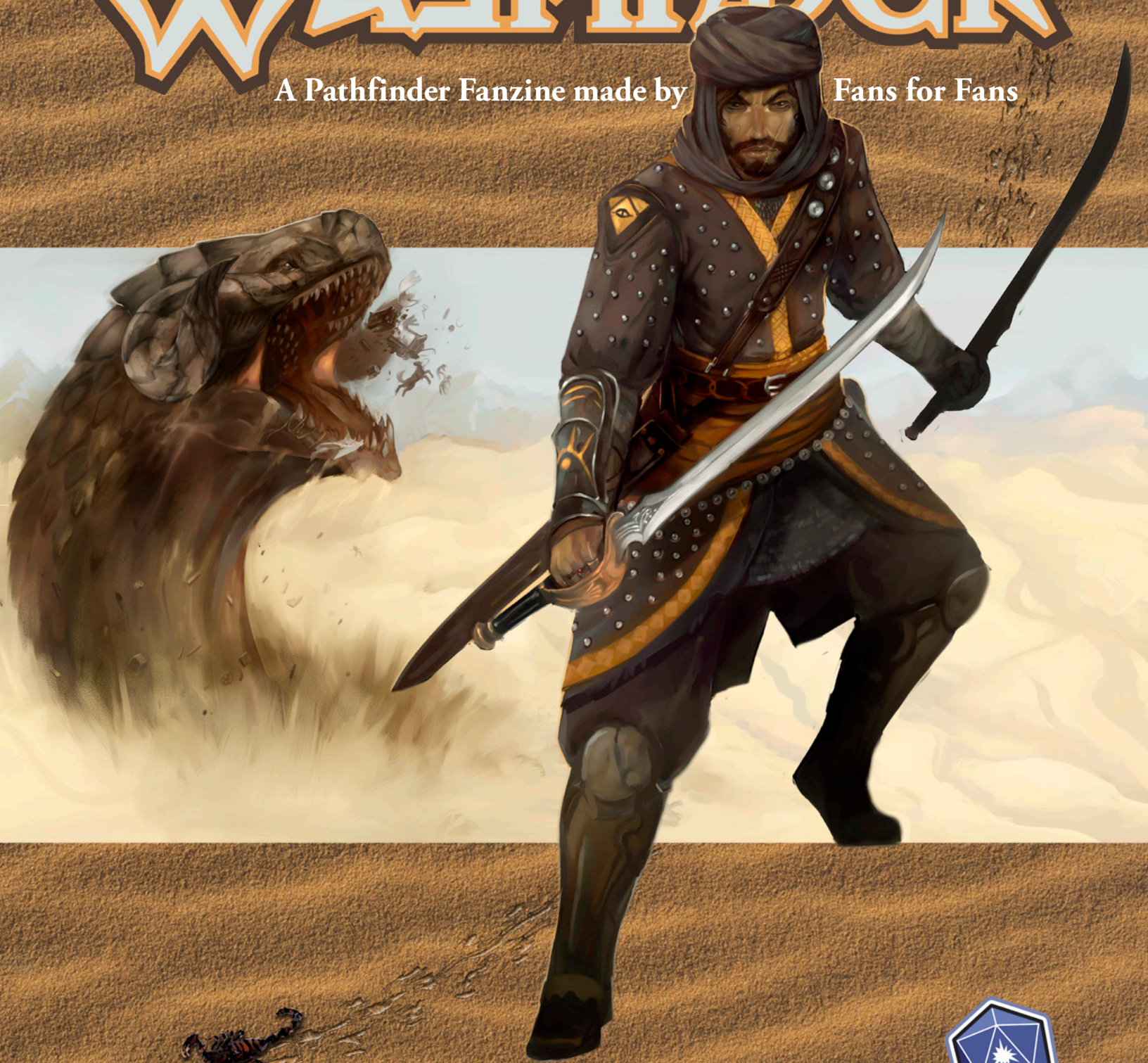


Volume No. 10 | Winter 2013 | Not For Sale

# W A Y F I N D E R

A Pathfinder Fanzine made by Fans for Fans



## Kātāpēsh and Qādirā





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# Foreword

## OFF TO THE DESERT

I grew up on the wide, corn-fed plains of Illinois, so believe me when I say that I understand flat and windswept. Heat and sand, though—that took a while longer. It wasn't until a family vacation to the American Southwest that I really understood desert, and I loved it. The canyons and wild red sandstones, the Anasazi cliff dwellings, the difficulty of climbing a 10-story-tall sand dune. Even the horned toads and gila monsters were wonderful and alien. The desert was hostile, sure, but beautiful and full of possibilities for adventure.

So naturally I'm delighted to see Wayfinder making its way into the dry and dusty side of Golarion this issue. Wayfinder has brought the heat this issue! My interests in the desert eventually led to me study and design the Old Man of the Mountain and a City of Brass for TSR, and contribute early material for Qadira and Katapesh when Mike McArtor asked for someone to write desert-themed kingdoms for Golarion. Gaming and deserts go well together, and the ability to loot caravans and send genie magic flying in all directions has kept its appeal.

Reading through this issue of Wayfinder, it's clear I'm not the only one who loves the desert cultures, the tough caravan masters and the nomad daggers, sharp as the sun. This issue is a gamer's love letter to the Arabian Nights and to Golarion's take on Egyptian, Arabic, and desert themes generally. Any land that is hostile and heroic and easy to get lost in is a place that appeals to the gamers who love a challenge and the GMs itchy to see some fatigue, heatstroke, and giant insects come into play.

For me, I look at monsters and magic as the two primary ingredients of a good setting, and there's plenty here in both categories. I confess to a fondness for the horned kobolds, the living oasis, and the salt golems. Now, desert monsters and locations are not exactly easy to transport to other climates, but that's part of their appeal. This issue of Wayfinder gives you a ready-made collection suited to the drier parts of your campaign (and just in time for the Mummy's Mask, of course).

Most of all, though, for me desert adventures mean special genie magic, elemental stuff that seems more at home in a sandstorm than in some snowy forest. There's a Pathfinder variant on one of the

most important classes from the Arabian adventures of 2nd Edition here, namely the proto-sorcerer called the sha'ir.

I'm delighted to see this form of elemental magic re-appear in the Pathfinder deserts as well. There's a certain delight in commanding the elements, the basic mastery over fire, wind, and sand. Better yet, the sha'ir has always been a bit of a wheedling magic, with a sideline in bargaining with genies and geniekind, with making magic that is... subject to sudden change, like the desert itself. To me, genies and their magic are whimsical at times, dangerous and inhuman at times, and always a little more interesting than dry tomes and faded scrolls. Anyone playing a spontaneous caster owes a debt to the sha'ir and 2nd Edition, which makes it just all the more fitting that the sha'ir return to the game here. What to do with so much fun material? Send your characters into the desert, of course!

One final caution from a weathered desert traveler: You may have a temptation to start imposing water rationing rules and heatstroke and the like. Resist this urge, and use a sand worm encounter or one of the dune runner ships from page 24 instead. I promise you, a monster or genie magic will always be a lot more exciting time than thinking about thirst. Make them fight, and make your players worry a bit about finding the path through the trackless dunes! The next oasis they meet might just be desperately hungry.

## Wolfgang Baur

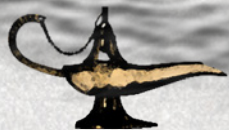
Wolfgang Baur  
Publisher, Kobold Press





# Weal or Woe: Shirin Kazemi and Yellowman

by Jeff “Shadowborn” Lee  
Art by Cassandra James and  
Stephen Wood



## WEAL: SHIRIN KAZEMI

The lean Keleshite woman runs a hand through her short, black hair and fixes you in her calculating gaze. Her dark, intelligent eyes seem to see everything as she assesses you and comes to some conclusion. She pushes off from the wall behind her and steps into your path, tapping the silver badge pinned to her collar. “Official business,” she says. “I am detective Shirin Kazemi, and I require your assistance.”

Shirin Kazemi was raised in an Abadaran orphanage. There, children are reared until they are of an age to be apprenticed to one of the various guilds, based on their natural talents. Shirin’s keen mind and magical potential brought her to the attention of the Pactmasters at an early age. They instructed the Pactbroker to have her taken and trained as a special investigative agent, answering directly to the Zephyr Guard.

### Adventure Hooks

- After a disruptive incident that has put the PCs in trouble with the law, they are remanded into Shirin’s custody to assist her as penance for their crimes.
- A desperate Shirin seeks out capable adventurers to help her unravel the mystery of a strange outbreak of bad pesh.

### Boon

Shirin can help find a particular person or object in Katapesh in a day’s time. Alternately, she can use her influence amongst the populace to provide introductions, giving a +4 bonus on any social skill check or a one-time 15% discount on purchases.

**SHIRIN KAZEMI** **CR 11**

**XP 12,800**

Female human bard (detective) 12

LN Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +5; **Senses** Perception +21

### DEFENSE

**AC** 18, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex,

+1 dodge)

**hp** 80 (12d8+11)

**Fort** +6, **Ref** +11, **Will** +12 (+4 vs. illusions)

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk dagger +10/+5 (1d4/18-20)

**Ranged** +2 *sling* +12 (1d4+2)

**Bard Spells Known** (CL 12th, concentration +16)

4th (4/day)—*discordant blast*<sup>APG</sup>, *freedom of movement*, *locate creature*, *shocking image*<sup>UC</sup>

3rd (5/day)—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *cure serious wounds*, *displacement*, *glibness*, *see invisibility*, *speak with dead* (DC 17)

2nd (6/day)—*blood biography*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 16), *detect thoughts* (DC 16), *mirror image*, *pilfering hand*<sup>UC</sup>, *silence* (DC 16), *zone of truth* (DC 16)

1st (6/day)—*alarm*, *beguiling gift*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 15), *charm person* (DC 15), *detect chaos*, *feather fall* (DC 15), *grease* (DC 15), *touch of gracelessness*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *message*, *read magic*, *sift*<sup>APG</sup>

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Shirin avoids combat, retreating or providing support if with a group.

**During Combat** A favorite tactic is using *beguiling gift* to make an opponent manacle himself.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 10, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 22

**Feats** Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Disable Device), Toughness

**Skills** Appraise +9, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +15 (+21 to gather information), Disable Device +20, Disguise +15, Knowledge (local) +20, Perception +21, Perform (oratory) +15, Sense Motive +22, Sleight of Hand +12, Spellcraft +13, Stealth +6, Use Magic Device +14

**Languages** Common, Gnoll, Kellish

**SQ** arcane insight, arcane investigation, careful teamwork (+3), eye for detail (+6)

**Combat Gear** +2 *sling* and 10 bullets, masterwork dagger, *potion of barkskin* +2, *wand of cure light wounds* (30 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *mithril shirt*, *ring of protection* +1, *cloak of elvenkind*, *horn of fog*, disguise kit, magnifying glass, masterwork manacles, masterwork thieves’ tools, spyglass.

## WOE: YELLOWMAN

Seated on plush cushions is a strange sight: a man of Mwangi origins but with skin the color of old parchment. His hair hangs in wheaten dreadlocks. His long, lean frame—though the excesses of fine living have formed a paunch—is clothed in long strips of purple linen stitched with golden thread, wrapped about his torso and limbs. He wears a necklace fashioned of large, square teeth carved in strange runes. An elaborate silver hookah sits smoking at his feet. At your entrance he raises intense blue-gray eyes and flashes a brilliant smile. “Welcome to the Tower of Dreams,” he says. “I am Yellowman, your host.”

From the Mwangi Expanse, the albino sorcerer Yellowman traveled east to Katapesh and joined a fledgling adventuring party. His companions found him strange, but his sorcery was invaluable so they ignored his



eccentricities—dining on choice pieces of the aberrations they defeated in combat (his necklace is strung with gibbering moulder teeth) and a fervent obsession with pesh. The drug led him down the path of the sahir-afiyun, using pesh to enhance his sorcery. Now wealthy and renowned, Yellowman opened his own pesh palace and established a cult of Hastur within the city. He intends to summon the King in Yellow amidst a populace he views as begging for chaos and dissolution.

### Adventure Hooks

- Yellowman might patronize an adventuring group, offering sizeable compensation for the recovery of strange artifacts, harvested aberration parts, or the completion of puzzlingly simple tasks such as escorting deliveries of pesh to clientele in the city or delivering messages (intending to frame them for a delivery of tainted pesh, or the mysterious death of a message recipient.)
- Yellowman offers goods-and-services for free to those in need, in exchange for “favors” to be called in at a later date. One or more PCs may find themselves owing a favor and having it called in.
- Yellowman hires the PCs to eliminate a “spy” he says works for rivals bent on destroying his business. (The “spy” might be a certain detective investigating the cult, who is getting too close to the truth.)

### Drawback

Yellowman is an amoral individual whose main goal is bringing the King in Yellow to Katapesh. His associates are means to an end, and he has no compunctions about eliminating them, if necessary. If he succeeds, his associates will be considered enemies of the state and dealt with accordingly.

## YELLOWMAN

CR 15

XP 51,200

Male human sorcerer 15

CN medium humanoid

**Init** +7; **Senses** Perception +2

### DEFENSE

**AC** 17, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex)  
**hp** 97 (15d6+30+12)

**Fort** +8 (+10 vs. poison), **Ref** +7, **Will** +13 (-2 penalty to saves vs. illusions and mind affecting effects)

**Defensive Abilities** alien resistance, unusual anatomy (50% chance to ignore critical hits); **SR** 25

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *shocking spear* +9/+4 (1d8+2+1d6 electricity/x3)

**Ranged** mwk blowgun +10 (1d2 plus poison)

**Special Attacks** long limbs (10 ft bonus to reach)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 15th; +9 ranged touch, concentration +25)  
acidic ray (9/day, 30 ft. range, 1d6+7 acid damage)

**Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 15th; +8 melee touch, +9 ranged

touch, concentration +25)

7th (4/day)—*insanity* (DC 25), *plane shift* (DC 23), *waves of exhaustion*

6th (7/day)—*cloak of dreams*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 24), *conjure black pudding*<sup>UM</sup>  
\*\*, *create undead*, *veil* (DC 22)

5th (7/day)—*cone of cold* (DC 21), *corrosive consumption*<sup>UM</sup>,  
*feeblemind* (DC 23), *mind fog* (DC 23), *suffocation*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 23)

4th (7/day)—*black tentacles*, *calcific touch*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 20), *confusion*<sup>\*</sup>  
(DC 22), *touch of slime*<sup>UM</sup> (DC 20), *vitriolic mist*<sup>UM</sup>

3rd (7/day)—*deep slumber* (DC 21), *fly*, *protection from energy*,  
*tongues*, *vampiric touch*

2nd (8/day)—*darkvision*, *euphoric cloud*<sup>DMAGEK</sup> (DC 18),  
*knock*, see *invisibility*, *slow suffocation*<sup>DMAGEK</sup> (DC 20),  
*touch of idiocy*

1st (8/day)—*chill touch* (DC 19), *corrosive touch*<sup>UM</sup>,  
*ear-piercing scream*<sup>UM</sup> (DC 17), *enlarge person* (DC  
17), *ray of sickening*<sup>UM</sup> (DC 19), *shield*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *bleed* (DC 18), *daze* (DC  
18), *detect magic*, *light*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*,  
*spark*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 16), *touch of fatigue* (DC 18)

<sup>DMAGEK</sup> indicates that the spell, feat or item can be found in *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Dark Markets – A Guide to Katapesh*

\* As a sahir-afiyun, this spell uses a dose of pesh as a material component.

\*\* Yellowman can substitute a daily use of his acidic ray for the material component of this spell.

### Bloodline aberrant

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Yellowman has almost always used pesh within an hour of encountering trouble.

**During Combat** Yellowman avoids melee, letting underlings hold off opponents and using touch spells from behind their ranks, or casting *euphoric cloud*, *confusion*, or *black tentacles* to disable foes. For fun, he'll summon a black pudding into the midst of a fray.

**Sober statistics** When sober, Yellowman has the following adjustments: Will +11, Strength 10, CMB +7, CMD 19, and no penalty to saves vs. illusions and mind-affecting effects.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 22

**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 21

**Feats** Combat Casting, Eschew Materials, Improved Initiative, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Pesh Euphoria<sup>DMAGEK</sup>, Pesh Rejuvenation<sup>DMAGEK</sup>, Sahir-Afiyun<sup>DMAGEK</sup>, Silent Spell, Spell Focus (enchantment), Spell Focus (necromancy), Still Spell

**Skills** Appraise +5 (+10 to identify false pesh), Craft (alchemy) +8, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +16, Profession (merchant) +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Spellcraft +14, Use Magic Device +18

**Languages** Common, Kellish, Polyglot

**Combat Gear** +1 *shocking spear*, *rod of alertness*, masterwork blowgun and 10 darts, 10 doses of large scorpion venom, *potions of cure serious wounds* (2), *ring of the ram* (21 charges), *stone salve* (2 doses), *wand of cure light wounds* (10 charges), *wand of lesser restoration* (22 charges); **Other Gear** *bracers of armor* +4, *headband of alluring charisma* +2, *hand of glory*, *handy haversack*, pesh (10 doses), *ring of protection* +1

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**High Challenge Rating** Yellowman's higher stat array, increased wealth and influence give him a higher CR than usual for an NPC.



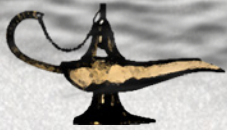


# The Price of Decadence

## A Cult of Haştur in Katapesh

by Jeff “Shadowborn” Lee

Art by James M. Keegan and Carlos “Celurian” Torreblanca



**I**n Katapesh, trade rules all. Anything and everything is for sale. Products and services reviled and forbidden by other nations—slaves, poisons, artifacts of evil, assassination—can be traded openly, in the proper place and at the proper time, according to the law. So long as trade is not obstructed, one can do as one will. It was inevitable that soil so rich with iniquity would spawn aberrant fruit.

In the midst of Katapesh’s Lower City, at the end of a crooked lane lined with the shops of blacksmiths and other workers of metal, sits the tower of Yth. An ugly, tapering structure built of unmortared blocks

of black basalt, it looms over the nearby buildings, visible from the Doomsayers’ Stand a few streets away. It is much, much older than the buildings around it; according to one rumor its existence precedes the founding of the city. Once a long abandoned shell shunned by all but derelicts and the most precocious of children, the tower of Yth has recently been renovated. Bought by a prosperous adventurer—an albino Zenj sorcerer from the Mawangi Expanse—this unlikely spot has been turned into Katapesh’s newest pesh palace.

The newly renamed Tower of Dreams is open to the public and any paying customer may partake of the goods and services offered there. A large rectangular building, two stories high, has been built on the land with the ancient tower incorporated into the northeast corner of the construction.

The ground floor is taken up by a large common room, where patrons partake of all sorts of diversions—mostly pesh, but food and drink are also served here. At the back of the first floor is a series of interconnected rooms used by employees for storage and preparation, and a short hall that leads to stairs to the second floor, as well as the great iron door leading into the tower. The tower’s door is well-guarded and opened only to those with personal invitations from Yellowman, the new master of the Tower of Dreams (see the related Weal and Woe article in this issue). The stairs lead to the second floor, where private rooms are available for rent to those who wish to take their pleasures away from the public eye.

Within the tower itself, the first three floors are sumptuous parlors wherein Yellowman meets with exclusive clientele and those who have business with the sorcerer. The top three floors are Yellowman’s private suites, barred to all except a few chosen servants and the occasional petitioner granted a private audience. The Tower of Dreams has been doing brisk business, drawing even the wealthy and noble to the slums in order to sample its offerings. However, there is more than entrepreneurial enterprise behind the Tower’s revitalization.





The albino sorcerer has spent the last few years securing his position as a friend of the city and an upright, if eccentric, businessman, all the while keeping ulterior motives in mind. At the heart of Yellowman's plot is a secret cult devoted to Hastur, and plans to manifest the King of Yellow in the city when the stars are right.

All the bouncers and doormen of the establishment are devoted cultists, followers of Yellowman and Hastur (use the Street Thug's statistics from the *Gamemastery Guide*), as are any of the staff who handle or distribute the pesh (see the Shopkeep in the *Gamemastery Guide*). Other cultists are scattered throughout the city, meeting at the Tower of Dreams to conduct their eldritch rituals at appointed times in their secret temple (these could be NPCs of almost any race or class you see fit).

Beneath a hidden trapdoor (Perception DC 25) in one of the storerooms is a stair leading to a secret basement. Within, the Yellow Sign is displayed prominently in floor mosaics and wall carvings. The foul rituals that take place here are evident from the dried blood and the faint smell of death beneath the all-pervading odor of pesh smoke. An altar to Hastur is guarded by a quartet of pesh mummies (see this issue's Bestiary). Two more mummies guard Yellowman's quarters up in the tower. In the lowest floor of his chambers, Yellowman keeps an ornate silver hookah loaded with false pesh (*Type* poison [ingested]; *Save* Fortitude DC 18; *Onset* 1 minute; *Initial Effect* 1d2 Con and Str damage; *Secondary Effect* unconsciousness for 1 hour; *Cure* 1 save.) The hookah is magical. When used, the carved faces on its sides mutter ominous but false prophecies to the smokers.

## Cult Activities And Possible Adventure Hooks

### The Golden Pesh

A new type of pesh begins circulating in the city. It is called golden pesh due to its yellow coloring, and is said to provide greater pleasure than standard refined pesh. Yet wherever this golden pesh is found, outbreaks of sudden and random violence occur. Those who think to connect the two and investigate find the golden pesh originates from Zandrek's Pesh Palace, a popular den of iniquity located in the Inner City (See *Dark Markets: A Guide to Katapesh* for more information.) This is all a misdirection planted by the cult. Yellowman allowed Zandrek's spies to learn of a supply of golden pesh he supposedly intended to buy and let his competitor buy it out from under him. In fact, the golden pesh has no effects beyond that of the normal drug; it is simply pesh colored with saffron. The real source of the disturbances is a variety of pesh that looks like the normal drug, but has been tainted by Yellowman and the cult to produce fearsome hallucinations and violent tendencies.

### Repairer of Reputations

Among Yellowman's other activities and services, is something he refers to as "reputation repair." Should someone who has suffered some sort of social disgrace or loss of face seek a way to recoup the loss, Yellowman will meet privately with the individual and hear their petition. He will name a price and should it be accepted, he will then use his abilities and influence to return the individual to a better social standing. This contract will usually include "a favor to be called upon in the future" as part of the price for the reputation repair. Of course, Yellowman cares

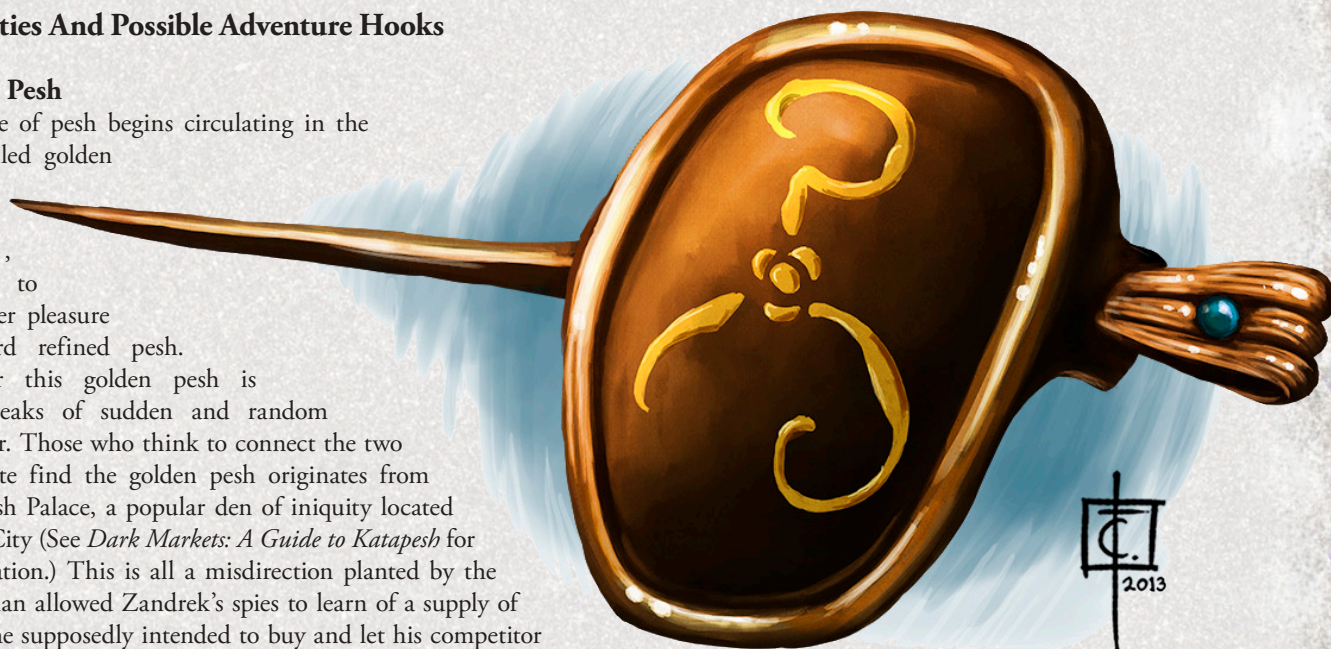
nothing for these people or their reputations, and only wishes them indebted to him so he may use them to further his own ends. Should a customer balk at the favor when it is called in, Yellowman threatens the undoing of his work. This is often enough to force the hand of the person. After all, Yellowman only performs such services for those to whom reputation and social standing are everything.

### The Yellow Sign

As a sign of favor, Yellowman often bestows valued customers or associates with a token—a pin or brooch of gold in the shape of a strange, curving rune. Showing this token to the right people opens a lot of doors. (Consider the attitude of anyone associated with the cult, including customers of Yellowman's reputation repair services, helpful toward anyone bearing this token.) Again, there is more to this than there seems. The cult looks for the proper sacrifices to be offered up in their hidden temple. Those chosen are "marked" with this sign so they may be found and taken. Use of the Yellow Sign keeps the targets highly visible amongst cult members, rendering the sacrifices easily found when the time is ripe to offer them up to Hastur.

### The Desperate Detective

A local investigator for the Zephyr Guard, Shirin Kazemi (see the related Weal and Woe article in this issue), is attempting to find the culprits responsible for strange incidents and random violence causing trade disruptions in the city. The cult's influence runs deep, however,



and her investigations are being stymied by interference from people in power. They may go so far as to frame the detective for one or more of the crimes in question, making her a fugitive. If she finds competent investigators she determines are trustworthy, she may attempt to convince them to help her clear her name by rooting out the criminal element wreaking havoc within her beloved city. Or perhaps she disappears in the midst of her investigations and a comrade in the Zephyr Guard hires the investigators to help track her down. This leads them to the cult's doorstep and conflict with the cultists as the adventurers interrupt what seems to be the attempted sacrifice of Shirin (in actuality, she dropped out of sight in desperation over the far-reaching grasp of the cult and manipulated the group into this situation so she could swoop in and assist, assuring herself witnesses to the heinous crimes of the cult and allies in defeating them.)



# Rogue Mage

*Roleplaying in the world of Faith Hunter*



It's a century after the Seraphs returned to Earth, fulfilling with fire and sword apocalyptic predictions from ancient scripture. Most of Earth's population died in the plagues and resulting wars -- and then came the ice age.

Mankind has survived, but not without change.

New races were born following the Time of Plagues: kyles, half-seraph winged warriors; mules, half-human fighting machines; and neomages like Thorn St. Croix, who could work magic with energies left over from the Creation.

But beneath cities and in abandoned wastelands, the forces of evil continue the age-old war with the Light. These dragons and their minions won't stop fighting until the world is theirs.

Will your heroes join with Thorn and the forces of Light to stop the fallen seraphs and their devil-spawn?

The **Rogue Mage RPG** is based on Faith Hunter's apocalyptic fantasy trilogy (**Bloodring**, **Seraphs**, and **Host**), and uses the world's most popular role-playing game rules set, modified for ease of play.



<http://www.misfit-studios.com/products/roguemage.html>

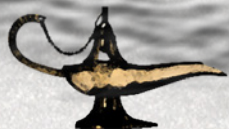


# Censër

## An Alchemist Archetype

by John “Moonstonian” Leising

Art by Peter Fairfax



In a culture where both slavery and pesh use are ingrained, it may have been inevitable that they would come together. From in the slave pits of northern Katapesh to the smoke-shrouded tents of desert wanderers there lurk shadowy figures known as the Duman-ustad: mysterious alchemists who use their craft to weave mists and pesh-laden smokes to pacify their charges and hinder enemies.

Rather than phials and distillations, the Duman-ustad mix herbs and other components in braziers and use the smoke itself to work their magic. This has proven very useful in controlling groups of slaves in close quarters. The constant haze that surrounds the alchemist has given rise to the term ‘censër’ and adds to the air of mystery that surrounds these strange practitioners.

Pesh seems to be at the center of this supernatural science, and it has lured many a censër into its grasp. It is not required for the censër to be a pesh-user, but the Pesh Addict trait from the Inner Sea Primer would not be out of the ordinary.

A few of these users may go down the path of the Sahir-Afiyun\*, and can take the feat of that name at 5th level without meeting the Spell Focus requirements. However, most censërs are more practical than mystical in their use of the drug and do not approve of the Sahir’s indulgences.

The censër has the following class features.

**Class Skills:** A censër adds Intimidate to his list of class skills and removes Sleight of Hand from his list of class skills.

**Bomb (Su):** A censër’s bombs deal damage one die step lower than normal (regular bombs deal d4s, concussive bombs deal 1d3s, and so on). However, a censër

may choose to do non-lethal damage with his bombs. This ability replaces and otherwise functions as the standard alchemist bomb class feature.

**Expanded Formulae:** Due to his expertise and specialized field of study, the censër adds the following formulae to his list of available formulae:

1st Level—*obscuring mist, sleep*

2nd Level—*endure elements, communal, fog cloud*

3rd Level—*stinking cloud, euphoric cloud*

4th Level—*solid fog, confusion*

5th level—*cloudkill, mind fog*

**Mutagen (Su):** When a censër uses pesh along with his mutagen he gains an additional +2 to his Strength as well as a temporary -2 to Constitution and Wisdom. He also has a -2 penalty on saves against illusions and mind-affecting effects, but does not become fatigued when the mutagen expires. The effects of the pesh reagent end with those of the mutagen. It is not required for the censër to use pesh to boost his mutagen. This ability alters and otherwise functions as the standard alchemist mutagen class feature.

**Swirling Mists (Ex):** At 2nd level, the censër can transform his extracts into a fine mist that spreads 5 feet from its point of origin that is breathed rather than swallowed by the target, similar to the Infusion discovery. At 5th, 8th and 10th level the censër’s nebulized formula spread an additional 5 feet, affecting additional creatures up to the limitations of the particular formula. Precise bombs can be used with this ability to exclude squares from its effect. This ability replaces poison use, poison resistance and poison immunity at 2nd, 5th, 8th and 10th level.

**Discoveries:** The following discoveries complement the censër archetype: smoke bomb, stink bomb, tanglefoot bomb.

### TOOLS OF THE TRADE:

**Spike censër:** (60 gp, 10 lbs.) This device has evolved over the years and has become the symbol of Duman-ustad among slavers. It is an oversized heavy mace with an internal chamber for incense and extract components kept lit by alchemical means, wreathing the user in a light smoke. It requires a tindertwig or a DC 15 Craft (alchemy) check to light the censër for such use.

The size and structure of the spiked censër makes it unwieldy in combat, giving -1 penalty to attack rolls, note that masterwork versions of this weapon offset this penalty.

**Folding Fan:** (20 gp, 1 lb.) These oversized versions of a folding fan can be used by the censër to manipulate the mists he creates. As a standard action, there censër can move the origin point of any cloud 5’ directly away from him. A censër with the Precise Bombs discovery can use the fan to move any excluded square 5’ on the outside of a spread in one round.



\*From the *Pathfinder Chronicles: Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh*.

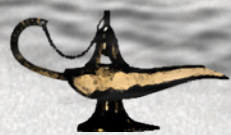
	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Critical	Range	Weight	Type	Special
<i>One-Handed Melee Weapons</i>								
Spike censër	60 gp	1d6	1d8	x2	—	10 lbs.	B	—



# The Sting of Betrayal

by Neil Spicer

Art by Silvia "crescentmoon" Gonzalez



"I know he came here, Omar." The swift change in subject caught Ashallah's host off guard as they sat on the sunlit terrace of his white-walled estate, staring across Katapesh Bay. She knew he tolerated her only because of the appealing bribe she'd sent the night before—an ornate headdress from the age of Osirion's god-kings—a costly relic tailored to secure a direct audience with the master merchant rather than an intermediary. Of course, the questions she'd asked within hearing of Omar's agents throughout the Night Stalls had served their purpose as well, leading him to believe she intended to smuggle more such treasures into Qadira and required his vast experience to assist her.

But it was all a ruse.

She meant to kill Omar. But not before he told her where to find the man who'd drawn her from Absalom into the pesh-ridden deserts of the south.

Sipping a chilled *kaafe* to ward off the morning heat, she watched a large dhow furl its sails in the distance, gliding across the water as it moved towards the early activity along the docks. The exotic drink livened her senses—a delicacy made possible in the south only by those with a means for sorcery. She knew Omar himself lacked such ability, but suspected his sulī chamberlain, Riju, had mastered the elemental craft passed down by his genie ancestors. If so, that marked him as someone to watch. After all, such volatile magic would only complicate matters.

Placing her cup on the table between them, Ashallah leaned forward, favoring her host with a conspirator's smile. The motion invited his gaze as a ploy to see just how focused he'd remain while she guided their conversation.

"Volaeri always said he'd run to ground here if he was in trouble. And you're the only one he'd trust to cover his tracks if he did."

Omar hesitated over the peeled flesh of an orange laid out before him, drying his fingers on a small, white towel next to his plate. The merchant's countenance had changed almost immediately and they regarded each other now like two predators newly revealed and confronted with determining who would become the prey.

"I think Volaeri shares many things with those close to him. Perhaps, too many things." He lifted one of the flower stems arranged between them, bringing the blossoms of white and yellow jasmine to his nose. "For you to have such knowledge yourself, would imply you're not the tradeswoman you purport to be...and that you, too, are someone 'close' to him. Congratulations. Volaeri allows such dalliances to a rare few."

His eyes traced their way from Ashallah's face to her neckline.

"You are a lovely woman." He stated it with no implication of interest, but Ashallah knew better. Few men—or women—failed to find her attractive, a fact made all the more true when she accentuated her beauty, something she'd carefully addressed by arraying herself in the customary *sarei* worn by women of means in Katapesh. Her training had taught her the advantage of such things, but experience had proven it many times over.

"That's also a lovely necklace." Omar gestured with the flower at the chain around her neck and its heavy, gold pendant crafted to resemble a life-sized wasp already in flight. Ashallah's hand closed around it as she stared back, giving him nothing in return, hoping to draw him out.

"It's the representation of one's faith in Calistria, is it not?" His question hung between them, implying he knew her game more fully than he'd let on, and now he intended to raise the stakes. "Such things are newly-given to those who ascend from acolyte to adept...ready to leave the pleasure halls and rejoin the world—to savor all it has to offer."

His eyes danced with innuendo, but she kept her expression neutral.

"That would also mean you're released from the sacrosanct duties of the courtesans, assigned some task to test your ability in service to whichever benefactor paid the proper tithe to your sisterhood." He laid the flower lengthwise on the table before her. "It's said that Calistria is a goddess of trickery, lust, and revenge." He seemed to relish the words, so Ashallah paid careful attention. "Now, I'm left wondering...which of these doctrines causes you to retrace the steps of a man who spies for Absalom? Is it trickery...because you, too, are an agent of powers which move across the Inner Sea? Were you sent by Andoran, Taldor, or Qadira to shadow him? Or, maybe it's lust? Did Volaeri win your heart and inspire you with his daring tales of passion and espionage? It wouldn't be the first time he seduced a paramour into chasing after him to strange, new ports. Or, maybe there's a more likely explanation? Something...less complicated. Perhaps, you follow Volaeri simply because you seek vengeance? Sent by the Primarch's spiteful advisors to punish him for what they deem to be an act of treachery."

"He told you?"

"Not exactly. He told me *what* to expect. Not *who*."

"Did he also tell you his crime?"

Omar waved away her question with one of his own. "Does it matter? You don't truly know this man, Ashallah. Volaeri plied his trade for years before you ever entered the training. He said you were a fast learner, though. Better than most he'd seen...and maybe even worth recruiting to our side."

"Which side would that be?" Under the table, her hand drifted to the hilt of the dagger she'd strapped to her thigh just inside the slit of her *sarei*.

"Our *own* side." Omar rested an elbow on the table as he reached for his orange, rolling it slowly in his hand, the sun glinting off the expensive rings he wore on each chubby finger. "You see, unlike little girls rescued from slavery—who trade one master for another, more nationalist one—Volaeri and I work for anyone who pays our price. And, when they don't, we take what we're owed anyway, parting ways until they come to their senses and have need of our services again... or, until their enemies hire us in return."

"Volaeri's no mercenary."

"Quite the contrary. He's the *best* mercenary. Did you really think he'd bend his knee in some romantic fantasy to swear allegiance to the Primarch of Absalom? He told me about your deluded patriotism, Ashallah, and how it keeps you from reaching your potential. I



know it well. And I once thought as you did, plying my trade for the Pactmasters of Katapesh for years on end. But, when I retired, Volaeri came to me, looking for a resource who could play a wider game. And, together, we play it *very* well. He compensates me for the information I discover or broker on his behalf, drawn from those who seek the Dark Markets. And he always finds just the right moment to use that information, deceiving the patrons who put their trust in him by playing one against the other—always a step ahead.”

“Well, he’s a step behind now. He stole a Star of Nex, Omar.” Her accusation gave the merchant pause and she could read real surprise in his eyes, not just from her statement, but also the realization that Volaeri had kept it secret from him. Sensing weakness, she pressed the advantage. “He didn’t tell you, did he? A priceless, blue sapphire the size of a fist? Imbued with rune keys from the arch-wizard himself? It seems your assessment of Volaeri is rather appropriate, Omar. He *does* deceive those who put their trust in him. Even you.”

Her response elicited a frown and Omar nodded for his chamberlain to approach their table again. “The Stars are rumored to hold secrets to an age of unparalleled arcane study...each one capable of opening a portal to one of the planar vaults Nex used as storehouses and retreats during his unending conflict with Geb. But how did such a relic come into Absalom’s possession? And from there to Volaeri?”

Before Ashallah could answer, her pulse began to race alarmingly, a rapid sensation similar to the aphrodisiacs used in her temple, only much less pleasant. Her hand trembled involuntarily around the pendant of her necklace, and her tongue felt thick in her mouth. A sudden drop of sweat fell from her chin, landing on the stem of jasmine Omar had placed before her. With it, came the realization she’d badly underestimated him.

He’d seen through her ruse right from the start!

And he’d prepared for her just as thoroughly as she had for him.

“You poisoned me!” The words sounded coarse, barely recognizable as speech even to her own ears. But she didn’t need confirmation. She understood the gambit well enough and cursed herself for trusting Omar’s chamberlain. She’d focused too intently on her quarry and lost sight of the more dangerous threat. Now the poison had compromised her voice, making it impossible to remove or even delay it with a prayer to Calistria.

Over her shoulder, Ashallah saw the smug suli observing his handiwork and waiting for its inevitable outcome. Incensed, she drew her dagger and lunged at him, but he proved too fast. Drawing back, Riju side-stepped her awkward thrust and closed his hand around her arm, his grasp so cold it burned her skin, forcing the knife to fall. She threw an elbow at his throat to break free, but it never reached beyond the suli’s broad chest and didn’t carry enough power to make a difference. Instead, he caught her hand and twisted her arm behind her, wrapping his own around her chest to hold her close—a deadly embrace meant to ride out her final moments.

Ashallah struggled anyway, bumping the table and causing her porcelain cup to shatter on the stone terrace, splashing the remaining liquid across Omar’s feet. The exertion caused a fluttering in her heart, and she could feel herself losing consciousness.

“Careful, Riju.” Omar’s command reached her ears before she blacked out. “I must question her further before she dies.”

\* \* \*

Ashallah’s renewed awareness came with a swaying sensation when she awoke. Her feet no longer touched the ground and her captors had drawn her arms over her head, bound with manacles attached to an iron chain dangling from the ceiling of some windowless chamber she





could only assume lay somewhere beneath Omar's estate. She knew he'd never risk turning her over to the Pactmasters—not if he wanted the Star for himself. Her lips felt parched, an indication of just how long she'd languished there. Had it been hours? Days? She had no sense of time. In the distance, however, she could make out voices, echoing from some other chamber, slightly muffled as if behind a closed door.

"If he seeks to barter, why not bring it to *me*?" Ashallah couldn't place the voice, but it sounded foreign. Nexian, perhaps?

"He must have found another buyer. Someone he expects to make him a better offer." Omar's reply was unmistakable, his tone equally anxious and placating for his newest guest. "I assure you, I would have brought him directly to you if I'd known. It isn't like Volaeri to keep something this significant from me."

"But you know his whereabouts and how to reach him?"

"Riju already tried contacting him by magical means, but we've had no response. He's either ignoring our summons or unable to reply."

"Then we must go to him. I'll ready a ship by morning and we can set course immediately."

"What of your duties here? Your absence at court would attract unwanted attention. Why not lend me your ship? Riju and I can address the matter on your behalf. And I assure you, we'll bring the Star directly to you and broker the deal Volaeri should have sought from the start."

"The Arclords and the Council of Nine would never trust the Star's return to an outsider! The honor of retrieving it must fall to me!"

Ashallah stirred as she strained to hear more, shifting her weight on the chain even as the tired muscles in her hands and forearms protested in agony where the manacles impeded her circulation. The sound of movement from the other side of the room caught her ears and a sudden light flared to life as someone lit a lantern. She blinked against the harsh glare until she could make out Riju. Omar must have left him to watch her in the dark. The sulī kept his eyes on her as he backed away to an iron door set within an alcove, pounding on it three times. Silence ensued and then footsteps approached from the other side.

When the door opened, Omar appeared with his guest following close behind. Ashallah recognized the newcomer immediately. She'd made a point of familiarizing herself with the power players of Katapesh before arranging her meeting with Omar. And though the Pactmasters all concealed their identities behind heavy masks and dark robes, the foreign ambassadors seeking their favor made no such effort—eager to see the marvels of Katapesh and be noticed among its powerful elite. Omar's guest was none other than Ambassador Narlaguut Haraxis of Nex, a skilled diplomat on good terms with the court and possessing an amazing affinity for the lucrative slave trade. Ashallah disliked him on that fact alone.

"Good. You're finally awake!"

She greeted Omar with nothing but a glare.

"You'll be glad to know the poison abates with no lasting harm. However, I'm afraid the same can't be said for what comes next. We still need to know everything you've learned about the Star, as well as Volaeri's possession of it."

Omar gestured for Riju to retrieve something from the far wall. Ashallah's eyes followed the sulī as he reached for a well-oiled, leather whip on a wooden rack. Aside from the other implements arrayed around it—all undoubtedly used for torturing Omar's less pliant victims—she also noticed the gleam of her necklace on a nearby table. Riju's return eclipsed her view of it as he circled behind her, followed by a sharp tug at her *sarei* as the thin fabric ripped under his rough hands. The cooler air raised goosebumps on her naked back and she

braced herself for the pain to come.

Before Omar could give the order to begin, however, Haraxis signaled for them to wait. The Nexian ambassador then took his time pacing around her, drinking in the sight she presented. He finally stopped directly before her, leaning in close to peer at her face. "You were a slave once."

