

SHADOWBANE[®]

THRONE OF OBLIVION[™]



UBISOFT[™]

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Getting Started

PC System Requirements

Supported OS: Windows® 98SE/ME/2000/XP (only) (XP recommended)

Processor: Pentium® III 1.2 GHz or AMD Athlon™ 1.3 GHz (Pentium® IV 2 GHz recommended)

RAM: 256 MB RAM (1 GB recommended)

Video Card: 64 MB OpenGL-compliant video card (128 MB recommended) (see supported list*)

Sound Card: Sound Blaster®-compliant sound card

Hard Drive Space: 1 GB (Shadowbane must be installed in order to play this expansion)

Input Devices: Keyboard and mouse only

DVD: 4x DVD or faster

Internet Connection: Broadband

Mac® System Requirements

Supported OS: OS X 10.2.8/10.3 (only)

Processor: 1 GHz G4

RAM: 256 MB RAM (512 MB recommended)

Video Card: 64 MB video card (see supported list*)

Sound Card: Standard

DVD: 4x DVD or faster

Hard Drive Space: 1 GB (Shadowbane must be installed in order to play this expansion)

Input Devices: Keyboard and mouse only

Internet Connection: Broadband

*Supported Video Cards at Time of Release

ATI® Radeon™ 8500/9000/X families

NVIDIA® GeForce™ 3/4/FX/6 families

Only Radeon 9500 or better and FX 5500 or better chipsets support the new graphics features. Laptop models of these cards not supported. These chipsets are the only ones that will run this game. Additional chipsets may be supported after release. For an up-to-date list of supported chipsets, please visit the FAQ for this game on our support website at <http://support.ubi.com>.

Installing Shadowbane: Throne of Oblivion

Whether or not you have the original Shadowbane and/or Shadowbane: The Rise of Chaos installed on your computer, follow the instructions below. If, during installation, you are asked if you wish to overwrite a file, select "Yes to All."

Installing Shadowbane: Throne of Oblivion on Your PC

1. Start up your computer using Windows 98SE/ME/2000/XP.
2. Put the Shadowbane game disc into your DVD drive.
3. If Autorun is enabled, the Shadowbane launch window should automatically appear; click the Install button to install Shadowbane. You should then follow the instructions that appear on the screen to install all the components needed to play the game.

Or:

If Autorun is disabled, double-click the My Computer icon on your desktop, then double-click the Shadowbane DVD icon, and then double-click the Setup.exe icon. Once the Shadowbane launch window appears, click the Install button. You should now follow the instructions that appear on the screen to install all the components needed to play the game.

Shadowbane Launch Window



The Shadowbane launch window contains the following options:

- **Install:** Installs Shadowbane on your computer. Before installing, please make sure that your computer meets the minimum hardware specifications and that there is sufficient space on your hard drive for the game. Beta testers should make sure that they have uninstalled beta versions of Shadowbane from their machines.
- **Subscribe:** Opens a web browser to the ubi.com™ website, where you will set up your ubi.com account (if you do not already have one) and your subscription for Shadowbane. You must set up your subscription and account before you can play Shadowbane.
- **Support:** Opens a web browser to the Shadowbane customer care page to help you resolve any installation or other technical issues you may encounter.
- **Game Manual:** Launches an Adobe® Acrobat® version of the Shadowbane game manual included on the game DVD.
- **Install Acrobat:** If you do not already have Acrobat installed on your computer, a copy of Acrobat is included on the Shadowbane game DVD so that you can easily view the game manual on your computer. This button will install Adobe Acrobat on your computer.

- **Uninstall:** If Shadowbane is already installed on your computer, the Uninstall button will remove Shadowbane from your computer; to play the game you would need to then reinstall Shadowbane using the Install button above.
- **Quit:** Exits the Shadowbane game installer.

Installing Shadowbane: Throne of Oblivion on Your Mac

1. Start up your Mac.
2. Put the Shadowbane game disc into your DVD drive.
3. If AutoPlay is enabled, the Shadowbane installer should automatically appear. You should follow the instructions that appear on the screen to install all the components needed to play the game.

Or:

If AutoPlay is disabled, double-click the DVD icon on your desktop, and then double-click the setup icon. Once the launch screen appears, follow the instructions that appear on the screen to install all the components needed to play the game.

Starting Play

For more details on how to play Shadowbane, as well as tips and hints on gameplay, please visit the Shadowbane Chronicle of Strife at <http://chronicle.ubi.com>.

The Unleashed Darkness: Chronicles of Oblivion

These fragmentary pages comprise the final testament of Deacon Abelon of Melvaunt, who vanished in the winter of 99 SY. They were found stuffed into the entrails of one of the thousands of walking corpses that attacked King's Cross just before the appearance of the Isle of Oblivion. To this day, no sign of Deacon Abelon has been found, nor has he returned to any Tree of Life or known Ruin.

