same unit. Controls are located in the upper torso. The pilot's head is level with the base of the mech's head, and observation ports are installed all around for a full field of vision. Occasionally a blow that would kill most mech operators rips the top of the defender's head off, but misses the low-slung pilot. On the other hand, the pilot sits right on top of the steam engine, with poor protection from the heat and smoke given off. This has helped the name Tindertwig stick.

The defender looks like a stack of logs lashed together in the shape of a humanoid. The mech's armor is made of wooden poles cut in half lengthwise, with the rounded part facing out. Its head tapers slightly at the top, and the hands are balled into permanent fists. A defender's weapon is tightly secured to the right fist with a series of chains and clamps. Its left fist is solid and incapable of holding a weapon, to the dismay of pilots who prefer to fight with that limb.

Special Rules

Weak Infrastructure (new trait): Not all mechs are built with an eye toward sturdiness. In some cases, cost and speed matter more. One way to keep the oildown is to give a mech a weak infrastructure.

Mechs with this trait are not as solid as they should be. Cheap materials, sloppy labor, poor planning, or a combination of the three have left them vulnerable to critical hits. Weak infrastructure raises the mech's critical thresholds by 5% at every threshold. This reduces the base cost and labor time of the mech by 20%.

No mech can have both weak infrastructure and Gearwright maintenance. This trait cannot be applied to animated mechs, undead mechs, or any other designs that do not have critical thresholds.

FALCON (UNIQUE)

Size: Huge

Power Source: Clockwork

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 12

Hit Points: 66

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 17, Red 7

Base Initiative: +4

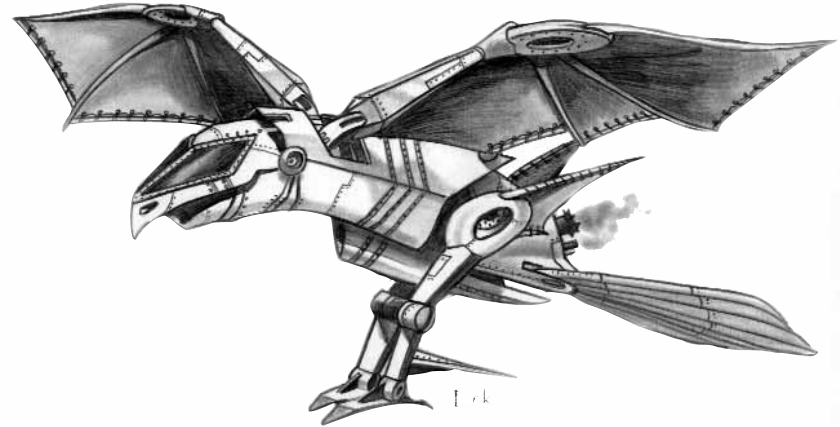
Speed: 50 ft., fly 25 ft. (average)

Maneuverability: Perfect (on land)

AC: 8

Hardness: 2 (canvas)

Base melee attack: +4



Base ranged attack: +4

Unarmed damage: 1d8+6

Trample: largest Small; safe Medium; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort -2, Ref +2, Will -

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 18, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 44

Base Planning Time: 88 days

Base Cost: 5,641 gp

Total Cost: 17,423 gp

Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Gearwright maintenance, steady feet

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Onboard weaponry
5	Total

Only a madman would attempt to fly a mech, trusting in soulless machinery rather than magical energy to slip the surly bonds of earth. Fortunately for Shar Thizdic, one such madman dwells among his elite mech pilots. This man is named Calh Vando, and he commands the Falcon, perhaps the most unusual mech yet devised by surface dwellers.

The Falcon can fly. Not quickly, not reliably, but if conditions are right, it can become airborne under its own power for short periods. So far the Legion has kept this little bird out of sight, but in time Shar Thizdic hopes to have an entire squadron of flying mechs with which to battle his enemies. Calh Vando is perhaps Highpoint's first test pilot, and the Falcon is a prototype with great promise.

Like the birds it was modeled after, the Falcon is light and fragile. Its mechanisms are driven by clockwork, cutting down on its fuel needs. Instead of heavy armor, its interior is protected by thick layers of treated canvas. Long, delicately constructed wings have replaced its arms. Vanes and flaps of wood and canvas jut out from its torso and legs. If caught on the ground, the Falcon is at a disadvantage against almost any other mech.

In the air, however, it's another story. With Vando at the controls, the Falcon is skyworthy, and occasionally even graceful. Not many mechs (or monsters) are prepared to repel an attack from above. Although Vando can't fire the Falcon's onboard ballista very rapidly, as the mech doesn't have room for a second crew member, his altitude makes it easy for him to target an enemy's weak points.

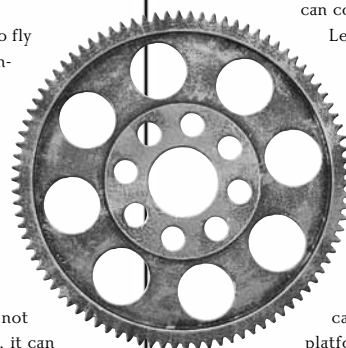
The Falcon can also serve as a courier and scout.

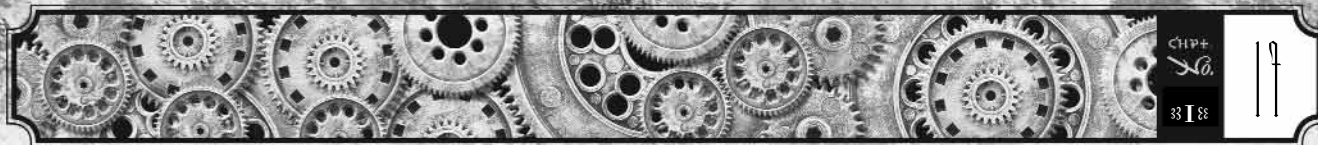
With a handful of simple flags, Vando can communicate what he sees to Legion forces below. And

while its air speed isn't particularly fast, the Falcon can bypass terrain that bogs down even the most limber landbound mech.

If the Falcon continues to work, Shar Thizdic hopes to build a larger version. The military applications of a flying weapons platform are endless. While an

airborne mech might never be large enough to handle the recoil of a steam cannon, it should be capable of supporting a large ballista or a javelin rack. It would also provide an extra weapon against lunar dragons and other flying enemies. And while everyone thinks it would be madness to try landing the Falcon on top of another mech to





disgorge a team of commando raiders, perhaps it won't be madness in three to five years.

Skeptics wonder why anyone would try using clockwork and steam to propel a mech into the air. Spells exist that allow creatures to fly, and with the proper preparation, these spells can also be used on a mech. Why risk an expensive mech by sending it aloft, they ask, when you can just find a wizard to do the job without the hassle?

For one thing, wizards are rare. Coglayers are becoming more common, as are Gearwrights. For another, steam and clockwork are in many ways more reliable than magic. A flying spell will wear off, usually in a few minutes. Under the right circumstances, the Falcon has been able to stay airborne for more than an hour, with flights getting longer as Vando practices. Enemy wizards are also able to dispel any enchantments, but undoing the mechanical processes fueled by the Falcon's main spring is much harder.

Calh Vando himself doesn't trouble with questions about his latest assignment. The Falcon is a good mech, the Legion takes good care of it, and he has a task that stretches even his boundless imagination. In fact, the reason the Legion hasn't produced a second flying mech isn't the expense. It's the difficulty of finding a second Vando.

Special Rules

Wings and Flight: The Falcon is an improbable mech. Its chief designer claims the plans came to him in a dream, and its main ability has never been replicated in another mech. Dwarven Gearwrights and elven constructors alike would scoff at the idea of building a mech from canvas and rope, but in having it flap its arms to fly.

But fly it does, at least for short times. It looks ridiculous to the eyes of Highpoint and it makes a terrible racket, but the Falcon functions as a crude ornithopter, its flailing arm wings allowing it to maneuver through the air under its own power. The addition of a relatively small ballista gives it military punch in addition to its utility as a scout and forward observer. The Falcon is by no means safe to pilot, but the Legion's best mech craftsmen are hungrily learning all they can from it.

Instead of conventional arms, the Falcon has long wings made of canvas stretched against a light wooden frame. These are connected to the clockwork springs that power the mech, and when Vando throws a switch the springs begin turning special gears in the Falcon's torso and shoulders. These in turn connect to a mechanism that causes the wings to flap, in slow movements at first but accelerating to a frenzied tempo.

As the wings themselves are each as long as the

Falcon, this requires Vando to act quickly. At rest the wings fold upon themselves, but activating the flight mechanism causes them to unfurl and flap. Shorter wings couldn't lift the mech from the ground, but at this length they would smash themselves to pieces on the ground before achieving flight, so Vando has to wait until the right moment and then steer his mech off a cliff.

If the Falcon is clear of the ground at the right moment, its wings will hit full speed just as it begins to drop, and the entire contraption will bobble unsteadily for a moment before starting to fly. As the statistics above indicate, it's no aerial terror. But it can be replicated, requiring neither magic nor extensive animal training. And Calh Vando is confident he could train a second Falcon pilot.

In game terms, the Falcon's flight ability is half its ground speed, while its flying maneuverability is two categories worse than on land. Operating it requires the Mech Pilot skill. As with more familiar aircraft, the hardest parts are takeoff and landing – anyone with reasonable mech piloting could probably handle flying in calm air. The DC for becoming airborne as described above is 25; failure by less than 5 means the operator has somehow jammed the wings, while failing by 5 or more means the mech crashes, usually by going over the cliff before it is ready. Pulling out of a plummet is a DC 35 Mech Pilot check; the pilot gets once chance to pull out before crashing.

Landing is also tricky. It requires a DC 30 Mech Pilot check, with modifiers for terrain as if trying to keep the mech's footing. Failure means the mech topples, suffering the usual consequences as well as an appropriate amount of falling damage.

The many flaps and vanes on the Falcon allow it to be used as a glider if needed. This also requires a Mech Pilot check (DC 20), as it involves understanding and maneuvering several sliding toggles within the cockpit. Success means that the mech stays aloft and steady, moving forward at its current speed with poor aerial maneuverability. When gliding, the Falcon drops 10 feet for every 5 it moves forward.

The wings are of little use in melee combat. They can make attacks as normal, but any successful strike against a target runs the risk of damaging the Falcon itself. Every time the Falcon hits with a wing, it must make a Fortitude save (DC 15 + the

damage inflicted by the Falcon). Failing the save means that the wing involved is ruined for flight and will have to be repaired.

Finally, the Falcon uses a tremendous amount of power to stay aloft. Only a clockwork engine has the power to propel a light mech into the air, and even then it requires five times the fuel of a normal clockwork mech.

Flight capability triples a mech's base cost.

Summary of winged flight attributes:

- Flight speed is half of ground speed
- Flight maneuverability is two categories worse than land maneuverability
- Mech Pilot check: DCs: takeoff DC 25 (failure by 5 or more indicates a crash); pulling out of a crash DC 35; landing DC 30 (modified by terrain); gliding DC 20 (poor maneuverability while gliding)
- Melee attacks with wings risk damaging them (Fort DC 15 + damage dealt)
- Requires 5x normal fuel
- Costs 3x normal base cost

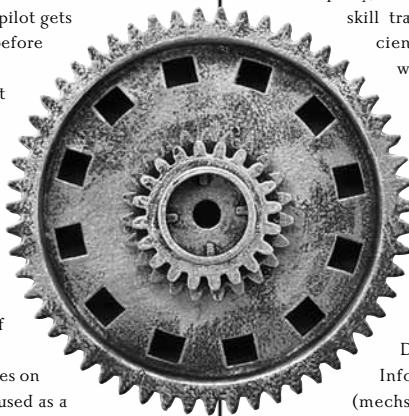
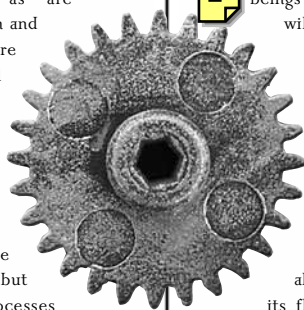
Calh Vando, male human Cog5/Mcj7: CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d4-5 plus 7d6-7; hp 27; Init +5, Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +7; Mech Atk +8; Grp +7; Atk +12 ranged (1d10, steam gun) or +7 melee (1d4, bayonet) or +13 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +12 ranged (1d10, steam gun) or +7 melee (1d4, bayonet) or +13 mech (any mech weapon); SQ exotic weapon proficiency (steam gun), extraordinary pilot, hand speed, integrated parts, machine empathy, mech fingers (warrior instinct, skill transfer), mech weapon proficiency (steam cannon), patchwork repairs, push the envelope (2/day), roll with the punches (1 increment), steam powers (9); AL LN; SV Fort +4, Ref +13, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 20, Con 8, Int 19, Wis 12, Cha 10.

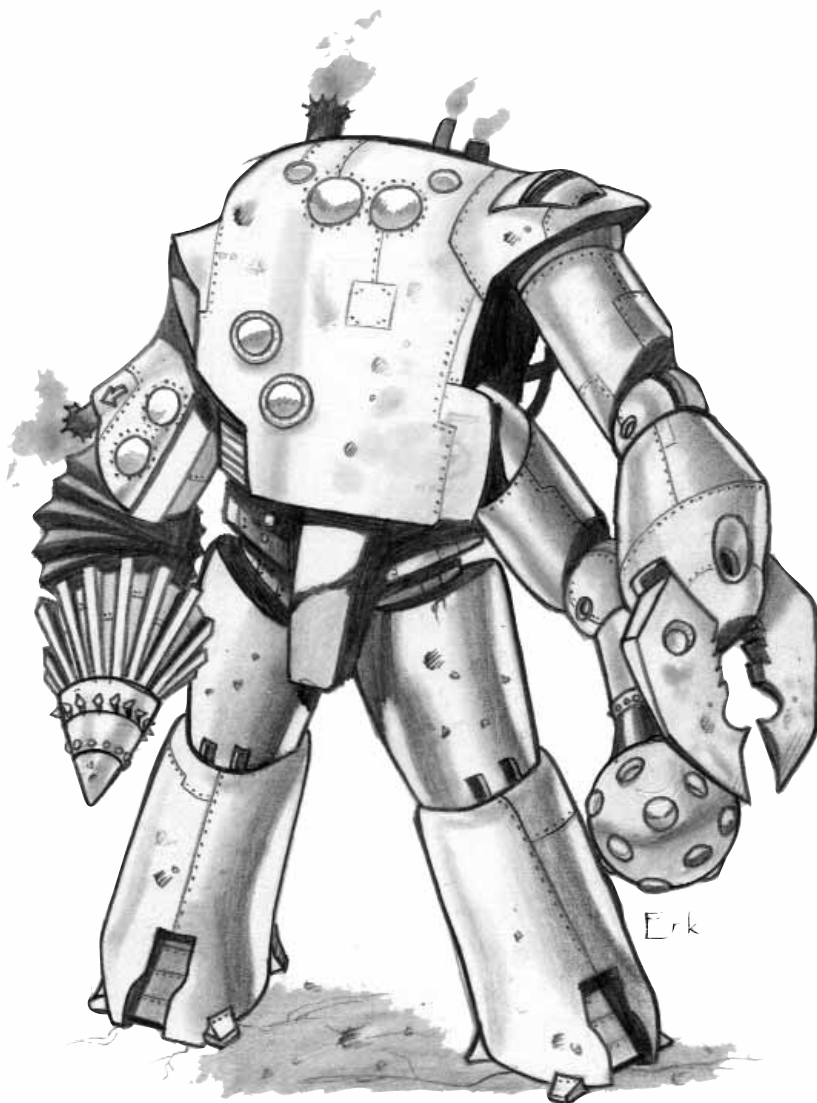
Skills and Feats: Balance +20, Climb +15, Craft (blacksmithing) +19, Craft (mechcraft) +27, Disable Device +19, Gather Information +8, Knowledge (mechs) +24, Knowledge (steam engines) +24, Listen +16, Mech Pilot +29, Spot +16; Craft Powered Mech, Craft Steam Gear, Great Fortitude, Lightning Reflexes, Mech Dancer, Mechwalker, Mechidextrous, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Skill Focus (Craft [Mechcraft]), Skill Focus (Mech Pilot), Weapon Finesse

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven, Gnome, Orc.

Possessions: +2 pilot's armor, steam gun with bayonet.

Steam Powers (9): Mechanical building assistant (Clockwork Puppet + Clockwork Puppet Iron Arm + Animator + Automator + Discriminator + Voice Command), Walkie-talkie system (Wavemaker, Wavemaker).





FIST OF VALOR

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 40
Height: 50 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 3)
Firing Ports: 26
Hit Dice: 96
Hit Points: 528
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 264, Orange 132, Red 53

Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 12 (iron, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 3d6+10
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d8
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 30, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 12,017 gp
Total Cost: 13,486 gp
Labor Time: 6,400 man-hours

Construction Time: 48 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)

Special: Extra Weapon Mounts (8)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
20	Onboard weaponry
12	Boarding parties
40	Total

The Fist of Valor is an ungainly looking thing. While most other mechs are humanoid and a handful are quadrupeds, the Fist is asymmetrical. The left side of its long torso has two different arms mounted on it. According to Legion lore, the Fist got its name because it has as many limbs as a hand has fingers.

Other factions see the Fist as proof of Shar Thizdic's expansionist dreams, as it clearly has no purpose beyond capturing other mechs. In reply, the Legion says that it needs a way to deal with rogue mechs, like those of the rust riders, without destroying them. This requires a mech like the Fist. So far only a few of them have been built, and they are concentrated in areas where mechs hostile to the Legion are found, but both the Stenians and the L'arile Nation monitor their activities.

A massive bore puncher is the centerpiece of the Fist's armament. Crews call it "the thumb." It rests at the midpoint of the side, rather than by the shoulder. The opposite shoulder does have an arm, a limb terminating in a lobster claw. The second left arm is found near the hip, clutching an enormous flail.

While it appears awkward, the Fist is actually quite balanced. The boarding parties that use the bore puncher wait in the center torso, so their presence or absence doesn't leave the Fist with a weight discrepancy. Some special training is required to make sure the people operating the flail and lobster claw don't accidentally snag each other's weapons, but competent mech weaponeers can handle it.

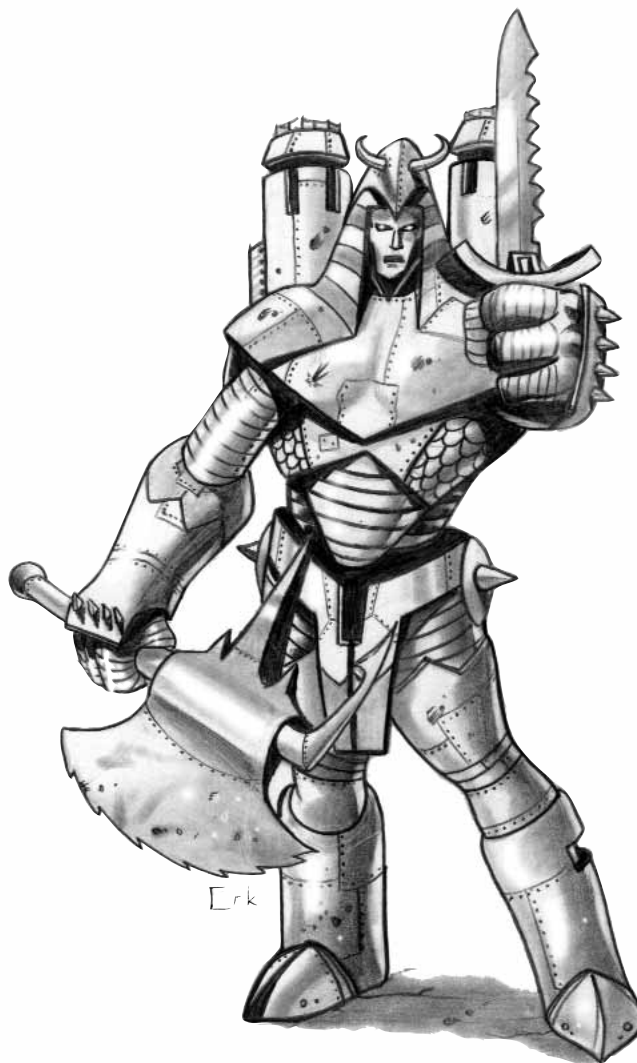
One problem caused by the unusual arm arrangement is that the Fist is weaker than most mechs its size. Because it doesn't have parallel support structures connecting any of its weapons, it can't bring as much strength to bear on its targets. The designers compensated by giving it two weapons that don't make much use of the mech's strength.

The bore puncher's use is obvious, and the Fist's other two weapons are intended to complement it. When possible, a target is grabbed with the lobster claw and held steady while the bore puncher smashes through its defenses. Against large targets, two five-person boarding parties are deployed, while smaller targets only need one. The Fist's flail is used to batter held enemies, or to trip mobile ones. It also serves to deter any mechs trying to interfere with the Fist while it goes about its business.

Finally, if a mech with extra limbs also has weak infrastructure, assume that damage to one limb relay sidelines all similar limbs on that side of the body. Putting complex mechanisms on a poorly built mech is rarely wise.

HUMANITY'S VENGEANCE

Size: Colossal III
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 64
Height: 75 ft.
Space/Reach: 35 ft. by 35 ft./35 ft.
Crew: 16 (weapons: 8)
Firing Ports: 35
Hit Dice: 144
Hit Points: 792
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 396, Orange 198, Red 79
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 70 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 18 (steel, Colossal, armor plating)
Base melee attack: +6
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 2d12+14
Trample: largest Gargantuan; safe Large; damage 6d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 38, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 45
Base Planning Time: 90 days
Base Cost: 16,312 gp



Total Cost: 23,462 gp
Labor Time: 15,360 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (20 avg. laborers
 plus 2 overseers)
Special: Armor Plating, Fast Legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
16	Crew
48	Onboard weaponry
64	Total

Battling the lunar menace is the Legion's stated reason for building mechs. (Most observers agree that Shar Thizdic has other plans as well, but there's no arguing that his forces do their best to keep their area free of alien creatures.) Humanity's Vengeance is a key weapon in this important battle.

This mech was designed to hunt lunar dragons. It

was also designed to look impressive while doing so. Its massive axe and wickedly barbed sword look capable of slaying the most armored of monsters, and its two shoulder-mounted ballista towers make it seem taller than it is. Humanity's Vengeance is deliberately bigger than the dwarven scale hunter (DragonMech, p. 112), and it also eschews that mech's weaponry.

Unfortunately, as the scale hunter's weapons are quite useful for dragon slaying, Humanity's Vengeance had to adopt a much more aggressive fighting style. It opens fire with its ranged weapons as soon as possible, hoping to wound the dragon while it charges forward. The cannon and ballistae keep smashing away while the mech covers ground. Humanity's Vengeance tries to close with the dragon before it can fly off.

Once it enters melee range, the mech sinks its barbed sword deep into the dragon's flesh.

Humanity's Vengeance is strong enough to hold even an adult lunar dragon in place for some time. While the dragon is pinned, the mech's axe seeks a weak point and the ranged weapons continue to pummel the foe.

So far, only one Humanity's Vengeance has been created. It has served its purpose by putting a face on the Legion's anti-lunar efforts, but Shar Thizdic is not yet impressed with its performance. He had hoped for a solitary dragon-slayer, yet this mech clearly works best in conjunction with others, particularly mechs that can help hold a target in place. Nevertheless, since Humanity's Vengeance has an important role to play in the Legion's public campaign, it continues to serve.

Humanity's Vengeance is a lean, sharp-edged mech. Its armor is smooth and scalloped, including a stylized helmet. The head underneath has features not unlike those of Shar Thizdic. The mech is technically assigned to the Ferocity chapter, although it often travels far afield in search of dragons. The crew of Humanity's Vengeance are all issued barbed blades of their own – daggers for the soldiers, swords for the officers. These weapons are a mark of status among the military, and the crew are supposed to leave them behind when they are rotated to other mechs.

JUST RETRIBUTION

Size: Colossal

Power Source: Manpowered

Payload Units: 18

Height: 35 ft.

Space/Reach: 15 ft. by 15 ft./15 ft.

Crew: 10 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 14

Hit Dice: 40

Hit Points: 220

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 132, Orange 77, Red 44

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 40 ft.

Maneuverability: Poor

AC: 2

Hardness: 11 (iron, Colossal)

Base melee attack: -2

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 1d12+6

Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6

Saves: Fort -2, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 36

Base Planning Time: 72 days

Base Cost: 1,551 gp

Total Cost: 5,551 gp

Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 average laborers and 1 overseer)

Special: Extra weapon mounts (2)

PAYLOAD USAGE

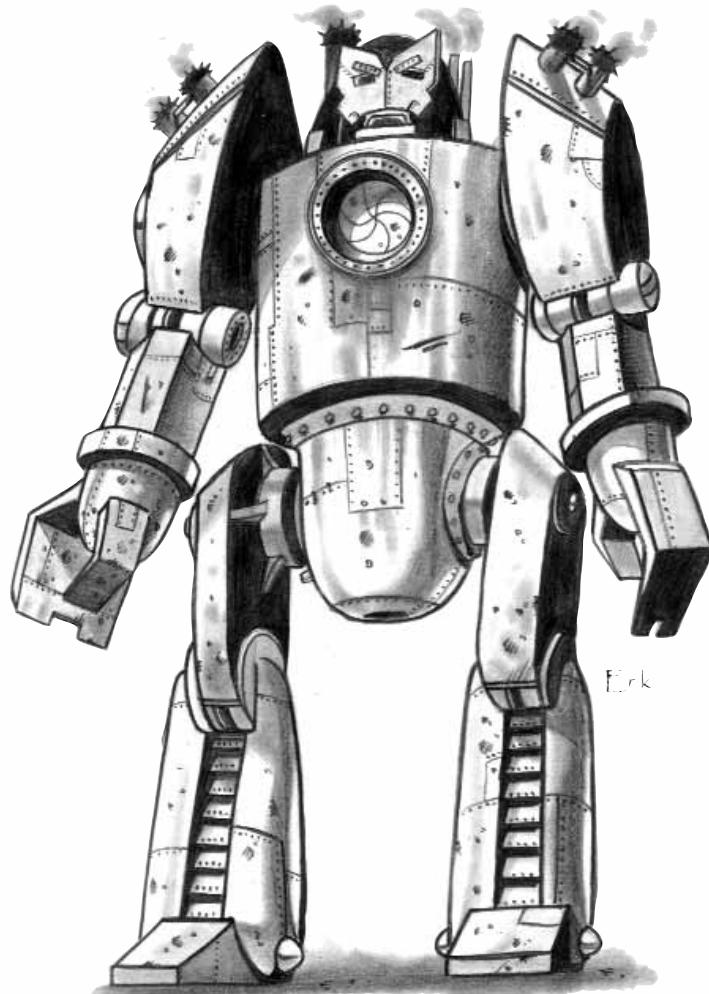
PU	Use
10	Crew
8	Weaponry
18	Total

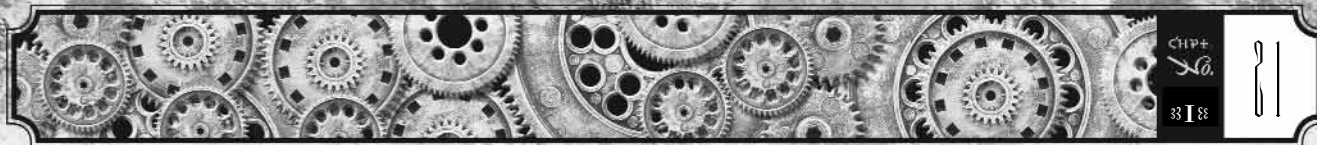
In a world where no building is safe from the lunar rain, where do you put your prisoners? The Legion builds special mechs to house them. Individuals who commit crimes too serious for fines (but not serious enough for execution) are sentenced to terms in the rowing pits of a just retribution mech. Chained to their posts and watched by a pair of pilot/soldiers, eight prisoners work to provide the muscle needed to keep the mech moving. Their efforts also power the steam cannon that is a just retribution's only armament. Cheaper and simpler than steam-powered models, this mech removes undesirable elements from society while

providing basic fire support for the troops. Rumors of a much larger version crewed by dwarven and elven prisoners have not been confirmed.

Combat tactics for a just retribution are simple. The mech is intended to act as part of a larger squad, providing supporting fire from a safe distance while other forces advance on the target. Both unchained crew members are needed to operate the steam cannon properly. Occasionally the pilot will have the Mechwalker or Mechidextrous feat, allowing the mech to move and fire simultaneously, but this is rare. A just retribution is not a prestigious assignment, and good pilots aren't usually wasted on a mech filled with prisoners.

Neither fast nor maneuverable, a just retribution is in trouble if faced with an enemy that can close the gap before being blown to pieces by the cannon. In such a circumstance the mech is supposed to retreat toward the nearest cover and wait for reinforcements. More than once, however, the two free crew members have simply abandoned their





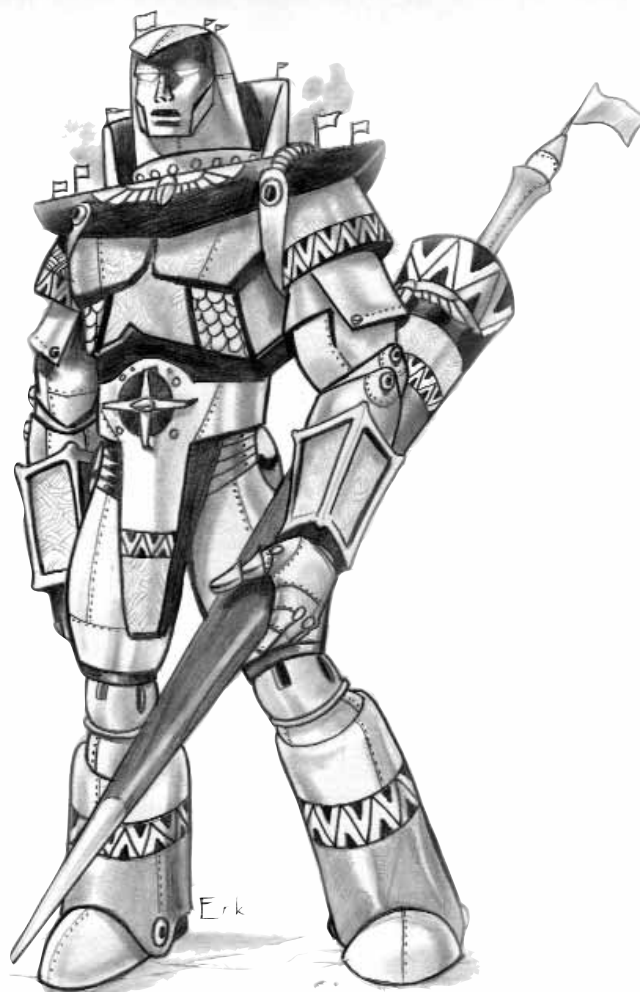
vessel and left the prisoners to their own devices.

A just retribution mech itself is solid and grim. The exterior is iron, in layers thick enough to ward off enemy fire. This isn't done for the prisoners' safety, as their welfare is not the Legion's first concern, but in order to protect the valuable cannon – a huge protrusion sticking out of the mech's upper chest. The barrel-shaped body and protruding cannon are often painted in harsh colors to make the mech seem more intimidating, with reds and blacks predominating. One of the crew members alternates between maintaining the gun and monitoring the prisoners, while the other is a pilot riding in the mech's head.

Prisoners rarely live aboard a just retribution. The mech is used as a work-release program of sorts, turning prisoners into useful members of society and contributing to the Legion's overall defense. When a prison mech is working a normal patrol route, usually as part of a large squad, the prisoners disembark at night and sleep under heavy tents, as does the crew. The interior of a just retribution is cramped, stifling, and not designed for long-term habitation.

This hasn't stopped a few enthusiastic commanders from trying it anyway. One famous example was the mech nicknamed Green Thunder. Known for the bright green paint covering it head to toe, Green Thunder was used as a symbol. Its prisoners were among the most dangerous murderers and thugs in Legion territory, its crew was hardened and pitiless, and its mission was to help eradicate a nasty nest of lunar dragons. The prisoners lived their lives chained to their posts, only being released from the interior when maintenance was performed on the mech. Allegedly this was to improve the mech's readiness in case of a sudden dragon attack, and Green Thunder was certainly quick to respond, but it was also an unsubtle warning to lawbreakers.

In the end, this strategy backfired. The mortality rate among prisoners was high, and eventually one of the individuals sentenced to the rowing benches figured out how to escape from manacles. The two officers left the mech that night as usual, but when they climbed inside the next morning, they found eight angry inmates waiting for them. Nobody knows exactly what happened – the prisoners either disappeared or were killed by those seeking to recapture them – but when a pack of rust riders discovered Green Thunder, their attempts to refit it were hampered by the condition of the main cogwheel. Apparently, the wheel's teeth were gummed up by a fine yellow ground paste made of human flesh and bone...



PALADIN

Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 128
Height: 120 ft.
Space/Reach: 60 ft. by 60 ft./60 ft.
Crew: 32 (weapons: 9)
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 216
Hit Points: 1,188
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 594, Orange 297, Red 119
Base Initiative: -3
Speed: 80 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 18 (steel, Colossal IV)
Base melee attack: +8

Base ranged attack: -3
Unarmed damage: 5d6+16
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6
Saves: Fort 0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 42, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 53
Base Planning Time: 106 days
Base Cost: 22,899 gp
Total Cost: 36,899 gp
Labor Time: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)
Special Rules: Fast Legs, Mech Hangar (40 PU)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
32	Crew
8	Mech marines
48	Onboard weaponry
40	Mech hangar
128	Total

The paladin is at the forefront of the Legion's military actions. It carries an array of weapons capable of mastering most situations, and it doubles as a transport for other mechs. Paladins are often used as command craft by the leaders of the Legion's chapters, putting them on equal footing with anything smaller than a city-mech.

Its designers strove to make the paladin look like its namesake. The frame was carefully modeled after a muscular human, and the burnished steel armor is laid on like plate mail. Paladins are often heavily ornamented with flags, pennants, and painted symbols. One Legion commander even commissioned a massive velvet cape for his paladin, although a chance encounter with a flame nozzle nearly led to disaster two weeks after the cape was installed.

Unlike many larger mechs, the paladin is designed for speed, and its weaponry and tactics are reflect this. Indeed, longtime paladin crew members are noted for their exceptionally steady "mech legs." The mech's primary weapon is a gigantic lance. When possible, the paladin enters combat by charging toward the foe at top speed. A successful charge does staggering damage, often enough to instantly sideline a mech of Gargantuan size or smaller. The paladin commonly circles around combat, thundering across the field to skewer one target after another.

The chain tentacle mounted in the mech's torso augments this fighting style. A target can be harpooned and dragged toward the onrushing lance, or simply anchored in place while the paladin fights other battles. On occasion, a paladin that has hooked a smaller mech will be able to drag it around with the chain, although this is a dangerous maneuver. If the mech being dragged gets snagged on something, the resulting shock can break the chain or even yank the paladin off its feet.

Once in melee, the paladin uses its lance when possible. Those inside the lance's reach are faced with an arm-mounted buzzsaw, and if the chain tentacle hasn't been deployed already, it is used to give the saw a stationary target. The arm with the saw also contains a steam cannon. A second cannon is swivel mounted on the paladin's head, enabling it to fire in any direction.

In addition to its impressive weaponry, the paladin can transport other mechs. Its hangar has room for one Colossal mech or two Gargantuan ones, or even four Huge ones if desired. The paladin carries these passengers close to combat, letting them disembark before melee begins; once it begins charging the enemy, leaving a paladin's hangar becomes much trickier.

A few human passengers also ride inside a paladin. Heavily armed and armored, they often defend the mech against invaders. These mech marines are usually experienced fighters, although they aren't necessarily mech pilots. If the paladin doesn't seem to be at risk of being boarded, the mech marines will disembark once it slows down and assist any Legion ground troops.

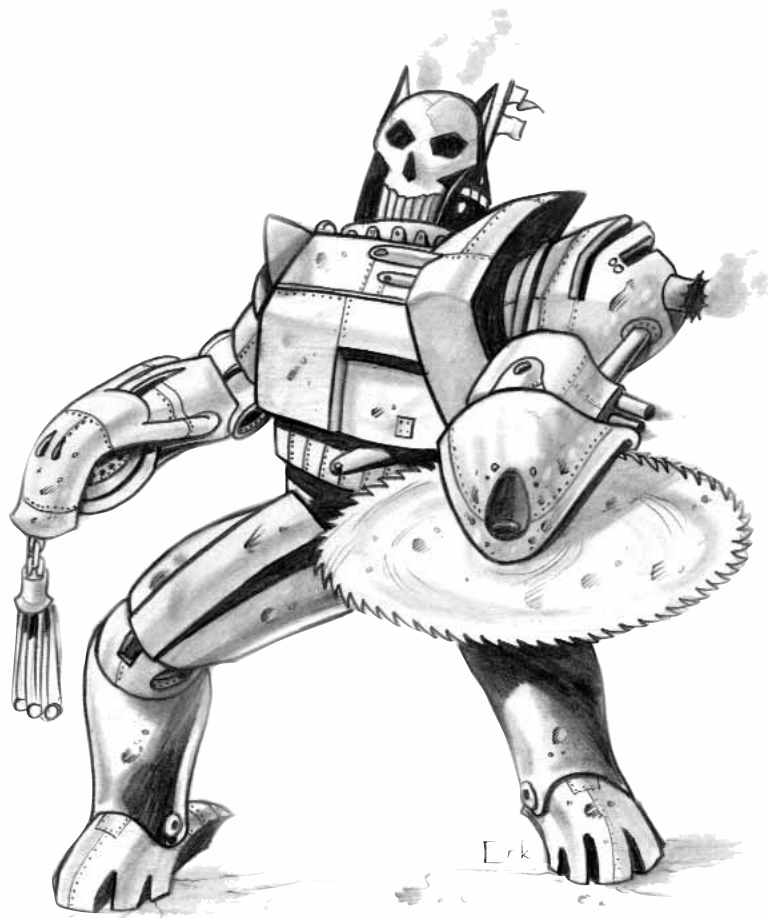
VORTEX

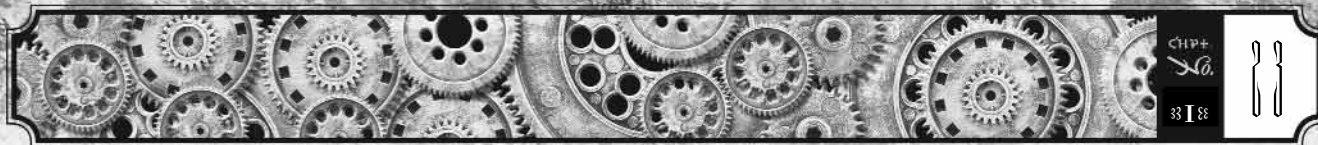
Size: Gargantuan
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 16
Height: 25 ft.
Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 3 (weapons: 2)
Firing Ports: 16
Hit Dice: 24
Hit Points: 132
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 66, Orange 33, Red 13
Base Initiative: -1
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 6
Hardness: 12 (steel)
Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -1
Unarmed damage: 1d10+8
Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6
Saves: Fort +2, Ref -2, Will -
Abilities: Str 26, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 36
Base Planning Time: 72 days
Base Cost: 1,431 gp
Total Cost: 5,551 gp
Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus one overseer)
Special Rules: Extra weapon mounts (6)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
3	Crew
12	Onboard weaponry
1	Command center/signalman
16	Total





The vortex is a capable mech, widely used by ranking Legion officers and daredevil pilots. Its weapon array is impressive for its size and gives it a variety of combat options. Although it lacks ranged weapons, the vortex is a holy terror in melee.

It gets its name from the enormous buzzsaw mounted on its left arm. This weapon, which required the designers to increase the mech's payload by roughly 50%, chews through similarly sized opponents in no time and gives larger ones pause. The buzzsaw makes the vortex a particular terror to other mechs, particularly if the vortex is making good use of its changler to trip them up. This one-two punch often intimidates other mechs enough that the vortex doesn't find itself in a fight unless the crew wants it.

Seeing this possibility, the original vortex designers built a little extra space into the mech's head and shoulders. They correctly guessed that the Legion's field commanders would want a mech that offered foes on sight. Not only does this make it easier for officers to survive into their next promotion, but it allows them to concentrate on coordinating battlefield activities. Many vortex captains use the extra room as a command center, filling it with maps and other resources so they have a mobile planning area. It also has a secure hatch, locked from the inside, creating a possible escape route through the back of the mech's neck.

Others bring on a fourth crew member to be a signalman. This individual has an array of signal flags, and he (or she) serves two purposes. His primary role is communication. The Legion is developing an elaborate signal system involving nearly 40 flags in various combinations. The vortex commander relays orders to the signalman, who displays the proper flag patterns on a short pole outside the hatch, which in turn instructs the rest of the Legion mechs in the field. When done properly, this gives Legion forces a frightening degree of coordination.

The signalman's other job is to act as a spotter. By leaning out the rear hatch, he can see almost everything around the vortex, including the traditional mech blind spots in the rear. Most signalmen carry a heavy crossbow to use on infantry-level threats spotted in this way. As their role is becoming known to the Legion's enemies, many signalmen are also investing in heavier armor.

Unlike most mechs, the vortex is asymmetrical. Its general shape is humanoid, but the buzzsaw on its left arm requires extra engine space. As a result, the vortex's left upper body is roughly one-third bigger than its right. The chest and shoulder are enhanced to support the buzzsaw's weight, while the arm itself houses the weapon's mighty engine.

IRONTOOTH CLAN MECHS

The Irontooth Clans are a motley alliance of tribes, forged from several disparate groups. They are drawn first and foremost from dissatisfied dwarven engineers who abandoned traditional clan structure to pursue "power through metal." In the cross-cultural melting pot that was Highpoint after the onset of the lunar rain, these engineers desperately researching ever-more-powerful mechs were brought together with ancient monastic orders looking to escape the lunar rain in their own way. When combined with the chaotic environment of a world in tatters, the result of some seven decades of intermingling was what outsiders now call "barbarian mech jockeys," a rowdy bunch of leather-wearing mech warriors who live only to ride.

Outsiders, however, do not see the whole truth.

The Irontooth Clans have somehow fused the hard discipline of dwarven and monastic life with the nihilism of a world on the brink of destruction to create one of the most unique cultures Highpoint has ever seen. Despite their hard drinking and raucous parties, the "barbarian mech jockeys" are in fact extremely disciplined and steeped in ancient mystical lore – as well as top-notch mechanical knowledge. Though the Irontooth Clans lack the organization and manpower to build city-mechs, what they *do* build is invariably of masterful construction, albeit frequently lacking in new materials. At the same time, the Irontooth Clans have a great deal of respect for monks, and their clans always include elders with a mystical view of life. Their living sensei mechs are considered by the Stenian Confederacy to be one of the great mysteries of mechanical engineering – and only the Irontooth know the secret of their creation.

Roughly 10,000 clan members live amongst the 50-odd Irontooth Clans, scattered into innumerable smaller tribes. They are mostly dwarven, with some humans, half-orcs, and gnomes. These are some of their mechs.

ASHIGARU

Size: Large

Power Source: Manpower (steam hybrid; see below)

Payload Units: 3

Height: 12 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 1 (see below)

Firing Ports: 3

Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 5 HD if targeted separately)

Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 28 hp if targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 17, Orange 10, Red 6

Base Initiative: -2*

Speed: +30 ft.*

Maneuverability: Average

AC: -2*

Hardness: 5 (wood)

Base melee attack: +2*

Base ranged attack: -2*

Unarmed damage: 1d6 + pilot's adjusted Strength modifier

Trample: largest Tiny; safe Tiny; damage 1d6

Saves: Fort +0*, Ref -2*, Will -

Abilities: Str +6*, Dex -4*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 24

Base Planning Time: 42 days

Base Cost: 750 gp

Total Cost: 1,174 gp

Labor Requirements: 240 man-hours

Construction Time: 3 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

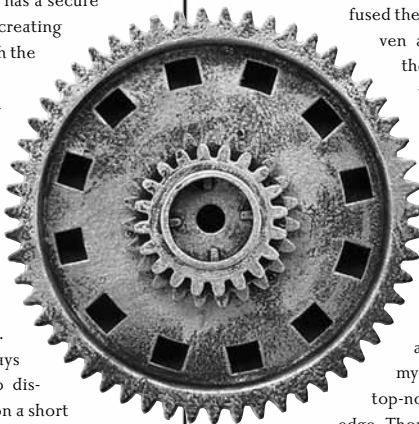
* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
2	Onboard Weaponry
3	Total

Ashigaru are mechs in name only, being more like large suits of mechanical armor. The pilot is strapped into the mech, his arms and legs actually stretching into the thighs and upper arms of the machine, which looks like nothing more than a crude, headless wooden humanoid. Though a large, barred, cross-shaped visor allows the pilot to see out the front and sides of the mech, the controls for operating the machine are obscured from view, being actually foot and arm driven at the end of his extremities. Mounted over the left arm of many Ashigaru is a curved lance.

Ashigaru are training and dueling mechs, seen in



battle only under the direst circumstances. Taking great skill to pilot and significant personal strength to even move, the purpose of ashigaru are a mystery to most outside the Irontooth Clans. Those within the clan, however, understand the important roles these odd mechs hold. Ashigaru are used to train not only mech pilots, but also the monks and warriors of the Irontooth Clan. Over time, those that train with ashigaru gain a fluidity and strength in the mech that is multiplied a hundred fold when they step from their bulky wooden restraints. Should it be necessary, ashigaru can also be used to enter dangerous areas, even large enemy mechs, and provide a masterful user with a level of defense unavailable using traditional armors.

Nearly all warriors of the Irontooth Clans receive training in using ashigaru. As battles of honor and worthiness are commonplace in clan life, it is required by clan law that ashigaru be used to resolve many duels. Otherwise, a single question of honor (with which one could be faced a hundred times in his life) would always end in the death of at least one valuable warrior. To avoid depleting their population of skilled combatants, clans use ashigaru to defend themselves not so much from enemies, but from each other.

Special Rules

Hybrid Power Source: An ashigaru is equipped with a small steam engine that isn't sufficiently powerful to move the entire suit. Normally a Large manpowered mech wouldn't be possible because the crew required to move it take up more space than the mech has, but thanks to this steam engine providing partial power, an ashigaru can be used with only one crew member. This sort of hybrid power source is available only for manpowered mechs of Gargantuan size or smaller, at an additional cost of 250 gp per crewmember replaced.

Duels of Honor

For the members of any one of the Irontooth Clans, the mechs their clan uses are seen as representations of the clan itself. Thus, the wealthiest, most skilled clans will have the most impressive mechs, while poorer clans or those less concerned with tradition or honor will have less presentable mechs. This has led most clans, not just mech pilots, to hold their mechs in the highest esteem, striving to make sure that should they meet another clan and jousting should take place, their mechs will be the most impressive on the field.

However, in the same way the largest mechs available represent the clan as a whole and are strongly connected to the concepts of clan pride, individual affronts and questions of one's honor and judgment still take place. Even in these situations, though, the mech and the concept of clan

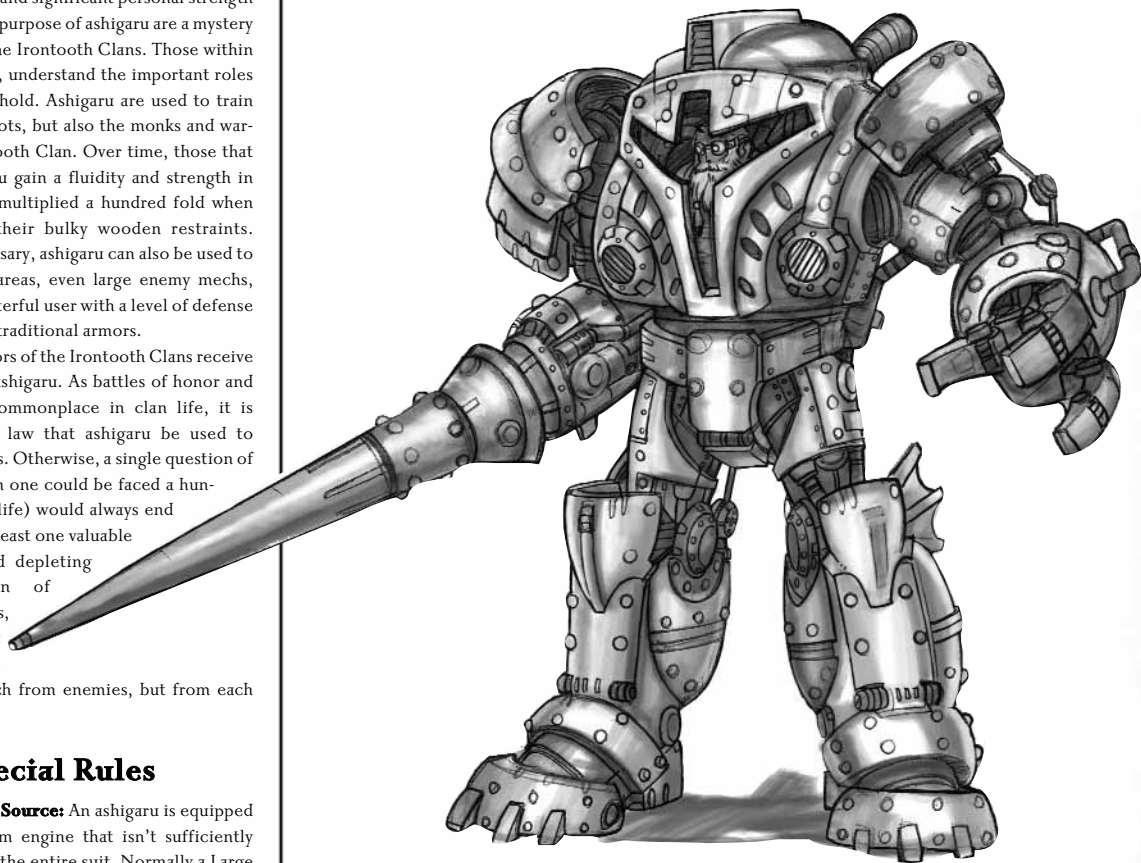
pride are intertwined, bringing the Irontooth Clans' propensity and fondness for mech jousting to a much more serious level.

When a conflict between two able-bodied members of an Irontooth Clan occurs, the situation is commonly resolved by an ashigaru duel. Ashigaru armors are some of the smallest mechs available on Highport, being little more than blocky, powered suits of wooden armor fitted with blunted lances. Only used in training, in defense of Irontooth communities and kabutos, and in settling disputes, ashigarus hold a respected place in the clan's structure, much the same as a skilled veteran reveres his sword. As soon as clan members make the step from children to adults, their training in the use of ashigaru begins. This assures not only that all members of the community are equipped to defend the clan, but that they can settle their disputes in a forthright and honorable manner. This method of battle is considered all the more legitimate as ashigarus do not stifle their pilots' natural skills. Rather, each mech augments its pilot's abilities, making them faster and stronger but also forcing them to rely on guile and skill. As such, the winner of an ashigaru duel will always be the strongest,

swiftest, and/or most cunning pilot, and thus the correct or deserving member of the dispute.

Ashigaru duels are conducted with far more solemnity than common mech jousts. Usually duels are arranged under the guidance of a clan elder, who will determine whether the claim or slight disputed between two members warrants a duel. Because each duel uses ashigarus that are considered to be both clan property and symbols of the entire clan's honor, baseless or otherwise frivolous claims are often ignored, sometimes leading both parties in the dispute to be punished in some demeaning way for their truculence. Fear of such punishments mean that only significant concerns are brought before the clan's elders, usually those relating to personal honor.

Once an ashigaru duel has been arranged, the actual contest usually takes place in one week, allowing members to honorably withdraw their complaints if they wish. Such a withdrawal brings no shame to either party and is not considered to be acquiescing to the other party's opinion. In fact, withdrawing from a duel is often considered a more honorable action than dueling and losing, as it prevents the greater honor of the clan (in the form of



the mechs) from even becoming involved in a quarrel. If, after a week, tempers still flare over the cause of the disagreement, the duel commences. An ashigaru duel is considered a solemn occasion much like a trial is in other cultures. Both parties participating in the duel enter their ashigaru mechs at or near their homes or at opposite ends of the community. A somber parade then progresses, allowing all the members of the clan to see the duelists, while an impartial “caller” leads each duelist to the assigned battleground, all the way shouting out the cause for the duel. The position of “caller” is not an honorable one and is most often occupied by one who has brought an unworthy cause to the clan elders in the hopes of being allowed to duel and was rejected, or one who has previously lost a duel.

Once at the assigned battleground, usually a place outside the community, in a cleared mech hanger, or a dojo of suitable size, the duelists meet the elders of the clan who stand in judgment over the duel. Along with the elders, all married members of the clan are invited to the duel to stand in witness. Though they are not required to attend, it is a point of interest and tradition that all try to be present. Once every interested party is assembled, the two callers once again explain the reason for the duel (an act that absolves them of part or all of their own dishonor, depending on its severity), then depart. As soon as they have cleared the battleground, at a sign from the highest-ranking clan elder, the duel begins.

An ashigaru duel continues until one member either has been disabled or has submitted. There are no rules except that the combatants can only use their mechs and their weapons in battle, and they cannot leave the designated dueling area. Any duelist that purposefully breaks these simple rules immediately loses the duel. Most ashigaru duels last for about a half-hour, although especially furious duels have been known to go on for upwards of 5 hours. Combat is rarely fatal, but accidents have been known to happen. Dying in an ashigaru duel is one of the most honorable ways to die for an Irontooth clan member, and some duelists knowing

that they cannot win pray to be killed in combat. However, if it is ever suspected that a duelist is trying to purposefully kill his opponent or is trying to get himself killed, the clan elders waste no time in calling off the duel. Such an act is an ultimate disgrace and often ends in the offending duelist being banished from the clan, or dishonored to a point that he goes into self-imposed exile.

Once one of the combatants has lost, both duelists are helped from their mechs by the crowd, which then somberly departs, leaving only the combatants and clan elders behind. The clan elders then side with the winner and rule in his favor in the case of whatever disagreement originally sparked the

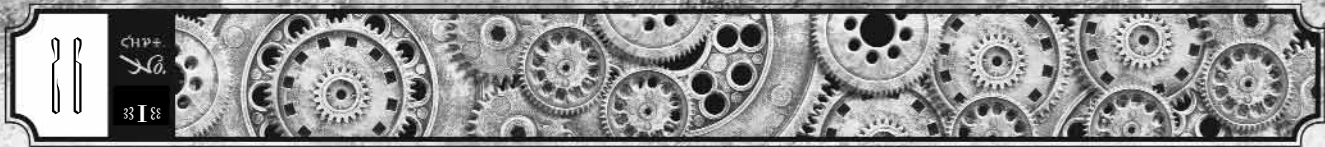
duel. The loser is dishonored and is ordered to compensate either his opponent or the clan for their time and interest in the matter. This may mean as little as being the caller before the new ashigaru duel or as much as being ordered into an opponent’s service for several years. These ruling are largely meant to be either ironic or instructional and are determined at the whim of the clan elders.

CH'PRIN

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 44
Height: 70 ft.
Space/Reach: 35 ft. by 35 ft./35 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 4)
Firing Ports: 20
Hit Dice: 96
Hit Points: 528
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 264, Orange 132, Red 53
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 14 (steel, Colossal II, armor plating)
Base melee attack: +4

TABLE 1-5: MECHS OF THE IRONTOOTH CLANS

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Ashigaru	Irontooth Clans	Large	Manpower (steam hybrid)	1,174 gp
Ein	Irontooth Clans	Colossal II	Steam	22,971
Ho	Irontooth Clans	Colossal V	Manpower	60,824 gp
Kappa	Irontooth Clans	Colossal V	Manpower	60,824 gp
Kusari	Irontooth Clans	Colossal III	Clockwork	40,453 gp
Oni	Irontooth (Independent)	Colossal IV	Steam/Animated	N/A
Sensei	Irontooth Clans	Large	Animated	20,658
Shurikien	Irontooth Clans	Huge	Clockwork	6,373
Wakizashi	Irontooth Clans	Colossal IV	Clockwork	61,440



Base ranged attack: -2

Unarmed damage: 4d6+12 (combat spikes)

Trample: largest Huge; safe Large; damage 5d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 34, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 42

Base Planning Time: 84 days

Base Cost: 17,171 gp

Total Cost: 22,971 gp

Labor Requirements: 7,680 man-hours

Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Armor plating, combat spikes, extra weapon mounts (+12), steady feet

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
4	Open
32	Onboard Weaponry
44	Total

Ch'i'rins are four-legged mechs of steam and steel. Though still smaller than many front-line battle mechs, ch'i'rins are dangerous both at close and long ranges.

Ch'i'rins are oddly shaped, with two legs at the front, two smaller legs in back, and a simplified, muzzled face from the forehead of which protrudes a colossal lance. Often deployed in large numbers, numerous ch'i'rins can create a dangerous phalanx with their angled, upwards thrusting horn-lances. This same formation can also unleash a deadly barrage from the colossal steam cannons each has mounted, somewhat awkwardly, on their backs.

The Irontooth Clans have discovered a dangerously efficient tactic of forming two long lines of ch'i'rins, one row standing while the other kneels before them. This not only creates a massive wall of forward thrusting lances, but can at a moment unleash a hail of devastating cannon fire. All the while, the more common, weaker armored clan mechs can fire upon attackers at will.

KABUTO

Size: Colossal V

Power Source: Manpower

Payload Units: 512 (heavy payload; 256 reserved for cargo)

Height: 220 ft.

Space/Reach: 90 ft. x 250 ft./55 ft.

Crew: 128 (weapons: 3)

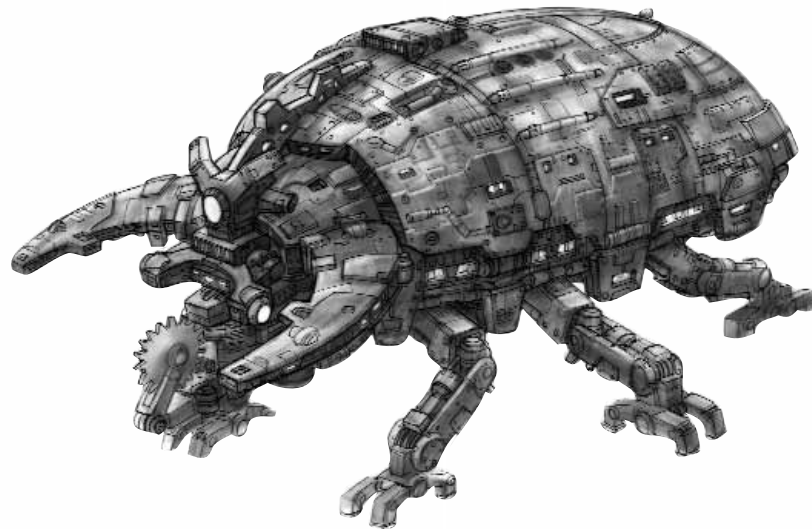
Firing Ports: 77

Hit Dice: 200

Hit Points: 1,100

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 660, Orange 385, Red 220

Base Initiative: -4



Speed: 60 ft.

Maneuverability: Clumsy

AC: 2

Hardness: 22 (steel, Colossal V, armor plating)

Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -4

Unarmed damage: 3d12+12

Trample: largest Colossal II; safe Gargantuan; damage 8d6

Saves: Fort -2, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 34, Dex 2, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 56

Base Planning Time: 102 days

Base Cost: 46,424 gp

Total Cost: 60,824 gp

Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours

Construction Time: 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)

Special: Armor plating, lungs, heavy payload

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
128	Crew
96	Onboard Weaponry
32	Passengers
256	Cargo (shantytown)
512	Total

The kabuto is the closest thing the Irontooth Clans have to a city-mech. These roaming villages look like massive horned beetles, slowly scuttling over the land on a multitude of insectoid legs. No two kabutos are constructed exactly alike, although most have a domed, pyramidal, or helmet-like shape to them, each one recognizable by a great, ornately flared ridge halfway up the face of the mech's front. Besides being constructed with a skill and artistry Irontooth craftsmen commonly

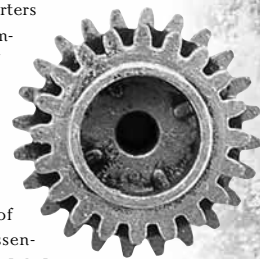
reserve for their personal weapons, this ridge also holds the mech's bridge and serves as a platform for ranged weapons. Far below the bridge, low to the ground, most kabutos have a broad buzzsaw mounted to fend off opponents on foot and attack the legs of enemy mechs.

The interior of a kabuto is mostly empty, its main levels being large open spaces for mechs and passengers. Except for revered elders and clerics, no personal quarters exist. Rather, the entire community creates a kind of shantytown inside the mech, using tents and simple structures just as though they were in the wilderness. Those onboard a kabuto do not think of themselves merely as passengers, but as members of a tightly knit community within the larger clan. Many civilians spend their whole lives living and working in and around the mech and take a middle or last name that designates which kabuto they come from. For example: Isan Eiri, captain of the kabuto Striding Crab, uses the full name Isan Striding Crab Eiri.

Except for rare exceptions, most Irontooth Clan kabutos travel singly or in small communities of 2-4. Smaller mechs and warriors are often held inside to defend the kabutos in case of emergency.

The Striding Crab, An Exemplary Kabuto

Standing as a representation of an ideal "shanty-mech" and crew is the kabuto Striding Crab. Just over 200 feet tall, the Striding Crab's outer hull is painted and lovingly maintained to glisten a pearlescent green, like the shell of a massive june bug. This shimmering surface makes up the mech's entire domed back, except for two great symbols, one painted in on each



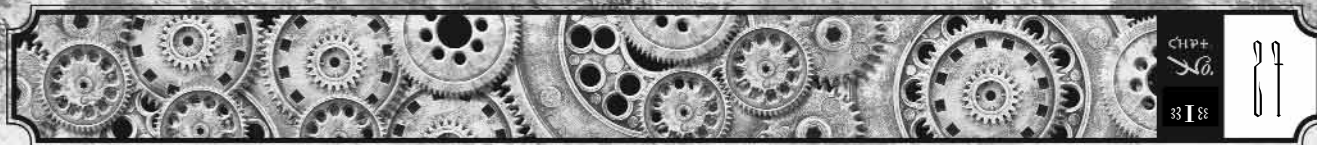


TABLE 1-6: ONBOARD WEAPONRY — IRONTOTH CLANS

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
ASHIGARU ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Large lance (2d6+3/x3)	2	1
Left arm	Melee	Large lance (2d6+3/x3)	2	1
CH'T'RIIN ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Back	360°	Colossal steam cannon (4d10/x3, 900)	16	3
Head	Melee	Colossal lance (3d12+12/x3)	16	1
Total			32	4
KABUTO ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Front (high)	180° forward	Colossal II ballista (5d10/x3, 300)	32	3
Front (low)	Melee	Colossal III buzzsaw (8d12/19-20/x3)	64	1
Total			96	4
KAPPA ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Front (high)	180° forward	Colossal ballista (5d10/x3, 250)	32	3
Front (low)	Melee	Colossal III buzzsaw (8d12/19-20/x3)	64	1
Total			96	4
KUSARI ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left shoulder	180° forward	Gargantuan ballista (5d6/x3, 180)	8	2
Left and right arms	Melee	Colossal II kusari-gama (4d8+14/4d6+14)	32	2
Total			40	4
ONI ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan chain tentacle (2d8/x2, 100)	8	3
Right arm	Melee	Colossal III buzzsaw (8d12/19-20/x3)	68	1
Left shoulder	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2d10/x3, 1,000)	4	2
Right shoulder	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2d10/x3, 1,000)	4	2
Chest	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2d10/x3, 1,000)	4	2
Total			88	10
SENSEI ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Large masterwork lance (2d6+5/x3)	2	1
Total			2	1
SHURIKIEN ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Torso	180° forward	Huge sling saw (2d6/x3, 180)	4	2
Total			4	2
WAKIZASHI ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Chest	180° forward	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Right arm	Melee	Colossal III sword blade (7d12+16/19-20)	68	1
Total			84	4

side, which to the Irontooth Clans mean “great crab.” At the front of the kabuto, several dozen feet over the scything blades of its frontal buzz saw, is the sweeping ridge that holds its command center. This ornate platform is a severe crescent with points sweeping outwards in a wide curve. Despite its size, this ornate structure is finely tooled with delicate etchings in its

glimmering bronze and is the pride of the entire kabuto.

Deep within the belly of the mech is a vast, open-air chamber that fills almost half of the mech’s internal area. Lacking the claustrophobic feel of most mech interiors, the Striding Crab’s main chamber is home to a crew of nearly 200 and a small

flock of stowaway pigeons. The floor of this open area is covered in the residents’ homes, mostly multi-roomed tents, shacks made from scrap metal, and a few simple two- and even three-story wooden structures. The two most noteworthy structures in Striding Crab are the Hi’schin, an out-of-the-way, cramped apothecary owned by the ancient merchant Cio, and the Thick Shell Ashigaru Dojo, where students learn under the tutelage of Mistress Shi’Po’Ai, an animated sensei mech (see page XX).

Overlooking this “village” is the bridge of the Striding Crab, where elder Isan Eiri governs as both the mech’s captain and village magistrate. The dark-eyed and fierce-tempered Wild Fire Lily serves the mech as both tactician and constable, and Eiri is his most outspoken rival and long-time companion. Serving as dutiful pilot to the Striding Crab is Lo Ailshee, a quiet, young man of great faith who works, often fruitlessly, to temper the volatile personalities of his passionate commanders.

Far below the bridge, past even the mech hangers and storerooms, are several floors taken over by gear forests. At one point a community of coglings lived peacefully below the mech’s village, but none of the feral halfings has been seen in years. Regardless, engineers and repairmen that make occasional jaunts into those untamed levels report eerie sensations—as if they’re being watched—and the sounds of distinct, almost mechanical, skittering.

KAPPA

Size: Colossal V

Power Source: Manpower

Payload Units: 512 (heavy payload; 256 reserved for cargo)

Height: 200 ft.

Space/Reach: 80 ft. by 80 ft./100 ft.

Crew: 128 (weapons: 4)

Firing Ports: 154

Hit Dice: 200

Hit Points: 1,100

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 660, Orange 385, Red 220

Base Initiative: -3

Speed: 60 ft.

Maneuverability: Clumsy

AC: 2

Hardness: 22 (steel, Colossal V, armor plates)

Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -3

Unarmed damage: 3d12+12

Trample: largest Colossal II; safe Gargantuan; damage 8d6

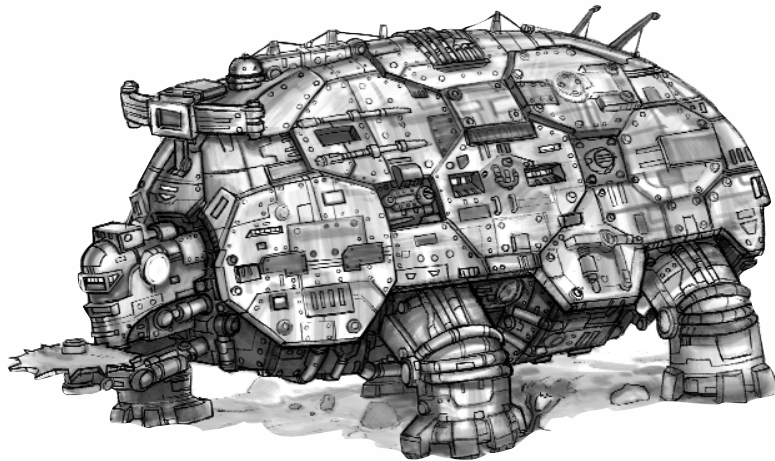
Saves: Fort -2, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 34, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 56

Base Planning Time: 102 days

Base Cost: 46,424 gp



Total Cost: 60,824 gp
Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)
Special: Armor plating, hangars, heavy payload

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
160	Crew
56	Special equipment for air pumping and oxygen storage
200	Cargo/hangar space
96	Onboard Weaponry
512	Total

The Kappa is a unique mech of the kabuto variety. Although it looks much like other mechs of the same make, the Kappa features a smaller number of thicker, more heavily insulated, almost tortoiselike legs. It doesn't bear a unique fore-crest like most kabutos; in its place is merely a massive, gem-like crystal window that partially opens into the bridge and looks down over the communal area inside. The Kappa also seems somehow more solid than other mechs, even those of the extremely defensible kabuto variety, seemingly without a single open joint or crack upon its massive frame. This is true, in fact, as the Kappa has a unique purpose: to travel underwater.