He'd noticed the older scars already marking her body. They set her apart from most courtesans. In Absalom many clients found them off-putting, a compromising blemish on an otherwise perfect form, however Ashallah took pride in them. She'd earned those stripes long before finding Calistria. And she'd taken her revenge for them, as well.

"When I was a child."

"You have a hint of elven blood about you, too."

Her eyes met the ambassador's more fully. "From my grandmother."

"Interesting." He lifted her chin to turn her face more fully toward the light. "Beautiful." He looked back at Omar. "When you're done here, we should discuss finding a buyer for her...in Nex."

The comment raised her ire. She hated few things more than slavers—the most callous of all who peddled in flesh. Yet, she silently thanked the Nexian that his hobby had drawn him close enough to finally turn the tables on Omar.

"*Maenas!*" She hissed the elven word for 'sting' as she hoisted herself higher on the chain, quickly wrapping her legs around the ambassador's neck and pulling him close in a scissor-like vise. The command immediately awakened the wasp from her necklace, its metallic wings taking flight even as Riju rushed in to restrain her from behind, trying to separate her from Haraxis. The mechanical whirl of the wasp's wings created a buzz in the air as it streaked directly for the sulī and she smiled with satisfaction when she heard his snarl of sudden pain, knowing full well its sting had delivered its own dose of poison—fair vengeance for the *kaafe* he'd served. Riju's grip faltered as the fast-acting venom took hold, dropping him to the floor in a helpless state of involuntary muscle spasms.

"*Edronal!*" Her second command caused the wasp to fly up to her manacles and she glared at Omar while it crawled inside the lock, seeking a way to affect her release. The merchant's eyes widened in shock at the speed with which everything happened, staring at Haraxis as the Nexian continued flailing in a futile attempt to escape her chokehold.

Omar hesitated, uncertain if he should help Haraxis or risk the ambassador's death while he summoned more guards. His indecision gave the wasp enough time to release Ashallah, her upper body swinging down as she held onto Haraxis with her legs. The momentum carried them both to the ground, and she pulled the Nexian along, guiding his head into a hard collision with the rough, stone floor. His struggles ceased immediately and she rolled free.

Disbelief and fear showed on Omar's face as he realized just how badly he'd underestimated her skill. Confronted with an angry, unimpeded assassin, self-preservation took over and he finally ran for the door. Reaching behind her, Ashallah grabbed the whip from Riju's still-twitching hand and quickly coiled her entire body to send the lash chasing after him. Its supple leather wrapped around Omar's ankle and she jerked him off-balance, sending the merchant crashing to the floor. Only then did she rise, launching an extra kick at Haraxis to assure he stayed unconscious.

"Please! Wait!" Omar rolled over to plead with her, but the wasp cut his words short as it landed on his forehead, its tiny legs making his skin crawl as Ashallah stood over him.

"You should have stayed in retirement," she told him, "Now... where's Volaeri?"

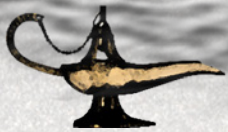


# Hèròès' Hòàrd:

## Kirnòth's Bòuntÿ

by Frank "GM Solspiral" Gori

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



Legends speak of the genie binder, Kirnoth, having made this weapon as a gift to his faithful body guard and younger brother, Aaronoth. According to the tales, despite Aaronoth's devotion, he was seduced and distracted by a Marid dancer in a beautiful disguise. Because of his failure, the genies were finally able to capture Kirnoth, their hated enemy.

### KIRNOTH'S GUARDIAN, MAJOR ARTIFACT

**Aura** strong enchantment and abjuration; **CL** 20th

**Slot** none; **Price** -; **Weight** 5lbs

#### DESCRIPTION

This adamantite bladed *+1 scimitar of speed* has five scarab shaped sockets in its darkwood hilt to place the scarabs listed above. Each time a scarab is placed in the socket the sword grants its wielder the powers of the scarab and gains an additional +1 to its enchantment until it reaches a maximum of +5. The bonuses to diplomacy granted by the scarabs stack and apply to all outsiders with an elemental subtype when placed in the sword (to a maximum of +10).

When two scarabs are placed in the hilt sockets this sword gains the *keen* property.

When four scarabs are placed in the hilt it gains the *dancing* property. If all five scarabs are placed in the sword's hilt it gains the ability to cast *plane shift* 3 times a day and it enslaves any true genie on striking. Once a genie is bound into the sword it must grant 3 wishes after which the genie is freed and the sword and scarabs disappear.

#### DESTRUCTION

The wielder must bind a genie and use all three wishes to destroy it, and cannot be an outsider.



### SCARAB OF AIR

**Aura** moderate abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** neck; **Price** 15,000 gp; **Weight** -

#### DESCRIPTION

Shaped like a platinum scarab beetle and adorned with a large topaz, this jewelry has a pin on the back but also a socket for a chain

so it can be worn as a pin or as an amulet. When worn it confers electricity resistance 10 and a constant feather fall effect.

Additionally it grants a +2 bonus to diplomacy rolls against outsiders from the elemental plane of air.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *feather fall*, *planar binding*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 7,500 gp

### SCARAB OF EARTH

**Aura** moderate abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** neck; **Price** 24,000 gp; **Weight** -

#### DESCRIPTION

Shaped like a steel scarab beetle and adorned with a large emerald, this jewelry has a pin on the back but also a socket for a chain so it can be worn as a pin or as an amulet. When worn it confers acid resistance 10 and a constant *barkskin* effect.

Additionally it grants a +2 bonus to diplomacy rolls against outsiders from the elemental plane of earth.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *barkskin*, *planar binding*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 12,000 gp

### SCARAB OF FIRE

**Aura** moderate abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** neck; **Price** 24,000 gp; **Weight** -

#### DESCRIPTION

Shaped like a copper scarab beetle and adorned with a large ruby, this jewelry has a pin on the back but also a socket for a chain so it can be worn as a pin or as an amulet. When worn it confers fire resistance 10 and the *flaming* property to any weapon you wield.

Additionally it grants a +2 bonus to diplomacy rolls against outsiders from the elemental plane of fire.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *planar binding*, *produce flame*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 10,500 gp

### SCARAB OF WATER

**Aura** moderate abjuration and transmutation; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** neck; **Price** 40,000 gp; **Weight** -

#### DESCRIPTION

Shaped like a silver scarab beetle and adorned with a large sapphire, this jewelry has a pin on the back but also a socket for a chain so it can be worn as a pin or as an amulet. When worn it confers cold resistance 10 and a constant *freedom of movement* effect.

Additionally it grants a +2 bonus to diplomacy rolls against outsiders from the elemental plane of water.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *freedom of movement*, *planar binding*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 20,000 gp

### SCARAB OF YIELDING

**Aura** strong enchantment and moderate abjuration; **CL** 15th

**Slot** neck; **Price** 48,000 gp; **Weight** -

#### DESCRIPTION

Shaped like a mithral scarab beetle and adorned with a large diamond, this jewelry has a pin on the back but also a socket for a chain so it can be worn as a pin or as an amulet. When worn it confers the ability to cast *binding* once a day, if appropriate material components are provided.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *binding*; **Cost** 24,000 gp



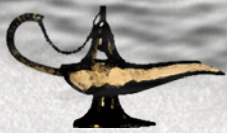


# Ṣidē Trēk: Pājri- Dāēzā's Abōdē

by Anthony "Template fu" Adam

Art by Mike Lowe

Map by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore



**M**any are the wonders to be found at the Peculiar Emporium of Katapesh. Some you will find, others will find you. Ah, my friends, such is the tale in which you now find yourself!

## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Karkadann al-Rāzī, a mage of Katapesh, has spent his days studying the means of extending life without recourse to lich-dom. He has discovered a process whereby he can subsume a genie, gaining not only its extended life span but also its power. This process involves entering a genie's bottle or lamp, evicting the genie, and barring him from re-entry. Once inside, he then drains the power of the life lock that holds the genie to the bottle, imbuing himself with the essence so drained. Karkadann has already entered such a vessel and has started the process. The genie has managed to escape with his bottle, fleeing from Karkadann's personal bodyguards with his prize. It is here that the PCs enter the story.

## ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The adventure opens with the party on a resupply trip to the Peculiar Emporium. Whilst browsing the wares of the various market stalls, one of the PCs spots an old man being brutally beaten in a nearby alley. On dispatching the offending humanoids, they discover the old man is a genie, rapidly aging before their eyes. He sends the PCs into his bottle to face the evil that is preventing his return and draining his life.

## PART 1: ALLEYWAY BEATING

The action begins as the guards corner the genie in an alley at the same moment PCs begin browsing at a nearby stall. Have the party make DC 15 perception checks to determine who spots the altercation. Then read or paraphrase the following:

With the merciless sun beating down on the stalls of the Peculiar Emporium, your thoughts turn to shade and your favorite watering

holes. In a nearby alleyway you notice an old man fall to the ground, crying out in pain as a band of dark robed humanoids surround him, raining blows upon his frail form. One of them picks something up and backs away, ordering the others to "Finish him!"

### 1. Alleyway (CR 5)

As the party moves into the alley, the assailants, realizing they are discovered, immediately turn their attention to the group, moving so as to separate them from the genie.

Seeing you enter the alleyway, the assailants turn as one to block the alley and prevent you from reaching the old man. You notice a blue tint to his skin, mottled with dark patches, and he is obviously unwell.

The gang leader, now behind his front ranks, tells you, "We have caught this infidel in the act of stealing our master's wares!" He brandishes a decorated bottle to show as proof. "This is none of your concern, leave now!"

The old man croaks, "It is mine, your master is the thief!" before the leader kicks him to silence.

**Creatures:** 5 house guards and 1 house guard captain turn to face the party as they enter the alley. The genie is a non-combatant.

### HOUSE GUARD CAPTAIN (HUMAN WARRIOR 4)

**XP 600**

**hp 34;** *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide 261, Guard Officer, or hp 26; Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex 267, Veteran Buccaneer*

### HOUSE GUARD (HUMAN WARRIOR 2)

**XP 200**

**hp 16;** *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide 282, Caravan Guard, or hp 15; Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex 266, Brigand*

#### TACTICS

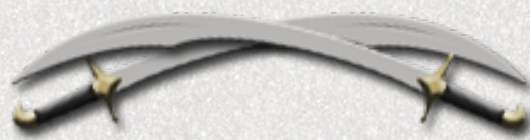
**During Combat** The Captain stays behind his guards, preferring to use his bow, but as soon as a guard falls, he switches to melee, stepping into the fray where the gap in the line has formed.

**Morale** If the Captain is slain or 4 house guards are slain, the remaining combatants try to flee. If the Captain flees, he throws the bottle at the nearest PC as a distraction.

## PART 2: BOTTLED!

The party, having successfully saved the old man, can now see the bottle in more detail. It is an empty wine bottle without a stopper, with a long thin neck that descends to a rounded base with a flat bottom. Myriad multi-colored tiles form the bottle's patina.

Rheumy eyes look up as your shadow blocks the heat of the sun from the old man's back. Cracked, parched lips open and a voice, barely a whisper, pleads "Thank you! Such mercy! But I am far from safe yet. I cannot return home, I have been ousted by a mage most cruel, please enter my home and save me."



Characters should be 6th level at the start of this adventure and should accumulate two thirds (fast track), half (medium track), or one quarter (slow track) the XP needed to attain 7th level.





Without waiting for a reply, he holds forth the stopper to the bottle, adorned with a large diamond that catches the Katapesh sun, streaming rays of light into your eyes ...

The PCs are momentarily blinded and their bodies becoming smoke-like as the bottle hungrily sucks them in. PCs making a DC 25 reflex save can avoid being sucked into the bottle, at which point the genie will explain his predicament and ask them to voluntarily enter and defeat the mage stealing his life essence.

As they enter the bottle, the PCs discover the first of its secrets. It is a prison that constantly reminds the genie of all the foul deeds he has performed to cause him to be so incarcerated.

As you descend through the swirling smoke into the depths of the bottle, hazy shapes take form around you, playing out scenes of the old man committing terrible atrocities. Intermingled with the shifting timeline of the genie's crimes, you notice a hooded human, with brooding dark looks and pitch black eyes, carrying a spellbook.

As the PC's leave the bottle's neck, they enter the main encounter area. Please ensure you have read and understood all of the environmental effects of the encounter to get the most from it.

The players will begin the map in the prone position at the center of the wall base of their wedge. The wedges are numbered 1 through 8 on the map. Have the players roll 1d8 until they are all placed uniquely in their own wedge. No PC can start in the same wedge as any other PC.

As the endless descent continues you sense a light approaching from below and your body begins to solidify. You spin in a circular motion as your body is pressed to the side of the bottle and you finally rocket out of the neck into the bowl. Sliding down the bottle wall to a sea of cushions below, you land in an undignified heap.

## 2. Saving the Genie (CR 7)

When the main encounter begins, read or paraphrase the following:

Gathering your bearings, you see diaphanous silk curtains to either side of you, meeting the bottle wall and running to the side of a raised plinth at the center of the room. You can make out your companions similarly seated around the room's edges.

On the plinth in the center of the room you see foggy creatures surrounding a humanoid encased in a multi-hued smoky shell. The humanoid's arms are stretched towards an object floating directly above the very center of the plinth: a heart suspended inside a glass sphere, beating erratically. A beam of dark energy flows downwards from the heart to the humanoid.

Movement ripples across the surface of the smoky cocoon. Whether the occupant is friend or foe





## Pairi-Daêza's Abode

Hanging from bottle neck to below the pillow floor are slats of overlapping silk, segmenting the room into 8 wedges. Although the silk walls do not impede movement, they do prevent line of effect for spells. Any physical ranged attack that passes through the silk curtains suffer a -2 penalty on both hit and damage rolls.

The wedges are numbered 1 through 8 on the map. Have the players roll 1d8 until they are all placed uniquely in their own wedge. No PCs can start in the same wedge as any other PC.

The pillows are 4 layers deep covering every part of the floor. Moving faster than 5 feet in a move action requires a Reflex save, DC 10 + 5 for every 5 feet moved beyond the first 10 feet, failure ends the movement as the PC falls prone at the point he fails, e.g. if a PC wants to move 20 feet (DC 20) but only rolls 18, he moves 15 feet (passing a DC 15 check) and then falls prone.



becomes immediately apparent as you hear the shadowed form command, "Kill them all!"

Eight mephits start the encounter beside the mage.

### Special Encounter Rules - Environment

On the bottle wall of each wedge are painted scenes similar to those witnessed in the travel down the bottle's neck. Six display a scene of atonement, showing the original occupant having atoned for most of its crimes; one shows the genie dying outside and the last shows the mage's first steps towards necromancy. At the end of each round, a new wall segment starts to display further crimes of the mage.

The genie dies when the last segment changes to a crime of the mage – at this point, the mage enlarges, his skin turns blue and radiates raw genie power. He thanks the PCs for their failure and teleports them away, hundreds of miles from Katapesh. The PCs therefore must defeat the mage before the end of the seventh round.

If set on fire, the silk curtains flare up and drop to the floor as sticky molten goop. The occupants of adjacent wedges must succeed at a Reflex saving throw (DC 16) or be hit by a sticky globule. Those hit suffer 1d6 fire damage for 3 rounds.

The PCs discover that the destruction of objects in the room is pointless. Any destroyed item is immediately repaired by the magic of the bottle at the start of the next round.

### Special Encounter Rules - Creatures

As part of the ritual, the mage is shielded and immune to all damage and spells until he enters the fray on round 4. The mage is covered by a swirling multi-hued screen, from which smoky tendrils stretch out and attach to each mephit in the room. The tendrils are insubstantial and take no damage from any attack or spell; such attacks merely pass through. Although the mage doesn't act until round 4, roll his initiative in preparation for the events of that round.

When the mage takes damage that would reduce him to one hit point or less, proceed immediately to concluding the adventure, with the mage on one hit point.

At the start of rounds 2, 3 and 4, three new mephits appear and enter the fray. All mephits appear adjacent to the mage, with their first action to move to attack the PC with the fewest enemies around them. Creating new mephits consumes spells from the mage's memory (see below). These mephits may cast (as the mage for level dependent effects) the spell expended for their creation once as a free action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, but doing so halves their remaining health (minimum of 1).

- **Round 1 mephits:** Air Mephit (*waves of fatigue*), Water Mephit (*bestow curse*), Ice Mephit (*ghoul touch*), Salt Mephit (*healing thief*), Ice Mephit (*chill touch*), Air Mephit (*ray of enfeeblement*), Water Mephit (*lightning bolt*), Steam Mephit (*blindness*)
- **Round 2 mephits:** Air Mephit (*lightning arc*), Ice Mephit (*ghoul touch*), Water Mephit (*magic missile*)
- **Round 3 mephits:** Steam Mephit (*enervation*), Salt Mephit (*steal voice*), Water Mephit (*lightning bolt*)
- **Round 4 mephits:** Water Mephit (*bestow curse*), Ice Mephit (*ghoul touch*), Steam Mephit (*blindness*)

**Creatures:** Karkadann is protected by his screen and mephits for the first 3 rounds of the fray. At the start of the fourth round, the creation of the last round of mephits shatters his protective screen and he becomes vulnerable to attack immediately. He acts on his initiative from this round.

### MEPHITS

XP 800

hp 19; *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 1*, 202 (Air, and Ice 202, Salt,

CR 3



*Steam and Water, 203*

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** As all mephits fly, they are unaffected by the pillowed terrain.

Any mephits in existence at the moment the mage is defeated immediately fade away.

**Morale** Each mephit fights to the death.

### KARKADANN AL-RAZI

CR 7

#### XP 4800

Male Human (Keleshite) Necromancer 9

NE Medium Humanoid (human)

**Init** +6; **Senses** Perception +3

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 deflection)

**hp** 85 (9d6+36)

**Fort** +8, **Ref** +6, **Will** +8

**Special:** The mage is shielded and immune to all damage and spells until round 4. His shield breaks at the beginning of the round and he enters combat with his remaining spells.

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** Staff of dark flame +6 (1d6+2/x2) and Unarmed strike +5 (1d3+1/x2)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 9th; concentration +14)

5th—*lightning arc*<sup>[2]</sup> (DC 20), *magic jar*<sup>\*</sup> (DC 20), *waves of fatigue*<sup>[1]</sup>

4th—*bestow curse*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 19), *bestow curse*<sup>[4]</sup> (DC 19), *enervation*<sup>[3]</sup>, *enervation*

3rd—*deathwine*<sup>\*</sup>, *healing thief*<sup>[1]</sup>, *howling agony* (DC 18), *lightning bolt*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 18), *lightning bolt*<sup>[3]</sup> (DC 18)

2nd—*blindness/deafness*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 17), *blindness/deafness*<sup>[4]</sup> (DC 17), *ghoul touch*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 17), *ghoul touch*<sup>[2]</sup> (DC 17), *ghoul touch*<sup>[4]</sup> (DC 17), *steal voice*<sup>[3]</sup> (DC 17)

1st—*chill touch*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 16), *magic missile*<sup>[2]</sup>, *magic missile, ray of enfeeblement*<sup>[1]</sup> (DC 16), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 16), *ray of sickening* (DC 16), *ray of sickening* (DC 16)

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 15), *read magic*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 15)

**Opposition Schools** (enchantment, illusion)

\* was cast as part of the mage's ritual to take over the genie's life essence and power.

<sup>[number]</sup> indicates the spells consumed by mephit creation in that numbered round.

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Karkadann tries to stay in the center of the room, allowing for his spells to have line of effect to all PCs. If forced away from the center, he moves only 5 feet each round to stay vertical and his mephits will move to merge on his location to surround him protectively.

**Morale** Karkadann fights until reduced to one hit point or less.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 12, **Dex** 15, **Con** 18, **Int** 21, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 11

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 19

**Feats** Alertness, Bouncing Spell, Combat Casting, Command Undead (8/day) (DC 14), Craft Wondrous Item, Defiant Luck (1/day), Endure Pain (Zon-Kuthon's Kiss), Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll

**Skills** Appraise +15, Bluff +4, Craft (alchemy) +17, Diplomacy +4, Escape Artist +6, Heal +5, Knowledge (arcana) +17, Knowledge (history) +15, Knowledge (planes) +15, Knowledge (religion)

+12, Linguistics +17, Perception +3, Profession (torturer) +8, Sense Motive +3, Spellcraft +17

**Languages** Abyssal, Auran, Celestial, Common, Daemonic, Dark Folk, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Ignan, Infernal, Kelish, Osiriani, Samsaran, and Vudrani

**SQ** arcane bond (object [*staff of dark flame*] [1/day]), grave touch (8/day), life sight (9 rounds/day)

**Gear** *staff of dark flame*, *cloak of resistance* +1, *ring of protection* +2, *ring of sustenance*, noble's outfit.

## CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Time seems to stop momentarily, and the mage becomes rigid and motionless, as all remaining mephits suddenly melt to nothing on a breeze springing from the bottle's neck above. The silk curtains billow with the arrival of the genie, gliding downwards. Both genie and mage now stand before you, seemingly entranced.

---

A deep booming voice echoes around the chamber: "You are to be the hand of justice of the genie order. The genie before you was imprisoned 1,000 years ago to this day. You have seen its crimes, and its atonements. Indeed, this once arrogant genie has turned to mortals for aid. How do you find its fate? Freedom or continued imprisonment?"

---

If the party chooses continued imprisonment:

---

The genie suddenly moves, released from his entranced state. The voice booms again, turning attention to the mage. "You are a threat to all genie kin. By these mortals' choice, we have no option but to end your existence."

---

With wild eyes, the mage screams and fades into oblivion.

---

If the party chooses to free the genie:

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"So be it. Now, to this human mage, we offer you further justice, you may choose to end his life now, or have him imprisoned for 1,000 years in this very bottle to atone for his crimes and forever more become one of genie kind. Which shall you choose?"

---

Whatever the party chooses, they find themselves suddenly back in the now empty alley. The genie they have saved steps from behind some stacked woven baskets.

---

"I thank you for my life. Do not look for the bottle, it has already been relocated by the genie order. I wish to reward you for what you have done this day." The genie gestures to a woven basket. "Inside are the items which once belonged to the mage that you may put them to good use against the forces of evil. All items, that is, except the staff. This item I chose to destroy to ensure the safety of all genie kin serving time in bottles and lamps. My thanks again and fare thee well!"

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The genie bows, shimmers, and fades away.

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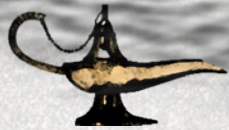
In addition to encounter experience (only award PCs mephit experience for those they actually dispatch, do not include any that disperse when the mage is defeated), award each PC a 500 XP story award for freeing the genie, or a 200 XP story award should they choose to leave him imprisoned.

Award them an additional 300 XP story award if they choose to make the mage an imprisoned genie, and no story award if they choose to sentence him to death. ۞



# Katapesh: Birthplace of Gnolls

by Thomas "Kilrex" LeBlanc  
Art by Peter Fairfax



Gnolls are furred humanoid with a hyena-like head, standing taller than most humans. Gnolls originate in Katapesh, Lamashtu creating their progenitor from dirt. When their earthen mother finished birthing the gnoll race, Lamashtu turned her to stone, creating the Brazen Peaks. Gnolls see other races living in Katapesh as outsiders; to be treated as slaves, killed, or eaten—whatever is most convenient at the moment.

While normally a gnoll is not allowable for players to play in a campaign, below are racial traits for a gnoll without racial hit dice. The languages selected are for a gnoll originating in Katapesh.

## KATAPESHI GNOLL (10 RP)

**+2 Strength, +2 Constitution, -2 Intelligence:** Gnolls are strong and healthy, but not known for their intellect. (1 RP)

**Medium:** Gnolls are Medium creatures and have no bonuses or penalties due to their size. (0 RP)

**Gnoll:** Gnolls are humanoids with the gnoll subtype. (0 RP)

**Normal Speed:** Gnolls have a base speed of 30 feet. (0 RP)

**Darkvision:** Gnolls can see in the dark up to 60 feet. (2 RP)

**Desert Runner:** Gnolls receive a +4 racial bonus on Constitution checks and Fortitude saves to avoid fatigue and exhaustion, as well as any other ill effects from running, forced marches, starvation, thirst, and hot or cold environments. (2 RP)

**Bite:** Gnolls gain a natural bite attack, dealing 1d4 damage. The bite is a primary attack, or a secondary attack if the creature is wielding manufactured weapons. (1 RP)

**Natural Armor:** Gnolls gain a +1 natural armor bonus to their Armor Class. (2 RP)

**Toughness:** Gnoll characters begin play with Toughness. (2 RP)

**Languages:** Gnolls begin play speaking Gnoll. Gnolls with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Aquan, Auran, Common, Ignan, Kellish, Osiriani, and Terran. (0 RP)

## Favored Class Options

**Cleric:** Add +1/5 to the caster level of domain spells.

**Ranger:** Add a +1 racial bonus on Survival skill checks. When this bonus reaches +6, the ranger can track at normal speed without a penalty. When this bonus reaches +12, the ranger can track at twice normal speed with only a -10 penalty.

**Rogue:** The rogue gains 1/6 of a new rogue talent.

## Background

For campaigns using *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Campaign*, below is a character background generator for a player wishing to play as a gnoll.

### Gnoll Pack (Homeland)

#### d% Result

- 1–30 Carrion Tribes: Your birthplace is the Pale Mountain region. You gain access to the Militia Veteran regional trait.
- 31–50 Sandstalker: Your pack dwells in the White Canyon. You gain access to the Highlander regional trait.
- 51–65 Spotted Hide: Your pack calls the savannahs of Katapesh home. You gain access to the Plains Stalker regional trait.
- 66–80 Duenas: Your pack roams the deserts of Katapesh. You gain access to the Desert Child regional trait.
- 81–90 Razor Fang: Your pack thrives amongst the Barrier Wall and Brazen Peaks. You gain access to the Poison Talented regional trait.
- 91–100 Pack-less: You were raised in a settlement, gaining the Barely Civilized regional trait.

### Gnoll Parents

#### d% Result

- 1–10 Both of your parents are alive.
- 11–45 Only your father is alive. If you belong to the Spotted Hide pack, your mother lives instead.
- 46–75 Only your mother is alive. If you belong to the Spotted Hide pack, your father lives instead.
- 76–100 Both of your parents are dead. You gain access to the Orphaned social trait.

### Gnoll Siblings

#### d% Result

- 1–50 1d4+1 siblings. You gain access to the Kin Guardian combat trait.
- 51–75 2d4 siblings. You gain access to the Kin Guardian combat trait.
- 76–90 3d4 siblings. You gain access to the Kin Guardian combat trait.
- 91–100 No siblings.

## Gnoll Race Traits

**Grave Robber:** Gnolls know the dead need no possessions. You gain a +2 circumstance bonus on Perception checks to discover valuables, on Bluff checks about the origins of your valuables, and all Appraise checks.

**Slaver:** Gnolls are masters of keeping their slaves in line. A gnoll can make an Intimidate check with a -4 penalty to command any creature it is grappling. This is a spell-like ability with an effective spell level of 1, and it has a DC of 10 + 1/2 the gnoll's level + their Charisma modifier.

## Regional Traits

**Barely Civilized:** The taint of the wild still runs in your veins. You gain +1 morale bonus to attack and damage rolls against a creature that failed to demoralize you with the Intimidate skill. This bonus lasts for the rest of the encounter.

**Plains Stalker:** You know in open ground, the first strike is the most important. You gain a +1 circumstance bonus to attacks made in the surprise round.

**Poison Talented:** From an early age you have learned to handle poisons. You gain a +2 to saves against poison if you accidentally exposed yourself when applying or readying a poison. If you gain the poison use ability, increase the poison DC by +1 for poisons you apply or ready. ☞





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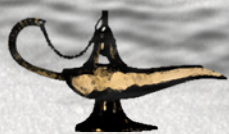




# Gōlārjōn Gāzēllēer: Al-Bāshir, The Golden Cāgē

by Shaun Hocking

Art by Andrew DeFelice



The great city of Al-Bashir fell into ruin over 500 years ago as the ambition of its planners outshone the decadence of future generations. They neglected to maintain the lavishly built streets and spires. When the age of the buildings overtook the skill of Al-Bashir's artisans, minarets fell into the streets and entire buildings fell into the labyrinthine catacombs beneath the city. Surprisingly few of Al-Bashir's citizens were killed during this period of ruin, but one-by-one the social structures of the city collapsed as surely as its architecture. First, the governor and nobles left, then the merchants and priests, and with the city continuing to collapse around them, the commoners were not far behind finally abandoning the city to the desert.

## APPROACHING AL-BASHIR

An escarpment of the Zho Mountains borders Al-Bashir to the east, where the resourceful aristocrats mined fortunes of gold. Now, vicious chimeras claim the mines and cliff-side. To the south flows the mighty Pashman River which once brought life and trade to the city. In the north and west, wind-blasted foothills and sand-choked wastelands are prowled by manticores and bugbear war bands that trade captives with slavers out of the Ketz Desert.

## THE OUTER CITY

Al-Bashir is divided into three sections, each enclosed by concentric pentagonal walls. Every section of the vast Outer Wall bears a gate decorated with carvings of one of the five main types of genie-kin. The Shaitan Gate faces the escarpment of the Zho Mountains, the Marid Gate opens onto the damaged stone bridge that crosses the Pashman River, while the Djinni, Efreeti, and Janni Gates face towards the northern and western hills and deserts. Sandstone gargoyles favour the crumbled statuary surrounding the gates for nests and perches. Though dangerous to intruders, they are too few in number to battle the harpies for dominion of the best roosting spots of the Inner City.

The Outer City is the largest of the three districts of Al-Bashir, and it was here that the common folk of the city lived, the sarap's soldiers drilled, and tradesman thrived. The abandoned shells of

structures here are largely empty, though disorganised packs of feral ghouls use them during daylight hours as shelter from the sun, emerging at night to feast on hapless travellers or wildlife lured to the ruins by the songs of the harpies that dwell within the Inner City. Occasionally, manticores and chimera compelled by powerful urges they cannot comprehend migrate to the city.

## THE INNER CITY

The Inner Wall has four gates dedicated to the former gods of the city: Irori, Nethys, Pharama, and Sarenrae. A fifth gate, free of adornment, supposedly relates to the hidden worship of the demon lord Soothbenoth by the city's aristocracy. This district of the city held temples to each of the four main gods of Al-Bashir, the great markets upon which the city thrived, the palace of the governor, and the homes of the wealthy and merchant castes.

The tallest buildings, spires, and minarets of golden Al-Bashir were found in the Inner City, but most now lie broken in the streets. Eager to flaunt the city's vast wealth, overzealous architects frequently used inferior magically strengthened gold. Unsurprisingly, as the magic faded, buildings fell and foundations sank beneath the weight of the soft metal. Today, drifts of sand fill the broken streets and sinkholes; dust diggers infest the district and prey on wildlife that ventures too close to the ground.

Though they can often be found throughout Al-Bashir, harpies truly dominate the Inner City. Numbering in the hundreds, the wicked creatures are divided by loyalties to the sorcerer matrons who lead them. **Cruesa** (CE harpy rakshasa-bloodline sorcerer 9) prefers solitude and has few but loyal followers. She is wily and manipulates her sister-matrons into fighting each other. She nests in the tallest minaret still standing in the city, once belonging to the palace of the governor. **Zeedla** (CE harpy efreeti-bloodline sorcerer 5) roosts within the roof of the great temple of Sarenrae; many of her followers also have sorcerous abilities. **Ishmat** (CE harpy barbarian 2/abyssal-bloodline sorcerer 3) is the wildest and most violent of the three harpy matrons. She maintains several roosts in the city, claiming new turf daily. Though Ishmat's followers are a veritable army, they lack direction and are little more than gangs of bullies constantly fighting amongst themselves.

## THE OASIS OF CALM

At the center of the city, sits the Oasis of Calm. Perfectly encircled by unbroken walls lies a patch of fertile ground upon which no part of the city was ever built. There is no way to enter the oasis aboveground without expert climbing skills or magic. Secret catacombs once linked the homes of the wealthiest citizens and the city's temples to a hidden labyrinth beneath the city that allowed access to the oasis. Today, the oasis is the home of **Erevele** (CG advanced nymph) who fights a losing battle to defend the oasis against the encroachment of the harpies and foul creatures from the Underwalks. The waters of the Oasis once purportedly held magical powers – legends claim that they could heal the sick or allow glimpses of the past and future.

## THE UNDERWALKS

These catacombs suffered greatly during Al-Bashir's collapse and the many cave-ins have made the maze-like passages a truly frustrating labyrinth. They spread beneath the entire city; sinkholes in the streets above may lead into the Underwalks but fresh collapses might block a particular route from one day to the next.



A nest of adherers prowls the tunnels, throngs of gryph collect trinkets left behind, and swarms of scorpions and centipedes breed in the cracks. A rumoured cathedral of Socothbenoth is hidden somewhere beneath the Inner City, where a five hundred year-old undead high priest still practices his depraved worship.

## CAVERNS OF NAR-VOTH

The collapses of the city above caused some sections of the Underwalks to fall into the caverns of Nar-Voth below, opening routes from the Darklands to the surface. Here clusters of ropers follow **Gulgurgazlaxl** (CE roper cleric of Rovagug 5) and occasionally venture into the Underwalks above to hunt.

The largest interconnected chambers are home to **Melarane** (CE seraptis demon) and her glabrezu and succubi minions. These demonic wardens stand guard over an even greater power, imprisoned in an adjoining cavern. The gryph who prowls the Underwalks often sneak down here, secretly bypassing Melarane's demons to bring baubles as offerings to the prisoner.

Accessible only through a narrow fissure, barely wide enough for an adult human to squeeze through, is the true evil heart of Al-Bashir. **Infernergal, the Plague of Ash and Bone** (CE 23HD half-fiend phoenix) squats down here in a cavern lit by his own nauseating green-grey flames. The offspring of the demon lord Nurgal and one of Sarenrae's celestial phoenixes, Infernergal is a foul creature of fire and disease. He is consumed by dreams of visiting vengeance and destruction upon those he holds responsible for his incarceration.

Infernergal's origins lie in the Abyss where, long ago, the demon lord Socothbenoth desired a coterie of half-fiend phoenix offspring. He abducted one of Sarenrae's phoenixes to serve

as the brood mother; however, his half-brother Nurgal stole into Socothbenoth's Cathedral Thelemic and impregnated the phoenix himself. This struck a spiteful blow against his sibling, winning Nurgal a small victory in their ever enduring war. When Socothbenoth learned of this affront to his pride, he buried the resulting egg beneath the sands of what would one day become the Qadiran desert, bound to a cold dark cavern for all eternity. After hatching, Infernergal squatted in the darkness for millennia, dying and being reborn dozens of times as the city of Al-Bashir was built above his prison. Socothbenoth tempted the decadent rulers of the city into his service and they obediently turned Al-Bashir into a golden cage, trapping Infernergal below. The city's eventual collapse brought the first flush of something akin to pleasure to phoenix's despicable heart. Subsequent collapses opened paths from the city to his prison and allowed some of his febrile evil to seep into the world above and draw vicious creatures to the ruins.

For his part, Nurgal does not care about his son's fate. As an act of spite, the phoenix has served his purpose, and any continuing pain or discomfort his existence can cause Socothbenoth is further reward for Nurgal. Why Socothbenoth should care so much about Infernergal's imprisonment is not clear, but his entranced occultists often repeat the phrase: 'The buried phoenix burns the sin'.

Infernergal sits and waits the day when someone will best the harpies above and find their way through the Underwalks, coming close enough to his cavern that he can manipulate them into freeing him. Once freed he plans to wage war upon those he blames for his existence and incarceration – Sarenrae and Socothbenoth – but first he intends to visit destruction upon the lands of Qadira to alleviate the frustration of several thousand years of imprisonment. ۞

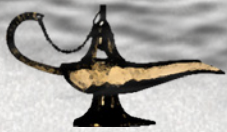




# Nine Golden Scarabs

by Aaron “bugleyman” Motta

Art by Mike Lowe



A kiln-hot wind pushed through Okeno’s bustling market. Though the sun had scarcely risen, hundreds of voices – most in guttural Keleshite, a few in the common trade tongue of the West – were already competing to sell everything imaginable. Hundreds of voices shouted out trying to earn just a little more coin before the desert heat became unbearable. Here, as throughout Katapesh, a person’s worth was judged by his wealth.

Sekani Amin, deemed to be worth nothing at all, stood in the crowded market and tried not to panic. He had a problem. Nine problems, to be exact: nine golden scarabs belonging to his master, the Most Honorable Barut Hatshepsut. Barut had made quite a show of trusting Sekani, a mere slave, to carry so much gold. Like a fool, Sekani had puffed out his chest proudly. Now, along with Sekani’s pride, his master’s gold was gone. Stolen.

It was very well understood that the Most Honorable Barut Hatshepsut did not react well to having his gold stolen.

Sekani would be scourged...or worse. *Think.* He had nervously patted the silk purse half a dozen times since the tanner had handed it over. It must have been taken in the last few moments. He turned to survey the crowd in his wake. In the stall he had just passed, two men haggled over several thin fish draped over a block of rapidly melting ice. Past them was an overflowing fruit cart with a cheery yellow skirt...*a skirt which did not waver in the sweltering breeze.* Something—or someone—huddled behind it.

As Sekani started forward, a small boy darted out from underneath the cart. The boy was dressed in tattered rags, but his hand clutched the stolen purse. He held Sekani’s gaze for a moment, and then took off into the crowd.

“Stop, thief!” he shouted after the boy. Taking care not to jostle anyone more important than himself – which was pretty much anyone – Sekani gave chase. But his sandals were slick with sweat, threatening to trip him with each slapping step. The boy, though barefoot on the searing paving stones, slid effortlessly through the crowd. Sekani was quickly outpaced and lost sight of his quarry. He shuffled to a stop under the shade of a nearby awning.

He *had* to get his master’s gold back. But how?

Sekani spent the next several hours in the market asking after the boy to no avail. Most of the merchants in Okeno’s Grand Market regarded petty thieves the way they did insects – annoyances to be squashed – and they certainly didn’t bother to distinguish one from another.

Sekani’s iron collar didn’t help either, as most cared little for the troubles of a slave. A few of the men didn’t even bother to hide their amusement at Sekani’s growing desperation.

By mid-morning, Sekani knew he would soon be missed. There was only one way he might still find the boy in time...though it may be worse than returning empty-handed. He would go to Amunet.

\* \* \*

Amunet had lived among the poor for as long as anyone he knew remembered. She served the most destitute of the city as a seer, apothecary, and midwife. She had attended Sekani’s birth twenty years ago, just as she had attended his mother’s before him. Her treatments were effective, and her visions often came to pass, but because one could never be certain what she might require in return for her aid, most did not seek her lightly. Now, Sekani didn’t have a choice. Her magic was the only way he could see to find the boy in time.

Amunet lived alone on the first floor of a mud-brick tenement at the end of a run-down street. Had she been anyone else, the vacant upper floors of the building would have sheltered Pesh addicts. But she was not someone else, and so none would dare. Her door sported a pattern of whirling grooves etched by decades of scouring sand and wind. It was upon this door that Sekani now found himself gently knocking.

“Enter,” croaked a voice from behind the heavy door.

Some part of Sekani had half-hoped that there would be no answer. He stepped in and closed the door. The room was dark, and smelled of jasmine. As his eyes adjusted, he made out Amunet hunched at a table in front of him. It was difficult to tell in the dimness, but she seemed to have grown even more wizened in the years since he had last seen her.

“Sekani! It is good to see you. It has been too long,” she rasped.

“Greetings, honored one” he bowed. How had she recognized him so quickly after so much time? “I come seeking your aid in catching a thief from the marketplace.”

“A thief? Am I now part of the city watch?” She seemed almost amused.

“Of course not, honored one,” Sekani replied. Perhaps this had been a mistake, but it was too late to change his mind now. He plunged forward. “I am desperate. My master’s money was taken, and I will be beaten if I do not recover it. I had hoped you might use your power to seek a vision of the boy.”

“Tell me of your thief,” she replied.

Sekani related the morning’s events in as much detail as he could recall. She listened quietly without interruption. When he had finished, she spoke.

“And if this thief no longer has your master’s money? What then?”

“Then I will turn him over to the Zephyr Guard,” Sekani replied.

“...and they will take his hand,” she finished.

“If that is the law.”

She regarded him for several moments before responding. “I need no spells to find the boy you seek. He is known to me.”

“What is the price of this information honored one? I have no money.”

“I do not want coin, Sekani. You have your mother’s heart. I ask only that you follow it. Do that and you will owe me nothing.”

“Agreed.”



“Very well,” she replied. “Listen carefully...”

\* \* \*

It was near the blazing heat of midday by the time Sekani arrived at the abandoned waterfront tavern Amunet had described. A sign flecked with peeling blue paint decreed the dilapidated wooden building before him to be The Dolphin's Rest. Most of the windows had been boarded up; the ones that hadn't were painted over. A rusty chain was draped carefully across the handle of the front door as if to make the building appear secure. Sekani carefully removed the chain and slipped inside.

Shadowy outlines slowly coalesced into a stained bar and a row of stools standing vigil over the remains of an old common room. Dozens of tables and chairs had been piled up against the far wall. In the near corner of the room was an old mattress, upon which slumbered a young girl. Sleeping on the floor nearby was the thief. Sekani approached as quietly as he was able, wary of the old boards creaking underfoot. As he drew near, the boy's eyes popped open, but by then it was too late. Sekani grabbed the boy.

“Where is my gold, little thief?” Sekani hissed.

“My name is Kosey. I--”

“Do you think I care to know your name? Where is my gold?”

“Gone,” the boy choked.

“Gone!? What do you mean, ‘gone?’” Sekani shook the boy.

“Do you know what they do to thieves in this city?”

*Please let the boy be lying. Perhaps the money is still here.* Sekani looked around the room: A filthy mattress, a crust of moldy bread, stained blankets and a fouled bucket. Sekani was well acquainted with squalor. But there was something more. The girl

was thin and pale, with dark circles under her eyes. Her breath rattled in her chest. Though she seemed to be resting, she had obviously been very ill. Sekani knew what the boy had done with the money.

“She's my sister. She was dying...” Kosey sobbed.

Sekani released the boy, and gently placed a hand on his shoulder. “No need to explain, young one. I understand. Finally, I understand.”

He wished Kosey well when he left. They let his sister sleep.

\* \* \*

Sweat stung Sekani's eyes as he passed the topiary animals on his master's wide green lawn. He would soon face the Most Honorable Barut Hatshepsut empty-handed, though he was no longer afraid.

“You're late, Sekani,” observed the guard at the manor's front door. “You're to go straight to the master.”

“Of course,” replied Sekani, bowing.

“I almost forgot...someone left you this.” The guard pressed a small, paper-wrapped bundle into Sekani's hand. There was a note written on the inside of the wrapping:

*Sekani,*

*I would have cured the girl for free, but the boy insisted on paying. Some see value only in gold, yet today you paid me in something far more valuable.*

*Hope.*

*Amunet*

Inside was his master's purse. He emptied the purse into his hand. Nine golden scarabs. 𐐡





# Preſtigiouſ: The Hakimā

by Margherita “Bardess” Tramontano  
Art by Silvia “crescentmoon” Gonzalez



**W**ell, my friends,” said Luminous Kurannor, sitting at the center of a circle of watchful warriors behind the dune, “we have finally come to our last battle. The den of the snakes lies before us, and surely we will sustain an arduous fight to eradicate them.”