High Day, the 15th of Torvald, 99 SY

As High Bishop Renard ordered, I have made my way from King's Cross to the Abbey of Caerwynt in the remote plains of Estragoth. Derroth, my guide, tells me we shall arrive tomorrow. The road has been long and fraught with many dangers. Throughout the lands of Aerynth, some two dozen petty warlords have declared themselves baron, warlord, or marquis of whatever patch of land they can claim with a charter, a crown, and an iron fist. I fear that war, already common in this Age of Strife, shall become endemic as these new monarchs seek to impose their will upon the face of the world, even as their rivals storm their gaudy new palaces. Indeed, many now proclaim that we have already entered the "War of Realms" – a bitter struggle for power among the would-be monarchs of the newly emerging domains. Too many times we were forced to take another road around a province embroiled in siege, or fleeced for "taxes" or "road tolls" by gangs of armed thugs serving some warlord. Alas, the Bishop's seal held little awe for too many of them.

I have seen frightful things on my trek across war-torn Aerynth: new siege engines that can bathe entire armies in gouts of alchemist's fire, Dwarf-trained engineers that can undermine the stoutest walls, and crafty saboteurs who can wreck a siege spire with a simple chant. Caerwynt lies far from other cities, and I hope that I may find a respite there from this bloody game of crowns, and devote myself fully to my sacred task.



17th Torv., 99 SY

I fear my mission for the Bishop has failed. Caerwynt Abbey is no more. We came upon the abbey in the cold morn, and found it empty. Every door stood ajar, swaying in the breeze. All of the inhabitants, some 200 souls, are gone, with no sign of their passing. It is as if they have turned to fog and joined the morning mist. Lannod the scout has ranged for more than a mile, and he swears he has not found even a single footprint. On every door we found a foul glyph, painted there in blood: three crescent horns or moons, pointing outward, in a circle. Brother Corben paled at the sight of them, intoning chants to Saint Wend. The outer village is devoid of life: dogs, livestock – even the gnats and flies – have left this place. The silent village quite unnerved us all, but it was only a prelude to the horrors awaiting us in the chapel.

Here we found living things at last: ravens, hundreds of them, huddled among the peaks and gables of the roof. Their eyes followed us everywhere, and I swear I could feel malice in them. Acolyte Norran first heard the pattern to their croaking, and try as I might to dismiss it, I heard it, too, a single word: “beware.” Even bowshots could not drive them from their roost. If only we had heeded the ravens’ warning...

Merciful Saints, give me comfort to endure the sights that I have seen! That desecrated church, thick with the smells of a slaughterhouse, its altar bathed in blood and filth ... the icons and emblems of the Holy Church inverted and befouled ... the unholy diagrams, scrawled in blood. But worst of all, the horror that awaited poor Norran in the reliquary – in the urn that once held the holy libations, he found a heap of eyes. Hundreds of eyes, still slick and glistening with blood and slime, plucked no doubt from the heads of every living soul at this abbey. The sight drove Norran mad with fear, and even my most powerful blessings cannot restore order to his mind. Corben made to count them all, but lost stomach for it at 156. I can hear poor Norran whimpering and gibbering even as I write these words. None of us shall sleep tonight, I fear.

I can still hear the damned ravens as well, croaking from atop the abbey. I can hear new words now, mixed with their warnings.

I wonder ... how is it that they know my name?



18th Torv.

At last, Lannod has found some hints of a trail. They who watched us in the night left footprints as they fled. The trail leads west. Corben is adamant that we follow the tracks and seek righteous revenge for what happened in this place. I cannot help but agree, though I wonder what horrors await us at the end of this new path ...

25th Torv. 99 SY

Our long race across these lands has finally reached its goal. It is as Corben feared: the villains have made straight of the runegate of Haedan’s Stone. All along the road from Caerwynt we have seen their handiwork: empty towns, villages of festering dead, and everywhere that terrible sign, three crescents drawn in blood. Last night we finally caught a glimpse of our foes, the pale skin of the Shades almost gleaming in the light. The distant figures performed a bizarre ritual at the gate, and then opened a portal, the likes of which I had never seen before, a pillar of energy darker than the midnight. By the time we reached the ancient stone, our quarry was gone and the portal had closed.

Lannod knows the Traveler’s arts, and swears he heard enough of their strange chant to open the gate. Though I deemed it folly, Corben urged him on. Even now, Lannod is making his 10th attempt to open the portal. Strangely, the portal on the gate is the Eighth Gate – the gate of the Unknown. Lannod knew of chants for the five elemental gates and the gates of Law and Chaos. He had never heard of anyone using the eighth gate – even the wisest Magi are baffled by its presence. I look back on the horrors we have seen in this long chase, and I find myself praying that he fails.

27th Torv. ?

I am no longer certain of the date. There are few ways to note the passage of time in this blighted place. The moment Lannod opened the black portal, my heart sank. I could feel the power of the gateway tingling in my bones, cold and baleful as the winter wind. Corben raced through, and I followed, fool that I am.

I have journeyed from one end of Aerynth to the other, from Khar Thale to frozen Stormvald to the blasted heart of Maelstrom, but never have I seen or heard of any place so terrible. Nothing in all my service to the Church has prepared me for this. This place is pure Darkness, pure Evil. The dark sky glowers down upon us, with only a hint of pale light at the horizon, like the last breath of dusk. The air is cold, and a driving wind howls mournfully. The ground is the color of bleached bone, with pitted rocks dusted with mounds of fine dust, like ash. Corben swears the stuff is powdered bone. More terrifying than the vista was the news that Lannod could not reopen the portal.