Created with the dual philosophies that "an enemy is most vulnerable to an attack that he does not expect" and "an enemy cannot attack a place he cannot reach," the Kappa is a truly extraordinary creation. It was built with the aid of tortog designers, with whom the Irontooth Clans have forged a strong relationship. Many of the tortoise people continue on as part of the Kappa's crew, using the unique insight to aid the clan both above and below the sea.

The Irontooth Clans and the Tortogs

Shrewdly and quietly, the Irontooth Clans have reached some sort of agreement with the strange

hard-shelled traders, the tortogs. Although the Irontooth Clans are not known for their diplomacy and the tortoiselike merchants are rarely forthcoming with their friendship, heavy trade does take place between the two cultures. This trading represents more than the mere exchange of goods; it also includes the trade of new technologies and ancient traditions.

While the trade of mundane supplies and other goods has been mutually beneficial to both peoples, one of the most interesting developments has been the application of tortog knowledge of water and water-proofing to mecraft. This technological leap has been seen on both a small scale, with several Irontooth mechs designed for short-term submersion, and a grander scale, with the diving kabuto known as the Kappa.

But even though the benefits to the Irontooth Clans have been substantial and obvious, what the tortogs are gaining from their unexpected trade alliance is unknown. In recent months, many tortogs have been seen aboard Irontooth Clan mechs, either as passengers, new residents, or even crewmembers. Being that they have no mechs of their own and seem disinclined to begin crafting one, it is rumored that the tortogs wish to gain a modicum of military authority on Highpoint, but for what purpose remains unknown. However, it remains possible that lunar threats and orc raids have finally cost the shrewd merchants enough and that the Irontooth Clans are serving as well-paid guides and guards to the tortoise-folk's caravans.

Regardless of the specifics of their dealings, this alliance between the Irontooth Clans and the tortogs has significantly strengthened both groups. Now or if this will affect the balance of power throughout Highpoint remains unseen, but rumors whisper that more is being gained in this unlikely pact than mere monetary profit.

KUSARI

Size: Colossal III
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 64
Height: 85 ft.
Space/Reach: 40 ft. by 40 ft./40 ft.
Crew: 6 (weapons: 4)
Firing Ports: 35
Hit Dice: 144
Hit Points: 792
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 396, Orange 198, Red 79
Base Initiative: +2
Speed: 90 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 9 (wood, Colossal III)
Base melee attack: +6
Base ranged attack: +2
Unarmed damage: 2d12+14
Trample: largest Gargantuan; safe Huge; damage 6d6
Saves: Fort -4, Ref +0, Will -
Abilities: Str 38, Dex 14, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mecraft DC: 56
Base Planning Time: 112 days
Base Cost: 35,703 gp
Total Cost: 40,453 gp
Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 384 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)
Special: Fast legs, steady feet

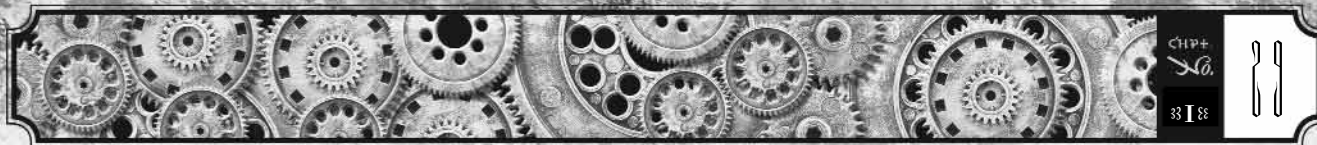
PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
6	Crew
18	Open
40	Onboard Weaponry
64	Total

The kusari is the rank-and-file warrior mech of the Irontooth Clans. Smaller than many other fighter mechs, these mechs' speed and versatility more than make up for any frailty. With a tall, lithe frame resembling nothing so much as an elven dancer, kusaris strike with a precision and finesse that makes them an even match for Legion paladins or Stenian steam blades.

Kusaris are named for the weapons they carry: kamas bound by a long chain to a spiked weight called kusari-gamas. These strange weapons have both the speed of a swift melee weapon and a limited range. The chain and weight of the kusari-gama allows clever mech pilots to entangle and trip enemy mechs unfamiliar with such weapons.

Roving groups of Irontooth Clan members are often accompanied by several kusaris. Thanks to their speed and relative light weight, kusaris are



some of the largest mechs to function efficiently as scouts. Thus, the first sign of an Irontooth presence in a region is often an encounter with a vanguard of 2-4 kusaris.

ONI

Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Steam (but now animated; see below)
Payload Units: 128
Height: 96 ft.
Space/Reach: 45 ft. by 45 ft./45 ft.
Crew: 32 (see below)
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 144
Hit Points: 792
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +1
Speed: 80 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 16 (iron, Colossal IV)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: +1

Unarmed damage: 5d6+12
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref +1, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 12, Con -, Int 14*, Wis 12*, Cha 18*
Mechcraft DC: N/A
Base Planning Time: N/A
Base Cost: N/A
Total Cost: N/A
Labor Requirements: N/A
Construction Time: N/A
Special: Fast legs, linked weapons (two Huge steam cannons)
 * See stats below.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
32	Originally crew space
8	Open
88	Onboard Weaponry
128	Total

The Oni, captained by Storm Ystarn, is one of the most feared mechs on Highpoint. It is feared not just by those who face it in battle, but by its crew as well.

No one is quite sure who constructed the Oni,

though at first glance it seems to be an oversized variation on a Stenian steam blade. Discovered by a kabuto village nearly 20 years ago near the borders of what once were lush elven forests, its opportunistic finders were quick to claim the mech as their own. A few basic repairs got the mech that would be known as the Oni up and running again, but its finders discovered several disturbing features.

First, the interior of the mech was like a maze: Ladders and halls seemed to go nowhere, many rooms had no apparent purpose, and hatches refused to open. Navigating the mech became a maddening feat.

Secondly, the equipment and engines of the mech seemed to run on no greater fuel than luck. Once they were discovered, the engines proved to be a dilapidated tangle of inaccessible pipes, furnaces, and wires, but after a few cursory adjustments, they sparked to sudden life. On further inspection, the repair crew found more of the vast engines and devices with no apparent purpose scattered throughout the mech, sometimes in the most unexpected places.

But lastly, and most disturbingly, of the 18 workmen that entered the mech to repair it, only 10 left. The entire construct was searched, seemingly from top to toe, but no sign that the eight missing workmen had even entered the mech was ever found.

After this ill omen, the anxious villagers named the mech after a soul-stealing demon from myth. The Oni certainly would have been left behind had it not been for one ambitious young nobleman, Kuan Toi'fo. Determined to become the best mech pilot in the Irontooth Clans and chafing after having used only ashigarus and kusaris for his entire career, he eagerly volunteered to pilot the strange new mech. Not willing to waste such a strange find and convinced by Kuan's fervor, the clan elders eventually conceded to the young warrior's request.

With a full crew of able warriors, Kuan was given a simple mission to scout ahead of his clan's kabuto. When the Oni returned unexpectedly four days later, its entire crew was missing and no explanation could be found for why or how it had returned. Now truly fearful of the strange mech, the clan abandoned it, leaving it and whatever demon haunts it behind.

Many that see the Oni today have heard the stories of the demon mech and the terror it can wreak in battle. Others write the tales off as fanciful imaginings told by overly superstitious cowards. But those few most fearful of the Oni know that there is indeed an evil spirit that lurks within the gigantic husk of steam and steel. Her name is Storm Ystarn.

Special Rules

The Oni is a haunted mech. The true nature of the spirit that possesses it is unknown, but it's quite

METAL BINDING THE DEAD

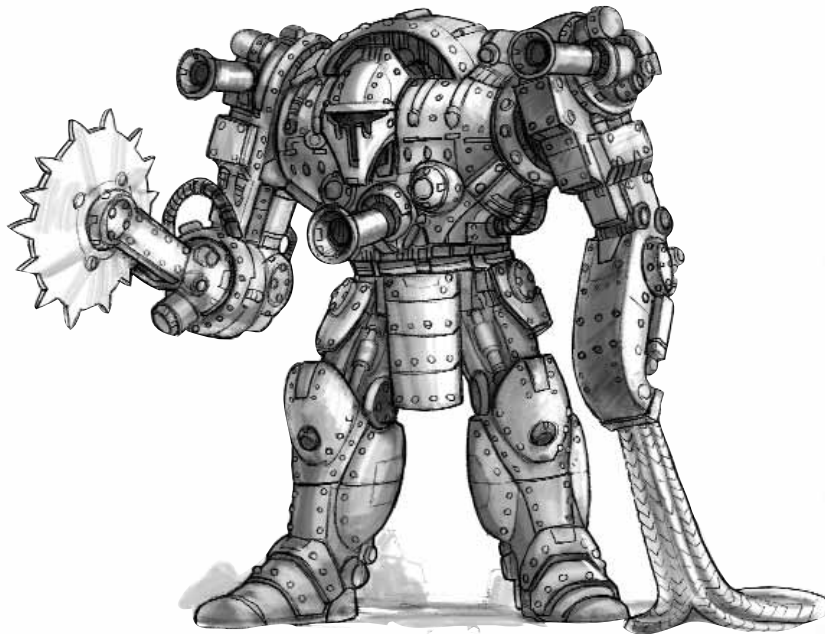
In the years since the formation of the Irontooth Clans a strange manner of thinking has crept into the society's beliefs. Not so much a societal tradition as spiritual belief, many members of the clans have developed the impression that shaped metal, in all forms, is unnatural.

Despite the negative connotation such a belief seems to have, the Irontooth Clans have not given up the use of metal in their day-to-day lives or, perhaps even more importantly, in the creation of their mechs. Indeed, the opposite may be true. Many in the clans have come to believe that metal binds the soul and limits mortal potential. While wood and stone can be worn down by determination and flesh and blood, even the most capable mortal warrior cannot contend against a barrier of honed metal. Thus, with this belief in mind, two schools of mech making have arisen among the Irontooth Clans.

The most common method sees the creation of Irontooth mechs made of natural materials, most commonly wood. These mechs are thought to rely more heavily on their pilot and crew's capabilities and perhaps even augment their talents. Much like how a weapon increases a warrior's deadliness, these mechs are tools to be used by skilled wielders and, by their nature, are considered to be more honorable to use than metal mechs. Though these mechs may have metal weapons, the idealism of the Irontooth builders does not make them irrational. If their enemies have armor that only metal can pierce, then metal will be used to pierce them. Examples of such mechs are ashigarus, kusaris, and wakizashis.

Other Irontooth coglayers, trying to cope with a world of enemies from space and giants constructed of soul-stifling steel, have crafted potent mechs of iron, steel, and mithral. However, these mechs are not meant to be piloted; they are meant to channel the spirit of some legendary beast or power and allow the mech's crew to draw strength from that force. Against horrors of metal and threats from beyond, mere mortals can do little, so these mechs are crafted and blessed to bind the spirits of mythic creatures to them in a way that only metal can. Armed with the most modern technologies, powers so much like those the spirits exhibit in legend, these unnatural beasts are set forth, guided by their crew to defeat the enemies of the Irontooth Clans. Although pilots of metal mechs do not receive the same honor as those of wooden mechs, they are often treated with more respect and wonder as they are believed to commune with the ancient spirits. Examples of mech models thought to be infused with spirits are ch'i'rins, kabutos, and the revered senseis.

Though few within the Irontooth Clan actually believe that all metal is a spiritual substance, this way of thinking has become a kind of quaint



certainly that of an evil creature. Some loremasters speculate that a necromancer or foul diabolist was involuntarily forced to inhabit the mech through the use of the *rebuild soul* spell, or perhaps it is an assimilated mech that has reached some stage of techno-consciousness previously unknown. It is also possible that a hell-borg is at least partially responsible for the mech's actions (see page XX for more on hellborgs).

Regardless of the cause, the Oni is haunted. Creatures on board get lost within the shifting passages, hear strange sounds, and encounter terrible accidents almost routinely.

The Oni is guided by a spirit (see stats below) that is intent on devouring the souls of those who board it. The mech can use the following effects against any creature on board. The spell effects cannot be cast beyond the limits of the mech's wall; they are limited to its environment. All save DCs are Charisma-based, using the stats presented below. Spells are at caster level 18.

- At will—*acid splash, flare, darkness, ghost sound, grease, hold portal, mage hand, mending, minor image, obscuring mist, prestidigitation.*
- 3/day—*bane, cause fear, inflict light wounds, illusory*

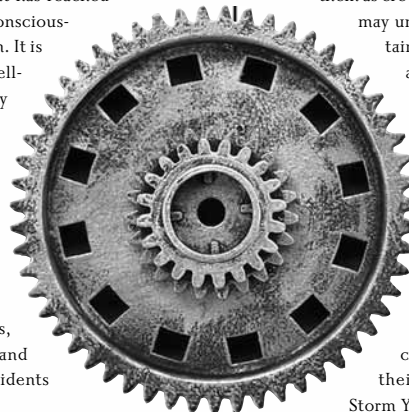
wall, sleep.

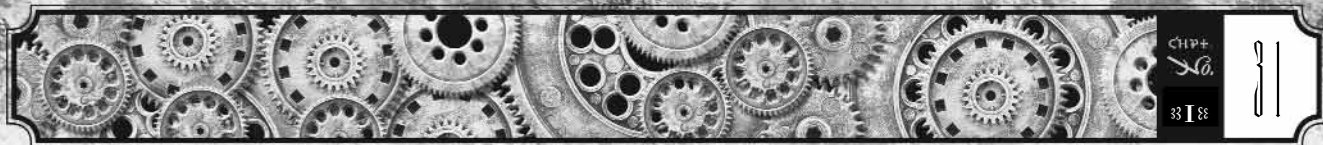
- 1/day—*death knell, inflict moderate wounds.*

Characters may encounter the Oni in a number of ways. The captain, Storm Ystarn, may recruit them as crewmembers. Alternately, the PCs may uncover the Oni without its captain, and attempt to take over the abandoned mech. They may try to salvage it only to arouse its ire. Or they may be called in to assist a town whose citizens have been lured aboard by Storm's promise of wealth, only to disappear.

The Oni can function with no crewmembers, but its animating force prefers to have crew because it likes to consume their souls. When captained by Storm Ystarn, it will not function without a crew, in order to force Storm to bring new recruits aboard. If forced to operate without a crew, the Oni should be treated as if piloted by an 18th level mech jockey with these stats:

Oni Ghost Pilot, Mc18: Init +8; Base Atk +13; Mech Atk +18; Atk +22 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +22/+17/+12/+7 mech (any mech weapon); SQ Extraordinary pilot, mech fingers (warrior instinct, skill transfer), patchwork repairs, push the envelope 6/day (extreme redlining, no overheating), roll with the punches (2 increments); AL CE; Fort —, Ref +15, Will +7; Str —, Dex 18, Con —, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 18.





Skills and Feats: Craft (mechcraft) +23, Knowledge (mechs) +23, Knowledge (steam engines) +23, Listen +22, Mech Pilot+43, Spot +22; Dodge, Greater Weapon focus (steam cannon), Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Mech Dancer, Mech Fu, Mechidextrous, Mechwalker, Shot on the Run, Speed Freak, Spring Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (steam cannon), Weapon Specialization (steam cannon).

Storm Ystarn, Captain of the Most Feared Mech in Highpoint

Storm Ystarn and Kuan Toi'fo were both mech pilots in training aboard the kabuto Broad Shield. They had known each other since childhood, yet serving together in defending the community made them the best of friends, and soon more. Therefore, when the Broad Shield discovered a strange mech and Kuan volunteered to pilot it after so many odd incidents surrounding its discovery, Storm tried to dissuade her bull-headed lover, but to no use.

When the Oni returned from its first scout mission with no sign of its crew, why it had returned, or her beloved, Storm angrily demanded a search be made and all recourses be spent to find Kuan and the missing crewmen. But unwilling to let the obviously cursed mech claim more lives, the community's elders ignored Storm's demands. On the same night the Broad Shield began moving to leave the Oni behind, Storm forsook the only home she had known in her entire life and entered the Oni.

Storm's first night onboard the Oni was a nightmarish experience. The corridors of the darkened mech seemed to twist and wrap back on themselves as she fervently searched every level of the great construct. The longer she spent aboard the mech, the stranger it seemed to become, until she could swear she was hearing incomprehensible voices always just ahead of her. Racing through the shifting metal halls to find these bodiless voices exhausted Storm and she finally collapsed. But just before the distraught young pilot lost consciousness, she heard the voice of her missing beloved.

Sometime later – she knew not how many days – Storm awoke to the grinding gears and shaking walls of the moving mech. Hoping beyond hope, she searched the bridge but found the Oni again moving of its own accord. Finally, the strange mech came to a stop at the outskirts of Edge. Eager to find help, Storm left the mech and gathered as many people as she could within town to help search the Oni more thoroughly. Telling her story to any who would listen, she pledged all she had and the wealth of both her and Kuan's families to anyone who helped her find her companion. Taking a dozen helpful people aboard, Storm began her

most thorough search, still hoping to find some secret chamber or trap that had claimed her beloved. But after a day of searching, the only result was the disappearance of nearly half of those that had agreed to aid her. Distraught and despairing, Storm relieved the rest of those she had hired, paying them all she had, and was left alone with her suffering aboard the cursed mech.

That night, for the first time, Storm dreamed of Kuan. When she woke, she was inexplicably no longer afraid. Although she remembered little of her dream, she knew that she would not find her beloved on board the Oni; he was now elsewhere. Again entering Edge, Storm hired men to crew the Oni, promising vast wealth from a treasure only she knew the location of. Many foolish townsfolk followed the wild-haired young pilot onto her strange mech and they began traveling south. None of the adventurous townspeople was ever seen again. Since then, Storm has been the captain of the Oni for more than three years. She has gone through hundreds of crewmembers. Though nearly 30, Storm looks like a woman of 20. Lithe and tan with shoulder-length black hair, the only things that reveal Storm's true age are her hard, determined eyes. One crewman, before going onboard the Oni, said he trusted Storm because her eyes proved that she was willing to do anything to reach her goal. That vanished crewman was right.

Storm has accepted that the Oni is cursed, yet she somehow knows that she will never fall victim to the demon mech. She continues her search for her lover, but now travels mostly at random, scouring the ancient places of magic that might reveal her lover's fate and bring him back to her. On some level, Storm realizes that she has already found Kuan, as she dreams of her lover in passionate nightmares almost nightly. Devoured and made a part of whatever presence possesses the Oni, what is left of Kuan's spirit protects his beloved and keeps her safe from the mech's hungry nature. However, the dozens of crewmen that Storm tempts with unimaginable riches are not so lucky.

Storm Ystarn, Female Human

Mcf10/Mcd3: CR 13; Medium humanoid (human); HD 11d6; hp 84; Init +7, Spd 30 ft.; AC 23, touch 17, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +9; Mech Atk +13; Grp +10; Atk +20 melee (1d6+4, 18-20/x2, *+4 ghost touch rapier*) or +20 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +20/+15 melee (1d6+4, 18-20/x2, *+4 ghost touch rapier*) or +20/+15/+10 mech (any mech weapon); SQ Agile mech +1, extraordinary pilot, mech fingers (warrior instinct, skill transfer), patchwork repairs, push the envelope 3/day, roll with the punches, special skill uses, stunning attack, unarmed damage; AL CE; SV Fort +4, Ref +17, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 24, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Balance +15, Bluff +10, Climb +7, Craft (mechcraft) +14, Jump +5, Knowledge

societal belief that usually only the elderly take to extremes. However, stories of strange goings-on within the clans' metal mechs and of whole mechs inexplicably moving by themselves lend a strange credence to these tales. Some ch'i'rin pilots even swear on their honor that their mechs have moved to avoid danger or have advised them mid-battle. Because of tales like these, even traditionally mundane objects, such as wooden coffins and metal cages, have gained remarkable significance.

For the most part, these beliefs have originated and spread among the past several generations of superstitious human and gnome members of the clans, but many pragmatic dwarves have adopted them as well, a fact that gives the tales more credibility than anything else.

(mechs) +18, Knowledge (steam engines) +18, Mech Pilot +23, Sense Motive +9, Spot +9, Tumble +9; Acrobatic, Dodge, Mech Dancer, Mech Fu, Mech Walker, Mechidextrous, Mobility, Natural Pilot, Speed Freak, Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven.

Possessions: +4 ghost touch rapier, +4 leather armor, gloves of dexterity +6.

SENSEI

Size: Large

Power Source: Animated (undead subtype; see below)

Payload Units: 3

Height: 10 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 1

Firing Ports: —

Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 5 HD if targeted separately)

Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 28 hp if targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: -1*

Speed: +30 ft*

Maneuverability: Perfect

AC: -1*

Hardness: 10 (iron)

Base melee attack: +4*

Base ranged attack: -1*

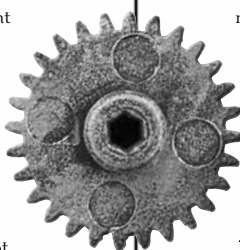
Unarmed damage: 1d6 + pilot's adjusted Strength modifier

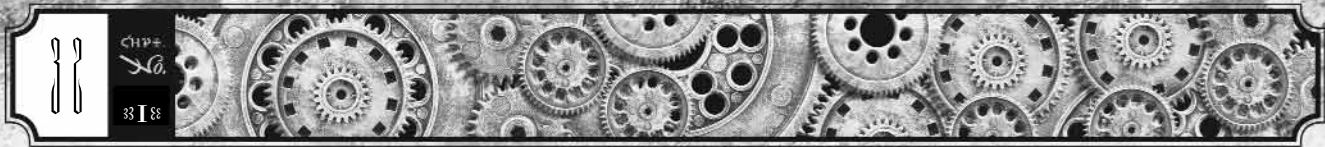
Trample: largest Tiny; safe Tiny; damage 1d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -1*, Will –

Abilities: Str +10*, Dex -2*, Con –, Int –, Wis –, Cha –

Mechcraft DC: 56





Base Planning Time: 102 days

Base Cost: 20,348 gp

Total Cost: 20,658 gp

Labor Requirements: 480 man-hours

Construction Time: 6 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
2	Onboard Weaponry
3	Total

Senseis are the most treasured mechs of the Irontooth Clans and one of their greatest secrets, as they are also the most respected and revered members of the clan.

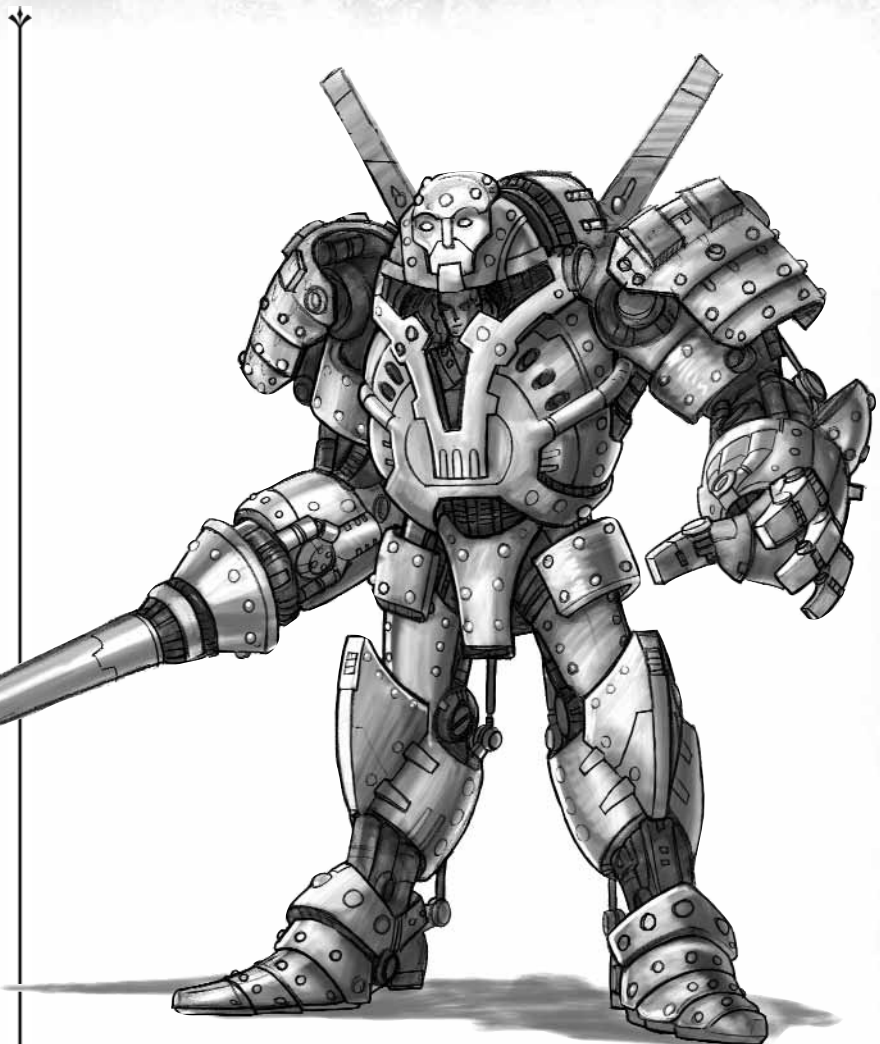
Senseis are small mechs that look like exquisitely crafted and stylized variations on ashigarus. Lighter and easier to handle than those training mechs, they still force the pilot to use much of his own strength and have controls situated exactly as ashigarus do. Though superficially they are only slightly superior to ashigarus, the sensei's greatest advantage is that they are possessed by the spirit of an Irontooth Clan elder.

In using these mechs, the greatest Irontooth Clan pilots are trained and advised by the spirits of these ageless masters. Whereas an ashigaru will teach a pilot how to use his body, a sensei teaches the pilot how to use his mind and the tactics of an ageless intelligence. Of the few existing senseis, some are gruff and opinionated veterans, while others are serene philosophers. Regardless of the personality the mech exhibits, the pilot must be accepted by the mech before it can be used, for the spirit is the ultimate animating force and can override the pilot's commands. Thus, the pilot forms a bond with his mech like no other, becoming the primary student to a legendary master.

As one of the most mysterious strengths of the Irontooth Clans, the process of creating senseis is not disclosed to outsiders. Being that these mechs are essentially animated by the undead, the sentience within a sensei can be turned, forcing the spiritual advisor away and forcing the pilot to rely on his own skill until the turning fades. It is also probable that if a cleric of the appropriate power were to turn a sensei, the animating spirit would be removed forever.

Special Rules

Nested Mechs: Sensei mechs are designed not just for training, but for active improvement of the



pilot's skill. It is rare that a sensei mech will accept the same pilot for a prolonged period of time, but in cases of compatible personalities or exceptional students, it has been known to happen. A mech jockey in a sensei mech is still maneuverable enough to pilot *another* mech, provided the other mech's controls accommodate a Large pilot. Those Irontooth Clansmen with long-term relationships with senseis often retrofit their mechs to accommodate their piloting while ensconced in the sensei suit.

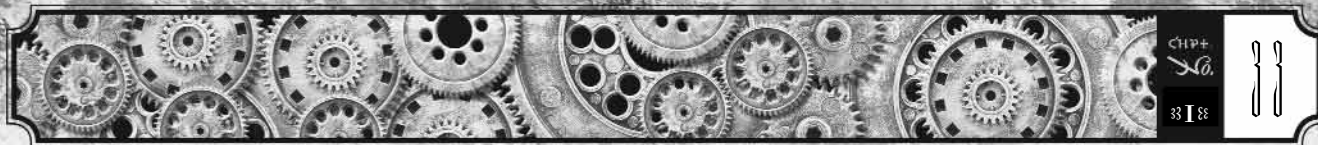
Spirits of the Elders



No one is sure who created the sentient Irontooth mechs known as senseis, but they have become an integral aspect of life and education for a new generation of the clans. What can immediately be told from their ornate appearances is that every sensei is unique and is a masterpiece of the mech builder's art. Their wood and mithral bodies are minutely detailed with ancient dwarven runes

and finely tooled depictions (that vary from victorious battle to idyllic pastoral scenes, depending on the animating spirit's personality). Senseis are impressive creations. Although their relatively small statures would seem to render them useless in combat against mechs of far greater sizes, their value lies not in massive mech-to-mech battles, but in honing the abilities and spirit of a sole pilot.

Currently 12 senseis are known to exist. Throughout the kabutos and roving clans of the Irontooth, the wisdom and skills of these unique mechs are well known, though they are also a secret that is jealously guarded from outsiders. Most of the 12 are animated by spirits of great warriors, yet others are contemplative teachers of art, philosophy, or history. In addition to the abilities they grant their chosen pilots, the 12 senseis offer skill bonuses derived from their expertise and experience. The senseis currently known to be operating within the Irontooth Clans are:

Emrik Sternhammer: The personal defender of



three generations of nt dwarven queens, Emrik is a master of fulness and defense. Those piloting the Sternhammer sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Listen, Sense Motive, and Spot checks.

Garem Gemjaw: Perhaps the most skilled jeweler in history, Garem crafted unbreakable weapons of diamond and obsidian blades of unparalleled sharpness. Those piloting the Gemjaw sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Craft (blacksmithing), Craft (mechcraft), and Craft (weaponsmithing) checks.

Lissrim Skyvent: An explorer who supposedly circled the world using underground tunnels, Lissrim and her allies were peerless adventurers and explorers. Those piloting the Skyvent sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Gather Information, Knowledge (nature), and Survival checks.

Ebonhelm: A cunning and infamous warrior, whole dwarven nations coveted Ebonhelm's martial prowess nearly as much as they feared his wrath and ultimate goals. Those piloting the Ebonhelm sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Bluff, Intimidate, and Move Silently checks.

Yim Bartell: A sneak and a liar, but a skilled scout and tracker, Yim saved the ancient dwarven city of Flamefalls by warning them of an approaching drow army. Those piloting the Bartell sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Bluff, Spot, and Survival checks.

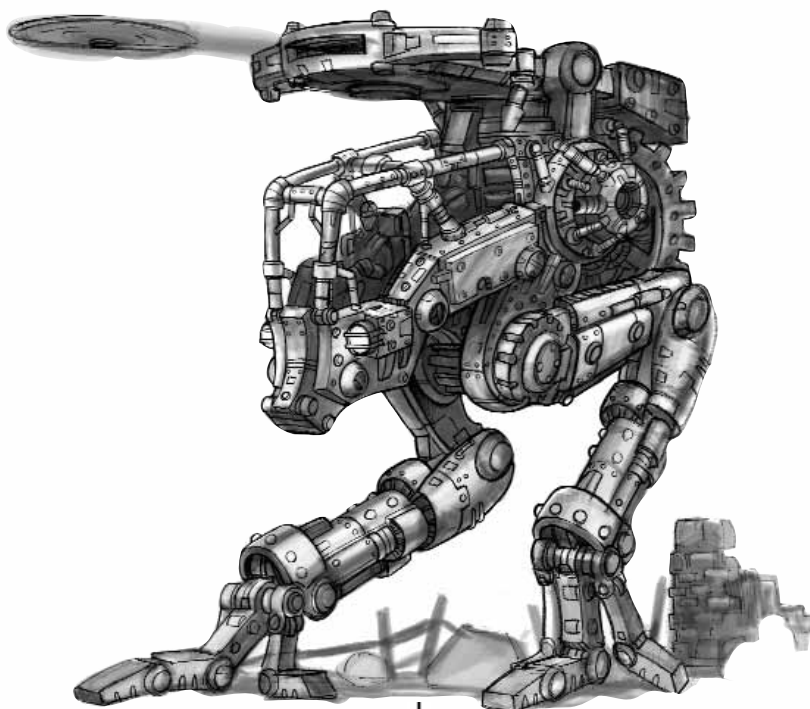
Tarn Grewik: The priest the led the inquisition that drove the derro from the realm of Rubywall, Tarn was an unflinching servant of the gods of law, but wholly compassionless. Those piloting the Grewik sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Intimidate, Knowledge (religion), and Search checks.

Leena Opalhurst: A saintly devotee of the gods of healing and mercy, Leena spent her life healing the sick and treating the poor of soul. Those piloting the Opalhurst sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Diplomacy, Heal, and Knowledge (religion) checks.

Malachite: Though his motives and extraplanar allies remain both fearful and questionable, few mortals have ever known more about things and realms unseen than the wizard Malachite. Those piloting the Malachite sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (the planes), and Use Magic Device checks.

Wistril Silversnap: Few have ever exhibited such a passion for learning and the desire to know how things work than the famed engineer Wistril Silversnap. Those piloting the Gemjaw sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Disable Device, Craft (mechcraft), and Use Magic Device checks.

Abonshea Tomescroller: Ancient by even dwar-



ven standards, it is said that the sage Tomescroller knew so much of the past that he could accurately predict the future. Those piloting the Tomescroller sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Decipher Script, Knowledge (history), and Knowledge (local) checks.

Wren: The only known sensei that does not host a dwarven spirit, Wren was a half-elven spy and master thief who supposedly could be held by no prison. It is suspected that whoever crafted this sensei had intended to infuse it with another spirit, but was tricked by Wren. This possibility is reinforced as the mech is covered with depictions of deep crags, underground seas, and other natural underdeep vistas. Those piloting the Wren sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Bluff, Disable Device, and Escape Artist checks.

Shi'po'ai: The youngest spirit hosted by a sensei, Shi'po'ai was one of the first mech devils, a skilled fighter and pilot who sought unity not just between her and her mech, but with the whole world. Incredibly contemplative for a mech pilot and possessing superb clarity of mind, Shi'po'ai led her allies to unbelievable victories against forces of far greater number. It is said that Shi'po'ai fell in an ambush set by a hundred foes, and that none of her enemies survived either. Those piloting the Shi'po'ai sensei gain a +4 circumstance bonus to all Concentration, Heal, and Knowledge (mechs) checks.

SHURIKIEN

Size: Huge

Power Source: Clockwork

Payload Units: 6

Height: 16 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 2 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 10

Hit Points: 55

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 27, Orange 13, Red 6

Base Initiative: +4

Speed: 60 ft.

Maneuverability: Perfect

AC: 8

Hardness: 5 (wood)

Base melee attack: +2

Base ranged attack: +5

Unarmed damage: 1d8+4

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort -2, Ref +2, Will -

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 20, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 44

Base Planning Time: 88 days

Base Cost: 5,899 gp

Total Cost: 6,373 gp

Labor Requirements: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Extra weapon mounts (1), fast legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew
4	Onboard Weaponry
6	Total

The long-range scouts and messengers of the Irontooth Clans, shurikien are fragile mechs built more for speed than combat. Little more than a cockpit with a pair of long, powerful legs and a strangely shaped ballista, these mechs keep the kabuto villages of the clan informed of each other's needs, travels, and news.

The leaders of the Irontooth Clans have little trust in magical forms of long-distance communication. Thus, most communications take place through the use of shurikien runners.

In combat, shurikien are poor combatants. Their frailty combined with their lack of a melee weapon allows nearly any larger mech that gets within reach to make swift work of them. However, their speed and high maneuverability make such a feat extremely difficult. Rather than being front-line fighters, shurikien excel at skirmishes and reconnaissance. While a regiment of fleet-footed shurikien can launch barrage after barrage of fire at unsuspecting opponents with near impunity, a single mech can infiltrate enemy territory without ever being noticed.

Perhaps the strangest aspect of shurikien is their unique, ballista-like weapon. These ranged weapons essentially launch huge throwing saws, giant circular blades that cleave through wood and metals with terrifying ease.

WAKIZASHI

Size: Colossal IV

Power Source: Clockwork

Payload Units: 128

Height: 180 ft.

Space/Reach: 50 ft. by 50 ft./50 ft.

Crew: 13

Firing Ports: 49

Hit Dice: 192

Hit Points: 1,056

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 528, Orange 264, Red 106

Base Initiative: +1

Speed: 100 ft.

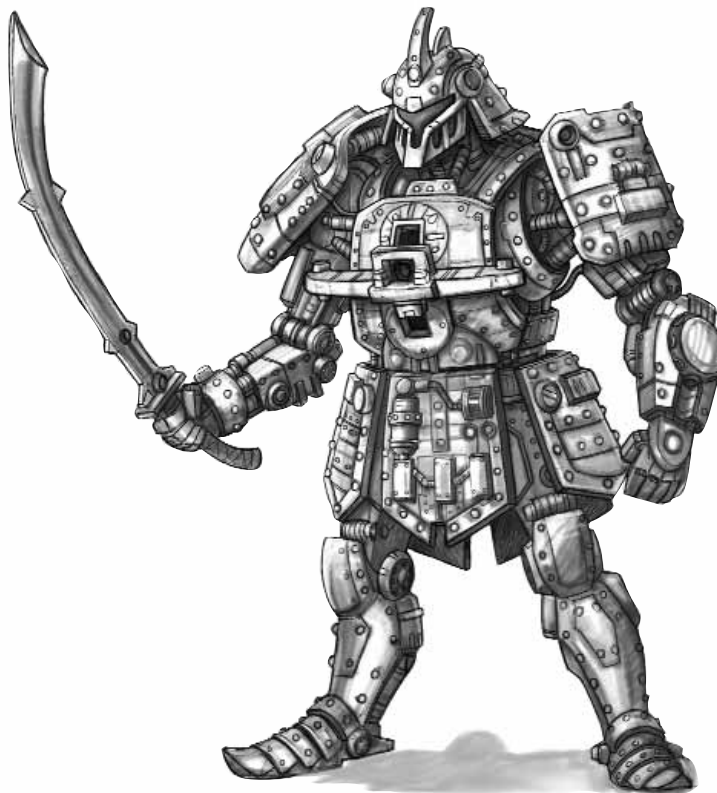
Maneuverability: Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 16 (iron, Colossal IV)

Base melee attack: +8

Base ranged attack: +1



Unarmed damage: 5d6+16

Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6

Saves: Fort -4, Ref +0, Will -

Abilities: Str 42, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 60

Base Planning Time: 120 days

Base Cost: 61,496 gp

Total Cost: 63,396 gp

Labor Requirements: 61,440 man-hours

Construction Time: 110 days (70 avg. laborers plus 7 overseers)

Special: Fast legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
13	Crew
31	Open
84	Onboard Weaponry
128	Total

Wakizashi are the mechs of the Irontooth Clans' most skilled and cunning mech pilots. The tallest of the clan's battle mechs, these rare gargantuans are works of art, crafted from wood so finely sculpted it appears laughably delicate, and inlaid with mithral. They are created for a specific group of skilled warriors who have demonstrated the highest virtues of honor, skill, and loyalty in service to the

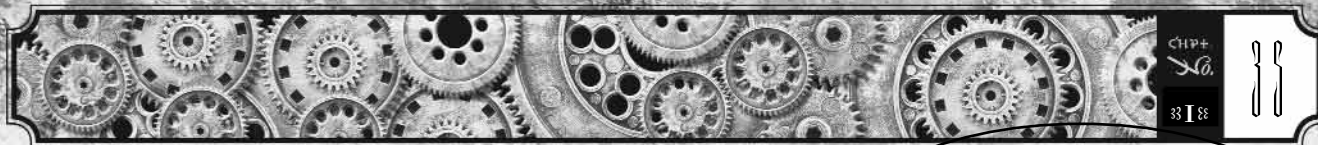
Irontooth Clans.

Appearing roughly as a heavily armored samurai, a wakizashi bears a single, massive, curved mithral blade, thin for its size but wickedly sharp and left undulled even after slicing through the hulls of a hundred enemies. Fixed into the right hand of these mechs are one or more ballistae, linked to fire in a swift and deadly barrage.

Those that crew a wakizashi transcend the bonds of regimental membership, becoming a small brotherhood of peerless warriors. Working as a unified team and capable of performing astonishing feats, the crews of wakizashi are among the most respected members of the Irontooth Clans. These warriors are fanatically devoted to the cause of their clan, each other, and their mech and will allow no one to speak ill of any of them. Crews become so devoted to one another and their mech that, should the crew be killed, they and their mech are buried together in a three-day long ritual. Crews that somehow lose their mechs often grieve to extreme, going into self-imposed exile or committing seppuku.

Life and Honor Within the Irontooth Clans

The Irontooth Clans are held by many outsiders in the same standing as barbarians and orcs, but they have a far more complex inner society. Though not all of the clans adhere to the same standards, decades of producing some of the greatest mechs



and mech jockeys in the world have left these clans with a deep pride and a strong sense of honor.

No one can be sure exactly how the concept of honor came to take root among the Irontooth Clans, but considering the mixture of races and cultures that make up the clans, it's not wholly surprising. The dwarves have always taken great pride in their work and even those who have turned their backs on their heritage could not be expected to stop taking pride in the great feats of engineering they embraced. Humans have always been a prideful lot, their opportunistic and creative egos fuelling many of their most basic desires and ambitions. Even half-orcs draw upon their racial savagery and the notion of strength equating to power. From the melding of these three very different concepts, an amalgamated belief in skill and strength equaling personal worthiness has become deeply entrenched in the Irontooth mindset. In this way, the Irontooth sense of honor has little to do with a code of morals or standards and more to do with a measure of one's personal talent and worthiness.

An outsider is most likely to witness the Irontooth sense of honor in action in their great mech jousts. Though many such jousts are conducted as good-natured sport, whoever wins such a duel has proven himself more skilled and has gained personal honor. As a result, many mech jockeys take a great deal of pride in their past victories, going so far as to introduce themselves with a list of their most impressive triumphs (e.g., "Suichi, champion over Raf the Iron Fisted, slayer of Stenian commanders, and ruiner of Vann the Barbagula Render") or may even mark their mechs in ways that designate their fallen opponents. In these ways, even those from outside their clan or family can know of the jockey's prowess when he has no one to speak well of him. In the reverse, those who fail mech jousts rarely document the event (although the victor will likely do so). Those who have lost try to save as much face as possible, as all who have witnessed the battle already know that the loser is inferior to the victor. The only way to regain honor is to defeat the victor in the same type of challenge. Thus, those who lose honor to another rarely seek physical revenge or have murderous tendencies, as it would accomplish nothing. To regain honor, they must again challenge their opponent when he is at his most ready, and defeat him.

The Irontooth sense of honor extends beyond mech pilots. The engineers and coglayers of the clans are also fiercely competitive and have adopted the same sense of pride. Within a single clan may have many engineers and mech designers, only one in a tribe can ever be the best and only one among all the clans can claim to be the greatest. While it is more difficult for such artisans to directly compete, their victories and failures are all the more

noticeable in the public eye. Among mech builders, their sense of honor and dishonor is determined not just by who is given their works, but by who possesses the result of their opponent's labors. As no one in the Irontooth Clans actually owns their own mech, and since all mechs are the property of the clan, the best pilots and most influential clan members are assigned the best and most powerful mechs. When an artisan's mech is given to a respected member of the clan, it shows that her mech is worth being used by a pilot of that standard. However, should the engineer's work be consigned to a lesser pilot, it indicates that her work is not highly regarded by her peers. Thus, a clan's engineers constantly battle for the most honorable positions as they craft new, supposedly even greater mechs and note who owns whose works. This contest becomes all the more complex as old mechs are often reassigned to other users, usually of lower class, forcing their engineers to strive to create long-lasting and reliable constructs. From these two mech-related fields, the Irontooth concept of honor has filtered down to many facets of clan life. Rival craftsmen or merchants may keep track of their works to determine their worth. Parents are honored by the achievements of their children over others. Warriors gain honor from victorious combat, while their commanders are honored by successful strategies. Clan leaders are considered honorable by retaining the favor of their people and for years of wise counsel and service. Even disputes are settled in honorable ashigaru combats, which decide who is more skilled and worthy.

While these concepts have in no way permeated the societies of all the Irontooth Clans, those it has have benefited greatly. With increased competition comes increased skill, both in the creation of mechs and the refined talents of their pilots. Also, moving away from the more chaotic governing systems of the other clans has allowed for a more peaceful, if not more morally elevated, life.

However, although most of the Irontooth Clans thoroughly understand their own concepts of honor and are familiar with other clans' approaches, this can be an alien idea to outsiders. Unfortunately for visitors, this often leads to great offense and subsequent contests when they have offended the honor of an Irontooth clan member and perhaps don't even know why or how.

Elven Mechs

The great forests of northeastern Highpoint were once a sylvan paradise. Covering thousands of square miles, the Lilat and Heréal forests were home to hundreds of elven villages. The greatest repositories of arcana were found in these forests, along with hundreds of generations' worth of knowledge on all subjects.

All that changed when the lunar rain came. Village after village was battered to dust. The ancestor trees that formed the core of each settlement were slowly abraded until nothing but torched stumps remained. Finally, the lunar dragons and other aberrations swept through, annihilating anything that still lived.

The surviving elves adopted a policy of stealth and survival. Winning individual battles was not important to them; with such a long life span, they took a long-term approach. It was more important to preserve what they could of their culture, and outlast this crisis.

Thus were born the elven mechs. Crafted from the still-living remains of those ancestor trees that had survived, their tactics focused on stealth, speed, and long-range combat. They would try to outsmart, outrun, or outrange whatever enemies might threaten them. But more importantly, they would try to preserve what heritage they could.

AERON'S ALLY

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Spell furnace (50 spell levels/day; formerly steam)

Payload Units: 12

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 2 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 12

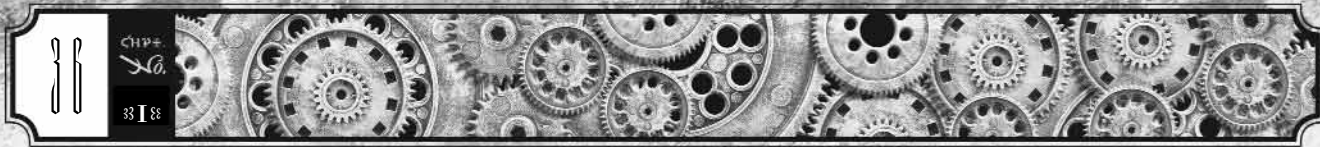
Hit Dice: 24

Hit Points: 132

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 66, Orange 33, Red 13

TABLE I-7: MECHS OF THE ELVES

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Aeron's Ally	L'arile Nation	Gargantuan	Spell furnace	102,041
Dark Dryad	Elven druids	Huge	Animated	36,885
Groveshadow	Elves (unique)	Huge	Animated	721,901
Icicle	L'arile Nation	Colossal	Animated	175,042
Jeweltree	L'arile Nation (unique)	Colossal IV	Animated	661,089
Memory	L'arile Nation	Gargantuan	Animated	22,015



Base Initiative: +0
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 6
Hardness: 10 (iron)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: -1
Unarmed damage: 1d10+8
Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6
Saves: Fort +2, Ref -2, Will -
Abilities: Str 26, Dex 10, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 38
Base Planning Time: 76 days
Base Cost: 1,391 gp
Total Cost: 102,041 gp
Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus one overseer)
Options: Extra weapon mounts (2 PU)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew
2	Sleeping quarters
8	Onboard weaponry
12	Total

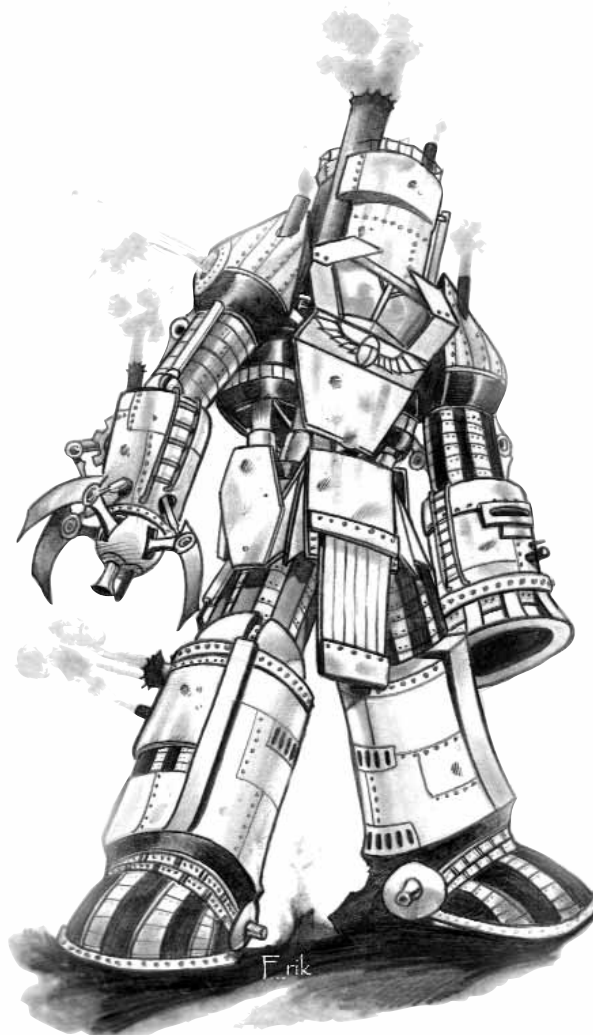
The handful of "Aeron's ally" mechs serving the L'arile Nation are unusual in several respects. For one thing, they are all powered by spell furnaces. For another, their crews are almost entirely human. These mechs have a troubled past, but they also pack a melee wallop that animated mechs just can't.

Not all humans love the Legion. Even some of its soldiers oppose the relentlessly pro-human agenda and Shar Thizdic's personality cult. One such soldier was Aeron Duamphyar. He was a gifted mech jockey with a rebellious streak wider than the Endless River; he was also rumored to have an elven great-grandfather. Tired of being passed over for promotion, Aeron started grumbling about prejudice in the upper ranks.

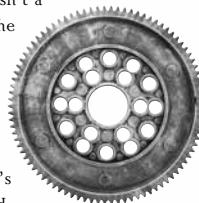
As it happens, he was passed over because he was a belligerent gloryhound who frequently endangered the rest of his unit. But his grumbling was heard by the wrong ears, and before too long the military decided to make an example of Aeron. Their demonstration was brief but bloody, and they assumed that Aeron's memory would die once they buried his body.

However, Shar Thizdic wasn't having a loyal following. Several of Aeron's comrades, who saw him as brave rather than reckless, decided they'd had enough of the Legion. One night they overpowered several guards, fired up the boilers on a handful of older mechs, and made a break for freedom. They managed to outrun their pursuers, and ended up on the borders of the L'arile Nation.

The elves agreed to take them under their protection, in return for two things. First, the crews had to agree open their minds to elven wizards,



both to make sure this wasn't a Legion plot and to give the elves valuable information about the growing Thizdic threat. Second, these renegade humans were to use their mechs in defense of their new homeland's border. The soldiers agreed.



The Aeron's ally forces supplement one of the elves' weaknesses. Although their steam engines have been replaced with spell furnaces – the elves have no interest in mining coal, while magic is easy for them to come by – these mechs still have their original strength. Animated mechs are fast, but they lack the crushing power of mechanical models. An Aeron's ally is stronger than most animated mechs, and so they are equipped for melee combat.

When they made their escape, the mutinous sol-

diers stole whatever mechs they could quickly lay hands on. As a result, each Aeron's ally has a different appearance. All of them are a similar size and support a two-person crew, and the elves refitted them to have uniform weaponry. They also refitted them to add sleeping quarters when necessary. Each Aeron's ally spends most of its time in the field, making good on its crew's promise to defend their new home.

Although the elves treat them as partners, the human crews are considered criminals and deserters by the Legion. This has the potential to become a major diplomatic problem in the future. So far the Legion hasn't pressed the issue, not wanting to get drawn into a confrontation before its mech fleet is stronger. Not all of the L'arile elves are happy about the situation either, and some of them worry that their leaders have taken a tremendous short-term risk for an obscure long-term gain.

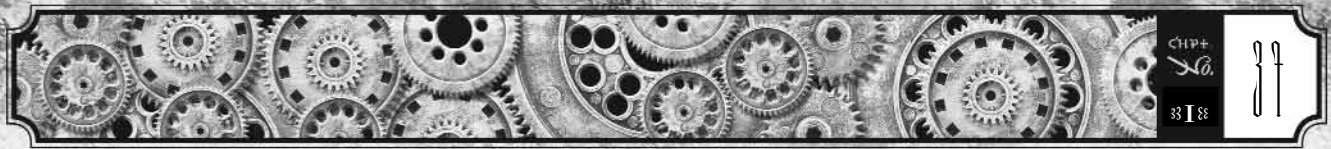
CHP+
No.
33 T 88

TABLE I-8: ONBOARD WEAPONRY - ELVES

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
AERON'S ALLY ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Huge sword (2d8+8/19-20)	4	1
Left arm	Melee	Huge axe (2d8+8/x3)	4	1
Total			8	2
DARK DRYAD ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Huge scimitar (2d6+6/18-20)	4	1
Total			4	1
ICICLE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Huge wand "trident" (2d6+7/x3)	4	1
Right arm	180° forward	Linked <i>ice storm</i> (CL 10) wand (5d6, 800, 20 ft. by 40 ft. area)	-	1
Right arm	180° forward	Linked <i>ice storm</i> (CL 10) wand (5d6, 800, 20 ft. by 40 ft. area)	-	0
Right arm	180° forward	Linked <i>ice storm</i> (CL 10) wand (5d6, 800, 20 ft. by 40 ft. area)	-	0
Right arm	180° forward	Linked <i>ice storm</i> (CL 10) wand (5d6, 800, 20 ft. by 40 ft. area)	-	0
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan +3 <i>icy burst sword</i> (2d12+1d6+10/19-20+1d10)	8	1
Total			12	2
JEWELTREE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Head	360°	Gargantuan ballista (5d6/x3, 180)	8	2
Right arm	180° forward	<i>Spellbinder of prismatic spray</i> (CL 13)	1	
Left arm	180° forward	<i>Spellbinder of cone of cold</i> (CL 11)	1	
Head	-	<i>Spellbinder of scintillating pattern</i> (CL 15)	1	
Torso	-	<i>Spellbinder of resist energy</i> (CL 7)	1	
Torso	-	<i>Spellbinder of mislead</i> (CL 11)	1	1
Torso	-	<i>Spellbinder of nondetection</i> (CL 7)	1	
Total			14	8

giant strength, fire vulnerability (+50% damage), ability to grapple (grp +16), double damage versus objects (including mechs), +16 to Hide checks in forests

Payload Usage

PU	Use
1	Crew
1	<i>Livemech talisman</i>
4	Onboard weaponry
6	Total

While some druids are familiar with mechs, most have shunned them as horrible tree-devouring steam-belching monsters; the solitary life of a druid means that technical innovation often passes one by. But once the druids realized that mechs could be natural things, the more radical among them hatched a plan that culminated in the dark dryad.

The circle of druids responsible for the dark dryad was not satisfied with the customary speed-and-stealth approach that most elves have adopted to deal with the lunar rain and attendant monsters. To them, the moon's approach is a blasphemous and unnatural perversion of the natural order, something to be battled at all costs. Just as horrible, in their eyes, is the idea of making any accommodation or adjustment to the new circumstances. The rituals of mech creation have given them a new weapon to use against all enemies of the natural order.

The dark dryad is a most unusual mech. Other mechs, even animated ones, are created of separate parts that are brought together and joined into one unit. The dark dryad starts its existence as a whole entity. It has many of the same abilities as a treant, including the ability to grapple, and it can heal back its own damage. The magic that animates it gives it something resembling life, and while no dark dryad is truly sentient, its unusual creation gives it powers and abilities that even other animated mechs cannot possess.

The dark dryad begins its existence as a living tree. Deep in certain parts of the forest grows a tree so dark it's almost black; naturalists call it the midnight sequoia. Like some other sequoias, it is capable of surviving tremendous damage. Even if its core is partly hollowed out by lightning or fire, the tree continues to grow. This makes it the perfect candidate to become a dark dryad. The mech's creators find a midnight sequoia of the right size and begin shaping it, using tools and magic in equal amounts, while the tree still lives.

Once it has been shaped and hollowed out, the animation rituals are performed. Mixed in with the normal rites is an extended casting of *livemech*, a variant of the spell *liveoak* (see page XX). At the close of the rituals, the dark dryad is bonded to a pair of mystical amulets, one of which is placed around its neck. The other is worn by the mech's

DARK DRYAD

Size: Huge**Power Source:** Animated**Payload Units:** 6**Height:** 15 ft.**Space/Reach:** 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.**Crew:** 1 (weapons: 1)**Firing Ports:** 6**Hit Dice:** 12**Hit Points:** 66**Critical Thresholds:** Not subject to critical hits**Base Initiative:** +2**Speed:** 50 ft.**Maneuverability:** Good**AC:** 8**Hardness:** 5 (wood)**Base melee attack:** +2**Base ranged attack:** +2**Unarmed damage:** 1d8+6**Trample:** largest Large; safe Large; damage 1d8+9
(Ref DC 22 for half; see special rules below)**Saves:** Fort 0, Ref +2, Will -**Abilities:** Str 22, Dex 14, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -**Mechcraft DC:** 30**Base Planning Time:** 60 days**Base Cost:** 696 gp**Total Cost:** 36,885 gp (including *belt of giant strength* +4), plus *livemech talisman* cost if necessary (see spell description on page XX)**Labor Time:** 960 man-hours**Construction Time:** 12 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer) plus rituals (2 days)**Special:** Extra Weapon Mount (1 PU), +4 *belt of*



pilot. As long as both *livemech* amulets are worn and the *livemech* spell is cast on the mech daily, it has its special powers.

The dark dryad is a scimitar sized to fit its frame. It has a fearsome punch, especially against mechs and other inanimate objects, but the druidic circle felt that some situations called for more of an edge. In combat, the dark dryad wades relentlessly through its foes, using the blade against living ones and smashing the unliving into scrap. Its grappling ability is put to good use, especially against other mechs that can't easily break free. The recent addition of *belts of giant strength* to the design has made it even more effective.

The mech is especially vulnerable to fire, and when possible it avoids foes who use it, but otherwise anyone who incurs the wrath of the circle is likely to find itself confronted with an enormous shadowy figure that looks like a tree but moves like something animalistic. As the circle has a generous view of what constitutes an enemy, more and more wilderness dwellers are having encounters with the dark dryad corps. While the mechs aren't mystical-

ly powerful, they make excellent instruments of vengeance on threats real and imagined.

Special Rules

Special Traits: The magic that produces a dark dryad also makes some fundamental changes in the mech's abilities. Its Strength is higher and its Dexterity is lower than most animated mechs of its size; the Strength goes up to the next higher value on the chart, while Dexterity drops by two values. Dark dryads also lose one class of maneuverability, but their hit dice automatically increase to the midpoint between their size and the next size. Finally, they have a vulnerability to fire, always taking 50% more damage from fire attacks.

Livemech Abilities: Provided a mech gets its daily casting of *livemech*, it has special abilities that conventionally animated mechs do not. Many are useful in combat, and all derive from its quasi-treant nature.

They are capable of grappling with their free hand, using their base melee attack for their base

attack bonus. Like treants, dark dryads can take a full-round action and use their fists to inflict double damage against objects or structures (including mechs). They also gain the special ability to *trample* (damage 1d8+9, Reflex save DC 22 for half), which can be used against targets one or more size categories smaller than the dark dryad.

Given their eerie resemblance to living trees, dark dryads gain a +16 on any Hide check made in a forest or other heavily wooded setting. They also share some of the needs of ordinary trees. Dark dryads must spend at least three hours a day with their toes planted in the dirt, absorbing water and nutrients. Failure to do so results in a cumulative -2 damage to the mech's Strength and Dexterity every day; these points return at the rate of 2 per day once the mech resumes its normal rest schedule. They also need a little sunlight, although it takes weeks away from the sun before any ill effects manifest.

As semi-living beings, dark dryads are capable of healing themselves. Assuming one of these mechs is getting its daily feeding, as well as regular castings of *livemech*, it will regain a number of hit points equal to its hit dice after every rest period. They can also be repaired by more conventional means. Healing spells have no effect on dark dryads, although mech-specific spells that repair damage affect them normally.

GROVESHADOW (UNIQUE +2 MECH)

Size: Huge

Power Source: Animated (dispel DC 31; caster level 20)

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 1)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 8

Hit Points: 44

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +4

Speed: 50 ft.

Maneuverability: Perfect

AC: 10

Hardness: 7 (wood, +2 mech)

Base melee attack: +2

Base ranged attack: +4

Unarmed damage: 1d8+4

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6+2

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will -

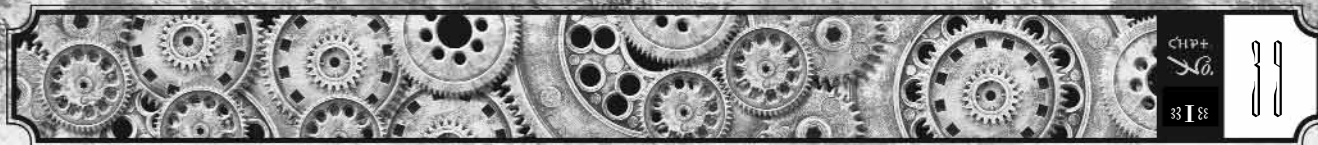
Abilities: Str 14, Dex 18, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 35

Base Planning Time: 70 days

Base Cost: 651 gp

Total Cost: 721,901 gp



Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers) plus rituals (2 days) plus enchantment (2 days) plus staff construction time

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Inner grove
5	Total

Lomilli Ironwood is a druid and former companion of Juna Darkwalker, the pilot of Verdant Fury. She also seeks to protect her native lands from the ravages of the moon. To aid in the construction of her mech Groveshadow, she sought the advice of the surviving elders of druidic society. As a result, Groveshadow is more powerful than Lomilli could make it by herself. The techniques used to create Groveshadow were later used in the development of the dark dryad mechs. Lomilli is not fond of the dark dryads, but so far has not acted on her distaste.

Groveshadow was modeled on a *staff of the woodlands*. It was crafted entirely from ash, and it looks as if it grew into its shape naturally. The mech is tall and slender, with long limbs and rootlike fingers and toes. Unlike many mechs, it has detailed facial features, and a large cluster of ferns gives it hair. Mystic sigils have been carved into its surface, many of them with a faint inlay of silver or iron.

Groveshadow is not intended to battle other mechs. Its role is to patrol the forests and other wilderness areas, keeping them safe from marauding enemies and lunar monsters. Lomilli has also taken it on herself to use the mech's power to restore the woodlands as well as she can.

To this end, Groveshadow has a large internal area that Lomilli calls the "inner grove." She stores or transports various things in this space, depending on her current situation. At times she has kept a wounded deer or lost bear cub in this space. She has also used it to move saplings from one part of the forest to another. Several small hidden panels on Groveshadow's upper torso can be removed and stored inside, allowing light and fresh air to enter this space without permitting enemies to enter.

This sort of work is all Lomilli wants to do with her mech. Unfortunately, the druidic circle that helped her create Groveshadow has other ideas. They wish to use the mech as a tool, a weapon to root out the corrupting influences that have rained upon Highpoint for decades. Lomilli agrees with their goal, but after years of adventuring, she has qualms about the violent approach her fellow druids want to take. So far she has kept them off, creating an enchanted scimitar for Groveshadow to use, but she isn't sure how much longer she can put them off.

Combat

+2 Mech: The entire mech has been enchanted,



effectively making it a *+2 mech*. This bonus applies to its attack rolls, damage with its unarmed attacks, AC, and hardness. The mech also possesses several of the attributes of a *staff of the woodlands*. The rituals that created it gave it the powers of the staff. Groveshadow moves at all times under the effects of a *pass without trace* spell. As a standard action, Groveshadow's pilot can use the following abilities as a 20th level caster:

1/hour—charm animal, speak with animal, barkskin; 2/day—wall of thorns, summon nature's ally VI; 3/week—animate plants.

In combat, Groveshadow's best weapon is its intrinsic magic. Small opponents can be crushed by the mech's mighty hands, and a summoned creature will usually take care of larger ones. Lomilli's animal companion is an eagle, and she uses it to scout out unusual situations before steering Groveshadow toward them.

Lomilli Ironwood, Female Elf Drd5/Mcj1: CR 6; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 5d8+5 plus 1d6+1; hp 38; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +3; Mech Atk +2; Grp +3; Atk +5

melee (1d6+2, *+2 quarterstaff of speed*) or +4 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +3/+3/+3 melee (1d6+2, *+2 quarterstaff of speed*) or +4 mech (any mech weapon); SQ animal companion (link, share spells), elf traits, extraordinary pilot, hand speed, mech fingers (warrior instinct), nature sense, resist nature's lure, trackless step, wild empathy, wild shape (1/day), woodland stride; AL CG; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +8; Str 11, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 18, Dex 15, Cha 11.

Skills and Feats: Craft (mechcraft) +11, Diplomacy +8, Handle Animal +8, Knowledge (nature) +9,



Listen +6, Mech Pilot +11, Search +6, Spellcraft +4, Spot +6, Survival +7; Mechwalker, Quick Draw, Skill Focus (Mech Pilot), Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven.

Possessions: pilot's armor, +2 quarterstaff of speed

Spells Prepared (5/4/3/2; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—*create water, cure minor wounds, guidance, mending, virtue*; 1st—*calm animals, charm animal, cure light wounds, entangle*; 2nd—*flaming sphere, fog cloud, gust of wind*; 3rd—*cure moderate wounds, protection from energy*.

Cree, Eagle Companion:

Small Animal; HD 3d8+3; hp 15; Init +2; Spd 10 ft., fly 80 ft. (average); AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +2; Grp -2; Atk +6 melee (1d4, talons); Full Atk +6 melee (1d4, 2 talons) and +1 melee (1d4, bite); SQ evasion, low-light vision; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Listen +4, Spot +16; Weapon Finesse.

ICICLE

Size: Colossal

Power Source: Animated (immune to dispel)

Payload Units: 16

Height: 35 ft.

Space/Reach: 15 ft. by 15 ft./15 ft.

Crew: 2 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 13

Hit Dice: 32

Hit Points: 176

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +3

Speed: 60 ft.

Maneuverability: Good

AC: 2

Hardness: 16 (mithral, Colossal)

Base melee attack: -1

Base ranged attack: +3

Unarmed damage: 1d12+1d6+6

Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6

Saves: Fort -2, Ref +0, Will -

Abilities: Str 24, Dex 16, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 40

Base Planning Time: 80 days

Base Cost: 10,462 gp

Total Cost: 175,042 gp (including magic items and magic immunity)

Labor Time: 4,160 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (20 avg. laborers

plus 2 overseers) plus rituals (8 days) plus *ice storm* wands and rituals

Special: Combat spikes, magic immunity

Other Prerequisites: *Ice storm* wands and

Gargantuan +2 *icy burst sword* have separate creation requirements

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew
12	Onboard weaponry
2	Passengers
16	Total

The rodwalker is an excellent mech, but after a detachment of them was destroyed by a lunar dragon that shrugged off their fireballs, it was clear that another approach was needed. After some divination and experimentation, the elves discovered that lunar creatures have no particular resistance to cold, and thus was born the icicle. It now serves as an elite mech on the front lines of the battle against abominations from above.


In its concept, the icicle is not startlingly original. Its main armament is a trident-shaped object with four *ice storm* wands embedded in its head. The wands are linked together, and the gunner can fire either one or all four at the chosen target. The tri-



Given their limited numbers, Icicles usually operate alone or in pairs. Their intended targets are lunar dragons, and one skilled Icicle pilot is often a match for an adult dragon. Even when the dragon is capable of resisting the *ice storm* effects, it has trouble hurting the Icicle badly enough to force a retreat, while the mech can inflict grievous wounds at close range. When hunting a particular target, an Icicle will at times have supporters nearby to help spare its prey and keep it in melee combat.

WELTREE (UNIQUE)

Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Animated (dispel DC 26)
Payload Units: 128
Height: 110 ft.
Space/Reach: 55 ft. by 55 ft./55 ft.
Crew: 13 (weapons and items: 8)
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 128
Hit Points: 704
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +1
Speed: 80 ft.

Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 11 (wood, Colossal IV)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: +1
Unarmed damage: 5d6+12
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 3d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref +0, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 12, Con-, Int-, Wis-, Cha-
Mechcraft DC: 50
Base Planning Time: 100 days
Base Cost: 20,339 gp
Total Cost: 661,089 gp plus 5,000 XP, including magic items and *permanency* spells
Labor Time: 30,720 man-hours
Construct  **Time:** 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 other workers) plus rituals (7 days) plus magic item creation time
Special: Permanent arcane sight, permanent darkvision, permanent private sanctum
Other Prerequisites: Magic items have addition-

al creation requirements

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
13	Crew
14	Onboard weaponry and magic items
90	Living quarters and common space for 40 elves (or cramped quarters for 80+)
11	Spacious quarters for 4 elves
128	Total

Elves have not made many city-mechs, preferring to travel in smaller designs. But deep in the wilderness many strange things can be hidden, and there the elves will congregate on large mechs, sharing their timeless secrets and refining their potent magic. One such mech is Jeweltree. A great deal of consideration and spellcasting went into its construction, and now it keeps several dozen elves safe from the threats outside.

The source of Jeweltree's name is obvious. As is



customary with elven mechs, it was made from the ancient tree at the heart of an elven village, and even now green saplings grow on its shoulders. But Jeweltree also sparkles in a most un-treelike fashion. Its rough bark has been interwoven with veins of gemstones, which throw back the light in innumerable colors. On closer inspection, the stones are really just circular slivers from larger jewels, and they cannot be pried loose from the mech's armor.

These gem fragments are from various kinds of *spellbinder*, a relic of the vanished White Congress, and they provide the mech with most of its offense and defense (see page XX). The only conventional weapon on Jeweltree is a ballista mounted on the crowning platform of its head. Its other combat capabilities are spells imprisoned in the various *spellbinder orbs*, to be called forth in times of need.

Of course, a mech the size of Jeweltree is capable of squashing many antagonists outright, unless it chooses to simply outrun them. The elves who dwell here are more than happy with the latter option. Jeweltree was built not as a combat machine, but as a way to keep some portion of the elven community together. Few of the residents are warlike, and they would rather avoid conflict than risk the destruction of their home.

Under normal circumstances, roughly 50 elves live on Jeweltree in relative comfort. The mech usually moves through the old forest and other deep parts of the wilderness, avoiding those who would hunt it. At times, it emerges to make contact with other mechs or with such elves as are left on the surface. Only rarely does it turn its size and power against monsters. Most creatures who wish to harm the forest know enough to stay away from Jeweltree's territory, and those who knowingly intrude are enough of a threat that Jeweltree avoids them.

This has led to a small problem for the residents of Jeweltree. As the mech's normal territory has emptied of monsters and raiders, more elves have moved in. Many of them now follow Jeweltree, keeping up with it if they can and forming a sort of mobile town around its legs. The leaders of Jeweltree have not yet been faced with their greatest fear – a mob of angry elves demanding to be taken on as residents – but this situation has led to other problems.

The elves following along expect Jeweltree and its crew to protect them. They get into trouble with monsters or with their natural environment, and they look to the mech for salvation. At times, they just get in the way of its legs, slowing its progress. When the mech's builders designed it, they deliberately set out to avoid having a city-mech's popu-

lation, but that didn't spare them from many of a city-mech's problems.

Life on board Jeweltree, however, is comfortable and safe. Most residents have enough space to live, work, and store their possessions. The quartet of elves who lead this society have more room, allowing them to pursue their researches and store the community's most valuable items. In times of crisis, such as an attack by a massive lunar dragon, as many of the trailing elves are taken on board as possible. As many as 120 elves have stayed inside the mech overnight, although it was hardly enjoyable for any of them.

The day-to-day operations of Jeweltree only require a handful of the residents; most of the others spend their time either finding food for everyone or pursuing their own crafts. The society is loosely organized by family lines and runs as a consensus-driven democracy, although the four leaders have been known to overrule the majority of Jeweltree's residents on questions of security and safety. So far they have been proven right each time, which has stopped resentment from festering.

Special Rules

Permanent Spells: To date, three enchantments have been woven into Jeweltree's structure. Two of them, *darkvision* and *arcane sight*, help the pilot monitor the mech's surroundings. Both spells affect whoever is currently controlling the mech, allowing that person to see as if the mech had eyes capable of piercing darkness and reading magic auras. As a side effect of *arcane sight*, Jeweltree's "eyes" have a constant blue glow.

The other permanent spell, *private sanctum*, has the opposite effect. It was cast on the council chamber where the four leaders meet, with the intent of masking their deliberations from the mech's enemies. While the other two spells were cast on Jeweltree at its creation, this is a more recent decision, and not a popular one with the mech's larger community. They complain about the imperious and superior nature of this act. In response, the leading quartet say that the passage of time has shown them enemies far greater than the community is aware of.

The real reason for this act is left to the GM's discretion. Perhaps the quartet are plotting an ambitious takeover of the L'arile Nation in secret. Perhaps they have run afoul of Sharlorn, the mech necropolis, and they need security from the prying eyes of its lich master. Perhaps one of Jeweltree's most beloved residents is actually controlled by the magic of a lunar dragon, and the quartet is trying to eliminate the monster without tipping their hand.

MEMORY

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Animated (dispel DC 26)

Payload Units: 10

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1

Firing Ports: 10

Hit Dice: 16

Hit Points: 88

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +3

Speed: 60 ft.

Maneuverability: Good

AC: 6

Hardness: 5 (enchanted ivy)

Base melee attack: 0

Base ranged attack: +3

Unarmed damage: 1d10+4

Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will –

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 16, Con –, Int –, Wis –, Cha –

Mechcraft DC: 34

Base Planning Time: 68 days

Base Cost: 1,271 gp

Total Cost: 22,015 gp, or 52,015 with magic immunity

Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Fast legs, fire resistance 8, +8 bonus to Hide checks

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
1	Librarian
6	Library and storage
2	Secure storage and door
10	Total

As they see it, the elves have suffered more from the lunar rain than any other race. Not only have they lost their ancient homes, but their history has been whittled away. In an attempt to preserve what they can, the elves use mechs as mobile archives, such as the fast-moving Memory.

The Memory is not a combat machine at all. It has no weaponry, and its enchanted ivy armor is better for hiding from ballista bolts than stopping them. The Memory is a library on legs, a way for the elves to keep their precious records and historical items away from marauders and available to the far-flung L'arile Nation.

Although the elves responded to the lunar rain as best they could, many ancient and valuable things were lost. Some were destroyed, others taken by raiders, and still others simply disappeared in the

chaos of those terrible first decades. Once the elves realized the benefits of mech creation, they were quick to adapt these strange devices to preserving what remained of their history.

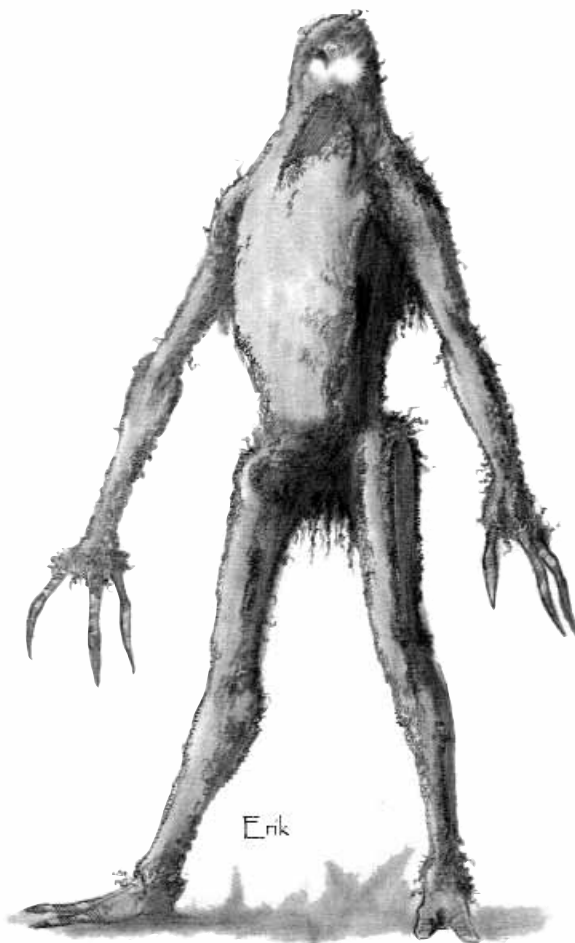
Each Memory has a long, straight torso mounted on two slender legs. This torso is hollow and lined with shelves. This area is the main library. All manner of things are stored in an average Memory, depending on what the area's elves have saved and salvaged, but the majority of its space is taken up with books. Each shelf is guarded by a railing that runs its entire length, keeping the books from spilling out if the mech hits rough ground. Simple wooden ladders run along the edges of each shelving unit, allowing the crew to quickly climb to a needed volume.

At the bottom of the torso are a workbench and stool. Both are secured to the floor. This is where the crew repairs and restores their cargo. The shelves at this level are often more like cabinets, with lots of drawers and small enclosures. Things other than books are usually kept down here – scrolls, art objects, and anything else that can't be stacked neatly.

The Memory's pilot rides in the head, and just where the head meets the torso is a secure storage area sometimes called Memory's Heart. While most of the Memory's cargo is easily available to anyone inside, the things kept in this oval-shaped protrusion are under tight security. This vault is large enough that an elf could fit inside with some discomfort, but it's not intended for passengers. Dangerous, rare, and valuable things are stored within Memory's Heart. Some of these vaults are operated by lock and key, in which case only one crew member has the existing key. Others have no key at all, and can be opened only with the proper magic.

Such safeguards have proven necessary more often than the elves would like. Lunar dragons have targeted the elves before, as the White Congress knew to their sorrow. More mundane raiders have also become common. The elves don't advertise the existence of their Memory mechs, but on occasion one has fallen to bandits. While the elves want to keep all their treasures available for the world's rebuilding, they realize that certain things can become troublesome if left unattended.

However, while other races would use more armor and bigger weapons for security, the elves rely on speed and stealth to safeguard their treasures. The Memory is a fast mech for its size, and those who pilot it usually have no qualms about running away from danger. If that doesn't work, the two crew members are usually willing to give up their lives in defense of their cargo. When possible, at least one of the mech's crew is an accomplished spellcaster.



Special Rules

Enchanted Ivy: Memory mechs can be found with many kinds of armor, but crews choose to protect their vessels with enchanted ivy when they can.

The Gearwrights Guild is rumored to have their own method of creating this living armor buried deep in their vaults, but the elven way works quite well for animated mechs.

Special pots and containers are built into the mech as part of its construction, and luxurious ivy is planted and tended as carefully as any other component. The rituals that activate the mech cause the ivy to grow at a phenomenal rate, and upon completion, it is blanketed with a living green carpet. Not only does the ivy help camouflage the mech, it provides protection equivalent to wooden armor. It is even capable of suppressing fire, the bane of librarians everywhere.

Enchanted ivy gives a mech hardness 5, and adds +8 to any attempt to hide when in a setting with other large plants. It is also enchanted to resist fire and heat, providing a resistance value equal to half

the mech's hit dice (maximum +20). This only applies to fire attacks made from outside the mech, but it benefits both the mech and its passengers. Elven sages have attempted to breed an ivy that resists lunar fire, but they have not yet succeeded.

Like any living thing, enchanted ivy needs maintenance. With regular sunlight and watering, the ivy flourishes. If conditions are harsh, weekly or even daily work is required. An hour's work per size category of the mech, coupled with a DC 15 Knowledge (nature) check, will keep the ivy alive in all but the coldest settings.

Spells that specifically affect plants can target enchanted ivy. It can participate in an *entangle* or respond to *speak with plants*. The ivy gets a saving throw against any effect that would impede its functions, using either the saving throw bonus of the mech or of the mech's creator (default to a 15th-level wizard), whichever is most advantageous.

Enchanted ivy costs triple the cost of an equivalent amount of wooden armor, and can only be

Enchanted Mechs

It is possible to enchant an entire mech the way one enchants a sword or shield. The cost is steep, but the result is a mech with all the enhancement bonuses of both a magical weapon and magical armor (a +2 *mech*, for example). It is more accurate and deadly in *melee*; it resists damage, and it can strike creatures that are immune to mundane weapons.

Specifically, an enchanted mech gets its enhancement bonus to attack and damage when attacking without a weapon. Its AC and hardness are both improved by the amount of the enhancement bonus. The mech itself is considered to have its enhancement bonus for the purpose of overcoming damage resistance and similar abilities.

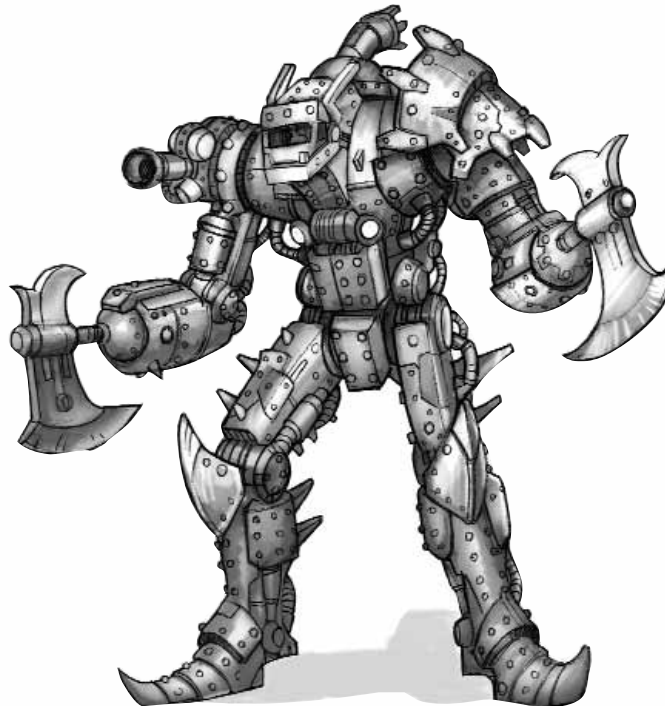
Creating a +2 *mech* is not unlike making a magic sword. The difference is scale. While a weaponsmith might only need a yard of true steel, the mechsmith needs tons of raw materials, all of it of the finest quality. Every step of the process must be carried out exactly right, meaning that extra oversight is needed. And regardless of the mech's power source, its creation has many of the same steps needed to make an animated mech (pre-existing mechs cannot be enchanted).

As a result, enchanted mechs are hard to find. Many groups would rather put their resources into making a half-dozen conventional mechs that can serve adequately in the face of mundane threats. But the handful of enchanted mechs in service across Highpoint have uniformly distinguished records against even the toughest foes, and mech designers have begun sharing the secrets of these elaborate constructs.

Preparation is the key to making an enchanted mech. The Mechcraft DC is increased by +5, reflecting the extra care that must be taken, and the labor time is doubled. Moreover, creating an enchantment-quality mech takes twice as many overseers as usual. Mindless laborers, like undead and constructs, are not capable of assisting on work this detailed.

Not only does this labor raise the mech's cost and slow its construction, the enchantment process adds time and expense. An extra set of rituals must be performed once construction is complete. This ritual time is determined by the mech's size, using the chart for constructing animated mechs; these rituals are independent of any needed to create an animated or undead mech.

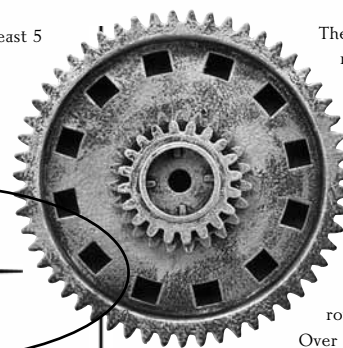
Cost, however, is the most jarring factor. First, an enchanted mech's materials cost 10 times as much gold as an ordinary mech (no extra corpses are needed for an undead mech). This raises the base cost, which can have an affect on improvements down the line. Enchanting a mech also involves a fixed extra cost covering special parts, unusual materials, and any necessary research. This is added in after the base cost is calculated.



installed on a mech by a caster with at least 5 ranks in Knowledge (nature).

Summary of enchanted *ivy* attributes:

- Hardness 5
- +8 bonus to Hide checks
- Fire resistance of HD/2
- Requires maintenance
- Affected by spells that affect plants



Their early developments mostly consisted of capturing and retrofitting their enemies' mechs – and “retrofitting” usually meant stripping out the steam engines they didn't understand to replace them with rowing pits for the slaves.

Over the years, though, the

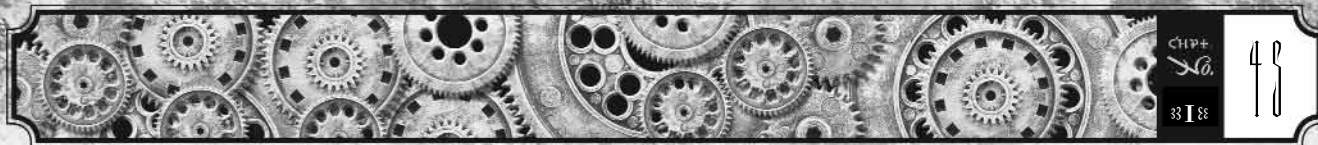
accumulation of stolen steam engines, captured engineers, and curious orcs has resulted in new advances. Certain orc tribes, especially the Seared Palm Clan, are now capable of manufacturing advanced mechs. Slave-powered mechs are becoming a thing of the past as warchiefs for the first time recognize the value of the steam engine (but this doesn't let the slaves off the hook; they're still kept around to take care of other chores).

This section presents mechs of the orc tribes. The Skull Crusher mech from the DragonMech rulebook is typical of first-generation orc mechs. The mechs that follow are indicative of the new wave of orc mech manufacture, where steam power is becoming more prevalent and the Seared Palm Clan is elevating the art of orc mecraft.

ORC MECHS

Mechs mean one thing to orcs: raw physical power. A mech is bigger, stronger, and tougher than any other war machine the orcs have ever known. Since their first encounter with a mech, the orc tribes of the Endless Plains have salivated at the prospect of gigantic, self-propelled war machines. Well, maybe *slave*-propelled would be a better descriptive, but to an orc, what's the difference? Control of mechs means the prospect of even more loot, slaves, and land, which puts mechs high on the priority list of every orc warchief.

Because there is no central orc nation and the orc tribes are so chaotic, the orc transition to mech-based life has been slow and woefully disorganized.



CRASH AXE

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 37
Height: 50 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 3 (weapons: 5)
Firing Ports: 24
Hit Dice: 84
Hit Points: 462
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 231, Orange 116, Red 46
Base Initiative: +2
Speed: 80 ft.
Maneuverability: Good
AC: 2
Hardness: 12 (iron, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +4
Base ranged attack: +2
Unarmed damage: 3d6+12
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort -4, Ref 0, Will -
Abilities: Str 34, Dex 14, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 54
Base Planning Time: 108 days
Base Cost: 25,219 gp
Total Cost: 29,676 gp
Labor Requirements: 15,360 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)
Special: Extra weapon mounts (5), fast legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
3	Crew
2	Passengers
32	Onboard Weaponry
37	Total

Crash axes are the primary product of the Seared Palm Clan. Perhaps the fastest mechs created by orcs, these constructs are capable of recreating all orcs' favorite part of battle: charging.

Crash axes look roughly like giant half-orcs and lack much of the heavy plating and body spikes common to orc mechs. Pitched slightly forward, these mechs have long legs and powerful arms ending in hooked axe blades instead of hands. As a surprisingly canny addition by Seared Palm engineers, extra space has been built into the mech for spare crewmen, as an entire orc crew rarely gets to a battlefield without suffering casualties from each other first. If the entire crew does survive, the extra hands can take up positions at the many firing ports situated about the mech, or allow it to use its cannon at the same time the regular crew swings its axes in melee.

Crash axes are commonly used as scouts and skirmishers. With their speed, relative quietness, and extra crew, a crash axe is more likely to report back to its tribe and still be capable of functioning at full capacity than any other orc mech. These factors make crash axes exceptional raiders, as they can swiftly attack, load captured goods without unmaning key positions, and retreat.

The Seared Palm Clan

Nearly 60 years ago, a nameless band of orcs and half-orcs was able to topple a wounded Legion mech separated from its regiment. Pulling the crew from the wreckage, the orcs took several prisoners and looted the mech of anything that seemed even remotely valuable or useable as a weapon. Among the curiosities they discovered was one to rival all others: a frail dwarf steamborg on his way to becoming one of the assimilated, named Gorg Torksprag. He had been reduced to an upper body on wheels by his mechanical modifications. The orcs did not know what to make of the strange creature. Torksprag, for his part, was rightly terrified, but he piqued the curiosity of many of the tribe's half-orcs, who were curious at how the dwarf steamborg lived and what he gained from doing this to himself.

Over the coming weeks, the orcs kept the steamborg in relatively good health, treating him as a respected guest. Although the dwarf knew no end of confusion and feared what the barbarians might be plotting, he fearfully answered their questions about himself, steamborgs, machinery, and mechs

This fixed cost is based on two factors: the enhancement bonus provided, and the size of the mech. As with other magic items, the bonus can only go to +5. The costs indicated are for a Large mech. This amount doubles for every increase in size increment (so a Colossal mech requires 8 times the amount below).

+1 = 75,000 gp
+2 = 300,000 gp
+3 = 750,000 gp
+4 = 1,250,000 gp
+5 = 2,000,000 gp

As with any magic item, the creator must also spend 1/25 the mech's total cost in XP. This excludes the cost of any weapons or other accessories, as they are not enchanted with the rest of the mech. Fortunately for the mech designer, others can contribute XP to this cause. When the final rituals are performed, as many individuals as qualify can share in the XP cost, dividing it equally among themselves. These individuals must all have been participating in the entire building process, and must have the Combine Spell feat.

Anything that takes PU from the mech is considered a separate item for the purpose of this enchantment, whereas traits are covered by it. For instance, a +1 mech with combat spikes and a battleaxe in place of its arm gets a +1 to attack and damage with its spikes, but still doesn't get the +1 bonus with the battleaxe. Exceptions may exist, but they are rare and entirely at the GM's discretion.

An animated mech with an enhancement bonus cannot have magic immunity. The enhancement bonus is affected by *dispel magic* just as any other magic item, but the *dispel* must be capable of affecting the entire mech via the Combine Spell feat or similar means. So far nobody has figured out how to create an enchanted mech that has other weaponlike traits – the magic permeates the entire construct, so a *flaming mech* would have fiery doors, floors, and control panels. Other spell-like abilities can still be embedded in the mech at their normal cost.

Strong transmutation; CL 20; Craft Arms and Armor, Craft Magical Mech, *magic weapon* or *magic fang*.

TABLE I-9: MECHS OF THE ORCS

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Crash Axe	Orcs (Seared Palm Clan)	Colossal II	Clockwork	29,676
Dread Armor	Orcs	Huge	Manpower (steam hybrid)	2,037
Filth Lord	Orcs	Huge	Manpower (steam hybrid)	1,811
Gnasher	Orcs	Colossal II	Steam	19,256 gp
Gore Dog	Orcs	Colossal II	Steam	14,504 gp
Ol' Chief One Eye	Orcs	Colossal IV	Manpower	66,111 gp
Org XIII	Orcs	Colossal V	Steam	81,635 gp
Terror Tower	Orcs	Colossal IV	Steam	30,979
Warchief's Armor	Orcs	Gargantuan	Manpower (steam hybrid)	4,323

as best he could. Being quite knowledgeable on these topics, Torksprag did all he could to put even the most complicated of mechanical queries into terms the orcs would understand. To his surprise, the orcs were impressed by his answers and seemed to only grow in their eagerness to learn more. Soon the orcs demanded to see examples of what Torksprag told them about, and though he could salvage his own parts and those from the downed mech, these minor examples didn't satisfy the orcs for long. Realizing that nothing he could present them with would assuage their curiosity, he presented them with a plan to build a mech. He hoped to outsmart them and escape in the process, for his plan was to have the orcs make contact with a

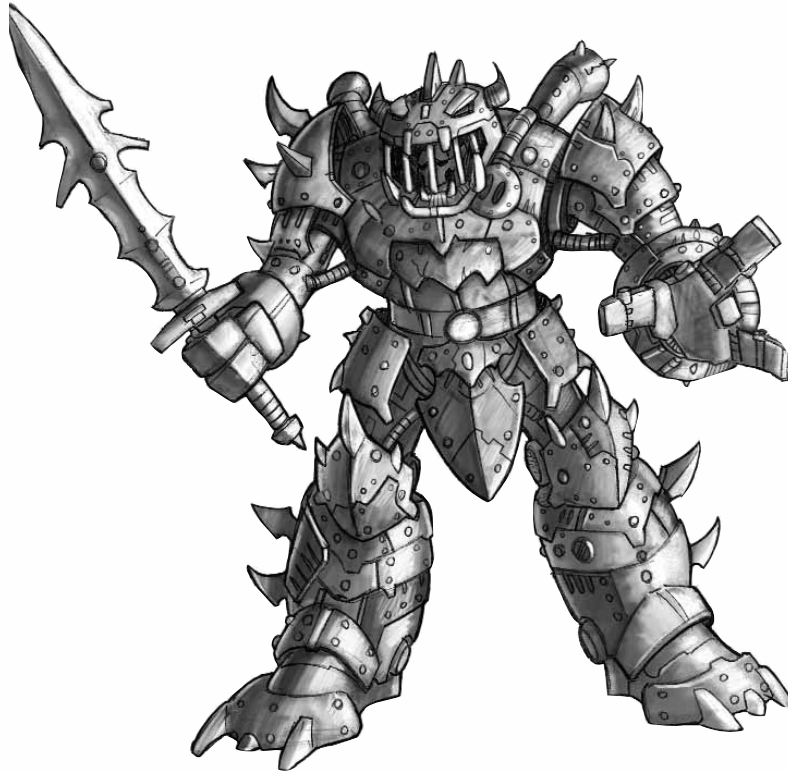
Legion mech in order to barter for the supplies and equipment he needed to further teach them. Of course, he expected the Legion mech to attack and that he would be rescued when it did. The plan worked well enough, but as the Legion mech approached, the orcs gagged and hid Torksprag, and three half-orcs deftly bargained with the mech's crew, gaining every device the steamborg had said he needed and more. Their bargaining involved a few more threats than the steamborg would have used, but it was nonetheless successful.

Dejected that his would-be rescue had failed, Torksprag was nonetheless impressed by the orcs' ingenuity, and he taught them what he had promised. By this time, nearly a year had passed since Torksprag had been captured (although his fellow crewmen had all since succumbed to disease, exposure, or brutal deaths at the hands of their captors) and he no longer feared being killed outright. He taught the orcs all they desired. Soon his most ambitious students wanted to make machines of their own. Again, the steamborg presented a plan to obtain the supplies they needed, but this time without a secret plan for escape. He taught them the basics of blacksmithing, engineering, and mecraft, and soon found himself with a small circle of savage, but able assistants. It was then, revered by the orcs as a magician and teacher and with several devoted followers, that Torksprag decided not to return to the Legion and to continue his work among the orcs.

Under the steamborg's leadership, those orcs and half-orcs became the first true engineers and coglayers of the orc race. With their newfound understanding of mecraft, they developed their own new tools and small mechs, suiting each to the brutal tastes and needs of their race. Taking a new name suiting their profession as barbarian engineers, Torksprag's students became known as the Seared Palm, their symbol being a black hand print dripping with oil.

Over the years, the Seared Palm has created dozens of new mechs and weapons that they sell almost exclusively to their orc brethren. Among these new mechs is the dire armor, warchief's armor, and gore dog mechs. Currently, their newest invention has been the crash axe mech chassis, the first orc mech refined enough to make complete use of clockwork power and not steam or manpower. Thanks to the Seared Palm's ingenuity, the orc race no longer has to merely scavenge and hijack the mechs of other races. Their skills have been so widely reported and are so well respected that orc tribes throughout Highpoint seek out the Seared Palm's engineers, recruiting them to come work for their tribes. As such, the Seared Palm has become both an orc tribe unto itself, and a union of orc engineers that spreads across Highpoint.

As for Gorg Torksprag, only his closest assistants are sure of his fate. It's doubtful that the Seared Palm would merely cast aside the teacher who made them what they are, and it's unlikely that any



of his students ever advanced beyond the steamborg's knowledge. The most likely possibility is that he has secretly been teaching his most advanced students the ways of steamborgs, allowing them to advance themselves with steel and steam as he did himself. Equally likely is that Torksprag has continued down the path toward becoming assimilated. Though the prospect of being bound to an orc mech (all of which are still far less refined than those of other races) seems unappealing at best, the steamborg's students are sure to want to create the greatest body ever fashioned by orc hands for their honored mentor.

DIRE ARMOR

Size: Huge

Power Source: Manpower (steam hybrid; see below)

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1 (see below)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 10 HD if targeted separately)

Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 55 hp if targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 19, Red 11

Base Initiative: -4*

Speed: +10 ft.*

Maneuverability: Average

AC: -4*

Hardness: 10

Base melee attack: +3*

Base ranged attack: -4*

Unarmed damage: 1d8 + 1d6 + pilot's adjusted Strength modifier

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort +4*, Ref -4*, Will -

Abilities: Str +6*, Dex -8*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mecraft DC: 22

Base Planning Time: 44 days

Base Cost: 1,177 gp

Total Cost: 2,037 gp

Labor Requirements: 480 man-hours

Construction Time: 6 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Combat spikes

* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

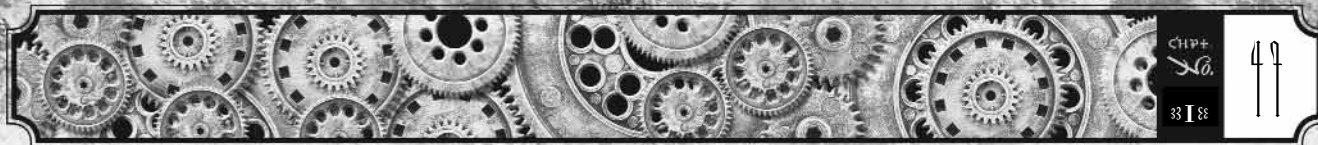


TABLE I-10: ONBOARD WEAPONRY – ORCS

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
CRASH AXE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan hooked axe blade (1d12+12/x3)	8	1
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan hooked axe blade (1d12+12/x3)	8	1
Right shoulder	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	16	3
Total			32	5
DIRE ARMOR ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Huge barbed sword blade (2d8+3/19-20/x3)	4	1
Total			4	1
FIRE BLOOD ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Torso	30 ft. radius blast	Explosives (12d6)	4	1
Total			4	1
GNASHER ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Face	Melee	Colossal II bite (4d8+10/x3)	32	1
Head	180° forward	Huge javelin rack (2d6 (x3), 200)	4	2
Total			36	3
GORE DOG ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan changler (2d8+16)	8	1
Right arm	Melee	Colossal II barbed sword blade (5d12+16/x3)	32	1
Total			40	2
OL' CHIEF ONE EYE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left shoulder	180° forward	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Right shoulder	180° forward	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Right arm	Melee	Colossal III hooked axe (7d12+12/x3)	64	1
Total			96	7
ORG XIII ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Head	Melee	Colossal III bite (8d6+19/x3)	64	1
Head	Melee	Colossal III flame nozzle (2d8, 180)	64	1
Tail	Melee	Colossal III flail (6d12+19/19-20, trip)	64	1
Total			192	3
TERROR TOWER ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Top	360°	Colossal III steam cannon (8d12/x3, 800)	64	32
Total			64	32
WARCHIEF'S ARMOR ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Chest	Melee	Huge flame nozzle (2d8, 30)	4	1
Left arm	Melee	Huge barbed sword blade (2d8+5/19-20/x3)	4	1
Right arm	Melee	Huge lobster claw (2d8/19-20)	4	2
Total			12	4

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Onboard Weaponry
5	Total

Dire armor has become the basic war gear of cutting-edge orc warriors. Simple in its construction, much of the mech's machines and engines merely augment the pilot's strength, who must equip his mech in pieces, as if it were indeed merely a mas-

sive suit of armor. Only the largest and strongest orcs can wear dire armor, as the pilot actually provides the motion of the arms and legs, assisted only by crudely made, often malfunctioning, orc devices.

Crudely shaped to resemble large, stub-headed orcs in spiked armor, dire armors are noisy, obvious constructions. Each suit of dire armor has two three-fingered clawed hands, usually used to grip a massive blade of wickedly shaped metal. From the stylized, fanged mouth of the mech is a small section of grating, from which the pilot can see the battlefield, but his face is ill-defended and the noisy machines in his ears virtually deafen him. Thus, once deployed, dire armors are often given simple orders that they follow to completion, or die trying to fulfill, as it's rare they can hear or understand new orders.

With their bodies of blackened metal, layers of bright orc war paint, and spikes of jagged metal upon which are impaled gruesome trophies, dire armors are daunting opponents, particularly for infantry. Clanking loudly and belching towers of black smoke, orc war bands are far more threatening now that their savagery is sheathed in metal.

Special Rules

Hybrid Power Source: Dire armor is equipped with a small, poorly designed steam engine that isn't sufficiently powerful to move the entire suit. Normally, a Huge manpowered mech would require 3 crew members, but thanks to this steam engine providing partial power, dire armor can be used with only one crew member. Nonetheless, that crew member must be strong, as he provides quite a bit of the mech's "go juice," as the orcs put it. The pilot of dire armor must have a minimum Strength of 16 in order to make it move. Otherwise, he will not be able to mobilize the mech. This sort of hybrid power source is available only for manpowered mechs of Gargantuan size or smaller, at an additional cost of 250 gp per crewmember replaced.

Donning Mech Armor

There are several relatively small mechs that operate slightly differently than other mechs of those sizes. These mechs, most notably the Irontooth ashigaru and sensei and the orc dire armor and warchief's armor, are not ridden – they are worn. Some of these mechs don't have their own stats as most other mechs do. Instead, they augment those of their wearer.

More like mechanized suits of armor than traditional mechs, these mechs have their own special rules. First, in general they do not have hit points of their own. The mech armor's wearer is exposed and only slightly smaller than the armor itself, so he is a viable target. No Spot check is necessary to target the wearer of mech armor. Attackers can choose to

target the armor should they choose, but this is only important if they specifically want to destroy the mech suit.

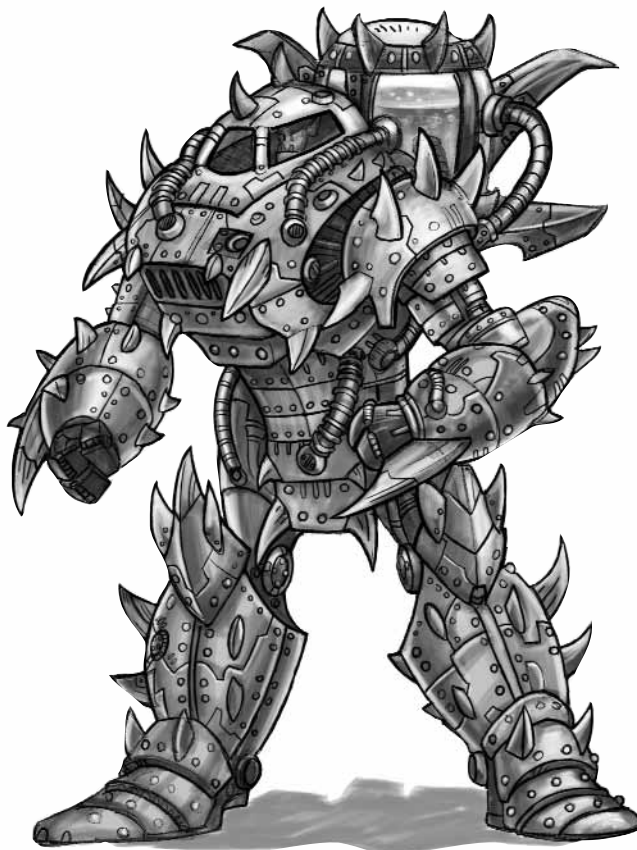
Unlike a mech but like a standard suit of armor, mech armor must be put on to function properly. Where most other mechs merely require the pilot to slip into the cockpit and begin operating the mech, these suits of mech armor have no cockpits. Instead, the pilot stands in a central or upper portion of the mech's chassis and the other parts of the mech are placed over the pilot's body. Thus the pilot's arm goes partially down the length of the mech's arm, as her leg is fastened within the mech's upper leg.

Being that these small yet complicated suits of mech armor require so much effort to don, it is impossible for the mech's pilot to do so by himself. Rather, at least one assistant is needed to aid the

pilot before he can gain the benefits of using the mech. For safety purposes, the pilot can strip off most suits of mech armor with only a few moments of effort, but not with any gentleness or stealth. A suit of mech armor shed in this abrupt fashion releases the pilot in 1/4th the normal time it takes to remove the

armor, but this has a 1 in 4 chance of damaging the mech. A mech damaged by a swift removal requires that an hour is spent repairing the damage and a DC 25 Craft (mechcraft) check is made. Although many mechs are constructed so the pilot can escape her mech armor if he needs to, this is not an option featured in all such suits (especially not in suits of orc design).

Unlike normal suits of armor, mech armors cannot be donned hastily and be used as they are described. Being that these are mechs and not simple suits of protective gear, a great many mechanisms have to be arranged and lined up to function properly. A pilot could attempt to don a suit of mech armor hastily, but doing so would mean that the legs might not be mobile or that there is no mechanical strength in the motions of the arms. So a pilot could don a suit of mech armor in half the time (and still only with assistance), but he would benefit only from the mech's hardness, none of its other abilities, and would be considered to be immobile.



FIRE BLOOD

Size: Huge

Power Source: Manpower (steam hybrid; see below)

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 1) (see below)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 10 HD if targeted separately)

Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 55 hp if targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 19, Red 11

Base Initiative: -4*

Speed: +10 ft.*

Maneuverability: Average

AC: -4*

Hardness: 5 (wood)

Base melee attack: +3*

Base ranged attack: -4*

Unarmed damage: 1d8 + pilot's adjusted Strength modifier

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort +4*, Ref -4*, Will -

Abilities: Str +6*, Dex -8*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 28

Base Planning Time: 56 days

Base Cost: 1,111 gp

Total Cost: 1,811 gp

Labor Requirements: 480 man-hours

Construction Time: 6 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

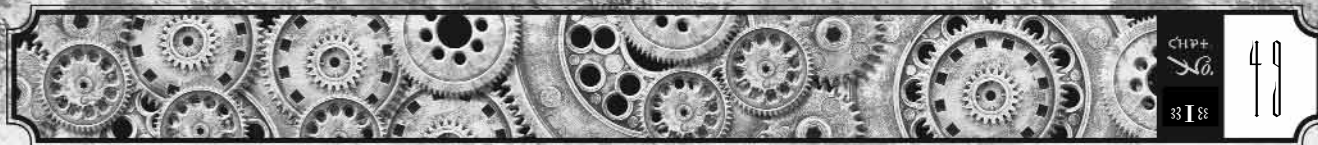
Special: Combat spikes

* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Onboard Weaponry
5	Total

Fire bloods are variants on orc dire armor, enhanced by the cruel ingenuity of that savage race.



Although their frames look much like the bristling, fearsome facades of dire mechs, they are riddled with ever-pulsing tubes and wires that crisscross the mechanized wooden armor. All of these mechanical veins connect nearly every point on the mech to a large pack on its back, a clear container that bubbles with an angry-looking red-orange fluid. This liquid is a concoction orcs call "fire blood," a mixture of alchemist's fire, oil, and other volatile chemicals. This deadly mixture is circulated through the mechs, giving them their name.

Nearly any other race would consider wearing over 30 gallons of extremely explosive liquid sheer madness, but to orcs that thinking is weakness in the face of genius. In their unforgiving minds, a fire blood's potential for self-destructive devastation is not a drawback, but its greatest strength and indeed the very reason they were created. Thanks to the powerful fluids that pump through their mechs, even the weakest runt can be sent into battle with no training or experience, and swiftly deal as much or even more damage than a trained and hardened warrior.

Despite the danger of fielding such mechs and their propensity for fiery malfunctions, fire bloods have become one of the favorite mechs of orc legions. With no shortage of weaklings to be conscripted into the ranks of these fatalistic pilots, fire bloods are capable of demolishing enemy structures, mechs, or whole battalions with a single costless sacrifice. In fact, many weak orcs volunteer for the honor of becoming a fire blood pilot, as it affords them a chance to see a dynamic end in battle, a fate many never thought possible. Though using these mechs may be morally abhorrent to most other races, their repugnance is no match against the fearful effectiveness of these deadly walking bombs.

Special Rules

Explosives: As a free action, the pilot of a fire blood can detonate his mech's explosives. This results in a powerful explosion that spews mech and orc shrapnel in all directions. Any creature within the blast radius must make a DC 18 Reflex save or suffer 12d6 damage. Those that succeed at this save still suffer half damage. Half of this damage is fire damage, while the other half is piercing damage from the mech's remains (thus spells such as *resist energy* cannot defend a creature from the blast's full damage).

A fire blood whose pilot is reduced to a quarter of his hit points, or less, also erupts in this same fashion. Similarly, any critical hit against a fire blood causes it to explode.

A fire blood destroyed by exploding cannot be repaired and the pilot is killed. Only spells similar to *resurrection* can return an exploded fire blood pilot to life.

Hybrid Power Source: Like dire armor, a fire blood is equipped with a small, poorly designed

steam engine that isn't sufficiently powerful to move the entire suit. Normally, a Huge manpowered mech would require 3 crew members, but thanks to this steam engine providing partial power, a fire blood can go into action with only one crew member. Nonetheless, that crew member must have a minimum Strength of 14 in order to make it move. A fire blood is easier to move than dire armor, due to its weaker wooden armor and lighter weaponry.

Strength in Death

In the patchwork of orc beliefs and superstitions they call a religion, one of the most strongly held concepts is that orcs who die in battle are strengthened by their gods and become elite warriors for their deities. In this way, orcs see each battle as just another way to gain honor, either in this life or the next. From an orc's standpoint, the best that a foe can do is strike him dead, which will simply make the orc an even greater warrior that the foe will have to face again in the afterlife.

But for the weak of orc society, they have no role, either in life or in death, except to serve. Those that die of disease, old age, or to their clansmen have proven that they are unsuited for the rigors of life and are thus unsuited for a glorious death. All they can expect from the afterlife is the never-ending tedium of a slave, serving the gods and their warriors. However, the creation of the fire blood mechs has changed all that and given the weakest of orc society a chance for glory.

Even though donning one of these modified dire armors practically ensures that the wearer will never remove it, countless orcs crave the opportunity to serve as fire bloods in their tribe's war bands. While it likely means an end to their lives, it also means an end to the tedium of performing the clan's most demeaning and repulsive tasks. Greatest of all, it means that they will see their deaths in battle, giving orc runts, the crippled, and the elderly a fighting chance to stand beside their glorified brethren.

Fortunately, in orc beliefs, women fall into a separate category from weak or disabled men. As they are forced to survive the rigors of child birth, a process that is often a biannual or at least yearly event once they are old enough to bear offspring, women are considered to be facing their own battles against their children. Those mothers that survive childbirth 10 times (a feat far easier for orc mothers than humans, but still a daunting task) are considered veterans and are honored as orc warriors both in life and after death. However, barren women or those otherwise unsuitable or unattractive enough to be adequate mates must prove themselves in the same way as orc men. Those that don't excel as warriors are forced into the position of servitors with the other weak or infirm of the tribe.

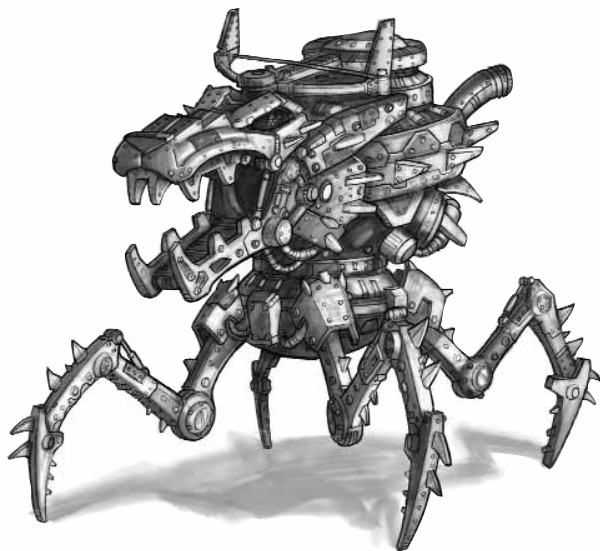
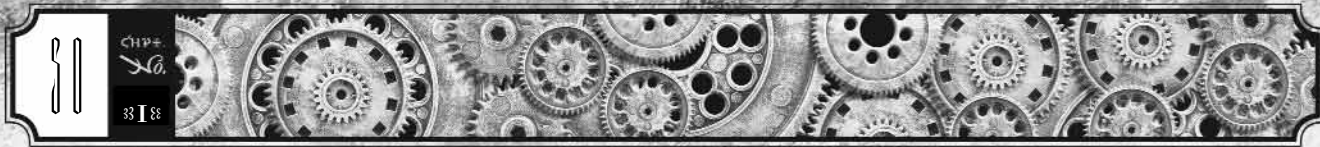
In recent years, many orc tribes have begun to make use of fire blood mechs. Several orc tribes, in their haste to be rid of those they thought to be useless baggage, eagerly girded their weakest members and sent them explosively into battle. However, these tribes swiftly realized that the non-warriors served an integral purpose, as the warriors had to now perform their own mundane tasks. Other war bands did not realize the volatile nature of fire bloods and sent them into battle alongside their standard dire armor and warchief's armor mechs. The resulting explosions and self-inflicted casualties have been ruinous lessons that few tribes have been foolish enough to repeat.

From these lessons, most orc tribes have discovered that fire bloods function best when made part of an advanced troop of raiders or as fodder to attack far larger foes or other mechs, potentially crippling their enemies' legs or toppling far greater targets. Commonly creating their own explosive vanguard and treated as a volley of particularly slow but dangerous and deadly ammunition, groups of fire bloods often are kept separated from the bulk of orc war bands and from each other. (Generally, an orc warchief needs only one experience with a single detonating fire blood laying waste to an

entire troop to realize that these mechs are far too dangerous to be kept near anything, especially others of their kind.) As a result, although fire bloods have become one of the most powerful weapons in the orc arsenal and have changed how many orcs view their lot after death, dull-witted orc leaders are still experimenting with ways to make the best use of these deadly mechs, frequently with volatile and self-defeating results.

GNASHER

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 44
Height: 50 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 3)
Firing Ports: 29
Hit Dice: 48
Hit Points: 264
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 132, Orange 66, Red 26
Base Initiative: -1
Speed: 70 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 12 (iron, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +2



Base ranged attack: -1
Unarmed damage: 4d6+10
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -3, Will -
Abilities: Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 42
Base Planning Time: 84 days
Base Cost: 15,077 gp
Total Cost: 19,256 gp
Labor Requirements: 3,840 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Extra weapon mounts (12), fast legs, combat spikes

Payload Usage	
PU	Use
8	Crew
36	Onboard Weaponry
44	Total

Gnashers are perhaps the most common mechs used by the varied orc tribes. Originally developed by half-orc designers and captive Legion engineers, the gnasher is a simple mech, meant to be both highly durable and simple to construct.

Since their orc builders have no methods of mass-producing parts for creating these mechs, no two gnashers look exactly alike. The most commonly seen version, however, looks like nothing so much as four, three-jointed, crab-like legs supporting a massive wolf's head. The head of these mechs demonstrates the savagery and bloodlust of their designers, both in form and in battle. Usually cobbled together from the debris of other mechs, a gnasher's head is constructed to look as threatening as possible, usually imitating the face and maw of wolves, sharks, dragons, and whatever other monstrosities its builders fear. All of the mech's

systems and controls are located high off the ground, in the head of these mechs, making them surprisingly difficult to lay siege to from the ground.

With fangs of serrated metal and jagged scrap, the gnasher runs swiftly on its strange legs toward its enemies, then it typically lunges and rips opposing mechs open with its savage bite.

GORE DOG

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 40
Height: 60 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./30 ft.
Crew: 8 (weapons: 2)
Firing Ports: 26
Hit Dice: 96
Hit Points: 528
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 264, Orange 132, Red 53
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Average
AC: 2
Hardness: 12 (iron, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +8
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 4d6+16
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 38, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 44
Base Planning Time: 88 days
Base Cost: 12,573 gp
Total Cost: 14,504 gp

Labor Requirements: 3,840 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Extra weapon mounts (8), combat spikes

Payload Usage	
PU	Use
8	Crew
32	Onboard Weaponry
40	Total

Gore dogs are among the favorite mechs of both orc warchiefs and orc warriors, as they are constructed for one function: hand-to-hand combat.

A gore dog looks much like a massive suit of dire armor, but instead of merely having a small bulge for a head, these mechs have full heads shaped to look like savage dogs, hyenas, or wolves. The spiked bodies of these mechs are often decorated with dozens of animal skulls and symbols or orc phrases relating to savagery and cannibalism. Like all orc mechs, the lack of uniform parts means that no two gore dogs look alike, which makes a smoking legion of these mechs look like a burning pack of huge, snarling, metal beast men.

Gore dogs have little armor and are useless at ranged combat. Their size and noisiness make them virtually incapable of surprising opponents, but that suits most of these mechs' pilots well enough. Gore dogs are most commonly used as defenders and front-line combatants in orc armies, as they are capable of sustaining more damage than most other orc mechs. Orc war bands of dire armors and warchief's armors sometimes report back to gore dogs that function as mobile command posts for lesser warlords.

Most gore dog pilots eagerly charge their mechs into combat and slash away at their enemies, using their barbed swords and changler, until either their opponents or they are dead. This kind of bloodlust is encouraged, and seeing a gore dog on the attack is frighteningly reminiscent of the way orcs on foot do battle. Thus, gore dog pilots are frequently elevated to war chief for displaying skill and ferocity in combat.

Chriso Xanthas, Survivor

Huddled in a series of deep canyons where the Endless Plains meet the Flatlands, several dozen miles south of Edge, a few families had banded together to settle a small, out-of-the-way piece of land with the intention of bringing a degree of civilization back to that part of Highpoint. Naming their village of a hundred residents Lodon (after a town that was rumored to have once existed in the same area), the pioneers set about making a simple life for themselves. For nearly six years, the people of Lodon fought against nature, the lunar rain, and even a few minor alien threats, and they survived, reinforcing their dream of a new, permanent home away from the constant wandering of the city-

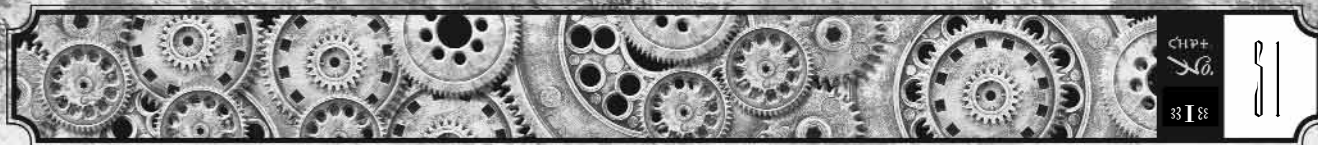


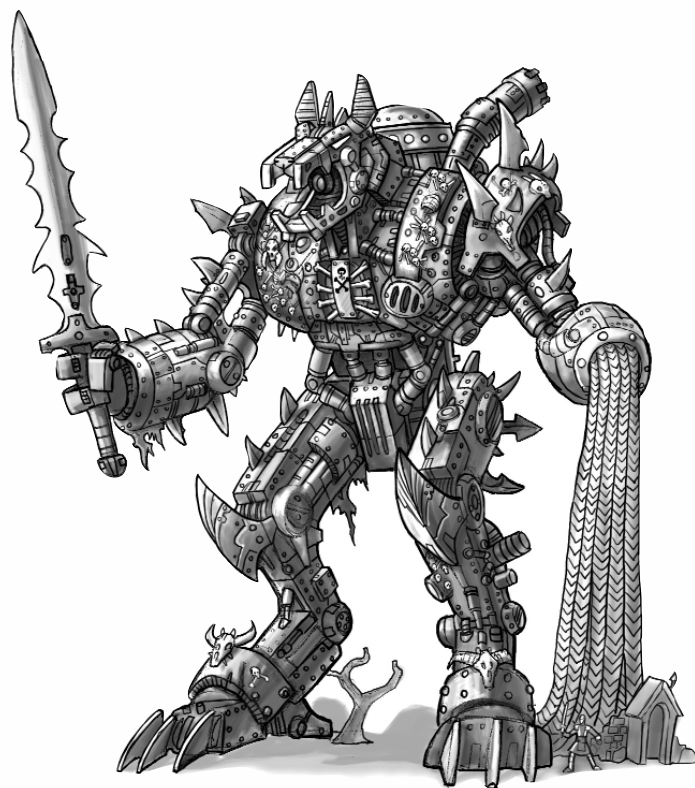
TABLE I-III: DONNING AND REMOVING MECH ARMOR

Mech Type	Don*	Remove**
Ashigaru	8 minutes	4 minutes
Deep Spider	8 minutes	4 minutes
Dire Armor	6 minutes	3 minutes***
Fire Blood	6 minutes	3 minutes***
Sensei	10 minutes	6 minutes
Underbreather	8 minutes	4 minutes
Warchief's Armor	16 minutes	10 minutes***

* This time assumes that the pilot has one person aiding him in donning the mech. Two assistants will cut this time in half. A pilot donning a suit of mech armor cannot be aided by any more than two assistants at a time.

** This is the time it takes a pilot and an assistant to remove a suit of mech armor with care. Two assistants will cut this time in half. A pilot can release the armor in 1/4th this time in an emergency, but the suddenness of the extraction can damage the mech.

*** It is unlikely that orc-made mech armors have an emergency release. It is up to the DM to determine if these suits of mech armor can be swiftly exited in a shorter period of time.



mechs. But when the orcs came, their dream was no defense.

Most of the people of Lodon were killed outright, and after it was thoroughly raided of what few valuables its residents possessed, the town was put to the torch. A few young men and women were spared and taken aboard the orcs' terror tower to

serve as slaves and entertainment for the savage crew. Among the captives was a 10-year-old boy named Chriso Xanthas, a youth who had lost both his parents and the only home he had even known. Shocked to complacency, the child was herded into the terror tower with the rest of Lodon's survivors and spirited away from the burning village. They

would never return.

Aboard the orc mech, the humans were chained alongside the animals kept on board. Soon, they were serving their savage masters and enduring horrid and brutal depredations. None of the survivors was going to survive their imprisonment for long, and they knew it. They seem resigned to their fate. After several days, Chriso, the youngest of the captives, was chosen to endure an orc's brutal beatings. Unable to stand the sight anymore, two older captives attacked the orc. The resulting fight was tragically one-sided, ending in the death of Chriso's defenders. Their sacrifice was not in vain, however, as their attack created just enough of a distraction to let the spindly youth escaped unnoticed out of the animal pens and dive down an open vent into darkness.

When Chriso awoke, he found himself within the grinding, smoky, hellish bowels of the terror tower. Surrounded by great machines the like of which the sheltered boy had never seen, Chriso's curiosity was greater than his fear and he began to explore the mech's gear forest. Hungry and weak from his capture, he was soon attracted to what smelled like cooking meat. Following the smell, the youth came across a small band of four coglings that had taken up residence aboard the orc mech. Wary of the boy at first, the coglings understood his plight despite their inability to understand his words. Pitying the child even though he was human, the savage halflings first fed him, then kept him safe through the night, and soon had adopted Chriso as one of their own.

Over the next several months, Chriso learned the coglings' ways and how to survive in the gear forest. Hunting, salvaging, and learning his adopted family's language and how to avoid the few orcs that entered the forest, Chriso became the pride of the tiny cogling tribe. The human child lived with the coglings, far below the same creatures that had slaughtered his real family.

Now a young man of 17, Chriso has become an exemplary cogling. Lithe and spry, his skin is permanently darkened by layers of grease. His long hair, which often falls over his right eye, is streaked a dozen different shades by oils and coolants. Chriso's lips and ears are pierced by shiny bits of polished metal, marking him as a member of his new family's tribe in the tradition of his cogling protectors. Chriso is habitually soft spoken from years of trying to avoid notice, but the pain he has endured has not smothered his boyish charm or innocence, and he retains the same glimmer of curiosity in his dark eyes.

In recent weeks, however, Chriso has witnessed further tragedy. While the terror tower stopped for repairs, several orc engineers and warriors came to the gear forest to scour it of pests. During the orcs' hunt, Chriso became separated from his adopted family and narrowly avoided recapture by the orcs. When it seemed that the orcs had departed, the boy could not find his family again. He has scoured the



gear forest and all their usual haunts, but has found no trace. Fearing that they've been captured and are suffering the same terrors he once did, Chriso has boldly begun venturing into the mech's upper reaches, searching for some sign of his family, determined to never lose anyone he loves ever again.

Chriso Xanthas, Male Human Crg3: CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d8+3; hp 20; Init +3, Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grp +3; Atk +7 ranged (1d6+1, +1 javelin); Full Atk +7 ranged (1d6+1, +1 javelin); SQ combat style (archery), favored enemy: humanoid (orc); AL CG; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 11, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +3, Handle Animal +5, Heal +5, Hide +11, Knowledge (nature) +4, Knowledge (steam engine) +8, Listen +6, Move Silently +11, Search +4, Spot +4, Tumble +5; Endurance, Point Blank Shot, Self-Sufficient, Stealthy, Track.

Languages: Common, Cogling, Orc.

Possessions: +1 javelin, potion of darkvision, potion of spider climb.

OL' CHIEF ONE EYE

Size: Colossal IV

Power Source: Manpower

Payload Units: 160

Height: 110 ft.

Space/Reach: 65 ft. by 65 ft./65 ft.

Crew: 64

Firing Ports: 64

Hit Dice: 160

Hit Points: 880

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 528,

Orange 308, Red 176

Base Initiative: -3

Speed: 50 ft.

Maneuverability: Clumsy

AC: 2

Hardness: 16

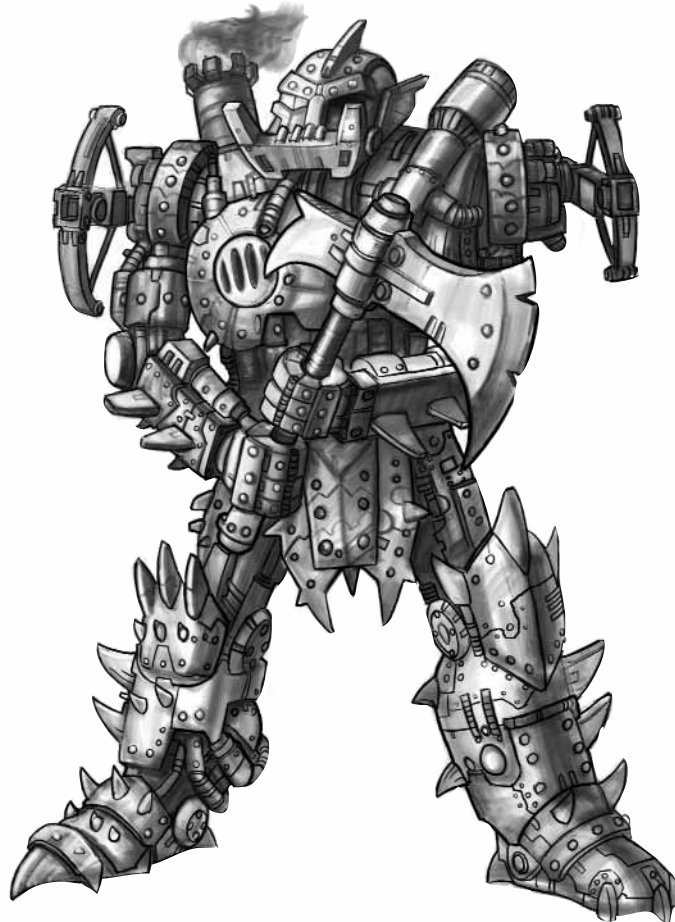
Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: -3

Unarmed damage: 6d6+12

Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -



Abilities: Str 34, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 51

Base Planning Time: 102 days

Base Cost: 54,111 gp

Total Cost: 66,111 gp

Labor Requirements: 15,360 man-hours

Construction Time: 96 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)

Special: Combat spikes, extra weapon mounts (32)

PAYLOAD USAGE

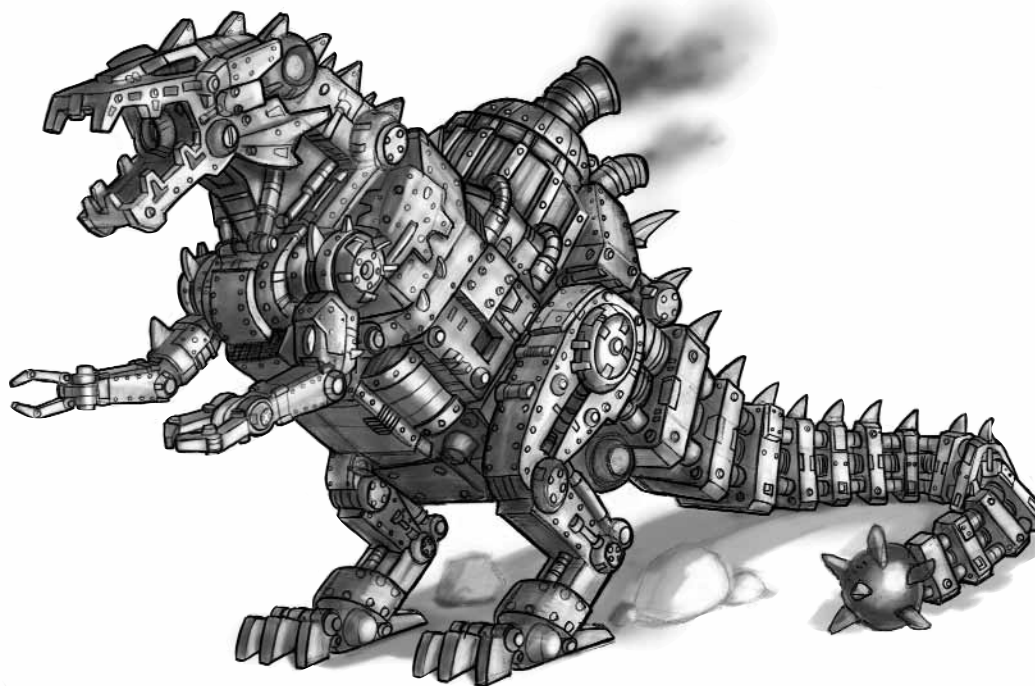
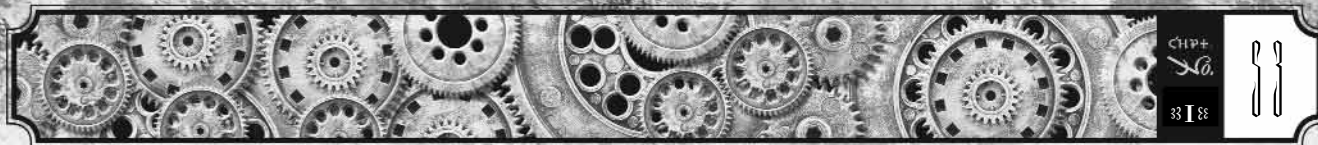
PU	Use
64	Crew
96	Onboard Weaponry
160	Total

Ol' Chief One Eye is a mech created by several orc tribes, acting together in a way never before seen on Highpoint: in the name of their gods.

The shamans from nearly a dozen large orc tribes led their peoples together 10 years ago. Normally, this would have resulted in a massive free-for-all, or at least challenges for dominance. But instead, the

tribes came together as peaceably as orcs can, and a council of tribal leaders and shamans began. At the end of the council, the tribes had agreed to temporarily unite to create a mech with their own hands, one that would rival those of the humans and dwarves, and bring bloody glory to their gods. With eager hands and seemingly divinely inspired knowledge of how to accomplish such a feat, the orcs labored for nearly three years. At the end, the mech called Ol' Chief One Eye was finished.

Ol' Chief One Eye is a mech shaped like a giant orc. From its crudely shaped face jut two massive tusks that rise so high they look like horns from a distance. Spikes cover the mech, symbols of the highest honor have been etched and painted into its metal, and some of the greatest and most treasured trophies of 11 orc tribes adorn its form. In two great hands, Ol' Chief One Eye bears a massive hooked axe, while colossal ballistae are set within the mech's shoulders. Perhaps most noteworthy, however, is the mech's eye. Although two pits have been hollowed in the mech's face, only one has been filled. Serving as the mech's right eye is a



giant red, semi-transparent crystal. From this sanguine portal, the mech's pilots can look out before the mech on a field now tinged in blood-red tones.

A crew of orc and half-orc priests and acolytes, all holy warriors of the orc pantheons, pilot the holy orc mech. They come from the original tribes that created Ol' Chief One Eye, but don't fight for any specific one and keep out of intertribal quarrels. Ol' Chief One Eye is a mech constructed for a single purpose: to bring the enemies of all orcs low. Its crew has vowed that they will remain neutral in all tribal politics, but will fight to defend the various tribes and aid strong leaders seeking to unite the clans. It is the hope of the crew that someday, Ol' Chief One Eye will command the vanguard of a united orc army, one that will sweep across the world and cleans their path of all weakness.

Perhaps because the orc gods favor this plan, perhaps because of the zealousness of its crew, or maybe by just luck, spells requested by orc or half-orc clerics aboard Ol' Chief One Eye never seem to fail. Like the powers held by Stenian iron choirs, Ol' Chief One Eye is a kind of mobile temple to all the gods that orcs revere, and those who worship within it are blessed with its might.

Orc Religion and the Lunar Rain

For orcs, physical strength has always meant the same as power. Those orcs born strongest or who

have become martially skilled have always been thought to be blessed by the gods, and thus most suited to lead their brethren. As such, the lunar rain has sparked a kind of religious renaissance for the orc tribes throughout Highpoint.

Although the orcs have been separated from their gods just as the rest of the races of the world, they have never seen the lunar rain as a catastrophe. Rather, to them it has been a display of godly might—powers only their deities could wield raining down to smite the weak, soft enemies of their people. In mere months, the might of their gods has scoured the world of its worthless plants, animals, and pompous nations of men, elves, and countless other enemies. Certainly, the orcs have not survived the lunar rain unscathed, but this too only makes sense to them. This new harsh form of living has culled the weakest from the orc tribes, leaving only the strong alive. Thus in a relatively short time, the dreams of generations of orcs have been fulfilled. In recognition, they have given thanks to their gods with countless sacrifices and renewed faith.

Besides the worldwide chaos the lunar rain has engendered, it has also led to the creation of mechs. Giants of metal and steel with the power to withstand any normal mortal weapon, mechs have allowed mortals to do battle in a way previously reserved only for the gods. In the orc mind, the wrath of their gods had also brought about the creation of these great weapons, which can elevate even the weakest orc warrior to an unstoppable

killing machine. Before the lunar rain, such concepts were thought to be merely descriptions of the afterlife!

Overall, this new age of brutality is as close to an ideal world as many orcs can imagine. Though some are perplexed by the new distance of their gods, many haven't even noticed the change. Some orc worshippers have suggested that the gods' refusal or failure to respond to their prayers is only a passing concern, as even the greatest warriors must rest after a hard battle. Since their gods make fire rain down upon their enemies every night, the orcs are content to deal with their deities' distance. They are, after all, living in something akin to paradise.

ORG XIII

Size: Colossal V

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 256

Height: 150 ft.

Space/Reach: 75 ft. by 75 ft./75 ft.

Crew: 64

Firing Ports: 86

Hit Dice: 240

Hit Points: 1,320

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 660,

Orange 330, Red 132

Base Initiative: -3

Speed: 70 ft.

Maneuverability: Poor

AC: 2

Hardness: 18 (iron, Colossal V)

Base melee attack: +11

Base ranged attack: -3

Unarmed damage: 3d12+1d6+19

Trample: largest Colossal II; safe Colossal; damage 8d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 48, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 55

Base Planning Time: 110 days

Base Cost: 66,552 gp

Total Cost: 81,635 gp

Labor Requirements: 61,440 man-hours

Construction Time: 110 days (70 avg. laborers plus 7 overseers)

Special: Armor plating, combat spikes, steady feet

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
64	Crew
192	Onboard Weaponry
256	Total

The Org is the crowning achievement of the mad orc engineer Ravel Cracked Skull. The largest mech ever built by orc hands, the Org is a monster of metal and fire.