The small group had tracked these diabolical cultists for months. The evil priests secretly poisoned the country; bribing men and women of power, sending their fanatic murderers to assassinate good rulers, and taking command of little armies for their dark purposes. Lu’s parents, like so many others, had fallen victim to their ghastly plots. The young monk had sworn to destroy the sect. Not only for revenge, nor for himself alone, but to assure peace and to free his homeland from such a plague.

At last, there they were, hidden just a few hundred yards from a cave mouth watched over by black-hooded guards. The heart of the malevolent body must be hidden in its depths below the desert. They would face them - and maybe not everyone would come out alive.

“We’ll all follow you, my prince,” said Red Twain, the rogue, Lu’s closest friend. For once, he used Lu’s official title, making the monk smile.

“Just say the word, lad,” added Edward Shithe, slipping his gun out of the sleeve and flourishing it with an expert gesture. “We’re ready.”

The other companions nodded in agreement.

“Then,” said Luminous, “we’ll attack at sunrise. First we have to know what is awaiting us.” He turned to the slender figure swaying gracefully in the glow preceding the dawn. “My dearest Sabira,” he called softly.

The young woman concluded her praying dance to the rising sun, gathered herself in her flowing white robes, and came near. Her golden hair created a halo of firelight around her face under the first morning rays. “Beloved,” she

said, “the Heavens spoke to me. We’ll find the wicked sect’s head priest in that cave. He holds terrifying spells, and many holy assassins are ready to die for him. We will face traps and beasts within, as well as summoned devils and deadly illusions. The transmuted victims of their perverse magic must not be killed though. I can guide us along the less dangerous path to the prisoners’ cells. Once we have freed them, the Heavens will show me the entrance to the leader’s chamber - and I will guide your sword so that you may destroy his evil forever.”

Many an Arabian adventure tale features beautiful wise women, able to see what other people cannot and to offer answers to the travelers’ questions. They are the hakima, or sages.

A hakima can be the respected priestess of a desert tribe or village, the daughter of a wealthy family exhibiting supernatural talents, or the witty slave who saves her master from sure death thanks to her foresight and resources. She enchants with her music, song or dance, heals wounds, discovers and dispels wicked enchantments and transmutations, thwarts schemes, unmasks evildoers, and always seems to know and see hidden and forbidden things.

Nearly all hakima are bard/clerics or bard/oracles, but some druids, inquisitors, and even a few monks and paladins choose this path as well.

**Role:** A hakima is the guardian of her community, keeper of traditions and tribal seer. It is not uncommon for her to become a tribe’s chief herself. She is not a first-line warrior, but her divination powers and knowledge make her a precious resource for a party. A hakima rarely attacks an opponent directly; instead, she encourages and supports her allies, finding and pointing out the enemies’ weaknesses. Her healing skills and bardic abilities allow her to play a great role in defense.

**Alignment:** Any. Good and neutral hakima are the majority, but evil wise women can become dangerous scheming and blackmailing villains.

**Hit Die:** d8.

## Requirements

To qualify to become a hakima, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

**Skills:** Knowledge (religion) 5 ranks.

**Spells:** Able to cast 1st-level divine spells.

**Special:** Bardic performance class feature; access to either a domain or mystery. Only female characters can become hakima.

## Class Skills

The hakima’s class skills are Appraise (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Heal (Cha), Knowledge (all, Int), Linguistics (Int), Perception (Wis), Perform (Cha), Sense Motive (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int).

**Skill Ranks at Each Level:** 4 + Int modifier.

Table: Hakima

Base						Special	Spells per Day
Level	Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save			
1st	+0	+0	+1	+1	Charismatic diviner, look beyond appearances, sage storyteller	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Bardic knowledge, penetrating gaze	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
3rd	+2	+1	+2	+2	Look beyond appearances	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
4th	+3	+1	+2	+2	See behind the veils	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
5th	+3	+2	+3	+3	Lore master	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
6th	+4	+2	+3	+3	See behind the veils	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
7th	+5	+2	+4	+4	Look beyond appearances	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
8th	+6	+3	+4	+4	Penetrating gaze	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
9th	+6	+3	+5	+5	See behind the veils	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	
10th	+7	+3	+5	+5	True seer	+1 level of existing spellcasting class	



## Class Features

The following are class features of the hakima prestige class.

**Weapon and Armor Proficiency:** A hakima gains no proficiency with any weapon or armor.

**Spells per Day:** When a new hakima level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if she had also gained a level in a spellcasting class she belonged to before adding the prestige class. She does not, however, gain other benefits a character of that class would have gained, except for additional spells per day, spells known (if she is a spontaneous caster), and an increased effective level of spellcasting. If a character had more than one spellcasting class before becoming a hakima, she must decide to which class she adds the new level for the purpose of determining spells per day.

**Charismatic Diviner (Su):** At 1st level, the hakima gains *Spellsong*<sup>UM</sup> as a bonus feat and may use it with any spell that she casts. During each performance, the hakima may spontaneously cast any one divination spell from any spell list as if it were on her list of known spells. She must expend a spell slot or prepared spell of the spell's level. If her base class could not normally cast that spell, it is treated as one level higher.

**Look Beyond Appearances (Ex):** The hakima can see many things that ordinary people cannot, and her intuition is legendary. At 1st level, a hakima adds her class level to all Perception and Sense Motive skill checks.

At 3rd level, the hakima can attempt to discern a character's true level, class/classes, or station with a successful Sense Motive check against a DC equal to 10 + the target's Hit Dice or 10 + the target's Bluff modifier.

At 7th level, the hakima gains a bonus equal to her class level on all saving throws against illusions and mirages.

**Sage Storyteller:** A hakima's class level stacks with bard levels for determining the effects of her bardic performances, and with her divine spellcaster

class for determining her oracle revelations or domain powers (but not domain spells). This does not grant any additional abilities or rounds of performance.

**Bardic Knowledge (Ex):** At 2nd level, the hakima gains bardic knowledge. This ability is identical to the bard class feature of the same name, and levels in this class stack with levels in any other class that grants a similar ability.

### Penetrating Gaze

**(Sp):** At 2nd level, a hakima gains the detect alignment ability of the inquisitor class. At 8th level, she gains the inquisitor's discern lies ability. Her hakima levels stack with inquisitor levels for determining these abilities.

### See Behind the Veils

**(Sp):** The hakima gains some divination spells as spell-like abilities. At 4th level, a hakima can *detect secret doors* once per day per class level. At 6th level, she can *reveal true shape* once per day per class level. At 9th level, the hakima can *analyze dweomer* for a number of rounds per day equal to her character level. These rounds need not be consecutive. All may be activated as an immediate action.

**Lore Master (Ex):** At 5th level, a hakima gains the bard's lore master ability. Her hakima levels stack with bard levels for determining the effectiveness of this ability.

**True Seer (Su):** At 10th level, the hakima can use *true seeing* three times per day as a spell-like ability. When she identifies a spell with her *analyze dweomer* ability, she can guess the spellcaster's identity by expending an additional

round of the ability, if she has ever seen him or her. Any divination spell that the hakima casts using *Spellsong* is extended and enlarged without level increase. Finally, the hakima can automatically use any divination magic item as if succeeding on a Use Magic Device check. ☞





# Ships of the Inner Deserts

by Dain "Zylphryx" Nielsen  
Art by Nick Russell



The vast deserts of the Padishah Empire of Kelesh can indeed be called seas of sand. Their shifting dunes, blinding windstorms, and the sense of isolation one can have in their midst rivals any of the seas of Golarion. While one would expect the similarity to end there, they do share at least one other feature-- both have ships sailing over them.

## ENGINES

Unlike ships which travel the waves of the Inner Sea, the Sand Ships of Kelesh rely upon arcane engines of one type or another to traverse the desolate sands of the deserts. These devices are considered the primary propulsion source; if sails are used, they are considered the secondary propulsion source. There are three main types of engines-- obsidian engines, elemental engines, and devouring engines.

### Obsidian Engines

The most common vessels utilize the obsidian engine, a set of three enchanted rails upon which the vessel sits. These rails turn the sand beneath them to a slick obsidian track upon which the vessel travels. The ends of the rails shatter the obsidian to dust and disperse it behind the vessel as it travels.

Due to the nature of its means of travel, these vessels are rarely larger than gargantuan in size. Those few vessels which do attain colossal size rely upon *levitated* decks to reduce their overall weight.

Driving a vehicle using an obsidian engine requires an action but no driver check. Smaller vehicles (size Large or smaller) can move at a speed of 60 feet and accelerate at a rate of 30 feet. Larger vehicles can move at a speed of 90 feet and accelerate at a rate of 30 feet.

### SAND CUTTER

Gargantuan land vehicle

**Squares** 20 (10 ft. by 25 ft.); **Cost** 35,000 gp

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 6; **Hardness** 5

**hp** 300 (150)

**Base Save** +4

#### OFFENSE

**Maximum Speed** 120 ft. (current and engine) or 60 ft. (engine only);

**Acceleration** 45 ft. (current and engine) or 30 ft. (engine only)

**CMB** +4; **CMD** 14

**Ramming Damage** 4d8

#### DESCRIPTION

This ship rides on three metal rails, the center rail acting as a rudder.

The ship has a single mast using a lateen sail. It can carry 30 tons of cargo or 60 soldiers.

**Propulsion** magic (20 squares of obsidian engine, hardness 20, hp 800) or current (air; 10 squares of sails, hp 50, only available with functioning magical engine)

**Driving Check** No driver check required with engine only, Profession (sailor) or Knowledge (nature) DC +10 when sails are used.

**Forward Facing** the ship's forward

**Driving Device** rudder

**Driving Space** the two middle rear squares of the sand cutter

**Crew** 10

**Decks** 2

### Elemental Engines

In a land where the binding of elementals is well known, the use of these creatures to power ships was an inevitable evolution. These engines utilize the natural abilities of the elementals for their means of propulsion. As such, the most common elemental engines use bound earth or air elementals.

Vessels utilizing air elementals skim over the surface of the desert and are the fastest of the Sand Ships of Kelesh. Because they do not make contact with the ground, the DC of any Survival check to track them increases by +20.

Vessels utilizing earth elementals glide through the ground itself. While they are among the slowest of the Sand Ships of Kelesh and leave a clear trail while moving along the surface, most designs incorporate an enclosed, curved shell that allows the entire vessel to travel below the desert sands for several hours at a time. The base DC for Survival checks to track a ship traveling along the surface has a -10 modifier, but it is impossible to track while underground.

Elemental engines require constant balancing of their binding enchantments. Driver checks require a DC 20 Spellcraft check, a DC 20 Use Magic Device check or a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) check.

Smaller vehicles (size Large or smaller) using an air elemental engine can move at a speed of 90 feet and accelerate at a rate of 45 feet. Larger vehicles (Huge or greater) can move at a speed of 120 feet and accelerate at a rate of 45 feet.

Smaller vehicles (size Large or smaller) using an earth elemental engine can move at a speed of 30 feet and accelerate at a rate of 15 feet. Larger vehicles (Huge or greater) can move at a speed of 45 feet and accelerate at a rate of 15 feet.

### DUNE RUNNER

Colossal land vehicle

**Squares** 64 (20 ft. by 80 ft.); **Cost** 95,000 gp

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 2; **Hardness** 5

**hp** 960 (480)

**Base Save** +6

#### OFFENSE

**Maximum Speed** 180 ft. (current and engine) or 120 ft. (engine only);

**Acceleration** 60 ft. (current and engine) or 45 ft. (engine only)

**CMB** +8; **CMD** 18

**Ramming Damage** 8d8

#### DESCRIPTION

This ship rides about a foot above the ground and had two masts using lateen and square sails. It can carry 150 tons of cargo or 250 soldiers.

**Propulsion** magic (36 squares of air elemental engine, hardness 10, hp 1080) or current (air; 30 squares of sails, hp 150, only available with functioning magical engine)

**Driving Check** Spellcraft, Use Magic Device check or a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) check with engine only, Profession (sailor) or Knowledge (nature) DC +10 when sails are used.

**Forward Facing** the ship's forward

**Driving Device** Steering Wheel

**Driving Space** the nine squares around the steering wheel, typically





located in the aft of the ship

**Crew** 30

**Decks** 2

**Weapons** Up to 20 Large direct-fire siege engines in banks of 10 positioned on the port and starboard sides of the ship, or up to 6 Huge direct-fire siege engines in banks of 3 on the port and starboard sides of the ship. The siege engines may only fire out the sides of the ship they are positioned on. They cannot be swiveled to fire toward the forward or aft sides of the ship.

### Devouring Engine

The rarest of the engines used is not made upon Golarion, but rather were created within the City of Brass. It is said they were created by the Grand Vizier Abdul-Qawi as a means to be rid of those efreet who were a nuisance either politically or socially. The engines each contain a bound efreeti and siphon off its essence as the source of power.

A vessel using one of these engines rides on a bed of flame. Any creature on the ground within 10 feet of the ship must make a DC 20 Reflex save or take 6d6 points of fire damage.

A ship using a devouring engine becomes resistant to fire (Resist fire 20). Once per day with a successful DC 30 Spellcraft or Use Magic Device, the driver can create a *wall of fire* (CL 11th) within 100 feet of the ship. Finally, with a successful DC 20 Spellcraft or Use Magic Device, the driver can cast *scorching ray* (CL 11) every round at targets outside the ship. Due to the abilities imbued, the few devouring engines on Golarion have been restricted to use for Imperial vessels.

Driving a vehicle using a devouring engine requires an action but no driving check. Smaller vehicles (size Large or smaller) using a devouring engine can move at a speed of 60 feet and accelerate at a rate of 30 feet. Larger vehicles (Huge or greater) can move at a speed of 90 feet and accelerate at a rate of 30 feet.

## IMPERIAL FIRE YACHT

Colossal land vehicle

**Squares** 60 (20 ft. by 75 ft.); **Cost** -

### DEFENSE

**AC** 2; **Hardness** 5

**hp** 900 (450)

**Base Save** +3

### OFFENSE

**Maximum Speed** 120 ft. (current and engine) or 60 ft. (engine only); **Acceleration** 45 ft. (current and engine) or 30 ft. (engine only)

**CMB** +8; **CMD** 18

**Ramming Damage** 8d8

### DESCRIPTION

Flames surround the base of this ship as it rides above the ground. Two dark masts rise from the top deck. It can carry 125 tons of cargo or 200 soldiers.

**Propulsion** magic (34 squares of devouring engine, hardness 20, hp 1360) or current (air; 30 squares of sails, hp 150, only available with functioning devouring engine)

**Driving Check** Action only with engine, Profession (sailor) or Knowledge (nature) DC +10 when sails are used.

**Forward Facing** the ship's forward

**Driving Device** Steering Wheel

**Driving Space** the nine squares around the steering wheel, typically located in the aft of the ship

**Crew** 40

**Decks** 2

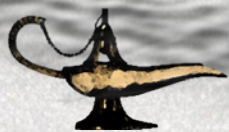
**Weapons** Up to 20 Large direct-fire siege engines in banks of 10 positioned on the port and starboard sides of the ship, or up to 6 Huge direct-fire siege engines in banks of 3 on the port and starboard sides of the ship. The siege engines may only fire out the sides of the ship they are positioned on. They cannot be swiveled to fire toward the forward or aft sides of the ship. The devouring engine also allows the casting of *scorching ray* (CL 11th) once per round at any target within 50 feet on the ship. ٥



# Side Trek Seeds

by Christoph “RuyanVe” Gimmler and  
Ian ‘Set’ Turner

Art by Darran “haunted Jester”  
Caldemeyer



## BAD EGGS

### Plot Hook

Dirshan Bakir, a scholar of exotic beasts working as a vizier for the Satrap, seeks to understand the great beasts known as ‘death worms’ that threaten local farmlands. Her studies indicate that one such beast has chosen to nest in a region nearby, and she hires the adventurers to acquire its eggs.

### Backstory

‘Dirshan Bakir’ is no kindly old matron, but a priestess of the Rough Beast, Rovagug, who seeks to acquire death worm eggs to raise the creatures. She will breed them with others she has already secured and unleash them in undefended farmlands, bringing untold suffering to local farmers and to the city folk who rely on them. She has no intention of paying the adventurers who survive this expedition and will first send ‘bandits’ to ambush them and retrieve the eggs before betraying any survivors at their arranged meeting by unveiling her own (barely) tamed death worm.

### Potential Resolutions

If the player characters are not powerful enough to face an adult death worm, they may use stealth or subterfuge to gain the eggs. Dirshan’s ambush consists of human brigands and acolytes, and her own death worm is a juvenile specimen. For higher level adventures, the mother worm is a Gargantuan leviathan among her kind and the raiders are flinds with barbarian levels. In this case, when Dirshan betrays the characters, she is backed by a mature death worm that she has turned into a ghoul.

## LIKE BLOOD FOR WATER

### Plot Hook

The nearby Thirsting Rock is the only source of water for the local community now that the town’s well has dried up. But the Thirsting Rock requires a sacrifice of blood before the spring will sluggishly flow and the bitter, brackish waters clear.

### Backstory

The Thirsting Rock shades a small pool of normally undrinkable water, but also hides secret chambers deep within its narrow clefts

from which one can spy on those who rest in its shade. It is the haunt of a degenerate adept capable of both creating and purifying water. He has acquired a chupacabra ‘runt’ (young template) as a familiar. He uses his unnatural bond with these creatures to maintain a small group of them as his ‘pack’, growing ever more degenerate as he shares more than blood with these beasts. By sabotaging the village well, he has rendered the locals dependent upon his magically generated and purified water supply, at the cost of ‘offerings’ of blood left in copper bowls for himself and his pack.

### Potential Resolutions

The player characters can end his monopoly on the community’s water supply by eradicating the adept and his pack of chupacabras, but they must also discover the means by which he diverted the underground waterway that supplied the town well. They must venture deep under the Thirsting Rock and undo his sabotage, lest the town be forced to move many miles away.

## MOTHER’S MILK

### Plot Hook

Forces patrolling the wilds nearby have reported small, enraged demons attacking by night and tearing through their ranks. The town cannot risk sending more men into these lands, especially as they are away from local trade routes and hold less importance to the commanders. A dispatch of defenders would leave local villages and communities at the mercy of these raiders.

### Backstory

Mother Dug—a bloated, fiend-blooded goblin witch—has been blessed by the Mother of Monsters so that the milk from her eight leathery teats grants a gift of madness when her fiendish goblin spawn suckle from them. This allows them to rage as barbarians for a number of rounds equal to their hit dice over the next 24 hours. Mother Dug is carried to the site of goblin raids on a scuttling “walking carpet” knit from dozens of giant insect legs. In battle, she supports her unnaturally powerful and menacing brood using her rage-inducing hexes. To simple farmers and guides the garishly-masked and fiend-twisted goblins are nothing short of demons from the most terrifying corners of the Abyss.

### Potential Resolutions

Killing one of the raiding groups will only buy a few seasons’ respite, as Mother Dug replaces her losses with juvenile goblins from her prodigious brood. To truly end her threat the PCs must not only slay Mother Dug and her fiendish centipede familiar, but also purify the tainted waters of Lamashtu that bubble up in her cavern lair so that no new matriarch can rise to replace her.

## BAD HORSE

### Plot Hook

In the Plains of Pares, nomadic tribes revere the wild, white horses they believe are empowered by native genies. Lately, leaders and champions have begun to fight over a new arrival: a horse with a mane and tail as gold as the sun. So beautiful and powerful is this horse that entire families have died in conflict over it.

### Backstory

This horse is no genie boon; the Sun Steed is a “gift” from cruel divs. They have sent the demonic creature to sow strife and conflict



among the proud plainsfolk. The Sun Steed inspires hubris, covetousness, jealousy, and paranoia in both its master and other riders. Other horses in the vicinity of a Sun Steed suffer terrible nightmares. Bloodshed inevitably follows, serving to strengthen the corrupt beast. It leaves only widows and orphans in its wake. The communities it devastates are left to mourn their dead, as both men and horses turn on each other in a frenzy of violence. Once satiated, the Sun Steed moves on, seeking a new master and community to destroy.

### Potential Resolutions

The Sun Steed cannot merely be slain, as its spirit will possess another horse when its current host dies. Its curse must be lifted through ritual in which every participant resists its lure, then rejects it. The rejection turns the beast's rage upon itself, creating a whirlwind of fury that tears it apart and drives the hateful spirit back to Abaddon.

## THE WADI OF FORGOTTEN EVIL

### Plot Hooks

- The PCs make camp in a wadi for the night, seeking the shelter offered by its over-hanging cliffs. The season's heavy rainstorms cause the wadi to flood, threatening their very lives. When daylight comes and the storm and raging waters subside, the PCs discover an ancient staircase descending into the side of the cliff.
- One of the Pactmasters, the mysterious leaders of Katapesh, is planning a rare journey outside the city and hires the PCs to accompany them. Only later do the PCs learn that the Pactmaster wants them to capture an aluum.

- The PCs find a dozen mauled bodies in a dried-up wadi. The trail of blood and an ancient staircase in the side of the cliff descend into unknown darkness.

### Backstory

When building the first of the aluums, the Pactmasters used enslaved fiends to power the automatons. While most of these early flawed experiments were quickly destroyed, some managed to escape into the wilderness. A shira div discovered one such aluum as it wandered the desert.

Recognizing what powered the aluum and bent on setting it free, the div managed to trap it in an underground complex. The shrine therein, dedicated to Ahriman, served as the div's workshop, where it used vile magic and dark rituals to try to wrest the imprisoned larva from the aluum's red glowing gem. Unfortunately, the shira's skill was not up to the task.

After many failed attempts, the div's frustration erupted into a violent rage. It collapsed the complex's entrance and left. As the years passed, the shifting sands buried the complex, hiding it amidst the ever-changing landscape of the limestone escarpment.

Now the ancient shrine is open once more and the enraged aluum has awakened from its long torpor.

### Potential resolutions

Upon arrival, the PCs hear the unearthly howls and thrashing of the aluum. Currently, it is attacking the altar to Ahriman in the central chamber. If the PCs defeat the aluum and return the golem to a Pactmaster (either in Katapesh or the one accompanying the caravan), they are awarded 5,000 gp each. ۞

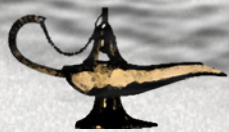




# Genie Bloodline Traits

by Matt “Enderin” Rupprecht

Art by Ashton “N’wah” Sperry



For a hundred generations the Empire of Kelish has bound genies to construct its wondrous palaces, soaring aqueducts and astonishing monuments. The Padishah Emperor consorts with genie-nobles who are capable of divining the future and altering reality through wish-crafting. Some genies are bound against their will, while others negotiate for their services.

Some even choose to live within the borders of the empire after their service is concluded.

Generations of genie-binders, sorcerers, and imperial officials work alongside genie-kind and in some cases even interbreed with them. Whether via a taint from the constant use of genie magic, a true bloodline, or genie-granted boon, their descendants frequently exhibit genie-like traits.

Almost all genie-touched are resourceful and capricious. They frequently exhibit a wanderlust and appetite for adventure or dangerous work with appropriately high rewards. They are rarely found in the employ of others, and pride themselves on being independent and self-reliant. This does not preclude them from taking jobs or joining adventuring parties but rarely is one found as a career soldier or in the service of the satraps.

In Qadira, genie-touched are considered blessed and fortunate, while in Katapesh they have a reputation as tricksters and scoundrels.

**Djinni-Touched:** One of your ancestors was a gifted djinni-binder who spent a lifetime engaged in complicated word games and crafting verbal contracts. You probably have platinum blond hair or cloud-like birthmarks on your arms, legs or back. Like your ancestor, you are a wordsmith, naturally gifted at puzzles and apt at dealing with slippery merchants. You receive a +1 trait bonus on Diplomacy and any skill check related to board games, card games, word games

or word puzzles. Diplomacy is always a class skill for you.

**Efreet-Touched:** One of your forebears was a skilled pyromancer whose blood was transformed after long years dealing with the efreet. You are likely to have red hair, a flame-like birthmark somewhere on your body, or an explosive temper. You can produce a small flame in the palm of one hand. The flame causes you no harm and can be used to light a candle or ignite flammable items such as kindling. The flame offers little illumination (5' dim) and is too weak to use as a direct weapon.

**Ifrit Bloodline:** At some time in your family history an ancestor interbred with an ifrit. You likely have a bronzed complexion, brown-orange eyes, or red-stained fingernails. Your bloodline grants you fire resistance 2.

**Janni Bloodline:** Long ago, your ancestors' blood mixed with that of the janni, the most humanlike of genie-kind known for their hospitality and skill at divination. Three times per day you may cast the 0-level spell *guidance* as a spell-like ability.

**Marid-Touched:** One of your distant relatives was a skilled daivrat, a summoner of genies who engaged them diplomatically rather than binding them against their will, and your blood is blessed by a marid noble. You characteristically have deep blue or green eyes, or no body hair. You are a natural swimmer, drawn to the coast or oases rather than the desert and plains. You receive a +1 trait bonus on Swim checks. Swim is always a class skill for you and you can hold your breath for a number of rounds equal to three times your Constitution score.

**Oread Bloodline:** You were born and raised in the mountains or badlands to a family that lived near or interbred with oreads. Because of your bloodline, you are likely to be hairy, have cold grey eyes, a darker complexion, or a skin tone running from light gray to the color of shale. Your bloodline grants you acid resistance 2.

**Shaitan Bloodline:** One of your relatives was a skilled binder of shaitan genies who put them to work building monuments and buildings for the satrap. You are strong and hardy, and you likely have gray, gravel-like skin, or thick hair that bunches together in thick, rope-like strands. You feel at home in the desert, but have a natural fear of water. While standing on land you can immediately find north.

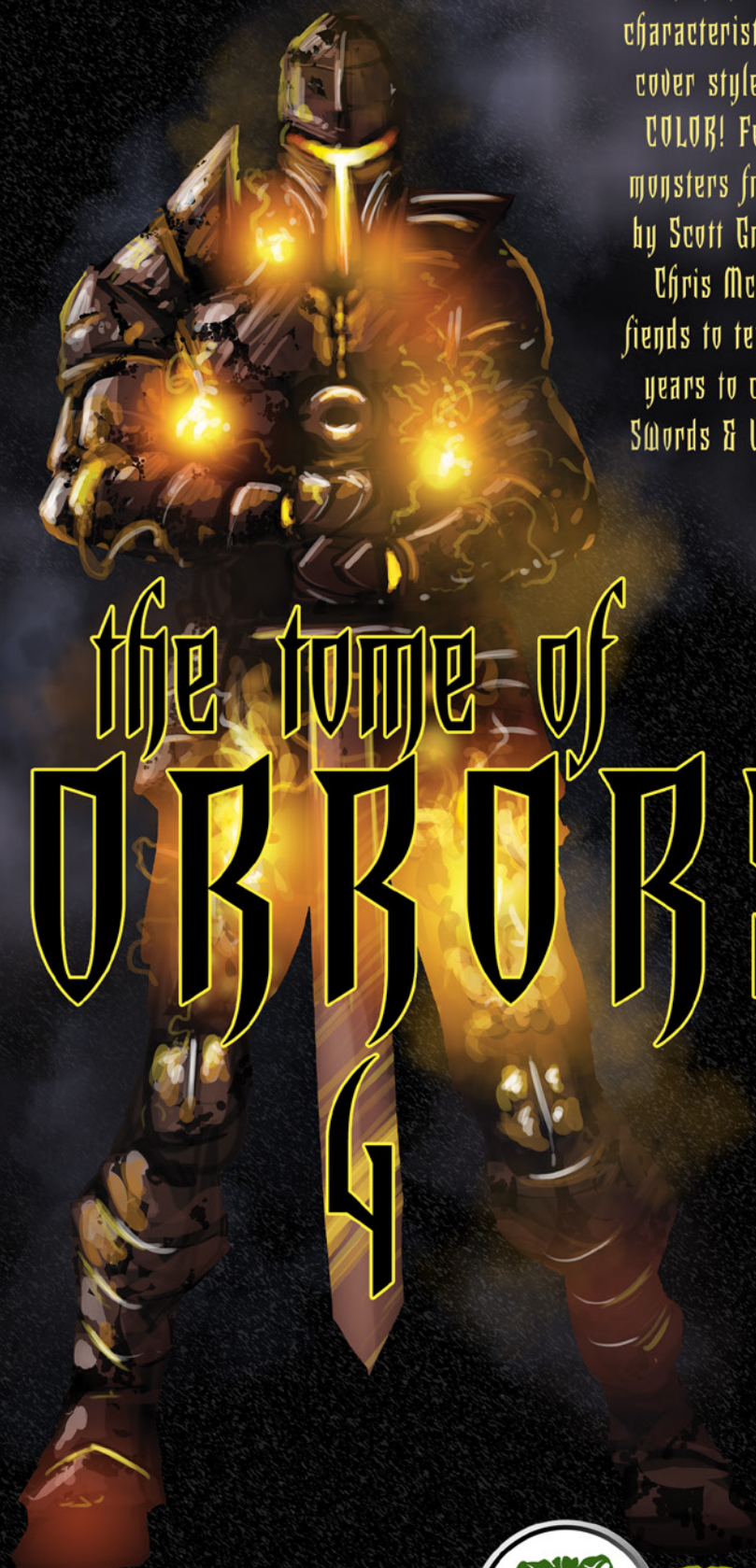
**Sylph Bloodline:** One of your parents or grandparents was a sylph. You have gray eyes, pale skin or white dot-like birthmarks shaped like birds or clouds somewhere on your body. Your bloodline grants you electricity resistance 2.

**Undine Bloodline:** Raised on the coast, your family has a deep connection with the sea. One of your progenitors was an undine and the blood that runs through your veins gives rise to your blue-green eyes, partially webbed feet, or strange web-like tattoos on your face, neck, or chest. Your bloodline grants you cold resistance 2. ت



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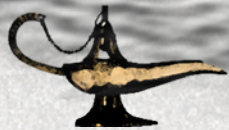
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# A Visit to the Market

by Eric "Boxhead" Hindley

Art by Mike Lowe



Perhaps your PCs are wandering the dark markets of Katapesh searching for a few specific items, or hoping for the luck of the draw to find something interesting. Whatever their reason for venturing into the winding alleys and colorful stalls, you can use these shops to spice up their experiences. Each one is designed to provide a small encounter for your group without taking a significant portion of your gaming session.

## Crazy Akbar's Discount Potion Emporium

**Owner** "Crazy" Akbar Al Rahem (male human [Keleshite] adept 4)

**Description** This crowded stall displays a myriad of brightly colored bottles, each sporting a clearly written label in Kelish. Enthusiastic Akbar sells his potions at a 10% discount off market price, but each potion has a 5% chance of being completely inert. Roll for this chance when the potion is drunk. A character can determine this defect beforehand with a DC 30 Spellcraft check.

## Hand of the Gods

**Owner** Jaasmin Ibn Burif (female elf cleric of Sarenrae 3)

**Description** This unique boutique specializes in magical gloves and gauntlets. Each piece of handwear is dedicated to one of the gods of Golarion. Pride of place currently belongs to a unique *shadow falconer's glove* (see *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Equipment*) dedicated to Pharasma that summons a shadowy butterfly to perform its combat maneuvers. Jaasmin can never resist taking an opportunity to talk about the virtues of the god in question when a purchase is made.

## An Abundance of Alchemy

**Owner** Sedryk Abund (male gnome alchemist 2/expert 2)

**Description** With bubbling test tubes and flickering burners, most of the locals are afraid that this tent will burn down at any moment. Sedryk is perpetually moving around the small

laboratory, checking on his work. He is willing to offer a discount in exchange for a particularly good story about some distant part of Golarion. A character who makes a successful DC 20 Knowledge (history or geography) check, followed by a successful DC 20 Perform (oratory) check receives a 1d6×5% discount).

## The Far North

**Owner** Fenriz Oathbound (male human [Ulfan] expert 2)

**Description** This stall seems completely out of place in the deserts of Garund. Long-distanced from his homelands in the North, Fenriz sells an excellent variety of cold weather gear—thick furs, winter blankets, ice fishing gear, and similar items. Most locals wonder how he can make a living with such a superfluous inventory, but one of his best-selling items is a map to an elf gate that purportedly travels to the North (available for a mere 10 gp).

## Bits o' Monsters

**Owner** Venria Bones (female dwarf ranger 8)

**Description** This odd shop specializes in monster parts, whether for a spellcaster's component pouch or a noble seeking owlbear steaks for his next royal feast. Venria is an extremely talented monster hunter, and though age has started to catch up with her, she still knows the lay of the land and the habits of local monsters. She frequently has need of experienced adventurers to restock her supplies.

## Flight of Fancy

**Owner** Ilgrid Brysk (female human transmuter 11)

**Description** This stall floats on a magic carpet, only accessible by flying. Its proprietor, the eccentric wizard Ilgrid, spends most of her time sitting cross-legged over her short desk, waiting for customers. She sells a wide variety of items pertaining to flight, from simple potions to *carpets of flying* to *wings of flying*. If it takes you off the ground, odds are good that Ilgrid sells it.



## In the Bones

**Owner** Iylkiar Rattlebones (male elf necromancer 4)

**Description** Iylkiar is a two-bit wizard who deals in onyx, wands, and scrolls. He makes most of his money selling skeletons and zombies to open-minded customers, but relies on the scrolls and wands purchased from others to do so. He has miscast a few times, causing uncontrolled undead to be released into Katapesh, though so far no one has connected him with the roving monsters.

## Really Big Swords

**Owner** Jami Rippler (male human [Taldan] fighter 4)

**Description** This shop sells a variety of weapons imported from all over Golarion (though little that is actually local). The catch is that every weapon is a straight-bladed sword, though many of them are of exceptional quality. Jami is one of the few people who can get powerful magical weapons brought into Katapesh without arousing undue suspicion. ☞



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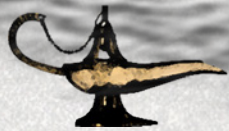
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# Survey of the Lightning Stones

by Venus "Lady Ophelia" De Coy  
Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



I am submitting my report as requested by the Decemvirate. Although the original task—to survey the Lightning Stones in Katapesh—was assigned to my sister-in-law, Charlotte Amberdagger, I am grateful to the Society for allowing her to pass the assignment to me. As a native of Katapesh, I have always wanted to go to the site. Among my people, it is a great honor to make the pilgrimage to the stones.

Due to the recent disturbances reported along the border with Nex, our expedition traveled north from Solku along the Elemion River to the Barrier Wall and followed a pass deeper into the mountains. We turned south to avoid the accursed Zolurket Mines, taking a second pass, which we exited before crossing the river not far from the site known as Sarenrae's Might.

## HISTORY OF THE STONES

This region has been known since time immemorial for to its strange and frequent lightning storms. Garundi legends say that it is an ancient battle

ground between the elemental spirits of earth and air and that only Sarenrae herself, could calm the spirits and end their fighting. At some point in the distant past, travelers passing through the area discovered the land was dotted with a long line of gigantic menhirs along the edge of the Barrier Wall. The stones seemed to capture the lightning, greatly reducing the threat of death by lightning strike. While scholars are fairly certain the stones are intended to draw power from the lightning, perhaps even toward some benevolent end, the true purpose of the menhirs remains a mystery.

## ENVIRONMENT

The Lightning Stones are primarily situated in a high tundra, meaning there are few flora and fauna to speak of. The skies above always seem to threaten rain, but usually release nothing more than thunder and lightning. Steady rains occur only during the winter months, making trails muddy, littered with pockets of quicksand and nearly impassable.

We arrived at the stones in the month of Arodus, so the weather was hot and humid. Even so, temperatures fall dramatically at night, requiring the use of cold weather attire. These extreme changes can create powerful winds, with high speed gusts that can easily destroy tents and prevent anything from flying through the area until they subside.

## MONSTERS

Despite the rumors that aboleths use the energy harnessed from the stones, our survey revealed no evidence to support the claim. If those foul aberrations really are using the power of the lightning stones, they must be drawing it far beneath the earth into the waters of their legendary night-black seas. In truth, the greatest living danger that travelers here will face is from the behirs that take advantage of their natural resistance to lightning to prey on those weakened by the frequent strikes.

A more mundane but ever-present threat are the gnolls that travel throughout the land. Fortunately, most gnomish clans found among the stones will be more interested in passing quickly out of the area, so it is not too difficult to avoid confrontation with them. In some cases, one might even barter or trade with them, though one must remember that items that do not directly contribute to survival will be given as tribute to the clan's deity.





For most clans, that deity is Lamashtu. Those who trade with gnolls should know they are supporting the worship of a demonic goddess.

Travelers we spoke to in the Elemental Den mentioned encounters with monsters like giant scorpions and deadly swarms of scorpions or other vermin, as well as bats. Some even reported seeing rocs. Others said that janni and dragons also roam these lands, but thankfully we did not meet any during our survey. While the dreaded blue dragons of the desert are cruel, even the capricious brass dragons cannot be trusted with one's safety.

## THE MENHIRS

In general, the stones are roughly uniform in shape and size, averaging 20 feet tall and 5 feet wide at their bases, and are arranged in rows that run parallel with the mountain peaks. There are a few locations, however, where these details differ, such as Sarenrae's Might, The Elemental Den and Circle of Colored Stones. It is well known that the menhirs absorb the energy from lightning strikes, but some say that the menhirs have the ability to absorb other forms of energy as well.

Travelers passing by a stone when it is struck by lightning are not electrocuted, but they do feel the ground beneath them shake as the land absorbs the energy. Touching a menhir at the moment of a lightning strike does pose a significant danger. There are many recorded cases of such deaths among scholars who study the stones.

During our survey, we discovered that some of the menhirs radiate colored light when absorbing a bolt of lightning. After some observation, we learned that runes embedded in or laid upon the stones are the source of this glow. We will need to conduct further studies to determine whether these runes glow with some arcane power or simply as a result of the energy flowing through them.

## MAJOR POINTS OF INTEREST:

### Sarenrae's Might

Sarenrae's Might is the name of a menhir crafted of golden stone and marked with what appears to be a natural discoloration in the shape of the holy symbol of the Dawnflower. Religious lore states that Sarenrae once came down to the lands of Katapesh to survey her people. When she stopped to rest beneath a certain stone, she was struck by lightning. The legends say that holy flames surrounded and protected her from the lightning and that the menhir absorbed some of her fire along with the storm's power. Sarenrae marked the stone with her symbol and declared that if any who labor in her name are strong enough to withstand the fire energy from the stone, they would be worthy of her blessing.

To date, when lightning strikes the stone, it unleashes a burst of fire forty feet wide, which lingers for a few minutes. This menhir is not always struck by lightning as frequently as its cousins, even those nearby. Those who are caught in the conflagration created by these occasional strikes and survive are thought to be truly blessed. Any follower or cleric of the Everlight who wishes to become a leader in her church must make a holy pilgrimage to this stone, where they must fast and pray until they can absorb the fire released by a bolt of lightning.

### The Elemental Den

The Elemental Den is an Inn and Tavern built inside of a particularly large and strangely hollow menhir, which lies east of Sarenrae's Might. Owned by Merlin (human cleric 12 of Calistria) and Velacia Canasta of Solku (half-elf druid [air] 12), the Den is a safe place where travelers and pilgrims can rest without risk of electrocution.

Merlin is a grizzled old man who serves as the inn's bartender. Velacia, a lovely lady who favors dressing in rich maroons and purples, is a druid of air. Velacia uses her powers to make a living while serving and protecting both her customers and the region around the inn. The Elemental Den is also a

trading post where one can purchase additional supplies for their journey.

By the rules of the owners and sheer good sense, no large metal items or weapons are allowed in the inn. Such conductive materials pose serious risk to everyone due to the conductivity of the surrounding stone. Upon entry, visitors find a small entryway with a sign written in Sylvan, Gnollish, Kellish, Shoanti, Taldan, and Chelish. The sign directs visitors to dip any metallic items they carry into one of four huge wine casks, which hold a special oil known as "light gel."

The light gel reduces the conductivity of such items. Velacia sells the oil in smaller quantities. These vials share the combined effects (and cost) of potions that grant resistance to and protection from electrical energy and appear to work on living things, as well. When I placed a sample of the oil from the barrels on my skin, I found it soothing and scented with peppermint. (Velacia later told me that it's her way of making the oil a little easier to wear for long periods of time.) Aside from this wondrous oil, Velacia sells more typical potions that provide resistance to lightning, heal burns or serve other purposes.

### Circle of Colored Stones

The last stop on our survey was the Circle of Colored Stones which is near the far western end of the line of menhirs. There are seven of these special stones in total, arranged in a circular pattern, unlike all the others. When lightning strikes these menhirs, each one lights up in a different color—matching the seven colors of the rainbow. Locals say that these stones in particular were created by aboleth mages and that each of these mages absorbs the energy from a different color stone. Whether this is true or not, Merlin and Velacia discovered ten years ago that the colors radiated by the stones are the result of minerals found within them, not because of some magical effect. This knowledge has led many to believe that the powers of all the menhirs may be more natural in origin, but there is obviously much more to learn about them before we are sure. ☞



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# Hèròès' Hòàrd: Dèsèrt Mågic

by Eric "Boxhead" Hindley, Frank "GM Solspiral" Gori, Jacob W. "Motteditor" Michaels, Kiel "theheadkase" Howell, and Thomas "Kilrex" LeBlanc  
Art by Dave Mallon



The markets of Katapesh hold many wonders that cannot be found anywhere else in the world. The most inconspicuous market stalls can hold fantastic treasures. Presented below are a few new magic items to spice up your games in the desert regions of Golarion.

## FALSE GENIE'S LAMP

**Aura** faint illusion and necromancy; **CL** 3rd  
**Slot** none; **Price** 500 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

Unscrupulous wizards often sell these fake lamps to unsuspecting travelers. Three times per day a *false genie's lamp* can be rubbed as a move action to unleash the illusion of billowing smoke and a terrifying genie. The illusion [figment] can be disbelieved with a successful DC 12 Will save. Creatures seeing the genie must make a DC 11 Will save or be subject to the effects of a *cause fear* spell.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *cause fear*, *minor image*; **Cost** 250 gp

## OASIS ROBE

**Aura** faint abjuration and conjuration; **CL** 5th  
**Slot** body; **Price** 2,000 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

### DESCRIPTION

This airy robe is crafted from deep purple silk with symbols of water and trees embroidered on its hems. Once per week, the robe's wearer may create a small, shaded clearing with a clear-flowing spring and fig trees that lasts for up to 8 hours. The trees provide the effects of the *cloak of shade* spell, and the figs and spring yield food and water for one day for up to 24 people.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *cloak of shade*<sup>APG</sup>,

*create food and water*; **Cost** 1,000 gp

## GLITTERBANG BOTTLE

**Price** 30 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

### DESCRIPTION

These alchemical items are filled with powered pyrite and a cactus resin that hardens swiftly when exposed to air. A successful ranged touch attack against a targeted square will coat anything in that square with bright glitter, foiling invisibility for 2d4 rounds. The resin is also highly flammable, imposing a -4 penalty on saving throws against fire-based effects.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Craft (Alchemy)** DC 14; **Cost** 15 gp

## STREET RAT'S TUNIC

**Aura** mild transmutation; **CL** 3rd

**Slot** chest; **Price** 1,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

This simple hemp tunic looks worthless, but can be a boon to a street urchin in peril. The tunic's magic is activated when the wearer is grabbed or grappled, at which point it tears away, allowing the wearer to escape, and animates acting as a tanglefoot bag. After being used once, the tunic is useless.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, 5 ranks of Alchemy, *animate rope*; **Cost** 500 gp

## MYTHIC GNOLL RELIC: THE BRAZEN CLAW (MINOR ARTIFACT)

**Aura** strong transmutation

**Slot** weapon; **Weight** 4 lbs.

**Alignment** chaotic evil; **Senses** 60 ft., tremorsense, telepathy

**Intelligence** 10; **Wisdom** 11; **Charisma** 13; **Ego** 18

**Languages** Abyssal, Gnoll, Terran

### DESCRIPTION

This jagged piece of curved bone with a razor-sharp edge functions as a +2 *vicious scimitar*.