After much argument, we made our way across the darkling plain, past hideous things that could only be called trees in the bleakest nightmares. For hours we saw nothing, and then came upon the greatest horror of all: what we had taken for a stone pillar is actually a towering obelisk of bones: stacked bones, millions of them. Lannod has not spoken since he noticed the tooth marks on the bones. The look in his eyes frightens me.

The Mouth of Torvald?

From every shadow, ye Archons, deliver me. Through strife and darkness, ye Saints, deliver me. Past every terror, All-Father, deliver me. Look upon me, Caeric, blessed paladin, and guide me through the shadow you once faced.

Despair hangs heavy on my soul. I am now alone in this blighted place ... yet not alone.

They came for us without warning. There were dozens of them, foul things that had once been men, and even the decayed husks of Minotaurs and Aracoix. We fought them as best we could, and our blessings kept the things at bay, but their master was different.

The thing that commanded them ... I have seen the thing that lurks in Abbadoth, calling itself Lord Charne. The scholars call it "Vampire" – this thing was its kin, but far more terrible. The red eyes, the skin like alabaster, and that hideous strength ... Corben fought with all the fury of Saint Lorne, but to no avail. I saw the thing withstand a stroke that would have felled a drake, then laugh and rip the head from Corben's body, holding it aloft to drink from the severed neck!

I alone managed to flee, past charnel heaps of corpses and unholy obelisks, past hideous creatures defying reason that seem to have been wrought of others' bones, animated by some hideous malice. Now I am hidden, half-buried in a heap of bones. I pray that death has sent Corben back to King's Cross to deliver a warning, but I cannot know if this hellish place even lies on our home fragment. I must find some way back to Aerynth, before th -

All reason has left my life. All light, and all hope. I write these words as a captive, in my own blood. They have not yet found this journal, and I pray that they will not before I can make my one last, desperate attempt.

The Vampire will not let me die. At the end of every torture, his hideous blood restores my flesh. I have tried to escape many times, hoping that their mindless servants would kill me, but they answer the fiend's will. I have contemplated the unthinkable, but too much of my faith remains intact for me to end my own life. At least for now ...

Given the things I have seen and heard, I am amazed a single shred of faith remains within my soul. I have looked upon blasphemies, seen the Necromancers working their arts upon dead flesh. I know now why they took the eyes of all the poor souls in Caerwynt ... The Vampire will not let me die – there is too much chance, I think, that I might escape to the Tree at King's Cross and warn the Bishop. Their plan cannot allow the risk.

The pale fiend has told me much: how he is of the Belgosch, one of the four great clans of the Nightborn, and how the Vampires have been waiting for the day of their advent. He told me the true cause of the War of Shadows that wracked ancient Ardan, and the arcane traps wrought by the Nameless Titan to keep the Hungry Void at bay. He told me what really happened to Ithriana when she took Shadowbane to the lands of her kinsmen, and how she truly became the Lich-Queen.

Time first drew the Void's hunger to Aerynth. The Elves sought to tame the Dark; the men of Ardan held it at bay. Even the All-Father could not stop it: He wrought a truce, but it ended at the Turning. Now the universe is imbalanced, and the very Trees of Life that gave us hope in the Dark Years gnaw at the barrier, weakening it with every soul they preserve. Why were we so deceived?

Shades were but the harbingers of doom – the Void has looked out through their eyes and wrought its dark designs with their pale hands. I have looked upon the Gate these fiends have built in this wasteland. I have seen Ithriana, the Lich-Queen. She lives! I have seen what lies beneath her pallid mask! And I know her aim – the Dark shall consume all light, and all life shall become death.

I have but one hope: if I can warn Aerynth, the worst may yet be averted. These pages shall be my soul's salvation. To any who read these words, deliver them to a Bishop of the Holy Church as swiftly as you can, and arm yourselves! Soon, all lands shall fall under the shadow of the Throne of Oblivion. All-Father, forgive me for what I must do ...

New Race: Vampire



Ever since mortals first peered into the dark voids beyond the world, there have been those who have longed to serve Oblivion. Whereas some are content to walk the path of the Necromancer, others go even further, giving themselves over to the Void, body and soul. Dark rituals consign the bodies of these fiends to death, while their souls are drained away to feed the hunger of the Void. Unnatural strength and vigor fill their limbs, and their skin turns pale and hard as alabaster. The old flesh dies and a Vampire, chosen general of Oblivion, is born.

Whatever form they held in life, when Vampires are claimed by Oblivion their bodies are completely transformed. Wiped away are any vestiges of their old selves – tinted or tattooed skin crumbles into dust, revealing pale flesh as hard as granite. Their pale skin, red glowing eyes, and bestial ears offer visible testimony to their dark allegiance. Vampires most closely resemble Shades, though next to a Vampire's imposing form, any Shade looks clumsy and half-finished, like an ill-wrought sculpture.



The Vampires of legend were burned by sunlight, but since the Turning none of them seem to mind the light of day. Though Vampires remain mysterious, Sages and Wizards have been able to establish some vampiric powers and weaknesses with certainty.