Large enough to threaten city-mechs, the Org is constructed to look like some kind of two-legged dragon. Supported by two thick legs, the Org drags a long tail behind it, which can whip around as a gigantic flail. In front, two smaller arms jut forth, allowing it to claw other mechs, though its greatest weapons are the bite of its monstrous maw and the flame nozzle within.

Not much is known about the Org or its creator and pilot. The orcs that crew the mech are a tribe unto themselves, bearing allegiance to no other warlord, and roaming Highpoint as they please, in a seemingly random fashion. This has made stories of the Org legend, as it terrorizes the inhabitants of Highpoint like the dragons of old. Capable of striding over and crushing buildings, the Org sometimes destroys whole villages, regardless of the races that inhabit them. Once the area has been thoroughly cleared of the original inhabitants, the mech crew of orcs and half-orcs (and some even say other races) eagerly loots the ruins, taking what they need to continue their travels.

Ravel Cracked Skull, Half-Orc Genius

Ravel Cracked Skull has always been a runt. That he survived to his first birthday was nothing short of a miracle, especially with the brutal head wound he took at this age that lent him his name. It is this

wound, though, that gives Ravel some of his notoriety, as other orcs claim that his broken skull is what allowed his brain to get so big.

Ravel's life was like that of any orc runt: brutal and demeaning. Unsuitable to a warrior's duties, he was left the most demeaning tasks and tedious chores. Avoided by all and scorned by the women of his tribe, many of whom also exceeded Ravel in strength and size, his was a lonely and pitiable life. It would be expected that a runt like Ravel would die at a young age, either by circumstance or by accidentally offending a larger orc, but all that changed the day his tribe captured a group of Stenian coglayers.

Assigned to take the captives their food, Ravel overheard them talking about mechs, a concept that had always fascinated him. Being that his tribe was made up of more traditional wanderers, he had only seen mechs during encounters with other tribes or when fleeing Stenian or Irontooth forces. The idea of becoming a powerful warrior intrigued the runt, as did the daydream of watching every orc that had ever demeaned him (which was essentially his entire tribe) be crushed beneath the heel of a mech he piloted. Ravel eavesdropped on the captive engineers as much as he could, found and wondered over the rolls of blueprints they had carried with them, and, when none of his tribesmen were present, even tried to question the captives about their foreign art. Though the captives were loathe to talk to any of their captors, what they did tell Ravel piqued his interest and motivated him to learn more. Emboldened by his dreams of metal giants, Ravel stole the captives' blueprints and fled into the night.

Ravel wandered the wilderness for weeks until he finally came upon another orc tribe, one that had its own mechs. Seeking out one of the orc engineers, he showed him the plans he had taken, lying that they were his own designs. The engineer was amazed and took Ravel before the tribe's chief.

It turned out that the Stenian blueprints were for a new kind of mech chassis, which the tribe soon would use to develop the prototype of the gnasher mech. Impressed by Ravel's "skill" and "ingenuity," the tribe made him head engineer and put him in charge of all mech operations. Amazed at his fortune, yet fearful that his ignorance would be revealed, Ravel learned all he could about mechs in secret and from listening to his assistants (whom he had ordered to perform essentially all of his work). In time, and to his own amazement, Ravel was pleased to find that he had a true talent for mech design, after all, and soon he was able to participate in the work of his underlings.

In the years since attaining his prestigious position, Ravel has designed and improved upon dozens of mech designs. Nearing 40, Ravel is abnormally short for an orc, leading to rumors that he is in fact a half-gnome. The orc inventor's skull is oddly disfigured from a wound he took as a child, causing the top of her head to be strangely flat on top, covered by just a few wisps of gray and black hair. Still passionate about

mechs after years of inventing, he has taken his enthusiasm to the next level and has made some minor improvements upon his own body, making him one of the few steamborg members of the orc race.

Despite all his cleverness, however, Ravel has never forgotten his roots: Work is always easier if he steals from others. Thus, he often demands that pilots using his mechs incapacitate rather than destroy enemy mechs, enabling him to research, reverse engineer, and pass off enemy technologies as his own. Besides this kind of self-serving design, Ravel still harbors deep hatred for his old tribesmen and continues to dream of revenge, but he wants it to be as spectacular as possible. To this end, he has created the Org, a monster of metal and a giant among all orc mechs. Nonetheless, new innovations in mecraft soon made his personal weapon of revenge obsolete, in spite of its size and power, and he scrapped it. This pattern of creating a giant mechanical monster to rival all other mechs, yet then seeking only to improve on his design, has become not just one of Ravel's best-known traits, but the curse that paralyzes him from actually having his revenge.

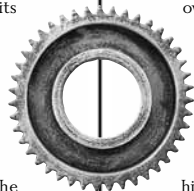
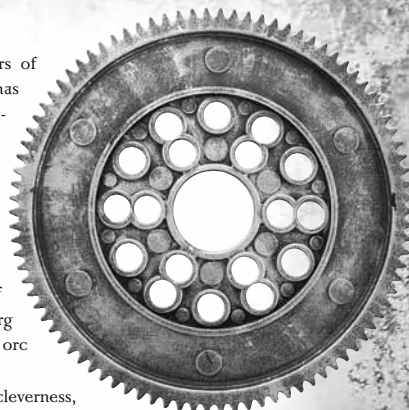
The Org XIII is Ravel's most recent weapon of vengeance. Though he is currently enjoying the carnage that comes with field-testing his newest mech, already he has ideas for improvement. It seems doubtful that his old tribesmen will have any more to fear from this titan mech than from the last 12 models.

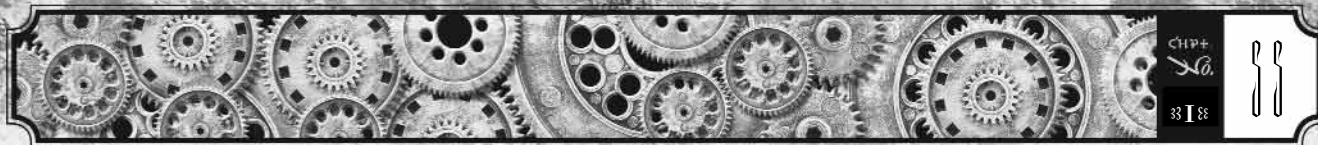
Ravel Cracked Skull, Male Half-Orc Cog5/Smb2: CR 7; Medium humanoid (half-orc); HD 5d4-5 plus 2d6-2; hp 19; Init 0, Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +3; Mech Atk +1; Grp +1; Atk +1 melee (1d10+4, 19-20/x2), *+1 flaming lobster claw*; Full Atk +1 melee (1d10+4, 19-20/x2), *+1 flaming lobster claw*; SQ half-orc traits, artificial part (chest plate +1 natural AC), machine empathy, steam engine, steam powers x10; AL CN; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +10; Str 6, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 19, Wis 16, Cha 11.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +5, Craft (blacksmithing) +14, Craft (mechcraft) +17, Disable Device +12, Heal +11, Hide +4, Knowledge (local) +14, Knowledge (mechs) +14, Knowledge (steam engine) +14, Mech Pilot +10, Profession (engineer) +16, Spot +7; Craft Powered Mech, Craft Steam Gear, Leadership, Skill Focus (Craft [mechcraft]), Skill Focus (Profession [engineer]).

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven, Gnome, Orc, Undercommon.

Possessions: *+1 flaming lobster claw*, *+3 pilot's armor*, *potion of haste*, *potion of resist fire 30*.





TERROR TOWER

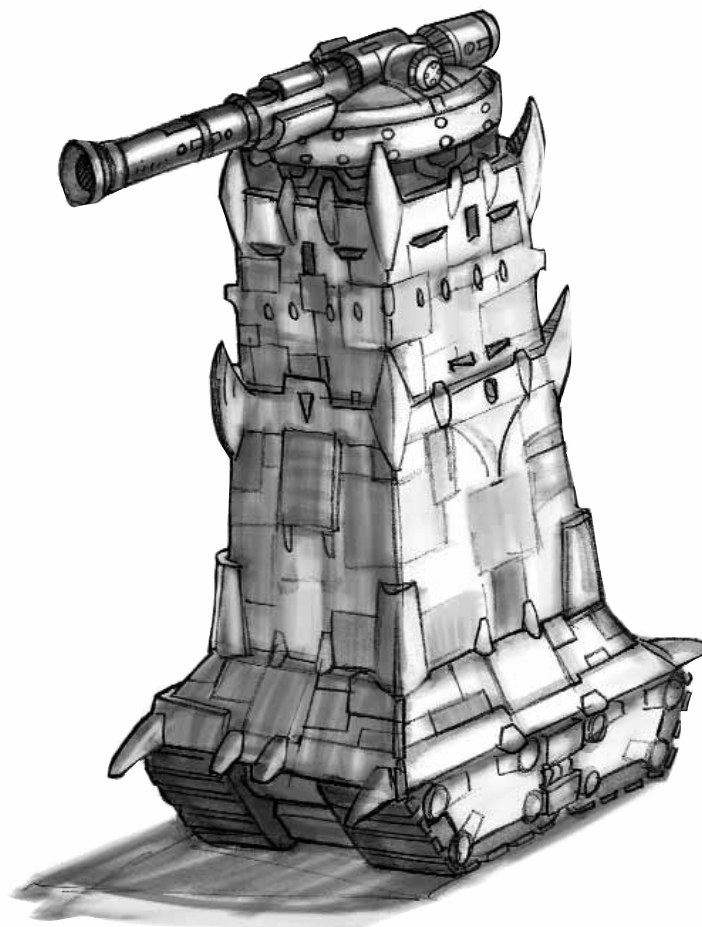
Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 128
Height: 110 ft.
Space/Reach: 60 ft. by 60 ft./15 ft.
Crew: 32 (weapons: 3)
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 168
Hit Points: 924
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 462, Orange 231, Red 92
Base Initiative: -3
Speed: 60 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 14 (stone, colossal IV)
Base melee attack: +8
Base ranged attack: -3
Unarmed damage: 5d6 +16
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 42, Dex 4, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 50
Base Planning Time: 100 days
Base Cost: 22,979
Total Cost: 30,979
Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 96 days (40 avg. laborers plus 4 overseers)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
32	Crew
32	Open
64	Onboard Weaponry
128	Total

Not known for their creativity, orc engineers have chosen to update the siege towers of the past with modern technology. This has given birth to towers of jagged, blackened iron, over a hundred feet tall, bearing massive steam cannons at their peaks. They are mobile turrets, rolling on huge treads, crewed by dozens of orcs that fire a variety of weapons from shielded firing ports, and capable of deploying dozens of orc warriors or smaller mechs directly onto enemy mechs or fortifications. Although not artful in their design, the crude functionality of these simplistic mechs is as close as orcs come to genius.

In battle, it's rare that terror towers are the only colossal orc mechs on the field. Even though they are heavily armored and difficult to tip over, they lack melee weapons and make prime targets for enemies seeking to chop one down. Enemies that succeed at doing so can massacre whole legions of orc warriors trapped inside the upper levels of the



tower, waiting for deployment. Thus, terror towers are usually heavily defended by crash axes and gore dogs. It's also not unknown for orcs to deploy as decoys terror towers that are empty, except for the crew. Enemy mechs who take the bait end up concentrating their attacks on an unthreatening first wave of towers, while a second wave of fully loaded mechs rolls past. Also, with the range and power of their colossal steam cannons, several lightly loaded terror towers often find defensible positions on the outskirts of a battle and fire wantonly into the fray. Though their allies invariably are killed by the blasts of these huge projectiles, the enemies of orc clans are usually far less willing to accept massive casualties than orcs are.

Besides being powerful battle mechs, terror towers have given the varied orc clans of Highpoints an advantage they rarely capitalized on in the past: fortifications. As terror towers are essentially rolling fortresses, it's not unknown for whole orc villages to be built around and within a single terror tower. With the chief serving as the captain of the mech, the tribe can set up fortifications around the tower as if it were a castle's keep. The tower in turn serves

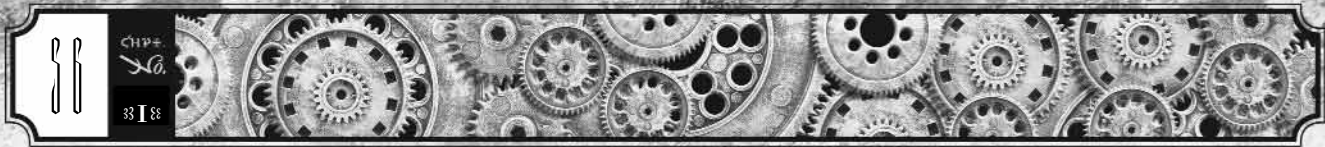
as home to the tribe's most powerful and respected members, as a lookout tower, and as a weapon to deter invaders, and it can hold much of the tribe in emergencies. And if an area is no longer to the orcs' liking, or if the tribe is nomadic, the terror tower can move with the tribe.

A Terror Tower Village


Perhaps no other invention in all of history has affected orc life as much as the creation of the mech. And of all mechs created, no single type has so changed the way orcs wage battle and live their daily lives as the terror tower.

One of the largest mechs created by orcs, terror towers have allowed orcs to continue their nomadic lifestyles with an ease never imagined in their history, and to settle where they please with increased security.

Though not the fastest of mechs by any means, terror towers easily keep pace with orc tribes traveling across the plains. Capable of providing shade to an entire village and even carrying many members, terror towers have added considerable con-



venience to orc travels. Their height has meant that the quickest, safest path can be chosen from miles away rather than waiting for reports from forward runners or merely happening upon the best route. Terror towers are also armed well enough that a single blast of their great cannon can scare off or bring down the most dangerous predators (whether they be from Highpoint or the moon) or enemies without mechs. Tribes roaming with terror towers are far more noticeable than those without, but the black spire crawling across the landscape often does more to scare off enemies than draw them closer.

Terror towers have also made sedentary life far easier for orc tribes. In these conditions, the mech's captain is usually also the village's chieftain, as decisions made regarding the mech directly affect the community and vice versa. Where staying still previously made orc villages all the more easily targeted by enemies, the integration of a terror tower as a central structure has served multiple purposes.  obvious is its height and ability to serve as a lookout tower. With the ability to see encroaching threats and, if necessary, dispatch them from a distance with the mech's cannon, the town at the mech's base is made all the safer. Also, when the town's walls are breached, non-warriors can retreat to within the mech, making terror towers bastions of safety within the fortresses of orc communities. As a last resort, if an area is no longer capable of sustaining the community, the most important structure in the village is the same one that will carry many of the villagers to their new homes. This makes relocation easier and has caused many orc tribes to take up this kind of semi-sedentary life, living in a region for months or years and moving on whenever they choose.

Several particularly large, wealthy, or influential orc tribes have also gone about creating fortresses with the potential to become mobile using terror towers. These strange structures usually incorporate at least four of the tall mechs, one for each corner. Between them, walls of wood, stone, or scrap metal are built right up to the walls of the mechs. With four of the largest cannons ever created protecting it, the orc community inside the walls is extremely well defended. As a result, there are few threats, terrestrial or alien, that can lay siege to a terror tower fortress. Some particularly skilled orc engineers have gone as far as to rig together the drive mechanisms of the terror towers that make up such a fortress. If the architecture supporting the walls is sound enough, the entire fortress can be made to move. Though this still often heavily damages the attached walls, repairing them is far faster than building new ones with scarce supplies, and orc construction methods in this vein are becoming more and more sound.

Still not city-mechs, mobile terror tower fortresses are currently the first step orcs have made in that direction and could be the forebears of further, more impressive creations.

WARCHIEF'S ARMOR

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Manpower (steam hybrid; see below)

Payload Units: 14

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./15 ft.

Crew: 2 (weapons: 4) (see below)

Firing Ports: 14

Hit Dice: 20

Hit Points: 110 (pilot can be targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 66, Orange 39, Red 22

Base Initiative: -1*

Speed: +20*

Maneuverability: Poor

AC: -4*

Hardness: 10 (iron)

Base melee attack: +5*

Base ranged attack: -4*

Unarmed damage: 1d10 + 1d6 + pilot's adjusted Strength modifier

Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6

Saves: Fort +4*, Ref -4*, Will -

Abilities: Str +10*, Dex -8*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 32

Base Planning Time: 64 days

Base Cost: 1,913 gp

Total Cost: 4,323 gp

Labor Requirements: 960 man-hours



Construction Time: 12 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Combat spikes, extra weapon mounts (2)

* These mechs use and augment the primary pilot's (the one who controls the mech) own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew
12	Onboard Weaponry
14	Total

Larger and far more dangerous than dire armors, warchief's armors are used by orc leaders commanding platoons of warriors. Similar in construction to dire armors, these mechs require two pilots, one that controls the  ment and weaponry of the mech, and another  fortunate grunt that peddles and cranks machines within the mech's bowels, providing power for the machine.

Aside from its greater size, warchief's armor bears more threatening faces, spikes, and painted symbols than dire armor. Since the pilot has a subordinate providing the power for the mech, the

weight of the machine is no longer his concern, and bulkier, better-armored parts are equipped. Also, along with the standard barbed sword blade that dire armors often carry, warchief's armors are outfitted with a massive, crab-like pincer and a chest-mounted flame nozzle. This variety of armaments makes warchief's armors surprisingly well equipped to face nearly any of Highpoint's native threats or enemy mechs of similar size.

Special Rules

Hybrid Power Source: Like dire armor, warchief's armor is equipped with a small, poorly designed steam engine that isn't sufficiently powerful to move the entire suit. Normally a Gargantuan manpowered mech would require five crew members, but thanks to this steam engine providing partial power, warchief's armor can be used with only two crew members. Nonetheless, those crew members must be strong enough to move the mech's limbs.

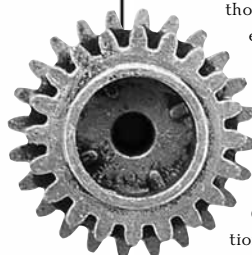
The pilot of warchief's armor must have a minimum Strength of 20; otherwise, he will not be able to mobilize the mech. This sort of hybrid power source is available only for manpowered mechs of Gargantuan size or smaller, at an additional cost of 250 gp per crewmember replaced.

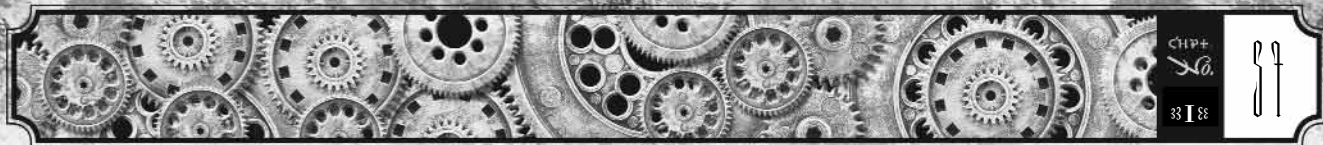
Because warchief's armor is mech armor rather than a proper mech (see page XX), the primary pilot can be targeted independently of the mech without a separate Spot check. The secondary pilot (a.k.a. the peddling grunt) is concealed and requires the usual Spot check.

Dire Armors and Warchief's Armors: The Modern Orc War Band

With the creation of dire armor, even the weakest orc warrior has become a mechanized terror and warchief's armor has turned their leaders into giants on the battlefield. Though still no match for massive, more traditional mechs, these mech armors multiply by a hundredfold the danger that orc raiders pose to normal travelers and undefended settlements.

Usually, a band of orc raiders incorporating dire armor and warchief's armor is much smaller in number than an unarmored orc raiding party, but far more deadly. Consisting of six to 12 orcs in dire armor (standard grunts) and one or two orcs in warchief's armors (the warchief and possibly a lieutenant), these groups are capable of moving swiftly and efficiently, descending on targets without warning. With the power of their motorized suits, orc raiders are capable of ranging much farther afield than traditional orc war bands, and can haul back greater sums of loot. Some larger orc mechs are even equipped with mech hangers for orcs in dire armor, allowing the mech to carry one or more war bands even farther, increasing the area they

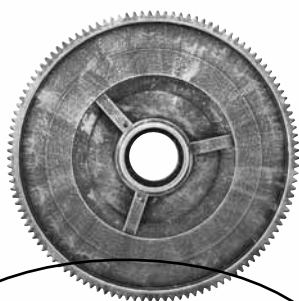




threaten exponentially. Should this transporting mech enter combat alongside the war band, cities could be threatened with no time to prepare defenses.

Not a people known for their cunning or knowledge of tactics, orc war bands have still developed two methods of attack that work especially well. Simplest, and thus most commonly used, is the full-on assault. In such attacks, dire armors will charge their prey, usually from under cover or by surprise if possible, but considering the noise these create, that is often impossible. Behind this wave of savagery and metal the warchief will follow, semi-shielded by his charging warriors. Though some orc armors have been equipped with devices that allow communication, most warchiefs still rely on merely bellowing their orders over the din of battle; in mech combat, however, this is often an impossibility and the battles degenerate into sheer chaos.

The other strategy that works well for armored orc war bands, and can actually be considered a strategy even if it is exceptionally simple, breaks the raiders into two groups to surround the target. The first group, consisting of up to half of the band's dire armors, charges the foe, engaging them or causing them to flee in the opposite direction. After they are engaged, the second, usually slightly smaller, division charges from behind, cutting down those that have chosen to flee and surrounding those fighting. Seeing a second horde of heavily armored orcs crashing into battle behind them is more than enough to shatter the morale of most foes.



UNDEAD MECHS

No one knows for sure who first conceived the idea of an undead mech, nor what greater purpose such an abomination could serve. Nonetheless, massive undead monstrosities have been seen lurching across the Endless Plane in recent years, and the only possible conclusion is that the techniques of mecraft have at last been embraced by necromancers.

Undead mechs show no greater organization or intention. Each is generally under the control of a specific necromancer with his own goals and ambitions, though there are a few known alliances. In some cases, these mechs are possessed and reanimated by ghosts or other undead spirits, but in most cases they were intentionally created by joining dozens or hundreds of corpses into one mighty creature.

The labor cost for all undead mechs presented here is zero, on the assumption that controlled undead are responsible for their construction.

CHARNEL

Size: Colossal
Power Source: Undead
Payload Units: 20
Height: 35 ft.

Space/Reach: 15 ft. by 15 ft./15 ft.
Crew: 1 (weapons: 1)
Firing Ports: 16
Hit Dice: 40
Hit Points: 220
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +1
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 7 (bone, Colossal)
Base melee attack: +0
Base ranged attack: +1
Unarmed damage: 1d12+1d6+8
Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -2, Will -
Abilities: Str 26, Dex 12, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mecraft DC: 38
Base Planning Time: 76 days
Base Cost: 40 gp plus 32 corpses
Total Cost: 10,347 gp plus 32 corpses



CHP
3188

Labor Time: 1,920 man-hours

Construction Time: 8 days (20 undead laborers)
plus rituals (4 days)

Special: Combat spikes, extra weapon mounts
(4 PU)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
4	Onboard weaponry
15	Passengers
20	Total

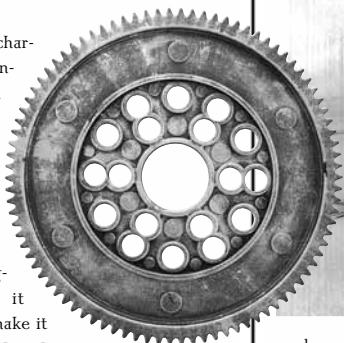
Unfortunately, the design for the charnel has been shared among a cabal of wicked spellcasters, and several versions of it are reputedly roaming Highpoint. The design is a simple one, and it plays to the average necromancer's strong suits. A charnel shamles across the land, its interior usually filled with undead in the service of its pilot. When it reaches its destination, the undead are disgorged to follow their orders, and their ranks are easily replenished by any accomplished magician.

The bones of lunar dragons and other titanic beasts are clearly used to make a charnel's frame. Jagged chunks of them stick out from the mech's body at all angles, ready to spear the unwary enemy. The charnel also holds a wicked hooked axe with a head of polished bone; the magic that enchants the mech also makes the weapon as hard as any metal. Rings and plates of bone, similarly tough, form a protective armor that wards the mech from harm.

From a distance, a charnel looks like a monstrous and misshapen executioner. The mech's body hunches forward as if it has just struck a mighty blow. Its head is ragged and vaguely conical, suggesting a hood. As it walks, its thick legs make it sway back and forth like a hanging corpse twisting in the wind. Its axe is always at the ready.

Against large targets, the axe is used to good effect. A charnel hits its foe and holds it in place while its grisly passengers emerge from its legs and torso. They swarm the target, clawing it to pieces if it's alive or invading it if it's a mech. The charnel's spiky fist batters it while the fight continues. Smaller targets receive the same treatment, although the charnel's pilot might not bother with the axe. The undead passengers are also useful against lightly defended targets like small nomad clans.

Although some charnels are filled with simple creatures like zombies, more powerful pilots will include clever undead like ghastrs, or even incorpo-



real ones like wraiths. These creatures are an immense help when dealing with other mechs. A zombie might be incapable of opening a door, but a ghastr can figure it out, while a wraith will just pass through the target's walls and attack the crew directly.

A common tactic of charnel pilots is to hook a small mech and swarm it. Once the target is captured, the crew are slaughtered and the mech is looted. Everything valuable and easily portable is taken and any fallen undead are replaced from the enemy crew. The remaining crew are then animated and left inside their mech, waiting to ambush unwary passersby. More than one band of scavengers has investigated what looks like an abandoned mech, only to discover that it's full of restless undead.

DREADWAND

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Undead

Payload Units: 10

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 10

Hit Dice: 20

Hit Points: 110

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Maneuverability: Poor

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP + corpses)
Charnel	Independent	Colossal	Undead	10,347 + 32
Dreadwand	Independent	Gargantuan	Undead	53,390 + 16
Haunted Jorgen (unique)	Independent	Huge	Undead	10,664 + 8
Sharlorn (unique)	Independent	City-mech B	Undead	341,600 + 2,048

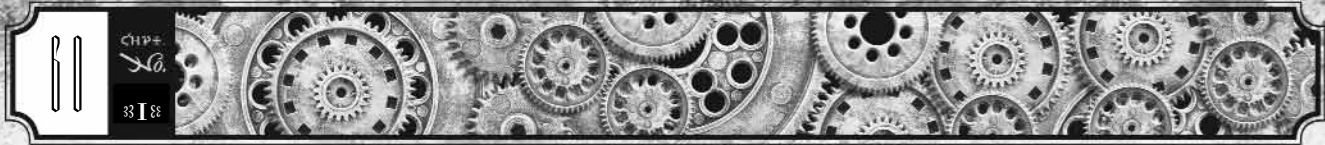


TABLE I-13: ONBOARD WEAPONRY – UNDEAD

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
Chamel Onboard Weaponry				
Right arm	Melee	Huge hooked axe (2d8+8/x3)	4	1
Total			4	1
Dreadwand Onboard Weaponry				
Right arm	180° forward	Staff of mechbane (1d12+6 or spells)	4	1
Left arm	Melee	Huge sword blade	4	1
Total			8	2
Haunted Jorgen Onboard Weaponry				
Right arm	Melee	Large scythe (2d6+4/x4, trip)	2	0/1
Total			2	0/1
Sharlorn Onboard Weaponry				
Right arm	Melee	Moonquencher (7d12+25 [+2d6 vs. good]/17-20) 64		1
Torso	180° forward	+2 Colossal II ethereal ballista (5d10+2/17-20/x3, 300, touch attack, ignores hardness)	32	3
Torso	180° forward	+2 Colossal II ballista (5d10+2/x3, 300)	32	3
Left arm	180° left	+2 Colossal II ballista (5d10+2/x3, 300)	32	3
Back	180° rear	+2 Colossal II ballista (5d10+2/x3, 300)	32	3
Total			192	13

mented as well, with everything from blood-red paint to streamers made from the shredded battle flags of fallen enemies. A massive skull, often from a dragon or giant, shelters the mech's head. This design is a little taller and leaner than other undead mechs, perhaps because the staff can be used to support some of the weight. Only one person is needed to pilot a dreadwand, but most of these mechs have two crew members. In combat, it can be handy to have one person just manning the staff to make sure it's being used to its potential. This also makes it easier to keep track of the staff's charges, as the dreadwand is far more vulnerable when all it holds is a dead stick.

Turning Undead Mechs

Necromantic mechs are powered by the same negative energy as other undead, and so they are vulnerable to being turned. However, an undead mech is not a conventional creature, and so turning it is far from easy.

A cleric, paladin, or other appropriate individual who wants to turn an undead mech goes through the process normally. However, in addition to a formidable number of hit dice, the mech or mechs in the area of effect get extra bonuses to resist. An

undead mech is considered to have turn resistance equal to the Will save of the individual controlling it, provided that save is a positive number.

If an undead mech is controlled by a cleric capable of bolstering undead, that cleric gets a free attempt to do so in response to any turning attempts made that might affect the mech. This is a result of the controller's mental link with the magic animating the mech, and is an automatic instantaneous action. A controlling cleric with the Improved Turning feat can use it toward this bolstering attempt.

Because they are partly constructs, undead mechs cannot be controlled or destroyed by turning attempts. They can be halted or rebuked, nothing else. Most undead mechs are too large for an ordinary cleric to even succeed with that.

However, a few clerics are starting to concentrate on this problem. With persistence, focus, and force of will, they have been able to concentrate their divine energy enough to turn medium-sized mechs. Although Sharlorn will probably always be outside their power, the wielders of this knowledge could become a potent weapon in the many battles raging across Highpoint.

HAUNTED JURGEN (UNIQUE)

Size: Huge

Power Source: Undead

Payload Units: 5

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Crew: 0 (but see below)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: 10 (d12s while possessed)

Hit Points: 55 (66 while possessed)

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Maneuverability: Good (Average)

AC: 10 (8)

Hardness: 3 (clay)

Base melee attack: +2

Base ranged attack: +2

Unarmed damage: 1d8+4

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort +2, Ref 0, Will –

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 14, Con –, Int –, Wis –, Cha –

Mechcraft DC: 30

Base Planning Time: 60 days

Base Cost: 10 gp plus 8 corpses

Total Cost: 10,664 gp plus 8 corpses

Labor Time: 480 man-hours

Special: Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 3, ghost traits, SR 15 (see below)

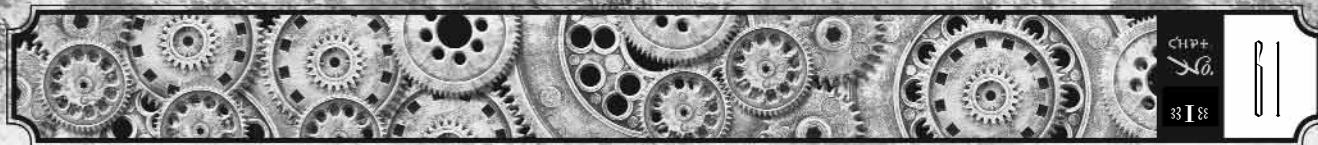
PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Onboard weaponry
2	1 PU secure crew quarters
1	Storage
5	Total

The mage Gilthic Foll wished to make a necromantic mech, so he raided a nearby cemetery for bodies. Unfortunately for him, one of the corpses he exhumed had been happier where it was. This body belonged to a local worm farmer named Jorgen who had been killed by lunar rain. When Gilthic finished the rituals to animate his mech, he also brought Jorgen's angry ghost into existence.

Not understanding what had happened, Jorgen's spirit somehow seized control of the construct, and he ran away before Gilthic's unbelieving eyes. By the time the wizard recovered his wits, his rogue creation had escaped into the dark night of the Endless Plains. The thing he intended to call Gilthic's Glory was instead Haunted Jorgen. A great hunt had begun.

Normally a wizard of Gilthic Foll's power would be able to overcome a mech of Haunted Jorgen's size, but two things prevented his easy victory. First, the mech's secure inner chamber contained



many of Gilthic's most powerful treasures. He had foolishly left them inside the mech, not anticipating any problems once it was animated. Stopping Haunted Jorgen would likely mean destroying it, and that would undoubtedly harm the things Gilthic wished to save.

Second, Jorgen's ghost somehow became fused with the mech's entire structure, granting it powers beyond what its size would indicate. Gilthic isn't a necromancer – just a lazy wizard trying to create a mech cheaply – and Jorgen is capable of putting up quite a fight against him. The two beings now circle warily around each other, by turns hunter and hunted.

Gilthic seeks a way to banish Jorgen from the mech and recover his possessions. Twice he has had chances to destroy the mech entirely, but so far he's been unwilling to sacrifice his creation. His troubles are compounded by the fact that not only are his treasures inside the secure chamber in the mech's head, but Jorgen's body itself composes part of the chamber. He knows that reburial might pacify Jorgen, but getting at the body is nearly impossible.

Jorgen seeks vengeance against Gilthic for inter-

rupting his slumber, as well as desiring to spread fear and misery among the living to ease his own undead torment. At first, he was simply a rampaging and malevolent creature. Now he has been aware long enough to understand what he has become and how to use his new form. In life, Jorgen wasn't an evil man, but his bizarre unlifeline has been bad for his sanity.

Naturally stubborn and greedy, Jorgen is now a full-blown paranoid with a hatred of living creatures. He refuses to listen or cooperate, denying that anyone can help his situation. If his body could be detached from the mech and buried near its original spot among his beloved worm tunnels, his spirit would rest again. Unbeknownst to either him or Gilthic Foll, Jorgen's body still wears his wedding ring, and burying that would be enough to give him solace.

Haunted Jorgen looks like a wide-shouldered figure covered in red clay. In one hand, it holds an oversized scythe, which it uses to trip and skewer foes in melee combat. However, Jorgen's unnatural powers are usually enough to overcome his enemies.

Special Rules

Ghost Powers (Su): Melding with a mech has denied Jorgen some of his powers, but it allows him to use others as if the mech were his own form.

Jorgen unwittingly used his *malevolence* ability to bond with the mech when he first manifested, and the rituals that animated them both have anchored him there. As a result, his powers work in unusual ways.

Jorgen the mech is always corporeal and anchored to this plane of existence. Jorgen the ghost is incapable of leaving the mech. He can manifest inside it – and will if anyone actually gains access – which allows him to use the full range of ghostly abilities. Doing so leaves the mech motionless. While Jorgen controls the mech, it gains the benefits of Jorgen's +4 turn resistance in addition to the usual modifiers.

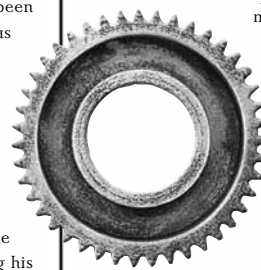
Unless otherwise noted, all of the mech's supernatural abilities use Jorgen's current Charisma of 14 (save DC 17). The mech is capable of using the following ghostly abilities normally: *corrupting gaze*, *frightful moan*, and *telekinesis*.

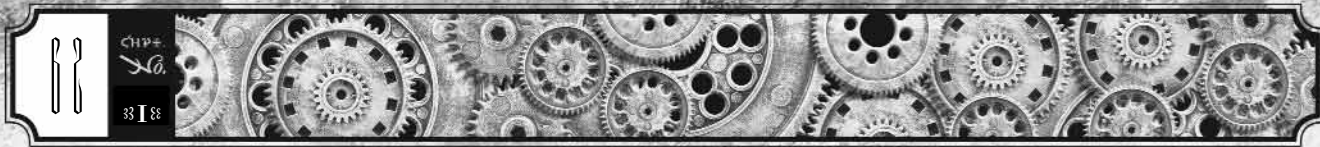
The mech can use several other abilities despite the fact that it is a corporeal creature. These attacks can affect incorporeal or ethereal creatures, with special modifications as noted:

corrupting touch (adding its normal attack modifiers to all attacks, and no modifiers to damage), *draining touch* (adding its normal attack modifiers to all attacks), and *horrific appearance* (requiring Jorgen to stand still and concentrate).

Jorgen's bond with the mech gives it fast healing 3, as well as spell resistance 15. It also has darkvision with a range of 60 feet. Jorgen doesn't realize it, but if he were to exert his will, he could make the mech fly with the same speed and maneuverability as a ghost (30 ft., perfect maneuverability).

Gilthic Foll has realized this, and is desperate to reclaim the mech before this happens. He also fears that Jorgen will find a way to transfer the mech into the ethereal realm, probably removing it from the mage's reach forever.





SHARLORN, THE NECROPOLIS (UNIQUE)

Size: City-mech B
Power Source: Undead
Payload Units: 1,028
Height: 400 ft.
Space/Reach: 200 ft. by 200 ft./200 ft.
Crew: 1 (weapons: 13)
Firing Ports: 185
Hit Dice: 340
Hit Points: 1,870
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 100 ft.
Maneuverability: Clumsy
AC: 2
Hardness: 18 (bone, City-mech B)
Base melee attack: +12
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 4d12+20
Trample: largest Colossal IV; safe Colossal II; damage 10d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 50, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 62
Base Planning Time: 124 days
Base Cost: 2,560 gp plus 2,048 corpses
Total Cost: 341,600 gp plus 2,048 corpses
Labor Time: 122,880 man-hours
Construction Time: 256 days (40 undead laborers)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
192	Onboard weaponry
25	Lich's chambers
260	Modest living and working space for 130 living beings and sentient undead
300	Space for roughly 300 undead
250	The "dungeons" (monster-inhabited legs)
1,028	Total

Sharlorn is perhaps the most terrible thing ever conceived and created on Highpoint. At the same time, it is one of the world's most potent weapons against the threat that hangs in the sky. Commanded by a wizard whose hatred for the lunar menace drove her to conquer death, Sharlorn is a necromantic mech on an unprecedented scale, inhabited by scores of undead and more than a few living creatures, all dedicated to destroying the source of Highpoint's problems – the moon itself.

Few individuals know of Sharlorn's origin or purpose. Those who have encountered it see a towering undead behemoth, an abomination on a scale undreamed of by even the most terrible of mad-

men. It goes about its work ruthlessly, hunting and exterminating anything with even a hint of lunar taint. Wise people flee from its path. All others are pressed into its service, willing or not, alive or not. Any who defy the will of its terrible master disappear inside its depths to an unknown fate.

And yet none can deny that Sharlorn is fighting a good fight. More than one terrible lunar monster, from elder dragon to gargantuan ygamp-po, has fallen before its intelligent sword Moonquencher (see sidebar). Many people live today only because the enormous undead mech fought and destroyed the creatures plaguing them while they cowered in hiding. Nobody seeks its aid, but even those who wish to destroy it know that doing so may be a terrible blow to those who fight for Highpoint's survival.

Many of the mech's undead residents go on sojourns into the outside world. In particular, the humanoid residents often find themselves wanting to escape the rotting confines of their unwholesome home. Their ruler, the lich wizard Jyl Tandaavi, has even been known to leave her chambers in search of powerful artifacts. Although leaving one of her subordinates in charge of Sharlorn is risky, Jyl can rely on Moonquencher to dominate that person's will and keep them focused on her unlife's mission. The lich and the sword alike wish to cleanse Highpoint of everything that has come from the moon.

This grand goal is only the beginning, however. Once her world is taken care of, Jyl intends to take her dreadful creation to the moon, slay all things found there, and find a way to destroy the entire lunar orb. The handful of people who know her ultimate goal agree that it cannot be done. But because many people would once have said the same of either Sharlorn or Moonquencher, Jyl doesn't care. A lich has all the time in the world.

Combat

Sharlorn's primary weapon is the sword Moonquencher, a thoroughly remarkable blade. Ten years in the forging and over 150 feet long, it is perhaps the most powerful magical item known in Highpoint. Moonquencher is also imbued with an intellect, seen as its edge, and it has a host of mystical powers great and small to use against its foes. It is perhaps the only thing in the world that hates the moon and its spawn more than Jyl does.

Moonquencher is devastating even when not using its abilities. Its size, combined with the enchantments that give it a keen edge, allow Sharlorn to slay most creatures with one or two blows. Only the most powerful lunar dragons have a hope of withstanding multiple critical hits from this blade. Jyl knows this, and charges into battle on the assumption that the sword will fell anything foolish enough to stand and fight Sharlorn.

Two of Moonquencher's abilities are directly useful in combat. It can *slow* enemies within a short

range, often using this power to prevent foes from retreating. With a touch, the sword can also use *bestow curse*. Jyl usually uses this to take away her target's actions, as the ability

reductions and attack penalties conferred by

this power usually have little impact on the foes Sharlorn has to fight. However, Moonquencher is capable of performing some creative curses when Jyl

is in the correct temper, and against mechs with a low

Dexterity it can prove crippling. The blade's lesser abilities are primarily useful for supporting Sharlorn and its crew.

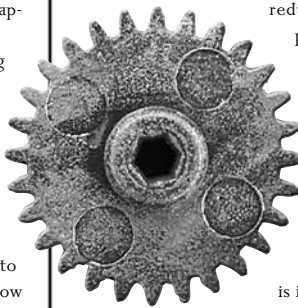
Because Jyl poured so much of her malice into the sword during its slow forging, it has a passionate hatred of all lunar creatures. Moonquencher can use *dimension door* on itself and its wielder at will, provided that doing so directly advances its goal of destroying everything connected to the moon. This power affects Sharlorn and everyone aboard it. More than one lunar menace has believed that it could outmaneuver the lumbering undead mech, only to find Sharlorn suddenly on an unprotected flank, bringing Moonquencher down in a final arc.

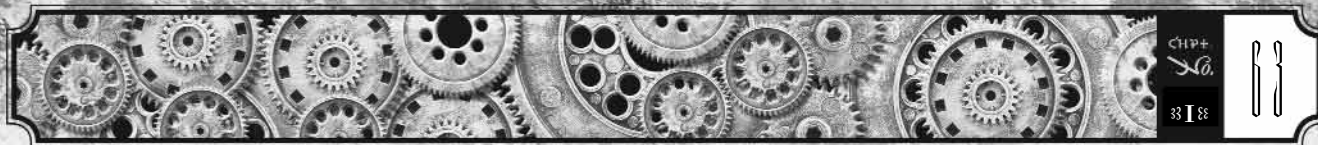
Sharlorn augments its combat prowess with a quartet of enormous ballistae. Their field of fire covers the entire area around the mech, making it a danger even from several hundred yards away. One of the two torso-mounted ballistae is enchanted to turn its bolts ethereal as they fire, just as an *ethereal catapult* does. This is useful when Sharlorn is confronted with other mechs, as well as creatures with lots of armor but a poor Dexterity. These ballistae are almost always manned by Sharlorn's living residents, as few undead have the intellect to handle such machinery.

Given Sharlorn's immense size, it is often practical for the mech to trample other targets. This is particularly useful against other mechs and similar slow-moving targets. Blows from its mighty left fist are also capable of disabling many enemies. Although Sharlorn was created to fight lunar foes, it is often found in combat with terrestrial antagonists who object to its methods, and other mechs are one of the few things that can hope to contend with Jyl's grisly construction.

Unlike most large mechs, Sharlorn has no weapons designed to stop boarding parties. In fact, from the knees down, Sharlorn isn't even inhabited by Jyl's servants. When the mech was created, its lower area was sealed off from everything above. Several passages between this quadrant and the outside world were deliberately left open.

As Jyl hoped, many of Highpoint's more distur-





ing inhabitants found that the safety of living inside Sharlorn outweighed the gruesome environment. A wide variety of beings, monsters and humanoids alike, have taken up residence in the “dungeons” of Sharlorn’s lower legs. Anyone wishing to invade the mech must first contend with these inhabitants. Given that the denizens of the dungeons are creatures hardy enough to live inside a tower of rotting necromantic flesh, this is not an easy task.

Boarders are further hindered by the fact that Sharlorn’s legs are almost completely isolated from the rest of its body. A mammoth plate of enchanted bone and steel is found above each knee, placed horizontally to provide an impenetrable roof. The only passage around these plates is found in the right knee, carefully hidden from scrutiny. When Jyl’s servants have a secret mission, they use this tunnel to leave the mech.

The cavernous space of the right knee is given over to a family of powerful wyverns led by their three-headed monarch, a wyvern/hydra hybrid who calls himself Ghia-Doro. He knows the secret of the passage, and Jyl rewards him richly for defending it. The wyverns also provide aerial security, flying around the mech and attacking anyone climbing up the outside.

Appearance

Outside: Sharlorn is an enormous thick-limbed monstrosity layered in countless bones. From a distance, it gleams a ghastly white as the sun (or moon) reflects off the thousands of ribs and femurs and skulls that plate its surface. Up close, the true nature of the mech’s construction is evident. The frozen faces and twisted limbs of hundreds of corpses can be seen beneath the sepulchral armor, each one’s arms grabbing the limbs of its neighbors. Although the magic that binds Sharlorn together has greatly slowed the process of decay, the mech still reeks of death and putrefaction. Animals refuse to approach it, and even humans can smell it coming from several hundred yards away.

Appearance wasn’t Jyl’s primary concern, and Sharlorn is devoid of ornamentation. However, it does present an orderly appearance, as its armor was carefully built to reinforce its weakest points. Rather than being a haphazard collection of bodies and bones, Sharlorn was assembled with an eye for balance and structure, and similar parts were used near each other. For example, the bodies of larger creatures were used to make the legs, as they provide better support; the armor at this level is made of smooth vertical bones from legs and arms, as they are more difficult to climb.

Not surprisingly, Sharlorn looks only vaguely humanoid. It has the requisite limbs and head, but all are inhumanly broad and featureless. The legs simply end in wide pads, rather than the customary feet. Its hands are both capable of a little flexing and gripping, but instead of fingers they have a thick spatulate digit opposed by a thumb.



The vile blade Moonquencer is always found clutched in Sharlorn’s right hand. Few other things could even hope to lift it. Moonquencer is proportioned like a longsword, with a silvery blade and a black hilt whose pommel features a silver skull. The length of the blade is traced with midnight-black runes in a dozen tongues, all promising woe to the moon and its creatures. When Moonquencer uses its powers, these runes gleam an unwholesome color.

Interior: As unpleasant as Sharlorn’s exterior is, the inside is far more macabre. Floors, ceilings, and walls are formed by rigid corpses, many of their faces contorted as if in great pain. The stench is almost physical here, and the horrible groaning noise that the mech makes while moving adds to

the obscene atmosphere.

Jyl and her undead slaves have no need of light, so Sharlorn’s interior is hopelessly dark. The bodies that form its structure are crowded so close that no light penetrates from outside, and in most areas Jyl forbids any illumination. This is at least partly to hinder boarders or other unwanted guests, who will have to either function in a pitch black environment or risk using light and being noticed. Dwarves and orcs, and others who have darkvision, must still contend with the unsettling construction of the corridors.

Hallways and chambers are the right size for Medium creatures to move, although like any ordinary mech, the quarters are still cramped. In most parts of Sharlorn, air circulation is nonexistent.

More than one living being has been overcome by the internal reek, and those who aren't rescued shortly end up feeding one or more undead appetites. Footing is particularly unsteady inside, as the floors are made of corpses.

While these dead planks are as securely attached as any structure of wood or stone, their surface is uneven. Unwary visitors often stumble, rebounding off one or more of the eerily squashy yet unyielding walls.

The sections of Sharlorn intended for its undead denizens are little more than a warren, a collection of tight hallways connecting chambers of various sizes. Here the skeletons, zombies, and other lesser creatures of the necropolis go about their assigned functions. Some of them are put to work maintaining the mech's structure, as even Jyl's magic cannot keep every part of Sharlorn whole. Many others are simply standing idly in their assigned spaces, waiting to be deployed against enemies. Enormous sectioned ramps can be deployed from the mech's torso and upper legs, and at times scores of undead are sent out in waves to obliterate Jyl's chosen target.

Those hardy (or crazy) living beings who have chosen to dwell on Sharlorn have marginally better conditions. Their hallways are wider, their rooms are furnished, and in many places they have managed to replicate life on a more ordinary mech. Wooden platforms have been laid down over the floors, and tapestries hang from the fingertips of the walls. A few *continual flame* torches light the major paths and chambers. Some of the greater undead such as vampires dwell here, preferring to perform their tasks in an atmosphere with some of the comforts of mortal life.

Perhaps most significantly, Sharlorn's living crew persuaded a reluctant Jyl that they needed fresh air, lest her most valuable servants perish before the time she has appointed. A handful of openings have been carved into Sharlorn's upper torso, all feeding into a winding circular passageway. This loops around, above, and below the living levels, drawing in air with less putrefaction. A *permanent gust of wind* roars through it, promoting air movement and drowning out some of the mech's background moan.

The existence of this circular air passage is a closely guarded secret. It was added to Sharlorn after the mech was operational, and all of its openings are secured with heavy steel grates; more grates are placed regularly through its length. Nobody corporeal uses this passageway, which was

made specifically for air flow, and so it offers Sharlorn's enemies a possible secret entry point. Mindful of this, Jyl encourages creatures like shadows and specters to haunt the tunnel. Occasionally they pop into the living beings' quarters uninvited, which can be problematic.

Down below in the dungeons, chaos reigns. A handful of powerful and malevolent beings have managed to make permanent homes here, such as King Ghia-Doro and his brood, but otherwise the dungeons are regularly the scenes of combat between those who have found safety inside and those who seek it. This turbulence requires Jyl and her servants to occasionally descend and put things in order, clearing out whole sections and rebuilding them to be stronger.

Tight claustrophobic spaces linked by tighter corridors are the rule here, and several enclaves are sealed off from the rest of the dungeons, with the only access being holes burrowed through Sharlorn's legs. Jyl has the power to rearrange Sharlorn's structure, and occasionally does so to keep the dungeons from being too predictable, but she takes a very dim view of anyone else trying it. Those who do are discovered and quickly eliminated, lest they turn their attention to the spaces overhead.

The mech's head is devoted to Jyl's own use. From her mighty throne, she (or her designee) controls Sharlorn's movements. Moonquencher is also attuned to this place, and anyone who sits here had best be prepared to contend with the blade's overwhelming will. Jyl maintains her own quarters here, a surprisingly spacious area with all the appointments of both a master wizard and a seasoned general. She further uses this area to plan her campaigns against the lunar menace and practice baleful new magic.

In addition, Jyl has space for a few servants to dwell. Being given a berth in Sharlorn's head is the ultimate sign of her favor, as well as of her expectations. At any time, up to six beings can live in the small chambers off Jyl's throne room, although it is rare for all six to be in use. Working this closely with the lich tends to be a fatal experience, as those who fail to meet her exacting standards are not given second chances. She currently has four such top-level aides.

One other area of Jyl's chambers merits special mention. It is a small space, only accessible by a secret door in the ceiling of her ritual room. Even Jyl's most trusted servants might not discover its existence, for she tells only those who need the

treasures stored inside. They call it the Room of Jewels, for the walls are studded with precious stones of all shapes and sizes.

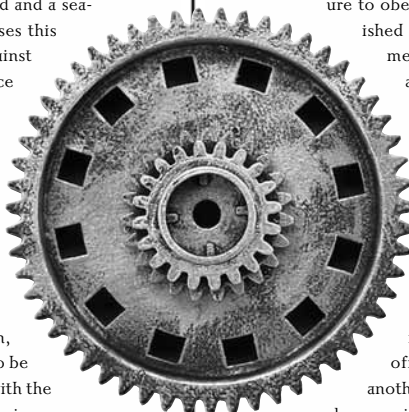
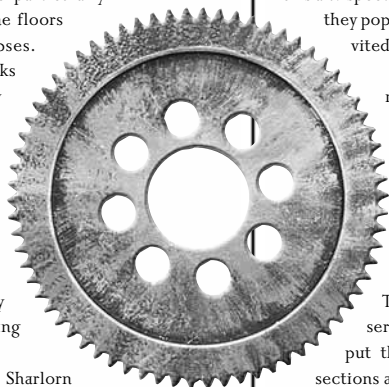
The lich's most valued possessions are kept in this 10 ft. by 10 ft. space, including rare components and unpredictable artifacts. Wards against spells are inscribed on every surface, and several of the devices here are unrecognizable even to experienced sages. Those who have visited the Room of Jewels whisper that this must also be where Jyl keeps her phylactery, a matter of great (if quiet) speculation among the crew. They are correct; Jyl's phylactery is a thumbnail-sized diamond embedded in the ceiling.

Mannerisms: Sharlorn is an absolute monarchy with strong theocratic overtones. Everyone and everything on board is there because Jyl Tandaavi permits it, including the creatures dwelling in the mech's legs. Anyone wishing to sneak aboard, much less stow away, must be circumspect indeed. All others with minds of their own maintain a respect and fear for their ruler that verges on religious faith.

Obedience is the order of the day on Sharlorn. The war against lunar taint is constant, especially since so many of Sharlorn's residents don't have to stop for food or sleep. Individuals are permitted to pursue their own goals, but these goals are to be dropped the instant Jyl commands it. Those who live are expected to make any sacrifice without hesitation, and to lay down their lives when Jyl deems it necessary. If a valued servant is lost in this way, that person will be brought back to unlife if possible. All of Sharlorn's sentient undead are somehow bound to Jyl, whether through magic or persuasion.

Disobedience is the greatest crime possible aboard Sharlorn. Whether large or small, failure to obey a command will be punished harshly. All such punishments are ultimately fatal, although some of them can take quite a while. Jyl sees no value in chastising someone and then returning them to a position of trust—having failed once, they are likely to fail again, if not to deliberately subvert her. Better to make an example of the offender; it also produces another body to use in the endless maintenance of Sharlorn's frame.

Another way to incite Jyl's wrath is to create undead aboard Sharlorn without her consent. From the humblest ghoul to the mightiest necromancer, all who would fill bodies with the negative energy of unlife had best seek either permission before or forgiveness after. She is reasonable, especially when considering those undead created while her





crew is repelling boarders or battling enemies. But keeping it a secret is a sure route to torment once Jyl finds out, probably at the hands of one's own creations.

Not surprisingly, the atmosphere of control, combined with the mech's macabre environment, produces all kinds of mental problems in its living crew. Few of Jyl's mortal followers seem sane and well-balanced. Quirks and superstitions abound, and many of them have a deep paranoid streak. This doesn't prevent them from being competent or powerful, but it makes them difficult to deal with. On the rare occasions when Sharlorn has engaged in peaceful interaction with others, those who met its living crew found them even more unnerving than the undead.

Getting on Board: Sharlorn doesn't accept refugees, and it seldom stops to trade or negotiate with anyone. Those who dwell above were invited (or created), and those in the dungeons fought their way aboard. A handful of beings have arrived by other means, but nobody knocks on Sharlorn's door and applies to be a resident. Most of the mech's population turnover happens below knee level. Sharlorn's legs are a safer haven than sleeping beneath the open sky, and an endless stream of creatures has come and gone here. As a rule, the strongest and wildest inhabitants are found in the highest levels. This separates them from some of the invaders who would displace them. The lower one goes, the less formidable the inhabitants – although few of them are pushovers by any standard. Constantly fighting for survival ensures that everything dwelling in the dungeons is capable of holding its own in battle.

Moreover, Jyl and her servants keep a close eye on the balance of power down here. The only creatures who have any security here are those with the lich's personal approval, and even they are watched. In most cases, Jyl deals with them directly, establishing a partnership of sorts whereby she guarantees them a secure berth in return for their service in Sharlorn's defense.

Others are on their own. Threats abound, from outer dungeon denizens to those clawing their way aboard. Sharlorn's native undead are a hazard as well. The incorporeal ones are particularly fond of preying on those who dwell below, but almost any kind of undead can be found here.

On occasion, adventurers will raid Sharlorn's legs for no purpose greater than treasure. Jyl is usually aware of such incursions and monitors them closely. Those who appear to threaten her mission are dispatched ruthlessly. All the magic and min-

ions at her disposal will be put toward stopping anyone trying to hack their way into the levels above. But if the adventurers seem to have no goal beyond fighting and looting, she will let them proceed unharmed. Those who seem particularly promising might even be recruited into her service.

Jyl is always looking for allies in her war. Her terrible magics and uncompromising methods have isolated her from the other power structures of Highpoint, but there are still many – living and otherwise – who share her goal. If they are ruthless enough, Jyl or her servants will contact them. Those who share her commitment and have abilities she can use will be offered a place aboard Sharlorn, serving Jyl.

Not all who are approached accept the offer. Unlike many acts of defiance against her, this doesn't necessarily lead to a death sentence. Jyl realizes that not everyone is... enlightened enough to see the benefits of entering her service. If the offending individual is still playing a valiant part in the battle against the moon, they will be allowed to go on their way. Those who are perhaps not as dedicated will be destroyed.

Once an individual accepts service aboard Sharlorn, they are taken to the mech and assigned quarters, usually on the level for living crew members. Their duties start immediately, and vary depending on the individual's abilities. Ever their tasks, they are expected to execute with maximum zeal and minimal problems. All old ties – family, friends, homeland – are to be forgotten. The war will consume the remainder of the recruit's life, and probably their unlfe as well.

Existence Aboard Sharlorn

Government and Factions: Jyl Tandaavi is the entire government of Sharlorn. As a majority of the mech's inhabitants are undead slaves to her will, this rarely poses an administrative problem. Others wield authority, but only in her name and by her specific instructions. Every order given aboard Sharlorn has Jyl's word behind it.

Or such is the theory. In practice, it largely holds true, thanks to Jyl's immense power, but there are exceptions. The living beings in her service often have free will (servants with dominated minds require more of Jyl's time), and many have some necromantic skill of their own. More than one of her subordinates has used some of Sharlorn's

forces to pursue a goal not previously approved by Jyl. Those who achieve spectacular results are sometimes allowed to continue existing.

However, as Jyl cannot be everywhere aboard Sharlorn at once, she authorizes her most trusted servants to make decisions in her absence. As a rule, these are the same individuals who are permitted to dwell in the chambers adjacent to her throne. They are usually troubleshooters, finding and solving specific problems affecting the mech and its crew. Jyl never delegates long-term authority to anyone. These trusted servants are expected to use only the resources needed for the trouble at hand, and then give Jyl a full accounting of their actions.

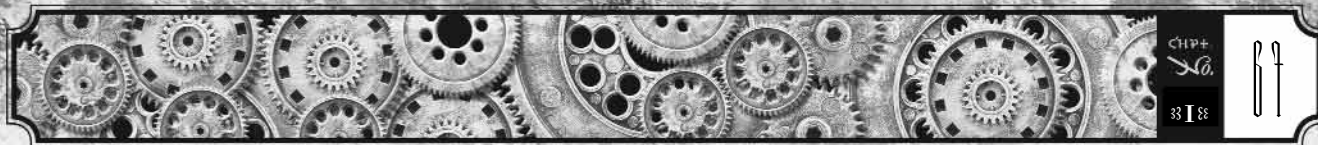
These are also the only individuals permitted to pilot Sharlorn when Jyl is otherwise occupied. While she is always reluctant to let anyone else take control of her greatest creation, Jyl realizes that she cannot research the magic necessary to destroy the moon if she never leaves the throne room. Several pitched battles have been fought between Sharlorn and some lunar menace without Jyl ever being involved.

That doesn't mean she was unaware of them. The lich is both mystically and physically attuned to every motion of her mech, however slight. A servant who succeeds in using Sharlorn's might to advance the war will be richly rewarded. None have yet tried turning the mech to their own purposes, but the punishment for doing so seems obvious.

Moonquench complicates this somewhat. Normally the sword is an effective line of defense for Jyl – anyone trying to use Sharlorn for their own ends must first deal with the sword's powerful mind. But Moonquench's approach to the lunar war is more focused on the short term than Jyl's. At times, the lich's servants have ascended the throne only to instantly fall under the sword's dominance. Moonquench is happy to have control of Sharlorn, and always seeks to battle the most challenging lunar creature in the area, regardless of its place in Jyl's overall strategy. This has disrupted her plans on occasion, but she believes the sword's many good qualities outweigh this quirk.

Aside from matters of authority and control of Sharlorn's actions, few hierarchies exist on the mech. Jyl doesn't stop her servants from forming organizations or factions, as long as these things don't conflict with her mission. But few of them are interested. Most free-willed beings aboard Sharlorn are dedicated to the war and have little regard for other pursuits. Also, the community of sentient beings is not large, numbering perhaps 150 at the best of times. Only two such groups have managed to take hold in this small, focused population:

The Skullhunters: This is more of an honorary society than an actual organization. Its members



compete to see who can bring the greatest “trophies” back from the war – slaying powerful creatures that can be reanimated into Jyl’s service. Membership is a haphazard affair, based as much on one’s boasting as on actual prowess, awarded by general consensus of the existing Skullhunters. Roughly 20 of Sharlorn’s inhabitants consider themselves members. The group’s unofficial leader is Karab Stellno, a dwarf fighter who singlehandedly slew a lunar giant during the full moon. His giant is currently serving as a vital support column in Sharlorn’s shoulders.

Tidal Brethren: This is a small, secret group that Jyl would certainly crush if she discovered its existence. The eight Tidal Brethren are as dedicated to the lunar war as anyone else, but they all fear the consequences of destroying the moon. Their goal is to somehow persuade Jyl that the moon should simply be restored to its old position in the heavens, for fear that its destruction would unleash a cataclysm. The group’s founder is Atthias the Scrivener, one of Jyl’s four primary servants. Its members engage in a great deal of arcane research, including highly speculative astronomy and geology. Their greatest obstacle so far is Moonquench. Atthias is at times called to pilot Sharlorn, and this means he has regular contact with the sword’s mind. Moonquench is savvy enough to tell that Atthias is holding a deep secret, but so far the sword hasn’t cared enough to inform Jyl. If that secret were to interfere with what Moonquench wants, however, it could lead to an unpleasant situation.

Hazards: Life aboard a massive, mobile heap of rotting bodies has its risks. For one thing, safe food and water are hard to come by. The magic that animates Sharlorn keeps it from decaying rapidly, but the environment still breeds hazards. Disease is a regular risk for the mech’s living inhabitants, whether crew or dungeon dwellers. Filth fever is always a problem for those injured on and around Sharlorn (not to mention for invaders), and water that stands for too long can breed blinding sickness. Anyone who plans to live on board is advised to plan accordingly.

Another problem is that hostile undead blend into the background. Even with Jyl’s iron rule, the living members of the crew sometimes find themselves targeted by their counterparts. Powerful sentient undead such as vampires usually refrain (unless it suits their own larger goals), but creatures like wraiths and ghouls sometimes treat the living crew members as a food source. Living crew who cannot handle such problems have little sympathy from Jyl, who routinely asks them to battle much greater foes.

This is also a risk that boarders face. Ghouls in particular enjoy hiding among the corpses that compose Sharlorn’s outer shell, staying immobile under the bone armor until something is foolish enough to come within arm’s reach. This is more of a danger to those outside the mech, but sometimes

the undead can be found pretending to be part of the wall in the dungeons.

Relations with Others: Jyl is happy to see Sharlorn except during an emergency. If a horde of powerful lunar beasts is attacking, the necromantic mech is a useful ally. Under other circumstances, it’s a horribly disruptive presence. It terrifies animals (and many sentient beings), it spreads infection, and it embodies some of the most evil magic on Highpoint.

Jyl acknowledges no authority beyond her own, and shows little interest in the jockeying between the Stenians, the Legion, and everyone else. Some speculate that the name Sharlorn is some sort of reference to Shar Thizdic, but no known connection exists between the Legion’s founder and the enigmatic lich. Her only interaction with the mechs is to move across them. Sharlorn has never come into open conflict with another city-mech, although the Stenians have reportedly been tempted to quell the disruptive undead mech once and for all.

Occasionally, the opposite situation will occur. Governments or powerful organizations will attempt to forge a long-term alliance with Sharlorn, or to buy Jyl’s service outright. The first is very risky, the second impossible.

Jyl has no interest in matters beyond her lunar war. Anyone trying to work with her had best share the same objective. She is also not willing to take orders, and will only act as an equal partner if she has no other choice. Having spent most of the last century establishing complete command of her surroundings, Jyl has grown accustomed to command.

Buying her loyalty is simply not an option. She has amassed enough treasure for several normal lifetimes, and is more than willing to take whatever she wants from others. Much of her treasure is used to keep her servants happy, as she knows that outsiders might try to purchase their service.

Noteworthy Residents

Jyl Tandaavi and her four closest assistants are the most important beings aboard Sharlorn, and therefore are among the most powerful people wherever the mech travels.

Jyl Tandaavi: When the lunar rain began a hundred-odd years ago, Jyl Tandaavi was a young human wizard preparing to make her way in the world. Instead she was driven underground as the life she had imagined was pulverized. Her youthful ability to adapt and her determination to survive helped her endure the horrors that awaited refugees below the earth. In her time there, she sharpened her cunning while learning as much magic as she could, and Jyl emerged as a powerful spellcaster. Hatred for the new shape of Highpoint grew within her, and as she gained power, she turned it toward fighting the menace overhead.

But she was only one human, and the moon was far beyond her reach. So she turned to unlife, that

dark and terrible road ending in lichdom. The gnawing anger in her soul was not extinguished; it simply became something colder and endlessly patient. Already familiar with mechs from her travels in life, Jyl turned herself toward the task of creating a truly great one, capable of battling the largest lunar monsters on equal terms. While researching and preparing for this, she had the idea to craft a sentient weapon, a lieutenant whose loyalty would never be questioned. Even as she was drawing up plans for Sharlorn, the blade Moonquench was being forged in darkness.

Jyl was among the first individuals to see the potential in necromantic mechs, but she didn’t emerge until after several others had been made. She was waiting to see if any other undead mechs displayed flaws that would need to be corrected in Sharlorn. This wait-and-see attitude is a habit gained before she became a lich. Jyl believes in letting others rush blindly into the unknown, following at a reasonable distance and learning from their errors. She follows all reports of alleged moon travelers with great interest, and is always tracking rumors of spellcasters trying experimental anti-lunar magic.

In some ways, her goal is a noble one. But her means are brutal and often tainted by dark magic. She never accomplishes something neatly and politely if it can be done in vile fashion. Her interest is fighting the lunar menace rather than saving the individuals threatened by it, a change that has become firmer with every passing year as a lich.

More and more, Jyl believes that only a unified Highpoint can win against the threat overhead. Her plans are shifting from direct confrontation to more subtle manipulation, seeking control of large populations and turning them all into her servants, whether or not they realize it. She is still planning how to accomplish this – and Jyl thinks nothing of taking a decade or three to fine-tune a plan – but those individuals who track Sharlorn have already noticed that the necropolis is spending less time on the hunt.

One unusual by-product of Jyl’s lunar hatred is her attitude toward lycanthropes. She has realized that all lunar creatures have an innate trait connected to lycanthropy, and so her hatred of were-creatures is unyielding. Any time she encounters one, she destroys it, regardless of the creature’s attitude, goals, or even potential use as a tool in her schemes.

Jyl Tandaavi is a lich wizard of exceedingly high level. Although she didn’t train as a full-fledged necromancer, by now her command over that sphere of magic is unrivaled. She has also become a skilled mech pilot, augmenting her abilities with magic when faced with combat.

Jyl Tandaavi, Female Human Lich
Wiz17/Mcj8: CR 27; Medium undead; HD 25d12; hp 204; Init +3, Spd 30 ft.; AC 22, touch 17, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +14; Mech Atk +12; Grp

Moonquencher, Bane of the World Above

+5 *unholy keen Colossal III sword*; AL NE; Int 19, Wis 10, Cha 19; speech, telepathy, *read magic*, I20 ft. darkvision, blindsense, and hearing; ego score 30.

Lesser Powers: *Darkness* 3/day, *deathwatch* at will, *detect magic* at will, *locate object* 3/day.

Greater Powers: *Bestow curse* 3/day, *slow* 3/day.

Special Purpose: Slay/destroy lunar creatures and objects.

Dedicated Power: *Dimension door*

Personality: Moonquencher craves blood, and while any will do, its true hunger is for creatures of the moon. It hates them with a fury as enormous and sharp as itself. Jyl Tandaavi's spirit formed the core of this blade, but her loathing of all things lunar echoed and magnified through it as it was forged. The only passion Moonquencher feels is for battle with the creatures it so despises.