The Brazen Claw is the broken tip of Lamashtu's claw, left behind when she sundered the earth to create the first gnoll (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh*). An earth elemental discovered the *Claw* languishing beneath the Brazen Peaks and tried to claim part of Lamashtu's power. Instead, the *Claw* consumed and bound the elemental within it.

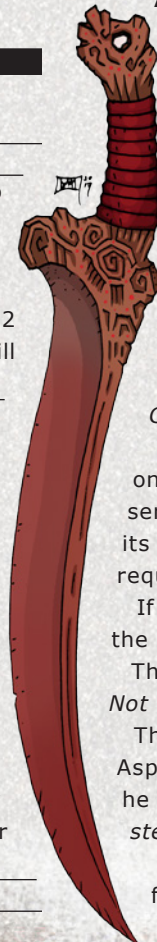
**Transcendent Power:** The *Brazen Claw* reveals its powers only to followers of Lamashtu or creatures it can twist to her service. The weapon slowly corrupts the wielder, revealing its power little by little and only if the wielder meets the requirements (in italics below).

If a gnoll wields the Brazen Claw, he takes no damage from the sword's *vicious* ability. (*Alignment: Not lawful good*)

The bearer gains a +2 increase to Charisma (*Alignment: Not within one step of lawful good*).

The bearer gains the Mythic Aspect of the Beast<sup>MA</sup> feat, or Aspect of the Beast<sup>APG</sup> if he does not already have it, even if he doesn't meet the prerequisites. (*Alignment: Within one step of chaotic evil*).

The bearer gains the indefatigable traveler<sup>MO</sup> marshal feature or shapeshifting mastery<sup>MO</sup> archmage feature (*Alignment: Chaotic evil*).





The bearer gains one mythic tier in the champion path or two mythic tiers if he is an antipaladin (*Worshipper of Lamashtu*).

#### DESTRUCTION

The *Brazen Claw* can be destroyed by landing the killing blow on a powerful servant of Lamashtu—one of her heralds or a creature that derives its mythic power from her—and then burying the *Claw* at least 2000 feet beneath the Brazen Peaks.

#### SIROCCO BOLT

**Aura** faint transmutation; **CL** 5th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 544 gp; **Weight** —

#### DESCRIPTION

A target struck by this *+1 bolt* feels a dry breeze rush over him, wicking away any moisture on his body. Instead of dealing normal damage, a *sirocco bolt* causes the target to dehydrate, suffering 2d6 nonlethal damage and becoming fatigued; this damage is multiplied on a critical hit. These effects cannot be healed until the target drinks at least 1 pint of water. Creatures with the aquatic or water subtype suffer lethal damage.

Additionally, any liquids the target is carrying evaporate (magical liquids receive a DC 14 Fortitude save). The remnants of magical liquids retain their magic, but they cannot be used until they are reconstituted by adding water, which takes a standard action that provokes attacks of opportunity.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *cup of dust*<sup>APG</sup>;  
**Cost** 272 gp

#### ARROW OF APHASIA

**Aura** faint enchantment; **CL** 1st  
**Slot** none; **Price** 280 gp; **Weight** —

#### DESCRIPTION

Created by native Qadirans to battle the Keleshite army's genies during the last century of the Age of Destiny, these *+2 arrows* are inscribed with nonsense words written in Aquan, Auran, Ignan and Terran.

Any outsider suffering damage from an *arrow of aphasia* loses the ability to communicate with creatures from the Material Plane until the damage is healed. An affected outsider hears any speech—or thought, for creatures using telepathic communication—as an unintelligible mix of syllables. Similarly, the arrow's magic garbles all of the outsider's attempts to communicate with creatures from the Material Plane, with the exception of simple gestures.

#### CONSTRUCTION

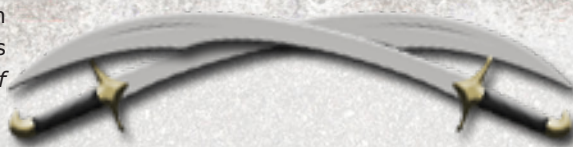
**Requirements** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *fumble tongue*<sup>UM</sup>;  
**Cost** 140 gp

#### SUNFLOWER SLINGSTONE

**Aura** moderate transmutation; **CL** 7th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 2,500 gp; **Weight** 1/2 lb.

#### DESCRIPTION

Created by the Cult of the Dawnflower and first used against



### Adding a Bit of Katapeshi Flair

The easiest way to provide your heroes with unique, desert-themed items is to simply repurpose items from the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*—belts become sashes, for example, and a hat or mask becomes a veil. Don't be afraid to change the way you describe magic items or other gear to make them a colorful part of your stories.



the Qadiran satrap that tried to banish the faith from Osirion, this palm-sized sling bullet looks like a sunflower seed.

A creature struck by these *+3 sling bullets* must make a DC 14 Fortitude save. On a failed save, sunflowers sprout in its lungs, dealing 2d6 points of damage and preventing the target from breathing, speaking, and using breath weapons. The target takes this damage each round until it succeeds at a DC 14 Fortitude save.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *plant growth*; **Cost** 1,250 gp

#### MONKEY'S PAW

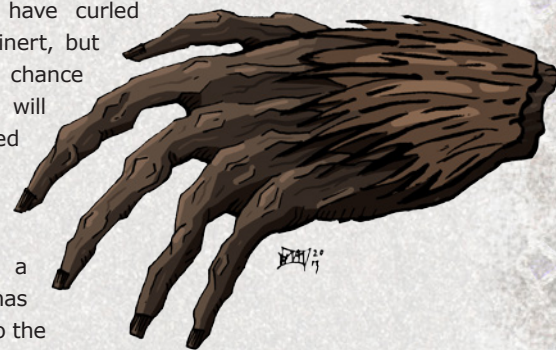
**Aura** strong transmutation; **CL** 15th  
**Slot** neck; **Price** 25,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

#### DESCRIPTION

This shriveled monkey's paw hangs from a thin cord around the wearer's neck. When its powers are invoked, one of the withered fingers briefly springs to life to curl toward the palm.

A *monkey's paw* is created with five charges. The wearer can invoke its power as an immediate action, allowing him to immediately reroll a single die. The wearer must use the results of the reroll, even if they are worse.

When all of the fingers of the *monkey's paw* have curled in, it becomes inert, but there is a 10% chance that the paw will be refreshed with five new charges if it is discarded and picked up by a character who has no connection to the previous holder.



#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *moment of prescience*;  
**Cost** 12,500 gp

#### MANTLE OF COMFORTABLE LIVING

**Aura** faint abjuration; **CL** 5th  
**Slot** shoulders; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

#### DESCRIPTION

This gauzy cloth half-cloak has a light ermine fur trim. It provides the wearer with the benefits of the *endure elements* spell.

Once per day, as an immediate action, the wearer may gain cold or fire resistance 20 against a single attack. This can be used as a reaction to an attack, such as a fireball or breath weapon, once the damage type is known. If the mantle's energy resistance is used, it cannot grant the *endure elements* effect for 24 hours.

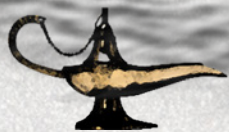
#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *endure elements*, *resist energy*; **Cost** 4,000 gp



# I Will Bè Bäck för Möre

by Todd Stewart with Tanith Tyrr  
Art by Michael Jaecks and Tanyaporn  
“Yuikami The Fool” Sangsnit



Sarenrae’s light beat down mercilessly on Sedeq, banishing its deepest shadows and baking every inch of the grand bazaar. Heat washed up from the flagstones, dissuading anyone with a choice from venturing outside. Not everyone had a choice. At the heart of Qadira’s slave trade, the frequent, gentle breezes that rustled through the leaves of the oasis city’s plentiful shade trees should have made the summer season tolerable. But for the past month, the breeze had been sporadic and mockingly hot, and the leaves were turning brown and sere. Aside from luckless slaves on their owners’ errands, the streets of Sedeq were nearly empty at midday. Many merchant stalls were closed, with colorful seasonal signs painted on wood or stenciled on silk indicating they would open again in the cooler hours of evening.

Shahin Katheeri dabbed his brow with a cloth and wished fervently he could afford a cooling sharbat of fruit ice, or even an air-chilled clay pitcher of water from the underground fountain, porous and dripping. Tucked into a corner of the bazaar, his shop stood damnably just outside of the cooling shadow cast by one of the city’s hanging gardens. The remote edifice loomed like an inverted mountain, beautiful enough to have been stolen from Shelyn’s domain in the afterlife. Far from the Eternal Rose’s realm, the herbalist’s store was braced between the blacksmith’s forge and the goldsmith’s repair shop. The hot bellows of their smelting fires stole even the smallest scrap of passing breeze, scorching it to dry cinders before it could reach his meager stall. With a resigned sigh, Shahin thanked all of the gods large and small that neither smithy was open during the hottest time of the day. They were prosperous enough to wait. He was not. A second son with no inheritance, he was a poorly paid apprentice laborer for his grandmother, and she frowned on missed sales.

Were it up to him, he would have opened early and stayed into the evening, shutting down when the sun was highest and hottest. But it was not his decision to make. The shop belonged to his grandmother Farideh, and she knew far more about herb-craft and alchemy than he did. Someday that knowledge would be his, but not now. Not yet. Despite his inner monologue of complaints, he obeyed each of her demands, even the ones that seemed senseless. Shahin suffered quietly in the heat, vainly waiting for a single customer.

The heat shimmering off the baking flagstones bent the light like a

mirage on desert sand, making the slender figure seem to waver into existence in front of his shop. Shahin brightened at the appearance of a potential customer.

“You there!” He called out as she came into view. “Beautiful lady! Pay no heed to any other shop in the market! I sell every herb grown in the Empire. Perfumes to please the nose! Creams to enhance your already potent beauty! Love potions!”

The woman turned and looked his way.

“I, Shahin Navid Katheeri, can provide all of these things and more!” He raised his voice and gestured her over, adding with a self-deprecating smile, “And I am terrible at haggling!”

Despite the sweltering heat, the woman was dressed entirely in close-fitting black fabric of an unfamiliar cut. Intrigued by his words, or perhaps just to take advantage of the shade, she stepped lithely under the shop’s awning. Once inside, she closed her eyes, inhaled, and slowly smiled.

Shahin broke into a grin as he measured her reaction. Surely he would be making a sale today. Grandmother would be proud. “Ahh, I see you know quality!” He motioned expansively across the shelves of tiny bottles, meticulously labeled, and the baskets of fresh and dried herbs. “Whatever you wish, I can provide for you, Lady...”

“Lady Inusalia.” The cadence of her speech was strange, inflecting on all the wrong vowels, but she spoke with liquid fluency.

Despite Shahin’s years in cosmopolitan Katheer, he couldn’t place her accent. Her dress was as unfamiliar as her physical features. He had seen nothing like it in Avistan or Garund, nor anywhere else. Clearly she was not a native of the city, or even of Qadira.

She smiled at him deliberately as he looked at her just a moment too long. “Few merchants have what I require.”

Shahin did his best to stop staring. Up close he could see her robes were tailored of multiple layers of black velvet and lace, fine enough for any noblewoman, yet she wore neither cosmetics nor jewelry. Her skin was pale, as if it had never seen the sun. Her brow was cool and dry, and he smelled no trace of the perfumes favored in the region to disguise the inevitable odor of human sweat. Her frame was slight, almost gamine, and it made the features of her face stand out sharply. She had thin lips, perfect white teeth, almond-shaped and curiously purple eyes, and her long hair was as straight as someone from far-off Tian-Xia. She placed both of her black-gloved hands upon the counter and looked directly into his eyes.

For a brief moment Shahin felt like a small animal caught in a predator’s gaze. He stammered. “What...do you require?”

Inusalia licked her lips with a surprisingly sharp tongue-tip. “Certain herbs. Rare alchemical ingredients and drugs in their raw state.”

Shahin blinked. He’d expected her to be looking for things befitting a rich woman’s fancy, not things a wizard’s apprentice might fetch for their master. “That’s—” He paused. He never saw her reach into her robes for the curiously-colored sheet of vellum, but there it was in front of him, seemingly out of thin air.

“What I need.” His eyes traveled downward over the long list of ingredients penned on the document.

“What are these for, if I may ask?” Many of the items on her list were common, others were rare and expensive. Of some he had no knowledge of at all.

She smiled, her thin lips growing even thinner as they curved upward. “I’m an alchemist. I specialize in the creation of substances on commission to a select list of clients who can afford me.”

Shahin squirmed. His discomfort had nothing to do with the heat. The substances he recognized were intoxicants and euphorics, some of them as dangerous as they were pleasurable. He knew a few



of them from that dark period in his life after his parents died. He wasn't sure his grandmother would approve. In any event, he'd need her expertise to even identify a third of the list.

She motioned to a doorway that was just visible from Shahin's stall, squeezed in between the jeweler and the weaver. "As soon as I can purchase all of my ingredients, I'll be ready to do business."

He furrowed his brow, confused. "Not only am I terrible at haggling, I am clearly unobservant. I did not see you moving in." Shahin had never even noticed another shop being built. Yet there it was, its pale purple frontage sticking out like a sore thumb.

She cocked her head in a quick, oddly liquid motion that was both attractive and repellent. "I don't advertise. Hopefully business will be good nonetheless."

Shahin coughed, trying to regain his composure. He offered her a sprig of one of the herbs on her list, a rare plant from far off Varisia. Few had heard of it, and even fewer knew its uses.

Inusalia crushed its leaves under her nose, releasing their scent into the air. She closed her eyes and then opened them wide again, inhaling deeply. Shahin swelled with pride, noting her appreciative reaction. He never saw her look past him into the workshop, her eyes narrowing and her lip curling.

"Does it meet your needs, Lady Inusalia?"

"Yes. Most sell a dried and inferior product." She brushed the broken plant debris into his hand, seemingly without looking at him.

"I will need to ask my grandmother about some of the more obscure items. Her knowledge is much greater than mine. If you would, please follow me into the back."

She gestured sinuously with a black-gloved hand. "Lead the way."

Shahin pushed the curtain aside and led his would-be customer into the rear of the shop. Inusalia watched the young herbalist as he passed through the narrow entryway. His back was turned to her. Her entire body shivered briefly as she looked at him with hungry eyes. Involuntarily she pressed a hand to her middle as if to ward off some pang, but she kept her voice casual. "Has your grandmother been an herbalist all her life?"

"Certainly for all of *my* life." Shahin passed rows of bottles and racks of drying leaves, eager to lead his new customer onward. "Farideh is much older than I. She is only half-human."

"Half-human?"

"Her father, my great-grandfather, was an elf. But truly, I inherited none of his blood. You need not fear. I am entirely human." Shahin was quick to reassure his wealthy customer.

Inusalia turned and sniffed deeply, ostensibly at some of the drying leaves, and made a small sound that might have been a stifled chuckle. "I see. What did she do before that?"

"For many years, she served as a midwife and soothsayer in service to Pharasma."

Inusalia narrowed her eyes. The shop corridor was dimly lit in comparison to the brightness of the sun-drenched marketplace, so it seemed a natural reaction. Shahin stepped to one side as they entered the herbalist's stillroom. His grandmother was tending a bubbling, fragrant reduction.

Farideh's features were fair and fine. Her skin was the color of tea mixed with a drop of cream. Her human heritage was Garundi, which by itself inspired casual derision in Qadira. But her ears were gently pointed, which her long dark hair did not entirely hide. Young her grandson might be, but in this city, it was best he was the one who remained at the front of the store.

Farideh forced a smile as she stared not at her grandson, but at the thing following him. Calling to mind a prayer to the Lady of Graves, she raised her eyes to meet Inusalia's luminous purple gaze.

The world faded away into a vision of an event more than a century in the past.

\* \* \*

4603 AR:

Karim Byethstes looked down and smiled. At his feet, a summoning diagram penned in the blood of three slaves stretched across the floor of his study. Already near death from nearly two weeks of confinement and starvation, their blood flowed for the amusement of the Horseman of Famine, the price for binding of one of his servitors.

"Xerbystes is a good man." Karim extinguished the flame of a sickly yellow candle. The smoke coiled and thickened as it drew towards the center of the blood-scribed circle. "But politics have shamefully blunted his intentions. If not for the Emperor's desire for peace, we would conquer Taldor in another decade. My ancestors' blood darkens the pages of our history for five centuries back, and they will have died for nothing."

The moon hung low in the sky, framed in the open window across the study. Desna's stars glittered, reflected in the great expanse of Katheer's vast harbor. The city's lights shone up from high places and low, from slum and palace, like souls reaching up to the gods. Peace had come to Qadira at the end of the Grand Campaign, but not all of its citizens were content.

Karim's fingers danced across the pages of *The Black Shepherd's Book*, a faded manuscript written in the language of plague-haunted Iobaria. The manuscript described a servitor of the Lord of Famine, revealed its name and a means to bind it. A wizard of not-inconsiderable power, he would summon a thing from the depths of Abaddon. Even with its power at his command, he alone could never destroy the armies of Taldor. But that was not the zealot's intention. He would turn it on his own people, place the blame on Qadira's northern neighbor and reignite the conflict anew.

Before the sun rose, the creature would serve him. As he touched each word, he intoned it in a language he could pronounce, but not fully understand.

The smoke hung in a loose cloud at the center of the summoning circle as Karim placed the final demon-bowl on the periphery. Each had once been filled to the brim with water from the harbor and set in the sun. All that was left was a glittering crust of salt. Each bowl's inner surface was inscribed a hundred times with the fiend's name and title.

Sacrificed to otherworldly powers, his slaves had died for a noble purpose and so would many of his fellow citizens. The cause was worthy. It was time.

"Come to me, whimpering jackal at the Horseman's feet." Karim intoned as he struck the first bowl with a silver rod. All five bowls rung with a single dull note that grew louder as he continued.

"Come to me, Deacon of Famine!"

The bowls began to glow, shedding light from the words inscribed upon them. Soon they began to billow forth smoke, drawn inexorably to the center of the summoning diagram.

"Come to me, Slave of Trelmarixian!"

The smoke grew thicker and denser. Each word from the summoner's lips seemed to vibrate through it. A rail-thin, vaguely humanoid form began to take shape, writhing and contorting as the smoke congealed into something greater than itself.

"Come to me, Handmaiden of Vorasha!"

With a rush of wind the smoke plunged down to the floor, pouring back into the bowls with the sound of tortured screams. Karim shuddered as he recognized the voices of the men he'd sacrificed, and





he wondered if their torment continued even now. A pair of naked, bloody arms pushed up wetly from the diagram's center. A misshapen head followed in gouts of thick, clear fluid, emerging obscenely into the world as if from some alien birth canal. Scrabbling, reaching out for purchase, half-substantial claws raked the stone as the head elongated into a lean jackal's countenance. Its forming flesh shuddered and twitched as the creature spasmed its way into the Material world.

"Come to me, Lady of Wasting Intoxication!"

The congealing form shook with a ragged convulsion. Its mouth opened wider than seemed possible. It convulsed again, pushing forward and bracing against the floor, looking up at its summoner with an open maw and glowing, violet eyes. The thing vomited, spewing a reeking mass of blood, mucus, and bile onto the stone. Karim gagged. With each hellish expulsion, the thick, rancid slurry flowed backwards, fleshing and shaping the thing's body.

He choked out his final words. "Come to me, Inusalia!"

From more than twice his height, the fiend looked down at him. Blood and filth flowed down her lean body to pool on the floor, where it was amorphously re-absorbed. She was gaunt and skeletal, like a starving hound with skin pulled taut over its bones. The creature snarled softly, tilted her head and sniffed at the air.

It was not meat she smelled for, but something far less tangible. Inusalia gazed down at the mortal she dwarfed. A terrible smile spread across her ragged, dripping maw, and she began to chuckle.

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The rekindled scene faded back to the present. Where the summoner had gripped a tome, the Garundi-blooded half-elf had only a kettle of tea in one hand. Gripped in the other, tightly enough

to leave her knuckles white, the silver symbol of Pharama that hung around her neck. Somehow she had gazed into the past, viewing memories the fiend had devoured along with the summoner's soul. Farideh looked at the manifest blasphemy that stood in her workshop cloaked in human flesh. Violet eyes luminous in the dim light, it smiled at her in precisely the same way it had smiled at Karim.

Farideh put down the kettle of tea she would have offered to any other customer and mouthed a silent plea to the Lady of Graves. She schooled her face to a coldly polite expression as she stared at the fiend in mortal flesh standing next to her unsuspecting grandson.

"Grandmother Farideh, may I present to you Lady Inusalia." Shahin bowed to his grandmother and then to their guest. "Lady Inusalia, my grandmother will surely be able to help you with your list."

"A pleasure to meet you, Inusalia." Farideh barely inclined her head. "What brings you to my shop? Clearly you've traveled a long way."

*"Quite a long way, as you've apparently ascertained. I am doing my best to pass as mortal, so you have my respect, inasmuch as I'm capable of granting respect to food."*

Farideh shuddered as the fiend's telepathic voice dripped raw sewage through her mind, a nearly tangible reek of vomit, bile, and spoiled milk.

"If you would peruse the list I prepared." Inusalia set the scroll down upon Farideh's workbench and stepped back, clasping her hands behind her back so as not to errantly touch either the cleric or her grandson.

"Interesting." Farideh's eyes darted between the text and the fiend. She did not particularly want to take her attention away from the



creature. "I would think it more appropriate for you to seek these things in Katapesh. Most of them have no good medicinal use." She tried to keep her voice calm and neutral.

"I'm well acquainted with Katapesh." Inusalia strummed her fingertips along the edge of the herbalist's workbench. She licked her thin lips and smiled, as if she was remembering something particularly tasty she had eaten there. "But I need to supply my shop and my clients here in Sedeq. I'm happy, you're happy."

"Are your clients happy?" Farideh turned away to pour herself a cup of tea, trying to keep her face and voice impassive.

"They receive what they deserve." Inusalia shrugged. "You could call it destiny. Something you should be well acquainted with through your service to Pharamsa. There's a natural order to these things. I provide what they need, and they flock to me like moths to a candle. Only a select few come looking for such rarefied things, having already sampled the mundane and binged on the prosaic. They find they need something more. The process of that discovery makes them a breed not commonly tasted, so to speak."

Farideh twitched, involuntarily rubbing her holy symbol between a thumb and forefinger. "Is that why you came to my shop?"

*"You have little need to worry, cleric. I'm here as a businesswoman only, not to feed. Though your grandson does possess some of what I desire, he's under seasoned for my taste."* Inusalia smiled and locked her gaze with Pharamsa's cleric. The delineation between sclera and pupil blurred and ran like melted wax, swirling with liquid motion.

Farideh glared at the fiend and then turned to her grandson, smiling graciously as if nothing at all were wrong. "Shahin, see to the shop front again. I'll tend to Lady Inusalia's list." Shahin beamed and nodded, bowing to the fiend. He stepped back through the curtain, proud of how helpful he'd been, and went back whistling to the storefront.

Farideh pursed her lips and frowned. "Some of these items on your list can be put to... unsavory purposes. I'd rather avoid being investigated by the city guard."

"I have no intention or desire to commit any illegal activities within Sedeq." She spread her hands in a conciliatory gesture. "Test the truth of that if you so desire." She did not bother to add that her shop was not actually in Sedeq, despite the sometimes-visible storefront across the way.

*"I'm much more selective. I'm something between a connoisseur and a gardener. The way that mortals destroy themselves willingly in their pursuit of fleeting pleasure by increasingly damaging means is... intoxicating. I taste that experience, compressed into a single, likewise fleeting moment when I rip soul from flesh. I hunger, just as my clients do. Unlike them, I do not cheat or steal to feed my addictions. I watch and wait for them to seek me out and willingly pay my price. I abide the law."*

Farideh stared levelly at the fiend. "Your shop might be legal, but that doesn't mean I approve of it."

"Then you're a rarity." Inusalia touched the tips of her index fingers together and set them against her lips, staring thoughtfully at the half-elf. "What I do is not strange in Qadira. Sedeq and every other city from here to Katapesh tolerates or openly promotes the drug parlors and pleasure dens that allow your kind glimpses of ecstasy even as it consumes you from within."

"Their customers have a choice."

"Perhaps. And victims of the slave trade? Sedeq is the heart of Qadira's market for mortal chattel, the city that chains and binds and breaks them. Don't tell me your ethics are so selective as to turn a blind eye to that two-headed serpent and yet draw a bloody line in the sand when it comes to my discriminate predation." Inusalia

laughed, a thin, buzzing sound. "I am only a fly drawn to your city's festering dung-heap. I merely take advantage of what was already here. The ones I take were destined for no greater deeds. Fueled by their hunger, they would have stolen to feed their next indulgence, or worse. My culling removes innumerable sick cancers from your city's flesh."

The cleric remained silent. The meladaemon cocked her head, peering at Farideh sidelong and sly, and fluttered her lashes in a parody of innocence. "What good does it do to remove maggots from a rotting wound if they are helping the patient by eating away only what is diseased and dying?" She smiled, her lips writhing together like blood-gorged larvae. "You see, I am a healer just like you. Only not quite so pretty." Inhaling appreciatively, Inusalia lifted a pale, dry hand as if to caress the half-elf's cheek. "You are very pretty."

The cleric stepped abruptly backward. Her expression was sour. "We're to consider ourselves blessed by your presence, then?"

The fiend drew herself up archly, her hand returning to her side. "Would you prefer I feed indiscriminately, like others of my kind?" There was an almost human vanity in her offended tone.

"Why don't you? What makes you better than them?" Farideh played to the fiend's smug demeanor. "Why should I be as injured to your presence as the addicts you prey upon are to their own sense of shame?"

"After I was summoned, I explored Katheer." Inusalia ran a finger absently across her mouth, remembering. "Mortals all crowded together, humans and others, it was infuriating. I drooled constantly from hunger. I was tempted, oh so tempted, to reveal myself. But I didn't know the city or the powers within it. I waited to find victims that I could devour without being noticed."

Farideh looked away, grimacing. There were many who could die without notice, and even more whose deaths would be ignored as inconsequential.

"Eventually I found my way into a drug den near the harbor where dozens of mortal men and women fed their addictions. They were wasting away, slowly poisoning themselves. But for the moment they were happy, even as they consigned themselves to withering oblivion."

"And no one cared." Farideh sighed.

"No one." Inusalia clasped her hands together and inhaled, her face flushing delicately. She clearly relished her memory of these events.

Farideh felt sick, but there was little she could do. Later, when the time was right, she would act. Until then she would have to stomach knowing it was here, devouring the souls of the weak whose lives were already shattered by addiction.

Inusalia continued. "I watched them snuff and smoke themselves into delirium for a time before one man got up to leave. He was shaking from the damage the drugs had caused to him over time, his gait turned to a shamble. He was starving and broken, incapable of any work but begging or theft."

Farideh had seen such things as well. Even good people were ensnared by what was sold casually on every city block. Such things were accepted in Qadira. The social lie they told themselves was that only crass foreigners with more money than willpower fell prey to anything more than casual use among friends. In truth, the addiction consumed and destroyed more of them every year.

Inusalia edged a little closer, staring into the cleric's eyes with a look like that of a tiger about to seize its prey. Her back was very nearly to the wall, and there was no more space in the small workshop.

"I followed him, and in a darkened alley I resumed my true form and pinned him to the ground. He screamed when he saw what I was. He was beyond any words, even if he had known what to call me. It was music when I ripped open his chest and tore out his heart."



Inusalia cupped her hands inches away from Farideh's face as if she were still cradling the bloody organ. "I drew his soul into that hot, twitching vessel, and as I watched his eyes glaze over in death, I bit into it like a ripe Chelish apple, and I fed."

Farideh held her breath. Inusalia's eyes flickered with violet flame and she panted like an animal.

"I know their hunger. I took their memories when I consumed their souls. The taste was exquisite. They took their senses to such extremes they were like no other mortal souls. I've eaten many of your kind, but these..."

Inusalia trembled and closed her eyes, biting her lower lip and savoring the memory with an obscenely moist exhalation. Finally she opened her eyes and steadied herself on the edge of Farideh's workbench. Several minutes passed with their eyes locked and staring. Eventually the cleric picked up the vellum scroll and started to make notations on it, her individual filing codes for most of the ingredients the fiend had requested. Her hand barely shook at all. When she was finished, she called out to her grandson. "Shahin! We're finished here. Please pack up Lady Inusalia's things and collect her payment up front." To her credit, she managed to keep her voice calm and steady.

Farideh's grandson reappeared obediently with a small, polite bow to his grandmother and her wealthy customer. He went about packing small amounts of various fresh and dried herbs, as well as many unlabeled bottles of various extractions and distillates from the racks indicated on her notes.

"Some of your items I can't procure at the moment," Farideh lied, knowing full well that she had them in stock and out of sight. The fiend could probably tell the truth of the matter, but the statement was more for her grandson's benefit. He didn't know Inusalia's true nature, and it was safer if he remained ignorant. At least he was not of interest to the fiend. That was the only grace to come of this meeting, and for that, Farideh thanked Pharama.

Inusalia inclined her head magnanimously. "I'm glad we could come to an agreement. My customers will appreciate the quality of your reagents. I'll be sure to let you know how happy they are when I next visit for more."

Farideh offered a polite and entirely pragmatic smile. "I appreciate your business, Lady Inusalia. May Pharama's blessings carry you to your proper fate."

"Good day to you, Farideh. It was my pleasure to make your acquaintance." Inusalia spread her arms and bowed, an unusual act for a woman of her stature. But she was not a woman, nor even human. The act was a mockery, a brief stage play to seal the uneasy détente that now existed between the cleric and herself. "If you would carry my things to the door, Shahin, I would be appreciative."

Shahin took her bag to the front of the shop, squinting as his eyes adjusted once again to the brilliant sunlight. He watched for a moment as she replaced one of her gloves, slipping it onto her left hand. What a pleasant woman, he thought, despite her outwardly haughty demeanor.

"Good day to you, Shahin," Inusalia turned back as she walked into the sunlit marketplace. She was smiling, and her violet eyes were twinkling. "Give your grandmother my appreciation for her hospitality. I'll be sure to come back for more."

Shahin bowed and waved, watching her walk back to her own shop with its curious but distinct purple frontage. Inusalia was a bit odd; but, Shahin thought, she was a foreigner after all. It had been rather strange to see her briefly touch his grandmother's forehead when he'd first stepped into the workshop.

"Oh, I shall certainly be returning..." Inusalia repressed a shudder





of delight as she turned the corner. She licked her lips as she savored the subtle, complex taste of the smallest portion of Farideh's soul, ripped away along with the memory of its passage, and the memories that had so provoked the fiend's hunger.

Farideh's grandson had dabbled in pesh, but hardly enough to interest her. He wasn't special. He wasn't unique. His grandmother was something else. She'd first seen it in the distorted reflection of a bottle on a tall shelf behind the herbalist. It was a scar at the base of the half-elf's skull. Long ago erased from her flesh by magic and herbal salves, the mark it left on less tangible quantities was as brilliant as the day it was forcibly inked there.

She hadn't always been an herbalist, nor always been a cleric of the Lady of Graves. Inusalia rolled her elongated purple tongue around the inside of her mouth as if the motions could help conjure back the ephemeral taste of the memories. They were addictive.

Farideh Katheeri had been born into slavery in Katapesh, sold at the age of ten to a Qadiran merchant out of Okeno. The abuse, the fear, the pain, it tasted of bittersweet chocolate and apricots. She had served for decades in a nobleman's house in Katheer. Trained first as a chambermaid and then a midwife, she had gained a keen knowledge of herb-craft that had finally purchased her freedom and her eventual admission into Pharsma's service.

Inusalia licked at her lips again, musing as she sifted through the stolen memories, "Your owners were far from kind, and the other servants treated you like a dog for your heritage. The humans hated you, you pitied them, and you took your revenge by purchasing your freedom while you still retained a measure of the physical youth that had long since withered for them." Her lips curved into a smile. "You may have even been there when I was first summoned. What delicious irony."

The fiend murmured to herself as she walked. The street was hot and empty still, and no one heard. Inusalia closed her eyes and flicked out a suddenly forked tongue like a serpent tasting the air. She made a soft sound of appreciation. "Your experiences have so many varied, subtle tastes. Different from my usual fare, but more than enough to interest me. I will savor you piece by piece, gnawing away a fraction of your soul at a time. My feast of you will last a long time, and you will never know."

\* \* \*

Back in her shop, Farideh brooded, running a hand across the back of her neck. Her fingertips brushed over the faintest traces of a tattoo she no longer remembered. There was something else, something troubling that she had to remember. But she shook her head. No, there wasn't anything else. The cleric returned to her previous thoughts. At least her grandson was not a target of the fiend's hunger. There was a small comfort in that.

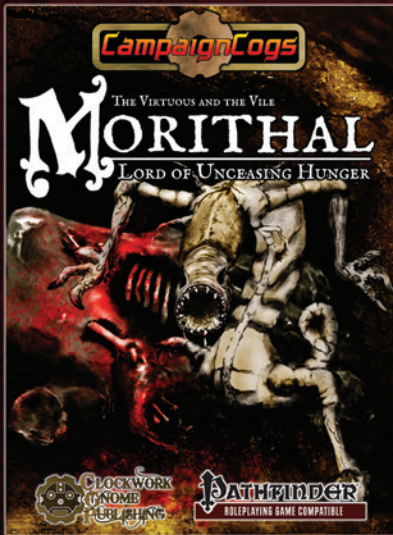
\* \* \*

A purple door softly closed and Inusalia gave a sigh of relief as she resumed her true form. She stared at her own reflection in the glass, eyes glowing in the darkness. For a moment, the vision of stolen memory superimposed the memories of a young Farideh doing just the same, fresh bruises on her cheek, eyes overflowing with salt tears. The fiend drooled with ghoulish hunger, running its claws against the glass and leaving behind a wet trail of mucus and bile.

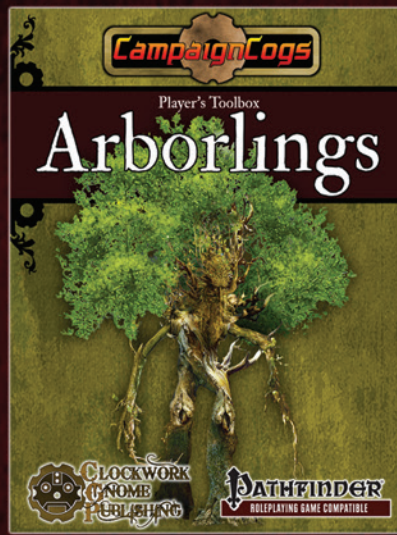
"Oh, Farideh. I will be back for more." ☞

# LEARN TO FEAR THE DARKNESS BELOW

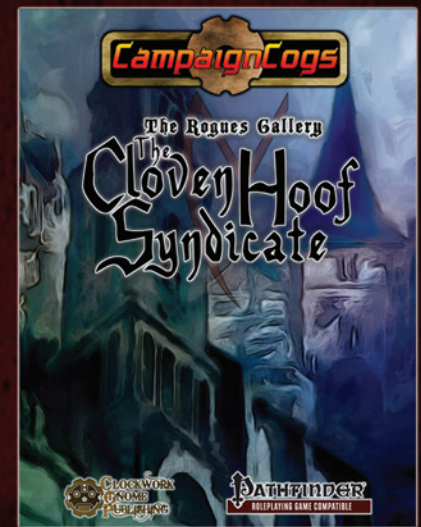
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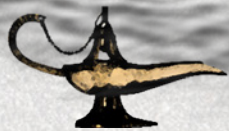




# The Winds of Sarenrae's Wrath

by Kebishanti bin Ashalla (Dawn  
"Dark Sasha" Fischer)

Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



Oh, wanderer from the moist lands, beware of Sarenrae's stare. From the Windswept Wastes to the Obari Ocean and back, her breath sweeps. Know that you are as helpless as a babe to her and that any child of our tents old enough to speak knows more about this land and its dangers than you. Sarenrae is in everything, from the soft and playful zephyr, to the choking haboob that blows at the front of life-giving rain clouds, to the poison wind of the simoom that sears the water from living beings.

Sarenrae heats the erg, hamada, reg, chott, and sea alike, warming the air above them. This air gets lighter and rises, causing storms and winds as air from surrounding regions seeks to fill the gap. Any moisture this air carries condenses into clouds and storms. Cold, dense air from over the mountains pushes its way down into the plains causing a phenomenon known as katabatic winds. These winds blow at hurricane speeds and wreak havoc on communities in their path. The opposite of the katabatic is the anabatic, a warm wind that blows up steep mountain slopes and often produces sudden thunderstorms on the mountain tops.

The winds of Golarion's oceans, which are used by sailors to navigate to ports of call, are also avoided by them for fear of the storms they bring. The monsoon is one such wind which brings life giving rain to Qadira and Vudra from the heart of the Obari Ocean. The highest speed winds are known as hurricanes in the Arcadian Ocean, cyclones in the Obari Ocean near Qadira and Vudra, and as typhoons even further east. The trade winds, a sailor's lifeline, are used in the Inner Sea to travel from west to east. Doldrums, the absence of wind, are a sailor's worst nightmare. Unscrupulous merchants who ply their trade in the waters between the Inner Sea and the Obari Ocean where the doldrums prevail often rely upon ships with galleys of enslaved rowers to reach their destinations.

Winds of the arid regions are varied and possess thousands of local names. From helpful, life-giving forces to terrifying and deadly, these winds must be respected and understood by all who wish to travel across the great deserts of Garund and Qadira. Winds of winter, known as n'ashi, flow from the interior of Qadira and down the Zoe Mountains to the Obari Ocean. A khamsin or sharov is a hot, dry wind that blows nearly constantly for 50 days in the spring. In Garund, this wind is known as the harmattan; a very hot wind that carries stinging



dust. In the heart of the Windswept Wastes of Qadira blows a strong dusty wind we name the "poison wind", or the simoom. For those caught with no shelter its intensity can suffocate, blister skin, and cause death in minutes. In Garund a similar, but perhaps less severe wind, known as sirocco, brings blistering winds full of sand and dust northwards across the Inner Sea. The haboob carries with it choking dust storms and precedes rainstorms that renew and refresh the lands with life-giving water. We name the light breezes zephyr, the playful air spirits that help to cool the sweat from our brows. The el'afreet, or ghost wind, spirals up dust in tall columns that move across the plains and sands. Ignorant wetlanders name these winds the devil winds or dust devils after their own terrifying wind columns, the tornadoes, which cause destruction in the lands north of the Inner Sea.

## Simoom (Environmental Hazard)

This sudden onset of intense heat can cause heat stroke, blistering of exposed skin, dehydration, and suffocation. Creatures are treated as exposed to severe heat and must make a Fortitude check once every 10 minutes (DC 15 + 1 per each previous check) or take 1d4 nonlethal heat damage and 1d6 nonlethal thirst damage. Creatures taking nonlethal damage suffer heatstroke and are fatigued; creatures who begin taking lethal damage are also exhausted. (See the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* for rules on the fatigue and exhausted conditions, severe heat danger, and thirst.)

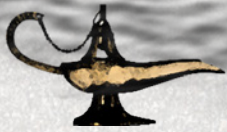
## Haboob (Environmental Hazard)

Creatures caught in such a wind without a face-covering scarf or similar protection must make a Fortitude save from the thick dust (treat as heavy smoke). The dust similarly obscures vision. (See Smoke Effects in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*.)



# Songs of the Desert Towns

by Liz "Heros\_Backpack" Smith  
Art by Ashton "N'wah" Sperry



**H**eroes, especially bards, wishing to blend into the population should add the following songs to their repertoire. *Liaddin* is a common, comic, tavern song. *Coming Home* is popular among expatriates of the Barrier Wall, while *Leap of Love* is newly fashionable.

## Liaddin and the Genie

Liaddin was a lucky lad  
Who found a broken crate.  
He cleared away the drifted  
sand  
And so he met his fate!

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin, say it*  
1, 2, 3  
*Lucky Liaddin, and his genie!*

'Oho, it's a lamp,' Liaddin  
cried,  
'That I have found, I see.  
I will clean it up and rub it,  
And I'll have wishes free!'

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

He cleaned it and he rubbed  
it hard  
And Genie popped right out:  
'I'll grant you wishes, young  
master,  
But don't forget to shout!'

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

'For I'm a little deaf, you see,  
But still, your wish I'll grant.'  
Liaddin didn't listen though  
Or hear the genies can't...  
Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

He jumped right in with his  
first wish,  
'Please give me lots of gold!'  
And Genie nodded solemnly  
And made him very cold.

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

Liaddin shivered and then  
shook,  
'This is much too chilly!  
Please take it right away from  
me,  
And give me money, silly!'

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

Then Genie sadly  
shook his head  
'I tried to warn  
you, lad.'  
As honey came in  
place of cold,  
Liaddin looked so  
very sad.

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

Liaddin, sticking to the  
sand  
And really very cross,  
Yelled, 'I said I wanted money!  
Not sticky, icky, dross!'

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

'Oh, money,' exclaimed the  
genie,  
And money came at last,  
Pouring down onto Liaddin  
Striking him hard and fast.

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

Liaddin fell beneath the coin  
And still the money came  
Until he woke and ditched the  
lamp  
And fled, both rich and lame!

Chorus: *Lucky Liaddin...*

## Leap of Love

The jump is but perception  
Between my heart and yours;  
A leap that no-one noticed  
That bound us on the floor.

We spun together in the dance,  
A thread of just two strands.  
Growing stronger, spinning  
faster  
To the music of the band.

A thread was spun to bind us  
both,  
Then woven into cloth,  
With music as our shuttle  
In a leap that we called Love.

## Coming Home

(Written to the tune of "For  
These Are My Mountains")

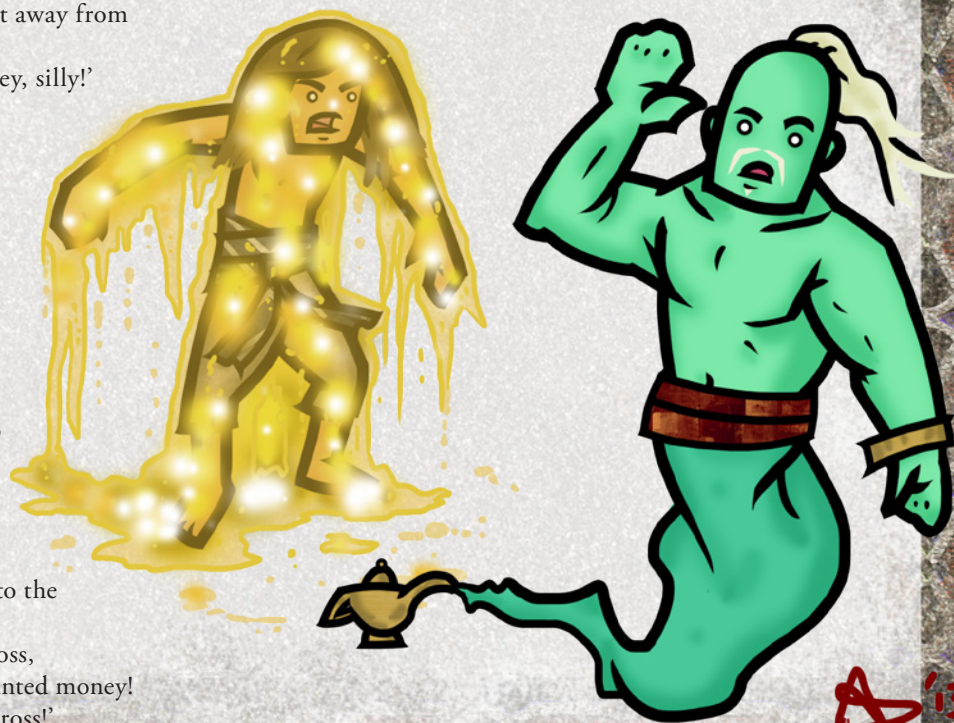
Chorus: *For these are my  
mountains and this is my sky  
The sights of my childhood to  
which I will fly.  
No land's ever claimed me,  
though far I did roam.  
For these are my mountains, and  
I have come home.*

For fame and for fortune, I  
wandered away  
But now I've come back to the  
place I should stay.  
I've brought back my treasures,  
only to find  
They're less than the pleasures  
I first left behind.

