

Carrion Hill



The hill everyone raves about!



PATHFINDER SOCIETY: WE MAKE YOU GO ROUND THE WORLD

Use Message to contact travel department

Memories to last a lifetime

How often have you said out loud, “I would love to go to a place shrouded in mystery to do a job that, for some reason, the bosses know all about but tell me absolutely nothing of use?,” or “Why would I want to go there with this particular group of people? None of us seem to have the relevant skills needed to survive, let alone complete the mission.”

Now you can stop talking about it and do it! You have been selected by Pathfinder HR to see the world and, possibly, get yourself fame and riches. Yes, now you can travel worry-free and have the adventure of a lifetime, secure in the idea that we have a large insurance policy out on your life.



YOU COULD HAVE BEEN ANYTHING- THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING THIS

Our mission is to provide you with the most comprehensive and complete planning and travel services so that you can have the adventure of a lifetime that is exciting, comfortable, and worry-free.

We look forward to showing you the world!

Ustalav

Three distinct regions comprise the country of Ustalav: Soivoda, the Palatinates, and Virlych. The largest of these realms, Soivoda, includes the nine counties of Ustalav: Amaans, Ardeal, Barstoi, Caliphas, Odranto, Sinaria, Ulcazar, Varno, and Versex. Forming the central and easternmost parts of the country, these lands are each ruled over by a noble family bearing the hereditary title of count. Largely independent, the counties harbor generations-old bitterness and rivalries that often lead to bickering or, in the most extreme cases, armed disputes. Thus, each county stands as a state unto itself, defending its people and maintaining a culture wholly reliant upon the county's traditions and the will of its single unshakable ruler.

Versex Many sensitive to the intersections of arcane ley lines, the rotations of reality's spheres, and the conjunctions of heavenly bodies journey to the mysterious land of Versex to commune with forces esoteric and occult. Yet those aware of the dread things separated from the vulnerable world by



unimaginable expanses of aether shun Versex for the same reason. Here the fabric of planar lucidity wears thin, and stains from a sea of unperceived insanity taints an unassuming realm and unprepared minds. Worse, as naive arcanists and reckless mediums worry existence's fragile stitches, some of these tattered strands give way, and sanity shattering forces not meant for Golarion set eyes and limbs without names upon a defenseless world. Few precisely know the corruption that taints the hills and coasts of the uneven county. Many have lived here all their lives, and though escaping the tales of insane prophets and portentous importunities is impossible, they may never have suffered night terrors or witnessed a hunter from a hungry star.

Today, few communities linger on ground that wasn't inhabited thousands of years ago, and memories that should have long

passed from the land cling to inexplicable and malevolent wills. Versex's hills meander from mountain to coast, their rocky slopes gradually shrouded by a mixture of stunted grasses and dense mosses strewn with eerie spiraling fairy rings. The earth proves ill suited to farming, with most crops growing stunted or crooked. Only tubers grow with any reliable success in Versex soil, but most possess bloated, strangely suggestive shapes when finally wrested from the spongy earth. The beasts of Versex have long suffered from similar unwholesomeness, with wild animals and livestock alike falling victim to "phage," a starving affliction distinguished by unnatural paleness, starved appearances, erratic violence, and horrifyingly deformed progeny—tumorous bodies, limbs akin to other species, and multiple heads proving most common. The county breeds a stiff, private people, shackled by



traditions of reservation and aloof civility. The beliefs that proper folk don't meddle in the affairs of their neighbors, and that the upright don't make their lives the worry of others, socially isolates townfolk and city dwellers alike. Most of the county's inhabitants don't bother with their neighbors, and if they do, it's typically only to malign their improprieties.

Noteworthy Location Although few people in Versex would term any community beyond their own "noteworthy," several places of lurking strangeness lie scattered across the county.

Carrion Hill: A city where no city should be, a bastion of strangeness at the heart of nowhere, ancient evil mounts upon lurking madness in a place called Carrion Hill.

Traveling with Pathfinders was the best thing I ever did for myself. They took care of all the details, and I had all the fun! I never felt like they would barter my life in order to achieve a secondary goal – Carol Philips, town member