The sword may well be the deadliest blade in Highpoint's history, and it knows it. Anyone trying to use Sharlorn's ballistae will face complaints from Moonquencher unless the targets are insignificant. It always seeks a violent solution to problems, having no patience for negotiation and compromise. Moonquencher can communicate telepathically with whoever sits on Sharlorn's throne, and unless that individual has great willpower, they will find themselves doing the sword's bidding.

But for all its power, Moonquencher is just a stepping stone. It shares a secret with Jyl – another sword is being planned, one even larger and steeped in darker magic. Moonquencher is simply Jyl's first attempt at forging the ultimate weapon in her war. At first Moonquencher resented this fact, but then it decided that if it proved itself useful, perhaps it would never be replaced. Now it carries out its tasks with even greater zeal, hoping to show its master that no other weapons are needed.

Price: 233,600 gp

+13; Atk +21 melee (1d4+4 (+2d6+2 vs. lunar), +4 *lunar bane dagger*) or +14 touch (1d8+5 plus paralysis, lich's touch) or +15 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +21/+16/+11 melee (1d4+4 (+2d6+2 vs. lunar), +4 *lunar bane dagger*) or +14 touch (1d8+5 plus paralysis, lich's touch) or +15/+10/+5 mech (any mech weapon); SQ DR 15/bludgeoning and magic, extraordinary pilot, fear aura (Will DC 32), immunities (cold, electricity, polymorph, mind-affecting attacks), mech fingers (warrior instinct), paralyzing touch (Fort DC 32), patchwork repairs, push the envelope (1/day), roll with the punches (1 increment), SR 21, turn resistance (1); AL CE, SV Fort +7, Ref +14, Will +19; Str 9, Dex 17, Con -, Int 26, Wis 20, Cha 20.

Skills and Feats: Balance +14, Climb +4,

Concentration +28, Craft (mechcraft) +36, Decipher Script +28, Diplomacy +15, Hide +16, Knowledge (arcana) +28, Knowledge (mechs) +36, Knowledge (steam engines) +36, Move Silently +15, Listen +20, Mech Pilot +36, Search +15, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +36, Spot +21; Combat Casting, Combine Spell, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Magical Mech, Craft Potion, Craft Wondrous Item, Enlarge Spell, Improved Counterspell, Iron Will, Mech Dancer, Mechliterate, Mechwalker, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (necromancy), Spell Penetration, Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Common, Draconic, Dwarf, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Infernal, Orc.

Possessions: +4 *lunar bane dagger*, *ring of wizardry III*, *ring of protection +4*, *potion of haste*, *potion of inflict serious wounds (x3)*, *metamagic rod (quickened)*, *scroll of invisibility*, *tome of understanding +3*, *gloves of dexterity +6*, *mantle of spell resistance*.

Spells Prepared (4/6/6/10/6/5/5/4/3/1; save DC 18 + spell level, +1 for necromancy spells marked by *): 0–*disrupt undead**, *mage hand* (x2), *mending*; 1st–*alarm*, *charm person*, *chill touch**, *hold portal*, *protection from good*, *unseen servant*; 2nd–*arcane lock*, *command undead**, *protection from arrows*, *spectral hand**, *summon swarm*, *web*; 3rd–*deep slumber*, *dispel magic* (x2), *displacement*, *fireball* (x2), *non-detection*, *suggestion*, *summon monster III*, *wind wall*; 4th–*animate dead** (x2), *black tentacles*, *mass enlarge person*, *mass reduce person*, *remove curse*; 5th–*baleful polymorph*, *major creation*, *telekinesis*, *teleport*, *wall of force*; 6th–*antimagic field*, *chain lightning*, *disintegrate*, *greater dispel magic*, *true seeing*; 7th–*banishment*, *control undead**, *finger of death**, *spell turning*; 8th–*create greater undead**, *incendiary cloud*, *maze*; 9th–*wish*.

Atthias the Scrivener: One of the most bookish individuals left in a world without libraries, Atthias entered Jyl's service several years ago as part of his search for obscure magic. Greedy and unscrupulous, Atthias was easily persuaded that Jyl's goal justified his methods. He is a gnome wizard, and he got his nickname from his habit of writing down every conversation he's involved with as it happens. His mech piloting is barely adequate, and he only assumes control of Sharlorn in dire circumstances.

An amoral fellow, Atthias is nevertheless staggeringly well read, and he enjoys a pleasant conver-

sation about some unusual subject more than, say, torturing his foes. He obeys Jyl partly because of the strange arcana she uncovers and partly because he's afraid not to. His research into astronomy and the effects of gravity have recently convinced him that the moon actually plays a vital role in Highpoint's natural balance, but the one time he dared broach the subject with Jyl, she cast a curse on him for it.

Rather than try to persuade her that the moon should simply be moved back to its usual orbit, he has begun secretly organizing a group called the Tidal Brethren. This act of mild treason causes him a great deal of worry, but Atthias is convinced that Jyl's ultimate goal will simply condemn the world to a different doom. He hopes to find undeniable proof of his ideas before Jyl learns of the Brethren; he has no desire to depose her, just persuade her.

Atthias the Scrivener, Male Gnome Wiz9: CR 9; Small humanoid (gnome); HD 9d4+18; hp 38; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +4; Mech Atk +2; Grp -1; Atk +7 melee (1d4+2, Small +3 *quarterstaff of spell storing [touch of idiocy]*) or +8 ranged (2d6+2, Small +2 *frost light crossbow of seeking*) or -1 mech (any mech weapon; not proficient); Full Atk +7 melee (1d4+2, +3 *quarterstaff of spell storing [touch of idiocy]*) or +8 ranged (2d6+2, Small +2 *frost light crossbow of seeking*) or -1 mech (any mech weapon; not proficient); SQ spell-like abilities (save DC 10; 1/day–*dancing*

lights, *ghost sound*, *prestidigitation*, *speak with animals*); SQ familiar (bat), gnome traits; AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +9 (+11 vs. illusions); Str 8, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages: Common, Draconic, Elven, Giant, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +8, Craft (alchemy) +5, Decipher Script +8, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +7, Knowledge (astronomy) +11, Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (mechs) +5, Knowledge (the planes) +7, Listen +6, Mech Pilot +6, Spellcraft +13; Craft Wondrous Item, Rapid Reload, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Knowledge [astronomy]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [arcana]), Spell Focus (divination).

Possessions: Small +3 *quarterstaff of spell storing [touch of idiocy]*, Small +2 *frost light crossbow of seeking*, 50 bolts, *ring of protection +1*, *bracers of armor +2*.

Spells Prepared (4/5/5/4/2/1; save DC 13 + spell level, +1 for illusion and divination spells marked by *): 0–*arcane mark*, *read magic** (x2), *resistance*; 1st–*color spray**, *comprehend languages**, *endure ele-*

ments, *mage armor*, *unseen servant*; 2nd-*continual flame*, *fox's cunning*, *invisibility**, *misdirection**, *scorching ray*; 3rd-*arcane sight**, *illusory script**, *major image**; 4th-*arcane eye**, *screying**; 5th-*persistent image**.

Bloodroot: The elven rogue calling herself Bloodroot has been aboard Sharlorn for some time, but only recently was she promoted to the inner circle. This coincides with Jyl's increased interest in political gamesmanship, for Bloodroot is an accomplished spy and assassin; she is also becoming a skilled necromancer. She spends more time outside Sharlorn than any of Jyl's other living servants.

Bloodroot's desires are simple. She wants the lunar rain stopped, the lunar monsters slain, and the equivalent of a kingship in the new Highpoint. Nothing seems to dismay her, and all obstacles and objections are met with a cruel sneer or a sharp quip. Anyone who annoys her severely is bound to find something else cruel and sharp when least expecting it, although she refrains from killing anyone Jyl particularly needs. Bloodroot is becoming a good mech pilot, and her natural agility helps.

Bloodroot, Female Elven Rog9/Asn3/Nec2/Mcj2: CR 16; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 1d6+14 plus 2d4+2; hp 65; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +8; Mech Atk +4; Grp +9; Atk +15 melee (1d4+3 plus poison, poisoned +2 dagger) or +15 ranged (1d4+3 plus poison, poisoned +2 dagger) or +4 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d6+3, +2 *short-sword*) and +13/+8 melee (1d4+3 plus poison, poisoned +2 dagger), or +15/+10 ranged (1d4+3 plus poison, poisoned +2 dagger) or +4 mech (any mech weapon); SA death attack (DC 12), *sneak attack* +7d6; SQ extraordinary pilot, *evasive*, *familiar* (rat), hand speed, improved uncanny dodge, mech fingers (warrior instinct), patchwork repairs, trap sense (+3), trapfinding, uncanny dodge; AL CE; SV Fort +6 (+7 vs. poison), Ref +12, Will +7; Str 12, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Balance +12, Bluff +7, Climb +9, Concentration +7, Disable Device +9, Disguise +9, Escape Artist +14, Gather Information +17, Hide +20, Jump +7, Listen +11, Knowledge (mechs) +6, Mech Pilot +17, Move Silently +18, Open Lock +15, Search +6, Spellcraft +12, Spot +8; Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Mechwalker, Mobility, Quick Draw, Scribe Scroll, Spring Attack, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: *shadowed* +3 *leather armor of silent moves*, poisoned +2 *daggers* (black lotus extract: contact, Fort DC 20, 3d6 Con/3d6 Con) (x3), +2 *shortsword*, vial of poison (6 doses of black lotus extract), *potion of invisibility* (x2), *potion of nondetection*, *potion of spider climb* (x2)

Assassin Spells Known (cast 3 per day; save DC 11 + spell level; 10% arcane spell failure chance): 1st-*feather fall*, *jump*, *true strike*.

Necromancer Spells Prepared (5/4; save DC 11 + spell level; prohibited schools conjuration and illusion; 10% arcane spell failure chance): 0-*disrupt undead*, *mage hand*, *message*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue*; 1st-*chill touch*, *expeditious retreat*, *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement*.

Cai Twoblade: This half-elf fighter has been with Jyl longer than anyone else, and it shows. His body is a mass of scars, and his haunted gaze is almost enough to slay his enemies itself. Cai has died twice in Jyl's service already, but rather than draw him into unlife, she finds ways to resurrect him. Cai is an unparalleled warrior and an able tactician, and Jyl wants him alive so that he can go where the undead cannot.

He is also loyal beyond belief, beyond endurance, often beyond sense. If Jyl gives him an order, he carries it out no matter the cost; others often joke that if Jyl really wants to destroy the moon, she need only ask Cai to kill it. His devotion goes back to the very first days of Jyl's lichdom. Cai was the first person Jyl recruited to her cause, and the many perils they have shared over the years have bound him to her more tightly than magic ever could. She in turn gives him everything he seems to want, and has taken steps to lengthen his mortal life by drawing out his elven heritage.

Cai is a strong mech pilot. However, he has no love for Moonquencher, seeing it on some level as a rival. The sword finds Cai amusing, and dominates him when it can simply for the joy of frustrating him.

Cai Twoblade, Male Half-Elf Ftr12: CR 12; Medium humanoid (half-elf); HD 12d10+36; hp 108; Init +3; Spd 20 ft.; AC 24, touch 12, flat-footed 23; Base Atk +12; Mech Atk +12; Grp +17; Atk +21 melee (1d8+9/19-20/x3, +2 *keen orc double axe*) or +16 ranged (1d8+6, +1 *composite (+5) longbow*) or +13 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +19/+19/+14/+14/+9 melee (1d8+9/19-20/x3, +2 *keen orc double axe*) or +16/+11/+6 ranged (1d8+6, +1 *composite (+5) longbow*) or +13/+8/+3 mech (any mech weapon); SQ half-elf traits, SR 13; AL LE; SV Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +7; Str 21, Dex 17, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Climb +4, Diplomacy +1, Gather Information +1, Jump +4, Listen +2, Mech Pilot +13, Search +1, Spot +3; Exotic Weapon Proficiency (orc double axe), Greater Weapon Focus (orc double axe), Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Iron Will, Mech Weapon Proficiency (Sharlorn), Mechanized Combat Practice, Mechwalker, Mechdextrous, Natural Pilot, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (orc double axe), Weapon Specialization (orc double axe).

Languages: Common, Elven.

Possessions: +4 *full plate mail of spell resistance* (13), +2 *keen orc double axe*, +1 *composite (+5) longbow*, 40 arrows, *ring of protection* +1.

Suulo Stonefoot: The newest addition to Jyl's inner circle, Suulo is a dwarf mech devil who spent her life among the Irontooth. When Jyl decided she

needed someone of exceptional skill to join her crew and help handle Sharlorn during difficult combat, she simply sent Cai Twoblade out with the words, "Find me the best mech pilot you can." He returned three weeks later with Suulo trussed up like a rabbit.

Suulo had no desire to give up her life among the mech clans. So Jyl simply took that life away. Thanks to obscure necromantic magics, Suulo is now a vampire, slaved to Jyl's will in all things. This transformation was an unpleasant shock for her, and she strains against Jyl as best she can, but the dwarf simply can't contend with Sharlorn's creator. She is usually found with Jyl consulting on some question of mech operation, or seated in the throne applying her formidable skills.

Moonquencher has no trouble dominating her, but that's the least of Suulo's troubles. Her clan is lost to her, the whisper of Jyl's commands is always present, and worst of all, Suulo is developing a taste for blood. Although not the first of Jyl's servants to travel this path, she has the potential to be among the most useful.

Suulo Stonefoot, Vampire Dwarf Mcj10/Mcd6: CR 18; Medium undead; HD 16d12; hp 128; Init +13; Spd 20 ft.; AC 24, touch 19, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +11; Mech Atk +16; Grp +11; Atk +14 melee (1d6+3 plus energy drain, slam) or +25 ballista (as per Sharlorn's onboard weaponry, +4 bonus damage) or +23 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +14/+9/+4 melee (1d6+3 plus energy drain, slam) or +25/+20/+15/+10 mech (as per Sharlorn's onboard weaponry, +4 bonus damage) or +23/+18/+13/+8 mech (any mech weapon); SA blood drain, dominate (DC 21), stunning attack (6/day in mech), unarmed damage (+3d6 in mech); SQ agile mech (+2), alternate form, DR 10/silver and magic, dwarf traits, children of the night, create spawn, extraordinary pilot, fast healing 5, fast movement, gaseous form, hand speed, improved trip (in mech), mech fingers (warrior instinct, skill transfer), patchwork repairs, push the envelope (3/day), resistances (cold and electricity 10), roll with the punches (1 increment), special skill uses, spider climb, turn resistance (+4); AL NE; SV Fort +4, Ref +20, Will +6; Str 16, Dex 25, Con -, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Skills and Feats: Balance +20, Bluff +11, Climb +19, Craft (mechcraft) +15, Hide +15, Jump +16, Knowledge (mechs) +17, Knowledge (steam engines) +17, Listen +12, Mech Pilot +42, Move Silently +15, Search +10, Sense Motive +10, Spot +29; Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Greater Weapon Focus (ballista), Greater Weapon Specialization (ballista), Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mech Dancer, Mech Fu, Mechdextrous, Mechwalker, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Speed Freak, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (ballista), Weapon Specialization (ballista).

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Orc, Terran.

Possessions: +2 *pilot's armor*, *ring of protection* +2.



CHP
38 I 88

UNIQUE AND UNUSUAL MECHS

The advent of mechcraft has affected every culture on Highpoint, not just dwarves, elves, orcs, and humans. Though mechs appeared first on the

size and have had their greatest impact there, hundred-odd years since their creation have seen more than enough time for knowledge of these new wonders to filter to all corners of the world. In recent years, strange mechs have been seen underground in the hands of the drow, derro, and even aboleths – not to mention unique adaptations above-ground by orders of monks, deranged druids, and other groups. This section presents a variety of these unique and unusual mechs, often crafted for purposes far removed from those first conceived by the dwarves of Duerok.

TABLE I-15: UNIQUE AND UNUSUAL MECHS

Mech Name	Faction	Size	Power	Price (GP)
Avenging Blade (unique)	Independent	Gargantuan	Animated	24,544
Brine Worm	Aboleth	Gargantuan	Clockwork	7,701
Cathedral (unique)	Independent	Manpower	Colossal II	4,032
Deep Spider	Drow	Huge	Manpower (clockwork hybrid)	5,201
Earthblood the Mighty (unique)	Independent	Animated	Gargantuan	160,018
Home	Mech tribe	Colossal	Steam (currently nonfunctional)	5,673 plus weapons
Lactroductus, the	Drow	Colossal IV	Clockwork	478,912
Razid	Derro	Colossal	Animated	22,212
Sand Strider	Desert nomads	Huge	Clockwork	5,827
Shrine of Oon	Monks of Oon	Colossal IV	Steam	19,231
Steel Warlord	Various	Colossal	Clockwork	15,696
Sylvan Revenger (unique)	Independent	Colossal V	Animated	79,485
Thundercloud	Universal	Colossal II	Steam	21,245 gp
Underbreather	Various	Large	Manpower (clockwork hybrid)	1,154 gp

TABLE I-16: ONBOARD WEAPONRY – UNIQUE AND UNUSUAL MECHS

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in ft., Other)	PU	Crew
AVENGING BLADE ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Right arm	Melee	Gargantuan +1 sword blade (2d12+10/19-20)	8	1
Total			8	1
BRINE WORM ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Front	90° forward	Huge steam breather (2d8, 30)	4	1
Front	Melee	Huge lobster claw (2d8/19-20)	4	2
Total			8	3
CATHEDRAL ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Head	360°	Huge ballista (3d6/x3, 120)	4	2
Total			4	2
DEEP SPIDER ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Left front leg	Melee	Huge barbed sword blade (2d8+1/19-20/x3)	4	1
Right front leg	Melee	Huge barbed sword blade (2d8+1/19-20/x3)	4	1
Total			8	2
EARTHBLOOD THE MIGHTY ONBOARD WEAPONRY				
Head	180° forward	Stone melter (special)	1	1
Right arm	180° forward	Huge shard launcher (3d6+3/x3, 50)	4	1
Total			5	2

AVENGING BLADE (UNIQUE)

Size: Gargantuan
Power Source: Animated (dispel DC 26)
Payload Units: 10
Height: 25 ft.
Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 1 (weapons: 1)
Firing Ports: 10
Hit Dice: 18
Hit Points: 88
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +3
Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Good
AC: 6
Hardness: 14 (steel, armor plating)
Base melee attack: +2
Base ranged attack: +3
Unarmed damage: 1d10+6
Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref +2, Will –
Abilities: Str 22, Dex 16, Con –, Int –, Wis –, Cha –
Mechcraft DC: 36
Base Planning Time: 72 days
Base Cost: 1,431 gp
Total Cost: 24,544 gp
Labor Time: 2,400 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer) plus rituals (3 days)
Special: Armor plating, fast legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
1	Sleeping quarters
8	Onboard weaponry
10	Total

The paladin Melina Blue has dedicated herself to ridding the world of evil by whatever means are available. This includes building a giant wood and metal version of herself, having a cleric associate animate it, and forging one of the largest magical swords ever seen. She roams the land like her nomadic forebears, righting wrongs and slaying monsters, all the while using Avenging Blade as a way to start conversations about her faith.

Like the cleric Dunkan Tullerd (pilot of the Cathedral mech described below), Melina firmly believes that worshiping the old gods is the only way to save Highpoint from the lunar menace. Unfortunately for Dunkan, Melina often travels with him, her strident and flashy style clashing with his more thoughtful approach. Melina is all hellfire and brimstone, convinced that the troubles afflicting her world are a test from the gods. The lunar

HOME ONBOARD WEAPONRY (CURRENT)

Right shoulder	180° forward	Huge nonfunctional springbow (2d6/x3, 60, ignores hardness)	4	2
Total			4	2

HOME ONBOARD WEAPONRY (FORMER; AS HORNET)

Right arm	Melee	Huge buzzsaw (2d8/19-20/x3, ignores hardness)	4	1
Left arm	180° forward	Huge springbow (2d6/x3, 60, ignores hardness)	4	2
Left arm	180° forward	Huge net cannon (0, 30, captures as net)	4	2
Right shoulder	180° forward	Huge springbow (2d6/x3, 60, ignores hardness)	4	2
Total			16	7

LACTRODECTUS ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Abdomen	360°	Colossal II ballista (5d10/x3, 300)	32	3
Abdomen	360°	Colossal II ballista (5d10/x3, 300)	32	3
Left mandible	Melee	+2 Colossal lobster claw (2d12+17/19-20)	16	2
Right mandible	Melee	+2 Colossal lobster claw (2d12+17/19-20)	16	2
Total			96	10

SAND STRIDER ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Front	Melee	Large lance (2d6+4/x3)	2	1
Total			2	1

SHRINE OF OON ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Left side	180° left	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Right side	180° right	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Front	180° front	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Back	180° back	Colossal ballista (7d6/x3, 250)	16	3
Top	360°	Colossal catapult (6d6, 250)	16	5
Total			80	17

STEEL WARLORD ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Left arm	Melee	Huge buzzsaw (1d8/19-20/x3, ignores hardness)	4	1
Total			4	1

SYLVAN REVENGER ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Branches	360°	Colossal javelin rack (2d10 (x8), 200)	16	0
Branches	360°	Colossal javelin rack (2d10 (x8), 200)	16	0
Branches	360°	Colossal javelin rack (2d10 (x8), 200)	16	0
Branches	360°	Colossal javelin rack (2d10 (x8), 200)	16	0
Right arm	Melee	Colossal III sword blade (7d12+16)	64	0
Left arm	Melee	Colossal III sword blade (7d12+16)	64	0
Total			192	0

THUNDERCLOUD ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Right arm	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	8	2
Left arm	180° forward	Gargantuan steam cannon (3d10/x3, 950)	8	2
Left shoulder	180° forward	Huge steam cannon (2d10/x3, 1000)	4	2
Total			24	8

UNDERBREATH ONBOARD WEAPONRY

Right arm	Melee	Large lance (2d6/x3)	2	1
Total			2	1

deities are no better than demons, and it's the duty of all true Highpointers to take up arms against them, for dying in this fight is better than living with a changed earth.

This kind of zeal either inspires or frightens. A handful of people have taken Melina's message to heart, fostering a small revival of faith along the path of her travels. A larger number don't entirely agree with her, but they're glad to see Avenging Blade marching through their territory. Still others find the woman and her mech to be as dangerous as the monsters they battle, for where Melina goes, trouble follows.

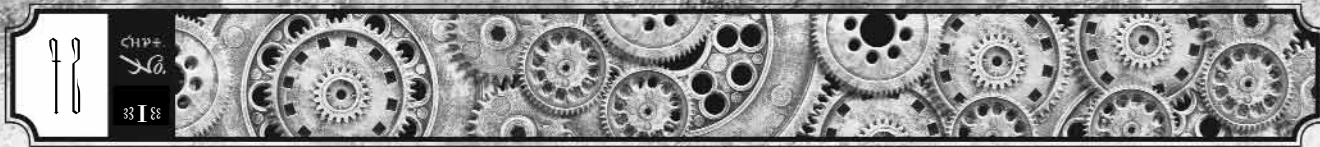
So does attention. For one thing, her mech is a huge recreation of herself, down to the details of her armor. Many mechs look somewhat like living beings, but Melina treated Avenging Blade as a sculpture project. More than one person has mistaken the mech for a giant at first, especially when the light is poor.

Avenging Blade is also noteworthy for being an animated mech that didn't come from the elves. Melina and all of her craftsmen were human, making this perhaps the first such mech created by human magic. While Melina hasn't given this any thought, other people are realizing that the elves apparently no longer have a monopoly on this sort of enchantment.

While Melina isn't a fool, her approach to combat is straightforward. When she sees an enemy, Avenging Blade charges toward it and swings its mighty sword. This might not seem like the best use of Melina's skills, as she is a powerful warrior, quite capable of fighting battles herself. Undoubtedly, though, the mech's sheer size and strength have a great psychological effect on foes. Melina is a skilled pilot by now, and in battle Avenging Blade is fearsome. In fact, Melina has found her mech to be a weapon of such power that she occasionally considers leaving the way of the paladin and training as a mech jockey, a notion that always fills her with guilt.

Melina Blue, Female Human Pal8: CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d10+8; hp 83; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +8; Mech Atk +8; Grp +11; Atk +13 melee (1d8+5, +2 *longsword*) or +11 ranged (1d6+3, throwing axe) or +11 mech (mech weapons on Avenging Blade); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d8+5, +2 *longsword*) or +11/+6 ranged (1d6+3, throwing axe) or +11/+6 mech (mech weapons on Avenging Blade); SA smite evil (2/day; +2 attack, +8 damage), turn undead; SQ aura of courage, aura of good, detect evil, divine grace, divine health, lay on hands, remove disease (2/week), special mount; AL LG; SV Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +7; Str 16, Con 12, Dex 16, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Handle Animal +6, Heal +7, Mech Pilot +13, Speak Language (Elven); Improved Initiative, Mech Weapon Proficiency (Avenging Blade), Mechanized Combat Practice, Mechwalker.



Languages: Common, Elven.
Possessions: +2 longsword, throwing axes (x4), pilot's armor, +2 light steel shield
Spells Prepared (2/1; save DC 13 + spell level; CL 4): 1st—*bless*, *magic weapon*; 2nd—*bull's strength*.



BRINE WORM

Size: Gargantuan
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 10
Height: 25 ft.
Space/Reach: 20 ft. by 15 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 1 (weapons: 4 or 1 aboleth; see below)
Firing Ports: 10
Hit Dice: 18
Hit Points: 99

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 50, Orange 25, Red 10

Base Initiative: +0

Speed: 40 ft.

Maneuverability: Poor

AC: 6

Hardness: 8 (steel-reinforced glass)

Base melee attack: +3

Base ranged attack: +0

Unarmed damage: 1d10+7

Trample: largest Medium;

safe Small; damage 3d6

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2

Abilities: Str +2, Dex +2, Con +2, Int +2, Wis +2, Cha +2

Mechcraft DC: 48

Base Planning Time: 96

days

Base Cost: 7,342 gp

Total Cost: 7,701 gp

Labor Requirements: 3,840

man-hours

Construction Time: 48 days

(10 avg. laborers plus

1 overseer)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
1	Open
8	Onboard Weaponry
10	Total

The first aboleth to discover the secrets of mecraft in the mind of a newly enslaved dwarf was swift to put this new technology to use. Instantly developing and planting the command for the creation of a mech that would carry it from its seas of endless night, the first brine worm was created.

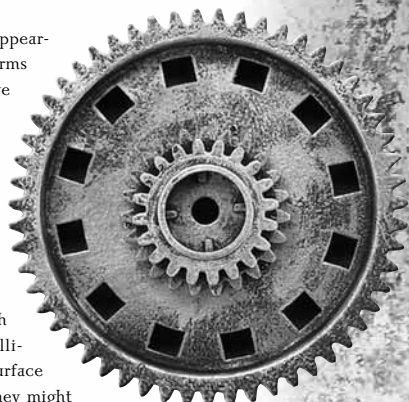
Brine worms are essentially enormous tanks, filled with murky green-brown waters taken from the depths of underground seas. Aboleths can comfortably fit within these tanks and manipulate a variety of controls set within the glass to move the mech at their will. The immense, usually rectangular tanks are supported by hundreds of tiny, centipede-like mechanical feet that allow the water-breathing passenger a freedom of movement and speed on dry land like they could previously only imagine.

Marking the front of the creation is a single large claw, with four evenly spaced, pinching fingers. This appendage allows the creature inside to either manipulate things outside the mech or crush enemies in its way. Just above the claw is a steam breather nozzle that can easily scour the land

before the mech. In addition to these basic weapons, several brine worms also have watertight orifices at the front of their tanks. These openings can allow the creature inside to either be heard by those outside the tank or reach a tentacle outside to attack or draw something within.

Possibly the most important creation of the last dozen centuries for water-bound creatures, brine worms are simple and fragile creations compared to other mechs. Small with a form that is mostly constructed of glass, brine worms are encountered without a sizable contingent of guards only under the most dire circumstances. Being that their major form of transportation is so vulnerable, it's rare that an aboleth will take its mech into battle, preferring to use their considerable psionic powers or subtler methods of manipulation and persuasion.

Since the first appearance of brine worms and their strange passengers, larger variations have appeared in and around coastal areas. It's rumored that some aboleths were quick to make deals with kraken and intelligent races of the surface seas with which they might share similar goals.



Special Rules

Shattering the Walls: A brine worm is a lot like a walking aquarium. It is quite vulnerable to being shattered. The glass walls are reinforced with steel, and there are nested inner walls to prevent a hull breach from draining the entire tank, but nonetheless it's a fragile creation.

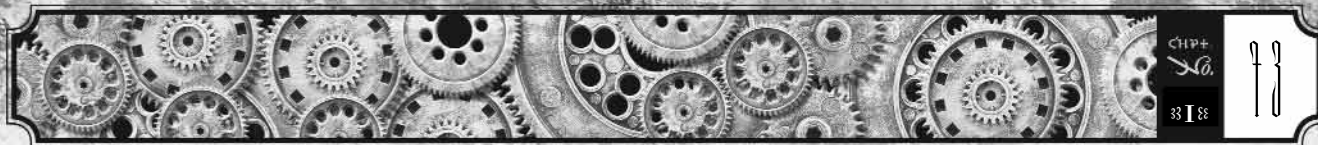
Any critical hit against a brine worm causes the tank to begin leaking. A tank drains completely in 40 rounds. A second leak cuts the drain time in half, and a third leak cuts it further in half. A brine worm reduced to 0 hit points shatters in an explosion of glass, draining the tank completely in 1 round.

An aboleth stranded in a drained tank can still move per its usual land speed, but begins to "drown" in the air per the usual rules.

Aboleth Pilots: A single aboleth is treated as being 4 crew members for the purposes of piloting a brine worm and operating its weapons.

Aboleths, Merchants of Lives

The creation of mechs has proven to be a revolution in survival, but not just for those creatures that



live above the earth. Deep within the deepest of lightless underground seas lurk creatures as alien as any lunar creature. Aboleths are timeless beings, ancient and nearly immortal. Each one bears the memories of every generation that has come before it, all the way back to a chaotic paradise of endless briny oceans electrified with strange life. Highpoint thus holds more terror in its depths than its lunar invaders could ever realize. And, though few realize it yet, the beginning of the lunar rain sparked the events that have lead to the aboleths' reawakening into a bold new age, as the creation of mechs has freed these nightmarish things from their murky confines.

With incredible powers over the mind and the ability to mutate those they touch into grotesque slaves, aboleths are insidious terrors. But what makes them most deadly are not their natural abilities, but their alien genius and their boundless ambitions. When the first aboleth encountered a creature with knowledge of mechs, it was intrigued and immediately put the creature to use. As knowledge of mechs spread, their enormous potential became clear to the dwellers in the deep seas. Soon, using the fruits of their slaves' labors and their own genius, the first aboleth crawled from the sea of its underground

prison, into a new kind of mech that offered it a freedom unknown for hundreds of centuries. These mechs, known as brine worms, have allowed many aboleths to begin an exodus to the surface.

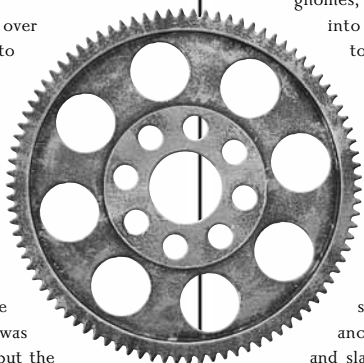
The world they found above was one they had previously only seen in the minds of their slaves. Knowing from creatures they had encountered before that their forms would cause only fear and distrust, they began to act through intermediaries, hiding themselves within their strange mechs, offering untold knowledge and aid. Those that first allied with these curious benefactors, almost exclusively underground races such as deep gnomes, derro, and dwarves, were made into slaves en masse. With whole towns falling to their influence, either becoming monstrous slaves or serving the aboleths' wills through a corrupted leader, the ancient creatures began expanding their influence deep within the earth. As they moved closer and closer to the surface, they gained slaves, but worked more subtly, posing as merchants of ancient secrets, looted treasures, and slaves. Knowing that many mechs rely on manpower to run, their offer of completely subservient, mindless, uncomplaining workers has caused many to overlook their disdain for such dealings. Thus, aboleths have become known for their corrupt but profitable dealings and

are greatly sought after as allies.

In recent months, aboleth brine worms have made their first appearances on the surface. Bringing with them the fortunes they have earned thus far, treasures from the depths, and armies of strange slaves for sale, they have been met with the same suspicion they have always expected. Currently, they serve merely as benevolent slave merchants, offering great manpower at ridiculously low costs, spreading their slaves onto the mechs of any who will buy them. With the money they gain, the aboleths buy influence and secrets, augmenting their knowledge of the depths and ancient lore with current rumors and secrets of modern power struggles.

However, the aboleths have remained secretive of their dealings in recent years. They have no intention of allowing their current business partners to know of the whole races they've conquered underground and turned into slaves or the vast breeding projects they've implemented in the depths to assure that they have wares to sell for years to come. An inquisitive creature that learns anything of the aboleths' secrets or seems to suspect greater evils either swiftly disappears or becomes a slave on a departing mech.

The aboleths' goals vary, and they have no coherent purpose and rarely ally with each other. But all seem to be using the same methods. Spreading their influence through their slaves and their works within the towns and city-mechs of Highpoint, there will soon be no point on the planet's surface these aliens from the depths cannot reach.



CATHEDRAL (UNIQUE)

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Manpowered
Payload Units: 32
Height: 50 ft.
Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft.
Crew: 16 (weapons: 2)
Firing Ports: 21
Hit Dice: 80
Hit Points: 440
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 264, Orange 154, Red 88
Base Initiative: -2
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 10 (stone, Colossal II)
Base melee attack: +0
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 3d6+8
Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 26, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 41
Base Planning Time: 82 days
Base Cost: 2,782 gp
Total Cost: 4,032 gp
Labor Time: 3,840 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)

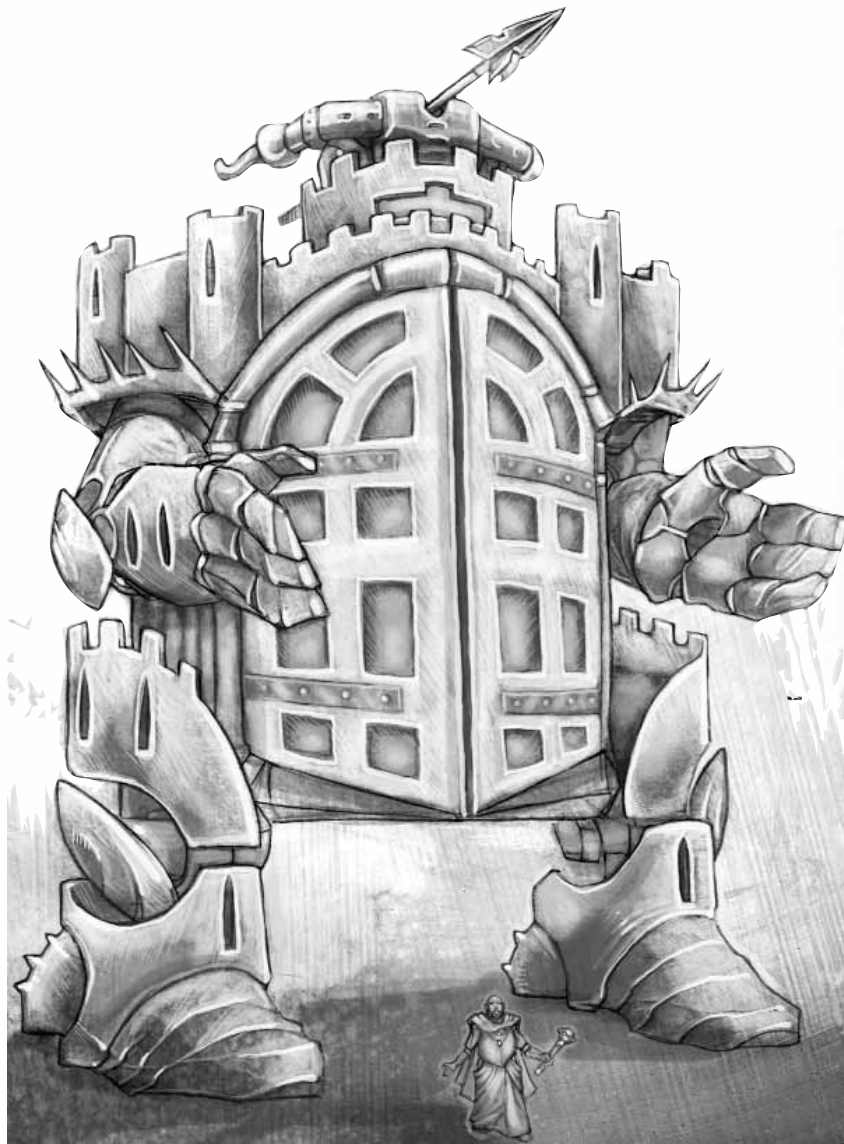
PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
17	Crew
4	Onboard weaponry
11	Chapel
32	Total

Duncan Tuller is a cleric in a time when few still have faith in the old gods. Apprenticed to a coglayer as a child, he found the mechanistic life unfulfilling and instead turned to spiritual matters. He has grown to see steam technology as a threat almost on a par with the lunar rain.

Using his early training and funds donated by a handful of believers, he has constructed a large man-powered mech that serves as a mobile temple. He and his faithful crew are always traveling, preaching the word of salvation through old faith and new self-reliance. He often finds the mech Avenging Blade traveling alongside him, to his chagrin. Duncan is an educated and philosophical man, but his preaching pales next to Melina Blue's charisma and fighting spirit.

Cathedral is not a combat mech. It does have a ballista mounted atop its head, but the weapon is used as a deterrent, and then only when absolutely necessary. If faced with hostile mechs or other



large foes, the crew simply rows harder and hopes they can outrun whatever chases them.

The mech takes its name from its intended purpose. Troubled by the dwindling faith among the people of Highpoint, Duncan built a church on legs. The workings of his mech are crowded together, even by the standards of other manpowered mechs. Cathedral's crew work cheek to jowl with each other in the limbs so that most of the torso is free for a worship space.

Cathedral looks like a stubby barrel on legs, with two short arms and a cylindrical head topped by the ballista. The legs are designed with special knee joints allowing the mech to lower its body to ground level while not in motion. This process

takes several minutes and requires a level surface, but the torso is flat at the bottom, permitting it to rest without being rocked by wind. Two large panels on the torso's front swing open like doors to show the worship area.

The chapel itself isn't large, accommodating at most two dozen worshipers in moderate discomfort. But Duncan has outfitted it as best he can. The altar is at the back of the torso, and a tier of walkways circling the inner body 10 feet up allows a few extra souls to be present. If a large crowd gathers, Duncan performs his rites on the ground just outside the doorway. When in the wild, the crew also uses this area as sleeping quarters, resting in shifts to maximize space.

Dunkan hopes that Cathedral will inspire the denizens of Highpoint to return to their traditional ways. He chose to make it a manpowered mech because he feels that people are turning their backs on faith and magic in favor of steam. This has troubled him more as he gets older, and he has a particular distaste for steambots and the assimilated. Worshipers of Dotrak also bother him, and after services he will often engage in long arguments with them about the nature of divinity.

Duncan Tullerd, Male Human Clr8: CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d8; hp 52; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +6; Mech Atk +6; Grp +7; Atk +8 melee (1d8+2 plus 2d6 vs. evil, *+1 holy heavy mace*) or +2 mech (any mech weapon; non-proficient); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d8+2 plus 2d6 vs. evil, *+1 holy heavy mace*) +2/+3 mech (any mech weapon; non-proficient); SA turn undead; AL NG; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +9; Str 13, Con 10, Dex 11, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +3, Diplomacy +9, Heal +9, Knowledge (religion) +6, Mech Pilot +3, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +3, Speak Language (Dwarven, Halfling, Elven); Combat Casting, Improved Turning, Mechanized Combat Practice, Negotiator.

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Halfling, Elven.

Possessions: +1 holy heavy mace, leather armor.

Domains: Good, Sun.

*Spells Prepared (6/5+1/4+1/4+1/2+1; save DC 13 + spell level; domain spells marked by *): 0—create water, detect poison, mending, purify food and drink, resistance, virtue; 1st—bless water, command, detect evil, obscuring mist, protection from evil*, remove fear; 2nd—aid*, align weapon, augury, gentle repose, zone of truth; 3rd—continual flame, create food and water, dispel magic, searing light*, wind wall; 4th—divination, holy smite*, restoration.*

DEEP SPIDER

Size: Huge

Power Source: Manpower (clockwork hybrid; see below)

Payload Units: 9

Height: 15 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 2) (see below)

Firing Ports: 5

Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 10 HD if targeted separately)

Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 55 hp if targeted separately)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 19, Red 11

Base Initiative: +4*

Speed: +10 ft.*, climb +20 ft.*

Maneuverability: Average



AC: +2*

Hardness: 15 (mithral)

Base melee attack: +1*

Base ranged attack: +4*

Unarmed damage: 1d8 + pilot's adjusted

Strength modifier

Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4*, Will -

Abilities: Str +2*, Dex +8*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 28

Base Planning Time: 56 days

Base Cost: 3,981 gp

Total Cost: 5,201 gp

Labor Requirements: 480 man-hours

Construction Time: 6 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

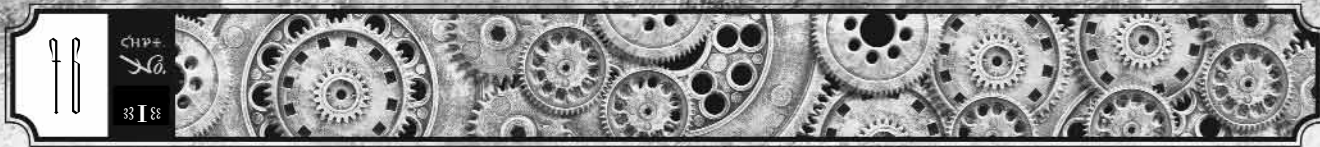
PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
8	Onboard Weaponry
9	Total

While the Lactroductus was by far the first and most impressive attempt by dark elves to create mechs, it was not their last. Since their great mechanical spider has been sent to lay siege to the world above, the drow have refined their engineer-

ing skills and have sought to apply them to their everyday life in the underdeep. As a result, they have created deep spiders: personal mechanized suits of armor useful for battle, traveling through the treacherous underground depths, and countless other utilities.

The shape of deep spiders was inspired by their namesake arachnids and as cruel parodies of the cursed drow cast-outs known as driders. Appearing as a monstrous, headless spider with a wide opening on top, a piloted deep spider looks like nothing so much as a drider with a metallic abdomen and legs. To use a deep spider, a single pilot kneels within the opened area and operates an exposed set of controls at the front of the mech. The lower half of the pilot's body is covered by the mech, but from the waist up he is exposed, except for a series of harnesses and restraints that hold him in place. While using the mech, the pilot has the full range of movement that a great spider would, allowing him to pick across the most broken terrain and even travel up walls with ease. The front two legs of these mechs bristle with barbs that have been filed to wicked points, allowing the pilot to rear on his back six legs and operate the front two in battle. Being that the pilot's upper body is exposed while in these mech armors, the pilot can forgo use of the deep spider's weapons and use his own (though he cannot control the mech and make use of his own weapons in the same turn). Thus, many deep spider pilots also arm themselves with spears, crossbows, and the other deadly weapons commonly used by



their people.

Since the creation of deep spiders, the guards of most drow temples and noble houses have been equipped with these mechanized armors. Their increased defensiveness and mobility has made them, already some of the most feared warriors in the underdeep, all the more deadly. Deep spiders have also been used with great success in raids on other underground communities, crawling up vertical crevices and along walls and ceilings en masse. This has already caused many of the drow's neighboring races to become cautious to the point of paranoia as these new mechs are allowing the dark elves to expand their realms as an unprecedented rate.

For non-drow races, there has been one benefit to the creation of deep spiders. Taking some kind of great racial affront to the creation of these mechs that so clearly mock their twisted forms, drider attacks on drow holdings have risen ten-fold. Banding together in groups and in numbers never before seen, the driders have worked to oppose drow expansion and engineering efforts at every turn.

Special Rules

Deep spiders augment the wearer's own abilities through a miniaturized clockwork engine, but still require the user to use his own strength to move the mech. Normally a Huge manpowered mech would require three crew members, but thanks to this clockwork engine providing partial power, deep spiders can be used with only one crew member.

Mechs and the Will of the Spider Queen

The Spider Queen, the seductive and cruel goddess of the drow, has always been a deity of flesh and the countless debaucheries and perversions it holds. Her chosen people are lesser reflections of her will, delighting in torments and excesses of pain and lust, and have based much of their society on these vices. Even the Spider Queen's greatest blessings and curses come as physical sensations, whether it be the anointment of favored servants into her seductive embrace, or her surgical warping of those that have affronted her into driders and other monstrosities. In both extremes, the Spider Queen's touch is extremely personal, if often cruel, and no tool or intermediary is ever used to dilute the touch of her favor or fury upon her people. Currently, her servants' growing favor for and reliance on mechs and constructs of steel has piqued both her interest and distaste.

Ever an opportunist, the Spider Queen has no intention of allowing a potent new form of weapon go to waste, and mechs are indeed potent weapons, especially when shaped by the genius of the drow. However, she also has no patience for the blunt

toils of the forge and engineering and will destroy her chosen people before she sees them become a new breed of exceptionally tall dwarves. The mechs her people have crafted, as strong and impressive as they have been, even to her, lack the personal nature of an assassin's envenomed blade or a torturer's needles. Thus, the goddess of the drow finds herself in divine conflict and has chosen a bloody path of patience before she makes a decision on her people's use of mechs.

To this end, she has appeared in the dreams of hundreds of driders, showing them the Lactroductus and deep spiders her worshippers now craft. Inspiring these accursed creatures with hatred, she promises that any who work to destroy these metal abominations and please her will be redeemed and regain their past drow forms. The vast majority of driders profess to hate the Spider Queen, yet few of them can resist the opportunity to be redeemed by her hand. Putting aside their loathing of their goddess and one another, driders throughout the underdeep have assembled to disrupt and put an end to the drow's mechanized efforts.

Though the Spider Queen has no intention of redeeming a single one of her accused drider servants, she sees them as expendable test subjects. Should they ruin her people's devices of gears and steel, she will have proof of what she already suspects: that a cruel hand or bite can be far more deadly than any thing of forged steel. However, if the drow's new constructs can turn back her abominations, there may be potential for these weapons after all. She may then seek to impose her will upon a new age of sinisterly elegant mechs. But for now, the Spider Queen watches and waits, testing her traditions against the new innovations of her own vicious people.

EARTHBLOOD THE MIGHTY (UNIQUE)

Size: Gargantuan

Power Source: Animated

Payload Units: 6

Height: 25 ft.

Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 2)

Firing Ports: 6

Hit Dice: 32

Hit Points: 176

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: +3

Speed: 40 ft.

Maneuverability: Average

AC: 6

Hardness: 10 (enchanted crystal)

Base melee attack: +4

Base ranged attack: +3

Unarmed damage: 1d10+1d6+8

Trample: largest Medium; safe Small; damage 3d6

Saves: Fort 0, Ref +2, Will -

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 16, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 36

Base Planning Time: 72 days

Base Cost: 3,632 gp

Total Cost: 160,018 gp

Labor Time: 2,240 man-hours

Construction Time: 28 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer) plus rituals (3 days)

Special: Combat spikes

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
5	Onboard weaponry
6	Total

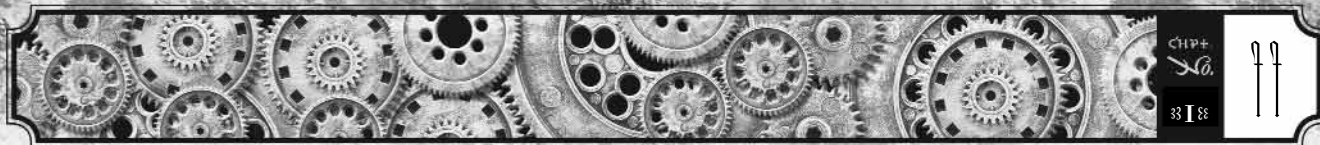
Nobody in Highpoint, from the humblest worm farmer to the best-traveled dusk runner, has seen another mech like Earthblood the Mighty. Started by an ambitious psionist and finished by a maverick conjurer/geomancer, Earthblood is the only crystalline mech known to exist. Several elemental spirits of earth are bound into its shell, giving it unusual strength and durability for an animated mech.

Earthblood looks unfinished but imposing. The entire mech is composed of rough blocks of crystal fused together, leaving many sharp spikes and jagged edges. Each block is a dark crimson hue. Its legs are thick and stumpy and its arms are powerful. The left arm ends in a hammerlike fist, while the right one terminates in a strange conical protrusion. Although crystal spires jut from every other surface of its form, Earthblood's head is perfectly flat on top, as if the peak were cut off with an axe. It has no face to speak of, although several of the panels that compose the head are thin enough for the pilot to see through readily.

The hammering fist is put to good use in combat, as Earthblood's strength compares well with mechs and creatures of its size. The other arm carries a shard launcher, one of the strange devices created by pilot Kinja Delmaak, a conjurer with an active imagination. He summons and binds spirits of earth to power his mech and its devices. The shard launcher shoots a stream of sharp crystal spikes, and Kinja uses this to soften up his enemies before closing in to batter them to pulp.

Another unique device, the stone molder, was installed in Earthblood's head. It allows Kinja to manipulate earth and rock in a variety of ways. He usually uses these abilities to trap foes, allowing him to either rain spikes on them or make his escape. Kinja is rather soft-hearted, and he has been known to use his mech and its unusual powers to help those he thinks are in need, whether they asked or not.

Nobody knows the beginning of Earthblood's



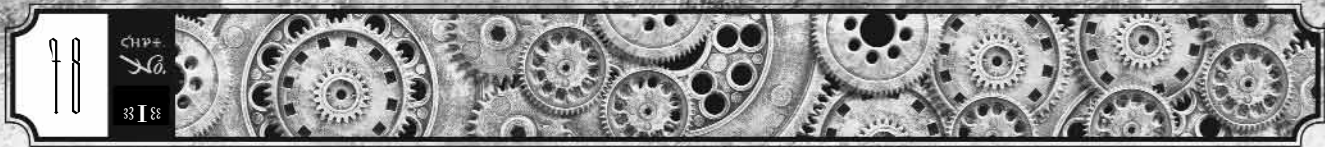
story. Its outer shell, all joined together except for the head, was found by Kinja while he was escaping from a misadventure underground. Several human and dwarven corpses were also present in this cave, none of them showing external injuries but all having bled from the nose and ears. Kinja originally had no desire to linger, but the first thing he found when ascending to the surface was an angry lunar dragon. Wisely, he elected to investigate the mech. In the days it took the dragon to leave the area, Kinja deduced several things. It wasn't hard to figure that the massive crystalline form was intended to be a mech – all of the corpses had tools for carv-

ing rock, and a jumble of papers proved to be the thing's construction plans. The crew was obviously almost done with its labors, judging by the plans as well as the small supply of provisions left in a nearby cave. Ever practical, Kinja hauled the bodies to a different cave and helped himself to the rations while settling in with the plans.

He puzzled over the mech's power source for some time. Although he was no coglayer, Kinja had been inside several mechs, and he could tell that this one was unusual. None of the apparatus needed for a mechanical or manpowered mech could be found in the caves, and the design left little room

for them anyway. At the same time, the usual ritual paraphernalia for animating a mech wasn't present. Finally, the fact that the mech was made of thick crystal rather than the available granite made it clear: The operator of this mech would need psionic powers.

Kinja didn't (and doesn't) possess psionics, but he recognized a good thing when he saw it. As soon as it was safe to emerge, he bolted for his home. Years of adventuring had left him with enough treasure to follow through on his latest plan. Three months later, he and a small team returned to the now rather fetid cave complex. After giving the



bodies a more dignified burial, Kinja led his crew in aligning the crystal shell so it could be animated by arcane means instead of psionic powers. Thus was born Earthblood the Mighty.

Since then, Kinja has adventured all over Highpoint. His great interest is exotic magic, especially new conjurations and summonings, and whatever else he acquires is usually shared with those who dwell nearby. Both the Legion and the Stenians have invited him to join them and share his knowledge, but so far he prefers to keep his exotic mech to himself. Although his hirelings understand the process that animated Earthblood, Kinja has kept the original plans in his possession, making it very difficult for anyone to duplicate his feat.

Two things trouble Kinja as he pilots his crimson creation across the land. First, he has no idea what became of the individual who first planned and built Earthblood. His best guess is that this unknown psionacist somehow came into contact with the mind of a nearby lunar dragon, sending that person into madness (and enraging the dragon). This would help explain how the construction crew died without struggle or injury. If that individual is still alive and at large, Kinja is prepared for an intense discussion about who properly owns this mech now.

The other problem is that spirits of elemental earth are increasingly hostile to Kinja. He uses them to animate Earthblood and provide power to its unusual weapon systems. Kinja always believed that while this process might be exhausting for them, it didn't cause any lasting harm. Lately, however, he has had difficulty summoning anything related to earth, and he hopes to find a solution before something bad happens to him and Earthblood.

Special Rules

Crystalline Mech: Earthblood's unique construction makes it strong and durable, but also slow and awkward. A crystalline mech's Strength and hit dice are increased as if the mech were one size category larger. It also has a Hardness of 10. The animated crystal is capable of reforming after it suffers damage, granting the mech fast healing 1.

However, the bulky construction reduces the mech's Speed by 40 feet if smaller than Colossal, and 20 feet if Colossal or larger. Its Maneuverability is the next category lower. The mech's outer frame must be very thick to support its own mass, which reduces the starting PU by 40%, to a minimum of 1. The mech's base material cost is tripled.

It is possible for a psionically gifted character to use such a mech as an enormous focus. The details are intentionally left for the GM to determine, based on the role of psionics in the campaign (if any).

Weaponry: Kinja created two unusual weapons for his mech. Both draw power from elemental earth spirits that he summons. The shard launcher sprays needles of diamond-hard rock at targets, while the stone melter allows him to reshape earth and rock like putty. For each item to function, Kinja must summon 12 HD worth of creatures from the elemental plane of earth and bind them into Earthblood. If this ritual is not performed, the items won't work.

Damage done by the shard launcher is considered earth-based for the purpose of damage resistance and the like; therefore, lunar creatures are vulnerable to its attacks. One burst from it is similar to the effect of three castings of *magic stone*, although the spiky shards are better at penetrating armor. Creating it cost Kinja 15,000 gp.

The stone melter, which cost 120,000 gp, is similar to a staff in that it has 50 charges that can be used to cast various spells. Each time Kinja binds new elemental spirits into Earthblood, the stone melter is fully recharged. Kinja hadn't expected this to happen, and he suspects it is connected to the increasing difficulty he has with earth spirits. The stone melter's powers are:

Move earth (2 charges)

Passwall (3 charges)

Stone to flesh (uses all remaining charges; minimum 20)

Transmute rock to mud (1 charge)

Elemental Powers: Earthblood has a strong connection to the elemental plane of earth, and it is considered to have the earth subtype. All of its attacks are considered earth attacks. If the mech and its opponent are both touching the ground, Earthblood gains a +1 bonus to its attack and damage rolls. If the foe is waterborne or airborne, Earthblood has a -1 penalty to attack and damage.

HOME, FORMERLY HORNET (UNIQUE)

Size: Colossal

Power Source: Steam (not functioning at present)

Payload Units: 20

Height: 35 ft.

Space/Reach: 15 ft. by 15 ft./15 ft.

Crew: 0 (weapons: 0; formerly crew 4, weapons: 7)

Firing Ports: 16

Hit Dice: 48

Hit Points: 80 (maximum 264; currently damaged)

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 119,

Orange 53, Red 13

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 56 ft. (currently not mobile)

Maneuverability: Poor Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 9 (stone, Colossal)

Base melee attack: +2

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 1d12+10

Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6

Saves: Fort 0, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 39

Base Planning Time: 78 days

Base Cost: 2,623 gp

Total Cost: 5,673 gp plus weapons

Labor Time: 3,840 man-hours

Construction Time: 48 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

Special: Extra weapon mounts (4 PU), Gearwright maintenance

PAYLOAD USAGE (CURRENT)

PU	Use
16	Living quarters and storage
4	Broken onboard weaponry
20	Total

PAYLOAD USAGE (FORMER; AS HORNET)

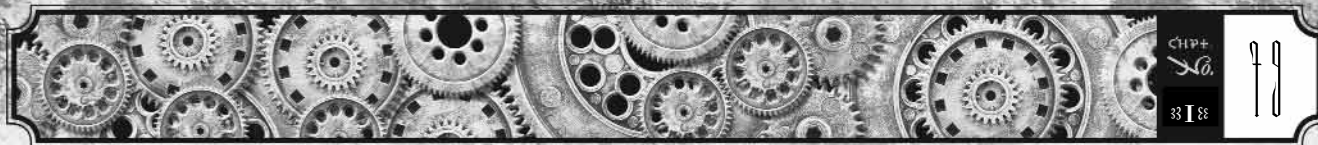
PU	Use
4	Crew
16	Onboard weaponry
20	Total

The mech now called Home by its inhabitants is little more than an empty hull. It stands silently near the bluffs of the western plateau on the endless plains, a monument to the failed genius of its creator. It also has a more practical function, providing shelter and defense to a nomad clan that might otherwise perish in the lunar rain. And in the near future, it may well become the subject of intense interest in Glatek and beyond.

Once this mech was called the Hornet, and it was a unique design created by a dwarf named Hudie Toothless. Hudie, who got his last name from a revolutionary magnetic gear he designed, was a mercenary inventor. His specialty was weapons, and the Hornet was how he tested them in the field. Weapons could be added and removed fairly easily from its mounting brackets, and the Hornet was otherwise kept in top condition.

Or so Hudie thought. However, the relentless use of this field-testing mech caused several key boiler components to wear down. One day, while he was testing his new springbow and net cannon (see page XX), the entire secondary boiler array exploded. Hudie and his chief assistant were both killed instantly, and the Hornet was rendered inoperative. The other two technicians on board survived the explosion, but unwisely elected to head for Glatek on foot. The noise of the blast drew predators, who attacked them.

A nomad clan, also following the explosion, came upon the technicians. They drove the beasts away, but one technician was already dead and the other moments away from expiring. The latter one managed to gurgle a few words and point in the Hornet's direction before breathing her last.



Believing that she had indicated where she wished to be buried, the nomads took both bodies and headed toward what they had considered a haunted valley (thanks in part to Hudie Toothless' occasional weapon tests).

Their first sight confirmed their superstitions – a massive humanoid figure, smoke and flames pouring from within as if it were a demon. But reason overtook their initial panic, and the more worldly of them realized that they were looking at a mech. Once the steam-driven cataclysm wound down, they took possession of it, making such repairs as they could to make it habitable. Getting the mech back in operating condition was beyond their knowledge, to say nothing of piloting it, but they managed to stabilize the inner framework. In a short time, what was once a cutting-edge research mech became a reasonably comfortable tower, complete with a small sheepfold.

Turning Hornet into Home required the nomads to remove much of its advanced gear. Hudie's experimental weapons were designed to be easy to take out, as was the buzzsaw, and for a time the nomads simply

stored them outside under a large sheet made of animal skins. The saw's blade they turned into a shrine of sorts, marking the spot where they buried their benefactors (the technicians, plus Hudie and his assistant). In time, much of the equipment was taken to Glatek to trade for practical goods. Even after the explosion and the following period of neglect, many of the components were valuable enough to interest traders.

In fact, the sharper minds who visit Glatek realize that these components can be put together to create unusual weapons. Some even recognize the work of Hudie Toothless, whose mysterious disappearance was noticed by his clients. Questions are being asked about these formerly humble nomads who have come into possession of such interesting technology.

And while the nomads are not skilled with machines, they aren't fools either. They know that these things scavenged from Home are starting to draw attention. While they are willing to sell what they have found, they believe Home was a gift to them for trying to save the technicians' lives, and

they will fight to defend it.

This mech makes a good tower. Hudie designed it to be sturdy and dwarfish, and its armor is stone. When it was the Hornet, it was painted in alternating black and yellow stripes. After taking it over, the nomads have used it to tan hides, and the traveler who visits Home today sees what looks like a threadbare giant, its patchwork robe flapping in the wind. The broken springbow on its shoulder – which would fetch a handsome sum in Glatek or Edge, if it arrived intact – is the mount for a crude banner depicting a flaming humanoid figure, a symbol adopted by the clan after they found Home.

LACTRODECTUS, THE

Size: Colossal IV

Power Source: Clockwork

Payload Units: 256 (heavy payload; 128 reserved for cargo)

Height: 150 ft.

Space/Reach: 80 ft. by 80 ft./50 ft.

Crew: 13 (weapons: 10)

Firing Ports: 51

Hit Dice: 192

Hit Points: 1,056

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 528, Orange 264, Red 106

Base Initiative: +4

Speed: 100 ft.

Maneuverability: Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 21 (mithral, Colossal IV)

Base melee attack: +7

Base ranged attack: +4

Unarmed damage: 5d6+15

Trample: largest Colossal; safe Gargantuan; damage 7d6

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +0, Will –

Abilities: Str 40, Dex 18, Con –, Int –, Wis –, Cha –

Mechcraft DC: 60

Base Planning Time: 120 days

Base Cost: 201,537 gp

Total Cost: 478,912 gp

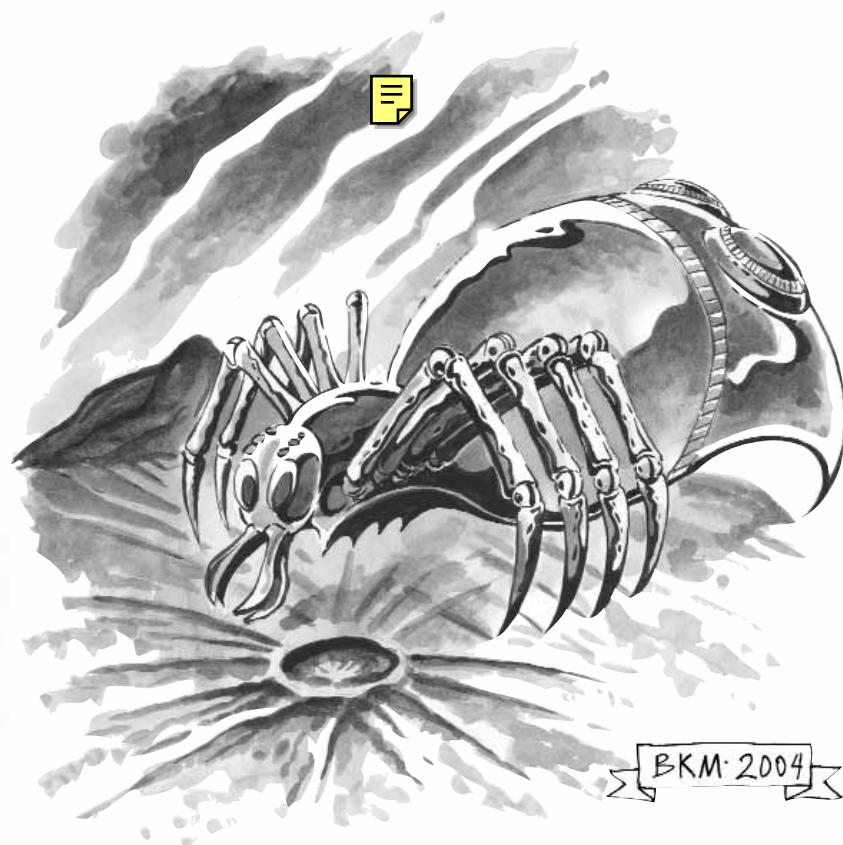
Labor Requirements: 61,440 man-hours (plus magic items)

Construction Time: 110 days (70 avg. laborers plus 7 overseers)

Special: Fast legs, heavy payload, magical effects (see below), poison vents, spell resistance 20, steady feet

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
13	Crew
19	Open
128	Cargo
96	Onboard Weaponry
256	Total



The Lactroductus is one of the greatest elven fears come to realization: the return of the drow to the surface world.

The first confirmed sighting of the Lactroductus occurred two years ago, but even before that, tales of a spider of immense size picking among the ruins of the elven forests were reported with shocking regularity. Only after it engaged a contingent of elven mechs were tales of the great spider finally given credence, but also new fearsomeness as those that drove it off told of its metallic armor. Several more encounters in the following months brought further tales, plus rumors that it might be some new lunar horror, until a crippling blow to the creature revealed not only that it was a mech of immense size and grace, but that it was crewed by drow. Since then, the elves have deemed destruction of the Lactroductus to be one of their mechs' primary missions and have sworn to annihilate the drow abomination at all costs.

The Lactroductus is a unique mech in that it seems to be more living creature than machine. Built of an exceptionally strong black alloy of steel and mithral, the hull of the massive, spider-shaped mech looks exactly like glistening insectoid armor.

Without a chink in its chitinous hide, and with all openings being well hidden, tightly sealed, or covered by the hull, the mech's drow crew are well protected not just from the lunar rain but from the sun. Supported on eight massive legs, the rear portion of the mech is grossly oversized, creating a bulbous abdomen like that of a giant black widow. Built into the abdomen is a great turret that is hidden except for a firing slit that rings the mech's rear-most segments. A pair of colossal ballistae is set just behind this firing slit, hidden completely from view, and are capable of rotating fully around the abdomen and firing in any direction. From its face, multifaceted eyes of oily green crystal bulge outward. Besides being magically reinforced to be as hard as the surrounding hull, the eyes allow those piloting the mech within to see out while others cannot see in. Not far below the eyes are several pairs of jagged, threatening-looking mandibles. These gigantic, gnashing pinchers are sharp in the extreme and function like two great lobster claws.

Besides its frighteningly realistic build, the Lactroductus implies an even greater threat: The drow have masterful knowledge of how to create mechs and are using that knowledge to travel upon

the surface. The drow's purpose and plans for the scarred surface world are currently unknown, but it's unlikely that it can bode well for any of the races that live within the light. The greatest question that the Lactroductus poses is whether it is a lone example of the drow's inexplicably developed skill at mecraft, or if it is merely the prototype or vanguard of a whole army of mountainous arachnids, growing beneath the earth, biding its time to skitter forth and seize the surface.

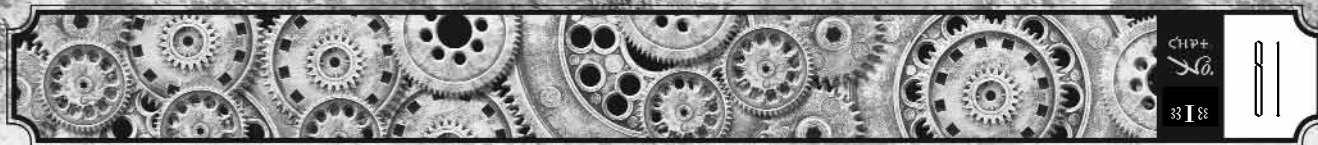
Special Rules

Magical Properties: The Lactroductus was constructed by the same drow artificers who build their arcane prosthetics and advanced constructs. As such, it has certain unusual properties, as follows:

- Spell resistance 20.
- The entire mech is considered an evil weapon for purposes of damage reduction (per the spell *align weapon*, cast on the mech). Note also that the lobster claws are magical weapons.
- The pilot can activate the following spell effects as part of the mech's standard complement of abilities, each 3/day at CL 10th: *bane* (all enemies within 50 ft. of the mech), *protection from arrows*, and *summon swarm* (spiders only, cast from the pilot's chair on the bridge).
- Poison vents: The Lactroductus' surface is veined with a network of hidden vents that can spray poison in small doses. This is used to repel boarders. The poison vents can be activated by the Lactroductus' pilot; the system contains enough poison for 5 activations before refilling is required. (Due to the size of the mech, each activation is equivalent to 500 normal doses of poison!) When the vents are activated, all creatures boarding, riding, or otherwise in contact with the mech are sprayed with the poison (contact, DC 13 Fort, unconsciousness for 1 minute/unconsciousness for 2d4 hours). A DC 20 Reflex save is required to avoid the spray. Creatures within 5 feet of the mech are also affected, but can avoid the spray with a DC 10 Reflex save.