Chorus: *For these...*

The wind through the flutes  
sings at my passing by.  
The janni recall me with  
welcoming cry.  
The ridge where the wren flies  
at last I can see  
It's here where my heart lies.  
It's here I'll be free.

Chorus: *For these... ♪*

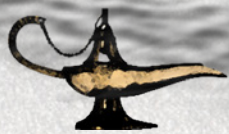


AS '13



# Of Magic and Mettle: The Spiderhawk

by Sarah "Ambrosia Slaad" Counts  
Art by Angela "Ladyfirefly" Conant



Over 2,000 years ago, a merchant-led battalion of mercenaries from the Golden City sought to establish a more profitable trade route with the smithies and mines of Hammerfall. Expecting bandits and gnolls, they were ill-prepared to be caught near the Jackal's Maw between previously-unknown "spidertaur" driving multi-platoon waves of slaves against a thousand-strong interplanar incursion of rapine kills. The besieged Garundi were saved by allying with warbands of native aranea defending their tribal lands. The heavily-outnumbered and rapidly-winnowing alliance only survived due to cunning guerrilla tactics, desperate tenacity, and Desna's fortune. After the near month-long fighting withdrawal had ended, a few surviving Garundi magi adapted their talents to emulate the abilities of the araneas' arcane tricksters and were nicknamed honorary "spiderhawks"—after the parasitoidal wasps who hunt spiders. While this ill-fated expedition is long forgotten, the spiderhawk tradition yet survives practiced by a small number of human and aranea magi.

## Spiderhawk [Magus Archetype]

**Keen Minds, Nimble Bodies:** While many magi build their martial prowess upon a foundation of physical strength and resolute hearts, a spiderhawk focuses upon swift reflexes, adroit improvisation, and uncanny reasoning.

**Base Save Bonuses:** A spiderhawk gains base save progressions as a bard of the same level (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, Table 3-3)

**Weapon and Armor Proficiency:** A spiderhawk is proficient with all simple weapons, plus the kukri, rapier, sap, shortbow, and short sword. She also gains proficiency with one additional light or one-handed martial melee weapon. A spiderhawk is proficient with light armor, and can cast magus spells while wearing light armor without incurring the normal arcane spell failure chance. A spiderhawk wearing medium armor, heavy armor, or a shield incurs a chance of arcane spell failure if the spell in question has a somatic component. A multiclass spiderhawk still incurs the normal arcane spell failure chance for arcane spells received from other classes.

**Class Skills:** The spiderhawk's class skills are Acrobatics (Dex), Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Disguise (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (dungeoneering) (Int), Knowledge (history) (Int),

Knowledge (local) (Int), Knowledge (planes) (Int), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Spellcraft (Int), Stealth (Dex), Swim (Str), and Use Magic Device (Cha).

These replace the standard magus saves, skills, and weapons and armor proficiency.

**Spells and Cantrips:** A spiderhawk gains cantrips, spells known, and spells per day as a bard of the same level (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, Tables 3-3 and 3-4), but she uses the standard magus class spell list and her Intelligence score instead of Charisma. A spiderhawk casts spells spontaneously and applies metamagic feats to her spells in the same manner as other spontaneous arcane casters. This modifies the standard spells and cantrips abilities, and it replaces the magus spellbook.

**Arcane Pool (Su):** At 1st level, a spiderhawk gains an arcane pool equal to 1/2 her spiderhawk level (minimum 1) + her Intelligence modifier.

At 5th level, the weapon enhancement bonuses can be used to add magic weapon properties. Adding these properties consumes an amount of bonus equal to the property's base price modifier. Unlike a standard magus, a 5th level spiderhawk knows 3 properties of her choice with a +1 base price modifier, and learns an additional property at every four spiderhawk levels thereafter (9th, 13th, and so on). A spiderhawk can learn new weapon properties whose base price modifier is the same or less than the current maximum enhancement bonus she can add to her weapon.

Upon reaching 7th level, and at every four spiderhawk levels thereafter (11th, 15th, and so on), a spiderhawk can choose to learn a new magic weapon property in place of one she already knows. In effect, the spiderhawk loses the old property in exchange for the new one. The new property's level can be of any currently available to her. The spiderhawk may swap only a single property at any given level, and must choose whether or not to swap the property at the same time that she gains new magus spells known for the level.

This modifies the standard magus arcane pool ability.

**Spiderhawk Arcana:** At 3rd level, a spiderhawk may select a magus arcana as usual, or she may instead select any rogue talent for which she qualifies in place of a magus arcana. Any talent that requires a ki pool instead utilizes (and expends) an equivalent number of points from her arcane pool. Her spiderhawk levels stack with rogue levels for any talents she possesses with level dependent effects. Other than *riddle in the steel*, a spiderhawk is forbidden from taking *bane blade*, *devoted blade*, *ghost blade*, and other arcana that add options to her list of available arcane pool magic weapon properties.

A spiderhawk also gains access to the following unique magus arcana.

**Improved Uncanny Dodge (Ex):** A spiderhawk gains the benefits of the rogue improved uncanny dodge ability. The spiderhawk is considered to be a rogue equal to her magus level -3 for purposes of being flanked by rogues. A spiderhawk must be a minimum of 6th level and possess uncanny dodge before taking this arcana.

**Preternatural Reflexes (Su):** As long as she has at least 1 point in her arcane pool, a spiderhawk gains the benefits of the rogue evasion ability.

**Ranged Legerdemain (Su):** A spiderhawk gains the arcane trickster ranged legerdemain ability. A spiderhawk must be able to cast both *levitation* and *mage hand* as magus spells and be at least 6th level before taking this arcana.

**Riddle in the Steel (Su):** A spiderhawk adds one additional magic weapon property to her available arcane pool enhancements. The spiderhawk may select this arcana multiple times, gaining a different property each time.



**Shifting Trickster (Su):** As a swift action, a spiderhawk can spend 1 point from her arcane pool to teleport to a nearby space as if using *dimension door*, but with the following differences. The spiderhawk must be able to see the space into which she is teleporting.

She cannot take other creatures with her when using this ability (except for familiars).

She can move 5 feet for every two spiderhawk levels she possesses (minimum 5 feet).

At 10th level, a spiderhawk may spend 2 points to use *dimension door* as the spell once per day. A spiderhawk must be at least 6th level before taking this arcana.



**Surprise Spells (Su):** A spiderhawk gains the arcane trickster surprise spells ability. This damage is only applied once per spell. Area effect spells affect all targets within the area, with each target applying any successful save (if applicable) to halve the damage (including the sneak attack damage). With targeted spells affecting more than a single target, the extra damage is only added once to one effect and a single target, chosen by the spiderhawk when the spell is cast. Extra damage dealt by a surprise spell does not stack with any extra damage from a spell critical during spell combat; the spiderhawk chooses only one type of extra damage or the other to apply to a single attack. A spiderhawk must be a minimum of 15th level before taking this arcana.

**Trap Sense (Ex):** A spiderhawk gains the rogue trap sense ability.

**Trapfinder (Ex):** A spiderhawk gains the rogue trapfinding ability.

**Uncanny Dodge (Ex):** A spiderhawk gains the benefits of the rogue uncanny dodge ability.

**Sneak Attack (Ex):** At 4th level, a spiderhawk gains the rogue sneak attack ability. This sneak attack damage is +1d6 at 4th level, and increases by +1d6 every three spiderhawk levels thereafter. Extra damage dealt by a sneak attack does not stack with any extra damage from a spell critical during spell combat; the spiderhawk chooses only one type of extra damage to apply to a single attack. This ability replaces spell recall and improved spell recall.

**Spiderhawk Talents:** At 7th, 11th and 15th levels, a spiderhawk may select any rogue talent for which she qualifies. Her spiderhawk levels stack with rogue levels for any rogue talents she possesses with level dependent effects. This replaces the medium armor proficiency and the bonus feats gained at 11th and 15th level.

**Knowledge Pool (Su):** At 7th level, when a spiderhawk rests, she can expend a number of points from her arcane pool up to her Intelligence bonus to temporarily gain additional spells to her known spells. For each point she expends, she can treat any one spell from the standard magus spell list as if it were among her known spells. She retains these temporarily known spells until she next rests, when they are forgotten. This modifies the standard knowledge pool.

**Advanced Spiderhawk Talents (Ex):** At 13th level, a spiderhawk gains a bonus advanced rogue talent, and can choose advanced rogue talents in place of magus arcana or magus bonus feats. This replaces the heavy armor proficiency gained at 13th level.

**Magus Arcana:** The following magus arcana complement the spiderhawk archetype: *Arcane Cloak*<sup>UC</sup>, *Hasted Assault*<sup>UM</sup>, *Philosopher's Alloy*<sup>WF7</sup>, *Prescient Attack*<sup>UC</sup>, *Rending the Shroud*<sup>WF7</sup>, and *Spell Blending*<sup>UM</sup>.

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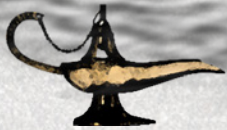
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# Weal or Woe: Farideh and Inusalia

by Todd Stewart

Art by Tanyaporn "Yuikami The Fool"  
Sangsnit



## Weal: Farideh the Herbalist

A Garundi-blooded half-elf, Farideh the herbalist was raised in slavery until she purchased freedom with her skills as a healer. Content to live and work in obscurity in the Qadiran city of Sedeq, in recent days she encountered something for which she was unprepared. Walking into her shop to purchase herbs, the meladaemon Inusalia struck an improbable and horrific bargain; the fiend also stole a tiny fragment of her soul. While Farideh does not remember this, she knows something is wrong with her memories, and that she cannot stomach the fiend's presence in Sedeq much longer. She must kill the daemon or drive it off, and seeks allies to help her.

## Adventure Hooks

- The PCs need aid in tracking down the missing daughter of a noble family known to have frequented local pesh dens.
- The PCs need access to magical healing.
- The PCs require a rare and potent herb few have heard of and fewer know where to find it.

## Boon

If the PCs aid Farideh in banishing or driving Inusalia out of Sedeq, they gain a powerful ally within the church of Pharasma. Farideh provides the PCs with any healing magic they need, a *scroll of heal*, *neutralize poison*, and *remove disease*, and a tome on medicinal herbs that grants a +4 bonus on Heal checks for long term care.

### FARIDEH THE HERBALIST

CR 13

XP 25,600

Female venerable half-elf cleric of Pharasma 13  
NG Medium humanoid (elf, human)

**Init** +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

### DEFENSE

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +4 deflection, -2 Dex)

**hp** 75 (13d8+13)

**Fort** +10, **Ref** +4, **Will** +14; +2 v. enchantments, +4 v. death spells and magical death effects

**DR** 5/evil; **Immune** energy drain and negative energy effects, sleep effects

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +6/+1 dagger (1d4-3/19-20x2)

**Special Attacks** channel positive energy  
8/day (DC 19, 7d6)

**Domain Spell Like Abilities** (CL 13th;  
concentration +17)

At will—*lore keeper*

7/day—*rebuke death*

13 rounds/day—*remote viewing*

**Cleric Spells Prepared** (CL 17th;  
concentration +21)

7th—*resurrection*, *legend lore*<sup>D</sup>

6th—*banishment* (DC 20), *heal*<sup>D</sup>,  
*planar ally*

5th—*breath of life*, *raise dead*, *true seeing*<sup>D</sup>, *wall of stone*

4th—*cure critical wounds*<sup>D</sup>, *death ward*, *dimensional anchor*,  
*discern lies* (DC 18), *holy smite*  
(DC 18), *neutralize poison*

3rd—*daylight*, *dispel magic*, *magic vestment*, *remove disease*, *searing light*, *speak with dead*<sup>D</sup> (DC 17)

2nd—*aid*, *cure moderate wounds*<sup>D</sup>, *enthrall*  
(DC 16), *gentle repose*, *hold person* (DC 16), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*bane* (DC 15), *bless*, *command* (DC 15), *comprehend languages*<sup>D</sup>, *detect evil*, *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *light*, *read magic*

**D** Domain spell; **Domains** Healing, Knowledge

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Given time, Farideh casts *planar ally* to summon a single kere or shoki psychopomp. She then uses the *bead of karma* from her *strand of prayer beads* to cast spells at +4 caster level for the next 10 minutes, casting *death ward*, *magic vestment*, and *shield of faith* on herself, first.

**During Combat** Due to her age, Farideh avoids close combat, remaining at a safe distance, behind summoned or other allies. She begins by using *banishment* on any extraplanar foes, then uses combinations of *holy smite*, *searing light*, and *spiritual weapon*. As needed, she assists allies with magical healing.

**Morale** Farideh uses her *scroll of word of recall* to escape combat if she is reduced to 15 or fewer hp.

**Base Statistics** Without the benefits of her *bead of karma*, *death ward*, *magic vestment* and *shield of faith*, Farideh loses her DR 5/evil, +4 v. death spells and magical death effects, and energy drain and negative energy effects. Also her base statistics become AC 8, touch 8, flat-footed 8; CMD 14; Cleric CL 13th, concentration +17.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 4, **Dex** 6, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

**Feats** Alignment Channel, Channeled Revival<sup>UC</sup>, Extra Channel, Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll, Selective Channeling, Skill Focus (Heal), Toughness

**Skills** Diplomacy +13, Heal +17, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (planes) +12, Knowledge (religion) +17, Linguistics +6, Perception +10, Profession (herbalist) +13, Sense Motive +14, Spellcraft +12

**Languages** Celestial, Common, Elven, Kelish, Osiriani

**SQ** aura, elf blood, healer's blessing

**Combat Gear** *cloak of resistance* +2, holy symbol of Pharasma,





*scroll of heal, scroll of word of recall, strand of prayer beads*

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**High Challenge Rating** Farideh possesses equipment with a higher gold piece value than a standard NPC. Her challenge rating has been increased by +1 to reflect this.

### Woe: Inusalia the Lady of Wasting Intoxication

Inusalia the Lady of Wasting Intoxication is a fiend in the most literal sense. She preys upon the weak and the wounded by providing them ever more potent and toxic drugs to sate their addictions, grooming them to feed her own need for mortal souls. Inusalia recently opened a new doorway to her shop (in reality a demiplane of its own) in the Qadiran city of Sedeq, hoping to expand her predation within a new city woefully ignorant of her true nature. While purchasing herbs from Farideh, a powerful local cleric, Inusalia stole and devoured a minor fraction of her soul, and now she hungers for more.

#### Adventure Hooks

- One of the PCs is addicted to a magical intoxicant of extreme rarity.
- The PCs require magical and alchemical aid beyond their means.
- The PCs need information on a cartel of drug merchants and traffickers.

#### Drawbacks

Knowledge that the PCs have willingly interacted with Inusalia strikes an ill chord among the Qadiran elite. The families of those addicts supplied and murdered by the fiend see them as easier targets of revenge than Inusalia herself.

#### INUSALIA THE LADY OF WASTING INTOXICATION CR 16

**XP 409,600**

Female meladaemon alchemist (psychonaut) 10  
NE Large outsider (evil, extraplanar)

**Init** +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *detect good, detect magic*;  
Perception +23

**Aura** consumptive aura (20 ft., DC 23)

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 25, touch 15, flat-footed 19 (+6 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 281 (14d10+10d8+144+15)

**Fort** +19, **Ref** +22, **Will** +20

**DR** 10/adamantine and good; **Immune** acid, critical hits, death effects, disease, poison, sneak attack; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 22

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

**Melee** bite +26 (2d8+5/19-20 plus disease), 2 claws +25 (2d6+5 plus hunger)

**Ranged** +26/+21/+16/+11 bomb (5d4+7 fire)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** bomb 19/day (5d4+7 fire or 3d4+7 fire plus confusion for 10 rds, DC 22)

**Meladaemon Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 11th; concentration +17)

Constant—*detect good, detect magic, fly, see invisibility*

At will—*fear* (DC 17), *deeper darkness, greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only)

3/day—*blight* (DC 20), *diminish plants, quickened magic missile*

1/day—*horrid wilting* (DC 24), *waves of fatigue*

**Alchemist Extracts Prepared** (CL 10th)

4th—*plane shift* (DC 21), *stoneskin*

3rd—*absorbing touch* (DC 20), *cure serious wounds, speak with*

*dead* (DC 20), *nondetection, seek thoughts* (DC 20)

2nd—*augury, alter self, detect thoughts* (DC 19), *false life, undetectable alignment, vomit swarm*

1st—*bomber's eye, crafter's fortune* (DC 18), *disguise self, identify, keen senses, negate aroma* (DC 18), *true strike*

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Inusalia drinks an extract of *false life* and *undetectable alignment* every day. Before combat, she drinks *stoneskin*.

**During Combat** Inusalia uses her ability to *fly* to stay out of melee combat if possible. She begins by using her *horrid wilting* spell-like ability, followed by *quickened magic missiles* and bombs. She often uses her *talisman of soul-eating* and *speak with dead* after combat is over.

**Morale** Inusalia escapes using *greater teleport* or *plane shift* if she has lost more than 200 hp.

**Base Statistics** Without her extracts, Inusalia's base statistics are hp 266; DR 10/good.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 20, **Dex** 22, **Con** 23, **Int** 25, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 22

**Base Attack** +21; **CMB** +27; **CMD** 43

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Brew Potion, Combat Reflexes, Extra Bombs, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (magic missile), Skill Focus (Craft (alchemy)), Throw Anything, Weapon Focus (bite)

**Skills** Appraise +20, Bluff +33, Craft (alchemy) +40, Disable Device +11, Fly +19, Heal +17, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (arcana) +34, Knowledge (nature) +34, Knowledge (planes) +34, Knowledge (religion) +24, Linguistics +11, Perception +23, Sense Motive +23, Sleight of Hand +19, Spellcraft +34, Stealth +29, Survival +23, Use Magic Device +25

**Languages** Abyssal, Aklo, Draconic, Infernal, Kelish, Osiriani, Taldan; telepathy 100 ft.

**SQ** alchemy (alchemy crafting +10, *identify* potions), discoveries (cognatogen, confusion bomb, infusion, fast bombs, smoke bomb), fast poisoning mutagen (+4/-2, +2 natural, 100 minutes), poison use, swift alchemy

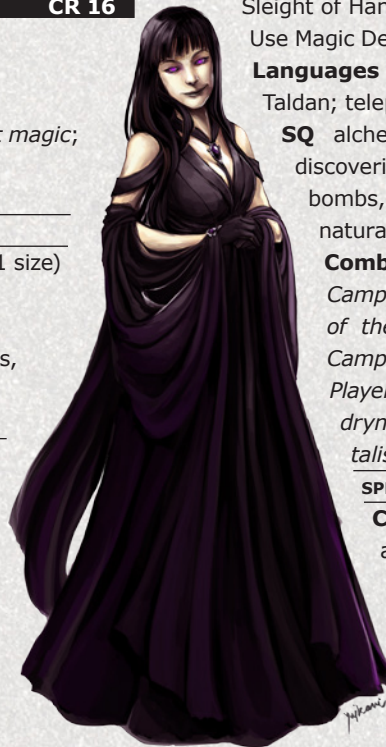
**Combat Gear** Drugs (daemon seed [*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Book of the Damned, Vol. 3*], dreamtime tea [*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Rival Guide*], wrym pesh [*Pathfinder Player Companion: Dragonslayer's Handbook*]), *dust of dryness, formula book, glove of storing, hat of disguise, talisman of soul-eating*

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Consumptive Aura (Su)** A meladaemon radiates an aura of hunger to a radius of 20 feet. Every round a creature begins its turn within this aura, it must succeed on a DC 23 Fortitude save or take 1d6 nonlethal damage and become fatigued from extreme hunger. Creatures that do not need to eat are immune to this effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Disease (Ex)** *Daemonic wasting*: Bite – injury; save Fort DC 23; onset 1 day; frequency 1/day; effect 1d4 Con and 1d4 Cha damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Hunger (Su)** A meladaemon's claw attack deals an additional 1d6 points of nonlethal damage as it causes sudden pangs of horrific hunger in its foe. Creatures that do not need to eat are immune to this effect.



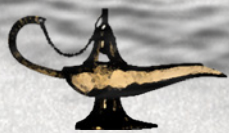


# Side Trek: Pleasures of the Flesh

by Larry "Larcifer" Wilhelm

Art by Michael Jaecks and Remi "Rambolt" Thorensen

Maps by Michael "mearrin69" Arrington and Larry Wilhelm



## Adventure Background

Recently, a meladaemon cleaved a rift between her demiplane and the spicelined streets of Sedeq. This daemon, Inusalia the Lady of Wasting Intoxication, preys upon the city's weak by providing those broken from slavery with pesh before consuming their souls.

While stocking her den of pleasures, Inusalia found the herbalist Farideh, and, as she interacted with Farideh, Inusalia sensed an intoxicating blend of the familiar lash-marked slave mixed with the redeemed essence of one who worships divinity. This vintage was too much for the meladaemon to pass up. Unable to manage her desires, Inusalia took a small sip, and with that savor of Farideh's soul, the meladaemon herself became an addict. Sated for now, and in desperate need of Farideh's wares, Inusalia left the herbalist alive.

Back in her demiplane, Inusalia forced Farideh's sweet taste from her lips as she turned her attention towards several man-sized trunks. As she opened the last trunk, she laughed wickedly as the trunk's contents came into view. Each contained the corpse of a drug lord. Soon, Inusalia would let Sedeq know she was in control of the city's drug trade.

## Adventure Summary

The adventure is designed for a party of four 13th level characters and opens with the

PCs answering the shocked cries of market goers when several withered corpses flop to the ground and animate as pesh mummies. As the PCs react, a herd of startled elephants stampede. As though this were not enough, the charging pachyderms trample over a lamp oil shop igniting a fire that threatens to cause an explosion. If the PCs behave valiantly during this commotion, an herbalist named Farideh approaches them for help in bringing down Inusalia who has recently taken roost within Sedeq—the fiend is behind the events at the market.

Ultimately, the PCs find themselves within a demiplane of excess. Once inside, the PCs must navigate a sea of addicts, overcome the seductive call of erodaemons, and finally, confront the meladaemon Inusalia.

## Sedeq

Known for its vices, Sedeq is a near paradise filled with lush gardens, thirst-quenching oases, and one of the largest markets in Golarion. When the PCs arrive, the city is in the midst of a heat wave. During **Part One**, the mercury peaks at a cruel 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and for all other days, it hovers at a relentless 95 degrees Fahrenheit (see the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*).

## Part One: A Day At The Market

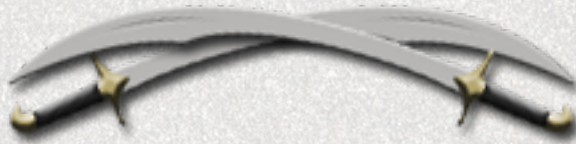
PCs who take the time to gather information can learn about a recent power struggle within Sedeq's underworld. With a successful DC 15 Knowledge (local) or Gather Information check, the PCs learn that several pesh lords and addicts have gone missing. Claiming responsibility for these underworld abductions is a mysterious entity called "the Purple Lady."

As the PCs explore the market, a series of events unfolds that places them in the midst of a crisis. They can choose to be heroes or simply ignore the devastation that unfolds around them.

How the PCs arrive in Sedeq's market or what their business is there is incidental to the plot of this adventure; they could be looking to purchase powerful magic, tracking down a relative sold into slavery, or just seeking a place to sell their spoils. What is important is that the PCs have a reason to explore one of Golarion's largest markets. As the PCs arrive at Sedeq's market, read or paraphrase the following:

**A musical prayer abruptly ends with a cacophany of windows and doorways simultaneously flying open. Where moments ago empty streets and shuttered windows respected the homage to Sarenrae, now the avenues teem with life. Just as the sounds of Sedeq's Central Market seem to level off, the loud trumpeting of elephants heralds the arrival of Sedeq's famous mobile shops, which sway atop the backs of lumbering pachyderms.**

Let the PCs experience the market rising to life. Role-play a few aggressive merchants tugging at the PCs' sleeves in a desperate attempt to make their first sale. Describe the oppressive temperatures and punish those who failed to take precautions against the



## Timing of Part One's Events

While each of the events found in Part One should not individually challenge a party of level 13 adventurers, the fast paced timing of these events, coupled with the oppressive heat, should prove challenging. If the PCs find it too easy, add to the challenge. If they find it too difficult, extend the time between each event. Below, a timeline is provided to help run **Part One**.

**Surprise round:** Pesh mummies attack!

**Round 1:** Pesh mummies continue. Market shoppers panic treating the area as difficult terrain.

**Round 2:** Pesh mummies continue. Startled elephants stampede (begin **Event Two**).

**Round 3:** Pesh mummies carry on. Elephants stampede.

**Round 4:** If still active, the mummies attack mindlessly. Elephants charge through a wooden lamp oil stall (begin **Event Three**).

**Round 5:** Mummies continue. Elephants trample. Farideh's grandson (**Abdul** NG male human expert 3) is in the direct path of the pachyderms. If the elephants are not stopped, he is included in their trample. He has a Reflex save bonus of +3 and 20 hp. The lamp oil fire continues to spread.

**Round 6:** Mummies and elephants carry on. Explosion!

**Round 7 and so on:** Continue with each event detailed under its specific heading.





# Şedeq Central Market



heat wave. Any shop the PCs can imagine is located here and the city of Şedeq is considered a metropolis for its purchase limit and available magic items. Let the PCs wander the market for a while before proceeding to **Event One**.

## Event One: Roll Out The Red Carpet (CR 10)

A crowd swells around a shop packed with exotic rugs; however, it is the existence of shade that draws the most attention. At the shop's front, an elderly man offers cold tea to shoppers while his wife works feverishly at a giant loom.

This serene market scene ends as the bodies of the 5 murdered pesh lords animate. Hidden within large rolls of carpet (DC 35 Perception check to notice) are 5 pesh mummies (see **Creatures**). As soon as the mummies unfurl from the carpets, the crowd panics (see **Hazard**). However, if the PCs can detect the slight undulations in the scattered rugs before the surprise round, they may warn the shop's two elderly owners and change the mummy's tactics so that the initial results of a "4" and "5" become "target nearest PC" instead (see **Tactics**).

**Creatures:** The 5 bodies represent the murdered drug lords who, up until now, controlled the flow of pesh within the city. To ensure those who seek retribution think twice, Inusalia turned these corpses into pesh mummies.

**Hazard:** As soon as the pesh mummies animate, the crowd panics, causing the area to become difficult terrain. Due to the mass hysteria, area of effect attacks target an innocent bystander per square affected as there are no "empty" spaces. However, any PC can move past a bystander as a free action essentially swapping squares with them by pushing them aside. PCs can attempt to disperse the crowd as a standard action. This

requires a successful DC 30 Diplomacy or Intimidate skill check. If the crowd is dispersed, the area is no longer considered difficult terrain and area of effect attacks can be used without consequence.

### MUMMY, PESH (6)

CR 5

XP 1,600 EACH

hp 60 each (see page 91)

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** The pesh mummies attack the nearest living creature. In the case of a tie, for each surviving mummy, roll 1d6: 1-3 nearest PC; 4 man serving cold tea; 5 woman working loom; 6 random market shopper. On a roll of 4-6, the pesh mummy automatically kills its NPC target. After an NPC is killed, their corresponding number is assigned to the PCs; however, a roll of 6 always results in the death of an NPC.

**Morale** The mummies fight until destroyed.

**Development:** If the PCs inspect the corpses, a successful DC 25 Perception check uncovers a jackal's skull devouring an eclipsed sun burned onto their skin. A successful DC 30 Knowledge (planes or religion) check identifies the mark representing Trelmarixian, the Horseman of Famine.

**Farideh's Favor:** For each pesh mummy destroyed, reward the PCs with 5 favor points. For each civilian killed, subtract 1 favor point.

## Event Two: Stampede! (CR 12)

An inhuman cry trumpets through the market followed by three similar blasts. Ahead, a group of elephants toss their handlers as panic fills their once docile eyes. In the mayhem, the elephants begin a deadly stampede.





As several screams cry at the discovery of the bodies during **Event One**, four market elephants become panicked.

**Creatures:** Four terrified elephants begin a stampede (see map for their path of terror.)

**ADVANCED ELEPHANT (4)** **CR 8**

**XP 4,800 EACH**  
**hp 115 each** (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 128, 294)

**TACTICS**

**During Combat** If left alone, the stampeding elephants follow the path marked on the map. Unless they take over 20 points of damage in a single round, they ignore the PCs. If the PCs' attacks draw their attention, they resort to their gore and slam attacks against the attacker who dealt the most damage that round.

**Morale** Terrified, the pachyderms fight until destroyed, unless the PCs can calm them individually with a successful DC 25 Handle Animal check or other appropriate solution.

**Development:** Each round roll 1d6 for every trampling elephant. The result is the number of stampede casualties. If the PCs disperse the crowd, reduce the die rolled to a 1d4. If an elephant is calmed or subdued, they immediately become docile.

**Farideh's Favor:** Reward the PCs with 10 favor points for each elephant saved. If an elephant is killed, no points are awarded. Subtract 1 favor point for each civilian trampled to death. If Abdul

survives the elephants' stampede, reward the PCs with 10 additional favor points.

**Rewards:** For each elephant saved, the pachyderm's handler rewards the PCs with 2,000 gp.

**Event Three: Explosion!**

Filled with antique lamps, kerosene, and oil, this shop is an accident waiting to happen. If the PCs do not stop the elephants before they trample through, read or paraphrase the following:

A fire erupts as the rampaging pachyderms burst through this soot-stained store. As the fire dances towards several oil-stained barrels, numerous panicked bystanders exclaim, "Watch out, its gonna blow!"

If the PCs do not extinguish the fire in 2 rounds (as a full round action), read or paraphrase the following:

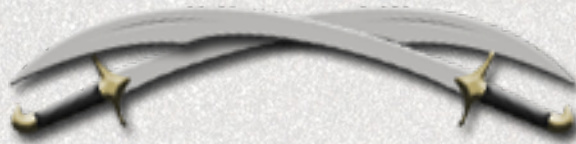
A deafening boom erupts amid a cyclone of fire. Where a lamp oil shop stood only moments ago, only a crater remains.

When the shop ignites (at Initiative rank 10) everyone within a 50-foot radius must make a DC 25 Reflex save or fall prone due to the thunderous explosion. Furthermore, everyone within a 50-foot radius must also make a DC 25 Fortitude save or be deafened for 2d6 rounds as a sonic boom tears through the market. Finally, anyone within 30 feet of the building takes 12d6 points of fire damage (DC 20 Reflex save for half) as the flammables explode.

**Farideh's Favor:** If the PCs prevent the explosion, they receive 20 favor points. However, if the explosion occurs, roll 2d20 (reduce to 2d12 if crowd has been dispersed) to determine the number of civilian casualties. For each casualty, reduce the PC's favor by 1 point.

**Event Four: Aftermath!**

After the PCs overcome the market chaos, Farideh approaches them with an offer. If the PCs can convince her they have genuine concern for Sedeq and its citizens, she fills them in on the recent events within Sedeq (pull this information from both this adventure and the short story featuring Farideh and Inusalia, also found within this issue of *Wayfinder*). Allow the PCs an opportunity to gain Farideh's aid. If they succeed on the appropriate Diplomacy check (determined by her initial attitude plus her Charisma modifier: DC 3, DC 13, DC 18, DC 23, or DC 28), they gain her aid. Otherwise they gain the default level based on her initial attitude (see sidebar: **Farideh's Favor**).



**Farideh's Favor**

Throughout **Part One** the PCs had several opportunities to earn favor from Farideh who has knowledge of the fiend responsible for the market mayhem. The PC's final favor score determines how Farideh helps the PCs during **Part Two**.

Favor Points	Farideh's Initial Attitude	Farideh's Service
60+	Helpful	Staunch Ally (accompanies PCs to her death)
40-59	Friendly	Ally (accompanies PCs but retreats if threatened)
20-39	Indifferent	Supporter (provides spell casting services for free)
0-19	Unfriendly	Information (provides Inusalia's location, charges for further services)
-1 and lower	Hostile	PCs as tools (provides Inusalia's location)





XP 25,600

hp 78; see pg. 46

**Treasure:** See pg. 46 for Farideh's gear.

**Story Award:** If the PCs make Farideh friendly or helpful, reward them as if they had defeated a CR 13 creature.

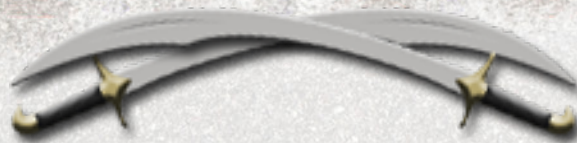
**Part 2: The Pangs of Addiction**

If the PCs make Farideh friendly or helpful, she insists on joining the PCs. However, if the PCs wish to turn down her assistance, she can be persuaded to stay behind with a successful DC 35 Diplomacy check. The question now becomes, "How do the PCs locate Inusalia's lair?" If Farideh's nephew Abdul survived the stampede, this task becomes simple as he can identify Inusalia's shop (a nearby shop marked with a purple door). However, if Abdul died, the hunt for Inusalia becomes more difficult (see sidebar: **Daemon Hunt**).

Regardless of how the PCs come to the purple door, there are a few notes about Inusalia's lair. First, the shop is a demiplane tied to several other locations within Golarion. Second, while the demiplane appears to be a pleasure den constructed of wood and other common materials, the walls and surfaces are actually made of force (Hardness 30, hit points 220). Finally, illumination is at the dim level of light, and a constant haze is present throughout the den.

**2a. Drug Parlor (CR 10)**

This octagonal chamber is stuffed with lavish furnishings that offer addicts a place to forget their harsh realities. At the chamber's center squats a brass hookah with eight bejeweled smoking tubes dangling



**Daemon Hunt!**

These two threads can lead the PCs towards Inusalia's demiplane if Abdul died. It is important to note these are just basic threads and the GM is encouraged to flesh them out.

**Deal with the devil:** A member of Sedeq's underworld comes to the PCs offering the location of Inusalia's pleasure den. If the heroes can eliminate their competition, Sedeq's former drug cartel rewards them with 12,000 gp in Qadiran trade bars.

**I need my fix:** In their hunt for Inusalia's location, the PCs see a pathetic addict milling around in an obvious state of withdrawal. If the PCs can heal this damaged soul, they can bring her to a lucid state for questioning. Once lucid, a DC 20 Diplomacy or Intimidate check gets the addict to lead the PCs to Inusalia's location.



off its metallic skin like a cephalapod's tentacles.

As the PCs traverse the parlor many of its occupants beg for money while others offer favors in return for gold. A DC 15 Perception check identifies the addicts as multicultural, with an equal mix of Nidalese, Osiriani, and Qadiran patrons (this proportion of ethnicities exists nowhere else within Sedeq). If this assembly of addicts is threatened, or the hookah is damaged, they scream for help, while the addicted dancing dervishes take advantage of the situation (see **Creatures**). These cries alert Inusalia (if she is not already aware) and the erodaemons (area 2c) to the PCs presence.

**Creatures:** Three scoundrels look to rob the PCs as they are distracted by the mass of addicts. Above the haze and invisible, float 15 cacodaemons. These daemons avoid combat while collecting the souls from those who die within the den. If they detect the PCs, they alert Inusalia.

**Hazard:** The brass hookah emits an intoxicating blend of narcotics. The addictive blend of vapors is a mix of pesh and daemon seed. Anyone who needs to breathe is continually subjected to the effects of both drugs while within Inusalia's demiplane. The rules for drugs and addictions can be found on page 236 of the *GameMastery Guide*.

**ADDICTED DANCING DERVISH (3)**

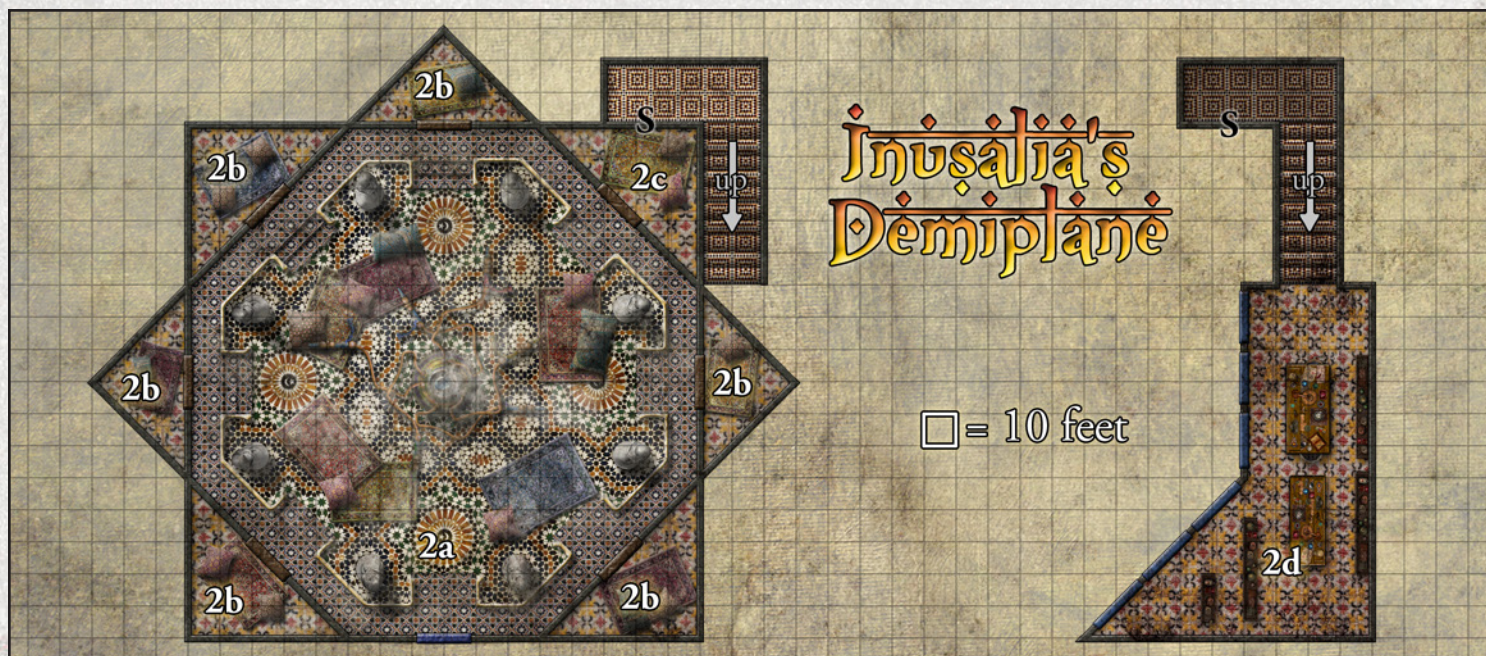
CR 9

XP 6,400 EACH

hp 68 each (Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex 149)

**TACTICS**

**Before Combat** As the PCs make their way across the parlor, the dervishes blend in with the fawning crowd and attempt to







pickpocket the PCs, using their Sleight of Hand skill. Do not forget to add the skill bonuses due to their ingestion of daemon seed. Roll randomly to determine which PCs are targeted and what items are taken. If all three dervishes successfully steal an item from the PCs, they slink back into the crowd.

**During Combat** If noticed, a dervish will attempt to place himself between as many of the PCs as possible so he can use his Whirlwind feat.

#### PESH HAZE HAZARD

**Type** inhaled; **Addiction** moderate, Fortitude DC 20  
**Effects** 1 hour; +1d2 alchemical bonus to Strength, -2 penalty on saves against illusions and mind-affecting effects  
**Secondary Effect** after 1 hour; 1d2 hours of fatigue  
**Damage** 1d2 Con and 1d2 Wis damage.

#### DAEMON SEED HAZE HAZARD

**Type** inhaled; **Addiction** major, Fortitude DC 20 (non-daemons only);  
**Effects** 1 hour; +1d4 profane bonus to saves and skill checks, +1d6 profane bonus to one skill.  
**Damage** 15% chance of blindness and deafness for 1 hour and 1 negative level (DC 20).

### 2b. Private Rooms

These rooms offer privacy. All of these rooms are currently vacant.

### 2c. Face Your Desire! (CR 14)

An exquisite bed chamber offers a vista of comfort. A large screen

provides a partition to an unseen corner of the room.

Much like the demiplane's other private chambers, this area offers a quiet respite from the illicit activities displayed within the main hall. A successful DC 25 Perception check reveals several muffled whimpers from behind the screen. If the PCs investigate the cries, they locate the masquerading erodaemons (see **Creatures**).

**Creatures:** Three erodaemons partake in the den's pleasures and feed off the clientele's depraved energies. If they detect the PCs' arrival, they begin their preparations. Remember the daemon seed bonuses to their Bluff skills.

#### ERODAEMON (3)

CR 11

XP 12,800 EACH

hp 147 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Book of the Damned, Vol. 3* 46)

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** If the PCs caused a commotion in area **2a**, the erodaemons use their *detect thoughts* ability to scan the PCs' thoughts. PCs looking to rescue an enslaved family member, or who seek a contact to buy or sell a magic item, make good targets. Using their *object of desire* special ability, the daemons perform acts of passion upon their targets.

**During Combat** If their ruse is detected, the erodaemons summon ceustodaemons to flank the PCs from area **2a**.

#### CEUSTODAEMON (VARIES)

CR —

XP 2,400 EACH

hp 68 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 65)



**Development:** A DC 25 Perception check reveals a hidden wall panel that leads to Inusalia's sanctum sanctorum (see map).

## 2d. Inusalia in the Flesh

An elaborate alchemy lab snakes throughout this chamber brewing all manner of intoxicants. Peppered throughout the glassware are several sealed jars radiating pulses of blue mist. A wall of transparent glass looks down upon the pleasure den below, and from this vantage several fleshy balls of mostly gnashing teeth float above the drug-filled haze feeding upon the overdosed and deceased.

The alchemy lab is considered a masterwork specimen and is fully stocked. The one-way transparent glass is a *pane of true seeing* and grants anyone looking down to area **2a** from this side of the pane the ability to view the room as if using the spell *true seeing*. Unfortunately, the pane is fixed to the demiplane's forcewall and shatters if anyone attempts to remove it. The glowing jars are soul jars and hold the life essences of several of Inusalia's victims. There are 20 jars in total, and, of them, 14 contain mindless spirits (worth 10 gp each). The remaining six contain something more special. Five hold the souls of the former pesh lords and are considered noteworthy souls (each worth 500 gp), while the last holds Farideh's soul fragment (worth 1,000 gp). Finally, a large book lays open amid the alchemy equipment.

**Creatures:** Inusalia works feverishly within this laboratory. Besides feeding Sedeq's addicts, Inusalia also has markets within the cities of Katapesh, Katheer, and Nidal all serviced by this interdimensional pleasure den.