The power of the Void infuses the dead flesh of all Vampires, making them uncannily quick, brutally strong, and unnaturally resilient. It is as if death and rebirth have swept away all the limitations of their old bodies. Their souls are lost to them, but their wills remain strong and cold. Though their bodies are animated in a mocking semblance of life, Vampires are wholly dead beings: they do not breathe, eat, or sleep.

Vampires are also incredibly difficult to kill, their marble-hard flesh deflecting or diminishing blows that would eviscerate lesser beings. It is as if Death itself, already owning their souls, refuses to claim them again. This unholy Fortitude is not without limits: indeed, Vampires are still vulnerable to lesser hurts, and are especially vulnerable to fire and holy energies.



For all their mighty powers, the Vampires also bear a dreadful curse: their undead flesh has no power to heal or sustain itself. Indeed, without the infusion of new essence, a Vampire's powerful body would putrefy into a heap of foulness. Their unholy natures render

Vampires resistant to the healing magic of the Gods of

Law and Light, leaving the Nightborn with only one sure means of sustaining themselves: leeching the life from others by drinking fresh blood. Vampires live in constant awareness of the Hunger, craving hot blood.

Through the last two ages there have never been more than a handful of Vampires, lurking in ruined wastelands far from civilization. With the coming of Oblivion, however, the number of Vampires has grown at a terrifying pace. Where once they were content to scheme and plot in their remote fortresses, now Vampires walk openly among the peoples of Aerynth, spreading terror and mayhem, drinking blood, leading Shroud Cults, and proclaiming for all to hear that the final Doom of Aerynth is at hand.

Most Vampires renounce any ties of kinship with their birth race. The Dark has given them great power and new birth, and their past lives are not even faintly remembered. Vampires feel a great affinity with Shades, whom they regard as lesser versions of themselves, worthy servants of their ambitions. Shades who have embraced the darker sides of their nature venerate Vampires as Gods, the emissaries of the Darkness beyond the Shroud. The Nightborn are divided in their opinions of "the Cattle" (as they call all living things); most feel nothing but disgust for all who still breathe, despise the fact that they must depend upon the blood of lesser beings to survive. Others find the living to be convenient tools and slaves, and enthrall them with their strong wills or the promise of dark power.

Vampires appeal to "finesse" players. They may seem overwhelmingly powerful to their opponents, but they have many weaknesses that require care to mitigate. Pay constant attention to your health pool: because all powers cost health, and your enemies' attacks also deplete health, absentmindedness can kill you in no time! Drink deeply, of friends and foes alike.

- **Base classes available:** Fighter, Mage, Rogue.
- **Professions available:** Assassin, Necromancer, Scout, Thief, Warlock, Warrior, Wizard.
- **Disciplines available:** Archer, Artillerist, Black Mask, Bounty Hunter, Conjurer, Commander, Dark Knight, Enchanter, Prospector, Rat Catcher, Saboteur, Sapper, Traveler, War Wizard, Wymslayer.
- **Racial powers:** The Lesser Kiss, Vampire's Kiss, Dark Fortitude.

New Class: Necromancer



Thousands of years ago, the undead first plagued the face of Aerynth, and the lands of Men and Elves were plunged into the conflict dimly remembered as the War of Shadows. The men of Ardan fought the new blight, founding the order of Nightstalkers and devising the techniques used by the Undead Hunters to this day. But the Elves of the Deathless Empire found a different solution. Much as they had with Chaos, Elvish visionaries sought to tame this new power, to bind and control it.

Elvish archmagi saw death-based magic (and its potential control of limitless undead legions) as a potential key to ultimate power. Thirteen Elvish Priests and Wizards banded together to unravel the mystery of undeath and peer into the Void. They called themselves the "Moraenarth," the Black Thorns, and from their experiments was born "Ghorreghul," the death sorcery Humans call Necromancy. As the War of Shadows raged, the Thirteen learned to call angry spirits, infuse them into dead flesh, and command their new creations. They also learned of the existence of the Void, and how to tap its deadly power. Many of the arts Assassins draw upon began in the workshops of the Thirteen, though few now remember it.

A priestess of Saedron in the Elvish court uttered a dark prophecy that Necromancy would destroy the world. The Empire declared Necromancy a forbidden science, and hunted down those who mastered it. The Thirteen fled their refuge and became renegades, turning on their kin. Legends tell that the ringleaders of the order ritually slew themselves rather than be captured by the authorities, but that they had made a grim pact with death, ensuring that they would return in some future age.

That time has come. The Shades, the Void's pale children, gathered to create the Brotherhood of the Shroud. They sought out the tombs of the Moraenarth and reawakened them. The Thirteen, reborn, revived their dark art, and for the first time in thousands of years new Necromancers are learning the secrets of death magic. In addition to raising small hordes of mindless undead minions, Necromancers can lash their enemies with the unholy power of Oblivion, wreak dreadful curses, and cast spells of fear and shadow. Some are wide-eyed zealots who seek to join Ithriana's legions and bring about the final doom of Aerynth, while others are sheer pragmatists who seek to preserve themselves by making pacts with the new shadow, or simply embrace a new path to power. Sages and loremasters of every race look upon the rebirth of Necromancy with horror, fearing that the mere use of necromantic power will strengthen Oblivion's foothold in Aerynth, bringing the world ever closer to total destruction.