Construction Costs: For reference, the cost to imbue the Lactroductus with these various powers is calculated as if it were a magic item. The individual component costs are as follows:

- SR 20: 80,000 gp.
- Spell effects at CL 15th: *bane* (16,265 gp), *protection from arrows* (32,530 gp), *summon swarm* (32,530 gp).
- +2 lobster claws (x2): cost of lobster claw, plus cost of masterwork status and cost of +2 enchantment (600 gp + 8,000 gp = 8,600 gp per weapon). (The ballistae are the normal price.)
- Evil-aligned mech: as *align weapon* by a 5th level caster with a continuous duration (20,000 gp).
- Poison vents: as 500 doses of drow poison



(37,500 gp).

- The Lactroductus' extraordinary Dexterity is an exception to the usual rules limiting a mech's incremental improvements to those of mechs one size larger or smaller. Its cost is calculated at 5x the normal incremental cost, since Dex 18 is 5 size categories away from the usual Dex of a Colossal IV mech (from Colossal IV to Gargantuan, per Table 2-9 on page 78 of *DragonMech*). This yields a cost of 8,700 gp x 5 = 43,500 gp. (Its slightly reduced Strength is calculated at half the incremental cost, since it is midway to the Strength of the next lowest mech size, or 8,700 gp x 1/2 = 4,350 gp.)

Ja'reth B'rauth, Captain of the Lactroductus

The drow Ja'reth B'rauth has been given perhaps the most daunting task ever bestowed upon a single drow: Reclaim the surface world from the hated elves. Fortunately, Ja'reth was not given this seemingly impossible task without also being given the appropriate tools: the finest weapon the dark elves have ever created, the great spider mech, the Lactroductus.

Based on drow designs and forged by captive dwarven slaves, the Lactroductus spent nearly a decade in development and secretive construction. As it was being built, more than two thousand drow warriors were trained and tested, facing trials of skill and cunning devised by the most cruel and demanding dark elf priestesses. These ordeals spanned several years and left the vast majority of those tried either dead or turned into repulsive driders. But after that time, one warrior had proven to be ruthless and skilled enough to serve as the drow's weapon on the surface. And on the night before he would begin his training and learn to pilot the fearsome mech his brethren had created, his throat was slit as he slept. The drow that assassinated him was Ja'reth B'rauth.

In one night, B'rauth seized the opportunity thousands of his betters had striven for. Common-born and with little training except for an innate cunning and a passion to escape the meaningless

politics of his people, he slaughtered their chosen pilot out of jealousy after the debauched acceptance revel. Tracked and captured by the magics of furious priestesses of the Spider Queen, Ja'reth was awestruck when he was not slain outright for his crime. In fact, when the high priestess actually blessed him with the Spider Queen's favor and proclaimed him her new chosen, he knew the goddess had smiled upon him.

Facing the regimen devised for his predecessor, Ja'reth learned the ways of a mech pilot with relative ease. Training in the darkest pits and deepest trenches of Highpoint's underdeep, he pushed himself, his crew, and the Lactroductus to levels it was never intended – and beyond. Though this caused many problems with the mech and deaths among the crew in the early months, it tested the limits of the drow's great weapon and prepared it for the journey to the surface. During this time, Ja'reth faced dozens of assassination attempts, both from outside and within his own mech, but his own deceit had taught him that his was a tenuous position at best. Thus, seemingly every week the body of another would-be assassin slumped from the razor-sharp mandibles of the Lactroductus, placed there by its wary captain.

When the spider mech was deemed ready and Ja'reth felt himself in full control of the mech and its cowed crew, the weapon of the Spider Queen was blessed in a great ceremony. At the ceremony's culmination, the massive metal spider began its travel up a long path, carefully and secretly selected and widened by drow engineers over the previous years.

Since a winding, little-inhabited path was chosen, it took the Lactroductus nearly a year to reach the surface. Spiraling ever upwards, B'rauth seemed to take a perverse pleasure in assuring that none he encountered would be left alive to warn the surface world. Whole communities of gnomes, derro, dwarves, and a dozen other underdeep natives were slaughtered.

When finally the Lactroductus did breach the surface, it was from a deep crag high within the Boundary Peaks. From there it crossed the mountains, traveling only by night, hiding itself by crouching in canyons and other outcroppings

during the day, heading relentlessly toward what remained of the elfen forests.

After years of captaining the Lactroductus, Ja'reth is a skilled and experienced mech pilot and a deft strategist. Though proud and dedicated to his cause, B'rauth's power and distance from any superiors have made him vain and domineering. He treats his crew as servants, entertainers, and a personal harem, using them as he would the lowest servants back home. (His treatment of some drow females, punishable by agonizing death for any other male, is tolerated by the priestesses – for now.) Sybaritic even by drow standards, Ja'reth has taken several captives since his arrival on the surface, allowing them to bask in his dominance and he in their fear before he brutally discards them. Just for this reason, his personal quarters have become a den contrasted by the most elegant silken pillows and miles of the most wicked barbed chains.

Though these captives and the deprecations he inflicts upon them sate his ego and cruel desire for bloody entertainment, he remains just as secretive about his mission as ever and ensures that none of his "guests" ever leave.

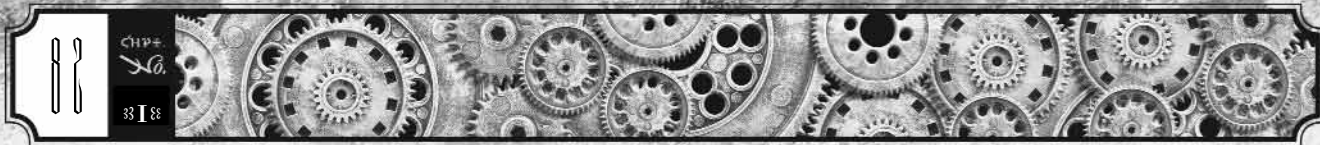
In the past months, Ja'reth has made he and his mech a fearful mystery for their elfen targets. Unsure of what defenses the elves may have, he has harried and harassed their borders for months, remaining a ghost by hiding in great craters created by the lunar rain and in ocean cliffs. Constantly prodding and testing the capabilities of the elves and their mechs, he hopes to draw out whatever secret weapons they may have and crush them, along with the spirits of the surface elves.

Ja'reth B'rauth, Male Drow Ftr7/Mcj6: CR 15; Medium humanoid (drow); HD 7d12 plus 6d6; hp 72; Init +3, Spd 30 ft.; AC 23, touch 13, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +11; Mech Atk +9; Grp +14; Atk +17 melee (2d4+2, +2 *unholy bane versus elves spiked chain*) or +12 mech (any mech weapon); Full Atk +17/+12/+7 melee (2d4+2, +2 *unholy bane versus elves spiked chain*) or +12/+7 mech (any mech weapon); SQ drow traits, extraordinary pilot, mech fingers (warrior instinct), patchwork repairs, push envelope 2/day, roll with the punches, spell resistance 24; AL CE; SV Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +6; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Balance +17, Climb +10, Hide +13, Intimidate +14, Jump +4, Knowledge (mechs) +13, Knowledge (steam engine) +11, Mech Pilot +19, Move Silently +10, Spot +10; Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (spiked chain), Mech Dancer, Mechwalker, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (spiked chain).

Languages: Abyssal, Common, Dwarven, Elven, Undercommon.

Possessions: +2 *unholy bane versus elves spiked chain*, +2 *shadow elfen chain*, bracers of armor +5, ring of evasion.



RAZID

Size: Colossal
Power Source: Animated
Payload Units: 16
Height: 40 ft.
Space/Reach: 20 ft. by 20 ft./20 ft.
Crew: 2 (weapons: 0)
Firing Ports: 0
Hit Dice: 32
Hit Points: 176
Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits
Base Initiative: +2
Speed: 60 ft.
Maneuverability: Clumsy
AC: 2
Hardness: 9 (stone, Colossal)
Base melee attack: -2
Base ranged attack: +2
Unarmed damage: 1d12+6
Trample: largest Large; safe Medium; damage 4d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref +0, Will -
Abilities: Str 22, Dex 14, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 38
Base Planning Time: 76 days
Base Cost: 22,622 gp
Total Cost: 22,212 gp
Labor Requirements: 3,840 hours
Construction Time: 48 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
2	Crew
14	Open (no weapons)
16	Total

The dwarven creators of the first mechs built their massive constructs to defend their homes and eventually reclaim the surface of Highpoint. These two noble goals are what have brought the Stenian Confederacy to the peak of prominence and importance it holds now. But not all dwarves in the early days of mech creation had purely altruistic goals for their technology. And thus were several sets of plans and designs for mechs sold for a hefty price to the cousins of the dwarves, the derro.

Though reviled worldwide by their better-known cousins, the crazed dwarves of the underdeep's deepest depths have proven to be quite adept at putting mech technology to use. Just as innovative and driven as the creators of the



mechs, it's been reported that several derro communities have set about creating their own mechs, and in some cases, created whole underground manufacturing structures for some unknown purpose. But regardless of the derros' long-term plan for their creations, the most obvious result of their experiments in mech creation has been the odd mechs called razids.

Razids are strange creations, even by the twisted standards of a derro's maddened mind. Seemingly created from huge, seamless blocks of alabaster and other pale stone, razids have no distinguishing features except for a pair of blocky, short feet that slowly propel the mech. Obviously not built for combat – or even the convenience of those that must operate it (being that they can only enter

by a rope extended from a porthole at the mech's lowest point) – the exact purpose and use of razids is unclear, as is what even causes them to move. Despite these facts, the derro are obviously manufacturing these insanity-inspired mechs en

masse.

Razid rarely engage in battle, wisely choosing to retreat as swiftly as their short legs can carry them. When forced into battle, razids are almost completely ineffectual, merely bumping and beating against an enemy with useless slams.

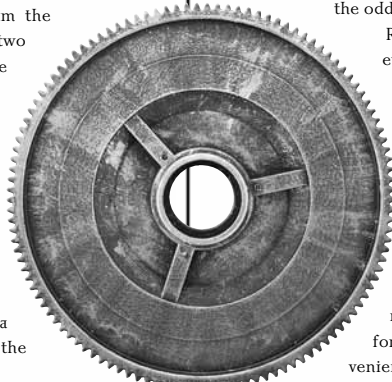
Regardless of their purpose, or lack thereof, many who have encountered the derro and their strange mechs in recent years have complained of headaches afterward, reporting an odd resonance that seemed to emanate from the razids.

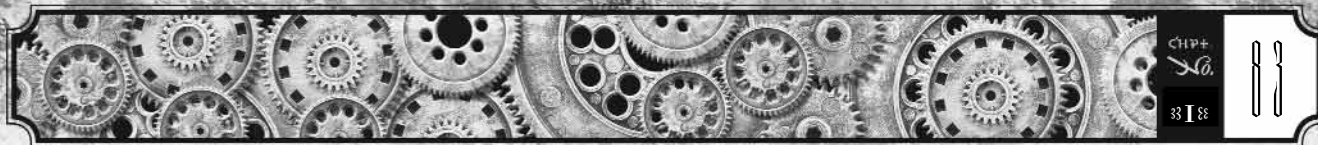
Derro, Allies of the Lunar Invasion

It has never been a secret that the derro hold no love for the other races of Highpoint. Reclusive and often hostile toward even their dwarven cousins, derro are seen by many as an entire race of lunatics and murderers. And in this case, many would be right.

But perhaps it was their societal insanity, an unhinged mindset combined with a hatred toward all other living things, that made the derro such attractive allies to the alien forces of the falling moon.

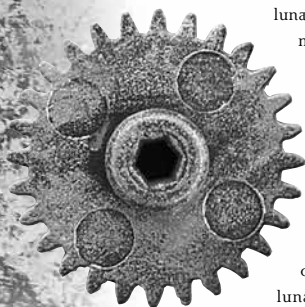
It is unknown how the derro were contacted by the agents of the lunar gods, but they are now firm-





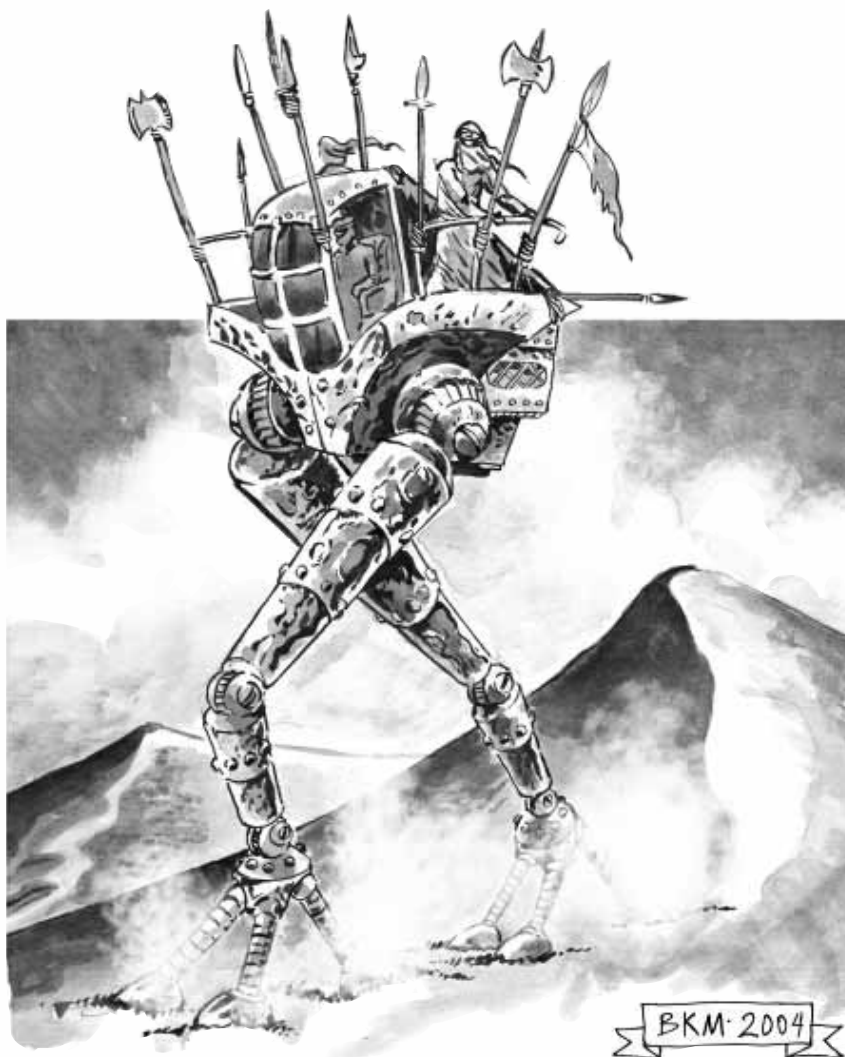
ly aligned with the otherworldly invaders. Since the lunar rain has caused them to suffer little in their deepest of underground fortresses, the derro bear their lunar allies no enmity. What the creatures of the moon offered the derro in this most unnatural of clandestine alliances has been kept secret from all but the oldest and most powerful elders of the race, but it has mobilized the entire race toward the lunar cause. The results of this have been hundreds of the strange mechs called razids, and daily their numbers grow.

While other races see these machines as a technologically augmented manifestation of the derros' madness, the strange white mechs do indeed have a greater purpose. At the behest of the derros' lunar allies, each razid is crafted from huge slabs of alien stone into great obelisks holy to the lunar gods, making each razid a mobile shrine to an alien deity. Even though at first glance they seem to be nothing more than frail constructs, each razid holds the potential to channel vast amounts of divine lunar power. What this means is understood only by the unfathomable lunar minds. Currently, the alien mechs are moving to places of power across and below Highpoint's surface. When the time is right, and the lunar gods are close, it is these mech-shrines and the worship they will soon inspire that will guarantee the alien deities complete mastery over Highpoint and its weak gods.



SAND STRIDER

Size: Huge
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 5
Height: 24 ft.
Space/Reach: 10 ft. by 10 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 1
Firing Ports: 5
Hit Dice: 12
Hit Points: 66
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 17, Red 7
Base Initiative: +6
Speed: 60 ft.
Maneuverability: Good
AC: 8
Hardness: 10 (iron)
Base melee attack: +2
Base ranged attack: +6
Unarmed damage: 1d8+4
Trample: largest Small; safe Small; damage 2d6
Saves: Fort -2, Ref +2, Will -



Abilities: Str 18, Dex 22, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 44
Base Planning Time: 88 days
Base Cost: 5,797 gp
Total Cost: 5,827 gp
Labor Requirements: 1,920 man-hours
Construction Time: 24 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
Special: Fast legs

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
2	Open
2	Onboard Weaponry
5	Total

Sand striders are simple mechs with exceptionally long legs, crafted by the human nomads that live on the edge of the Wet Desert. Little more than two long, multi-jointed legs supporting a raised platform, these strangely shaped mechs have become favored tools of the wanderers that create them.

Light to the point of seeming fragile, sand striders are capable of picking their ways across even the most treacherous ground and running at significant speeds. Used by their owners to scavenge across the Wet Desert, these mechs make it easy to travel the soft sands looking for food or useful items washed in by the frequent floods. Like great marsh birds, these mechs allow their riders to wade through murky desert and into the sea shallows, where they can spear fish or hook bits of debris

without exposing themselves to the dangers that lurk within the sand and water. Since some of the creatures native to these areas are large enough to threaten the mech's passengers even when the legs are extended to their highest point, many sand striders are equipped with long lances protruding from their fronts. Often scavenged from debris their owners have discovered, these lances could be anything ranging from sharpened pieces of coral and crudely crafted harpoons to ancient weapons affixed to long poles.

Besides deterring attacks, these spindly mechs allow their owners to avoid the frequent flash floods that wash across the areas in which they reside. Many of these desert scavengers have actually made their homes atop their mechs, creating simple reed-roofed shacks on mechanized legs.

Along with their versatility and defensiveness, these birdlike mechs also allow the desert wanderers to range farther and faster than they would be able to normally. Most notably, however, the mechs allow them to access the land bridges and

Moreover, the rapid development of mechs in such an inhospitable region has further fueled interest in the ancient dwarven relics of the Wet Desert, the Pretominin Heads. Coglayers from other lands who have seen sand striders in action are baffled as to how the technology-starved nomads could have built them. The nomads aren't saying.

Wanderers of the Wet Desert

To say that those that wander between the Wet Desert, its fringes, and its oft-flooded land bridges are a strange and eclectic people implies an organization among them that is far from present. As such, these roving bands of desert folk are thought of, at best, as strange gypsy scavengers and, at worst, as unpredictable lunatics.

The wanderers, as they are most commonly known, are an diverse group, consisting of creatures of all races and with all manner of backgrounds and beliefs, as well as exiles, misfits, outcasts, the homeless, and the insane. Universally accepting, these people judge creatures on an individual level, and as long as they don't pose a threat to their loose communities, are content to let others do as they please. A wanderer community often consists of two or three families and perhaps an equal number of whatever individuals have joined them for protection. Although families may be fiercely loyal to one another, the other members of the group are free to come and go. They will band together to ward off greater threats, but these small groups can hope for no greater unity than a group of familiar neighbors, trading and helping one another as they see fit, yet rarely willing to sacrifice themselves for each other.

Picking through the sands of the Wet Desert and the seasonally flooded environs, sometimes on foot, but more often from the tops of their high-legged sand strider mechs, these people scour the sands for food and items of value. Though food is the most valuable treasure, relics from before the lunar rain are often unearthed by the floods, while other strange debris is sometimes washed ashore. With this flotsam, the wanderers trade among each other, judging worth and value by the object's usefulness as a tool, its potential versatility, or by personal interest in the item alone. Thus, to wanderers a gold piece might only be valuable to someone with a taste for shiny metal, while

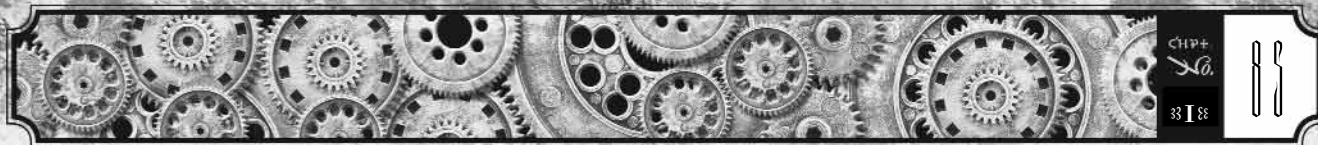
another might eagerly trade it away for a reed that makes a particularly sturdy fishing pole.

Living even more at the mercy of the natural world than perhaps any other people on Highpoint (including the orcs), the Wet Desert wanderers have developed a strange set of naturalistic beliefs and superstitions. With roots in the savage religions of goblinoid races and other savages, these strange beliefs rely on a potent mix of naturalistic divinations, such as cloud or tide reading and throwing animal bones, minor sacrifices to appease the spirits of the sands, seas, muck, and questionable herbalistic concoctions. Thus, nearly every group of wanderers has a shaman or witch doctor, who is often merely the oldest (or most insane) member of the group. Outsiders commonly dismiss the rantings and wild rituals of these pseudo-savage clerics as nothing more than lunacy, yet many shamans are truly knowledgeable of the ways of the desert and can commune with the strange powers of the world. As such, most unexpectedly, some of these strange holy men have reawakened a power within the earth unseen since the days before the lunar rain, when druids still tended the lands.

Though commonly lone groups of barely attached individuals, the wanderers are best known for their bazaars. At relatively regular times throughout the year, usually corresponding with the coming of a new season or recurring flood through the desert, many groups of wanderers come together either on the eastern shore of the Wet Desert or the southern coast of its semi-inaccessible island. In a confusing celebration of a multitude of varyingly legitimate religions and just simple joy at life and freedom, these strange peoples trade among tribes and share rumors, stories, and information. Often, at the end of these celebrations, as the various groups wander apart, they have completely reorganized, with members joining and leaving communities as they please. While other people usually see these wanderer bazaars as nothing more than great debauched celebrations, the Irontooth Clans, tortogs, and orcs often send traders to meet with the wanderers. Relatively accepting of strangers, they often deal with outsiders to obtain machinery for their simple mechs and other finished goods, while the outsiders eagerly search the wanderers' wares for items of true value that they may have uncovered.

Overall a peaceful and simple lot, the wanderers practice a regime of avoidance and non-confrontation. Knowing that lunar threats, monsters from the depths, or bloodthirsty orc hordes could easily destroy their tiny groups, wanderer communities rarely approach large groups of outsiders and are quick to flee from threats. For increased safety, the wanderers have claimed the southern coast of the island north of the Wet Desert as their favored land. Difficult for other races to access and secluded from the politics of the rest of the world, these flighty bohemians seek only to enjoy the life they scrape off the land and to be left alone.

sandy islands north of the Wet Desert even during times that the seasonal floods cut it off from the rest of the world. Though the wanderers are not numerous or organized enough to do much more than trade food, scavenged debris, and ideas with one another, they have decided that the southern coast of that island is their territory. They are relatively welcoming to strangers who don't threaten their territory, but these strange and eccentric pseudo-tribes are growing in number and influence throughout the areas they roam.



CHP#
No.
3188

88

SHRINE OF OON

Size: Colossal IV
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 128
Height: 160 ft.
Space/Reach: 80 ft. by 80 ft./10 ft.
Crew: 32
Firing Ports: 51
Hit Dice: 168
Hit Points: 924
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 762,
Orange 231, Red 92
Base Initiative: -3
Speed: 40 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 11
Base melee attack: +6
Base ranged attack: -2
Unarmed damage: 5d6
Trample: largest Colossal; safe Huge; damage 7d6
Saves: Fort 0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 38, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 50
Base Planning Time: 100 days
Base Cost: 22,339 gp
Total Cost: 19,231 gp
Labor Requirements: 30,720 man-hours
Construction Time: 384 days (10 avg. laborers
plus 1 overseer)



PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
32	Crew
8	Open
80	Onboard Weaponry
128	Total

The Shrine of Oon is perhaps one of the strangest and most enigmatic mechs in existence. Serving as the home of the mysterious monks of Oon, this mech is nothing so much as a giant mobile temple of wood and steel. Constructed to appear as a towering pagoda, several dozen sets of insectoid, mechanical legs extend from the bottom floor of this mech, making it look as though the structure rides atop the back of a massive insect.

Though the monks of Oon are thought to be a peaceful group, their temple is well suited to withstand most attackers. With colossal ballistae pointing from the pagoda's battle floor (midway up on each side) and a sizable, rotating catapult perched at the temple's top, the temple can defeat most threats from a range. The mech has no melee defenses, yet its pilots always seem to move it into highly defensible positions. It's a rare enemy that even reaches the Shrine of Oon's gates.

The Shrine of Oon is usually encountered in one

of two positions: legs extended scurrying across the land, or with its legs retracted into its sub-floors, making it appear to be simply a large but normal structure.  The shrine mech's pilots seem to prefer that our  don't realize that their home is, in fact, a mech; accordingly, they only travel at night and under overcast or foggy conditions. This affords the shrine and its monks their aura of mystery, as their temple appears and disappears in the most inscrutable spots without warning.

The interior of the Shrine of Oon is laid out much like one would expect after seeing it from the outside. The first (lowest) levels of the mech hold several training halls, simple gardens, meditation spaces, and a large gate that usually remains closed. On these levels, the temple's monks practice their disciplines and train each other in the arts of martial combat and oneness of mind and body. Above these levels are the monks' living quarters, where they regularly sleep, study, and take their meals.

These floors are just under the battle floor, where watchful guards constantly man the shrine's ballistae. The floors above the battle level are private dojos, where the most skilled of the order's brothers receive higher instruction into the monks' greater secrets. Few outsiders ever see these floors and it is rumored that ancient treasures and teachings from long before the lunar rain are kept here. The highest of the mech's floors holds the quarters of the order's abbot, the mech's bridge and lookout point, and a great, rotating catapult on the roof. Famous and yet still mysterious, the shrine incites both fear and curiosity among those it passes. Although many townsfolk invariably approach the shrine, some never return. Whether these lost investigators joined the monks or were captured and punished for their inquisitiveness is a question that is rarely answered and the monks are unable or unwilling to tell.



SPECIAL RULES

Construction Costs: For reference, the Shrine of Oon's cost was calculated as follows:

- The base cost of 22,339 gp comes from the normal rules for labor, materials, and armor for a steam-powered mech of Colossal IV size.
- To this base cost is added the cost of the weapons, or 5,100 gp, which is the cost of four Colossal ballistae and one Colossal catapult.
- The stats for the shrine differ from a standard Colossal IV steam-powered mech in several regards. The speed, maneuverability, hit dice, Strength, and Dexterity are all nonstandard.
- Because Strength is one increment less than normal (the same as a Colossal III steam-powered mech) and Dexterity is one increment more than normal (also the same as a Colossal III mech), the cost of the decrease and increase cancel each other out for a net change of zero.
- To reflect the poorer maneuverability, the mech's cost is reduced by one standard increment (3,283 gp, calculated according to the sidebar on page 84 of *DragonMech*).
- The same adjustment is made to reflect the poorer speed. Technically, the mech's speed is four increments below a Colossal IV mech, but reducing the price by four increments makes it too cheap, so this is an exception to the normal rules.
- Finally, the mech's hit dice are halfway between that of a Colossal III and Colossal IV mech, so the cost is reduced by 1,642 gp (half of the standard increment of 3,283 gp).

The Monks of Oon

The monks that make their home in the shrine of Oon are one of the last, and certainly the most progressive, monastic orders on the face of Highpoint. With a history that dates back centuries before the coming of the lunar rain and a belief that is as ancient as time itself, the monks seek spiritual and bodily perfection and search out extremes to weather their souls.

The monks of Oon accept all children into their ranks and all adults who seem seriously interested in attaining perfection and who can pass a series of tests. These tests are never the same and are always devised by the leader of an order of monks to be both physically strenuous and personally enlightening to the one enduring the trial. Due to this dogma of acceptance and a belief that anyone can attain enlightenment, a monk of Oon could be of any race or come from any background. This path most commonly attracts gnomes, half-elves, half-orcs, halflings, and humans, while elves, dwarves, and orcs often have greater racial beliefs and goals that prevent them from dwelling on arbitrary personal oneness. However, there are always exceptions,

and members of all of Highpoint's races have representatives among the monks.

When a new member has been accepted and initiated into the order, they must make three vows: to pursue the path to enlightenment, to defend the order and its members, and never to speak unless endowed with permission. Though the first two vows are most understandable and most easily obeyed, the vow of silence is perhaps what the monks of Oon are best known for. Even the order's youngest members are taught that speech is not acceptable, and so the little communication that the monks have with one another is either physical instruction or written. The monks believe that one's speech only limits their thoughts and the voices of others can bring only restricting views, thus the expressions of the body and mind are the only pure forms of communication. In fact, only experienced monks are taught how to write and are allowed to enter the communities of other groups. Being in a town full of people, constantly speaking and filled with noise, is perhaps the greatest fear of many monks. Those monks that break their vow of silence, or indeed any of their vows, have shown that they do not have the discipline to face enlightenment and are exiled from the order.

Although the vast majority of monks refuse to speak, two members of every order are allowed to verbally communicate, and even then only with outsiders or in dire emergencies. The head of any order is allowed to break this vow without repercussion, as he has proven that he cannot face enlightenment. The other is the Voice of the order. This individual is always a mid-ranking monk known for both his skill and usually his physical attractiveness. Though the monks have no care for physical appearances, they realize that there are times that they will need supplies and goods from other races and that they are unlikely to obtain what they need if they cannot bargain for it. Consequently, the Voice of the order is allowed to leave the order, using his charm and speech to secure what his brethren need. The Voice of an order is often the member who interacts with outsiders should they approach the order's sanctuary, even if it is just to ward them away, and performs all other dealings involving the outside world. Therefore, if an order has been robbed by outsiders, it is up to the Voice to find the criminals and bring them to face the order's justice.

Orders of the monks of Oon are rare and difficult to find. Areas exposed to environmental extremes, mountains, seacoasts, deserts, and even deep underground are all prime places to find a temple of Oon. Though they are not known for their blatant goodwill to outsiders, the monks are not a harsh lot and can be convinced to provide services and protection for due compensation. However, while such compensation is never of a monetary form, it often ends up being exorbitantly expensive in other ways.

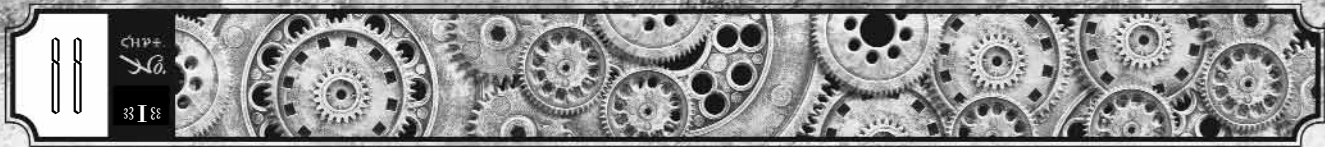
While the order of Oon has several hidden monasteries and divisions throughout Highpoint and even in the underdeep, the best known is the Shrine of Oon. This wandering temple serves as the home of the order's nameless abbot and carried the most talented students and skilled teachers. Hoping to refine the natural talents of its crew, the Shrine of Oon seeks out places where the lunar rain has most devastated the land and finest vistas of the most potent natural beauty, exposing its passengers to the dichotomy of existence and raising their awareness.

Perhaps the greatest mystery of the monks of Oon is that of their nameless leader. Rarely approached and never seen, the abbot of the monks of Oon is said to be ancient beyond reckoning, and one of the direct descendants of Oon, the founder of the order. The abbot seldom leaves his floor near the top of the shrine, a maze of red and white paper screens. The few who have come close to the abbot only ever hear a crackling voice of extreme age, and may perhaps see a vague, short humanoid silhouette. The abbot has instructed that once a month a single bowl of broth be brought to his floor and that he be fetched on the order's holy days on the longest and shortest days of the year. On these biannual occasions, the Voice of the Shrine of Oon and its three most respected masters carry a palanquin, surrounded by paper veils and screens, down to "oversee" the festivities. Besides these times,

the abbot has ordered that his meditations not be interrupted unless a threat appears that endangers all the monks throughout Highpoint. The last time the abbot's meditations were interrupted, the lunar rain had begun. Who the abbot is, what his intentions are, and why he insists on remaining a mystery, even to his own followers, is just another of the monks of Oon's enigmas, but one that few are foolish enough to even attempt to reveal.

Perhaps the most interesting occurrence regarding the monks of Oon in the past decades has been their discovery and fascination with mechs. Being that mechs are by far the most powerful and destructive weapons on Highpoint, they embody the monks' desire for extremes. Thus, they have sought to learn more about mechs and those that use them, and have even incorporated mech technology into their most sacred Shrine of Oon. The monks have found that their beliefs currently are most akin to those of the Irontooth Clans and find them easiest to deal with. There's even a rumor that it was Irontooth engineers who fitted the Shrine of Oon for movement and that, in return, monks of Oon trained with mechs and taught the clans the secrets that would become mech fu.

One curious thing about the steel warlord is the placement of its buzzsaw. While most mechs have their primary melee weapon on their right arm, this mech's buzzsaw is mounted on the left. The original plans called for this arrangement, and most copies in existence specify the same. Some left-handed mech jockeys have claimed that this gives them an advantage in combat, and that this is further proof that the steel warlord is an advanced design. Most coglayers think instead that the original plans were copied backwards.



Special Rules

Heavy Payload (Specific): This new trait allows a mech to carry unusual loads in a way designed to accommodate a specific cargo. If hauling the intended load, this mech gains the normal benefits of heavy payload (50% more PU for the purpose of cargo, excluding weaponry and passengers). If used to carry any other sort of cargo, the mech can only carry 25% extra PU. Heavy payload (specific) raises the mech's base cost by 20%.

Clockwork Puppets: Most copies of the steel warlord design include a schematic for the dwarf-like clockwork creations it carries in its hold. Anyone using this plan to make puppets specifically for a steel warlord will save 20% on the cost of each puppet. Each puppet has all the elements described below (weapons are provided at the owner's discretion, with no impact on the cost discount). The units cost 6,850 gp normally, or 5,480 gp with the plans:

- Medium clockwork puppet
- Folder
- Animator
- Discriminator
- Voice command

Most steel warlords carry one or two puppets whose purpose is to help unload the others, which can be a tiresome task. It takes one Medium creature 2 minutes to remove a folded puppet from its storage rack.

SYLVAN REVENGER

Size: Colossal V

Power Source: Animated

Payload Units: 256

Height: 180 ft.

Space/Reach: 90 ft. by 90 ft./90 ft.

Crew: 1 (weapons: 0)*

Firing Ports: 77

Hit Dice: 160

Hit Points: 880

Critical Thresholds: Not subject to critical hits

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 100 ft.

Maneuverability: Poor

AC: 2

Hardness: 13 (wood, Colossal V)

Base melee attack: +8

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 3d12+16

Trample: largest Colossal II; safe Gargantuan; damage 8d6

Saves: Fort 0, Ref -2, Will -

Abilities: Str 42, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 54

Base Planning Time: 108 days

Base Cost: 60,768 gp

Total Cost: 79,485 gp



Labor Requirements: 61,440 man-hours

Construction Time: 110 days (70 avg. laborers plus 7 overseers)

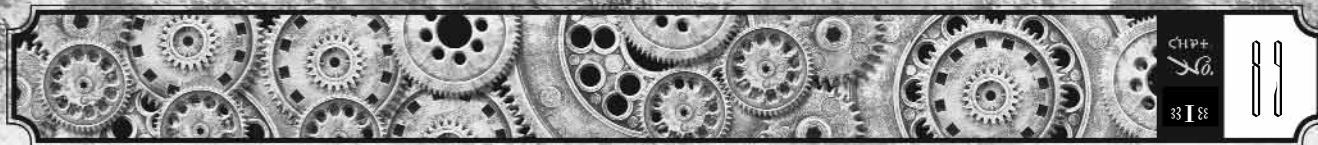
* The intelligent animating force of the Sylvan Revenger usually obeys its pilot's commands regarding its weaponry. It can reload and make attacks on its own.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
63	Open
192	Onboard Weaponry
256	Total

To the civilized people of Highpoint, Bryn Crazy Oak is a volatile and dangerous ally, but her methods and accomplishments force all others to give her a great amount of respect, and a wide berth.

Bryn Crazy Oak was born nearly 60 years before the beginning of the lunar rain. When the moon began to fall, she and many of the other most powerful druids on Highpoint sought a swift and permanent solution to save their endangered world. They tried many options, natural and magical, and entered alliances throughout the world and the planes. But nothing helped. In the end, the high druids of that forlorn age were wiped out, along



with the natural order they strove so long to defend. Or so the world thought.

Fifteen years ago, a massive, four-legged mech shaped like an enormous tree, and seemingly constructed of an entire forest of smaller, interwoven trees, appeared on the outskirts of Legion territory. What those who engaged the strange mech, thought to be of elven make at the time, discovered was unlike anything they could have expected. A shriveled, spritely woman of extreme age greeted the Legion mechs on foot and presented them with a gift of the skulls of eight lunar dragons. Giving her name as Bryn Crazy Oak, she proclaimed herself the last of the old druids, reentered her mech, and has wandered the land ever since.

Bryn and her strange tree mech, the Sylvan Revenger, is perhaps the most stalwart opponent the lunar invaders have faced on Highpoint. The last druid wanders the world in search of traces of lunar creatures and hunts them down, regardless of size or number, slaughtering the beasts she blames for destroying the world. How the ancient human has remained alive through the centuries and how her mech was formed is unknown. Those daring few who have dealt with the crazed druid report that all she has to say on the matter is that her mech is the last forest of the old world and that it won't allow itself to be planted until the natural order is set to rights. How Bryn and her mech plan on accomplishing such a feat in the long term is unknown, but currently the ancient druid seems content to travel the ruin of the world and clear it of its invaders, one by one.

It has never been engaged in combat with another mech, yet the Sylvan Revenger is clearly a force to be reckoned with. Massive and strong beyond measure, the tree mech has a speed and resistance unheard of in mechs of its size and material. Though it bears the claw and bite marks of dozens of lunar dragons and other alien foes, many of their skulls now decorate its branches, which sweep down to entangle and crush all opponents of Bryn Crazy Oak's vision of nature.

Bryn Crazy Oak, Last of the High Druids

In a time long ago, before the lunar rain or the horrors it brought, the druids of Highpoint tended to the needs of the land. United under one great council of high hierophants, this congress of nature worshippers strove to maintain the balance between civilization and natural wonders. And despite the conflicts they had with the races and cultures of the world and the battles they fought to sustain the planet, it was a good time to be alive.

During this time lived a druid named Bryn. Her parents had been druids before her and she was

raised on the outskirts of Lilat Forest, where the great trees met the rolling seacoast. Her youth was an idyllic one, surrounded by her family and their druidical and elven friends. They tended their groves and the creatures of the forest and were at peace with nature. As Bryn grew, she seemed more of a nature spirit than a half-elf. She loved the forest and its creatures and was a capable caretaker of both. At a meeting of druids one year, one of the hierophants was heard to say that she was as beautiful and rare as a mountain lily that had learned to sing like a morning lark. Therefore, on her fourteenth birthday, her naming day, she was given the name Flying Lily. Unfortunately, that birthday was the last Bryn would ever celebrate and the name Flying Lily would not last for long.

In the following months, druids throughout Highpoint began suffering from wild and terrifying dreams. Although each was different, the hierophants were sure the dreams foretold some great devastation, and so they communed long and deeply with nature hoping to gain some insight. All any of them saw was the moon, but this revelation was meaningless to them at the time – until the nights that the moon seemed larger in the sky and the lunar rain began.

The first night of the lunar rain wrought devastation that none of the druids were prepared for. Many panicked, working to repair the damage to their personal groves and lands under their care, while others went to the council of hierophants for advice. Over the next days, the council worked their greatest magics until they were exhausted, and to no avail as each night the lunar rain grew worse and worse. Soon it became obvious that the rains would scorch the surface of the planet and that none who remained above ground would survive, but the druids refused to abandon the plants and animals they had tended so long. Creating great shields of magic over their most treasured forests, hoping that they would prove sufficient shelter for the creatures that huddled below them to survive, the druids awaited the next rain.

Bryn and her family were under one of these shields the night their power would be tested. She had been told to stay near her parents, but a small rabbit she had befriended had wandered into the surrounding forest. She found herself lost and alone in an unfamiliar wood with the glimmering sparkles of the hierophants' magic shield sparkling above her when the night's lunar rain began. The last thing she remembered was seeing a great white shard, a piece of the moon itself, spiraling down

towards her. Beautiful and terrible at the same time, she watched the lunar meteor streak towards her and felt the forest around her grow close. Then everything, for a long time, was darkness.

The shields the druids created throughout Highpoint proved to be useless. The lunar rain's increasing intensity shattered the magical shields in moments and laid ruin to all beneath them. In one night, the druids of Highpoint were scourged away, along with hundreds of species they hoped to protect and countless miles of wilderness. But in the midst of this great ruin, something did survive.

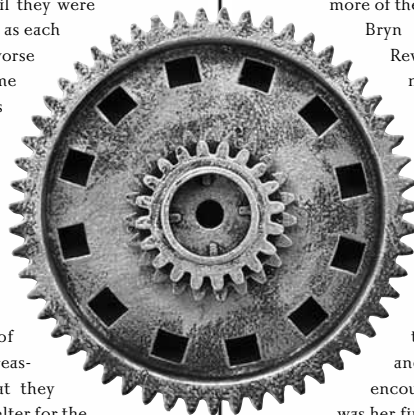
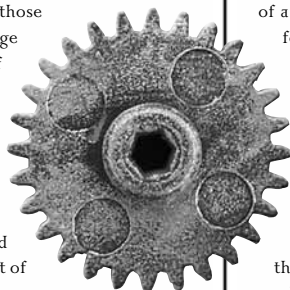
Bryn awoke to a cool rain, the first sensation she had experienced in seemingly an eternity. Though she did not know it, she was far from any lands she had ever known, past the mountains and far to the northwest of the Wet Desert. This land was a barren plain – except for a single gargantuan oak tree that she found herself at the base of. In the trunk of the massive oak was a shallow human-shaped hollow. As she searched the tree, she discovered that she had changed as well – no longer was she a girl, but an old woman, filled with memories that were not her own.

This strange rebirth was nearly five years ago. Since that time, Bryn has theorized that somehow nature and the magic of the druids saved her that night. Somehow she was spared to serve as a repository of the druids' knowledge and memories. She was to enact their will, healing a world that had suffered through catastrophe. Created to aid her was the great living tree in which she found herself reborn, a mysterious plant that seems to know more of the world than it can tell, which

Bryn has dubbed the Sylvan Revenger. Able to control and move the tree, Bryn has traveled back across Highpoint, surveying the devastation.

As she and the Sylvan Revenger have traveled, they have encountered numerous lunar interlopers. Filled with a never-before-felt disgust and loathing toward these creatures, Bryn has hunted down and destroyed all she has encountered. Her greatest battle was her first encounter with one of the terrible lunar dragons. Facing an aged member of that alien race, the Sylvan Revenger was nearly unable to withstand the creature's attacks, but with the aid of magic Bryn did not know she possessed, the creature was slain. Its skull became the first of many trophies to adorn the branches of the Sylvan Revenger.

Today, Bryn appears as a stooped and still-vigorous old half-elf of more than a hundred. Twig-thin and frail-looking, Bryn has the dexterousness and strength of a woman a fraction of her age. Since her first encounter with people in this new Highpoint,



Bryn has taken the name **Crazed Oak**, half in amusement about what she was called by those folk and half in respect for her new companion, the Sylvan Revenger. Together they resolutely search Highpoint for lunar threats, knowing that the world's healing cannot begin until the last of the

alien taint is wiped away, and teaching others of a forgotten religion that reveres nature and cannot be silenced like any simple god.

Besides her great mission, however, Bryn has come to consider an even bolder task. Fearing that the lunar threat will never end while the moon and its foul rulers still exist, she is considering taking her battle to the

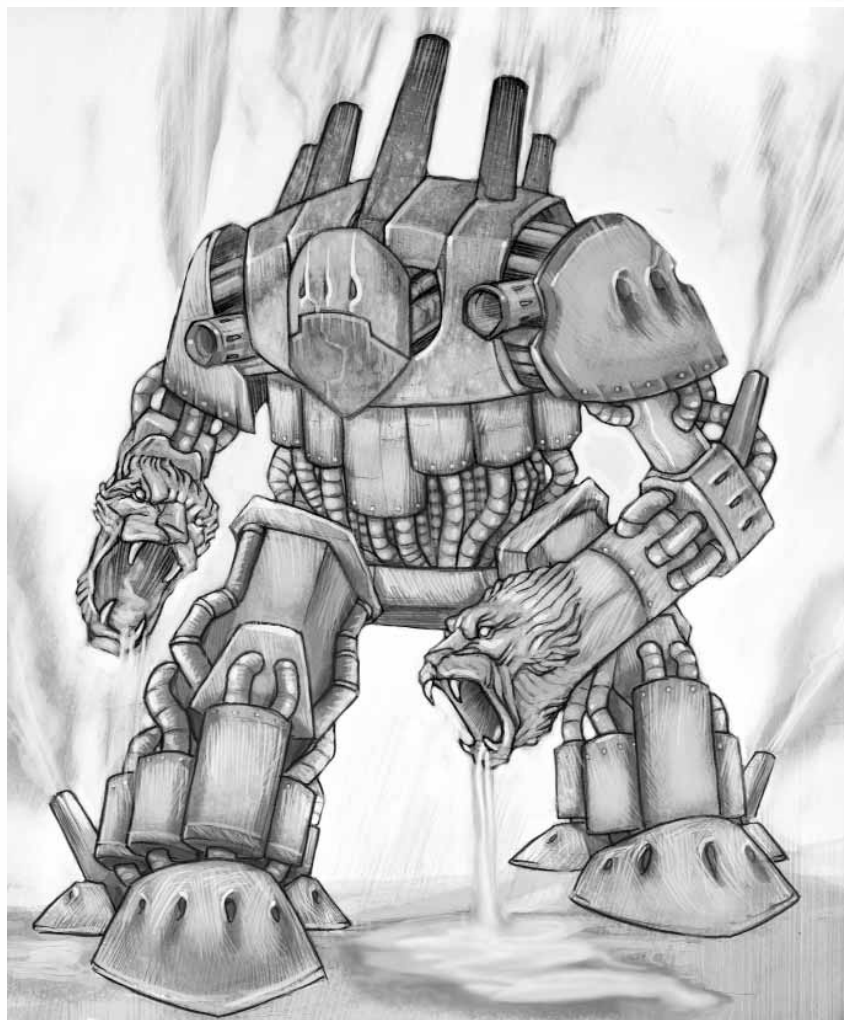
moon. Though she knows that her plan is akin to madness and she doesn't have the ability to travel to the alien rock, she fears that it is the only way that Highpoint can ever return to being a place of natural beauty. Thus, she searches out the ruins of the ancient druid groves and circles, hoping that their great magic might hold the key to removing the greatest threat nature has ever faced.

Bryn Crazed Oak, Female Half-Elf Drd11: CR 11; Medium humanoid (half-elf); HD 11d8+14; hp 63; Init 0, Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +8; Grp +6; Atk +6 melee (1d6-2, quarterstaff); Full Atk +6/+1 melee (1d6-2, quarterstaff); SQ half-elf traits, animal companion, nature sense, resist nature's lure, trackless step, venom immunity, wild sense, wild shape, woodland stride; AL TN; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +12; Str 7, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 20, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +4, Diplomacy +5, Handle Animal +12, Heal +15, Mech Pilot +3, Knowledge (nature) +17, Ride +3, Spellcraft +9, Spot +11, Survival +15; Animal Affinity, Natural Spell, Self-Sufficient, Toughness.

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elven, Halfling, Orc.

Spells Prepared (6/7/5/5/4/3/1; save DC 15 + spell level): 0— *cure minor wounds, create water, detect magic, light, mending, purify food and drink*; 1st— *calm animals, charm animals (x2), cure light wounds, entangle (x2), speak with animals*; 2nd— *barkskin, cat's grace (x2), heat metal, spider climb*; 3rd— *cure moderate wounds, daylight, protection from energy, speak with plants, spike growth*; 4th— *control weather, flame strike, rusting grasp, scrying*; 5th— *baleful polymorph, commune with nature, stoneskin*; 6th— *dispel magic, greater. Possessions:* Quarterstaff, +1 wild hide armor, amulet of natural armor +2.



THUNDERCLOUD

Size: Colossal II

Power Source: Steam

Payload Units: 32

Height: 50 ft.

Space/Reach: 25 ft. by 25 ft./25 ft.

Crew: 8 (weapons: 8)

Firing Ports: 20

Hit Dice: 96

Hit Points: 520

Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 260,

Orange 130, Red 52

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 50 ft.

Maneuverability: Average

AC: 2

Hardness: 10 (stone, Colossal II)

Base melee attack: +2

Base ranged attack: -1

Unarmed damage: 3d6+10

Trample: largest Huge; safe Medium; damage 5d6

Saves: Fort 0, Ref -4, Will -

Abilities: Str 30, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

Mechcraft DC: 44

Base Planning Time: 88 days

Base Cost: 5,245 gp

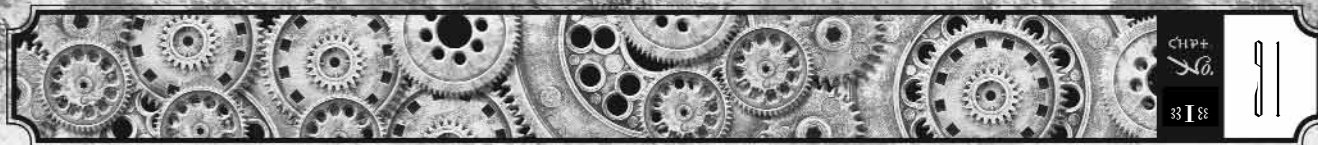
Total Cost: 21,245 gp

Labor Time: 7,680 man-hours

Construction Time: 48 days (20 avg. laborers plus 2 overseers)

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
8	Crew
24	Onboard weaponry
32	Total



Some mech designs are so obviously useful that they become universal. This is true of the thundercloud, which can be found serving with the Stenians, the Legion, and even in Highpoint's remaining cities. It provides excellent fire support for a reasonable price.

The theory behind the thundercloud is simple. Unless an enemy teleports, they have to travel to reach you, and nothing is better against distant targets than a steam cannon. Every available inch of the mech is crowded with steam cannons, ammunition, spare cannon parts, boilers, and the like. The thundercloud is a tall, stable firing platform that's capable of moving around obstacles for a better shot at the enemy. If Highpoint had many cities left, the thundercloud would be an indispensable part of siege warfare. As it is, the mech is widely acknowledged to be a superb piece of defensive weaponry.

Thundercloud tactics are also simple. Each arm supports two steam cannons, a larger one at the hand and a smaller one on the shoulder. When the target comes in sight, the arms are raised to firing position and the shooting starts. A thundercloud's weapons have an impressive field of fire, allowing it to tackle foes in any direction.

This versatility does have a drawback. The arm relays on a steam-powered mech are moderately vulnerable, and if one is knocked out, that arm's larger steam cannon is useless. The smaller shoulder-mounted ones can still be used. These cannons are set on tracks parallel with the mech's neck, each one swiveling to cover half the battlefield.

The only spot that a thundercloud's guns cannot target is the center of its back. Foes occasionally try to exploit this, but a thundercloud is almost never without supporting forces. The mech is as weak in melee as it is strong at range, and it works best as part of a team.

Subtlety is not a thundercloud's strong point. It originally got its name because the booming of all four guns sounds like a storm from a mile or more away, to say nothing of the din within. Between the guns and the mech's own engine, it also generates enormous clouds of steam and smoke when operating at full blast. This can make it difficult to keep targets in sight. Some thunderclouds have a *permanent gust of wind* cast on them to keep the smoke away.

UNDERBREATH

Size: Large
Power Source: Manpower (clockwork hybrid; see below)
Payload Units: 3
Height: 10 ft.
Space/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.
Crew: 1 (see below)
Firing Ports: 3
Hit Dice: Same as pilot (use 10 HD if targeted separately)
Hit Points: Same as pilot (use 55 hp if targeted separately)
Critical Thresholds: Green, Yellow 33, Orange 19, Red 11
Base Initiative: -1*
Speed: +0 ft.*; +20* swim
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: -1*
Hardness: 5 (wood)
Base melee attack: +0
Base ranged attack: -1*
Unarmed damage: 1d6 + pilot's Strength modifier
Trample: largest Tiny; safe Tiny; damage 1d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -1*, Will -
Abilities: Str +0*, Dex -2*, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -
Mechcraft DC: 28
Base Planning Time: 56 days
Base Cost: 750 gp
Total Cost: 1,164 gp
Labor Requirements: 240 man-hours
Construction Time: 3 days (10 avg. laborers plus 1 overseer)
* These mechs use and augment the pilot's own initiative, AC, attacks, damage, saving throws, and abilities.

PAYLOAD USAGE

PU	Use
1	Crew
2	Onboard Weaponry
3	Total

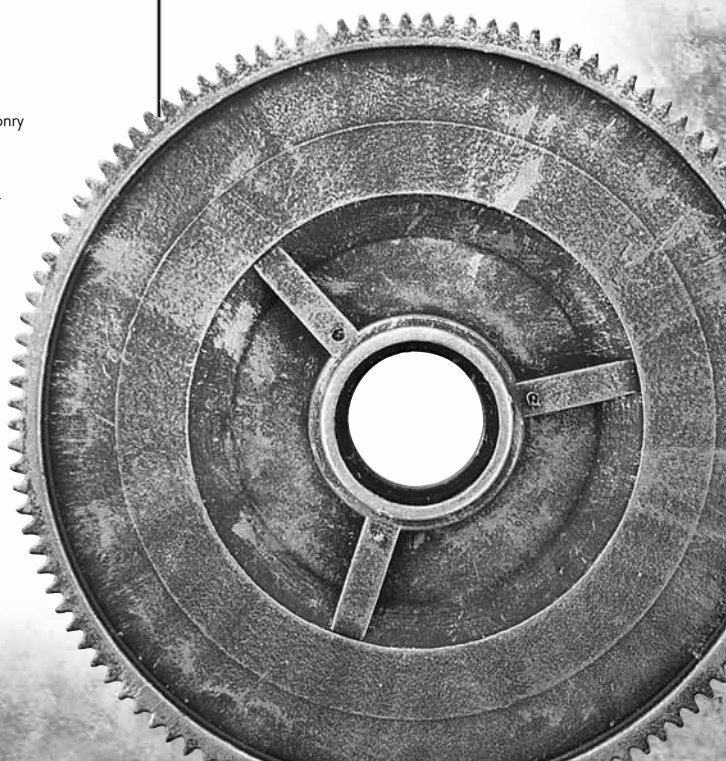
A mech in name only, the underbreather is even less mechanized than other mech armors, such as ashigarus and deep spiders. In fact, the majority of the machinery incorporated into these oversized suits of rubbery armor is there not to augment the wearer's abilities, but merely to allow him to breathe. That's because the aptly named underbreathers are built to allow their wearer to travel

underwater with relative ease.

Underbreathers look much like bulky suits of plate mail armor, yet sculpted from heavy black crude rubber. The hands on the mechs are shaped into large fins, the right bearing a long thin lance attached to it for the pilot's defense. But the helm of these mechs is the most interesting, fashioned with a thick glass plate set to curve around its front and sides, allowing the pilot to see the depths around him without obstruction. Besides having every joint and fixture fit together seamlessly, ensuring that water can't leak into the mech, a series of whirring, clockwork pumps constantly churn and recycle air and water through a heavy pack on the suit's back, allowing the pilot to breathe normally underwater indefinitely.

Underbreathers are not unique to any one of Highpoint's peoples. Though they are most commonly found among the members of the Irontooth Clans and even the wanderers of the Wet Desert, these mechs are well known to most peoples. Orcs have little use for the poorly armored mechs and see nothing beneath the waves worth battling or conquering, but for other races, the ruins of ancient cities and other forgotten treasure lost beneath the waves prove far too tempting not to make use of these ingenious machines.

This has actually led to the formation of whole guilds of underbreather users, skilled at diving beneath the waves to recover things hidden by the seas. These skilled mech pilots have grown wealthy, both from the payment they've received for services rendered and from the wealth they've recovered. Besides the great treasures they've found, though, it seems that Highpoint's seas are not the relatively peaceful places they once were. Though sea monsters of all types have always terrorized sailors and many races adapted to life beneath the waves have always filled





Highpoint's oceans, the lunar rain has filled the seas with new horrors. Those who have explored the depths below tell of whole stretches of ocean tainted by strange forms of lunar pollution, great sunken islands of alien stone, and lunar creatures that ply the waters with seemingly no need to breath.

Special Rules

Leaks: Underbreathers suffer from one potent disadvantage: They are fragile in comparison to nearly all other mechs, and significantly threaten the life of their pilot if disabled. For every point of damage an underbreather or its wearer takes from a single attack, there is a 5% chance that the mech begins leaking. On a critical hit, the underbreather automatically begins leaking. Once it begins leaking, the wearer is treated as being underwater and must hold his breath or begin drowning (as per the drowning rules in the DMG). Thus, if a pilot wearing an underbreather suffers 7 points of damage, there is a 35% chance that his mech stops recycling air and he must swiftly find a new air source before drowning. A Craft (mechcraft) check with a DC equal to 5 + the amount of damage the mech or its pilot has suffered is required to repair an underbreather after it has begun leaking.

Hybrid Power Source: An underbreather is equipped with a small clockwork engine whose primary job is to power the breathing apparatus. The clockwork engine isn't sufficiently powerful to move the entire suit, so the wearer must provide his own manpower as well. This sort of hybrid power source is available only for manpowered mechs of Gargantuan size or smaller, at an additional cost of 250 gp per crewmember replaced.

Lunar Islands

A relatively recent discovery in the seas surrounding the Wet Desert and to the north of the Endless Plains are large floating rocks dubbed lunar islands. These eerie white islands are both accumulations of lunar rain and massive fragments of alien stone that have crashed into Highpoint's seas. With a consistency far less dense than terrestrial stone, these fragments of the moon are often buoyant

enough to float or, in some cases, are sizable enough to touch the ocean's floor and still rise above the water.

Lunar islands are a completely new and mysterious terrain to the people and creatures of Highpoint. Those that find their way onto a lunar island come as close to visiting the surface of the moon as any native of Highpoint ever has. On shores thick with salty gray-green brine, lunar islands are often nothing more than stretches of barren, pockmarked white rock.

Sometimes lunar features have survived their descent, causing features like crags, caves, ridges, and space-blasted hills to appear upon these landscapes. Some explorers have even reported finding what look like towering monoliths, crafted from the same alien stone as the rest of the island, rising above the lunar landscape. What purpose these monuments

serve and what alien hands crafted them remain unknown, as all who have investigated them closely have either vanished or gone mad.

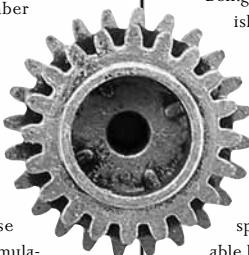
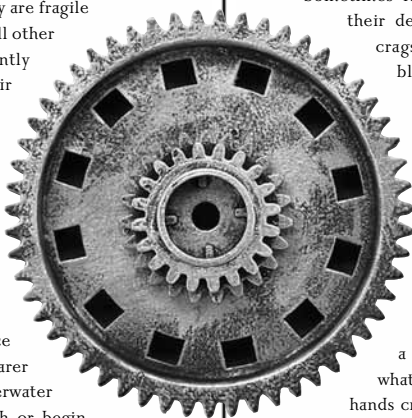
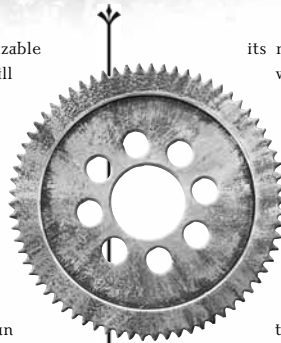
Besides the alien geography they've brought to Highpoint's sea, many lunar islands have carried natives of the moon with them. Although landing in the water has been enough to prevent many lunar horrors from escaping onto the surface, their effects on the planet's oceans have yet to be determined.

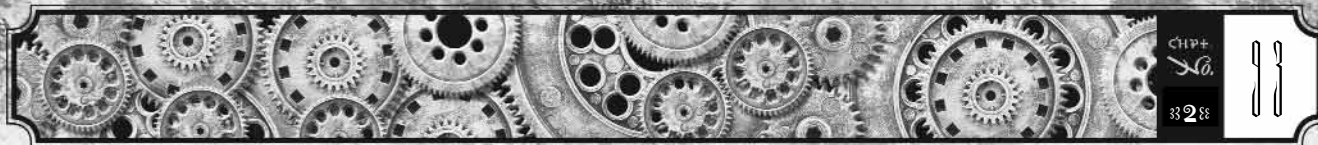
Being that many lunar islands float along with the ocean's currents, there have been numerous reports of a beached island spilling unspeakable lunar monstrosities upon the land. Most notably, the seaside town of Trott's Cove, south of Chemak, was forsaken by

its neighbors when a lunar island washed into its bay and the town was overrun by scalded creatures.

Now an all-too-present addition to Highpoint's geography, lunar islands have proven to bring nothing more than sorrow and death to the vast number of creatures that tread upon them. However, some particularly ambitious prospectors have been

tempted by stories of veins of alien metal, far stronger than mithral and even more easily worked, infusing some lunar islands. Though such a metal has rarely been found in debris from the lunar rain, a whole lunar island riddled with such a metal is enough to inspire many a dwarf or engineer. Not knowing what dangers await them, heavily armed bands of explorers, prospectors, and their well-paid guards often travel to both newly spotted and well-known lunar islands in droves, always trying to be the first to claim whatever alien treasures may lie within.





NEW EQUIPMENT

AS MECHCRAFT EXPANDS, SO DOES THE STUDY OF THE WEAPONS MOUNTED ON MECHS. FOR EVERY COGLAYER WITH AN IDEA FOR A GREAT NEW MECH, THERE'S ANOTHER COGLAYER WITH AN IDEA FOR A POWERFUL NEW WEAPON. THIS CHAPTER DESCRIBES SOME OF THE NEW EQUIPMENT INVENTED IN HIGHPOINT OVER THE LAST FEW DECADES, WHETHER IT'S COMMON ON MECHS OR ONLY JUST NOW STARTING TO APPEAR.

New Weapons

Adamantine Weapons: This ultra-hard metal is valuable at least because it can cleave through nearly anything. Adamantine weapons ignore much of a target's hardness rating. However, it doesn't stand to reason that an orc with an adamantite battleaxe can chop right through Nedderpik's armor to inflict serious damage on the city-mech. The smaller an adamantite weapon is compared to its target, the less devastating it will be.

Normally, an adamantite weapon ignores any hardness rating less than 20. For every size increment between the weapon and its target, this limit drops by 3 (only in cases where the target is larger). If the target's hardness is lower than 20 but higher than this new limit, apply the difference to any damage done by the weapon. Note that adamantite armor will stop adamantite weapons.

For example, a mech using a Huge adamantite axe against a Colossal III mech will only be able to ignore a hardness of 8 (20 minus 12), as they are four increments apart. The bigger mech has a hardness of 16, so it can still stop 8 points of the axe's damage.

Obviously, adamantite weapons are still very effective. This is reflected in the cost of making them for mechs. For every size increment past Large, the weapon's cost is again increased by the base cost of an adamantite weapon. In the case of the Huge axe above, its cost would be increased by 3,000 gp just for being made of adamantite, and another 3,000 gp for being one size bigger than Large.

Alchemists' Catapult: An enterprising gnomish inventor once tried outfitting a mech's flame nozzle to spew alchemist's fire. What remained of the mech stank of burned beard. The sticky self-igniting substance can't be used in the same fashion as regular

fire – but it still has its uses in mech combat.

Alchemist's fire combusts as soon as it contacts air, so spraying it at a target just causes a fireball right outside the weapon's nozzle. Launching a sealed container, however, is quite effective.

So far weaponsmiths have developed both sealed wooden casks and airtight ceramic containers, the latter modeled after the projectiles hurled by the ooze launcher (see below). These containers are strong enough to withstand normal handling, but fragile enough to shatter and disgorge their contents when striking a target.

These casks are placed in the well-padded arm of a gear-driven catapult. It can be powered by steam, clockwork, or manpower, but the alchemists' catapult must be finely calibrated to eliminate the risk of dropping its cargo, and a regular catapult handles its load too roughly. An alchemists' catapult has a shorter range than its mundane equivalent, but as its payload explodes on contact, it proves just as useful.

Against massed infantry, an alchemists' catapult can do more damage than a half-dozen regular mech weapons. It is also dangerous to mechs, as its explosive nature and continual burn practically guarantee that every shot will harm enemy constructs. Nobody has yet created an ethereal alchemists' catapult, but whoever does could change all the rules of mech warfare.

An alchemists' catapult does damage as indicated on Table 2-1 when it strikes a target. It also inflicts splash damage to everything else within 10 feet. On

the round following a direct hit, the same damage is rolled against the target. As a full-round action, the target may attempt to extinguish the flames before this second damage roll. This requires a Reflex save (DC 15), so few mechs are capable of it.

The two drawbacks of an alchemists' catapult are the cost and the fire hazard. Creating enough alchemist's fire requires a great deal of gold, as well as one or more competent alchemists. Once it's made, it has to be stored, and mechs are rarely the safest places to keep delicate ceramics full of flammable goo. As a rule, the PU for an alchemists' catapult includes enough space for 8 of its projectiles. Any time the mech pilot has to make a Mech Pilot skill check, the mech must also make a Reflex save against the same DC or risk cracking the projectiles and causing an explosion. If the mech fails any other Reflex save, it also suffers these effects.

Each projectile has a hardness of 5 and 5 hp, and the jostling of a failed Reflex save causes 2d6 damage to each one (only one damage roll is required for all projectiles; it's simplest to assume they are all equally affected). A mech can usually survive one or two such stumbles, but a pilot carrying an alchemists' catapult had better be either skilled or fireproof. If the projectiles are reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, they immediately explode, causing their normal damage to the interior of the host mech, bypassing its hardness.

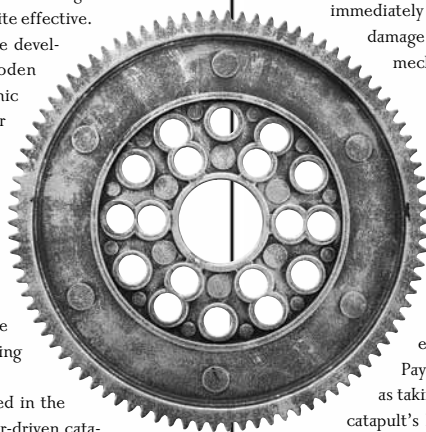
Two storage options are available for the alchemists' catapult projectiles. One allows extra ammunition to be carried; the other provides a fireproof housing that minimizes the risk of accidental explosion. For an extra 1,000 gp, an alchemists' catapult has room to store an extra 8 units of ammunition. Paying an extra 5,000 gp, as well

as taking up an additional 50% of the catapult's PU, will pad and fireproof all

ammunition stored with it. This option gives the mech a +8 to all Reflex saves, only for the purpose of avoiding damage to this ammunition, and reduces the damage caused by exploding ammunition by half. Buying new ammunition for an alchemists' catapult costs one quarter the catapult's original cost for every 8 units.

Kusari-Gama: For centuries, dwarves have relied on ancestral weapons to do battle. Throughout this time, the hammer, flail, pick, and mailed fist have served as the weapons of the race's undeterred determination and sense of honor. But through those centuries, these weapons have become well known, and now even the youngest goblin knows what to expect from a hammer-wielding dwarf. In modern times, the same can now also be said of a hammer-wielding mech.

But the advent of mechs and the trend of societies coming together to live within them has caused a sharing of countless ideas and traditions. What were



once the oldest of tools and techniques to one race have now become the innovations of another, and in few places is this better seen than in the use of traditional human weaponry on dwarf-made mechs. First implemented by the Irontooth Clans, this new generation of mech blurs the tradition between the most advanced technology known to Highpoint and the most ancient of weaponry. This melding of past and present has been so effective that it has given rise to a trend in the creation of new mechs, inspiring such mech models as the kusari-gama, the shurikien, and the wakizashi. Thus, although an enemy may know how to parry even the most surely swung hammer blow, they are far less likely to be prepared for the swirling blade and crushing weight of a kusari-gama.