## INUSALIA THE LADY OF WASTING INTOXICATION

CR 16

XP 76,800

hp 294; see pg. 47

**Treasure:** See pg. 47 for Inusalia's gear.

### TACTICS

**See Page 47.**

**Treasure:** The large book is written in Keleshite, and at first glance it appears to be a strange series of poems on hallucinogenic drugs. However, a successful DC 25 Linguistics (decipher script) check reveals its true nature as a complex acrostic in Abyssal describing devotions to the Horseman of Famine, the true names of daemons in his service (including the book's author, Inusalia), as well as several spells including: *contagion*, *greater planar binding*, *lesser planar binding*, *plague carrier*, *planar binding*, and *summon meladaemon*. The book is considered priceless to the right collector and could fetch well over 15,000 gp if one knows where to sell it. A DC 25 Knowledge (arcana or planes) check identifies the book as *Inusalia's Asemic Acrostic*.

**Development:** A DC 15 Perception check reveals a hidden hollow. Within this depression rests a dossier revealing a strikingly similar plan to overthrow the drug lords of Katapesh, Katheer, and Nidal. It is obvious that the city of Sedeq was Inusalia's pilot project.

### Conclusion

With Inusalia thwarted, the PCs can carry on with their pursuits. What the PCs wish to do with the knowledge of Inusalia's continent-spanning plot is up to them. Feel free to use this plot in your campaign and have Inusalia harass the PCs during their future adventures. What happens to Sedeq's drug trade? Which villain rises to fill Inusalia's vacancy? How does Farideh react to the PCs holding a fragment of her soul? And what revenge awaits the PCs for interfering with the plot of Trelmarixian, the Horseman of Famine? ☞

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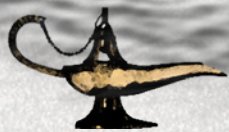
# Twelve Tents

## Hajirin's House of Pleasant Respite

by Christina Stiles and Mike Welham

Art by Chris L. Kimball

Maps by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



### TWELVE TENTS

LE thorp

**Corruption** +4; **Crime** -2; **Economy** +6; **Law** +4; **Lore** +0;  
**Society** -2

**Qualities** notorious, prosperous

**Danger** +5

### DEMOGRAPHICS

**Government** overlord

**Population** 22 (8 humans, 5 half-orcs, 5 shaitans, 2 halflings,  
1 efreeti, 1 half-elf [drow]) plus various guests

### Notable NPCs

**Jen'di'karan** (LE male efreeti sorcerer 8)

**Tavernkeep Okmmed** (LE male half-orc fighter 7)

**Z'mara** (LN female human expert 2)

### MARKETPLACE

**Base Value** 125 gp; **Purchase Limit** 750 gp; **Spellcasting** 2nd

**Minor Items** 1d4; **Medium Items** —; **Major Items** —

The Twelve Tents "inn" sits on the outskirts of a lush oasis. Twenty large, tan tents with red flags flying above encircle a beautiful, thriving garden of palms and flowers. A brass fortress rises 250 feet from the garden's center, and its two spires climb another 50 feet above the main structure. Humans, dwarfs, and large hairless men with skin like burnished copper mill about the establishment, moving supplies, talking, or walking their mounts toward the stable area behind the westernmost tents (where the wind blows away from the inn).

A sign depicting a frothy mug, some wineskins, and various fruits hangs outside the brass fortresses doors; there are no words upon it.

### Background and Description

Hajirin's House of Pleasant Respite began as a mud-brick tavern on the outskirts of an oasis. Initially, twelve tents surrounded the drab central building, and as the number of tents remained the same for well over a decade (only recently burgeoning to twenty), the locals began

referring to the place as Twelve Tents. A rare few now remember the establishment's original name.

**Jen'di'karan**, a crafty efreeti, currently owns Twelve Tents. The outsider tricked the inn's former owner, Hajirin al Hammad, out of the place after the foolish man unleashed him from his bottle-prison and requested three wishes. The first was the splendid brass fortress to replace the dilapidated central inn building. The second was beautiful gardens, filled with exotic plants, to surround the new fortress. The last wish, however, went horribly wrong. When the fellow asked to be a very rich man, Jen'di'karan turned him into a platinum statue (the statue of Hajirin—valued at 200,000 gp can be found in the genie's quarters).

The evil genie remains in the brass fortress most of the time. Few know that Hajirin no longer owns the establishment, though they do find it odd the brass fortress sprung up literally overnight. Since no one liked Hajirin in the first place, few people miss him.

Once he took over the operation of the inn, Jen'di'karan found himself not only a new innkeeper, but the owner of a prospering slavery ring as well. The efreeti's shaitans and a few half-orc warriors work the area, raiding nearby villages and attacking unwary travelers. They then sell their spoils to underground races like the drow, who reside underneath the nearby mountains, and any other interested, paying parties.

### Exterior of Twelve Tents

#### 1. The Brass Fortress

The Brass Fortress rises from the beauty of the surrounding gardens like a beacon. In the daytime, the sun dances off the tower and colors its spires in prisms of light. The tower houses the local tavern on its bottom floor, and there are a few rooms to rent on the second and third floors.

#### 2. Gardens

The gardens surrounding the brass fortress are ornate, unusual, and breathtaking in their colors and fragrances. A staff of three gardeners maintains the flora, but in truth they do little but keep it neat. The gardens seem to grow and bloom of their own accord.

#### 3. Partitioned Tents

Four tents are normally partitioned into four private sections each. Each partitioned area contains a bed and a chest for equipment storage. Each tent has two servants assigned to it who clean equipment, fetch food and drink, or run errands for the guests. No extra charge is paid for this service. The rate for a partitioned tent is 2 gp per night.

#### 4. Common Tents

These sixteen large tents each contain a single space that provides shelter for the numerous travelers who stay at the inn. They serve as common sleeping quarters for up to twenty-five guests each. The occupants are provided only a straw pallet and a blanket. The rate for a common tent is 5 sp per night.

#### 5. Market

On the northern side of Twelve Tents is a small market area where trinkets, supplies, and foodstuffs can be purchased. A few horse and camel traders (thieves, really) can be found here, along with a slave trader or two, though the latter don't broadcast their trade or presence.

#### 6. Stables

A massive mud-brick stable on the western side of Twelve Tents provides room for over seventy horses or camels. The rate for stabling one animal with feed is 1 gp per night.



## Twelve Tents



1. Brass Fortress
2. Gardens
3. Partitioned Tents
4. Common Tents
5. Market
6. Stables
7. Oasis

### 7. Oasis

This large lake provides water for Twelve Tents, and it is the largest source of water for many miles. The oasis area is always bustling, as men and women lead horses and camels to drink here, or carry buckets of water back to the tents or the tower.

### Brass Fortress First Floor

#### 1A. Common Room

Opening the doors of this huge building reveals a large common room with over thirty round tables. The room smells of smoke, horses, camels, coffee, and unwashed bodies. The bar sits at the northern side of the room, manned by the large half-orc Okmmed who watches the servants carefully.

Okmmed is also the person to see for those wishing to rent a room in the tower.

#### 1B. Stairwell

A guard stands outside the door to this stairwell leading to the second and third floors. The guard will only allow patrons to pass if he is given a nod of approval from Okmmed.

Another guard stands at the entrance to the third floor, blocking curious patrons from exploring the master's private level of the tower.

#### 1C. Kitchen

This small kitchen is crowded with pots, pans, utensils, crates, and barrels. The stone oven keeps the room very hot, but the shaitan servant overseeing the kitchen looks to be used to the heat. Metal pipes rise from the oven and through the ceiling, expelling the smoke through

the tower's spires. Other servants come and go from the kitchen. They are responsible for taking care of the rings from the various colored (for room identification) bells, connected to bell pulls throughout the building, that hang in the kitchen.

#### 1D. Private Entertainment Room

A guard stands outside the archway to this private room, which Jen'di'karan uses to entertain his special friends and business colleagues. Large, plush cushions cover the floor in a circular pattern. In their center is a short, round table filled with pitchers of wine and water and trays piled high with meats and fruits. Occasionally, dancing girls and minstrels perform here for the master's pleasure as well. As Jen'di'karan is a jovial soul, deep, thunderous laughs can often be heard emanating from this room.

There is a door in the eastern corner of the room. Without the key, the only one of which hangs around Jen'di'karan's neck, a DC 30 Disable Device check is required to open it. Beyond the door, a private staircase leads from the first to third floor. There is no entry to this stairwell from the second level. The stairwell enters directly into

Jen'di'karan's sitting room (area 1J).

### Brass Fortress Second Floor

#### 1E. Library and Parlor

Patrons purchasing private rooms in the tower have access to this library and parlor. The parlor has numerous tables and lamps for studying, and there is a bell pull here for parched or hungry patrons to call for food service. The books found in the library are all on mundane historical topics of local interest, though they could be of help to persons seeking knowledge of ancient places. A guard stands against the center of the northern wall. His presence assures no one tries to make off with any of the books.

#### 1F. Rooms

These private rooms contain fancy four-poster beds, fireplaces, chests for storing gear and valuables, a desk and chair, oil lamps, and bell pulls (each room has a different color pull). The rate for a tower room is 25 gp per night.

#### 1G. Storage

The storage room houses extra linen, chairs, and tables. It also houses the servants' cleaning tools.

#### 1H. Servants' Quarters

The servants' quarters contain over a dozen pallets. Small unlocked chests rest at the foot of the pallets, containing only changes of clothing. The servants here are really slaves, so they have no money or many personal effects.



## Brass Fortress Third Floor

### II. Jen'di'karan's Quarters

A guard stands outside the door to the master's quarters. The door is always locked and requires a DC 30 Disable Device check to open. Inside, the room contains an enormous bed with a mahogany headboard, footboard, and frame, carved with intricate scenes of djinni heroes and mythology. The bed is easily worth 4,000 gp. Plush chairs, sedans, and floor pillows occupy the rest of the room, along with the platinum statue of Hajirin. Jen'di'karan keeps his wealth in a chest hidden in the bed's frame; the compartment opens when a particular carving is touched (DC 25 Perception check to find). The chest's intricate lock requires a DC 35 Disable Device check to bypass, and opening the chest reveals money collected from Jen'di'karan's slave trade amounting to 500 pp, 3,500 gp, and several gems valued at 2,500 gp total.

### IJ. Personal Sitting Room

Jen'di'karan uses this private area to unwind with Okmmed and occasionally with the visiting Vorkaal. Besides the guards and the servants bringing food and wine, these are the only other two people allowed on this level.

### IK. Private Rooms

These rooms contain expensive furnishings: a nice bed, desk and chair, a sedan, and a lockable armoire. Okmmed sleeps in the left room, and Vorkaal stays in the right room when he visits Twelve Tents. Okmmed prefers to keep his wealth close by, so he exchanges much of his coin for gemstones, which he carries in a pouch on his person.

The tavern's floor is tiled in an elaborate mosaic of fiery reds and oranges, making it appear as if the patrons are walking through a blazing inferno. Two tall, copper-skinned guards with black eyes guard the archways on the western side of the common room. The massively muscled men with stone-like faces carry masterwork scimitars and axes. Every now and then deep laughter rumbles from behind the archway.

If travelers request superior accommodations, seven rooms are available for rent within the brass fortress. These rooms come fully furnished with large beds, carpets, an armoire, and a table with four chairs. They are also stocked with fresh fruits and a good bottle of wine. Each has a bell pull to summon a servant at any hour of the day.

## Personalities

### Staff

**Okmmed** (LE male half-orc fighter 7) is a 250-lb., seven-foot-tall half-orc who manages the tavern. He has a deep-set scar running across the left side of his face and has been known to break a few necks should things get out of line. He keeps an orc double axe under the bar and has two poisoned daggers strapped at his side. In addition to overseeing the tavern, he also manages Jen'di'karan's slave business.

**OKMMED** **CR 6**

**XP 2,400**

Male half-orc fighter 7

LE Medium humanoid

**Init** +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

### DEFENSE

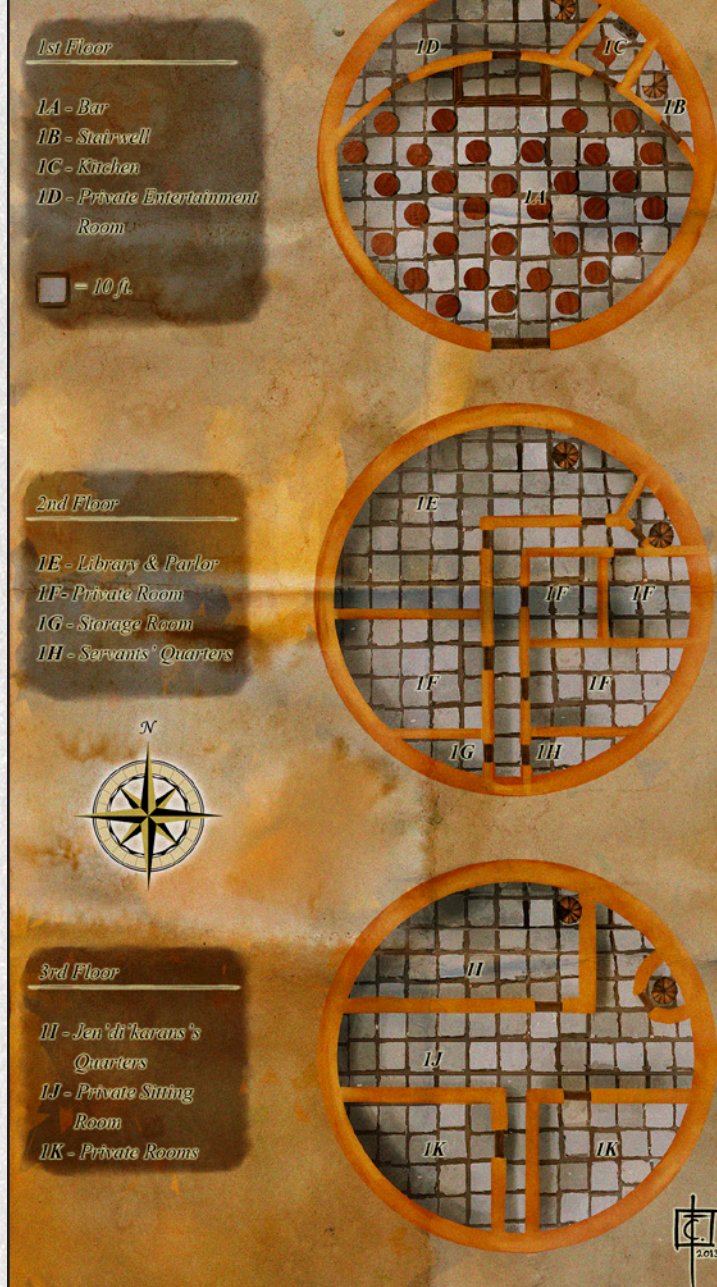
**AC** 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)

**hp** 64 (7d10+21)

**Fort** +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3; +2 vs. fear

## Twelve Tents

Brass Fortress



**Defensive Abilities** bravery +2, orc ferocity

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk orc double axe +10/+5 (1d8+3/×3)

**Special Attacks** weapon training (double +1)

### STATISTICS

**Str** 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 24

**Feats** Dodge, Double Slice, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception), Toughness, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (orc double axe)

**Skills** Acrobatics +8, Intimidate +11, Perception +7;

**Racial Modifiers** +2 Intimidate

**Languages** Common, Orc

**Combat Gear** +1 chain shirt, masterwork orc double axe,





*elemental gem (fire), potion of barkskin, potion of cure serious wounds, alchemist's fire (2), 2 daggers poisoned with blue whinnis* <sup>UE</sup>; **Other Gear** masterwork manacles, 4 doses of blue whinnis, 1,200 gp worth of gems, 16 gp.

### Servants

The serving girls **Jameira**, **Altiva**, and **Z'mara** all wear long red dresses and cover their faces in veils. The women and the other male servants who work for the inn (**Djilkan**, **Galte'ir**, **Muhar**, **Ildak**, **Fared**, and a half-drow named **Aleric Tlor**), are all slaves taken from neighboring lands. These servants have been beaten and tortured so much their spirits are broken. Many of them bear visible scars, and they speak—in barely audible voices—only when spoken to, their eyes remaining downcast at all times.

### Guests

**Abras** (LN male shaitan fighter 7) is a prince and diplomat of the shaitans, feared and respected throughout the area. Abras controls a small band of thirty shaitans, and often hires out his group to protect caravans or travelers trying to make it safely through the desert. He knows about the slavery ring in Twelve Tents, but it does not concern him. Abras's concerns are with the political station of his people. He is stoic, quick-witted, and fierce.

**Tanorianne Maylerin** (NG female elf ranger 10) heard rumors that Twelve Tents is the center of a large slavery ring. She and her band of twenty young ranger initiates are known as the Desert Hawks (NG both genders various races ranger levels 1–3) think of themselves as protectors of this area. Tanorianne is concerned about slavers preying on those within her territory.

**Vorkaal** (male azer wizard 11) is one of Jen'di'karan's special guests. He can usually be seen entering or exiting the tavern's guarded

archways. Vorkaal is one of the efreeti's slave-buying customers. He wears nondescript hooded black robes, and rarely associates with anyone other than the efreeti. When staying at the inn, Vorkaal always stays in the brass fortress and purchases food items not listed on the menu. Five other azers always accompany Vorkaal on his travels to Twelve Tents, but they are quartered in a private tent, not in the fortress.

### Usage

Twelve Tents is a sinister, evil place that takes advantage of the role djinns and efreeti hold in Arabic mythology. The GM may decide that the slavery ring and other assorted evil plans going on are something the PCs need to worry about or to ignore it entirely and just use Twelve Tents as a large desert-oriented inn. Letting the characters stay here a few times, dropping vague hints that something untoward might be going on, then unveiling the truth of this place could be the beginning of an exciting tale.

### Hooks

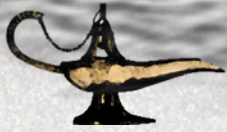
- Fearing that Tanorianne's snooping may upset his slavery ring, Jen'di'karan has some of his shaitan fighters and Vorkaal's companions attack the Desert Hawks. The attack kills most of Tanorianne's band, but she lives. Certain the mysterious owner of Twelve Tents is behind the attack, she seeks the PCs' aid in ridding the area of the slavers.
- The serving girl Z'mara approaches the PCs while carrying out her duties and quietly implores them to emancipate her and return her to her lands, where she says she is a noblewoman of considerable wealth. If they free her and return her home safely, she promises to give them 3,000 gp each. GMs may decide if she is telling the truth or if she is trying to entrap the PCs. ☞



# Dark Market Deals

by John C. "ValmarTheMad" Rock

Art by Stephen Wood



The wonders of the world's largest bazaar were utterly lost on Cyon. One squat building sat at Katapesh's edge, near the city's sprawling docks. Cyon walked to it and yanked a finely patterned, red silk curtain aside. Two golden hoops shot free of the thick wooden rod, and Cyon stepped out of the blazing sun without a second glance.

His steps carried him through rooms, each cooler than the last, until he stood before an elaborate red desk. Writhing, screaming carved demons peered out from below the marble top, their backs arched to support its weight, their faces contorted as if cursing and howling silently at anyone seated across from them.

Cyon narrowed his one good eye at the thin man with an even thinner mustache, who sat perched behind the desk. "Unless you're hiding a fiendishly feminine form, a devilishly cunning wit, and an incredibly flexible tail somewhere beneath that silken robe," Cyon poked a shrieking demon in the eye. "Go tell *her* I'm here."

The smile fell from the thin man's face and his dark eyes flashed. "Tell *whom*?"

Cyon sat on the edge of the desk. "Threatening you is beneath me."

The thin Garundi man pulled his arms back but held his ground. "No one sees The Broker."

"*Jawere*?" A dusky female voice drifted into the room, as if borne by burning incense. "Return *tomorrow*."

Cyon smiled as the slightest flicker of a frown creased the thin man's lips.

Jawere hurriedly stood up, simultaneously smoothing his features and his robe. "As you wish."

The tiefling slid behind the desk and sank into deep crimson cushions, a subtle hint of delight in her bright red eyes. She motioned for Cyon to sit. He shook his head, and stayed perched on the desk's cool black marble top.

She moved up onto the desk, and lightly brushed her long fingers down his scarred cheek. "Your new look is remarkably appalling." She tilted her head, "Playing pirate?"

Cyon yanked the eye patch off. "Already did." He turned so she could clearly see his ruined and open socket. "This needs to be remedied."

"Surely the Church of Cal—"

"*Cannot help*." His haunted weariness briefly faded as the ghost of a smile flickered and vanished. "Perhaps the She-Devil of Katapesh can?"

"That name is for scaring children who think I barter in souls." She smiled and flicked her wavy raven locks over her shoulder. "To you alone I am always and only *Ayla*."

She slid nearer on the desk, close enough that Cyon could feel the heat of her body. "I was saddened to hear that Imarra died saving the world."

He doubted her sorrow was lasting, deep, or joyless. His remaining eye narrowed, the empty socket puckering grotesquely. "Imprecise. Imarra was

dead *prior* to Valen and I rescuing the Starchild." He snorted derisively. "Saying we somehow *'saved the world'* is drivel for that mindless scribbler's insipid diary." He flexed the fingers he had unconsciously clenched into a fist. "Nevertheless, that ill-fated chain of events has led me here."

"To Katapesh?" The Broker smiled. "Or to me?"

"To Pactmasters and soul stones. Imarra never returned. I need to know why. I need her back. I require a replacement eye, specific information, and a favor from your father."

Ayla placed one hand on Cyon's shoulder, carefully resting the other on the side of his ruined face. "*Profit Over All*. People come to the Black Markets from all over this world, and beyond. Whatever they seek, I find." Her sharp teeth and elongated canines added a hint of menacing delight to the sultry whisper, "You just need to look in the right place and not particularly care where the information comes from."

Cyon placed his hand over hers and pulled it away from his face, but did not let go. "I am looking in the right place." He stared into her ruby-colored eyes. "And I don't care where anything comes from."

She slid closer, peering into Cyon's remaining silver orb. Pressing her cheek against his, she whispered, "My fee is almost nothing." She kissed him gently before pulling away.

Cyon arched the eyebrow over his good eye, "I saved your life."

Ayla smiled softly. "Twice. Long ago. Back when we..." Her eyes darted to his, then away. She cleared her throat. "I do not forget my debts."

Cyon remained silent.

A small, sad smile darted across her lips. "The Pactmasters may kill us both."

Cyon snorted dismissively.

Ayla rested the crest of her horns lightly against his forehead. "You scoff?"

Cyon cupped her cheek, but his gaze was vacant. "I do."

She sat back, tail twitching, gaze shifting from the ruined to the perfect side of his face. "Will you sell your soul or only your conscience?"

Cyon shrugged. "Either. Both."

Ayla frowned slightly. "Then I will replace your eye. If you live I will procure all that you seek."

Cyon lips curled into a mirthless smile. "For what price?"

"In Katapesh..." She bit her lower lip, then smiled seductively. "One never truly knows."

\* \* \*

A warming orange glow crept across the ashen sky of Katapesh. Cyon's head was reeling. The searing pain seated behind his new eye patch was raw and seething. He made his way out of Ayla's brokerage with only the slightest stagger, and wound his way down alleys that were narrow, walled off by sand-colored buildings of rough stone, clogged with trash, and choked with stench.

*Her information had better be true. She'd better be on time.* His fingers twined around the hilts of hidden daggers and he stifled a sarcastic chuckle. *Most crucially, she had better not betray me.*

He made his way under a broken iron gate, out the dry sand wash, across loose rocks and away from the city. *If Imarra is not among them*—a flash of anger curled his lips into a sneer—*they will still talk.*

A thin sandstone path crested a small hill, and led through low scrub and thorny bushes. Beyond was a rising wall of rock, cut and sculpted by years of blowing sand and desert wind. Cyon slowed, approaching unseen and hopefully unheard. He could smell sandalwood burning and heard several voices. Soft murmurs also drifted on the crisp morning air. *Slaves for sacrifice.*

Cyon crept as close as he dared, drank from a small metal vial, drew a large golden mask out of his robes, and pulled it over his head. *Can't see a thrice-damned thing.* He waited three heartbeats as he adjusted to the new perspective, then threw his shoulders back and walked through the archway.





Curved channels spiraled around the interior up to a height of maybe thirty feet, framing the pre-dawn sky above. There were seven other archways with an open area perhaps seventy-five feet across. He stood facing a collection of roughly two dozen bound slaves. Near them were nine swordsmen wearing dark blue robes and carrying scimitars. Two broad-shouldered guards in mail of tiny golden scales carried spears. They flanked a tall, handsome, well-muscled figure; expensive silks in the colors of the rising sun barely contained his noble form. Gold and diamond accents covered a sash that ran from shoulder to waist. His green eyes sparkled with strange light.

The tall man pulled on both ends of his oiled mustache before stroking his triangular beard. He regarded Cyon with open curiosity. “Pactmaster Obari?”

Cyon moved slowly forward, the massive golden helm making it hard to breathe and harder to see. “Sanduin Sind.” His voice was metallic and alien. “You have the items?”

Sanduin snapped his fingers; a familiar thin man with a thinner mustache stepped out of an archway holding a rectangular wooden box. Sanduin walked over, pulled the ornate lid off, and stepped aside. A dozen finger-length crystals emanated a warmly radiant glow, each pulsing with a distinct heartbeat.

Sanduin smiled graciously, set the lid on the sand, and hooked his thumbs into his wide, silken belt. “Now, what have you brought me?”

Cyon reached into a fold in his voluminous robe and drew out a stone so dark it seemed as if he held a fistful of the nighttime sky. Cyon tossed the stone into the sand by the thin man’s feet. “Skarthorne, Ruler of Shadows, Master of Pridemount—ancient when Katapesh was but a lone tent.”

The thin man glanced at Sanduin then carefully set the box down. He picked up the black stone, bowed his head, and offered it to his master.

Sanduin shook his head, “Thank you Jawere, but I would prefer not to.” He smiled broadly. “Who knows what harm it could cause?”

Jawere swallowed nervously but straightened his back, and held it as if it were a great honor.

Sanduin smiled at Cyon. “Now, to the issue of the stones.” He jerked his chin to indicate the wooden box and its contents. “I hear from Jawere that a man has been scouring all of Golarion for a soul that he lost.” Sanduin moved back to the box, his mailed guards moving to either side of him while the blue-robed men slowly filtered up and around Cyon. He picked one of the crystals out of the box and rolled it over in his hand. “Perhaps it’s in one of these?”

Sanduin shook his head. “Surely that man must know that the real Pactmasters would kill him for impersonating one of their own. And surely a janni who has dealt with them for many, many years would know an imposter on sight?”

Sanduin laughed, full-bodied and deep it echoed in the circular chamber. “Especially as Obari never leaves Katapesh?”

Cyon grinned beneath his mask, reached up, grabbed the back edge, and pulled it off before shrugging out of his robe. He stood there, taller than normal, a new patch over his left eye, but otherwise about the same as when he’d entered Ayla’s brokerage.

Cyon shrugged at Sanduin. “Perhaps that man allowed Jawere to hear what he needed in order to bring you to him?”

Sanduin chuckled softly. “You arranged all of this?” He shook his head. “Sadly the one you seek has already been sold.”

Sanduin took a step toward Cyon, crossing his muscular arms over his chiseled chest. “Do you really know *what* Obari is?”

Cyon shrugged. “I don’t particularly care.”

Sanduin frowned. “Skarthorne’s phylactery is fake then, yes? And you



are here to die?”

Cyon rolled his shoulders then crossed his arms. “I am here for Imarra.”

Sanduin shook his head. “That won’t happen.”

Sanduin snapped his ring-clad fingers, his swordsmen surged in unison, and the fake phylactery swallowed Jawere in a globe of darkness.

Cyon backpedaled, but the nearest spear’s sharp tip punched through his leather armor. Pain flared along across his ribs. He wrapped his arm around the spear’s haft and rotated, his momentum dragging the spear free of its owner’s grasp. Cyon spun, uncoiled, and drove the tip deeply into his disarmed opponent’s neck. His mailed foe clawed at his torn throat as he collapsed backwards, kicking and gurgling bloody froth.

Cyon heard rustling robes and tumbled. The swordsman swung, blade sweeping out, but the wide arc was too low. Cyon flipped over his adversary’s head and slammed a dagger through his skull. The man’s jaw fell open as he dropped soundlessly.

Cyon put his foot on the side of the man’s face and jerked his blade free, then placed his back to the red stone walls. Sanduin’s remaining men circled him, far more warily than before.

The stalemate drew on for several heartbeats, the distracting darkness faded, and the sun climbed above the horizon. The temperature immediately began to climb. Light winds blew in from the ocean, and the morning gulls lifted off rocky perches and took to the air.

Sanduin walked forward and stood behind the men surrounding Cyon. He pursed his lips and stroked his pointed beard. “I expected far more from you.”

Cyon shrugged. “I’m not at my best.”

The tall man with the sparkling eyes inclined his head at Jawere. “He was going on and on about the danger you posed to us, your passion for the one you lost... and yet here you stand, cornered, about to die.”

Cyon flicked a glance at the brightening blue sky, and smiled at Sanduin. “I’m just killing time, since it’s killing us.”

The tall man shook his head. “Not me. And it will be a blade, not time, that kills you.” Sanduin turned away and motioned for Jawere. “It is dawn. Open the gate, we cannot keep our buyers waiting.”

Jawere nodded and bowed. “As you wish. However, shouldn’t we—”

Sanduin waved a dismissive hand. “He is fine.” He glanced at Cyon. “Aren’t you?”

The armed men took a step in unison, tightening the circle of blades around Cyon, and cutting off any easy escape routes. Cyon smiled flatly.

“For the moment.”

\* \* \*

Jawere stepped up to the solid red rock wall between two archways, and began tracing his finger over hidden runes. As he did so each flared to life, and flickering yellow and red flames continued to glow as he moved on to the next. Once he had awoken the full circle, its center flashed and flared. A brilliant, searing white disc snapped open to a vortex of swirling, pulsating energy.

Jawere returned to his master’s side. “It is done, Lord Sind.”

“So,” Sanduin caught Cyon’s eye and smiled, his face glowing with amusement, his teeth perfectly white. “Now we wait. Perhaps the buyers will come first. Maybe they want an extra soul to sacrifice? Or another slave in Hell? Perhaps they take you with them—for a price. Perhaps Obari will get here before our Infernal guests arrive and I will collect a reward for your head...” He stroked his beard. “Who knows? I do not, but I find it all *very exciting*.”

Cyon flicked a glance over Sanduin’s shoulder as his eye caught movement. He smiled and pushed away from the stone wall he’d been leaning against. “Keep that thought.” He pointed to new figures stepping through one of the archways.

Sanduin turned his head, his men shifting to counter the threat.

The lanky gnoll Hyuuri was first, serrated greatsword out, his large red

eyes narrowed, furred ears flat, hyena-like nose sniffing for danger. Ayla and Valen followed.

“My, my, this is a rather small surprise,” Sanduin said, drawing his own scimitar from its gold-and-diamond encrusted scabbard for the first time.

Hyuuri moved forward, greatsword’s hilt wrapped in both his massive hands, a feral snarl curling his black lips. Ayla followed closely behind, eyes gleaming with delight, her sharp canines pressing into her lower lip as she smiled. She held a red-bladed dagger in her left hand and licks of flame danced in the palm of her right. Valen hovered in the archway, his crossbow out and sweeping those nearest Cyon.

Cyon balanced a dagger on his forefinger. “Surrender with ransom is always an option.”

Sanduin laughed. “Your friends are not that fearsome.”

“No?” Cyon shrugged. “Then what about my friend’s father?”

Jawere’s portal surged open, goutts of flame roared up the face of the rock as the gate breached two planes and brought them together. Sanduin and his men turned just as a large, cloven-hoofed foot extended through the breach and stepped onto the sands of Katapesh. Sharp, black claws gripped the edge of the portal, and inhumanly strong crimson-skinned arms pushed the opening further apart. A large, powerful humanoid form stepped through, straightening to double a man’s height as it cleared the gateway. It red eyes smoldered, large black horns jutted forward from the crown of its skull, and tendrils of flame and smoke rose in curls from its dark red flesh.

Cyon pushed his way past the armed men. They offered no resistance, and took several steps away from the portal. “Mallagos, this is Sanduin Sind—the janni whose soul I promised you.”

Sanduin flashed out of sight, but fiery chains wrapped about his invisible form and bound him to the ground before he could take flight. Mallagos’ laughter boomed within the chamber, and echoed off the stone walls. Sanduin’s men dropped their weapons and fled. The slaves huddled together and shrieked. Ayla sheathed her dagger and Hyuuri lowered his blade. Valen realized he was involuntarily training his crossbow at Mallagos and hastily dropped his aim.

Cyon walked over to where Sanduin was pinned to the ground. The janni had dropped his invisibility, and now writhed as the fiery chains licked at him, but they did not threaten Cyon. Cyon sheathed his daggers and bent down, smiling over the fallen desert lord. “Mallagos will take you back to Hell. You will tell him where Imarra is. Then you will burn.”

Ayla walked past Cyon and bowed deeply before Mallagos. “Thank you, Dear Father, for helping one as weak as I. We are humbled by your presence. We grant you the flesh and soul of this man, and offer these slaves as our—”

“*What?!*” Valen shouted from across the opening.

As all eyes turned to Valen. He swallowed and fumbled for words, hands nervously twitching, crossbow shaking. “I can’t...we can’t...that’s not what I agreed to.”

Ayla smiled, glancing from Cyon to Valen, “No, little one, you did not. Cyon did. It is upon his conscience alone, and upon his darkening soul that this barter was bound.”

Valen gasped for air, dropping his crossbow as his head swam, “Cyon... Imarra wouldn’t...”

Cyon flicked an angry glance at Valen, “Murderers, rapists, thieves. How many times has Imarra saved your life? How little would you sacrifice for her?”

Valen shook his head, placed his hands over his ears, and began muttering, “*I can’t, I can’t, I can’t.*”

Cyon yanked the patch off, and his new eye flared to life. Nestled within the empty socket a red ball of seething energy pulsed and throbbed. The surrounding flesh was blackened, cracked, and burned. The flaming orb flickered with malevolence, and its searing stare was dreadful to behold.

Cyon scowled and pushed past Valen. “I can.”



"Golarion, a living land where legends are born...  
...from the ink of a Pathfinder's Quill.



# Pathfinder Writing Guild

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# Animal Companions of Katapesh

by Ian 'Set' Turner  
Art by Jason Kirckof



The deserts, plains, and mountains of Katapesh are home to a number of unique creatures, whose gifts benefit the rangers and druids of this serene and beautiful land.

## Calopus

These powerful, but graceful antelopes have a pair of spiraling ivory horns, leading some to speculate that they are kin to unicorns. Some Katapeshi nomads have even domesticated them as mounts.

**Starting Statistics:** Size Medium; Speed 50 ft.; AC +1 natural armor; Attack gore (1d8); Ability Scores Str 13, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6; Special Qualities low-light vision, sprint.

**7th-level Advancement:** Size Large; AC +3 natural armor; Attack gore (2d6); Ability Scores +8 Str, -2 Dex, +4 Con; Special Attacks powerful charge (4d6).

**Sprint (Ex)** Once per minute, a calopus can double its speed to 100 ft. for 1 round.

## Dhabba

The furtive dhabba resembles a ruddy large-eared jackal with the armored tail of a scorpion. A dhabba's tail, however, is harmless except for the fact that it draws attention away from its venomous bite.

**Starting Statistics:** Size Small; Speed 40 ft.; AC +2 natural armor; Attack bite (1d4 + poison); Ability Scores Str 11, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 5; Special Attacks poison bite; Special Qualities low-light vision, scent.

**4th-level Advancement:** Size Medium; AC +3 natural armor; Attack bite (1d6 + poison); Ability Scores +4 Str, -2 Dex, +2 Con.

**Poison (Ex)** Bite - injury; *save* Fort DC 10 + 1/2 HD + Con modifier; *frequency* 1/round for 4 rounds; *effect* 1 Dex damage and sickened 1 round; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

## Dire Hyena

As wolf (*Pathfinder RPG* p. 54) but with bite damage increased one die size and speed reduced by 20 feet.

## Geier

As large as some eagles, these black, brown or white feathered birds prefer carrion, and are crowned with small red feathers, giving them the appearance of having bare blood-stained heads.

**Starting Statistics:** Size Small; Speed 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (average); AC +1 natural armor; Attack bite (1d4), 2 talons (1d3); Ability Scores Str 10, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 6; Special Qualities low-light vision, scent, +4 Fort saves vs. disease.

**4th-level Advancement:** Size Medium; AC +2 natural armor; Attack bite (1d6), 2 talons (1d4); Ability Scores +4 Str, -2 Dex, +2 Con; Special Attacks filth fever (by injury, or upon consuming geier meat); Special Qualities immune to filth fever.

## Razorscale

These stubby-tailed and thickly built desert monitors are notable for sharp-edged scales, every bit as dangerous as their powerful jaws.

**Starting Statistics:** Size Small; Speed 30 ft.; AC +2 natural armor; Attack bite (1d6 + grab); Ability Scores Str 13, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6; Special Qualities grab, low-light vision, razor scales, scent.

**7th-level Advancement:** Size Medium; AC +3 natural armor; Attack bite (1d8 + grab); Ability Scores +4 Str, -2 Dex, +2 Con.

**Razor Scales (Ex)** The serrated hide of a razorscale inflicts damage equal to the creature's bite damage to any who is attacked by it or attacks it with a natural weapon or non-reach melee weapon. A creature grappled by the razorscale suffers this damage at the end of each round, as the lizard thrashes against it.

## Sand Eel

These desert snakes are sometimes mistaken for eels, due to the dozens of fin-like structures they use to push themselves along the ground, and their many needle-like teeth. They rest beneath the desert sands during the hottest parts of the day, only to surge forth at the sight of potential prey.

**Starting Statistics:** Size Medium; Speed 40 ft.; AC +4 natural armor; Attack bite (1d6 + grab); Ability Scores Str 13, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6; Special Attacks grab; Special Qualities erupt, low-light vision, sandwalking.

**7th-level Advancement:** Size Large; AC +2 natural armor; Attack bite (1d8 + grab); Ability Scores +8 Str, -2 Dex, +4 Con.

**Erupt (Ex)** A sand eel that has buried itself in the sand can quickly erupt from the ground and attack. This counts as a charge, except that the sand eel can only move its speed (not twice its speed), and it gains an

additional +2 on its attack roll.

**Sandwalking (Ex)** Sand eels travel across difficult terrain such as sand, quicksand, gravel and other areas with loose small debris as if traversing normal ground. ☞



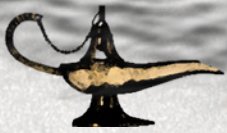


# Rogue Talents of the Desert

by Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Alberto "Gester-Naissen"

Ortiz Leon



The brigands, guides and slavers of Katapesh and Qadira have adopted many unique talents to capitalize upon their harsh and unforgiving homelands.

**Rogue Talents:** The following new rogue talents can be taken by any rogue who meets the prerequisites. Talents marked with an asterisk (\*) add effects to sneak attack. Only one of these talents can be applied to an individual attack, and the decision must be made before the attack roll is made.

**Adaptive Runner (Ex):** You have extensively trained to move in a specific type of terrain, chosen from the favored terrain list in the ranger class ability of the same name. When you encounter difficult terrain natural to your chosen terrain type (such as deep snow or icy ground in cold terrain, or shifting sands or broken rocky ground in desert terrain), you treat that terrain as normal terrain for movement purposes.

**Bring 'Em Back Alive (Ex):** When you attempt to strike for nonlethal damage with a bludgeoning weapon that would normally inflict lethal damage, you do not suffer a -4 penalty to your roll. When you attack with a weapon that does not inflict lethal damage, such as a bola, net, sap or whip, you gain a +1 circumstance bonus to attack rolls, CMB checks, and damage rolls.

**Death from On High (Ex):** If you attack from higher ground, you gain a +1 bonus to ranged attacks and can sneak attack targets from up to 60 feet away when sniping or otherwise qualify for sneak attack.

**Into the Shadows (Ex):** You have mastered the assassin's trick of vanishing in a cloud of smoke. You can draw and use a smoke pellet or a dose of flash powder as a standard action, and then make a Stealth check as part of a move action in the same round.

**Laming Strike\* (Ex):** When you sneak attack a foe, you can sacrifice dice of sneak attack to reduce the target's speed in one movement type by 5 ft. for each die of damage given up, to a minimum of a 5 ft. speed. This disability is treated as a caltrop injury for treatment and duration.

**Single-Minded Focus (Ex):** When you use the full attack action, you can forgo your iterative attacks, gaining a +2 bonus to your first attack roll and to any subsequent critical confirmation roll for each iterative attack you gave up. You cannot give up or use additional attacks gained as the result of two-weapon fighting, the *haste* spell, natural weapons, or similar effects.

**Terrain Trick (Ex):** Choose a terrain type from the list of ranger favored terrains. When you use the Dirty Trick maneuver in your chosen terrain, you take advantage of local materials or conditions to enhance the effect (sand, grit, ash or snow in the eyes to blind someone, heavy undergrowth

or deep mud to prolong the entangled condition, etc.). You gain a +4 bonus to your CMB check and add +1d4 rounds of duration to the effect. If you have the favored terrain class feature, you may use this ability in those terrains as well.

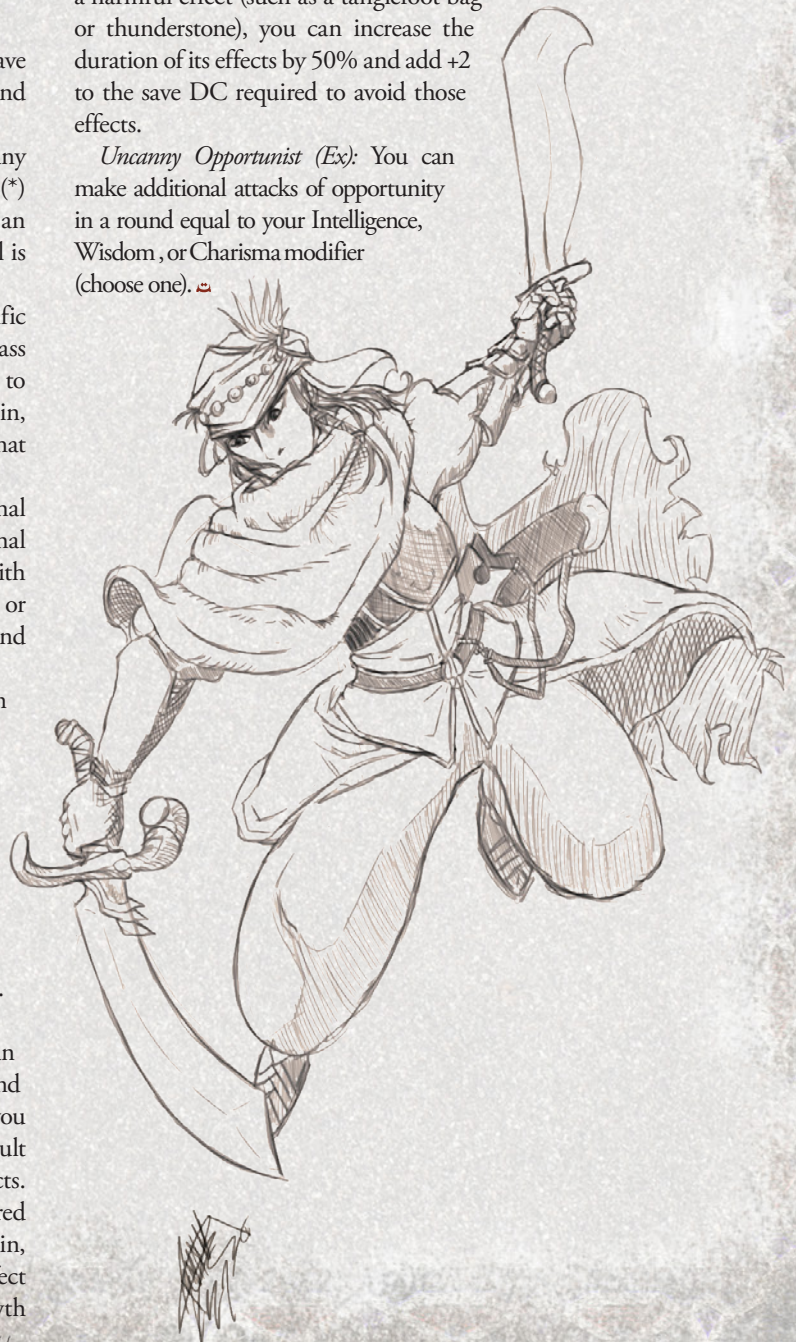
**The Earth Is My Ally (Ex):** You have trained to take advantage of a foe whose movement is hampered by difficult terrain, such as heavy undergrowth, shifting sands or deep snow. As long as your target is affected by difficult terrain and you are not, your target is denied their Dexterity bonus to AC against you, as if they were flat-footed.