The Necromancer class appeals to players who enjoy controlling pets, but are willing to give up some control for additional power.

- **Focus skill:** Necromancy.
- **Disciplines available:** Archmage, Belgosch, Blade Weaver, Conjurer, Enchanter, Gorgoi, Shroudborne, Traveler, Wymslayer, Battle Magus.
- **Races available:** Aelfborn, Elf, Human, Shade, Vampire.

New Class: Nightstalker



The War of Shadows raged across the Realm of Ardan more than 5,000 years ago. The fall of that blessed realm – and all the cataclysms that have wracked the face of Aerynth since – have destroyed nearly all traces of that conflict. Only a few fragmentary, moldering records, carefully preserved by the Holy Church, have offered any hint of that dark time and the desperate battle the Ardani fought against the Unholy Legions ... until now.

But even as the Isle of Oblivion broods in the seas of every fragment and the agents of the Lich-Queen strike terror throughout all lands, a new hope has arisen, a firebrand raised to defy the Dark. The Nightstalkers have returned.

The Stalkers were an ancient order, devotees of Arnomus the Rogue, trained by that Titan to serve the armies of Ardan as scouts and spies. The rising of the dead hordes gave them a new purpose. At the height of the War of Shadows, the Thirteen heretics who first devised Necromancy called forth the first Vampires, giving Oblivion its most powerful weapon. Packs of the Nightborn swept through Ardan by night, falling upon the armies of the blessed realm and spreading terror into even the strongest cities and fortresses. On the fateful night the blood-drinkers fell upon the Carhane Legion, decimating it, there was one man who stood his ground and knew no fear.

His name was Colshak, one of the Stalkers, and he quickly learned that a dozen dagger strokes could rend a Vampire's undead flesh when the strongest swing of a flamberge failed. Colshak escaped the slaughter of his legion, saving a dozen of his fellow soldiers. The tale he brought back gave the Men of Ardan hope. After long consultation with the Nameless Titan, Colshak devised a new style of fighting and armed himself with new spells and techniques to fight the darkness. Hundreds followed his example, and a new order, the Nightstalkers, was born.

There are those who say Colshak learned his art while serving on the desert frontier, from watching the dreaded Blade Dervishes of the Devil Men. Their speed and ferocity were coupled with a range of blessings, holy teachings, and exercises that could dispel the dark power of the Void, protect the Nightstalker from the powers of the dreaded Vampires, or send hordes of mindless dead fleeing from the light. Colshak, himself scarred by the fangs of a Vampire, embarked on an obsessed crusade, devoting his life to the destruction of all undead. In time the fame of the Nightstalkers spread far and wide, and the very Irekei who had served as their inspiration adopted the arts of the Nightstalkers, using them in their own Blood Wars.

When the spells of the Nameless Titan ended the War of Shadows at last, Colshak was not content. He feared that the Soulstones and the Web might not endure forever, and that someday Oblivion might ravage Aerynth again. No vault, no book could be entrusted to last forever, and so the thirteenth Titan wove a mighty spell, placing Colshak and 11 of the mightiest Nightstalkers into a magical slumber and removing them from the world, to some

hidden realm born of magic. If ever Oblivion should breach the barriers the Ardani raised, the Nightstalkers would rise again and resume Colshak's crusade.

When the Isle of Oblivion appeared, Colshak and his brothers awoke. Daunted by the scope of the undead invasion, the Nightstalkers have decided that their greatest weapon is not their blessed stakes, but their knowledge. The original Nightstalkers scattered, journeying to every land to serve as teachers and trainers, in the hope that every realm can raise armies of new Nightstalkers and drive the unholy shadow from Aerynth once and for all.

The Nightstalker class is ideally suited to players who enjoy sneaking around the edges of battlefields, picking off Vampires who think their fortune makes them untouchable.

- **Focus skill:** Exorcism.
- **Disciplines available:** Archer, Black Mask, Bounty Hunter, Huntsman, Prospector, Rat Catcher, Saboteur, Traveler.
- **Races available:** Aelfborn, Human, Irekei.

New Disciplines: Vampire Bloodlines

Vampires are reborn with few memories of their mortal life: the dark transformation strips away all bonds of race, family, or community. Over the ages, many Vampires have joined together in great Clans, cults devoted to the memory and teachings of one of the Elders, the first four Vampires to rise upon Aerynth. Each clan has cultivated its own dark powers, honing one aspect of their Vampiric nature into a potent weapon.

Belgosch

Baelgor was the second soul to embrace the Void and be reborn as dark undead. An Elvish Priest who renounced every living God, Baelgor became the first Vampire Zealot, the first to hear the voice of the Void and learn its will. It was Baelgor who served as the first mentor to the Nightborn, and his magic that first cast Ithriana and her domain into the Void. A mighty bloodline still follows his path, serving as the ministers of death. The Belgosch know how to call other souls to them, and how to pour out their essence to their followers, strengthening them in battle.

- **Base class required:** Mage, Rogue.
- **Prohibited disciplines:** Gorgoi, Strigoi.