These strange weapons look like halfted scythes blades attached to a heavy chain ending in bulky iron weights. When scaled for use by mechs, the chain and weighted ends alone could crush a man, while the blade is capable of shearing through even the densest



mech armor.

Kusari-gamas can be used to make one of two separate attacks, either a slashing blow with the bladed end or a bludgeoning attack with the weighted end. While the slashing attack can be made as a normal melee attack, the attack with the weighted end of the kusari-gama can be made at double the mech's usual reach, as it is thrown and reeled back in one deadly motion. Trip attacks with the weighted end receive a

+2 bonus to attack rolls and opposed trip checks due to the unique nature of the weapon.

Using a kusari-gama requires a crew of at least two members and a mech that has two arms to manipulate the dual-ended weapon. Even mechs that might be capable of attacking with both ends of a weapon like a kusari-gama cannot do so, as one end of the weapon must be held steady for the other end to be used effectively or pulled back.

Mass Borer: First created by dwarves operating in the underdeep, during the time of the first mech's creation, mass borers were astonishing tools that promised to revolutionize all future mining and tunneling operations. Decades later, the idealized era of great mechs mining all the ore out of the planet has still not come to pass, but some dwarves remain hopeful. Despite the fact that they never reached their expected usefulness, mass borers are still used throughout the underdeep and on Highpoint's surface, allowing mechs and the people they support to go almost anywhere, from the highest mountaintop to the deepest cavern floor.

Mass borers are always mounted on mechs and can drill holes large enough for any mech or creature of the borer's size to pass through. This effectively gives

TABLE 2-1: NEW WEAPONS

Size	Cost	Damage	Critical	Range	Weight	Type	Crew	PU
Alchemists' Catapult								
Huge	3,200 gp	2d6*	x2	100 ft.	250 lbs.	Fire	2	4
Gargantuan	4,800 gp	3d6*	x2	140 ft.	300 lbs.	Fire	3	8
Colossal	6,500 gp	4d6*	x2	180 ft.	350 lbs.	Fire	4	16
Kusari-Gama								
Huge	1,000 gp	2d6/1d8	x2	—	50 lbs.	Slashing/Bludgeoning	2	4
Gargantuan	2,000 gp	2d8/2d6	x2	—	100 lbs.	Slashing/Bludgeoning	2	8
Colossal	3,000 gp	4d6/2d8	x2	—	200 lbs.	Slashing/Bludgeoning	2	16
Colossal II	4,000 gp	4d8/4d6	x2	—	300 lbs.	Slashing/Bludgeoning	2	32
Colossal III	5,000 gp	8d6/4d8	x2	—	400 lbs.	Slashing/Bludgeoning	2	64
Mass Borer								
Huge	2,000 gp	2dl2	x4	—	80 lbs.	Piercing	1	4
Gargantuan	4,000 gp	3dl2	x4	—	130 lbs.	Piercing	1	8
Colossal	6,000 gp	5dl2	x4	—	230 lbs.	Piercing	1	16
Colossal II	8,000 gp	7dl2	x4	—	400 lbs.	Piercing	1	32
Colossal III	10,000 gp	9dl2	x4	—	760 lbs.	Piercing	1	64

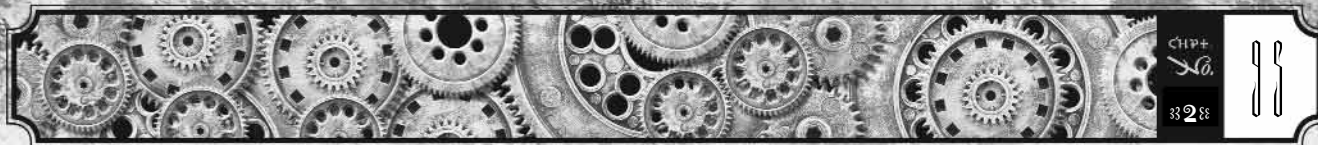


TABLE 2-I CONTINUED: NEW WEAPONS

Mech Bite

Huge	1,000 gp	2d6	x2	—	80 lbs.	Piercing	1	4
Gargantuan	2,000 gp	2d8	x2	—	130 lbs.	Piercing	1	8
Colossal	3,000 gp	4d6	x2	—	230 lbs.	Piercing	1	16
Colossal II	4,000 gp	4d8	x2	—	400 lbs.	Piercing	1	32
Colossal III	5,000 gp	8d6	x2	—	760 lbs.	Piercing	1	64

Mech Hammer

Huge	120 gp	2d8	x3	—	40 lbs.	Bludgeoning	1	4
Gargantuan	250 gp	2dl2	x3	—	65 lbs.	Bludgeoning	1	8
Colossal	900 gp	3dl2	x3	—	130 lbs.	Bludgeoning	1	16
Colossal II	2,500 gp	5dl2	x3	—	230 lbs.	Bludgeoning	1	32
Colossal III	5,000 gp	7dl2	x3	—	400 lbs.	Bludgeoning	1	64

Mech Shield

Large	30 gp	—	—	—	30 lbs.	—	1	2
Huge	90 gp	—	—	—	50 lbs.	—	1	4
Gargantuan	200 gp	—	—	—	85 lbs.	—	1	8
Colossal	600 gp	—	—	—	160 lbs.	—	1	16
Colossal II	1800 gp	—	—	—	270 lbs.	—	1	32
Colossal III	4400 gp	—	—	—	450 lbs.	—	1	64

Net Cannon

Large	60 gp	—	—	—	20 lbs.	—	2	4
Huge	180 gp	—	—	—	40 lbs.	—	2	4
Gargantuan	540 gp	—	—	—	80 lbs.	—	2	8
Colossal	1,500 gp	—	—	—	150 lbs.	—	3	16
Colossal II	4,500 gp	—	—	—	300 lbs.	—	3	32
Colossal III	12,000 gp	—	—	—	500 lbs.	—	3	64

Ooze Launcher

Large (gray ooze)	5,000 gp	16 or 1d6**	—	225 ft.	100 lbs.	Acid	1	2
Huge (black pudding)	10,000 gp	21 or 2d6**	—	300 ft.	200 lbs.	Acid	2	4
Garg. (elder pudding)	20,000 gp	21 or 3d6**	—	400 ft.	250 lbs.	Acid	3	8

Siege Shield

Huge	1,000 gp	—	—	—	100 lbs.	Armor	1	4
Gargantuan	2,000 gp	—	—	—	300 lbs.	Armor	1	8
Colossal	3,000 gp	—	—	—	400 lbs.	Armor	1	16
Colossal II	4,000 gp	—	—	—	600 lbs.	Armor	1	32
Colossal III	5,000 gp	—	—	—	800 lbs.	Armor	1	64

Sling Saws

Huge	700 gp	2d6	x3	180 ft.	100 lbs.	Slashing	2	4
Gargantuan	950 gp	4d6	x3	250 ft.	150 lbs.	Slashing	2	8
Colossal	1,200 gp	6d6	x3	300 ft.	200 lbs.	Slashing	2	16
Colossal II	1,600 gp	4dl0	x3	350 ft.	250 lbs.	Slashing	2	32
Colossal III	2,000 gp	5dl0	x3	400 ft.	350 lbs.	Slashing	2	64

Springbow

Huge	1,500 gp	2d6	x3	60 ft.	200 lbs.	Piercing	2	4
Gargantuan	2,250 gp	4d6	x3	90 ft.	250 lbs.	Piercing	2	8
Colossal	3,000 gp	6d6	x3	120 ft.	300 lbs.	Piercing	3	16
Colossal II	4,200 gp	5d8	x3	180 ft.	350 lbs.	Piercing	3	32
Colossal III	3,400 gp	6d8	x3	210 ft.	450 lbs.	Piercing	3	64

* See description.

** Damage dealt by an ooze launcher is a fixed number if the target is made of wood or metal, or a die roll if the target is flesh. Stone targets are unaffected by ooze launchers. Once the initial damage is dealt, a live ooze of the appropriate type is on the battlefield at the target's feet.

the mech wielding the mass borer a burrow speed of 1/4th its normal land speed. Being that a mech with a borer smaller than itself can't drill very far (as it wouldn't be able to enter the hole it created), mass borers are always affixed to mechs of the same size as the drill.

Though unwieldy in battle, these huge drills deal great amounts of damage. However, unlike a bore puncher, they are much less flexible and require a steady, solid target. Mass borers cannot be used to drill holes into mechs, regardless of their size, as even the largest mech is far too mobile and flexible for it to sufficiently drill through. In game terms, a creature with a speed greater than 0 ft. or a Dex greater than 0 cannot be targeted with a mass borer.

Mech Bite: If mechs are to be used as weapons, then they must fulfill the purposes weapons are used for: destruction and intimidation. Orc mech crafters were the first to realize that modern mechs were not intimidating enough. Obviously a thousand-foot-tall metal giant bristling with cannons and blades can send anything smaller than it running for shelter, but it becomes considerably less fearful if you are also piloting a metal giant. Thus, drawing on their own savagery and that of the most fearsome natural predators, orc craftsmen created jaws for their mechs that make them not just deadly, but significantly more threatening to behold.

Some particularly monstrous mechs have been crafted with great gnashing jaws that function just like the maws of some colossal beast. As a result, these fearful devices are very effective and are favored weapons of the orcs that created them. Relatively simple to control, a mech's bite attack requires a large number of powerful mechanisms to open and close it with enough force to bite through metal. This relatively simple concept can thus become quite costly in its implementation, causing such weapons to see little action.

Mech Hammer: It didn't take the ingenious dwarves long to realize that mechs were perhaps the most versatile tools in all creation. With battle prowess unlike any weapon ever created before and the ability to augment the skills of their wielders to levels previously thought attainable only by the gods, mechs became the ultimate tools of warfare. But this also raised the question of what else mechs could do. With the appropriate accessories and knowledgeable pilots, mechs could be used for burrowing, mining, and even creating new and better mechs. One of the

accessories that allows mechs to serve as more than just killing machines is the simplest of all tools scaled to be used by the giant constructs: mech hammers.

Whether as massive tools or battle-ready weapons, many mechs wield great hammers, either hafted and held in the hand or fixed directly onto their arms. These stats are for standard, flat-headed mech hammers, useful for both battle and colossal construction tasks. Variant mech hammers may be more pick-like and deal piercing damage, while others may be studded with hundreds of smaller spikes or blades. Regardless of how they are customized, mech hammers are favored for their versatility and are often constructed with both battle and numerous other tasks in mind.

Mech Shield: The value of a mech-sized sword is obvious, but what good is it to give a mech a shield? Even the smallest mech has a poor AC, so the marginal benefit from a shield doesn't make up for the space it uses. However, a skilled operator can use the shield to great effect against unorthodox threats ranging from chain tentacles to dragon breath.

The mech shield is a thick metal or wooden plate, just like a regular shield. Unlike most mech equipment, it must be the same size category as the mech holding it to confer any protection. Given its dimensions and the ponderous speed of a mech's arms, it provides less protection to its wielder than the

humanoid equivalent.

Provided one crew member is controlling it, the shield grants its mech a +2 AC bonus.

The shield can be used to deflect many kinds of assault, granting the mech a +4 bonus to any Reflex save made against a direct attack such as dragon breath. The shield also grants a +4 bonus against trip attempts made by all melee weapons other than flails. If a successful trip attempt is made, the mech can drop its shield to avoid the consequences.

Finally, a mech shield can be used to catch and anchor the projectile fired by a chain tentacle. If hit by such a weapon, the mech can make a DC 15 Reflex save, at a special +6 bonus (+2 for the shield, and

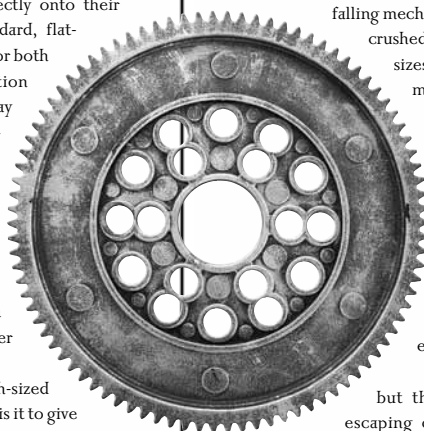
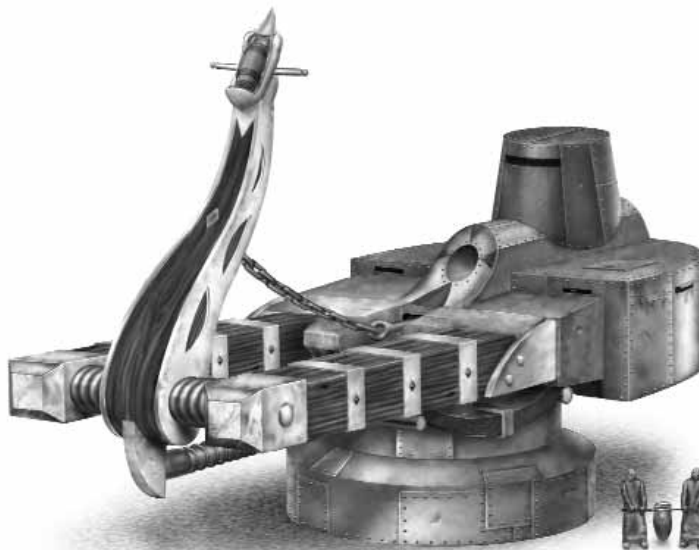
+4 for its bonus to Reflex saves). If successful, the chain tentacle has anchored in the shield rather than the mech's armor, and the shield can be dropped as a free action to escape this hold.

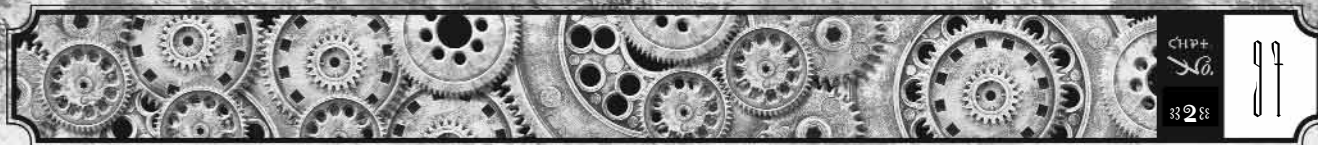

Anyone (or anything) caught underneath a falling mech shield is at risk of being crushed. Targets three or more sizes smaller than the mech must make a Reflex save as if escaping a trample attempt, or suffer damage as if trampled by that mech. Larger creatures are unaffected. Some shield operators will deliberately drop their cargo on massed enemies below.

Few mechs use shields, but they are invaluable for escaping capture attempts. The

Stenians and Legion both deploy shields to protect mechs with valuable cargo (or crews), and a handful of independent operators find them worthwhile, especially if traveling through Irontooth territory.

Net Cannon: Another device making use of springs, the net cannon fires a tightly compressed metal net at its target. The net bundles are held together by an intricate series of springs, which release when clear of the barrel. The net is the same size category as its launcher, and it can snare targets within one size increment of itself. If hit, the target



suffers the penalties associated with being netted: -2 penalty to attack rolls, -4 penalty to Dexterity, can only move at half speed, cannot charge or run.

To escape a net, the target must make either an Escape Artist check (DC 20) or a Strength check (DC 20 plus 2 for every size increment of the net past Medium). Nets fired by the net cannon have 15 hp and a hardness of 3. They do not have a trailing rope.

This weapon functions as Hudie Toothless intended, but he found the results disappointing. Mechs and large creatures are at most inconvenienced by the nets, rather than immobilized. He was drawing up plans for nets with magnetized barbs just before leaving to field-test the weapon one last time.

A functioning net cannon costs approximately the same as a javelin rack of similar size. A version that immobilized mechs or put them at risk of tripping would be worth even more.

Ooze Launcher: A product of the world below ground, the ooze launcher has a devastating effect against most mechs. Wood, iron, and steel dissolve before the attacks of this unusual weapon, and frequently mech crews do too. The ooze launcher utilizes living ammunition - black puddings or gray oozes - to eat away at its targets.

According to legend, this weapon was developed by the Gearwrights Guild to combat a trio of mechs used by the savage derro. These subterranean madmen had stumbled onto a rich vein of mithral and the mechs they created from it were nearly unstoppable. Conventional weapons just bounced off them, and the Gearwrights were at a loss.

Then one of their junior members turned up in an old stone-armored mech, telling of being chased by an enormous black pudding. His metal-clad companions had fallen to the creature's touch, but his mech resisted the ooze's acid. It didn't take long for the Gearwrights to turn this story into a functioning weapon system, and the three derro mechs were dispatched in short order.

Or so goes the tale. Whatever the truth of it, the ooze launcher is an effective and unorthodox anti-mech weapon. It is also difficult to use, and finding the ammunition is an adventure in itself. The traditional version of this weapon uses smaller black puddings, which are not uncommon underground. Some modern iterations instead utilize gray oozes, which are found in cold and damp locations above ground.

An ooze launcher is a carefully calibrated throwing arm with a special dish at the end. The weapon's body

is made of stone, keeping it safe from any accidental spills. Its ammunition is living oozes, each one sealed inside a clay or ceramic sphere known as an ooze globe. These globes are fragile, and the rules governing alchemists' catapults and broken ammunition are used for ooze launchers as well. They key difference is that the globe doesn't explode - instead it releases a ravenous creature that dissolves metal and flesh with abandon.

Ideally, however, this creature will be attacking enemy mechs. The ooze launcher is a delivery system, and everything after it launches its ammunition is up to the actions of the payload. Therefore, the ooze launcher has been built for maximum range. Ease of handling is also a priority, as many crews are skittish about handling live black puddings regardless of containment.

When an ooze globe strikes a target, it shatters and releases the creature, which automatically inflicts its acid damage against the target. This makes it devastating against wood and metal objects (including most mechs), mildly threatening to fleshy ones, and harmless against stone. Once the ooze is released, it follows its own instincts, which usually include attacking whatever large thing it smashed into. A large ooze can inflict a frightening amount of damage against a mech, and it also burns holes through a mech's shell that a boarding party can later use. Note that black puddings are capable of climbing very quickly, and sometimes they scale to the top of a mech and dissolve their way down.

Mechs carrying an ooze launcher should be prepared to fire their more conventional ammunition once the ooze is released.

Flame nozzles and alchemists' catapults are good choices, although the former requires the mech to get uncomfortably close to the ooze. Ambitious crews can try to herd the oozes back into confinement, provided they have empty ooze globes of the appropriate size.

An ooze launcher is assumed to have space for 8 units of ammunition in its PU cost; and another 8 can be stored for an extra 1,000 gp. A secure storage area for ooze globes can be added at a cost of 5,000 gp; this takes PU equal to 50% the size of the launcher. This option gives the mech a +8 to all Reflex saves, only for the purpose of avoiding damage to the ooze globes. Buying new ammunition for an ooze launcher costs one quarter the catapult's original cost for every 8 units.

Siege Shields: Siege shields have been useful equipment for mechs since the earliest days of the great

constructs' use. Essentially massive shields built into the arms of a mech, these huge, thick sheets of metal offer significant defense to their wielder. Meant to deflect the attacks of other giant-sized enemies, the siege shield offers a considerable defense. But besides their use as oversized shields

for mechs, siege shields can also be used against much smaller opponents. Crafted to essentially turn mechs into impassable walls, these shields can be interlocked and lowered to the ground.

Doing so effectively turns makes the mech's front face into a wall of metal and prevents any creature or mech incapable of stepping over it from passing through its space. It's this capability that first gave siege shields their names, as they turn a mech into a mobile, immovable fortress.

This fortified vision of mechs is made all the more appropriate as many siege shields have a crenellated upper edge or long

slits allowing crew members to fire directly through the shield at enemies below.

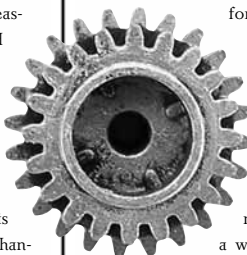
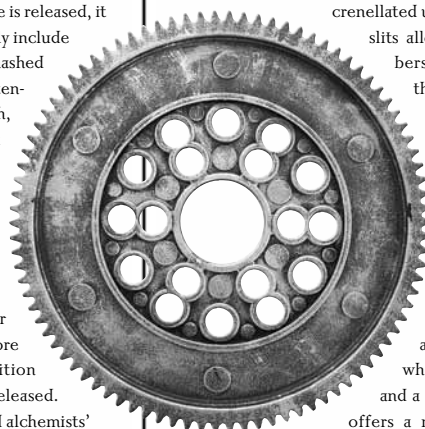
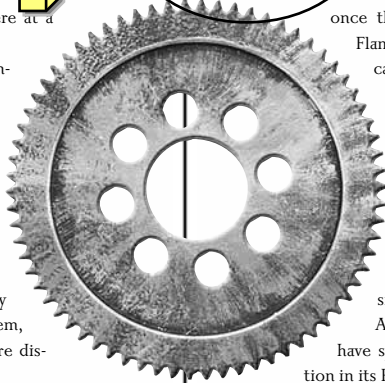
As such, a mech with siege shields does not sacrifice any of its firing ports for the added defense.

Siege shields are only effective when used in pairs and a single siege shield offers a mech no benefit.

Any mech with a pair of siege shields increases its armor class and hardness by +2, but must have the payload units to support this equipment. Siege shields are large and heavy, even for mechs, so those equipped with them are often heavily armored but poorly armed.

As a move action, a mech can lock its siege shields together and set them against the ground. While the mech is set in this way, it cannot move of its own volition (though it can still be bull rushed or otherwise moved by other mechs), but the squares it occupies are completely impassable by creatures unable to stride over them. It's effectively a mobile wall. A mech with siege shields can keep them set for as long as it wants, although it remains immobile during that time. Unsetting the siege shields requires another move action.

Sling Saws: A new generation of mechs has seen the rise of a new generation of weapons. While spears and ballistae may have suited the ship-to-ship and siege combat of the past, a new era of mechs constructed of ever thickening and more durable metals made the need for innovative weaponry all the more urgent.



Thus, drawing upon the traditional weaponry of many ancient human tribes, the shurikiens of old – bladed metal throwing stars – have been augmented in size and design to suit the needs of far larger throwers. This improvement on an ancient idea has led to the elegant and deadly grace of sling saws and their mechanized launchers.

Sling saws are extremely effective against mechs and other heavily armored targets. They ignore the first 4 points of hardness when inflicting damage.

Like the crew of a ballista, the crew of a sling saw launcher must perform two separate tasks: loading the individual sling saw and setting the powerful spring-loaded arm. It is impossible to perform both actions at once. A sling saw with full crew can fire every round. With less than a full crew, reduce the sling saw launcher's firing rate by one round for every missing crewmember. For example, a sling saw launcher missing one crewmember could only fire once every other round.

Springbow: This weapon is essentially a phenomenally tight spring in a metal tube. A short harpoon-like projectile is loaded into a socket at the mouth of the tube. When a catch is released, the spring uncoils with vicious speed and propels the harpoon through whatever is in its path. A compact steam engine quickly pulls the spring back to its full compression, another harpoon is loaded, and the weapon is ready to fire again.

When working properly, the springbow can shoot its missiles through even the thickest mech armor. But if the touchy mechanism gets jammed, or if the engine sputters on just one cylinder, the spring itself can go spinning out the end of the tube in a tangled stream. This renders the weapon inoperative until a replacement spring can be installed, a process taking most of an hour.

A springbow ignores the first 10 points of its target's hardness rating. Each time a springbow is fired, one of the weapon's operators must make a Craft (Mechcraft) check against DC 10 or the weapon

malfunctions as described above. The DC increases by 2 if the weapon was fired in the previous round, and the penalty is cumulative every round. If the springbow is allowed to rest, the DC drops by 2 per round to the minimum of 10.

New Magic Items

Anchor Feet: These metal mech feet might seem like a waste of space. While they can magically adjust to fit any mech from Huge to Colossal, they are totally solid, costing 20% of a mech's base PU to install (1 for Huge, 2 for Gargantuan, 4 for Colossal). However, a mech with anchor feet is remarkably surefooted. All Mech Pilot rolls made to jump, climb, or maneuver through difficult terrain with this mech receive a +2 skill bonus. Reflex saves receive a +2 luck bonus as well.

Moderate transmutation; CL 10th; Craft Wondrous Item, Combine Spell, *freedom of movement*; Price 16,800 gp.

Boltward: Even the deadliest ballista can fail against a mech bearing a *boltward*. This Huge amulet-like construction is built into the mech's torso (taking 4 PU of space), gleaming in a rainbow of hues. Once per day, the mech's pilot can activate the *boltward* as a standard action. This gives it the effects of an

entropic shield for 6 rounds, protecting against ammunition from any ranged attack up to Colossal III in size as well as the usual array of smaller threats.

Faint abjuration; CL 6th; Craft Wondrous Item, Combine Spell, *entropic shield*; Price 8,640 gp.

Livemech Talisman: This ornate wooden amulet is carved in the shape of a treelike humanoid and comes in two sizes. One is appropriate for most humanoid creatures to wear, while the other is more suited to a large ogre or even a giant. These are used in the operation of mechs created by the *live-mech* spell. The smaller one is worn by the individual, while the larger one is worn by (or often built into) the mech.

As described in the spell, mechs created in this fashion will automatically have such a talisman, and another will be created for a humanoid pilot at no extra cost. If desired, other *live-mech* talismans can be made for this mech, giving multiple individuals the ability to pilot it (although obviously only one person can do so at a time). These talismans can be made at any time, but they require uninterrupted access to the mech in question.

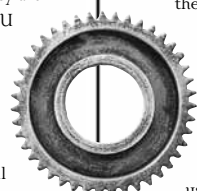
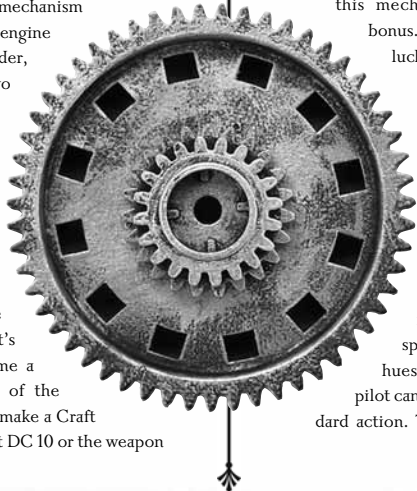
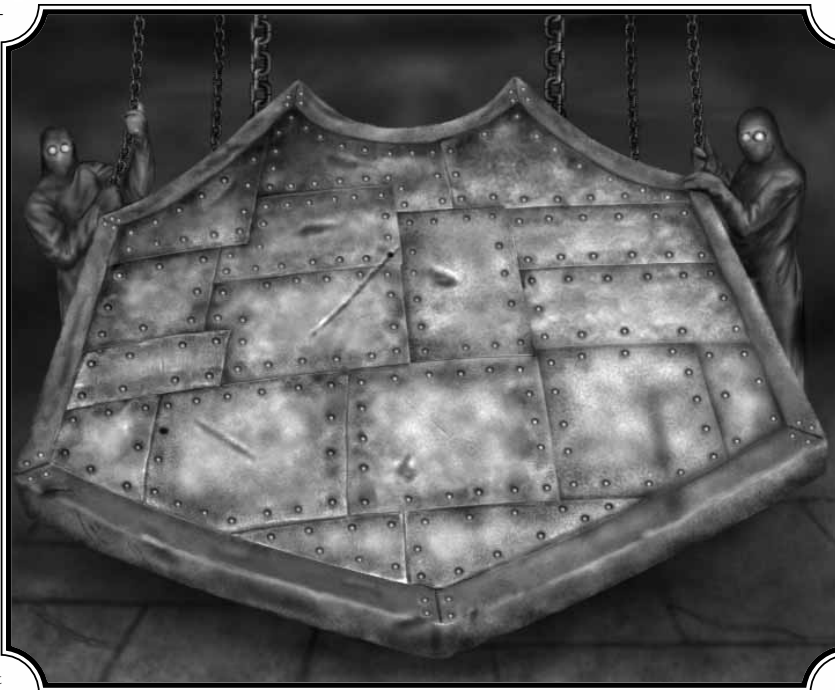
No two mechs have the same *liveoak talisman*, and the smaller talismans only function with the mech they were keyed to when made.

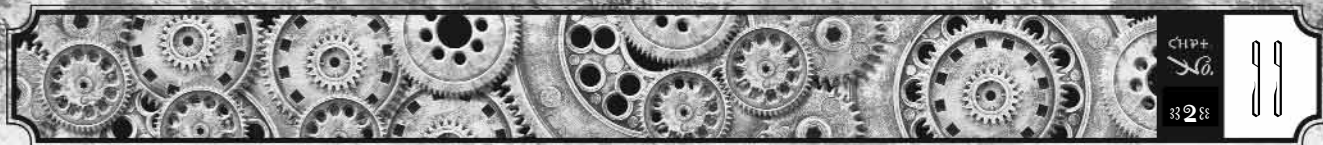
Moderate enchantment; CL 11th; Craft Wondrous Item, *livemech*, *wood shape*; Price 3,000gp; Weight 1 lb.

Porthole of Clarity: This Large item allows the user to extend their senses as if using the spell *clairaudience/clairvoyance* cast by a 5th-level caster. It must be installed on a mech to work properly, and takes 2 PU of space. Upon speaking a command word, the individual activating this item can project their senses to a fixed point hundreds of feet away. This ability can be used up to 3 times a day.

Aside from the obvious benefits, this can help the crew of ranged weaponry (such as catapults) fire at distant targets. While the *porthole's* user is capable of communicating with such a weapon's crew, the weapon gains a +4 to attack, only for purposes of overcoming range penalties. Only one weapon can gain this benefit per round. On most mechs, the *porthole* is installed near the primary ranged weapon.

Faint divination; CL 7th; Craft Wondrous Item,





Combine Spell, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*; Price 27,000 gp.

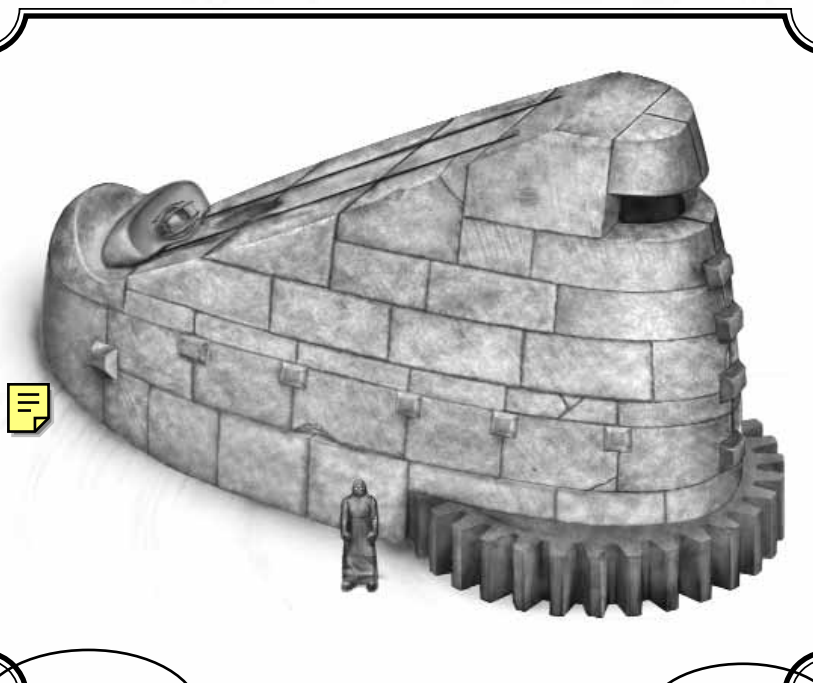
Spellbinder: Sages of the White Congress once discovered a way of “imprisoning” an arcane spell, binding it within a physical object and allowing it to be cast many times over without depleting itself. This required a very large binding object – often one larger than the wizard casting the spell – and drained the energy of anyone attempting to use it. Once this knowledge was mastered, it was filed away and forgotten in favor of simpler and less harmful magic.

Then the lunar dragons came. Their attacks on the city of Lebra were as vicious as they were constant, and the city’s defenders called on many obscure pieces of lore in their failed attempts to save their home. One thing retrieved from the archives was the secret of creating *spellbinders*. Two were hurriedly made, and enjoyed some small success before the fall of Lebra. The *spellbinders* themselves were destroyed in this period and the details of their creation vanished with the rest of the White Congress, but enough information had been copied and carried away that new *spellbinders* can be made by *permanency* spellcasters.

This knowledge was of little use at first, as *spellbinders* are enormous spheres roughly the height of an elf. Far too bulky to be carried, their only apparent use was siege warfare, and the few cities that remained had other concerns. Then the mechs came. They offered mobility to the *spellbinders* and defense to their users. A handful of L’arile mechs have experimented with them, most notably the village-mech *Jeweltree*, and other groups are starting to add them to their armament.

A *spellbinder* can be made of many materials, but wood and metal are most common. It is a huge hollow sphere, standing 5 to 6 feet tall and sealed both physically and magically, with one hand-shaped indentation. All *spellbinders* are covered with arcane runes; many also have precious stones worked into their outer casings. A trained eye can look at these ornaments and tell (Spellcraft check, DC 15) what spell the *spellbinder* contains.

Each *spellbinder* has a single arcane spell within,



bound at a level determined by the object’s creator. Almost anyone who places their hand in the indentation can cast the spell. This makes them powerful tools indeed. But that power comes with a price. Whoever uses the *spellbinder* must sacrifice an arcane spell of their own, and if they don’t have an appropriate spell, the orb simply drains their life energy into itself.

Once a living being places its hand (or similar appendage) in the indentation, they become aware of what spell the *spellbinder* contains. They do not gain any specific knowledge of the spell’s mechanics – a *spellbinder* with *fireball* would make

its user aware that it hurled explosive globes of fire, but

not its exact range or for how much damage. The user knows that with an act of will they can cause the *spellbinder* to cast its spell; this is a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. The user selects the spell’s target, if any, and makes all other decisions required. Attempts to exceed the spell’s boundaries result in the *spellbinder* not casting its magic.

Any use, successful or not, cause the *spellbinder* to take energy from the user. The *spellbinder* needs power to maintain its trapped spell. Whoever is using it can sacrifice one of their own arcane spells to feed it. The spell selected must be of the same level as the *spellbinder*’s bound spell or higher – characters who memorize spells must give up a memorized spell,

while those who cast spontaneously give up the use of one spell slot that day.

If the user does not have an appropriate spell available or is simply not a spellcaster, the *spellbinder* instead drains one of their abilities. The effort of powering a *spellbinder* this way temporarily drains 1d4-1 points from the user’s Intelligence or Charisma; the ability affected is the one originally used to cast the bound spell. If this ability drops below 10, that person can no longer use the *spellbinder*.

Indeed, anyone whose relevant ability score is below 10 cannot use a *spellbinder* in the first place. Specialist wizards are also unable to use *spellbinders* containing spells from their prohibited schools. Creatures without a hand or equivalent appendage cannot access the magic within a *spellbinder*. Otherwise, these spheres are available to anyone with the courage to use them.

A *spellbinder* has hardness 10 and 20 hp. When destroyed, a *spellbinder* releases its spell. If this was a targeted spell, it is cast at the individual who dealt the final blow to it. Other magic dissipates harmlessly.

Most arcane spells can be trapped within a *spellbinder*, but spells with an XP cost cannot. Divine magic cannot be bound this way, as the gods are unwilling to part with a portion of their energy in such fashion.

Aura based on trapped spell; CL 15th; Craft Wondrous Item, *fabricate*, *permanency*, spell to be bound; Price 20,000 gp multiplied by level of bound spell; Weight 50 lbs.

Staff of Mechbane: Twisted and rotten, this wooden staff is decorated with bits of metal – broken plating, discarded pipe, and the like. Instead of a gem, it is topped with some recognizable piece of a mech such as a shattered gear. Larger versions of this staff exist for use by mechs. At any size, it allows use of the following spells against mechs of any size:

Bestow malfunction (1 charge)

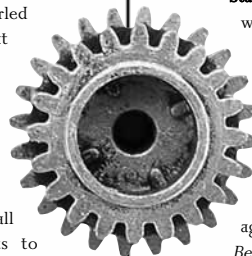
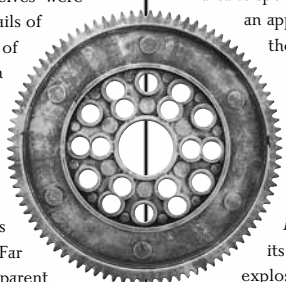
Inflct moderate damage (1 charge)

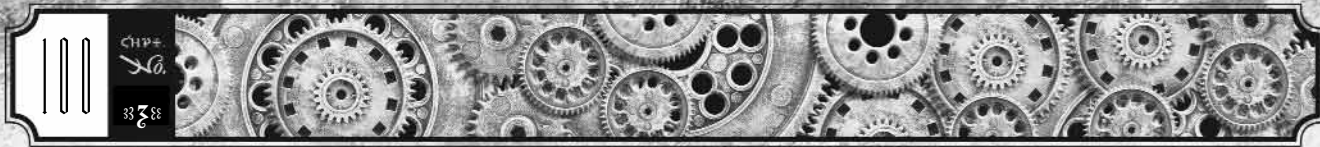
Gearghoul touch (1 charge)

Fear (1 charge)

Disintegrate (2 charges)

Moderate transmutation; CL 11th; Craft Staff, Combine Spell, *bestow malfunction*, *disintegrate*, *fear*, *gearghoul touch*, *inflct moderate damage*; Price 41,250 gp.





MONSTERS

THE CATASTROPHIC CHANGES AFFECTING HIGHPOINT HAVE DOWN NEW DANGERS TO THE WORLD. WHETHER THEY'RE LUNAR MONSTROSITIES DROPPING FROM THE SKY, EXTRAPLANAR EVILS LOOKING FOR NEW PLACES TO DOMINATE, OR NEWLY EVOLVED CREATURES LIVING WITHIN THE CAVERNOUS GEAR FORESTS, THEY'RE A MENACE TO ADVENTURERS EVERYWHERE. THIS CHAPTER PRESENTS A VARIETY OF THESE NEW MONSTERS.

TABLE 3-1 SUMMARIZES THE NEW MONSTERS PRESENTED IN THIS AND PREVIOUS DRAGONMECH BOOKS BY CR AND ENVIRONMENT. THE TABLE IS SORTED BY CR. THE ABBREVIATIONS FOR SOURCE ARE DM (DRAGONMECH RULE BOOK), SQ (THE SHARDSFALL QUEST), AND MM (MECH MANUAL).

COGLING CRAWLER

TINY CONSTRUCT

Hit Dice: 1d10 (5 hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares), climb 20 ft.

AC: 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural), touch 15, flat-footed 14

Base Attack/Grapple: 0/-11

Attack: Bite -3 melee (1d3-3 plus disease)

Full Attack: Bite -3 melee (1d3-3 plus disease)

Space/Reach: 2-1/2 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease

Special Qualities: Exposed engine, overburn

Saves: Fort +0, Ref +4, Will -2

Abilities: Str 5, Dex 16, Con -, Int 2, Wis 6, Cha 1

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary, pair, or gear (3-18)

Challenge Rating: 1/8

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 1/6-1 HD (Tiny), 2-6 HD (Small), 8-16 (Medium)

Level Adjustment: -

This palm-sized creature looks like a lopsided mechanical cricket with an extra leg. Exposed gears, miniature pistons, and tiny mandibles whirl enthusiastically as it pipes a thin trail of white vapor behind it.

Description

Cogling crawlers are the pets and hobbies of many coglings. The result of the ever-tinkering

hands of the gear forest halflings, crawlers are often the first creations of young coglings. Treasured by coglings as other races would a favored pet, the bond is often even deeper, as a

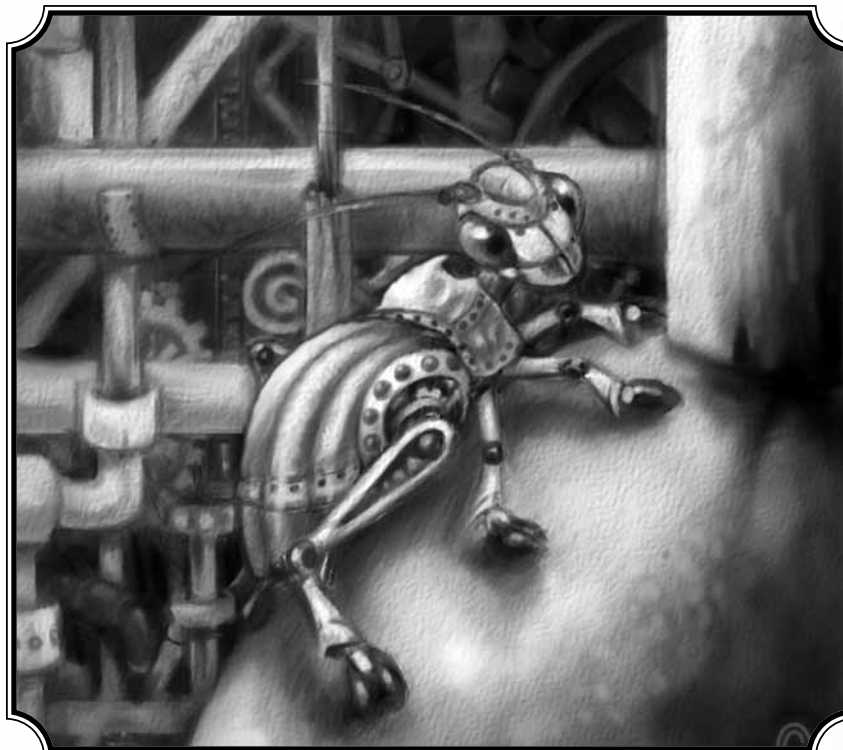
cogling is the owner, tender, and parent of their crawler. Perhaps it as a product of this bond, or some other cogling secret, that gives crawlers their own unique personalities and minor intelligence.

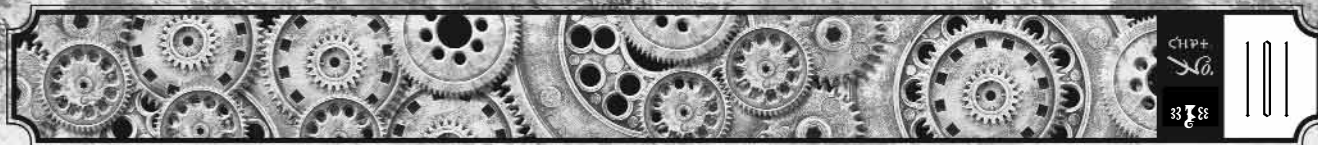
Crawlers are as varied in their appearance as the imaginations of their creators, though fanciful teardrop shapes are most common. Created from salvaged or stolen parts from the surrounding gear forests, crawlers rarely have a finished or elegant look to them. Rather, most are in fact ongoing projects of their creators, causing them to grow as they age and their parent continues to tinker with them. Crawlers can malfunction or, like the animals they are often constructed to look like, just wander away. Stray crawlers can be dangerous as, despite their whimsical appearances, they are covered in the filth and searing grime of their own tiny engines and the gear forests. Thus, nearly all cogling crawlers are also carriers of the disease filth fever.

Combat

Cogling crawlers rarely engage in combat unless they are malfunctioning, preferring instead to dart out of harm's way and hide, like most other unaggressive animals. If cornered, though, crawlers will often make a single bite before again trying to escape.

Disease (Ex): Filth fever—bite, Fortitude DC 10, incubation period 1d3 days, damage 1d3 Dex and 1d3 Con. The save DC is Constitution-based, and thus does not change as crawlers advance.





Exposed Engine (Ex): Most cogling crawlers do not have coverings to conceal or protect the hot moving parts inside them. Any creature that attempts to grapple a cogling crawler or pick up one that does not wish to be touched must make a DC 13 Reflex save or suffer 1d4 fire damage. The save DC is Dexterity-based.

Overburn (Ex): Once per day, a cogling crawler may overexert its engines, granting it +4 Strength and +4 Dexterity for 1 minute. After this time, the crawler takes 1d4 damage and its ability scores return to normal. Damage caused by this overexertion cannot reduce the crawler's hit points below 1.

Skills: Cogling crawlers have a +8 bonus on Hide checks (in addition to their +8 size bonus) made within gear forests, junkyards, or other areas predominantly filled with metal. Anytime a crawler is not moving in a gear forest, it is considered to be hiding.

Cogling Crawlers as Familiars

The specialist wizards called constructors rarely summon familiars. Though they would gain just as much benefit from having an arcane ally as any other wizard, no living creature seems to suit their analytical minds and love of engineering. This, combined with animals' all-too-common propensity for becoming messily caught within the gears of their master's latest work, makes having a normal, living familiar a less than appealing choice. To rectify this problem, some clever cogling discovered a way to bind cogling crawlers to a master, just as a familiar.

Any constructor, or cogling of any class that can call for a familiar, can summon a cogling crawler. Once summoned, the cogling crawler is treated just as any normal familiar, offering its master the same benefits and advancing as a normal familiar, just as if it were a living creature. A wizard or sorcerer with a cogling crawler as a familiar gains a +3 bonus on Disable Device checks.

COGLING CRAWLER SWARM

TINY CONSTRUCT (SWARM)

Hit Dice: 6d10 (33 hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares), climb 20 ft.

AC: 17 (+2 size, +3 Dex, +2 natural), touch 15, flat-footed 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +5/-

Attack: Swarm (2d6 plus disease)

Full Attack: Swarm (2d6 plus disease)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease, distraction

Special Qualities: Exposed engine, half damage

from slashing and piercing, low-light vision, overburn, swarm traits

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +6, Will 0

Abilities: Str 5, Dex 16, Con -, Int 2, Wis 6, Cha 1

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary or machine (2-12)

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: None

Level Adjustment: -

A vast segment of the machines here look to be in motion with thousands of miniscule parts. As you look closer, though, you can see that it is rather dozens and dozens of tiny metallic insects, swarming over the machinery.

Description

A cogling crawler swarm is made up of dozens of disowned, stray, or malfunctioning crawlers. Often, if a cogling population is displaced or exterminated, their remaining coglings will go feral and attack those that removed their creators, becoming a far greater threat than the halflings ever were.

Combat

Swarms of cogling crawlers commonly wander gear forests, seeking coglings to take care of them. However, they perceive all other races as threats and will surround and attack them on sight. A swarm deals 2d6 points of damage to any creature whose space it occupies at the end of its move.

Distraction (Ex): Any living creature that begins its turn with a cogling crawler swarm in its space must succeed on a DC 10 Fortitude save or be nauseated for 1 round. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Disease (Ex): Filth fever—bite, Fortitude DC 13, incubation period 1d3 days, damage 1d3 Dex and 1d3 Con. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Exposed Engine (Ex): Most cogling crawlers do not have coverings to conceal or protect the hot moving parts inside them. Any creature that attempts to grapple a cogling crawler or pick up one that does not wish to be touched must make a DC 13 Reflex save or suffer 1d4 fire damage. The save DC is Dexterity-based.

Overburn (Ex): Once per day a cogling crawler swarm may, as one, overexert its engines, granting the swarm +8 Strength and +8 Dexterity for 1 minute. After this time, the swarm takes 2d8 damage and its ability scores return to normal. Damage caused by this overexertion cannot reduce the swarm's hit points below 1.

Skills: A cogling crawler swarm gains a +8 bonus on Hide checks (in addition to their +8 size bonus) made within gear forests, junkyards, or other areas predominately filled with metal. Anytime the swarm is not moving in a gear forest, it is considered to be hiding.

DEMON, HELLBORG

LARGE OUTSIDER (EVIL)

Hit Dice: 11d8 +77 (126)

Initiative: +5

Speed: 40 ft. (8 squares), climb 20 ft.

AC: 26 (-1 size, +4 Dex, +13 natural), touch 13, flat-footed 22

Base Attack/Grapple: +11/+15

Attack: Chattersword +18 melee (2d6+1d3+6/x3)

Full Attack: Chattersword +18 melee

(2d6+1d3+6/x3) and wire lash +15 melee

(2d4+3/19-20) and 4 claws +13 melee (1d6+3)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Constrict, flame burst, improved grapple

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 10/cold iron or good, darkvision 60 ft., fuse with mech, immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid 10 and cold 10, spell resistance 22

Saves: Fort +14, Ref +12, Will +9

Abilities: Str 23, Dex 20, Con 24, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 11

Skills: Climb +28, Craft (blacksmithing) +15, Craft (mechcraft) +15, Disable Device +19, Hide +5*, Intimidate +14, Jump +24, Knowledge (mechs) +15, Knowledge (steam engines) +15, Listen +2, Mech Pilot +19, Move Silently +5*, Open Lock +19, Spot +2, Tumble +19

Feats: Dodge, Mobility, Multiattack, Weapon Focus (chattersword)

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 12

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always neutral evil

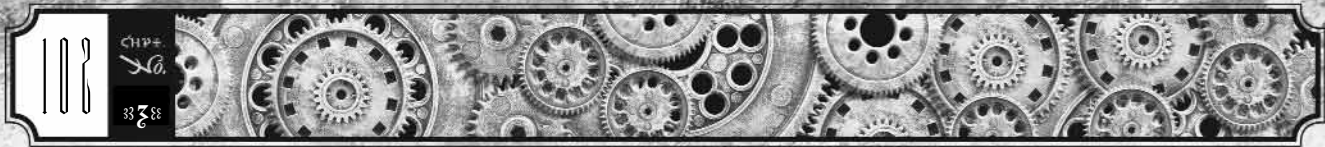
Advancement: 12-20 (Large), 21-30 (Huge), 31-36 (Gargantuan)

Level Adjustment: -

The creature that rises before you is a nightmare of fire-blasted metal fused to tortured flesh. Towering on six, robotic spider legs, tangles of tubes and wires connect a quadriplegic humanoid body to cybernetic appendages that are merely whirring blades and snapping whiplike wires. Though the face of the creature looks like a horrified, screaming elf, you can see from the gears in its eyes that it is only skin stretched over machinery.

Description

As mortal technology advances, so do their nightmares. Hellborks are the lower planar manifestation of a fear that has long been held by elves, even before the lunar rain and creation of mechs, these demons were rare, weak things. But with the spread of such fears to all the races of Highpoint, hell-



borgs have increased in number and power.

Despite their name, hellborgs are demons, and like all demons are embodiments of destruction. They appear as appendage-less elves with tubes and wires woven in grotesque networks through their bodies. Where their arms should be are long, robotic limbs ending in either a lash of wires or a buzzing chattersword. Below, the body's torso spits into flayed ribbons, from which jut six multi-jointed, bladed, mechanical legs.

Hellborgs are most often found in the gear forests of city mechs carrying practitioners of dark arts, or in ruins bound as guardians of ancient technologies. Hellborgs speak Abyssal.



Combat

Hellborgs hate all life and savagely seek to destroy any creatures they encounter. Commonly they hide among the gears and scrap of working gear forests, meddling with and destroying the machines only to attract engineers to feast upon and use as gory decorations for their metallic domains.

More rarely, a hellborg left in an abandoned mech, or one whose crew it has exterminated, can take control of the mech much like an assimilated steamborg.

Flame Burst (Su): Three times per day, a hellborg can cause its demonic engines to flare with unholy fire. When it uses this ability, all creatures within 20 feet of the hellborg must make a DC 22 Reflex save or suffer 6d8 damage, which is treated as being both fire and unholy damage. Creatures that make their saving throw suffer only half damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

In addition to the damage from the initial burst, this ability bathes the hellborg in waves of flame. For 1d4+1 rounds after using this ability, all of the hellborg's attacks deal an additional 1d8 fire damage.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, the hellborg must hit with its wire lash attack. It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold and can constrict.



Constrict (Ex): A hellborg deals automatic wire lash damage with a successful grapple check. While grappled, the target is flat-footed and the hellborg may attack the target with its other weapons.

Fuse With Mech: By spending one uninterrupted hour on the bridge of a clockwork, manpowered, or

steam-powered mech, a hellborg may fuse with the mech's controls, much like an assimilated with the wired, perfect knowledge, and assimilated abilities. By installing itself into the controls, the hellborg gains complete control of the mech, essentially taking on the mech as its new body with its

TABLE 3-1: MONSTERS BY CR AND ENVIRONMENT

Monster	Environment	CR	Source
Cogling crawler	Gear forests	1/8	MM
Crumble bug	Mechs or any land	1/8	DM
Nanite	Lunar or meteors	1/4	SQ
Slathem	Any land or water	1/3	DM
Cogling warrior	Gear forests	1/2	DM
Warder (clockwork puppet)	Mechs or any land	1/2	DM
Grease lizard	Gear forests	1	DM
Iron shambler	Any land or underground	1	DM
Lunar elemental, small	Lunar or meteors	1	SQ

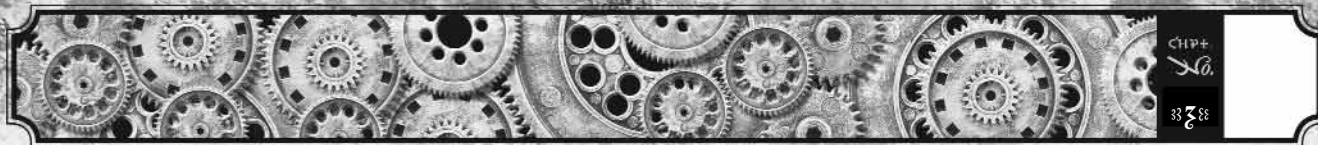


TABLE 3-1 CONTINUED: MONSTERS BY CR AND ENVIRONMENT

Shocker (clockwork puppet)	Mechs or any land	1	DM
Smoking skeleton	Any	1	DM
Smoking zombie	Any	1	DM
Trak trak	Any civilized	1	DM
Ferrovore (template)	Mechs or underground	+1/+2	SQ
Dronog, unpossessed	Any land or lunar	2	DM
Ferrous cube	Mechs or underground	2	MM
Lunar skinstealer	Any land or lunar	2	DM
Scalded (template)	Any	+2	MM
Cogling coglayer	Gear forests	3	DM
Cogling crawler swarm	Gear forests	3	MM
Dusk devil, Stavian	Endless Plains	3	DM
Grease lizard, dire	Gear forests	3	DM
Lunar elemental, medium	Lunar or meteors	3	SQ
Meat rack	Any	3	DM
Nanite swarm	Lunar or meteors	3	SQ
Spawn of Seroficitacit, young	Lunar or meteors	3	SQ
Tortog	Any land or underground	3	DM
Ygapmpo	Any	3	MM
Deep diver (giant worm)	Any land or underground	4	DM
Dronog, possessed	Any land or lunar	4	DM
Shaker (giant worm)	Any land or underground	4	DM
Skelth	Warm plains or gear forest	4	MM
Worm, giant	Any land or underground	4	DM
Cogling clockwork ranger	Gear forests	5	DM
Dragon, lunar, wyrmling	Any land or lunar	5	DM
Goiem (grime devil)	Any	5	MM
Lunar elemental, large	Lunar or meteors	5	SQ
Spawn of Seroficitacit, elder	Lunar or meteors	5	SQ
Forestrati	Forest	6	DM
Dragon, lunar, very young	Any land or lunar	7	DM
Dusk devil, true	Endless Plains	7	DM
Haireisthai (heretic devil)	Any	7	MM
Oil nymph	Gear forests	7	MM
Dragon, lunar, young	Any land or lunar	9	DM
Stygian horror	Underground	10	MM
Dragon, lunar, juvenile	Any land or lunar	11	DM
Hellborg	Any	12	MM
Lunar giant	Temperate hills	12	MM
Dragon, lunar, young adult	Any land or lunar	14	DM
Lunar giant (under full moon)	Temperate hills	14	MM
Ygapmpo devourer	Any	15	MM
Dragon, lunar, ancient	Any land or lunar	16	DM
Dragon, lunar, mature adult	Any land or lunar	19	DM
Dragon, lunar, old	Any land or lunar	21	DM
Dragon, lunar, very old	Any land or lunar	22	DM
Dragon, lunar, ancient	Any land or lunar	24	DM
Dragon, lunar, wyrm	Any land or lunar	25	DM
Dragon, lunar, great wyrm	Any land or lunar	27	DM

demonic form being the brain. While installed, the hellborg can operate every system and weapon on the mech, regardless of crew requirements, using its own abilities and skills. While fused with a mech, the hellborg receives the Mech Fu feat.

A mech fused with a hellborg also physically changes, gaining the combat spikes trait, if it did not already have it, as its form warps to match its demonic controller.

The only way to regain control of a mech fused to a hellborg is for the demon to release control, either willingly or by destroying it. As a full-round action, a hellborg may disjoin or rejoin a mech it has previously fused with. However, even after disjoining from a mech, the mech's controls are damaged to a point where only an assimilated can control the mech. Repairing a mech that was fused with a hellborg costs 10% of the mech's base cost. And even after repairing the mech, the combat spikes created by the hellborg remain.

Skills: *Hellborgs gain a +8 bonus on Hide and Move Silently checks made within gear forests, junkyards, or other areas predominately filled with metal.

DEVIL, GOIEM (GRIME DEVIL)

MEDIUM OUTSIDER (DEVIL, EVIL, EXTRAPLANAR, Lawful)

Hit Dice: 5d8+20 (42 hp)

Initiative: -1

Speed: 10 ft. (2 squares), fly 20 ft. (clumsy)

AC: 18 (-1 Dex, +9 natural), touch 18, flat-footed 18

Base Attack/Grapple: 5/-1

Attack: Spittle +5 ranged (1d6 plus disease) or slam +4 melee (1d3-2 plus disease)

Full Attack: Spittle +5 ranged (1d6 plus disease) or slam +4 melee (1d3-2 plus disease)

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

Special Attacks: Disease

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., detect thoughts, immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid 10, see in darkness, stench, spell-like abilities, true seeing

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +10

Abilities: Str 6, Dex 8, Con 18, Int 19, Wis 22, Cha 16

Skills: Appraise +7, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (local) +11, Knowledge (the planes) +11, Knowledge (religion) +11, Listen +15, Move Silently +1, Perform +10, Search +6, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +13, Spot +16

Feats: Alertness, Point Blank Shot

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always lawful evil

Advancement: 6-8 (Small), 9-17 (Medium)

Level Adjustment: -

A grotesque creature reclines before you, awash in a puddle of its own filth. Bloated to a grossly obese size for its small frame, this creature has a round sickly purple body with undersized, seemingly useless legs and arms. Lolling atop its highest rolls of veiny fat is an oversized head like a gigantic fly's.

Description

With the distraction of Highpoint's mortal pantheon and the lack of divine attention to worldly matters, weaker creatures that might not normally be able to reach the Material Plane are showing up – and thriving. The people's faltering faith makes them all the more susceptible to false gods and oracles. One of the creatures that exults in taking advantage of that faithlessness is the goiem, or grime devil.

Goiem serve an odd role as jesters and watchdogs in hell. In a place where one's most personal and private longings can be unwillingly and publicly announced, goiems' powers of insight make them favored entertainers.

Grotesque even to other devils, goiems have a form like an enormous fly given a useless humanoid body. Covered in the spiky hair and filth of such creatures, these devils subsist on the favor of more powerful creatures. With obscenely corpulent bodies and innate laziness, Goiems rarely move, a feat

they rarely have to perform in hellish courts.

On the mortal plane, though, Goiems find themselves with a freedom unknown on their home plane. They attempt to press weak mortals into their service, making themselves the masters of mock courts, giving themselves the false prestige they never knew at home. With their magnetic charisma, powers of sight, knowledge of what their servants are thinking, they often bluff lesser races into thinking them prophets and oracles. The facades usually end in their servants being scared away or killed by their foul planar filth.

Goiems speak Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, and Infernal.

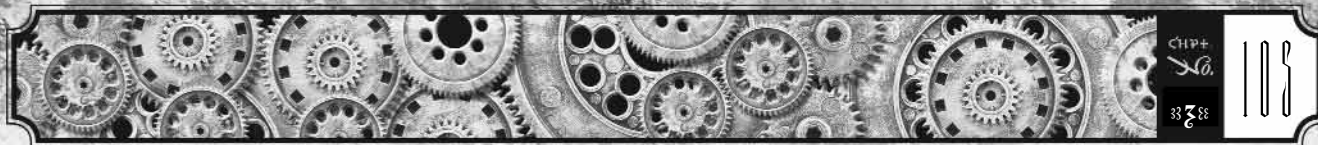
Combat

Goiem are pathetic creatures in combat and will use all their glibness to try and talk their way out of a fight. If forced into a battle, they may attempt to spit at an enemy before using their spell-like abilities to escape.

Disease (Ex): Demon fever-spittle and slam, Fortitude DC 16, incubation period 1 day, damage 1d6 Con. Each day after the first, on a failed save, an afflicted creature must immediately succeed on another DC 18 Fortitude save or take 1 point of Constitution drain. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Stench (Ex): A goiem rarely moves, causing the filth it secretes to build up and fester upon its very body. Any living creature (except other devils) within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 16 Fortitude save or be nauseated for as long as it remains within the affected area and for 1d4 rounds afterward.





Creatures that successfully save are sickened for as long as they remain in the area. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same goiem's stench for 24 hours. A *delay poison* or *neutralize poison* spell removes either condition from one creature. Creatures that have immunity to poison are unaffected, and creatures resistant to poison receive their normal bonus on their saving throws. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Detect Thoughts (Su): A goiem can continuously use *detect thoughts* as the spell (caster level 18th; Will DC 16 negates). It can suppress or resume this ability as a free action. The save DC is Charisma-based.

True Seeing (Su): Goiem continuously use *true seeing* as the spell (caster level 14th).

DEVIL, HAIREISTHAI (HERETIC DEVIL)

MEDIUM OUTSIDER (DEVIL, EVIL, EXTRAPLANAR, Lawful)

Hit Dice: 7d8 +24 (55 hp)

Initiative: +5

Speed: 40 (8 squares)

AC: 23 (+5 Dex, +8 natural), touch 15, flat-footed 18

Base Attack/Grapple: +8/+12

Attack: +1 *keen kukri* +15 melee (1d4+4/15-20 plus poison)

Full Attack: +1 *keen kukri* +15 melee (1d4+4/15-20 plus poison) and stinger +7 (1d2 plus poison)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Poison, sneak attack, summon devil

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 5/good, darkvision 60 ft., fearful visage, immunity to fire and poison, resistance to acid 10, see in darkness, spell-like abilities, spell resistance 18, telepathy 100 ft.

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +10

Abilities: Str 18, Dex 21, Con 17, Int 24, Wis 20, Cha 19

Skills: Appraise +11, Balance +13, Bluff +14, Climb +6, Diplomacy +14, Disable Device +13, Disguise +14, Escape Artist +9, Forgery +11, Gather Information +12, Hide +13, Intimidate +8, Jump +6, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (religion) +19, Listen +9, Move Silently +11, Open Locks +7, Sense Motive +11, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +14, Swim +6, Tumble +13

Feats: Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (kukri)

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Always lawful evil

Advancement: 8-17 HD (Medium)

Level Adjustment: +6



A finely dressed man stands before you, his head covered by a light cloak embroidered with gold thread. The lower half of his face is concealed by a richly dyed scarf, but even this doesn't hide his delicate features and piercing emerald eyes.

Description

Haireisthai are ambassadors to those soon to be damned. Rarely do these effete devils leave their palatial hellish courts, preferring to laze away in the luxury afforded to the exquisitely damned. Only the opportunity to propagate magnificently elaborate and destructive lies draws them forth, and few opportunities have drawn them in such force as the current situation on Highpoint.

At first glance, haireisthai can easily pass as elves or exceptionally graceful humans. They are always male. With the sleek forms of dancers, these humanoid demons have exceptionally attractive

features and can alter their appearance to appear as a race's ideal of physical perfection. In fact, the only features that are common between these devils are their clothing. All haireisthai dress in to the height of fashion, but never gaudily, and are never seen without hooded garb and long scarves of the finest materials, both of which they wear tightly wound to cover their mouths and the back of their heads. Haireisthai dress in this way to hide the only two deformities that mark them as infernal creatures. All haireisthai actually have two faces, the beautiful one they present to those they deal with, and a tormented version of the same face on the back of their head, covered in weeping blisters and wounds and cracked with poison filled veins. Also, hidden behind their scarves, haireisthai have no tongue in their frontal face; instead, a tightly coiled scorpion stinger enunciates each of the demon's honey-coated words.

Currently, haireisthai on Highpoint work to infil-

trate the various, secluded societies and city-mechs scattered across the world. Once the populace has become acclimated to their presence, they begin amassing followers, preaching a doctrine of self-fulfillment and achievement, promising to show common folk how to inspire to metaphorical "godhood." All a simple person has to do is cast off the chains of the failing, mythical, or quite possibly dead deities they once worshipped. Though their promises are nothing but the lies of a corrupt charlatan, the devils lead their flock in a falsely comforting new belief that has them renounce their deity and ensure this devotion. A haireisthai's followers don't even know the grievousness of their sins until they die, making their eternity serving as slaves to the haireisthai all the more tormenting. Haireisthai speak Celestial, Common, Dwarven, Elven, Infernal, and Orc.

Combat

Haireisthai abhor physical combat, especially when they've recruited servants and foolish dupes just for protection. If forced to fight, they will use their spell-like abilities in an attempt to flee. If retreat is impossible or if they are not within view of their flock, they will try to surprise opponents with their sneak attack, stinger attack, or fearful visage attacks. Just for such cases, all haireisthai carry with them a *+1 keen kukri*.

Poison (Ex): A Haireisthai's tongue-stinger secretes the same venom as a monstrous scorpion, which it also slathers over its kukri. Any creature damaged by the devil's kukri or stinger must make a DC 16 Fortitude save or suffer 1d4 initial and secondary Constitution damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Sneak Attack (Ex): A haireisthai can make a sneak attack like a rogue, dealing an extra 2d6 points of damage whenever a foe is denied his Dexterity bonus, or when the haireisthai is flanking.

Stinger Hidden beneath their scarves, all haireisthai have a bloated scorpion stinger in their mouths. These stingers can uncoil and strike at a range of 10 feet, giving the devil reach only if it is unmasked, and deal 1d2 damage, plus poison, on a successful attack.

Summon Devil (Sp): Once per day, a haireisthai can attempt to summon 1d4 bearded devils or 1d2 chain devils with a 50% chance of success. This ability is the equivalent of a 3rd-level spell.

Fearful Visage (Su): Any who view the rear, horrible face of a haireisthai without its hood must succeed at a DC 16 Will save or be affected as though by a *fear* spell (caster level 10th). A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same haireisthai's visage for the next 24 hours. Other devils are immune to the visage. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*alter self*, *charm person* (DC 18), *detect thoughts*, *disguise self*,

expeditious retreat, *levitate*, *minor image*, *misdirection*, *obscuring mist*, *spider climb*, *touch of idiocy* (DC 19), *unseen servant*. Caster level 10. The save DCs are Intelligence-based.

FERROUS CUBE

LARGE OOZE

Hit Dice: 2d10

Initiative: -5

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), climb 20 ft.

AC: 4 (-1 size, -5 Dex), touch 4, flat-footed 4

Base Attack/Grapple: +1/+5

Attack: Slam +0 melee (1d6 plus 1d6 oxidizing acid)

Full Attack: Slam +0 melee (1d6 plus 1d6 oxidizing acid)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Oxidizing acid, engulf, paralysis

Special Qualities: Blindsight 30 ft., vulnerable to electricity, ooze traits

Saves: Fort +8, Ref -5, Will -5

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 1, Con 20, Int -, Wis 1, Cha 1

Skills: Hide -10*

Feats: -

Environment: Mechs, ruins, underground

Organization: Solitary or cluster (2-5)

Challenge Rating: 2

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 3 HD (Large), 4-12 HD (Huge), 13-24 HD (Gargantuan)

Level Adjustment: -

The spongy, rectangular shape before you is the metallic blue color of steel covered in oily residue, but quivers slightly as if were a semi-solid. Protruding from its otherwise smooth surface you can see rods, gears, and other metallic debris, all of it badly rusted.