**Advanced Rogue Talents:** The following new advanced rogue talents can be selected by any rogue of 10th level or higher who meets the prerequisites.

**Deadly Dervish (Ex):** When you charge, you can move, make a single attack, and then move again, up to a total movement of twice your speed. Each move must be in a straight line.

**Guild Alchemist (Ex):** When you make a Craft check to create or alter alchemical items, you can produce damaging alchemical items that inflict twice the normal damage, at twice the normal cost. By doubling the cost of a non-damaging alchemical item that has a harmful effect (such as a tanglefoot bag or thunderstone), you can increase the duration of its effects by 50% and add +2 to the save DC required to avoid those effects.

**Uncanny Opportunist (Ex):** You can make additional attacks of opportunity in a round equal to your Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma modifier (choose one). ت.

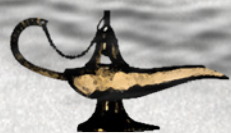




# Of Chance and Skill

## Menawerh Aletajer: The Merchant's Gambit

by Dain "Zylphryx" Nielsen  
Game Graphics by Alex "Canada Guy"  
Moore



**M**enawerh aletajer (Kelish for "the merchant's gambit") is a traditional game played by Kelishite merchants. Inspired by one of the methods caravan masters used to track routes through the desert during the initial Kelishite expansions, while keeping them secret from their competition, caravan masters would track the cardinal directions on a grid where each intersection represented a day's travel. Various illustrations added to these grids represented recognizable landmarks, constellations and the fantastic and terrible creatures of the lands through which they travelled. These grid maps became the basis for the *menawerh aletajer* playing board.

*Menawerh aletajer* is a game for 2-4 players. Each player manages five (5) different types of stones they may use over the course of the game:

- Emeralds;
- Sapphires;
- Rubies;
- Diamonds;
- Clay.

The game plays clockwise with the first player determined by the initial board set up. Players amass points by collecting precious stones as they travel the board.

### INITIAL SET UP

Place the playing board, called the desert, in the center of a table, then draw four stones (one each of emerald, sapphire, ruby, and diamond) from a pouch as follows:

- 4 players: each player draws one stone.
- 3 players: each player draws a stone. The player who draws the least valuable stone gets the final stone. Stone value, from lowest to highest, is clay, emerald, sapphire, ruby, and diamond.
- 2 players: each player draws one stone, then draws a second stone in reversed order.

As each stone is drawn, the player places the stone on ones of the eight (8) starting points in the center of the desert, represented as larger

points in a square-centered X on the board.

Each player fills a pouch with the following stones: 11 emeralds, 9 sapphires, 7 rubies, 5 diamonds, 3 clay. The player who places the starting emerald begins regular play.

### GAME PLAY

On the first turn, each player draws five (5) stones from their pouch. These stones are referred to as *bedwer aletjarh*, or "the seeds of trade". Stones in hand are considered active and may be used for either play or, in the case of the clay stone, trade. Players do not need to reveal what stones they currently have active and it is possible for a player to draw more than the five stones allowed, though there are risks in doing so (see *Trade Inspections*, below).

On their turn, a player plays a stone, removes any stones they have traded or captured from the desert, and draws a stone from their pouch. The turn then passes to the next player.

### Winning

If a player has no stones left in their pouch, or if there are no legal spaces left to play, the game ends. Stones are tallied and the player with the highest point tally wins.

Captured stones have the following point values:

- Emerald: 2 points
- Sapphire: 4 points
- Ruby: 6 points
- Diamond: 8 points
- Clay: 0 points

Stones in a player's hand count for half the stone's value.

### STONES

To play a stone, the player must place it on an intersection in the desert adjacent to any other stone. If this makes a line with at least three (3) other stones, the player captures the surrounded stones and places them aside for tally at the end of the game. These stones are considered *themar aletjarh*, or "the fruits of trade". Stones may be collected from horizontal, vertical or diagonal lines. The exception to this rule is the clay stones.

### Clay

Clay wastes a caravan master's time. It may be played in the same fashion as the other stones or it may be used to trade out any stone in the desert.

A line of stones that ends in clay can only be collected by playing clay at the opposite end of the line. If clay is traded for a stone in the center of a line, the line is effectively split. Additionally, no stones may be played adjacent to clay, effectively locking the surrounding spaces from having stones played upon them. Once played, there is no way to remove clay from the desert.

### TRADE INSPECTION

As with most dealings, a clever merchant will seek to ensure they have an edge over their opponent. In this vein, while a player is required to draw an initial five (5) stones from their pouch, a player may opt to draw more stones.

At any point during a player's turn, any other player may call for a trade inspection of that player's hand. If the current player has more than five (5) stones in their hand, the stones in hand are discarded from play, the player draws five (5) stones from their pouch and their turn ends.

If the current player has five (5) stones in their hand, the player





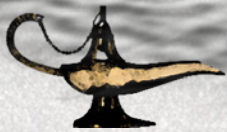


# The Safiir

## A New Base Class

by Robert "Snorter" Feather,  
with Ryan Costello, Jr.

Art by Jessica Door



In the open desert, the barriers between worlds wear thin, and the elemental kin whisper to those who travel near the gaps between planes. Through cleverness and flattery, a cunning genie can persuade mortals to follow it, in return filling their voices, musical performances, and dances with unearthly grace. These genie-bound ambassadors, the safiir, are often in demand as advisors or diplomats. Some set themselves apart as sages, far from civilization. Others use their gifts to seize personal material power.

**Role:** Guided by creatures of the elements, safiirs wield powerful energy magic which they use to contain or combat their foes. Although their spellcasting focuses on destruction, they are brilliant sages who gain greater insight directly from the elements.

**Alignment:** Any.

**Hit Die:** d6.

**Starting Wealth:** 3d6 × 10 gp (average 105gp.) In addition, each character begins play with an outfit worth 10 gp or less.

### Class Skills

The safiir's class skills are Bluff (Cha), Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (geography) (Int), Knowledge (history) (Int), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Knowledge (nobility) (Int), Knowledge (planes) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Linguistics (Int), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int), and Use Magic Device (Cha).

**Skill Ranks per Level:** 4 + Int modifier.

### Class Features

**Weapon and Armor Proficiency:** Safiir are proficient with all simple weapons. They are not proficient with any type of armor or shield. Armor interferes with a safiir's gestures, which can cause their spells with somatic components to fail.

**Spells:** A safiir casts arcane spells drawn from the sorcerer/wizard spell list that have the acid, air, cold, divination, earth, electricity, enchantment, fire, water, and universal subtypes, or that require the caster to choose between one of the four element types, such as *elemental body*, *resist energy*, or *protection from energy*, as well as the *summon monster* and *summon nature's ally* spells (elementals only) and *plane shift* (elemental planes only). To learn or cast a spell, a safiir must have a Charisma score equal to at least 10 + the spell level. The Difficulty Class for a saving throw against a safiir's

spell is 10 + the spell level + the safiir's Charisma modifier.

A safiir can cast only a certain number of spells of each spell level per day, as indicated on Table: Safiir. In addition, he receives bonus spells per day if he has a high Charisma score.

A safiir begins play knowing two 1st level spells, chosen from the safiir spell list. At each new level, the safiir learns two new spells from the safiir spell list of any spell level that he can cast. At least one spell the safiir learns must have a descriptor matching one of his favored elements. At 3rd level, and at every 2 levels thereafter, he can choose to learn a new spell in place of one spell he already knows. In effect, the safiir loses the old spell in exchange for the new one. The new spell's level must be the same as that of the spell being exchanged. He may swap only a single spell at any given level, cannot choose to swap a spell of one of his favored elements unless he has another spell of his favored element of that level or is replacing the spell with another spell of his favored element, and must choose whether or not to swap the spell at the same time that he gains new spells known for the level.

Unlike a wizard or a cleric, a safiir need not prepare his spells in advance. He can cast any spell he knows at any time, assuming he has not yet used up his spells per day for that spell level.

**Cantrips:** A safiir begins play knowing four cantrips, or 0-level spells. These spells are cast like any other spell, but they are not expended when cast and may be used again. Cantrips cast using higher spell slots, due to applying metamagic feats, expend a spell slot normally.

At level 2, and every even level thereafter, the safiir learns an extra cantrip, up to a maximum of 9 known at level 10, as noted on Table: Safiir under "Spells per Day."

**Favored Element:** At 1st level, a safiir selects one element (air, earth, fire, or water) as his favored element. The benefits of the favored elements are as follows:

**Air:** Add *feather fall*, *levitate*, and *fly* to the safiir spell list, gain a +2 bonus on Fly checks, and gain Auran as a bonus language.

**Earth:** Gain a +1 natural armor bonus to AC, a +2 bonus to CMD to resist forced movement (such as against a bull rush or trip attempt) while standing on the ground, and gain Terran as a bonus language.

**Fire:** Gain a +1 dodge bonus to AC, a +2 bonus on Initiative checks, and gain Ignan as a bonus language.





**TABLE: SAFIIR**

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special	0	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	Cantrips, elemental lash, favored element, gen, genie lore	4	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	Elemental resistance, muse	5	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3	Elemental spell 1	5	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Resolute +2	6	6	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	Favored element 2, morph gen	6	6	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5	elemental spell 2	7	6	5	3	—	—	—	—	—	—
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5		7	6	6	4	—	—	—	—	—	—
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6		8	6	6	5	3	—	—	—	—	—
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6	Commune with elemental lords	8	6	6	6	4	—	—	—	—	—
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Favored element 3	9	6	6	6	5	3	—	—	—	—
11th	+5	+3	+3	+7	Elemental spell 3	9	6	6	6	6	4	—	—	—	—
12th	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8		9	6	6	6	6	5	3	—	—	—
13th	+6/+1	+4	+4	+8	Resolute +4	9	6	6	6	6	6	4	—	—	—
14th	+7/+2	+4	+4	+9		9	6	6	6	6	6	5	3	—	—
15th	+7/+2	+5	+5	+9	Favored element 4	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	4	—	—
16th	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10	Elemental spell 4, planar affinity	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	5	3	—
17th	+8/+3	+5	+5	+10		9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	4	—
18th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11		9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	5	3
19th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+11	Elemental jaunt	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	4
20th	+10/+5	+6	+6	+12	Elemental apotheosis	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

**Water:** Add *water breathing* to the safiir spell list, gain a +2 bonus on Swim checks, and gain Aquan as a bonus language.

The safiir gains an additional favored element at 5th, 10th, and 15th level.

**Elemental Lash (Sp):** Starting at 1st level, whenever the gen (see below) is within 20 feet of the safiir, the gen can, as a standard action, target a foe within 20 feet of the gen with a whip of energy as a ranged touch attack. Both gen and safiir must have line of sight on the target. This attack deals 1d6 damage +1 per two safiir levels of the gen's energy damage type. The gen can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + the safiir's Charisma modifier.

**Gen:** At 1st level, a safiir forms a close bond with a gen, a young elemental (a Small elemental with the young simple template) who teaches him magic and genie lore, and acts as a liaison between the safiir and the elemental rulers. This gen is formed from the safiir's favored element, advancing as a familiar.

Once per day, the gen may petition its elemental masters to replace one of its favored element spells for another favored element spell of the same level.

A safiir with Improved Familiar can only replace his gen with a Small elemental. The Small elemental counts as the safiir's gen for the purposes of class abilities.

**Genie Lore (Ex):** When his gen is within 20 feet, the safiir can make Knowledge skill checks untrained as if he had library access. A safiir also adds half his class level (minimum 1) to all Knowledge (planes) skill checks.

**Elemental Resistance (Ex):** At 2nd level, the safiir and his gen gain energy resistance 5 against the energies related to the safiir's favored elements (electricity for air, acid for earth, fire for fire, and cold for water). This increases to energy resistance 10 at 12th level and energy resistance 15 at 18th level.

**Muse (Ex):** At 2nd level, the encouragement and advice of his gen makes the safiir more persuasive. He gains a +2 competence bonus on all Bluff,

Diplomacy, Intimidate and Perform checks while his gen is within 20 feet. This bonus increases by +2 at 8th level and every six levels thereafter.

**Elemental Spell (Su):** At 3rd level, the safiir gains Elemental Spell<sup>APG</sup> as a bonus feat. It must apply to the energy associated with the safiir's favored element. He gains Elemental Spell as a bonus feat again at 6th level, 11th level, and 16th level, each time applying to a new favored element.

**Resolute (Ex):** At 4th level, the safiir becomes resistant to manipulation. He gains a +2 bonus on saving throws made against bardic performance, sonic, and language-dependent effects. This bonus increases to +4 at level 13.

**Morph Gen (Su):** At 5th level, the safiir can change his gen's subtype once per day, to another of his favored elements. The gen's statistics change to match a gen of its new subtype. Making this change is a standard action.

**Commune with Elemental Lords (Sp):** Once per week, at 9th level, the gen may petition intelligences on other planes as if the safiir had used *contact other plane* as a spell-like ability, at a caster level equal to his safiir level. The entity contacted replies to the safiir via his gen. When a safiir uses this ability, he gains a +4 bonus on the check to avoid the decrease to Intelligence and Charisma. If he fails the save, the ability decrease lasts only 24 hours.

**Planar Affinity (Ex):** The safiir is permanently attuned to the four Elemental Planes, as if he was under the effects of the *planar adaptation* spell. The safiir counts as his original race as well as an Ifrit, Oread, Sylph and Undine, for the purposes of effects that depend on race, and meeting the prerequisites of feats, prestige classes, etc.

**Elemental Jaunt (Sp):** The safiir gains the Elemental Jaunt feat. If he already possesses this feat, he gains an additional use of this ability per day.

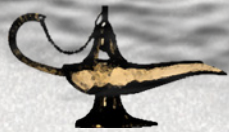
**Elemental Apotheosis (Ex):** At 20th level, the safiir's body gains the qualities of an elemental. He is no longer subject to critical hits, and ignores precision damage 50% of the time. ☞



# Cloud of Smoke

by Jason “herzwesten” Keeley

Art by Andrew DeFelice



Bahmair Tilki-Demir looked across the hookah table at the hawk-faced stranger in the wide-brimmed hat and dusty clothes. His dress marked him as a foreigner, but there was a certain ease about him as he inhaled deeply on the pipe. Scratching the stubble on his cheeks, the man blew out a series of smoke rings and peered through them at the parlor.

“Y’all always take your smoke in such a fancy place ‘round these parts?” he asked, gesturing at the lavish silk curtains and high mounds of pillows that decorated the establishment.

“Not exactly, Master Cole. I brought you to the Caterpillar’s Den to show you the kind of luxury that awaits you here in Katapesh if you agree to my master’s offer.”

The foreigner took another drag on the pipe. “Call me Clayton,” he said through a cloud of smoke. “If I recollect, y’mentioned money,”

“Yes! A sultan’s ransom!” Bahmair reached into the folds of his kaftan, extracted a small ruby, and placed it gently on the table. “This is but a taste of what my master can pay you.”

Clayton grunted. “Ain’t much bigger than a stirge’s nut.”

Bahmair’s smile remained plastered on his face. “Ah, Master Cole, if you consent to my master’s proposition, you will be able to give gems such as this to beggars without a second thought.”

Clayton grunted again. “What do y’need me to do?”

“It is but a simple transaction. You have something that my master wishes to possess.”

Bahmair’s eyes flickered quickly to the long leather bundle leaning against the wall. Clayton sighed and began to stand.

“I don’t know what y’know, or how y’know it, and I don’t care to, but that ain’t for sale.”

“Master Cole, this is Katapesh! Everything is for sale.”

Clayton gathered his parcel and leaned in close to Bahmair. His breath smelled of cheap tobacco and expensive alcohol. “It ain’t for sale.”

\* \* \*

Clayton stepped out into the warm night air and muttered sourly, “Overstayed my welcome, as usual.” He fished around in one of his pockets, pulled out the stub of a cigar, and chomped down on it. Before he could find a tindertwig in his other pocket, there was a sound of swishing robes behind

him. Turning, he saw Bahmair standing in the doorway of the hookah parlor.

“Very well, Master Cole. If you will not accept payment in gold and gems, perhaps you will accept payment in steel.” He snapped his fingers.

Clayton looked around and noticed that the once-bustling street was now empty of people. A man wearing a keffiyeh and carrying a large curved sword appeared out of a shadowy alleyway. With a shout, he charged at Clayton, his blade raised high. Clayton held the bundle over his head, blocking the scimitar scant inches from his hat. The blade cut into the leather, and it began to fall away from the package’s contents. Clayton wrenched the bundle to one side, disarming his foe, but tearing the leather a bit more. He then rammed the thicker end of the parcel into the other man’s gut. The swordsman doubled over with a grunt of pain. Clayton hauled his makeshift weapon upward, smashing it into his enemy’s chin, knocking the man out cold.

Clayton felt a presence at his back, and he twisted to one side. A blade bit into his shoulder, but it was not the deadly blow it was meant to be. A gaunt Garundi man holding a kris dagger, wet with Clayton’s blood stood next to Bahmair, who grinned smugly.

Clayton swept his improvised club close to the ground, tripping up the Garundi assassin. As he fell, Clayton leveled a hard kick to the man’s side, knocking the wind from his lungs and briefly incapacitating him.

The leather wrappings were almost completely unraveled from the bundle, so Clayton tore them off, revealing a long-barreled musket. It was a plain-looking weapon, devoid of all embellishments except for a simple symbol—a ‘D’ rune inside of a circle—burned into the stock.

Clayton raised the gun to his shoulder, aiming it directly at Bahmair.

The merchant clapped in delight. “Excellent! So the rumors *were* true! Or perhaps this is not the unique firearm designed by the dwarven engineer Dagal the Blind and supposedly destroyed by his apprentice?”

“I think we both know the answer to that.”

“Of course, of course. My master would not be so unwise as to attempt to purchase a forgery.” Bahmair attempted to step forward, but Clayton waved him back with the barrel of the gun. “I must admit to not having seen many firearms in my day. What makes this one so special? Is it magic?”

“It ain’t magic. It’s art.” Clayton’s eyes grew slightly soft around the edges. “The stock is a polished walnut that feels like yer holdin’ the hand of yer best girl. The barrel’s 40 inches of tempered steel and straighter’n a paladin of Iomedae on a high holy day. The bore’s precision-rifled. Breech loadin’, and a whole wagonload of other improvements y’wouldn’t even begin to understand. Bust up such a piece of work? I’d rather dangle my weddin’ tackle in the mouth of an ornery dragon.”

“And so you fled Alkenstar.”

“I reckon that is business which is none of yours.”

“Clayton Cole, *everything* is my business. But the particulars are of no matter. This is your last chance to give me the firearm and remain alive.”

“Enough jawin’.” Clayton grimaced and fired once, then again, cracking open the gun and reloading it with blinding speed. The empty street echoed with the booming sound of gunfire and the smell of powder hung in the air. But the





bullets seemed to pass right through Bahmair, who promptly vanished.

Clayton heard a mocking laugh from behind him and spun around. Standing on the building opposite the hookah parlor was a tall, muscular, shirtless man. His short dark hair was ruffled by a nonexistent wind, and his eyes sparkled with a dozen colors. He leapt from the roof with ease and floated down to the street, undisturbed by gravity.

“Magic.” Clayton spat out what was left of his cigar.

“A simple illusion.” His form shifted to that of the short merchant and then quickly back again. “A trivial matter for me, the great Shahzada Bahmair Tilki-Demir. The blood of genies flows through my veins!”

“Y’say that like it’s supposed t’mean something to me.”

An angry scowl crossed Bahmair’s noble features. He suddenly grew to twice his size. “You leave me no choice, Clayton Cole, but to sully my own hands with this task.” He drew his own curved sword, which glinted in the nearby torchlight.

“Dang.” Again, Clayton fired two shots at Bahmair. These hit the genie-kin square in the chest, but seemed to do him no harm. For a brief second, his skin looked to be made of granite.

“Pathetic. That weapon is nothing more than a loud bow. And it will take more than a bow to harm me.” Bahmair’s scimitar whistled through the air, grazing Clayton’s side as he dodged. Blood spattered onto the dirt.

“Dang.” Clayton scrambled to the side, holding his wound with one hand and his musket in the other. He moved as fast

as he could down the street. Something dropped off his belt, and he looked back to see Bahmair bending over to pick it up. It was his powder horn.

Suddenly Clayton stopped, a grin playing across his features. He brought the musket to his shoulder and fired a quick shot. “You missed,” Bahmair sneered.

Clayton nodded at the powder horn, pierced by the bullet. Powder was spilling out and onto Bahmair’s foot.

“This is supposed to inconvenience me?”

“No, but this might.” Clayton retrieved a small flask from a pouch. A thick, bright-red liquid sloshed about inside. He threw it at Bahmair. The glass shattered against the janni’s chest, and upon contact with the air, its contents burst into flame. The fire clung to Bahmair’s skin, and some of it dropped down to ignite the gunpowder. The blaze burned brighter, and the street began to fill with a thick white smoke.

Leaving the screams of the burning Bahmair behind him, Clayton ran on toward the docks. He was going to have to leave this city, this country, tonight. On his way, he ripped down a shop’s awning and wrapped up his musket once more. He spared a bit of the cloth for the wound on his torso. When he could hear the sound of water lapping against the piers, he slowed to a walk and looked back at Katapesh. He would miss the city, its markets, its foods, its women.

But he wouldn’t miss the hookah bars. He far preferred the taste of a cheap cigar.

He pulled another stub from his pocket, right next to his tindertwigs. Lighting it, Clayton drew deeply on the cigar and smiled. ☺



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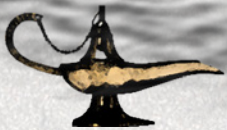


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# Hèròès' Hòàrd: Gèniè-Cràftèd Mågic

by Yanick "Methvezem" Moreau  
Art by Carlos "Çelurian" Torreblanca



Over the centuries, many items created by genies to prove their elemental supremacy have found their way to mortal worlds, mostly by way of Katapesh and Qadira, lands with long traditions of dealing with genie-kind.

## CONCH OF THE SEA LORD

**Aura** moderate conjuration; **CL** 7th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 16,600 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

This fist-sized opalescent conch has a fine mithral chain attached to it. The conch grants you +2 circumstance bonus on Charisma-based checks relating to creatures with the water subtype. This is a continuous effect and requires no activation.

If the command word is spoken and the conch is blown, it calls forth a creature of the deep. The called creature appears anywhere within 30 feet of you, as long as enough water is present to accommodate it, and serves you (as *summon nature's ally VII*) for 7 rounds. A conch has 3 charges, which are renewed each day at dawn. Spending 1 or more charges when you blow the conch determines the type of creature it summons.

*1 charge:* Summons a shark.

*2 charges:* Summons a giant moray eel.

*3 charges:* Summons a giant squid.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *summon nature's ally VII*;  
**Cost** 8,300 gp

## EARTHSCOURGE PICK

**Aura** faint transmutation; **CL** 5th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 18,308 gp; **Weight** 6 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

This +1 *heavy pick* is made of pitted, dull-gray iron and has its haft wrapped in pebbly strips of xorn's hide.

It deals an extra 2d6 points of damage against creatures of the earth subtype. On a successful critical hit, a creature of the earth subtype is slowed for 5 rounds. This effect activates even if the creature struck is not normally subject to extra damage from critical hits.

Once per day as a standard action, the pick can be used to strike natural, undressed earth or stone, affecting it as *soften earth and stone*.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *slow, soften earth and stone*; **Cost** 9,308 gp

## POI OF FIERY ENTRAPMENT

**Aura** strong evocation; **CL** 15th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 50,905 gp; **Weight** 2 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

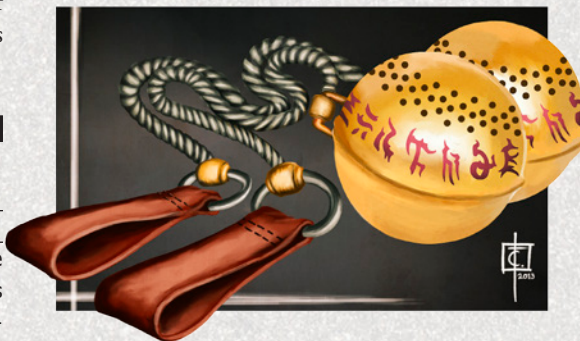
Popular among the efreeti fire-spinners of the City of Brass, the poi of fiery entrapment is composed of steel heads infused with pure fuel harvested from flammable pools deep within the Elemental Plane of Fire. They are always found in pairs, with each head engraved with text in Ignan praising the purity of elemental fire.

This +2 battle poi deals fire damage bypassing fire resistance, but not fire immunity. A command word ignites the poi as a free action. The poi can be extinguished by uttering the command word again, or by magical means, but can be re-ignited the following round.

Three times per day, the poi can be twirled as a standard action to create a flare (DC 13 Fort save) affecting one creature within 45 feet.

In addition, once per day as a standard action, the fire-spinner

can spin the poi to create a barred cage with the same properties and range as a forcecage with two exceptions: the bars are covered with super-heated fire and the gap between each bar is a foot wide. Touching or passing between the bars causes 2d6+7 points of fire damage, which are not subject to fire resistance and deals double damage to undead creatures. If the cage takes 30 points or more of cold damage in 1 round, it is extinguished, but the force bars still remain.



### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *flare, forcecage, wall of fire*; **Cost** 25,605 gp

## WINDBREAKER BOTTLE

**Aura** moderate evocation; **CL** 11th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 26,400 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

### DESCRIPTION

The sides of this magically-hardened crystal vial are inlaid with lead runes.

Once per day, when the crystal stopper is opened and the command word is uttered, great winds pour from the bottle, whipping around and greatly hindering creatures relying on air movement. All creatures with a flying speed within a 60-foot radius of the bottle see themselves slowed by 20 feet (to a minimum of 0 feet) and their maneuverability decreased by one step (to a minimum of Clumsy). In addition, creatures with the air mastery special ability cannot benefit from it while in the affected radius. The effect lasts 10 rounds.

Due to the sounds of the blowing winds, all creatures within the area of effect suffer a -5 penalty to Perception checks. Otherwise, creatures without a fly speed and objects within the affected area are unaffected.

### CONSTRUCTION

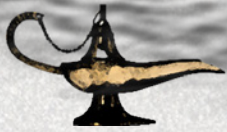
**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *forceful hand*;  
**Cost** 13,200 gp



# Secrets of the Desert Witches

by Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



Those who wander Golarion's desert wastelands often learn curious powers from the mysterious voices that whisper in the wind.

## Minor Hexes

**A Dry Heat (Su):** The witch can draw the moisture from a living target within 30 feet, so that they appear to "sweat sand." The target is sickened and suffers 1d6 nonlethal damage each round for a number of rounds equal to the witch's Intelligence modifier. A Fortitude save negates this effect. This condition can be ended prematurely if the target spends a full round action quenching their thirst by consuming at least 1/3rd of a day's ration of water. Every time the witch successfully damages a foe with this hex, she and her familiar are both treated as if they had just consumed 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of a day's ration of water. Once a target has been damaged by this hex, it cannot be damaged by this hex again for 24 hours, although it can continue to be sickened. Winter witches call this hex Extract Moisture, with moisture visibly steaming out of the victims' mouth and nose as a vapor of frost crystals.

**Desert Boon (Su):** Beneficiaries of this hex treats all heat dangers as one category less, and can move across difficult desert terrain as if it was normal terrain. The witch can grant this ability through touch; it functions for a number of hours per day equal to her level. The duration need not be consecutive and can be divided among multiple targets but must be allotted in 1 hour increments. A variant of this hex, Winter's Blessing, applies to cold dangers and difficult arctic terrain, instead. Animal companions, familiars and similar bonded creatures with the share spells feature automatically gain the benefits of this hex so long as their masters do.

**Spoil (Su):** The witch causes all food and drink in possession of a target within 30 feet to become spoiled and inedible. Consumable magical liquids or foodstuffs are allowed a saving throw. *Purify food and drink* restores spoiled food or drink but not magical consumables.

**Even Your Dog Hates You (Su):** The witch curses a target within 30 feet with the unnatural aura feature of a spectre (*Bestiary*) for 1d4 rounds, plus 1 round per 5 levels. The DC of a Handle Animal, Ride or wild empathy check to calm affected animals is equal to 10 + 1/2 the witch's level + her Int modifier. This duration can be extended by the Cackle hex.

**Fleas of 1,000 Camels (Su):** The witch can cause a single living creature



within 30 feet to feel the sensation of being infested with thousands of biting flies and fleas, causing them to become distracted. The affliction lasts for 1 round, plus 1 round per 5 levels, and can be extended with the Cackle hex. A will save is allowed each round to avoid becoming nauseated, if successful, the victim is only sickened for the remaining duration. Whether or not they make a successful save a creature cannot be the target of this hex again for 1 day.

**Most Unclean (Su):** The witch afflicts a single target within 30 feet with an aura of unnatural stench that sickens any living creature that occupies their space or an adjacent space. This also reduces the DC to track them by 10. The target does not smell this stench, and is not sickened by it. The target is allowed a Fortitude saving throw to reduce the duration of this effect to 1d4 rounds, but it otherwise lasts for 1d4 hours (or until the target spends 10 minutes bathing).

**Reverse the Stars (Su):** The witch curses a target within 30 feet to be unable to make sense of direction or remember the basics of wilderness survival. The target cannot divine the direction of true north without making a Survival check with a DC equal to the witch's hex DC and suffers a penalty equal to the witch's Intelligence modifier + 1/2 class level to all other Survival checks. Further, any Survival check failed by 5 or more becomes a disastrous failure; attempting to find food may result in toxic or diseased fare, assisting others to prepare against severe weather might result in imposing a penalty instead of a bonus, an attempt to follow tracks could lead to a monster's lair or bandit ambush, or an attempt to avoid getting lost may result in leading companions



into a patch of quicksand. This hex lasts for a number of days equal to half the witch's level. A will save negates this hex. Whether or not they make a successful save a creature cannot be the target of this hex again for 1 day.

*Sungazer's Stare (Su):* The witch can cause a single target within 30 feet to take 1d6 fire damage, and catch on fire if it does not succeed at a Reflex save. While a target remains on fire from this effect, the witch can concentrate on this hex (as with a spell). Each application raises the fire damage taken each round by an additional 1d6 to a maximum of 1d6 per witch's level. A Reflex save negates an increase in the intensity of the spell, but does not douse the flames. These arcane flames affect the target, but not their worn or carried items. Once the flames have been extinguished, the target cannot be subject to this hex again for 24 hours.

*Sunstruck (Su):* The witch can cause a creature within 30 feet to suffer exposure to a brilliant glare, shimmering heat distortions or shadowed vision, such that all foes gain partial concealment against them (20% miss chance) for a number of rounds equal to 1+ the witch's Intelligence modifier. A target cannot be the subject of this hex more than once in a day. This duration can be extended with the Cackle hex.

*This Corrosion (Su):* The witch can cause an object within 30 feet weighing up to 5 lbs. per level to gain the broken condition. If the item is worn or attended by a living creature, that creature is allowed a Will saving throw to negate. An item cannot be affected by this hex again within 24 hours, although other items on the same target can.

*Toll the Bells (Su):* The witch fills the ears of a target within 30 feet with a deafening sound, such as tolling bells, her own cackling laughter, screams of tortured souls, crashing waves, or pealing thunder. The target is deafened for 1d4 rounds, plus 1d4 rounds per 10 Witch levels.. This duration can be extended with the Cackle hex.

*Twist the Ankle (Su):* The witch can curse a single target within 30 feet causing the creature to take 1 hit point of damage and suffer the lamed condition, as if from a caltrop wound. The effects of this curse can be treated in exactly the same method, although the DC is equal to 10 + ½ the witch's level + her Int modifier. Whether or not they are treated a creature cannot be the target of this hex again for 1 day.

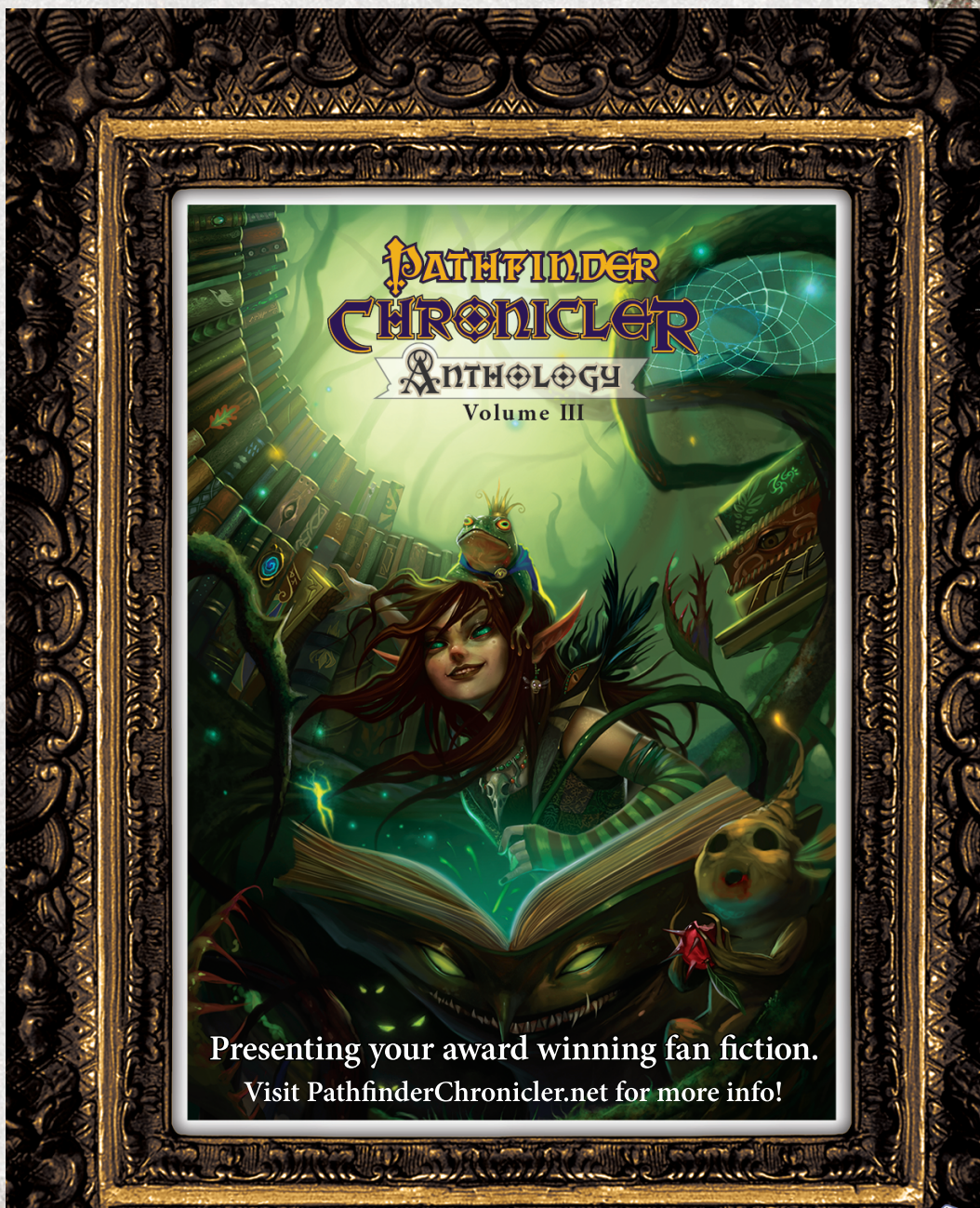
*Water for Blood (Su):* The witch can cause a single living target within 30 feet that has been wounded in the last round by a piercing or slashing attack to suffer a 1d6 bleed effect for 1 round. The bleed effect lasts an additional round for every 5 witch levels, and can be extended by Cackle. Once a target has been affected by this hex, it cannot be affected again for 1 day.

### Major Hexes

*Earn the World's Ire (Su):* The witch can cause the natural world to turn against a target within 30 feet. A Will save negates this

effect, and the target is allowed another each hour to negate the hex. While it lasts the target experiences the effects of wind, cold weather and hot weather as one category worse (a moderate wind affects their ranged attacks as if a severe wind, extreme cold becomes severe cold, or very hot conditions affect the cursed victim as extreme heat), up to their usual maximum effects. Water also becomes more treacherous, with calm waters being treated as fast-moving waters. The target cannot be the target of this hex again for 1 day.

*Sweet Addiction's Call (Su):* The witch can cause a single target within 30 feet to suffer the effects of ingesting a dose of pesh. A successful Fortitude save negates this affect. They suffer the usual effects as though ingesting the drug willingly and must make a check to avoid addiction. Specific variations on this hex that afflict a target with a dose of a different drug are possible, with options from the *Gamemastery Guide* including aether, dwarven fire ale, flayleaf, opium, scour, slaver's drops (*Rival's Guide*), or zerk. If the witch is currently under the effect of the drug she is attempting to cause another to experience, the save DC of the hex increases by +2. The target cannot be the target of this hex again for 1 day. ☹



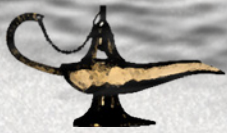
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# Weal Or Woe: Jackals and Shackles

by Kris Vanhoyland  
Art by Todd Westcot



## Weal: Jenesse El-Nakhim

Caravans are a common sight in Katapesh, and so the need for caravan guards is always great. Jenesse El-Nakhim has a reputation for running one of the best agencies answering this need. The woman has short black hair, usually covered with a dark headdress against the burning Katapeshi sun. Her olive skin is marked with simple line pattern tattoos, including her chin, forehead, and both cheeks. The guards she employs make a decent living for themselves, and there's no shortage of work to be doled out. This is normally good, but has led to a rather unfortunate situation. Her younger brother recently went on a trip to Okeno, where he was supposed to peruse the slave markets for eligible employees for their business. Jenesse finds purchased slaves can actually become valued employees when given their freedom, a steady income, and treated with respect.

Her brother should have returned weeks ago, however, and Jenesse is worried something has happened to him in Okeno's lawless streets. With all her hired guards out in the desert on assignments, the first not due to return for at least two weeks, Jenesse has decided to track her brother to Okeno herself. Unbeknownst to Jenesse, her brother was abducted by Baron Kalvryn and is being held in his residence.

## Adventure Hooks

- The PCs might be directed to Jenesse if they're looking to recruit a well-trained guide to traverse the Katapeshi desert.
- A party looking for paying work might learn Jenesse is looking for additional employees.
- Jenesse might approach the PCs for help if they're beset by slavers of some kind.



## Boon

Jenesse has an extensive knowledge about Katapesh, and can prove to be a reliable source of information for a party there. Furthermore, if the PCs help her with her current predicament involving her brother, she might be able to provide the PCs with a cheap escort once her employees return.

## JENESE EL-NAKHIM

CR 5

### XP 1600

Female human (Keleshite) ranger (urban ranger<sup>APG</sup>) 6

LN Medium Humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Senses** Perception +11

### DEFENSE

**AC** 22, **touch** 13, **flat-footed** 19 (+7 armor, +2 Dex, +2 natural, +1 dodge)

**hp** 55 (6d10+18)

**Fort** +7, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** 2 mwk kukris +8/+3 (1d6+2/18–20)

**Ranged** longbow +8/+3 (1d8/x3)

**Special Attacks** favored enemies (gnolls +4, monstrous humanoids +2)

**Ranger Spells Prepared** (CL 3; concentration +5)

1st—*lead blades*<sup>APG</sup>, *longstrider*

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** If Jenesse realizes she's about to enter combat with the one who holds her brother, she casts *lead blades* and *longstrider*, and drinks her potion of *barkskin*.

**During Combat** If Jenesse engages one of her favored enemies (which she might assume Kalvryn is if she hasn't seen him shapeshift), she shares her favored bonus with the PCs. After this she prefers to fight in melee, dual-wielding her kukris with deadly expertise.

**Morale** Jenesse doesn't have a death wish, and withdraws to drink her *potion of cure moderate wounds* if reduced to 12 hp or less.

**Base Statistics** Without *lead blades*, *longstrider*, and her potion of *barkskin*, Jenesse's statistics are AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17; Speed 20; Melee 2 kukris +8/+3 (1d4+2/18–20).

m w k

### STATISTICS

**Str** 15, **Dex** 15, **Con** 13, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 21

**Feats** Dodge, Improved Two-weapon Fighting, Iron Will, Toughness, Two-weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (Kukri)

**Skills** Climb +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +11, Stealth +8, Survival +11, Swim +8

**Languages** Common, Kelish

**SQ** combat styles (two-weapon combat), favored community (Katapesh +2), hunter's bonds (companions), track, trapfinding +3, wild empathy

**Gear** +1 *breastplate*, arrows (20), longbow, mwk kukri (2), *cloak of resistance* +1, *potion of barkskin*, *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), 708 gp



## Woe: Baron Kalvryn

A few months ago, Baron Kalvryn took up residence in Okeno, the city with the largest slave markets in the Inner Sea region. In a short amount of time he's developed a reputation for buying up cheap, useless slaves no one else wants. Unbeknownst to anyone, Baron Kalvryn is actually the jackalwere Kalvryn the Red, so-called because of the uncommon reddish color of his fur. The rather intelligent and ambitious creature left his tribe, frustrated after a failed caravan raid. After wandering the plains and deserts of Katapesh for many weeks, Lamashtu, Mother of Monsters, whispered to him in his dreams and showed him a new path.

Since then, the young jackalwere has become a fanatical worshipper of Lamashtu, going so far as to regard her as his own mother. Kalvryn used his human form to take on the identity of a slave merchant, recruiting some of the local gnomish slavers to do his bidding. He's been buying up cheap slaves left and right, and abducting people he can't buy. He then feeds his captives a foul concoction known as the waters of Lamashtu. Long-term consumption of this substance causes serious deformations, and the cruel jackalwere is hoping to create his own army of misfits loyal to himself and his goddess.

So far he's had mixed success, although some of the more exotic slaves he's bought seem more receptive to the substance. Kalvryn is patient, though, and it's only a matter of time before he becomes a serious threat. Soon he will unleash his creations and attempt to take over Okeno's slave trade.

### Adventure Hooks

- The PCs encounter an escaped slave, starved and deformed, who might be able to lead them to Kalvryn.
- Gnomish associates of Kalvryn waylay the PCs in an attempt to provide him with powerful subjects for his experiments.
- The PCs seek to free an important slave, only to learn that he/she has already been purchased by Kalvryn.