Drannok

Mightiest of the undead in battle, the Drannok Vampires, also called the Vampire Lords, look back to Drangor, a Human warlord whose bloodlust and hideous crimes drew the Void's power to him, claiming his soul. Drangor was reborn as the third Vampire, a bloody warrior whose name is remembered in tales of blood and terror. Now an entire clan follows the bloody path of the Vampire Lord, who learned grim secrets of power when Oblivion embraced him. The Drannok can strike terror in their foes with but a glance, and infuse their followers with an unholy bloodlust in combat.

- **Base class required:** Fighter.

Gorgoi

Ghorgor was an Elvish enchantress, one of the 13 Moraenarth who first devised Necromancy. Obsessed by the mystery of her new dark art, she learned to send her will into the Void, where Oblivion awaited her. Consumed by the Void, she was reborn as the first Vampire. First of the Nightborn, Ghorgor was blessed with the greatest measure of the Dark's unholy power. A mighty clan of Vampires still practices the secrets of Bloodcraft the first Vampire Fiend devised. The blood is the life, the source of all unholy power, and with it the Gorgoi can drain the souls of an entire crowd, stand fast against magical assault, or transform their chosen into feral, half-dead beasts.

- **Base class required:** Mage.
- **Prohibited discipline:** Belgosch.

Strigoi

Also called Vampire Beasts, these feral horrors follow the path of Straeglin, an Aelfborn rogue driven to murder and cannibalism by the fire in her mixed blood. Fourthborn of all Vampires and last of the Elders, she brought terror to all the peoples of Aerynth during the War of the Scourge. Over the centuries, other Vampires have followed her example, learning to sniff out dead flesh and fight with a bestial frenzy. Few warriors can match the unnatural speed of a Strigoi's claws, making any defense against their savage onslaught nearly impossible.

- **Base class required:** Rogue.
- **Prohibited discipline:** Belgosch.



New Disciplines: Siege Disciplines

The coming of the War of Realms and the rise of new kingdoms across the face of Aerynth have led to an explosion of innovations in the arts of war. Where once Commanders and Artillerists were the sole masters of the battlefield, new specialists now march to war, each with a crucial role in a well-executed siege.

Battle Magus

The rediscovery of ancient vaults and archives has brought to light ancient arcane texts, both Elvish and Ardani. Magical arts lost since the Wars of Spite between the blessed realm of Ardan and the Deathless Empire have been rediscovered, and Battle Magi can now hone their arts to new extremes. Armed with spells that can weaken or destroy walls and buildings, a cadre of Battle Magi can be an essential addition to a besieging force. Other enchantments they know can curse entire armies, scattering formations and bringing chaos to even the most well-disciplined forces. The ambitious would-be rulers of the new kingdoms have been quick to capitalize on the appearance of Battle Magi, using them to great effect in the War of Realms.

- **Base class required:** Mage.
- **Prohibited disciplines:** Commander.

Saboteur

Anything that can be built can be destroyed, and any device or engine can be broken by those who know which cog to break. Canny spies and able engineers, Saboteurs can disable all the devices used in warfare, from spires to trebuchets. Their skills can halt an attack or leave a city wide open, and their mastery of stealth carries them unseen into or out of enemy holds. One well-placed Saboteur can throw a City's defenders into disarray or blunt the offensive might of an attacker's bulwarks. Though the rulers of the new realms decry these knavish tactics, all have been quick to hire Saboteurs when necessary.

- **Base class required:** Rogue.
- **Prohibited disciplines:** Artillerist, Commander, Wererat.

Sapper

Few know more of building and masonry than the Dwarves, who have practiced the arts of stonework and fortification since the world was created. Since the Turning, the Dwarves have walked among the "roofless ones" again; the century since has seen many of their wondrous arts pass into the hands of the other races. Sappers, masters of demolition, use Dwarvish secrets of delving and undermining to weaken structures or tunnel under walls, creating weaknesses a Saboteur can exploit. Sappers have also learned some of the secrets of Dwarvish alchemy and can distill the dreaded "bane vapor," a concoction that disables any who breathe its fumes.

- **Base class required:** Fighter.
- **Prohibited disciplines:** Artillerist, Commander.

Sanctifier

The faith of a priest or holy man can easily sustain a small group of adventurers, but greater blessings are needed in times of war. Some holy folk have enough faith to serve as the healers and defenders of entire cities. Sanctifiers can repair and fortify structures with mighty blessings and drive the chill of death away from those in their care. As the War of Realms plunges all lands into bitter fighting, few priests are more cherished than Sanctifiers, whose blessings can carry an attacking or a defending army to victory.

- **Base class required:** Healer.
- **Prohibited disciplines:** Commander.

New Island

Shadowbane: Throne of Oblivion spotlights the invasion of its namesake, the dreadful island of Oblivion, where the Lich-Queen Ithriana marshals the unholy legions of the Void. Strange sorceries somehow managed to "reflect" the island across the scattered fragments of Aerynth, causing Oblivion to appear upon every fragment as a foreboding deaths-head of malice.