Description

A ferrous cube is a mindless ooze that consumes metal by rusting it and absorbing the rust. Ferrous cubes are a terrible danger to city-mechs. Their touch induces rust rapidly, but the ooze takes weeks (or longer) to digest the rust. Because they digest their meals so slowly, it may take an ooze several months to cause enough damage to a gear forest that its presence is detected.

Combat

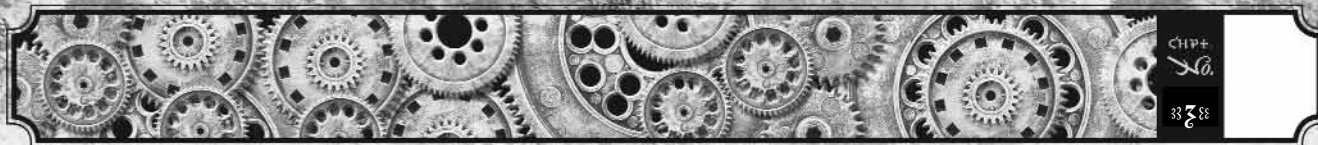
Ferrous cubes attack creatures that disturb them or their surroundings. They also attack creatures bearing pure metals, which is a category into which most adventurers fall.

A ferrous cube commonly attacks by hiding and engulfing creatures that don't recognize it for the threat it is. Though it is capable of striking with a pseudopod, it usually engulfs foes.

Oxidizing Acid (Ex): A ferrous cube's acid does not harm wood or stone, but it causes 1d6 damage to other substances (including flesh) and instantly rusts metal. Magic metal items receive a DC 21 Reflex saving throw to avoid rusting. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Engulf (Ex): Although it moves slowly, a ferrous cube can simply mow down Medium or smaller





creatures as a standard action. It cannot make a slam attack during a round in which it engulfs. The ferrous cube merely has to move over the opponents, affecting as many as it can cover. Opponents can make attacks of opportunity against the cube, but if they do so, they are not entitled to a saving throw. Those who do not attempt attacks of opportunity must succeed on a DC 12 Reflex save or be engulfed; on a success, they are pushed back or aside (opponent's choice) as the cube moves forward. Engulfed creatures are subject to the cube's paralysis and acid, and are considered to be grappled and trapped within its body. The save DC is Strength-based.

Paralysis (Ex): A ferrous cube secretes an anestheticizing slime. A target hit by a cube's melee or engulf attack must succeed on a DC 21 Fortitude save or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds. The cube can automatically engulf a paralyzed opponent. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Vulnerability to Electricity (Ex): Ferrous cubes take double damage from electricity-based attacks.

Skills: *Ferrous cubes receive a +20 bonus on Hide checks made within gear forests, junkyards, or other areas predominately filled with metal (not reflected in the stats above).

GIANT, LUNAR

HUGE GIANT (LUNAR)

Hit Dice: 18d8+162 (243 hp)

Initiative: +1

Speed: 50 ft.

Armor Class: 24 (-2 size, +1 Dex, +15 natural), touch 9, flat-footed 23

Base Attack/Grapple: +14/+36

Attack: Two-handed club +28 melee (3d6+21) or claw +28 melee (1d8+14 plus poison) or rock +15 ranged (2d8+14)

Full Attack: Two-handed club +28/+23/+18 melee (3d6+21) or 2 claws +28 melee (1d8+14 plus poison) or rock +15 ranged (2d8+14)

Space/Reach: 15 ft./15 ft.

Special Attacks: Poison spray, rock throwing

Special Qualities: Immunity to poison, lowlight vision, lunar powers, lunar traits, rock catching

Saves: Fort +20, Ref +9, Will +8

Abilities: Str 38, Dex 12, Con 28, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 14

Skills: Climb +25, Intimidate +12, Jump +24, Spot +13

Feats: Awesome Blow, Cleave, Great Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Overrun, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack

Environment: Temperate hills

Organization: Solitary or gang (3-6)

Challenge Rating: 12 (14 under a full moon)

Treasure: No coins; double goods, 50% items



Alignment: Usually lawful evil

Advancement: By character class

Level Adjustment: -

This towering humanoid stands over 20 feet tall. It has a lumpy body with loose-limbed arms and legs, with a neckless mound of a head featuring saucer-like eyes, a slitted nose, and a thick mane of black hair. Its skin is the greyish-white color of the moon, and it holds a huge club in both hands.

Description

Bizarre and terrifying, lunar giants are among the moon's most feared children. As with dragons, lunar giants are usually larger and stronger than their earth-born equivalents. They also possess powers that apparently derive from the moon itself, as they wax and wane with the moon's presence in the sky. Whether they are powerful lunar elemen-

tals or simply dangerous titans, these creatures are feared wherever they go.

A lunar giant looks somewhat like a child's drawing standing 20 feet tall. It has a lumpy body with loose-limbed arms and legs, with a neckless mound of a head. Its saucer-like eyes and slitted nose add to the rough appearance. Some lunar giants even have short, thick tails that apparently help them balance. Their skins are uniformly the greyish-white color of the moon, and almost all of them have thick manes of black hair.

This alien frame also houses a great deal of power. Lunar giants are immensely strong, routinely uprooting old growth trees to use as two-handed clubs. Each of their limbs has an extra joint, and while the creature's bulk prevents this from adding much flexibility, watching one move is disconcerting. A lunar giant's hand ends in a trio of sharp triple-jointed claws that close on each other like a pincer. Each claw is as dexterous and strong, rela-

HIGHPOINT, A WORLD TO BE CLAIMED

While ancient enemies muster their forces below the earth and more and more terrible lunar threats rain down from the sky nightly, Highpoint is a world besieged on all sides. But what few realize is that a more subtle war is going on around them, a war taking place in every town and city-mech, a war for the souls of Highpoint's mortals.

Threatened on more than merely physical fronts, the populations of Highpoint are being infiltrated by a vanguard of extraplanar creatures, outsiders to this plane from realms that are home to gods and unimaginable beings. While the gods of Highpoint are distracted, their protection of their world has waned, as has the faith of their followers. Many previously devout mortals, tired of constantly defending against the lunar menace, have suffered crises of faith or, in some cases, have forsaken their beliefs all together. These circumstances have made Highpoint vulnerable, allowing influences from throughout the planes to ply their unknowable wills and unspeakable plots upon the defenseless world.

The first threats to take advantage of Highpoint's vulnerability are demons. Without the warnings of their deities or their full powers, the holy defenders that once watched and ward against demonic invasion have been rendered blind. Though the hordes of the Abyss lack the organization to threaten Highpoint en masse, encounters with these evil outsiders have become all the more regular. Ancient threats, locked away by the powers of the gods, find the strength of their bonds waning. Highpoint's holy warriors, now weakened, find the threats they face growing in number and power.

Perhaps even more fearful than the threat of demonic uprising is the subversive vanguard of devils currently insinuating themselves among the peoples of Highpoint. Disguised as mortals, these creatures feed on the doubt and anxiety caused by the distance of the gods. Offering unholy succor, many of these devils have moved to fill the voids left by the gods, offering dreams of self-empowerment, lust, and vice. Subtly corrupting those that listen to their perverse preachings, the hellspawn work to weaken the moral fiber of the societies they infiltrate, slowly tainting them so they won't even notice when they succumb to complete depredation.

An oft-unconsidered force also has begun working on Highpoint: the angelic host. At the behest of their divine masters, they work to reshape Highpoint, bringing its people into a new age of peace and enlightenment. However, without deities to control their good works, the zealotry of some angels borders on excess and robs their supposed benefactors of their free will. Thus, hosts of radiant outsiders have also begun to influence the people of Highpoint, pushing toward a future

tively speaking, as a human's thumb.

A large black nodule lies in the middle of the giant's palm, and a similar one is found on the underside of each claw. These generate a liquid that is poisonous to terrestrial creatures; its effects on lunar creatures are not as pronounced. Each time a lunar giant strikes something with its claws, the wound has a chance of being poisoned. Giants can also siphon this substance from the central nodule.

Unlike their draconic counterparts, lunar giants are most active at night. Lunar rain seems to be little more than an annoyance to them. The moon enhances their strength and grants them unusual powers, and they make the most of it. Alone or in small groups, giants prowl the land looking for things to take and creatures to hunt. While they aren't stealthy and have few tracking skills, lunar giants often find smaller things running away from them, and they delight in chasing and squashing whatever flees.

Giants have little use for coinage or normal-sized magical items, but they enjoy beautiful objects, especially gemstones. A few of them have adopted their terrestrial cousins' habit of carrying sacks full of items, but most lunar giants prefer to keep their treasures in a safe location. Whether alone or grouped, lunar giants always adopt a certain territory as their own, often a huge swath that takes them weeks to patrol on foot. Most giants create a rough stronghold at the center of this area, leaving their treasures there under guard. They see the area around as their absolute domain, and they respond very harshly to anything that interferes with their hunts.

Despite their weird appearance and crude habits, lunar giants are intelligent enough to have an established culture, complete with an intricate system of rank. Every gang of giants has a firm internal pecking order, and all giants know where they stand compared to the giants in adjacent territories. Groups of lunar giants will often gather to play at incomprehensible games, trading their prized gems back and forth in the moonlight. They often celebrate the full moon with a strange lurching dance, and individuals interrupting this ceremony are bru-

tally attacked. The significance of this dance is not understood.

Lunar giants speak their own language, which they call Akpumukplun. They are not in the habit of teaching it to outsiders. Some lunar giants have picked up enough of Common or Giant to communicate with the inhabitants of Highpoint, but they usually let their clubs do the talking instead.

Combat

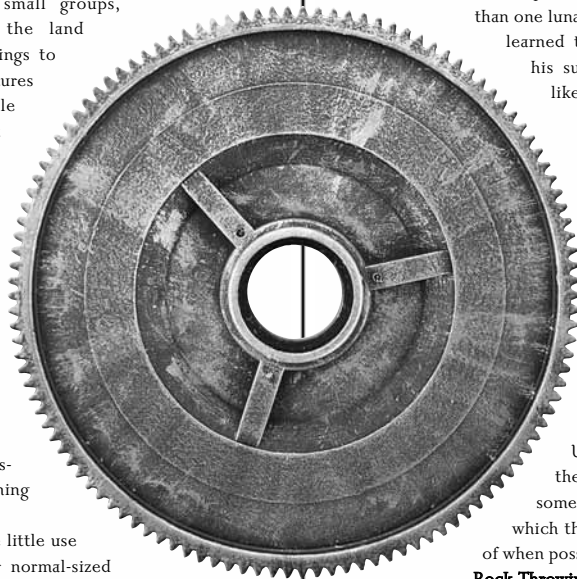
Lunar giants are dogged combatants, and groups of them will use careful teamwork in pursuit of a goal. Their innate tendency toward order means that they are capable of creating and executing meticulous plans. However, more than one lunar giant captain has learned the hard way that his subordinates would like a change in rank.

In combat, lunar giants try to destroy their strongest foes first. They prefer to engage physically powerful enemies in melee combat, while other creatures are met with a hail of rocks. Under the light of the moon, they gain some unusual abilities, which they make great use of when possible.

Rock Throwing (Ex): The range increment for a lunar giant's thrown rocks is 150 feet. It uses both hands to throw a rock.

Rock Catching (Ex): Once per round, a lunar giant can make a Reflex save to catch a rock thrown at it. The DC is 15 for a Small rock, 20 for a Medium rock, and 25 for a Large rock. The lunar giant can also catch similarly sized projectiles, such as catapult ammunition and ballista bolts. In general, a weapon's projectile is considered two sizes smaller than the weapon, so the lunar giant can catch projectiles launched by weapons up to Gargantuan size. Steam-powered projectiles (such as those launched by steam guns or steam cannons) are too fast to be caught.

Lunar (Ex): Lunar creatures suffer half damage from most elemental attacks (air, fire, and water), or no damage on a successful save. They take double damage from earth-based attacks and magic. They receive a +10 bonus to saves against mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects), mind blasts and psionic attacks, and *detect thoughts* due to alien psychology.



Poison Spray (Ex): As a standard action, a lunar giant can spray a jet of toxic liquid from its hand at one target within 30 feet (contact, Fortitude DC 28, initial damage 1d6 Str, secondary damage 1d6 Con); this is a ranged touch attack. Whether or not it makes contact, the giant must wait 1d6+3 rounds before attempting it again. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Lunar Powers (Su):

Whenever they are directly exposed to moonlight, all lunar giants gain +2 Str, +2 AC, and +2 initiative. They can also use their poison spray more often, only waiting 1d4+2 rounds after each time. Each giant can also act as if under the effects of *haste* once per hour; this effect lasts for 9 rounds.

If in the light of a full moon, giants instead gain +4 Str, +4 AC, +4 initiative, and the same poison spray modifier as under the regular moon. The ability to use *haste* is available once every 10 minutes; the duration remains the same. They can also cast beams of force called *lunar shards* as a standard action once every four rounds; treat this as a *magic missile* cast by a 9th-level caster (5 missiles, range 170 feet) that can only have one target. Finally, they can channel lunar energy for a devastating *lunar bolt* once an hour. This is similar to a *lightning bolt* cast by a 9th-level caster (9d6 damage, save DC 15).

Treasure: Standard

Alignment: Usually chaotic neutral

Advancement: 9-14 HD (Medium)

Level Adjustment: +8

Before you drips and shifts the iridescent form of a beautiful woman whose body seems to be made from a swirling mix of oily fluids. As you look upon her, her form constantly seems to melt and reform, her beauty ever grossly deteriorating only to reshape itself an instant later before dribbling away again.

Description

Oil nymphs were once normal nymphs whose homes were despoiled by either the lunar rain, the ruin of Highpoint's societies, the byproducts of mech creation, or any combination of these factors. As such, these creatures that once manifested the most flawless aspects of nature now embody the ruin of the natural world.

Oil nymphs look much like normal nymphs, but their bodies are now made completely up of oil, grease, and other sludge. As is the nature of their new bodies, their forms constantly shift and slip away, causing their features to take on a perpetually melting quality that repeats every few moments as the nymph consciously reforms her body. From the waist down, oil nymphs lose much of their definition, their legs merging into one slick support that widens into a pool of greasy slime the nymph travels upon.

Though their bodies have changed, the minds of oil nymphs have not, except perhaps to shield them from a maddening reality. Oil nymphs continue to haunt the natural and unnatural environments of Highpoint, primarily the ruined forests and pools they once loved, and the new wilderness of mech gear forests. Seeing beauty in all things, oil nymphs eagerly seek out plants and animals to frolic with, unaware that their very touch despoils soil, kills vegetation, and sends natural creatures to flight.

Oil nymphs speak Sylvan and Common.

Combat

Oil nymphs are still shy, aloof creatures, untrusting of the civilized races of the world. They still doggedly defend the ruined groves, pools, and places of natural beauty they did before their change, though some have found their ways into gear forests and found new homes to defend. Lacking

of mind-numbing simplicity and peace that they can't realize some mortals don't desire. Although each of these groups of extraplanar interlopers has its own agendas, they do share one goal: the salvation or damnation of souls. With the influence of Highpoint's gods weakened, the world's mortals are ripe to be snatched away from the service of their former deities and brought directly into the ranks of other planar powers. If they can be made to forsake their weakened gods, then demons, devils, and angels alike have the opportunity to bring the souls of an entire unclaimed mortal world into their ranks, an event that could tip the balance of planar dominance. Besides these three great planar forces, several other influences have begun working upon Highpoint. Strange and warlike humanoids from the Astral Plane have taken the first steps toward establishing bases and staging grounds upon Highpoint. The reason for this incursion is unknown, but many dragons throughout the world have answered their call and some of the most knowledgeable and deadly creatures of the underdeep have redoubled their defenses against this threat. Aliens from beyond the planes have also begun prodding this weakened world. Inscrutable, indescribable creatures of madness and terror, these beings have slipped through the layers of reality and have found no wardens on Highpoint to force them back. Thus, a slow seep of other-dimensional insanity has begun to permeate Highpoint. On the other hand, there are guardians of order and balance that would be affronted to see Highpoint fall. Mechanized outsiders and defenders of some unknowable planar equilibrium, these creatures have moved to guard Highpoint until its true defenders can regain control of the planet or new gods take control. These defenders have little care for the dealings of mortals or the lunar threat, working only to prevent any other extraplanar force from gaining purchase. Though perhaps Highpoint's greatest allies at the moment, these beings also care the least about the mortals caught amid their world's divine and planar struggle.

many of the more subtle attacks of their natural cousins, oil nymphs use their spells and spell-like abilities to hinder enemies from afar. If opponents come near, oil nymphs will use their slam and oil slick ability to hinder attackers, allowing them to again withdraw and harry enemies until they are driven off.

Oil Slick (Ex): Any creature struck by an oil nymph's slam attack is covered in grease, oil, and the other slick liquids that make up the nymph's body.

OIL NYMPH

MEDIUM FEY

Hit Dice: 8d6+16 (44 hp)

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30 ft. (6 squares), climb 20 ft., swim 40 ft.

AC: 18 (+3 Dex, +5 natural), touch 13, flat-footed 15

Base Attack/Grapple: +4/+6

Attack: Slam +6 melee (1d4+3 plus oil slick)

Full Attack: Slam +6 melee (1d4+3 plus oil slick)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Oil slick, spells, spell-like abilities

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 10/cold iron, low-light vision, nature bane, oil trail

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +9, Will +3

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14

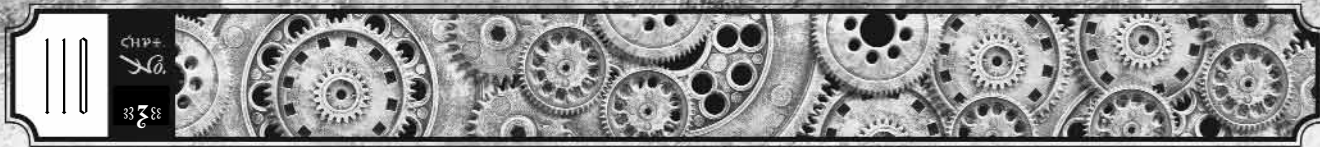
Skills: Concentration +6, Disable Device +13, Escape Artist +13, Hide +7*, Jump +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +11, Open Lock +9, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +6, Swim +15

Feats: Combat Casting, Dodge, Mobility

Environment: Gear forests, polluted waters, ruins

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 7



Immediately the creature must make a DC 10 Balance check or fall, as per the spell *grease*. Every round after being struck, the creature must make another Balance check or fall. This continues until the creature uses at least a gallon of water and a full-round action to wash off the oil.

Nature Bane (Ex): Though oil nymphs still love nature, they destroy all plants they touch and pollute water they enter. Animals will not willingly come within 30 feet of an oil nymph and all plants that are touched, attacked or occupy the same space as the nymph suffer the effects of the spell *blight* cast by a 10th level sorcerer.

Oil Trail (Ex): Oil nymphs leave a trail of grime wherever they go. Any creature using Track to follow an oil nymph gains a +8 to their Survival check. Creatures without the Track feat can also follow an oil nymph's path by making a DC 12 Search check.

Spell-like Abilities: At will—*erase, grease, obscure object, soften earth and stone*; 3/day—*blink, stinking cloud*. Caster level 7th.

Spells: An oil nymph casts spells as a 5th level sorcerer.

Typical Sorcerer Spells Prepared (6/7/5, save DC 12 + spell level): 0—*acid splash, dancing lights, detect poison, flare, ghost sound, mage hand*; 1—*burning hands, cause fear, expeditious retreat, hypnotism, obscuring mist, ray of enfeeblement, sleep*; 2—*blur, flaming sphere, glitterdust, resist energy, scorching ray*.

Skills: Oil nymphs have a +8 racial bonus to Escape Artist and Move Silently checks. These nymphs also have a +2 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. They can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. They can use the run action while swimming, provided she swims in a straight line. *They also gain a +8 bonus to Hide checks when hiding in oily or polluted water.



Sample Scalded

Moving closer with a shambling gait and dragging a broken blade in one limp arm, this humanoid is obviously dead, its head shattered as if by some great impact. With skin so pale it's almost luminescent, the creature's one remaining black eye stares at you with a malevolent alien intellect.

This example uses a 3rd-level human fighter that is part of a 22-member swarm mind as the base creature.

Scalded 3rd-Level Human Fighter

MEDIUM UNDEAD (AUGMENTED HUMANOID)

Hit Dice: 3d13 (27 hp)

Initiative: +0

Speed: 20 ft.

AC: 18 (+4 natural, +4 chain shirt), touch 10, flat-footed 18

Base Attack/Grapple: +3/+6

Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3 plus disease)

Full Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6+3 plus disease) and longsword +1 melee (1d8+1/19-20)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./ 5 ft.

Special Attacks: Disease, create spawn

Special Qualities: Swarm mind, telepathy, turn resistance +2

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 17, Dex 11, Con —, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 16

Skills: Hide +2, Listen +2, Move Silently +2, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Run

Environment: Any above ground

Organization: Solitary, swarm (2-30)

Challenge Rating: 5

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: —

Level Adjustment: —

SCALDED (TEMPLATE)

Alien dragons and sinister mind stealers are not the only threats that have fallen to Highpoint since the beginning of the lunar rain. Along with its rocky surface and bizarre creatures, the moon's simplest organisms have also fallen from the heavens, and seemingly like all things from that bizarre world, even lunar viruses have their own malign agenda. Scalded creatures are those killed by lunar debris that are infested with a disease called lunar taint. Taking root in the bodies of those killed, these microbes are capable of animating the lifeless bodies of terrestrial creatures, piloting them as fleshy mechs to achieve some unknown purpose. Though the process is not exactly understood, the more of these microbes there are in an area, the more intelligent they seem to become, creating a horde of zombies that all function with the same otherworldly intelligence and purpose.

Scalded swarm minds are most commonly found in the ruins of surface cities, where one infected creature destroyed the remaining population. As such, there are several ruins throughout Highpoint that are now populated by an army of the dead, ruled over and sharing the same vast mind and unknowable plans for the unsuspecting world.

Creating a Scalded Creature

"Scalded" is an acquired template that can be added to any aberration, animal, dragon, fey, giant, humanoid, magical beast, monstrous humanoid, or vermin (referred to hereafter as the base creature). The base creature must have a Charisma score of at least 6.

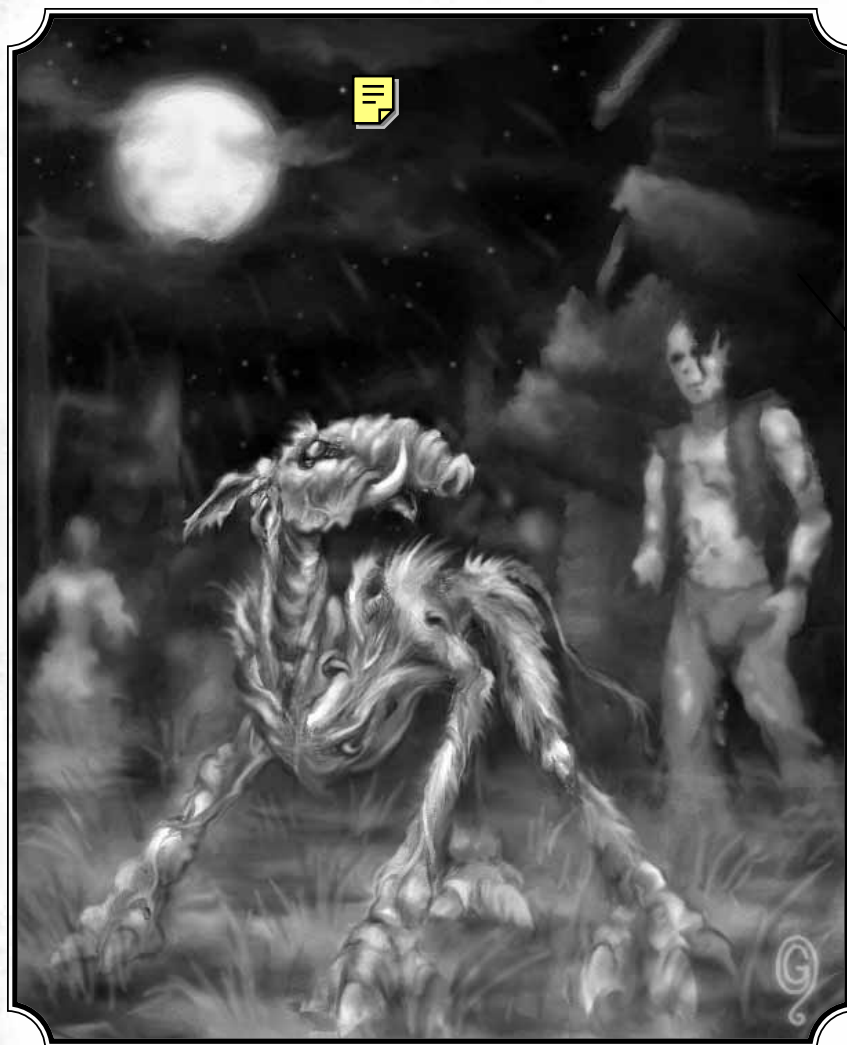
A scalded uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

Size and Type: The creature's type changes to undead. Do not recalculate the creature's base attack bonus, saves, or skill points. Size is unchanged.

Hit Dice: All current and future Hit Dice become d12s.

Speed: A scalded creature's speed is 10 feet less





than the base creature (but never lower than 10 ft.). Scalded creatures cannot fly or swim, regardless of their base creature.

Armor Class: The base creature's natural armor class increases by +4.

Attack: A scalded creature retains all the attacks of the base creature and gains a bite attack. This attack becomes its primary natural weapon.

Full Attack: A scalded creature retains all the attacks of the base creature and gains a bite attack. This attack becomes its primary natural weapon.

Damage: Scalded creatures have bite attacks. If the base creature did not have this attack, use the damage value on the table below. Otherwise, use the values below or the base creature's damage values, whichever is greater.

Special Attacks: A scalded creature retains all the special attacks of the base creature and gains the special attacks described below.

Disease (Ex): Scalded creatures all carry a new dis-

ease called lunar taint. Creatures affected by this disease lose their terrestrial connection, coming to think in a wholly alien way as they waste away. Creatures either killed by lunar taint or while infected always rise as scalded creatures 1 day later.

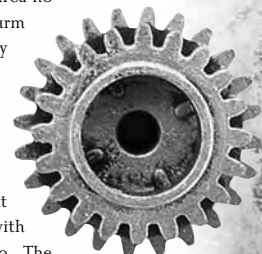
Lunar taint—bite: Fortitude save DC 12, incubation period 1 day; damage 1 Con and 1 Int. The save DC is Constitution based.

Create Spawn (Su): Any aberration, animal, dragon, fey, giant, humanoid, magical beast, monstrous humanoid, or vermin killed by a scalded creature's bite or disease or while infected by lunar taint gains the scalded creature template and rises as a scalded creature in 1 day. Creatures killed by a scalded creature become part of that creature's swarm mind.

Swarm Mind (Su): Scalded creatures gain intelligence based on how many share the same swarm mind. Every time a scalded creature kills another creature using its bite or disease abilities, that

creature becomes part of its swarm mind as soon as it rises as a new scalded creature. If two existing swarm minds encounter one another, they combine, adding their members to create one more intelligent swarm mind. All scalded creatures within 1 mile of each other per swarm mind level (see Table 3-2) count as members of the same swarm mind. Scalded that leave this area no longer count toward the swarm mind total, though they may now create their own swarm mind.

Scalded creatures with an Intelligence of 3 or more gain skills and feats and know all the languages of the races that make it up, allowing scalded with the ability to speak to do so. The intelligence of a swarm mind is based on Table 3-2.



Special Qualities: A scalded creature has all the special qualities of the base creature as well as those described below.

Telepathy (Su): Scalded creatures can see and hear what all other scalded creatures within the same swarm mind experience, at a range of 1 mile for every swarm mind level. This telepathy does not allow them to communicate with any other creatures but scalded creatures. As they share one mind and are aware of each other's situations, one scalded creature's actions are the result of decisions made by all the scalded in its swarm mind.

Turn Resistance (Ex): A scalded creature has +2 turn resistance.

Abilities: Scalded creatures gain +4 Strength, +2 Wisdom, and +4 Charisma. Being mindless undead individually, a scalded creature has no Constitution or Intelligence score.

Skills: A scalded creature has skills only if it has an Intelligence score. The creature has the same skills as all the other scalded creatures in its swarm mind rather than having skills based on their original HD. For the purposes of determining what skills a scalded creature, and thus the entire swarm mind has, use the group's swarm mind level instead of the individual creature's HD or character level.

Feats: A scalded creature has feats only if it has an Intelligence score. The creature has the same feats as all the other scalded creatures in its swarm mind rather than having feats based on their original HD. For the purposes of determining what feats a scalded creature, and thus the entire swarm mind has, use the group's swarm mind level instead of the individual creature's HD or character level.

Environment: Any, often as the base creature.

Organization: Solitary, mob (2-12), swarm (13-275).

Challenge Rating: Same as the base creature +2.

Treasure: None.

Alignment: Neutral evil.

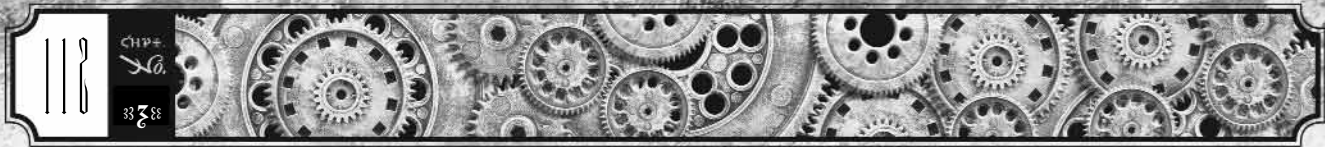


TABLE 3-2: SCALDED SWARM INTELLIGENCE

Number of Scalded Creatures	Swarm Mind Level	Intelligence
1-5	1	0
6-15	2	3
16-30	3	6
31-50	4	9
51-75	5	12
76-105	6	15
106-140	7	18
141-180	8	21
181-225	9	24
225-275	10	27



SKELTH

MEDIUM ABERRATION (LUNAR)

Hit Dice: 5d8+10 (32 hp)

Initiative: +2

Speed: 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (good)

Armor Class: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural), touch 12, flat-footed 13

Base Attack/Grapple: +3/+3

Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6) or claw +3 melee (1d4)

Full Attack: Bite +6 melee (1d6) or 3 claws +3 melee (1d4)

Space/Reach: 5 ft./5 ft. (bite reach 20 ft.)

Special Attacks: Heat drain

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., heat sense, lunar traits, improved grab

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 4, Wis 10, Cha 6

Skills: Balance +4, Escape Artist +8, Listen +2, Spot +2

Feats: Agile, Weapon Finesse

Environment: Warm plains or gear forests

Organization: Solitary, pack (5-8), or flight (20-50)

Challenge Rating: 4

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

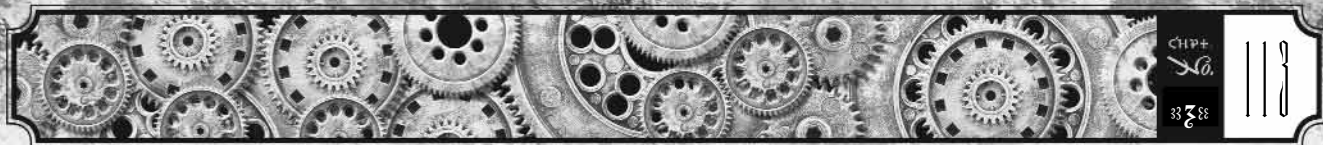
Advancement: 6-8 HD (Medium), 9-15 HD (Large)

Level Adjustment: –

This flying creature has a vague resemblance to a sea serpent. It has an ovoid body with a slender neck. Four long, ragged wings emerge from its body, one from each of the top, bottom, left, and right sides. A scaly limb with a nasty claw trails from under each wing.

Description

The skelth is one of the smallest creatures to fall from the moon, but it still poses a danger to terrestrial creatures caught in its path. It leeches heat from anyone it can catch, often with fatal consequences. Gathering in great flocks, the creatures can even threaten mechs, particularly those driven



by steam engines.

Skelth have ungainly, otherworldly bodies that nonetheless glide through the air like a swimmer in water. In fact, they bear a certain resemblance to sea serpents. A skelth has an ovoid body with a slender neck topped by a pitted and knoblike head. Its neck, which can retract partway into its cream-colored body, is 20 feet long at full extension and sports a set of jagged teeth. Two long, ragged wings emerge from lumpy shoulders along both sides of its body, and another wing reaches out from each of its top and bottom sides. A scaly limb tipped with a nasty claw lies folded under each wing.

Although skelth are not particularly intelligent, they are persistent, especially when pursuing their meals. They can and do eat terrestrial food. Indeed, their observed appetites are omnivorous, ranging from elven flesh to rotting cabbages and even chunks of stone. But all skelth seek heat with a hunger that outstrips their other desires.

Both sides of a skelth's wings are covered with sharp bristles, not unlike those of a pig. These are actually protrusions from its circulatory system, and when pressed close against a heat source, they drain energy from it into the skelth's body. The creatures have a tremendous appetite for warmth, and seem incapable of generating much of it themselves.

Combat with a skelth often starts when the creature tries to wrap itself around someone passing through its field of perception. Skelth have a poor grasp of tactics, attacking whenever they perceive a heat source and only retreating when badly wounded. They are capable of recognizing exceptional threats, such as a nearby archer or spellcaster, and will move from one target to another. The creatures seem to realize that a wounded foe is easier to steal heat from.

In the wild, skelth often congregate in large groups. Two or three dozen are routinely found together, although flights of more than 100 skelth have been reported. Such large numbers pose a danger to mechs, as skelth are surprisingly good at worming their way into tight places. Once inside a mech, a skelth will indiscriminately feast on its engines and its passengers. Entire packs of skelth can live undetected in the engines of a city-mech, known only to the coglings and clockwork rangers who dwell there also.

Combat

Skelth are not sophisticated combatants. Their normal goal is to drain heat from their targets, and a skelth will usually just swoop in and attempt to wrap its wings around its prey. If this doesn't result in immediate success, the skelth will use its natural weaponry to wear its victim down. When attacked by other creatures, the skelth will lash out for a round or two and then retreat a short distance,

returning to try and claim heat from its attackers.

Although skelth have no large group tactics, a large number of them can be dangerous even to experienced adventurers. The skelth will swarm around their targets, with as many skelth as possible attaching themselves to each individual.

Even a hardy individual can succumb when six or eight skelth are all attempting to suck the warmth from them. Some adventurers have tried to lure skelth to their doom with giant bonfires or pools of magma, but this has failed. Skelth are drawn to the powerful heat, but they aren't so brainless as to dive right into anything that intense.

Improved Grab (Ex): To use this ability, a skelth must hit with at least one claw attack. It can then start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold and in following rounds can use its heat drain ability on its victim.

Lunar (Ex): Lunar creatures suffer half damage from most elemental attacks (air, fire, and water), or no damage on a successful save. They take double damage from earth-based attacks and magic. They receive a +10 bonus to saves against mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects), mind blasts and psionic attacks, and detect thoughts due to alien psychology.

Heat Drain (Ex): Once a skelth has grabbed a warmth-generating target no more than one size category larger than itself, it may attempt to steal heat from it every round as a free action. The foe must make a Fortitude save (DC 14, Constitution-based). If the save is failed, the target suffers 1 point of temporary Constitution damage. Lost points return at the rate of 1 per day. After draining 1d8+4 points of Constitution in an encounter, a skelth will retreat from combat satisfied. A skelth using its heat drain ability cannot make other attacks. Targets up to one size category larger than the skelth can be affected, and every doubling of skelth increases the limit by one size category (for example, eight skelth together could drain heat from one Colossal target).

Inanimate objects are also subject to this ability, provided they give off heat. This is primarily a danger to steam-powered items, whether personal or mech-sized. To affect a large item such as a mech, the skelth must be taking heat directly from a primary power source such as a main boiler. For every failed Fortitude save during a given encounter, an affected object suffers a 5% chance per round of failing due to heat loss. An item that

SUMMONING THE CREATURES OF HIGHPOINT

Many creatures native to Highpoint, or that have recently become known to mortals, can be magically summoned. Summoning these creatures is the same as summoning any other being, requiring the use of spells like *summon monster* or *summon nature's ally*. This list adds creatures native to Highpoint and new to DragonMech to the summoning lists presented in chapter II of the PHB.

Spell Creature

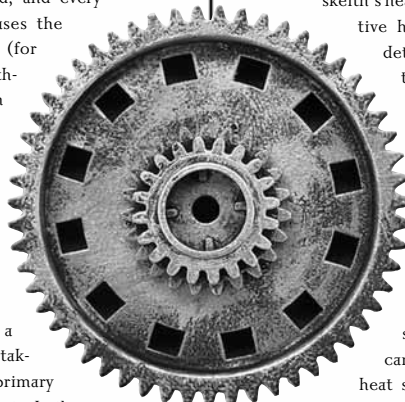
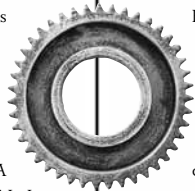
<i>Summon Monster I</i>	Cogling crawler*
<i>Summon Monster III</i>	Ferrous cube
<i>Summon Monster III</i>	Cogling crawler swarm*
<i>Summon Monster IV</i>	Goiem
<i>Summon Monster VI</i>	Haireisthai
<i>Summon Nature's Ally VI</i>	Oil nymph**

* Only constructors can summon these creatures.

** Even though oil nymphs are probably a more destructive force on nature than a positive one, the powers and magics that summon these creatures still view them as creatures of nature and seem to bear their continued love of the natural world in mind.

fails immediately ceases functioning, as do all its related and dependent elements (such as steam cannons on a mech). They return to their normal operation after 5 minutes, with the time doubled for every size increment above Medium (for example, 80 minutes for a Colossal mech). This represents the time necessary to get vital systems powered up again, and can be halved by a character making a relevant Craft roll against a DC of 15.

Heat Sense (Ex): The pitted surface of a skelth's head is actually an acutely sensitive heat receptor. A skelth can detect the presence and intensity of all heat sources within 120 feet of itself, allowing it to automatically locate beings that are hidden or camouflaged to normal sight. However, terrestrial magic in some way interferes with this ability, and any creature under a magical effect that blocks sight (such as *invisibility*) cannot be seen by a skelth's heat sense. Creatures that are at room temperature, such as magical constructs and the undead, cannot be detected with this ability either.



STYGIAN HORROR

LARGE ABERRATION

Hit Dice: 10d8+36 (72 hp)

Initiative: +4

Speed: 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor)

Armor Class: 20 (-1 size, +11 natural), touch 9, flat-footed 20

Base Attack/Grapple: +7/+17

Attack: Bite +13 melee (1d8+6)

Full Attack: Bite +13 melee (1d8+6) and 2 talons +8 melee (1d6+6) and tail slap +8 melee (1d8+6)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Baleful gaze, eye rays, frightful presence

Special Qualities: Darkvision 60 ft., light sensitivity

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +11

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 10, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 17

Skills: Intimidate +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8, Listen +12, Search +13, Spot +16, Survival +4 (when underground or when following tracks)

Feats: Ability Focus (baleful gaze), Alertness, Improved Initiative, Iron Will

Environment: Underground

Organization: Solitary or pair

Challenge Rating: 10

Treasure: Double standard

Alignment: Usually neutral evil

Advancement: 11-20 HD (Large), 21-30 HD (Huge)

Level Adjustment: -

This reptilian horror has a sinuous body, long neck, leathery wings, and a layer of dark-colored scales. Its head has a wide, vicious beak surrounded by four stubby eyestalks, each with a mad red eye on the end. It waddles gracelessly but quickly on powerful legs terminating in several vicious hooked claws.

Description

As the lunar rain fell, creatures of the surface forced their way into the world underground. In turn, this booming population pushed many denizens of the underworld to dig deeper, flooding the Stygian depths with refugees. As more of the uncharted caverns became home to displaced creatures from above, the things living there had two choices – go deeper themselves, or push back. The Stygian horror pushed.

These creatures have long been known in legend, but surface dwellers assumed they were mere myths, “dragons of the depths” whose purpose was to frighten small children. However, the stories were strongly rooted in fact. Stygian horrors have lived far below the known world since time out of mind, protected by their strange powers and dreadful cunning, forgetting and forgotten. The influx of invaders from above prompted them to seek what lay overhead. They found a world full of tasty morsels and unique treasures. Stygian horrors can live for centuries, and above all they seek novelty to fill their lightless days. Whether it be the screams of a humanoid not found in the depths, the taste of that humanoid’s flesh, or the pleasing glitter of that humanoid’s possessions, a Stygian horror can find satisfaction in countless ways.

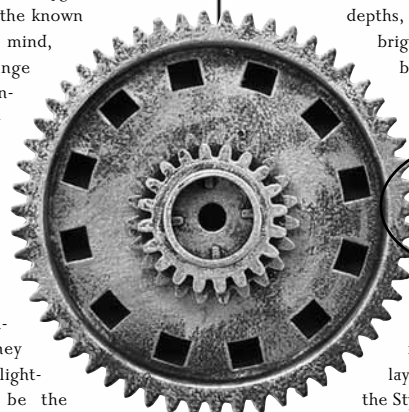
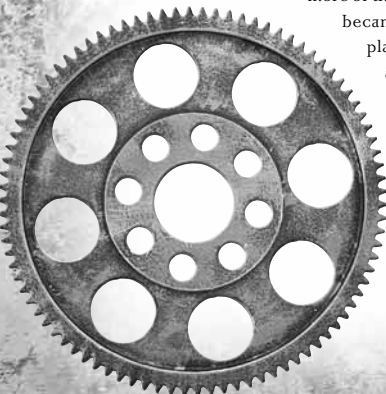
Over the last hundred years, many Stygian hor-

rors have relocated to the areas just beneath the surface world. The lunar rain has driven enough prey underground to keep them amused. A few Stygian horrors have even ventured out under the sun. Unlike many other creatures of the

depths, they are able to function in bright light. It pains them slightly, but after countless years of living in the darkness with few new experiences to savor, it seems a reasonable sacrifice.

The nickname “dragon of the depths” makes a little sense when looking at a Stygian horror. Both creatures look reptilian, with a sinuous body, long neck, leathery wings, and a layer of protective scales. But the Stygian horror has a wide, cruel beak rather than a mouth full of fangs.

Four stubby eyestalks are placed equidistantly around the beak, each with an insane red eye at the tip. Of its four legs, the front ones terminate in several vicious hooked claws, while the back ones have blunted nails. Its tail is half as long as its neck, and





it ends in an array of bony spikes that resemble an ornate mace. Although the Stygian horror's scales appear black at first, bright light reveals them to be a rich purple.

Stygian horrors speak their own tongue, which some scholars say is a debased form of Draconic. They also know Undercommon, and any Stygian horror a player encounters is likely to have learned Common or another surface language. Conversation with an interesting creature will at times divert one of these creatures, and on occasion they will exchange their knowledge of the underworld for some treasure that catches their fancy.

Combat

The Stygian horror is a capable physical combatant, especially when it can bring its bony tail into play against foes trying to flank it. But its true strength lies in its eyes. Anyone meeting its gaze is at risk of being paralyzed. A Stygian horror can focus its gaze to produce several potent eye rays. It can also terrify its opponents with its presence, potentially causing them to flee.

A Stygian horror makes liberal use of its *confusion* ray, as that has excellent range. Any obvious wizards or other thinking types will be targeted with the *feblemind* ray, and anyone who seems likely to resist the creature's baleful gaze (characters with high Will saves, such as clerics and monks) are the victims of *blindness*. A Stygian horror usually saves its *curse* ray for an opponent who seriously annoys it.

Most of a Stygian horror's abilities require it to be near its target, and it chooses the terrain carefully while planning an encounter. If a fight is going badly, the Stygian horror will fly away when possible. Although the creatures are too clumsy to fight effectively on the wing, flight is a handy means of escape.

Baleful Gaze (Su): *Hold monster*, duration 5 rounds, range 60 feet, Will DC [icon] negates. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Eye Rays (Su): Once per round as a standard action, a Stygian horror can direct a ray of its choice from one of its eyestalks at a target. This is a ranged touch attack, although each ray's effect resembles that of a spell. The range of each ray is 30 feet except where noted. A Stygian horror can aim its ray at any target within range, provided it can move its neck freely. Each ray has a save DC of 18; the save is Charisma-based. The rays include:

Blindness (3/day): The target is permanently blinded as the spell *blindness/deafness*. Fortitude save negates.

Confusion: As the spell of the same name with a duration of 5 rounds. Will save negates. Range 100 ft.

Curse (1/day): The target suffers a permanent -6

penalty to an ability score of the Stygian horror's choice as with the spell *bestow curse*. Will save negates.

Exhaustion: Target is exhausted as the spell *ray of exhaustion* with a duration of 5 minutes. Fortitude save leaves target fatigued instead.

Feeblemind (1/day): As the spell of the same name. Range 100 ft. Will save negates.

Harm: Inflicts 2d8+5 points of damage as the spell *inflict moderate wounds*. Will save for half damage.

Frightful Presence (Ex): As a standard action, a Stygian horror can attempt to terrify those nearby. It brandishes its wings and talons, thrashing its tail and emitting a horrible shrieking wail. All creatures within 30 feet who witness the display, except other Stygian horrors, may become frightened. An affected opponent can resist the effects with a successful Will save (DC 18); otherwise, the effect lasts 5d6 rounds. An opponent that succeeds on the saving throw is immune to that same Stygian horror's frightful presence for 24 hours. Frightful presence is a mind-affecting fear effect.

Light Sensitivity (Ex): The Stygian horror is dazzled when in bright sunlight or within the radius of a daylight spell.

Skills: The Stygian horror has a +4 racial bonus on Search and Spot checks.

YGAPMPO

Large Aberration (Lunar)

Hit Dice: 3d8+15 (28 hp)

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Armor Class: 16 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +5 natural), touch 11, flat-footed 14

Base Attack/Grapple: +3/+10

Attack: Claw +6 melee (1d6+3 plus 1d10 acid)

Full Attack: 5 claws +6 melee (1d6+3 plus 1d10 acid)

Space/Reach: 10 ft./10 ft.

Special Attacks: Fume cloud (DC 16)

Special Qualities: Acid blood, all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft., immunity to acid, lunar traits

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +3

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 1, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Climb +4, Listen +2, Search +4, Spot +6

Feats: Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 3

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 4-8 HD (Large), 9-15 HD (Huge), 16-30 HD (Gargantuan), 31-60 HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment: -

Base Attack/Grapple: +15/+38

Attack: Claw +20 melee (2d8+11 plus 5d10 acid)

Full Attack: 29 claws +20 melee (2d8+11 plus 5d10 acid)

Space/Reach: 20 ft./20 ft.

Special Attacks: Fume cloud (DC 29)

Special Qualities: Acid blood, all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft., immunity to acid, lunar traits

Saves: Fort +17, Ref +7, Will +12

Abilities: Str 32, Dex 12, Con 28, Int 1, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Climb +8, Listen +6, Search +4, Spot +14

Feats: Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude,

Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Armor (+2), Improved Natural Attack

Environment: Any

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 15

Treasure: None

Alignment: Always neutral

Advancement: 21-30 HD (Gargantuan), 31-60 HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment: -

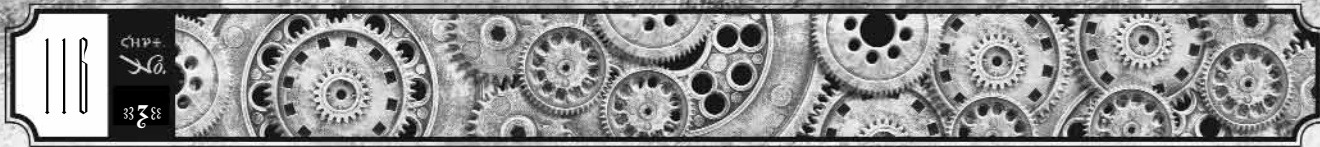
This bizarre entity looks like a rubbery ball of flesh with blubbery clawed tentacles emerging from it. Its skin is a sickly pale purple shot through with throbbing yellowish veins; the entire thing glistens and drips a viscous fluid. It moves by Each tentacle ends in a sharp claw and a multifaceted eye.

Description

The ravenous ygapmpo is a lunar monstrosity that poses a threat to living things and mechs alike. Not only is it endlessly hungry, not only can it consume any form of matter, but every particle of its being does harm to all things terrestrial. Moreover, while most ygapmpo are roughly 8 feet across, individual specimens more than 10 times that size have been recorded. With their wicked claws and acidic secretions, ygapmpo are shunned even by powerful monsters like lunar dragons.

At first glance, a ygapmpo might not seem especially threatening. It looks like a rubbery ball of flesh with clawed tentacles - nothing worse than many adventurers have seen. The creature's skin can be any number of colors, but the majority of ygapmpo are a sickly pale purple with throbbing yellowish veins; a glistening, viscous fluid drips from its surface, and it uses its outstretched tentacles to pull itself along.

Each tentacle ends not only in a claw but a multifaceted eye, which is set just behind the claw. The underside of each tentacle is smooth and pale, with faint diagonal slashes visible. Sages have noted that every known ygapmpo has had a prime number of tentacles (a number only divisible by itself and 1, such as 5 or 17 or 29). The larger the ygapmpo, the more tentacles it has, and the creatures seem to have no limit on their growth. Highpoint's largest specimen had 53 tentacles, and was destroyed by Tannanliel itself only after consuming nearly 200



elves and their 3 mechs in one day.

What makes a ygapmpo horrible is that it is essentially a mobile stomach. The fluid oozing from every pore is a concentrated acid which doubles as the creature's blood. It absorbs all manner of dissolved substances – vegetable, mineral, animal – through the diagonal slits under each tentacle. No amount of food is enough for a ygapmpo. It will keep attacking, grabbing, crushing, and above all digesting until absolutely nothing remains but barren earth, then move toward the nearest sign of life and begin again.

While a ygapmpo can consume anything, it apparently finds the most satisfaction and nutrition from the remains of living things. If a variety of foods are available, it will gravitate toward creatures first, then plants, and finally everything else. The reason for this is not known. Ygapmpo are not intelligent enough to communicate, and examining them is extremely hazardous whether they are alive or dead.

The best guess is that living creatures contain more of whatever it is a ygapmpo needs to grow. At times, one of the creatures will cease its ravages and curl itself into a compact ball, then secrete a substance that turns its outer layer of slime into a rocky shell. It remains dormant inside its jagged cocoon for a week or two, then bursts forth much larger than before. With its new size comes an increased appetite, unfortunately for whatever lives nearby.

This shell is black and has the consistency of volcanic rock, being permeated with microscopic holes and tunnels. However, it is no easier to shatter than normal stone (hardness 8, 15 hp per inch of thickness, with a ygapmpo secreting roughly 3 inches for every size category above Medium). Traces of the lunar mineral called mensite are often found in the remnants of these shells. In fact, ygapmpo themselves seem to search out deposits of mensite. Some scholars guess that mensite is important to the ygapmpo's reproductive cycle, although that process remains a mystery.

Indeed, nobody has evidence of ygapmpo reproducing anywhere on Highpoint. All ygapmpo seem to have fallen directly from the moon, often making the journey encased in their shells. Once arriving, the creatures are intensely solitary. The one thing a ygapmpo will avoid is the trace of another ygapmpo, and as a result they often end up carving out swaths of territory with huge dead zones separating them.

How they sense each other is as much a mystery as most other aspects of their inner life, but it seems connected to the scorched acidic trails they leave behind them as they travel. Some scholars have said that ygapmpo are the moon's equivalent of snails, dim-witted creatures who travel in slime and eat whatever they find underneath themselves. The adventurer Rak Demonbeard, upon hearing this theory, is reported to have said, "Then you bloody well skewer one of the bloody things and

serve it in garlic your bloody self!"

Combat

Ygapmpo tactics are extremely simple. They slash at whatever they can reach with as many tentacles as possible until nothing mobile remains within sight. Once this is accomplished, they roll their thick tentacles over everything, letting their secretions liquefy whatever is there. As the remnants are dissolved to gooey paste, they are sucked up through the slits on the underside. Ygapmpo have no cunning or subtlety, and they will attack whatever they can find, regardless of size or speed differences.

Fortunately, the larger ygapmpo are not capable of using all their tentacles against one target. A simple rule is that a ygapmpo can only make 5 attacks per round against one specific target; this will pose a threat in melee without subjecting an individual character to dozens of attacks at once.

The handful of creatures with natural immunity to acid, such as green dragons, will occasionally lair near a ygapmpo's territory. While the ygapmpo are incapable of teamwork, they certainly deter unwanted visitors. The creatures are never safe to be around, however. Their acid is particularly corrosive, perhaps due to their lunar origin, and even green dragons can be hurt by large quantities of it.

Lunar (Ex): Lunar creatures suffer half damage from most elemental attacks (air, fire, and water), or no damage on a successful save. They take double damage from earth-based attacks and magic. They receive a +10 bonus to saves against mind-influencing effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects), mind blasts and psionic attacks, and detect thoughts due to alien psychology.

Acid (Ex): A ygapmpo constantly oozes a powerful acid from its entire body, and as the creature gets larger, the acid gets stronger. A ygapmpo's claw strikes inflict extra acid damage, and that damage is more potent than regular acid. A Large ygapmpo will cause 1d10 acid damage, and for every level of growth, another 2d10 damage is done. This acid is more potent than its terrestrial equivalent. For purposes of dealing with a ygapmpo's acid, treat non-lunar creatures with immunity to acid (except outsiders) as if they instead have acid resistance 50. This simulates the fact that a truly enormous ygapmpo is toxic enough that nothing native to Highpoint can resist it entirely.

Mechs are as vulnerable to this acid as characters. However, they can apply their hardness rating separately to the ygapmpo's claw damage and its acid damage. Note that large amounts of acid damage will leave holes in the mech's armor that a crea-

ture can climb through, potentially including the ygapmpo itself.

Fume Cloud (Ex): Large quantities of acid give off fumes, and all ygapmpo are surrounded by invisible clouds of poisonous stench. The cloud has a radius equal to the ygapmpo's reach. Anyone exposed to it must make a Fortitude save (DC equal to 10 + the creature's Constitution modifier + half the creature's HD) or suffer 1 point of temporary Constitution damage. A save must be made for every minute of exposure to the fumes.

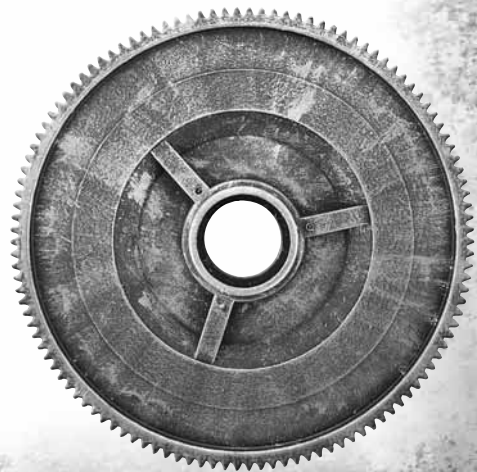
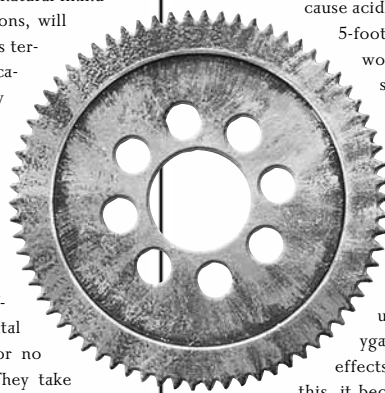
Acid Blood (Ex): Striking a ygapmpo is nearly as dangerous as being struck by one. Any successful hit with a slashing or piercing weapon, or any critical with a bludgeoning weapon, can damage both the weapon and those nearby.

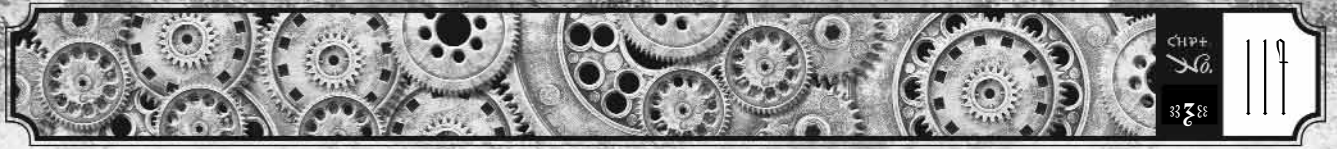
A normal weapon doing damage to the ygapmpo under these conditions will dissolve immediately. Magic weapons receive a Reflex saving throw to avoid this effect, using the DC for the fume cloud.

Successful strikes under these conditions cause acidic blood to spray into the 5-foot square adjacent to the wounded area. Everyone standing in this area takes 1d10 points of acid damage.

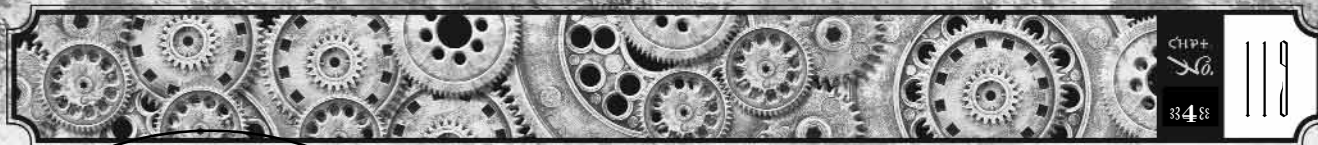
When dead, the ygapmpo stops producing new acid, but its existing secretions are still dangerous. For a period of 6d20 minutes after its death, the ygapmpo's acid has the effects described above. After this, it becomes an inert substance that drains away without further visible effect. Many alchemists would love to find the secret of stabilizing ygapmpo acid, but so far contact with a living ygapmpo seems to be necessary for its stability.

All-Around Vision (Ex): A ygapmpo's eyes are multifaceted and spaced evenly around its body, so it sees almost everything. This gives them a +4 racial bonus on Search and Spot checks, and they cannot be flanked.





A large, circular, heavily worn metal gear or flywheel. It features a central hub with a smaller gear-like structure. The outer rim is serrated with many small teeth. Eight square cutouts are arranged in a circle around the center. The surface is dark and shows significant signs of age and use.



New Spells

The flourishing field of construct magic has resulted in a number of new spells being devised over the past few years. This section introduces several of them. Remember that spells with a "creature" or "mech" target can only affect targets two or less sizes larger than the caster. For example, a Medium caster can only affect mechs up to size Huge with the spell *bestow malfunction*. Affecting larger targets requires the use of the Combine Spell feat. See page 43 of *DragonMech* for more details.

Bestow Malfunction

Transmutation

Level: Con 4, Clr 5, Sor/Wiz 5

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Touch

Target: Mech touched

Duration: See below

Saving Throw: Fort negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

You place a mechanical hex on the subject, causing its core systems to malfunction in some way. Choose one of the following three effects:

- -6 penalty to one ability score (minimum 1).
- -1 penalty on attack rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks.
- Each round, the target has a 50% chance to act normally; otherwise, it is unable to take an action.

You may also invent your own curse, but it should be no more powerful than those described above.

The *malfunction* bestowed by this spell cannot be dispelled, but it can be removed with a *break enchantment*, *limited wish*, *miracle*, or *wish* spell. It can also be eliminated by a Craft (Mechcraft) check against the caster's save DC. This effort normally takes 1d6x10 minutes, with the check made at the end of the time. Failures can be retried after expending the same amount of time. A mech's patchwork repairs ability cannot be used to remove this malfunction outright, but can be used to reduce the amount of time necessary for the Craft (Mechcraft) check by half.



Gearghoul Touch

Transmutation

Level: Con 2, Sor/Wiz 4

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Touch

Target: Mech touched

Duration: 1d6+2 rounds

Saving Throw: Fortitude negates

Spell Resistance: Yes

This spell allows you to paralyze a single mech for the duration of the spell with a successful melee touch attack. As usual, the target mech must be within two size categories of the caster. The Combine Spell feat is required to affect larger mechs.

Additionally, mechs with any gear-driven mechanisms (those powered by steam, clockwork, or manpower) are subject to internal malfunctions. If the target fails the first saving throw, it must immediately make a second Fortitude save against the same DC. Failure means that internal gears break free of their housings, forcing the mech to make a Green critical roll regardless of its current status. *Material Component:* A small gear or piece of pipe taken from a mech too damaged to function.

Inflict Moderate Damage

Necromancy

Level: Con 2, Clr 3

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 1 standard action

Range: Touch

Target: Mech touched

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: Fort half

Spell Resistance: Yes

When laying your hand upon a mech, you channel negative energy that deals 2d8 points of damage +1 point per caster level (maximum +10). This spell causes damage to a mech regardless of its size; the Combine Spell feat is not needed to affect large mechs.

Since undead mechs are powered by negative energy, this spell cures such a creature of a like amount of damage, rather than harming it.

Livemech

Transmutation

Level: Drd 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: Touch

Target: Tree touched

Duration: One day

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

This variation of the *liveoak* spell allows a specially prepared tree to be animated as a mech,

albeit an unusual one. The tree must be of Huge size and alive when the spell is cast;

it must also be built into the form of a mech. To

date, only the mid-

night sequoia

tree of

Highpoint

fulfills these

require-

ments, as it

is capable of

being hol-

lowed out

without sus-

taining terminal

damage. When the

spell is cast, the tree

immediately animates as

a full-fledged mech, uprooting

itself from the ground. It gains the statistics, abili-

ties, and limitations described in the Dark Dryad

entry (except the *belt of giant strength*).

A mech animated by *livemech* gains many of the

abilities of a living creature, but it is not technical-

ly alive. For it to operate, the tree must bear a *live-*

mech talisman on its body. A corresponding talis-

man must be worn by the individual piloting the

mech. Unless mech and pilot are wearing their tal-

ismans, the mech immediately stops moving and

will not respond to commands. The mech's talis-

man can be built into its body. The process of craft-

ing the mech includes creating one talisman each

for mech and pilot; others can be created if multi-

ple individuals want to be able to control the mech

in question (see page XX). Every mech's talisman is

unique.

Livemech must be cast on the mech once every

24 hours or it permanently reverts to tree form,

rooting itself where it stands. If *livemech* is dis-

pelled, the tree immediately takes root wherever it

happens to be, potentially stranding its crew

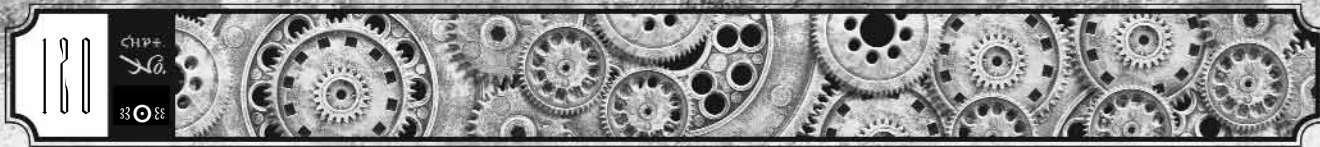
inside. It can be reanimated by another casting of

livemech, but if it does not receive such a casting

within 24 hours of the dispelling effect, it reverts

to a tree.





OPEN GAME LICENSE VERSION 1.0A

This printing of *Mech Manual* is done under version 1.0a of the Open Game License; version 5.0/4.0 of the d20 System Trademark License and d20 System Trademark Logo Guide; and the Revised (v.3.5) System Reference Document, by permission from Wizards of the Coast. Subsequent printings of this book will incorporate final versions of the license, guide, and document.

Designation of Product Identity: The following items are hereby designated as Product Identity in accordance with Section 1(e) of the Open Game License, version 1.0a: The terms DragonMech, clockwork ranger, coglayer, mech jockey, steam-borg, the assimilated, gearwright, mech devil, steam mage, Dotrak, gearstride, Seroficitacit, College of Constructors, steam power, lunar rain, rodwalker, Stenian Confederacy, Duerok, Highwater, Glatek, Highpoint, Edge, Chemak, Lebra, worm farmer, deep trader, dusk runner,

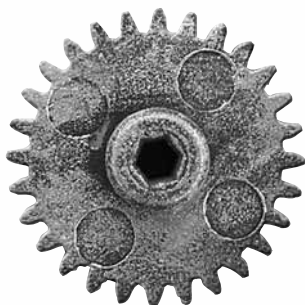
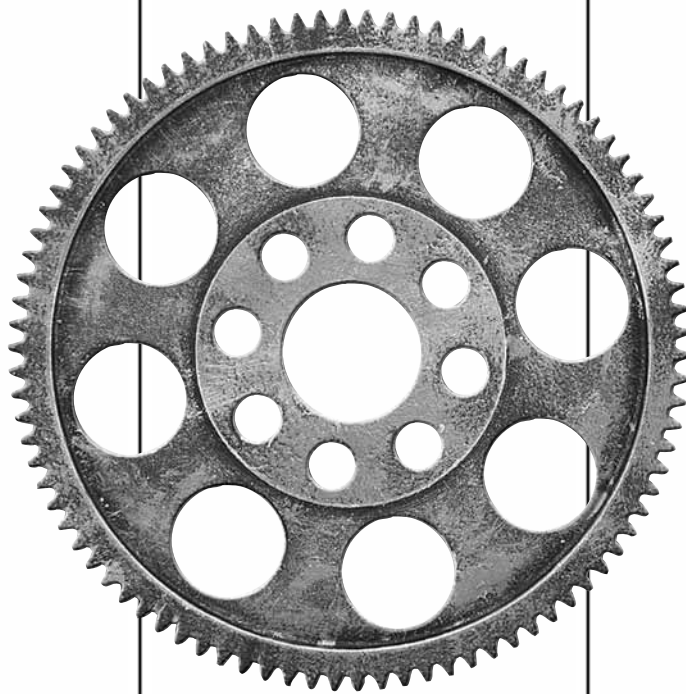
Irontooth Clans, L'arile Nation, Tannanliel, Nedderpik, Gearwrights Guild; any and all Goodman Games products, logos, titles; all monster and mech names; any and all stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, and dialogue; all artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, illustrations, maps and cartography, likenesses, poses, logos, symbols, or graphic designs, except such elements that already appear in the d20 System Reference Document and are already OGC by virtue of appearing there. The above Product Identity is not Open Game Content.

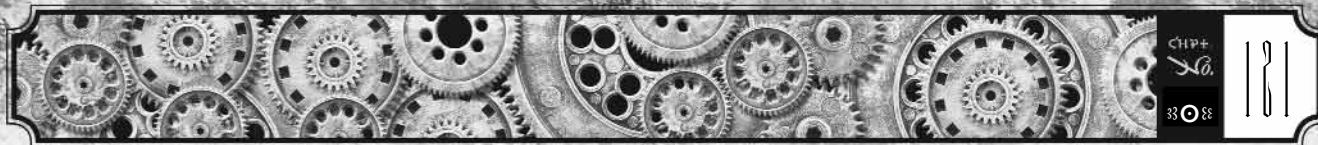
Designation of Open Game Content: Subject to the Product Identity designation above, the following portions of *Mech Manual* are designated as Open Game Content: all monster and mech stat blocks; and anything else contained herein that is already Open Game Content by virtue of appearing

in the System Reference Document or some other OGC source.

Some portions of this book that are delineated OGC originate from the System Reference Document and are ©1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003 Wizards of the Coast, Inc. The remainder of these OGC portions of this book is hereby added to Open Game Content, and if so used, should bear the COPYRIGHT NOTICE "**Mech Manual**, by F. Wesley Schneider and Matt Sprengeler, Copyright 2004, Goodman Games."

All contents of this book, regardless of designation, are copyrighted year 2004 by Goodman Games. All rights reserved. Reproduction or use without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purpose of review or use of OGC consistent with the OGL.





The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a) "Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b) "Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d) "Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity; (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures; characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product Identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor; (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content; (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By using the Open Game Content, you indicate your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content, you must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless you have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation, then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Bruce R. Cordell, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

DragonMech Copyright 2004, Goodman Games

Mech Manual, by F. Wesley Schneider and Matt Sprengheler, Copyright 2004, Goodman Games