Oblivion

A bleak realm of horror and entropy, Oblivion was once part of Aerynth, an Elvish realm ruled by the pale princess Ithriana. Soon after Ithriana wrested Shadowbane from Bere Gund Bladeseeker, the forces of Oblivion struck, wrenching her lands from the face of Aerynth and casting them into the Void. Ithriana was transformed into the Lich-Queen, and her loyal kin have been refashioned into unholy terrors. The eldest Vampires, founders of the four Clans, now dominate the land, serving as the Lich-Queen's heralds and generals.

The seat of Ithriana's power, Oblivion's landscape is blasted and worn, a bleak wasteland long since leached of all vitality. Here, unholy necromantic magic permeates all things, twisting them into foul new shapes. Oblivion is home to many fearsome creatures, unliving and loathsome, massing for the final assault on the world of the living. Ithriana's minions and the Brotherhood of the Shroud have begun the construction of the Doomgate, a direct portal to the cold heart of the Void. When it is complete, no flesh shall be spared, and the cold Dark will consume all.

New Adventure Zones

Oblivion is a place of dread and a desolate wasteland. The Vampires who inhabit the realm have become Ithriana's devoted servants, and their dark dwellings dot the stark landscape. Other foul creatures, born of dark sorcery, prowl the land. They hunt the living, seeking to slay another soul and swell the ranks of the unholy.

Two regions of note stand out among Oblivion's lifeless wastes: the Bone Marches and the Plain of Ashes.

The Bone Marches

In the Bone Marches can be found the encampments of Ithriana's armies and deathless followers. Grim siege tents raised by skeletal armies, ghastly monoliths, freakish structures of bone and desiccated matter, and baleful engines of war: all are strewn across this landscape, manned by the risen dead and their skeletal brethren. The most significant edifice is the Doomgate itself, a mysterious and powerful structure, radiating baleful energy as it cements Oblivion's place amongst the world-shards.

The Plain of Ashes

The center of the Lich-Queen's domain is the Plain of Ashes, a land dominated by the keeps of her four dread lieutenants, the founders of the Drannok, Belgosch, Strigoi, and Gorgoi clans of Vampires. These imposing keeps surround Ithriana's castle, a terrible structure that looms over the surrounding lands. Inside, Ithriana holds court, a sight few of the living have beheld. The rest of this region is dotted with the domains of her Vampire servitors and a variety of shrines and edifices devoted to the Lich-Queen and the hungry Void.

New Foes: Armies of the Night

The appearance of the Isle of Oblivion has led to revisions of the Istolliath Maugrillion ("Book of Aberrations" in the ancient Elvish), describing the new terrors that serve the Void.

Bone Collectors

These mysterious figures skulk about old battlefields, cemeteries, and the domains of those who have defied death. Their origin is uncertain, as is their true nature. Not themselves undead, Bone Collectors are believed by some to be maimed and transformed pawns of the Shroud cults, serving those who serve Oblivion. Secretive and feral, they speak only through signs and simple grunts. The Bone Collectors are named for what they do – gathering loose bones and skeletal remains. Some they render to Necromancers and death cults, while others they keep for their own foul ends.

Level range: 35-45

Bone Drakes

The Necromancers' greatest creations, Bone Drakes are the skeletal remains of the greatest terrors Aerynth has known, hideous fusions of the powers of Chaos and Oblivion. Animated through foul, exhausting necromantic rituals, these massive horrors are the greatest foes of the living, save perhaps for Ithriana herself.

Level range: 50-60

Bone Stalkers

These foul creatures were once the chimera vulture lions bred as warbeasts by the Deathless Empire, but now they are bound to Oblivion. Captured by Ithriana's minions and tortured, the Bone Stalkers' flesh was stripped from their forms, their very bones bound into servitude by the blackest magic. Vulture-beaked and fearsomely clawed, they roam the lands of Oblivion in packs, their keen senses sniffing out the telltale signs of the living.

Level range: 35-50

Gaunts

Once they were mighty Elves, the favored guards and servants of Ithriana the elf-queen. When the Void claimed Shadowbane, they were cast into Oblivion with their mistress. Their torment, combined with the awful magics of Oblivion, changed them, making them a terrible and fearsome addition to the armies of the Black. Gaunts now serve Oblivion fanatically, hating all that they once were and reveling in their newfound unholy power.

Level range: 45-60

Risen Dead

The Risen Dead take many forms, from the lowliest of shambling zombies to the quick-witted, aggressive husks of the recently slain. Some of these Risen Dead still possess the skills and powers they bore in life, while others are filled only with an insatiable hunger for living flesh. Many still wear the weapons that slew them, and all of them are united in their role as dismal foot soldiers in the army of Oblivion.

Level range: 35-55

Skeletal Horrors

Long has the world been plagued by the skeletal forms of the fallen – but until the coming of the Necromancers, the secrets of raising forms other than humans had been lost. Now the dreadful remains of Aracoix, Centaurs, and Minotaurs stalk the world, filled with rage at the living, delivering the Void's wild vengeance.

Level range: 35-55

Soul-Eaters

The origin of these creatures – ghostly beings consisting of flesh, skull, spine, and tendon – is shrouded in mystery. Are they native to Oblivion, and is this their natural form, or are they new constructs of the Necromancers, pieced together from the corpses of the slain? Grim overseers of the unholy legions, these creatures are among the most horrible lurking on the isle of Oblivion.

Level range: 50-60

New Game Systems

Expanded Resources and Item Production

The resource mines scattered throughout the adventure areas now offer a number of different resources, including varieties of stone, wood, and jewels. Guild leaders can dictate which resource they want a claimed mine to produce by using the Seneschal non-player character (NPC) in their city's Warehouse. Special resources can also be found as monster loot.

Resources also play a critical new role in item production. The owners and managers of any NPC vendor can now choose which magical effects they want to attach to an item to be built, and view recipes of the resources required for those effects. The resources will automatically be withdrawn from the city Warehouse during production, and recipes can be saved for future use.

Guild Alliances

In addition to placing Guilds on Kill-on-Sight lists, Guild Leaders can now designate a Guild as an Ally or an Enemy by flagging the Guild or Sub-Guild in the Nations list, accessible through Guild Options. All characters in an Enemy or Ally Guild are visibly identified by the word "Ally" or "Enemy," displayed above their overhead name.

Siege Engine Improvements

The following changes have been made to siege engines:

- Trebuchets, Mangonels, and Ballistae do different amounts and types of damage to fit into different battlefield roles (anti-personnel, anti-engine, anti-structure).
- Trebuchets can now be mounted on special wall towers.
- Some siege engines can now target the ground, and do damage in an area of effect.

Siege System Refinements

Several changes and refinements have been made to the Siege system of Shadowbane in order to refine balance, improve performance, and enrich strategy:

- Players can no longer build any structures outside of a City. Siege assets (Bulwarks and War Tents) are exempt from this prohibition, but only under special circumstances.
- Bane Circles now have ranks, from 1 to 8. Banes are purchased at a specific rank, and a Bane Circle's rank dictates its hit points and the number of siege assets that can be placed around a besieged city.
- In order to lay siege to a City, the sieging Bane Circle's rank must equal or exceed the rank of the besieged Tree of Life.
- Siege assets may only be placed in a "siege zone" around a besieged City, but only if a Bane Circle has already been placed. Siege assets may only be placed by members of the nation that placed the Bane.
- War Tents now serve as temporary bind points for the Nation that places them, similar to an Inn. During the War Phase of a siege, members of the attacking Nation can recall to a War Tent if they have bound to it.
- All City and fortress assets, including City walls, are invulnerable until the Bane Circle goes active, beginning the War Phase.
- All siege assets placed around a besieged City are invulnerable until the Bane Circle goes active, beginning the War Phase.
- Gold can no longer be used to repair structures of any kind, at any time. To repair buildings or structures, use water buckets or player powers associated with the new siege disciplines.

The Realms and Rulership System

For the first time since the Turning, the scattered factions of Aerynth are carving out new empires and bringing order to the Age of Strife. This extensive new system allows Guilds to claim rulership over an entire realm, gaining power and prestige.

Realms

All of the world maps have been divided into realms. Realm borders are displayed on a special filter in the world map. Mousing over a realm highlights its lands, and clicking on that realm opens a special information window identifying the name of the realm, the ruling Guild, and the capital City. On-screen messages appear whenever a character enters a realm or crosses a realm border. There is a limit to the number of player Cities each realm can sustain.

Claiming a Throne

Guilds that want to rule a realm can try to claim power by upgrading a rank 7 Tree of Life to a Palace. To upgrade a Tree into a Palace, the Guild Leader of the City must activate a Realm Charter, and then select the Tree. Realms can only have one capital: the existing capital must be de-ranked or destroyed before a second City can claim dominion.

To activate a charter, a Guild Leader must be wearing a Crown of Rulership and be under the effect of a Divine Mandate favor boon. Votaries at any City shrine can grant Divine Mandate, but only to Guild Leaders with a Crown of Rulership who are under the effects of three powerful spells: the Blessing of Power, the Blessing of Wisdom, and the Blessing of Fortune.

Winning a Throne

The three Blessings can be obtained from three hermit NPCs, who dwell in the distant corners of the world maps. Would-be rulers must travel by foot and runagate to all three hermits and return home to claim Divine Mandate before the Blessings expire. The race may not be easy: death breaks the Blessings, and a system message alerts the world at large whenever a Blessing is awarded.

Keeping a Throne

The upgrade from Tree to Palace costs vast sums of gold, resources, and even divine favor, and gold and other resources are required to maintain it. A delinquent Palace degrades back into a Tree of Life after a short delay, ending the Guild's rule. Capitals are also vulnerable in war: sufficient damage will degrade a Palace back into a rank 7 Tree of Life.

Rewards of Rule

Guilds with the power to build and maintain a Palace find that rule brings many benefits:

- A City-based bonus determined by an outlook: Belligerent, Mercantile, or Feudal.
- The Guild Leader receives a title before their overhead name.
- Leaders of Nations that rule more than one realm gain loftier titles.
- The Guild's heraldry appears on the realm map, with the names of the Guild, capital, and ruler.
- All the capital's shrines award boons as if in second place on the favor leader board.
- Guild Leaders can appoint Tax Collectors, who have the power to levy weekly taxes of gold and resources on every other City in the realm.

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