### Drawback

If Kalvryn is defeated, the PCs might find themselves crossing paths with some of the other slave traders of Okeno, who are still unaware of Kalvryn's true nature.

**KALVRYN THE RED** CR 7  
**XP 3200**

Male jackalwere (*Bestiary* 3) cleric of Lamashtu  
6

NE Medium magical beast (shapechanger)

**Init** +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +16

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 21, **touch** 15, **flat-footed** 16 (+5 armor, +4 Dex, +1 natural, +1 dodge)

**hp** 85 (3d10+6d8+42)

**Fort** +12, **Ref** +9, **Will** +10

**DR** 5/cold iron

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** +1 falchion +13/+8 (2d4+8/18-20), bite +7 (1d6+3) or bite +12 (1d6+7)

**Ranged** mwk light crossbow +13 (1d8+1/19-20)



**Special Attacks** channel negative energy 5/day (DC 13, 3d6), sleep gaze (DC 11), weapon intuition

#### Domain Spell-Like Abilities

7/day—*strength surge* (+3)

#### Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 6; concentration +10)

3rd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 17), *cure serious wounds*, *nondetection*<sup>P</sup>, *waters of Lamashtu*<sup>ISWG</sup> (DC 17)

2nd—*bull's strength*<sup>P</sup>, *cure moderate wounds*, *death knell* (DC 16), *disfiguring touch* (DC 16), *hold person* (DC 16)

1st—*command* (2, DC 15), *divine favor*, *enlarge person*<sup>P</sup>, *murderous command* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*spark* (DC 14), *resistance*, *create water*, *detect magic*

**D** Domain spell; **Domains** Deception<sup>APG</sup>, Strength

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Kalvryn prepares for combat by casting *bull's strength* and *divine favor* on himself. Depending on the time of day, he may already have expended his *nondetection* and *waters of Lamashtu* spells.

**During Combat** Kalvryn prefers to fight in his hybrid form to benefit from his bite attack. However, if surprised or encountered in public, he won't shift from his human form. He starts off by using his sleep gaze, followed by channeling negative energy, hoping to confuse his foes into attacking each other. He then continues by casting *hold person* and *blindness/deafness*, preferably targeting martial characters who resisted his confusion and sleep effects. If engaged in melee, he will forgo his spells to power attack with his falchion.

**Morale** Cunning and intelligent, Kalvryn tries to flee if reduced to 20 hp or less, shifting into his jackal form if he thinks it can help him.

**Base Statistics** Without *bull's strength* and *divine favor*, Kalvryn's statistics are Melee +1 Falchion +10/+5 (2d4+4/18-20), bite +4 (1d6+1) or bite +9 (1d6+3); Ranged mwk light crossbow +12 (1d8/19-20); Str 15; CMB +9; CMD 24.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 19, **Dex** 19, **Con** 19, **Int** 15, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 26

**Feats** Alertness, Channel Smite, Dodge, Extra Channel, Power Attack

**Skills** Acrobatics +6 (+2 jump), Bluff +12, Disguise +10, Knowledge (religion) +8, Perception +16, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +12, Stealth +6, Survival +9;

**Racial Modifiers** +2 Bluff, +2 Survival

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Infernal

**SQ** aura, change shape (human, hybrid, and jackal; polymorph), jackal empathy, spontaneous casting, sudden shift 7/day (Deception domain), variant channeling (madness)

**Combat Gear** +1 *hide armor*, +1 *falchion*, crossbow bolts (20), mwk light crossbow; **Other Gear** *dust of dryness*, powdered amber for waters of Lamashtu (worth 500 gp), spell component pouch, platinum unholy symbol of Lamashtu, 268 gp

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Madness Variant Channeling** Kalvryn's channel energy causes affected creatures to become confused, as per the *confusion* spell, until the end of Kalvryn's next turn. ☹

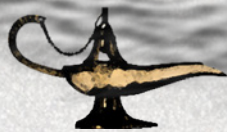


# Gōjarion Gāzellēer:

## Ṣāmār-Kāsh

by Scott “Aberzombie” Abercrombie

Map by Michael “mearrin69” Arrington



Set high amongst the peaks of the south-eastern Zho Mountains in Qadira, the fastness of Samar-Kash is a thriving, but hidden community. Once a peaceful refuge for the elemental-touched, that peace has been shattered by the recent rise of the cult of Hshurha, the Duchess of All Winds and her deadly Scoured Knights.

Samar-Kash was conceived over two centuries ago by a powerful dwarven elemental named Samdin Onyxstaff, his oread wife, and her monastic clan of Irori worshipers. Gathering allies from among other elemental-touched races (in particular a clan of Sivanah venerating sylphs), they chose a tall mountain peak as the site of their refuge. Taking inspiration from his homeland of Highhelm, Samir constructed the main part of the settlement within the peak itself. Many of the sylphs chose to settle the surface of the summit, their buildings hidden by powerful magic.

Since that time, the residents have lived a life of secret harmony. Through the efforts of the powerful Elementalists' Guild they made contact with friendly denizens of the elemental planes, establishing trade, while the illusions of the Cult of Sivanah kept the settlement hidden from the many dangers the mountains had to offer.

Some years ago, however, this tranquil existence was shattered by attacks from a vicious harpy priestess of Pazuzu, Demon Lord of the Sky, and her army of winged monstrosities. The fighting was terrible, and at first all seemed lost. Only the timely intervention of **Amarra Stormheart** and her army of air elementals turned the tide. But the price was steep, as since that time Amarra has gained incredible influence in the name of her mistress, the goddess Hushurha.

### Overview

The hidden refuge of Samar-Kash sits upon and within one of the higher peaks of the Zho Mountains in Qadira. Near its peak, the mountain is

pierced by numerous tunnels, all leading to a magically enhanced cavern. The oval cavern stretches roughly 475 feet east to west and 300 feet north to south. Massive crystal formations, grown by elemental magic, cover the ceiling of the cavern and protrude onto the mountain's surface, channeling sunlight down into the otherwise light-less city. A dark lake sits in the center of the cavern, with a massive pillar protruding from its center to support the ceiling high above. The houses and towers of the city are primarily within the cavern, but some also rest upon outer ledges, accessible by the many tunnels that pierce the walls. The surface tunnel exits and ledge houses are all kept hidden by powerful illusions woven by the Cult of Sivanah, disguising the architecture as part of the mountain itself.

The city is ruled by a council whose members include leaders of some of the settlement's more powerful and influential factions. The current head of the council is the oread clan lord **Durgendar** (LN male oread monk 8/ cleric of Irori 6).

### A. The Precipitous Path

For those lacking the ability to fly, this winding and treacherous mountain trail is the only way to and from the city. It descends thousands of feet, sometimes across the surface of the mountain, sometimes within it. The path has only ever been guarded during times of trouble. Lately, however, the path itself seems to be trouble, as several would-be travelers have fallen to their death. Those who have successfully traversed it speak of strong winds nearly tearing them from the trail.

### B. The Watch Towers

Carved out of the sheer rock, these towers are in truth nothing more than 25 foot diameter shafts rising up through the mountain itself to form true towers on the mountain slopes and is disguised by illusion. Stairs encircle the entire shaft, leading up to a single chamber at the top of each. These chambers contain windows where eagle-eyed guards can watch for airborne threats to the city.

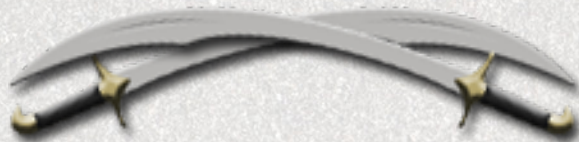
### C. Lake

This small, artificial lake (another product of Samir's magic), has long provided a source of both water and food (in the form of fish) to the people of Samar-Kash. Fresh water from snow melt and fierce mountain storms falls from hundreds of small cracks across the cavern ceiling, creating periodic showers of rain that are often enhanced by the glamors

of Sivanah's cult. A massive pillar rises from the center of the lake to the cavern ceiling. Occasional balconies along its length mark the entrances to living chambers carved out by some of the sylphs.

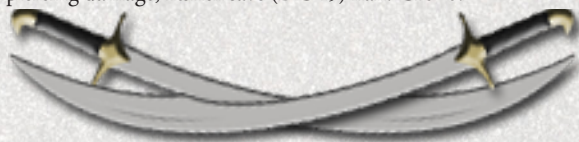
### D. Founder's Rest

This massive, domed building serves as both the final resting place for Samir Onyxstaff and his wife and as a temple dedicated to Irori (with shrines to several empyreal lords also worshiped by the oreads). The building also serves as a meeting place for the ruling council, led by Durgendar. The normally peaceful oread lord has become very concerned over the influence Hshurha's cult has gained throughout the city—so much so that he has considered convening the ruling council to discuss the potential banishment of the fanatics.



### Scoured Knights

Only the most fanatical of Hshurha's humanoid worshipers are allowed to become Scoured Knights, and even then only at the goddess' command. Those so called are flensed of all flesh by a powerful air elemental, merging with the outsider in a new form. Scoured Knights appear as man-sized beings of air, within which hover the bones that once supported the flesh that was sacrificed. In game terms, a Scoured Knight is a variant Invisible Stalker. The creature becomes a native outsider, switching out ranks in Survival for ranks in Knowledge (religion). The Scoured Knight loses the Invisible Stalker's natural invisibility, but gains a breath weapon—a 30 ft. cone of razor-sharp bone shards 3/day, 2d6 piercing damage, Reflex save (DC 19) half. CR +0.





# Şamar-Kaşh



## E. Hall of the Four

This large building is home to one of the city's two wizardly orders—the Elementalist's Guild. These wizards are responsible for the primary upkeep of the main cavern, as well as controlling access to the elemental planes (and thus trade with the denizens of those planes). Led by the water specialist wizard **Eldin Luminar**, the guild is quite wealthy and influential.

## F. The Tower Miraja

This large stone tower, its wall forever changing color in a whirlwind of patterns, sits at the edge of a large shelf on the mountain's northern face. Within, the followers of the Seventh Veil weave the powerful illusions that help disguise the surface parts of the city and bend the minds of those who seek its secrets. The leader of the order, **Ayahla of the Ever-shifting Hues**, only recently took over from her predecessor who was killed in a tragic accident while repairing one of the illusions on the south slope.

## G. The Temple of All Winds

This large, isolated ledge along the north face serves as an open-air temple to Hshurha, Lady of the Air Elementals, Duchess of All Winds. Here the faithful, led by Amarra Stormheart, seek to gain the favor of their goddess by periodically casting off their flesh (via elemental body spells) or (rumor has it) blood sacrifice. It is also known that the more fanatical of Hshurha's worshippers are called on to subject themselves to The Scouring—a ritual wherein they are sealed inside a sphere of magical force with several pounds of sand and a powerful air elemental. The raging elemental then whips the sand into a fury, stripping the flesh from the participant and merging with them. The resulting horror is a Scoured Knight—a creature of air with its own former bones still swirling within, completely dedicated to Hshurha and her hatred of all things flesh.

Though she has led the cult through its founding in Samar-Kash several years ago, Amarra has yet to be chosen for this honor, something that has only served to increase her hatred of the flesh—she is “imprisoned” within. The temple has no statues and no murals. The only altar is the open sky. A series of small tunnels and caves near the rear of the ledge are said to hold a secret gate to the Plane of Elemental Air, as well as the Tempest Chamber, wherein the Scoured Knights are created.

### SAMAR-KASH

N small town

**Corruption** -2; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +0; **Law** +1; **Lore** +1; **Society** +2

**Qualities** insular, holy site, racially intolerant (ifrits), magically attuned

**Danger** +5

### DEMOGRAPHICS

**Government** council

**Population** 500 (300 sylphs, 150 Oreads, 25 Suli-Jann, 25 other)

### NOTABLE NPCs

**Durgendar** (LN male oread monk 8/cleric of Irori 6), Master of the Council

**Ayahla of the Ever-shifting Hues** (N female suli-jann illusionist 9), council member, Mistress of Tower Miraja

**Amarra Stormheart** (NE female sylph cleric of Hshurha 13), council member, High Priestess of Hshurha

**Eldin Luminar** (NG male half-elf wizard [water elemental] 12), council member, Head of the Elementalist's Guild

### MARKETPLACE

**Base Value** 1,200 gp; **Purchase Limit** 6,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 6th  
**Minor Items** 3d4; **Medium Items** 1d6; **Major Items** —



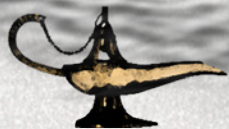
# Profit of the Prophet

## A Beginner Box Adventure

by Mark Garringer

Art by Darran “haunted Jester”  
Caldemeyer

Map by Alex “Canada Guy” Moore



**P**rofit of the Prophet is a short adventure for four 3rd level characters, set in and under the trade capital of Katapesh. The city and country of Katapesh are featured in Paizo Publishing material beyond what is included in the Beginner Box. For more information on Katapesh, please refer to the *Inner Sea World Guide* or <http://pathfinderwiki.com>.

*Profit of the Prophet* assumes you are familiar with how to run an adventure and have the Beginner Box material handy. It also makes use of several new monster stat blocks, which are included in this issue of *Wayfinder*. The following background information is intended to provide the Game Master additional context.

\*\*\*

Far from the nation of Varisia and the continent of Avistan, south and east across the Inner Sea lies the continent of Garund. Garund is a land of dangers, desert empires, demonic jungles, and fearsome magical kingdoms at war with each other. On the eastern shore of Garund lies the nation of Katapesh, and its capital city of the same name. The trade port of Katapesh is unlike anything else in the whole of Golarion. It is the claim of both the merchants and their customers that if it isn't for sale in Katapesh, it doesn't exist. One particular commodity, though, is the source of some controversy—slaves.

The slave pens and auction squares are well known throughout the Inner Sea region by those who both support and oppose this practice. Katapesh is ruled by a mysterious cabal of merchants known as the Pactmasters of Katapesh, who take a very relaxed view of such transactions. Slaves sold within the city are legal, provided all the proper licensing fees and property transfer taxes have been paid. Kidnapping within the city is illegal, but slaves brought into the city go for fair market value. The Pactmasters show no sympathy for how one finds herself on the auction block.

Over the years a particularly brutal form of politically motivated kidnapping has flourished. Rival families or businesses hire gnoll slavers to kidnap a target and then auction them off in the open market. This generally yields more than a traditional ransom, even after the slavers are paid, and winds up being perfectly legal so long

as the paperwork is in order, and the appropriate licenses have been maintained.

Three weeks ago a young lord of the Muali merchant family was kidnaped just outside the city walls. Vadi Muali, only 17 years old, has repeatedly shown the qualities that will one day place him in charge of the expanding Muali Mercantile Export Company. Vadi has been touched by the gods with the gift of prophecy, which his mother and uncles have been molding into a keen business sense. A group of gnoll slavers known as the Iron Shackles have taken the young man into their sewer hideout under the city, in preparation for his upcoming auction.

**BEGIN READING ALOUD TO START THE ADVENTURE!**

### Jerikal's Ales

---

Shortly after disembarking from your long voyage aboard Sunrise's Kiss you find your way to Jerikal's Ales. The cantina is reputed to be the best in the Docks and all of Katapesh according to the owner, a well-fed dwarf for whom the establishment is named. The common room is artfully decorated in a blue and red motif, featuring several beautifully crafted sculptures and many fresh cut flowers.

As you enter the common room, a veiled and robed woman approaches. "Please, foreigners, allow me to extend the hospitality of the Muali Mercantile Export Company. I am Nazia Sumi at your service." She bows her head slightly as she raises her hands, palm up. She then motions toward a private room off the common area, calling to "Jerikal, food and drink for my friends!"

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The PCs may be suspicious of this sudden offer of friendship, free food and drink; allow them to make Sense Motive checks if that is the case. Nazia's offer of friendship is genuine, but very forward. She has much to tell them, but is not lying or attempting to deceive them.

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"Please, my friends, time is short," she begins. "I know that you are new to Katapesh, fresh off the boat as it were. As I said, I am Nazia Sumi. I represent the Muali Mercantile Export Company, a rapidly growing merchant family. Beside the shrewd and profitable business dealings under the glorious leadership of Mirza Muali, her youngest son Vadi has been blessed by the gods! He has been granted visions of the future, which his mother has found most helpful in expanding the wealth and prestige of the Mercantile. Three weeks ago, while returning from completing a deal in Solku, his palanquin was attacked. He was kidnapped by a gang of gnoll slavers known as the Iron Shackles. Rather than simply demand a ransom for his return they will sell him at slave auction, hoping to fetch a huge price for our young lord. I have been authorized by Mirza Muali to pay you 500 gold apiece for the safe return of Vadi. The next auction is in three days."

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The PCs may have questions for Nazia. Below are some likely questions and answers.

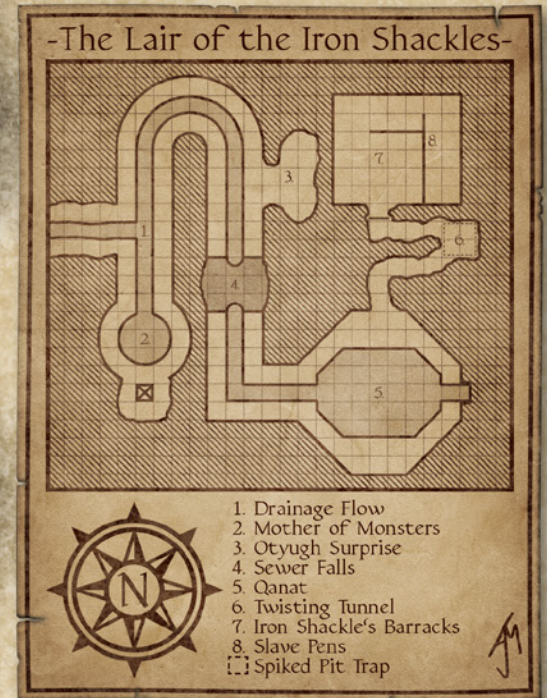
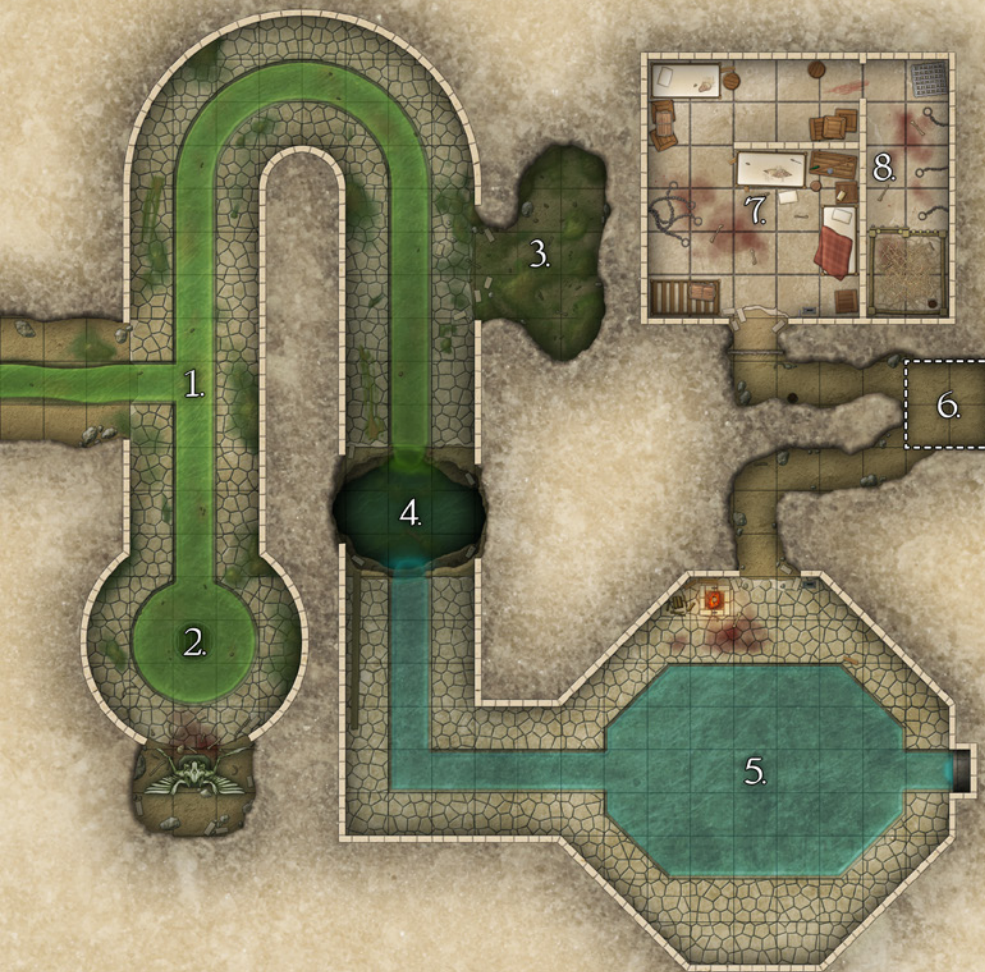
**Why not go to the authorities?** "Our customs may seem strange to you, but Vadi entered the city as a slave and may be legally sold as such at a slave auction. The Zephyr Guard will be of little assistance."

**Why not buy Vadi back at the auction?** "Because of his gift, the auction is likely to go much higher than Mirza Muali can pay in the open market."



# PROFIT -OF THE- PROPHET

"If it isn't for sale in Katapesh,  
it doesn't exist."



**Why not attack the slavers on the way to auction?** "Perhaps where you come from murder in the streets is legal, but I assure you here in Katapesh it is not. Vadi entered the city as a slave and is therefore their property."

**What can you tell us about the Iron Shackles?** "A vile pack of gnoll slavers who operate in and around the city of Katapesh. They are rumored to keep a slave pen in the sewers under the city. They are known to be of the Spotted Hide tribe, and worshippers of dark, monstrous gods."

**Do you know where this slave pen is?** "If we knew that, brave adventurers, I would have most certainly shared it with you already."

**Why couldn't he predict his future kidnapping?** "Vadi cannot see everything that is to transpire in the future, it requires a degree of ... anticipation. Trade deals and harvest yields are well suited to his gifts, the random acts of strangers are not."

**Development:** The PCs may try negotiate a better pay rate. For every 5 points by which they exceed a DC 13 **Diplomacy** check, Nazia is willing to offer an additional 100 gp up to a total of 1,000 gp per person.

## The Lower City Bazaar

The Docks area of Katapesh is part of a larger district of the city known as the Lower City. It is almost entirely made up of what is called the Lower City Bazaar. Crammed with carts, tents, kiosks, buildings or just rugs laid out covered in wares, the Lower City Bazaar is the place to buy or sell anything in Katapesh. Information brokers, merchants of all stripes, message delivery services, priests of gods real and imagined...all can be found here.

In order for the PCs to learn the location of the Iron Shackles'

hidden sewer hideout, they'll need to talk to the locals. Have the PCs designate one player to make the primary **Diplomacy** check to gather information. Before that player makes her check, have each PC wishing to assist in searching this huge bazaar make a DC 10 **Diplomacy** check. Each success adds a +2 to the primary player's check. Finding the right person to talk to requires the primary PC to succeed at a DC 20 **Diplomacy** check, and the search will take 1d4 hours. Should the PCs succeed they are directed to a gnoll spice merchant named Nabwa. In addition, they can learn the following information from their efforts:

**15+** The Zephyr Guard are legally powerless to stop kidnappings that happen outside the city walls.

**20+** Vadi's kidnapping has caused quite a stir among many local merchants who are scraping together coin to bid in what is expected to be a very expensive auction. The spice merchant Nabwa likely knows more about the Iron Shackles.

**25+** The Iron Shackles gang is led by a female gnoll named Nitsud Kram who worships a dark Goddess known as the Mother of Monsters.

Following a twisting, turning alley, you finally come to a wagon with shelves mounted on the side, stacked with jars and urns of strange and pungent powders, spices, dried flowers, seed pods, and other less recognizable things. A hunched gnoll, dressed in light purple robes trimmed with crimson, watches your approach. He smiles, opening his arms wide. "Peace be upon you, how may this one assist you? Cinnamon? Lashun? This one has seven different types of mirchi. Tell this one what you desire."



**Development:** Nabwa is an hard working spice merchant, and a small time information broker. He ran afoul of the Iron Shackles a few months ago when his brother, Munga, was kidnapped outside the city walls and sold at auction. Nabwa had no favors to call in and was unable to raise the money in time to make a successful bid for his brother's freedom. Munga was sold as a slave to a mining company and reportedly is working in the mountains of western Katapesh, far from the capital city. Nabwa begins the encounter indifferent, but if made friendly he will be happy to help the PCs by revealing a sewer entrance near a qanat where the Iron Shackles make their hideout. Every 20 gp worth of spices purchased (or offered as a 'gift' to Nabwa) adds a +5 circumstance bonus to a Diplomacy check to improve his attitude.

## The Lair of the Iron Shackles

### 1: Drainage flow (XP none)

After following the sewer tunnels as Nabwa described, you eventually reach a tunnel where the rock walls have been dug through. In the middle of the elevated tunnel a channel of sewage runs downhill flowing both north and south. From the north the sound of crashing water can be heard.

**Development:** The channel of raw sewage is 5 feet wide and any PC attempting to cross the channel must succeed at a DC 9 **Acrobatics** check or fall in. Any PC who falls into the sewage must make a DC 15 Fort save or become nauseated for 1d4+1 rounds.

### 2: Mother of Monsters (XP none)

The sewer tunnel slopes downward to a dead end with the sewage collecting into a deep pool. The southern end of the tunnel contains a humanoid sized stone statue of a pregnant jackal-headed woman wielding a weapon in each hand.

**Development:** Any non-gnoll humanoid passing within 10 ft of the statue must make a DC 14 Will save or be affected by an aura of madness emanating from it. Those affected suffer a -2 penalty on all attack rolls, weapon damage rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks for 1d6 minutes.

**Statue:** The jackal-headed woman's form is obviously pregnant, with a tail resembling a serpent, feet ending in talons like those of a large bird, and feathered wings sprouting from its shoulder blades. The forehead of its jackal face has a vertical third eye. She wields a falchion in one hand and a kukri in the other. Both weapons are part of the stone statue. A successful DC 20 **Knowledge (religion)** check identifies the statue as Lamashtu, the Mother of Monsters, believed to be the goddess who first birthed gnolls into the world.

### 3: Otyugh surprise CR 4 (XP 1,200)

The tunnel continues its downward grade south and the roar of crashing water becomes louder. The eastern wall has collapsed and a foul-smelling cavern dug into the earth. Rotting bits of unidentifiable muck are everywhere on the walls and floor of this cavern.

**Creature:** Living in this filth is a strange, three-legged creature with a massive mouth and tentacles. Unhappy to have intruders in its home, it attacks!

**Treasure:** Buried in the disgusting muck is a *wand of remove fear* and a +1 *light steel shield*. Digging through the muck, however, is the same as falling into the sewage; anyone doing so must succeed on a DC 15 Fort save or become nauseated for 1d4+1 rounds. This treasure replaces the random treasure roll indicated in the stat block on page 81.

## OTYUGH

(CR 4; XP 1,200)

hp 39 (Wayfinder #10 83)

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** The otyugh attempts to ambush the approaching PCs using Stealth while in its lair.

**During Combat** The otyugh lashes out with its tentacles attempting to bite anyone it has successfully grabbed.

### 4: Sewer falls (XP 800)

A large section of the tunnel has collapsed here, creating sewage falls on both sides of the chasm which crash down into a pool some 60 feet below. On the south side of the chasm a long plank lies against the western wall.

**Development:** The chasm is 15 feet across at its shortest point and crossing requires succeeding at a DC 19 **Acrobatics** check. The chasm is 60 feet deep; a PC falling suffers 6d6 points of falling damage. The sewage pool at the bottom is only a few feet deep, as it continues to seep deeper into the ground. Anyone falling into the pool must succeed on a DC 12 Fort save or become nauseated for 1d4+1 rounds. The flow from the south side of the chasm is potable water.

**Plank:** The plank is long enough to cross the chasm, but because of the length is quite difficult to maneuver. To successfully place the plank across the chasm requires a DC 15 **Strength** check. Each additional PC assisting to place the plank reduces the DC by 5.

### 5: Qanat CR 5 (XP 1,600)

This large, octagonal chamber contains a large reservoir of water which flows in from a five foot hole in the eastern wall. A tunnel is carved into the northern wall, disappearing into darkness. On the western side of the tunnel entrance there is a fire pit, dry wood, and a spit set up. Opposite the fire pit is a three foot long iron lever pushed all the way to the western position.

**Creatures:** Several gnolls are along the north side of the reservoir preparing a meal and otherwise relaxing. The gnolls are not expecting uninvited guests and immediately attack!

**Iron lever:** The lever is one of two such control levers for the pit trap in **Area 6**. When the lever is in the western position the pit trap is enabled, as it is at the beginning of this encounter. If moved to the eastern position the pit trap is disabled. Changing the position of the lever gives no immediate indication of the trap's status. A DC 15 **Disable Device** check could jam the lever into its current position, requiring a subsequent DC 20 **Disable Device** or **Strength** check to unjam.

**Reservoir:** The water is only two to three feet deep here, but counts as difficult terrain to move through.

**Treasure:** In addition to their gear, each gnoll carries a *potion of cure light wounds* and 38 gp.

## GNOLLS (4)

(CR 1; XP 400 EACH)

hp 11 (Wayfinder #10 82)

### TACTICS

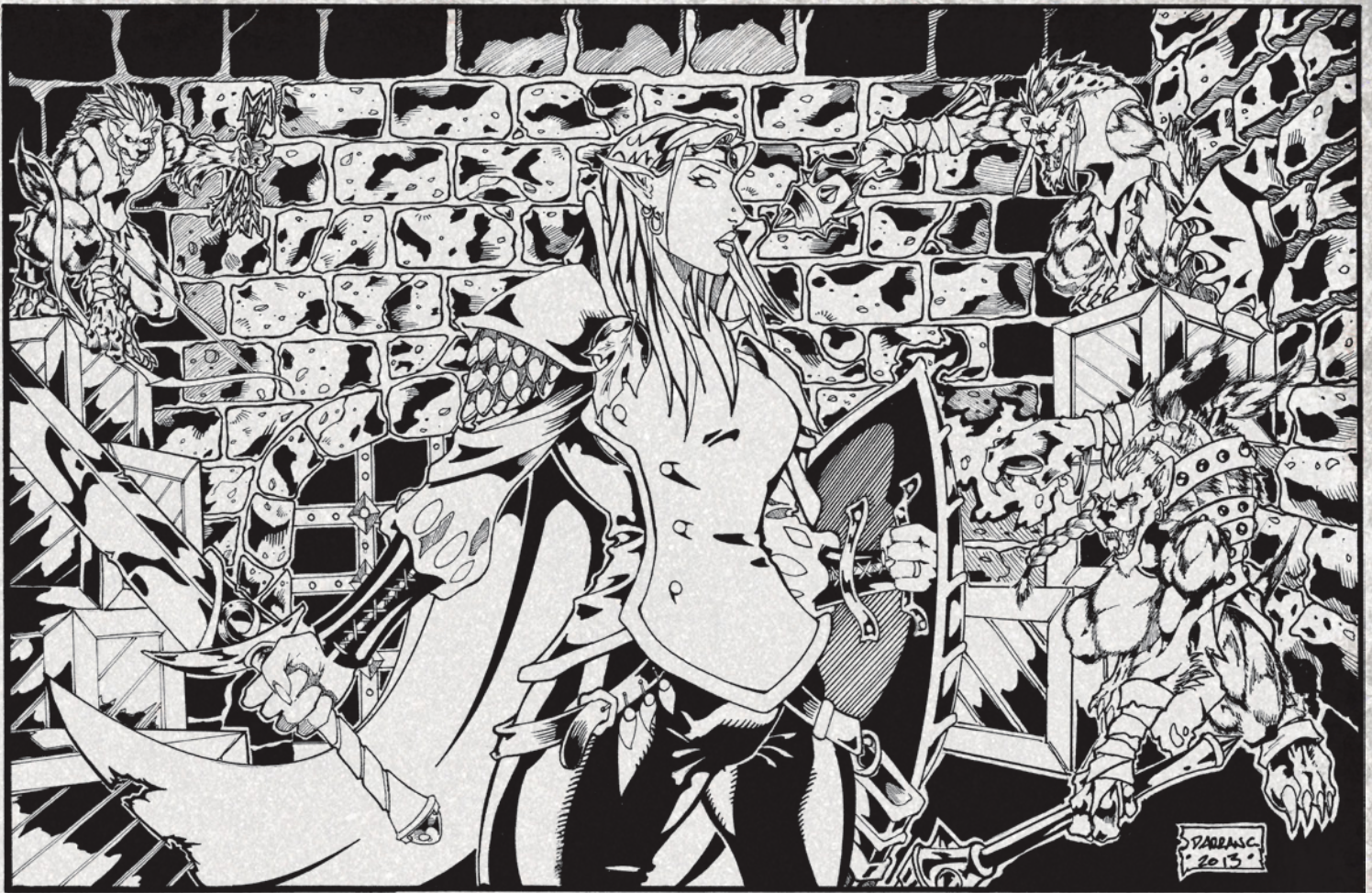
**During Combat** The gnolls prefer to fight in pairs, with each pair trying to flank a single target.

### 6: Twisting tunnel CR 3 (XP 800)

The tunnel winds through the rock, narrowing and widening with uneven craftsmanship. The eastern corner rounds into a much wider space.

**Development:** If the pit trap has not been disabled from **Area**





6 or Area 7, the floor falls open a few seconds after more than 30 pounds of weight has been applied. The pit is only 10 feet deep, but is filled with jagged spikes.

**CAMOUFLAGED SPIKED PIT TRAP** **CR 3 (XP 800)**

**Type** mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 20  
**Trigger** location; **Reset** manual

**EFFECTS**

10-ft.-deep pit (1d6 falling damage); pit spikes (Attack +10 melee, 1d4 spikes per target for 1d4+2 damage each spike); DC 20 Reflex avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-square area)

**7: Iron Shackles barracks** **CR 6 (XP 2,400)**

A large storeroom with well carved stone bricks is packed with many crates, a few bunks, and the near overwhelming stench of wet fur. The south end of the room has an iron portcullis, a wall mounted lever, and a three foot iron lever in the floor. Several empty iron slave chain collars are anchored to a ring bolted to the western wall.

**Creatures:** This is the main living area for the Iron Shackles gang. Currently the leader, Nitsud Kram, and 2 other gnolls are here. They attack immediately.

**Iron lever:** This lever functions the same as the lever in **Area 5**.

**Treasure:** Among the crates and supplies here are some valuable trade goods, a case of fine wine worth 200 gp and some specially packed spices worth 100 gp. Nitsud also carries a ring of keys which open the assorted slave collars. (Nitsud's gear will make up the rest of the -1,100 gp)

**Wall lever:** The wall lever raises or lowers (and locks in place)

the iron portcullis bars.

**NITSUD KRAM** **(CR 4; XP 1,200)**

**hp** 37 (Wayfinder #10 83)

**TACTICS**

**During Combat** Nitsud begins combat by casting *shield of faith* on herself, then tries to use her *touch of chaos* while her gnolls attack.

**GNOLLS (3)** **(CR 1; XP 400 EACH)**

**hp** 11 (Wayfinder #10 82)

**TACTICS**

**During Combat** The gnolls prefer to fight in pairs, with each pair trying to flank a single target.

**8: Slave Pens (XP none)**

The area is crammed full of pens, cages, chains, and rings attached to the walls. The stench here is even worse.

**Development:** All of the cages are currently empty, except for one. Vadi Muali is grateful but aloof. He smiles at the PCs as they free him, saying "It is as the gods have shown me. My thanks, and the thanks of my family upon you."

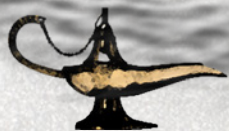
**Concluding the adventure**

Vadi is eager to be reunited with his family, leading the PCs to his family's luxurious home located in the Dawn Gate district. Mirza Muali is beside herself with jubilation at Vadi's return, and has Nazia pay them the agreed upon sum immediately. She invites them to stay in her home for several days to rest, recover, and plan their next move in the great city of Katapesh!



# Beginner Box Conversion For Use with Profit of the Prophet

by Mark Garringer  
Art by Danny Hedager Krog, Darran  
"haunted Jester" Caldemeyer, and  
Dave Mallon



## Print-and-Play Pawns

These pawns are compatible with the bases in your *Beginner Box*. Print this page and cut them out, then tape them over your existing *Beginner Box* pawns. You can also print them on heavy cardstock and fold a small scrap of cardstock against the bottom edge to fit them in the *Beginner Box* pawn bases. Note that Otyugh is a Large creature who takes up two squares.



OTYUGH



GNOLL



GNOLL



NITSUD KRAM

## GNOLL

CHAOTIC EVIL HUMANOID

Hunched and feral, this furred, hyena-headed humanoid stands slightly taller than the average human.

INITIATIVE +0	SPEED 30 FT.	CR 1	XP 400	HP 11
SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT.			PERCEPTION +2	



## DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15  
FORT +4, REF +0, WILL +0

## OFFENSE

MELEE (standard action) heavy mace +3 (1d8+3)  
RANGED longbow +1 (1d8/x3)

## STATISTICS

STR +2, DEX +0, CON +1, INT -1, WIS +0, CHA -1  
SKILLS Perception +2

## ITEMS

EQUIPMENT heavy steel shield, leather armor, masterwork heavy mace, longbow with 20 arrows  
TREASURE 1 Minor Random Treasure roll (*Beginner Box: Game Master's Guide*)



# NITSUD KRAM

FEMALE CHAOTIC EVIL GNOLL CLERIC OF LAMASHTU

INITIATIVE +4 | SPEED 30 FT. | CR 4 | XP 1,600 | HP 37  
SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT. | PERCEPTION +4



## DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16  
FORT +9, REF +4, WILL +6

## OFFENSE

**MELEE (standard action)** masterwork heavy mace +6 (1d8+1)

**RANGED** light crossbow +4 (1d8/19-20x2)

### SPECIAL ATTACKS

**SPELLS** (caster level 4)

2<sup>nd</sup>—*bull's strength, darkness*

1<sup>st</sup>—*bles, cause fear* (DC 12), *doom* (DC 12), *shield of faith*  
orisons—*detect magic, light, read magic, stabilize*

## STATISTICS

STR +1, DEX +0, CON +1, INT -1, WIS +1, CHA -1

**SKILLS** Perception +4, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +3

## ITEMS

**EQUIPMENT** *cloak of resistance* +1, heavy steel shield, light crossbow and 20 bolts, masterwork heavy mace, studded leather armor

**TREASURE** 1 Major Random Treasure roll (*Beginner Box: Game Master's Guide*)

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**CHANNEL ENERGY** Nitsud Kram's channel energy either damages living creatures (except the cleric) within 30 feet for 2d6 damage (Will save DC 13 for half damage) or heals undead creatures within 30 feet for 2d6 damage. The cleric can use channel energy twice per day.

**TOUCH OF CHAOS** Four times per day, Nitsud Kram can call upon her dark goddess and make a melee touch attack (with a total bonus of +5 on the roll) that leaves the target in a state of chaos for 1 round. Until the start of Nitsud Kram's next round, whenever the target rolls a d20 she rolls 2d20 instead, taking the lowest result.

# OTYUGH

CHAOTIC EVIL ABERRATION

This three-legged freak is mostly mouth. Three tentacles, two tipped with barbs and one with eyes, extend from its sides.

INITIATIVE +0 | SPEED 20 FT. | CR 4 | XP 1,200 | HP 39  
SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT., SCENT | PERCEPTION +9



## DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17  
FORT +3, REF +2, WILL +6  
IMMUNE disease

## OFFENSE

**MELEE (standard action)** bite +7 (1d8+4 plus disease)

**MELEE (move and standard action)** bite +7 (1d8+4 plus disease), 2 tentacles +3 (1d6+2 plus grab)

**SPECIAL ATTACKS** constrict (tentacle, 1d6+2)

## STATISTICS

STR +4, DEX +0, CON +1, INT -3, WIS +1, CHA -2

**SKILLS** Perception +9, Stealth +2 (+10 in lair)

## ITEMS

**EQUIPMENT** none

**TREASURE** 2 Major Random Treasure rolls (*Beginner Box: Game Master's Guide*)

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**SICKNESS** Whenever an otyugh bites a foe, that creature must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or become sickened. Each day after the first, the creature can attempt another DC 14 Fortitude save to remove this condition. Sickened creatures take a -2 penalty on all attack rolls, weapon damage rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks.

**LARGE** An otyugh is a Large creature. It takes up a 10-foot-by-10-foot space (2 squares by 2 squares).

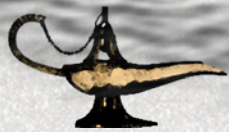
**LONG REACH** An otyugh can make its tentacle melee attack against creatures 5 feet (1 square), 10 feet (2 squares), or 15 feet (3 squares) away from it. ๓



# Bēšliāry

by Matt “Enderin” Rupprecht, Joe “Broken” Medley, Christoph “RuyanVe” Gimmler, Ed “Odraude” Ortiz, Jr., Alex “Canada Guy” Moore, Ian “Set” Turner, Jeff “Shadowborn” Lee, Will Cooper, Becky “Corvidimus” Barnes, and Guy “ulgulanoth” Fox

Art by Jason Kirckof, Audrey Medley, James M. Keegan, Tyler Clark, Chris Kimball, Becky “Corvidimus” Barnes, Alex “Canada Guy” Moore, W. Kristoph Nolen, and Matthew Stinson



## Aaadeem-Sahreah (Great Lizard)

*This large crocodile-like reptile lunges forward from the rocks on eight powerful legs. Four glowing red lines trace themselves from its powerful legs to its head, and its jaw is lined with red-hot teeth.*

### AAADEEM-SAHREAH

CR 4

XP 1,200

N Large magical beast

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9

### DEFENSE

**AC** 17, touch 10, flat-footed 16 (+1 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 42 (5d10+15)

**Fort** +7, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

**Resist** fire 10

**Weakness** vulnerability to cold

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.; climb 20 ft.; sprint

**Melee** bite +9 (1d8+7 plus 2d6 fire and grab)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** searing jaws

### STATISTICS

**Str** 20, **Dex** 12, **Con** 17, **Int** 1, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 2

**Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +11 (+15 grapple); **CMD** 22 (34 vs. trip)  
**Feats** Acrobatic Steps<sup>B</sup>, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception)  
**Skills** Climb +9, Perception +9, Stealth +2 (+10 in rocky or mountainous environments); **Racial Modifiers** +8 Stealth in rocky or mountainous environments

### ECOLOGY

**Environment** scrub and rocky hills

**Organization** solitary, pair, or pack (2–6)

**Treasure** none

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Searing Jaws (Ex)** When an aaadeem-sahreah succeeds on a check to maintain a grapple, it can superheat its metal-like teeth, dealing 4d6 fire damage in addition to any other effects of the successful check.

**Sprint (Ex)** Once per minute an aaadeem-sahreah may sprint, increasing its land speed to 60 feet for 1 round.

The aaadeem-sahreah is an apex ambush predator native to the mountainous foothills and scrubland of Qadira, eastern Casmeron, and across the Obari Ocean from Katapesh to Nex. A possible distant relative of basilisks, the aaadeem-sahreah has the body of a large alligator with eight powerful legs. A cunning hunter, its armored scaly hide is capable of changing color to camouflage its body against the rocks and scrubland in which it lives. Lines of red scales form stripes running from its clawed feet, down its back and past its blood red eyes, ending at its toothy maw. The aaadeem-sahreah's powerful legs make it agile over rocks and boulders, and in short bursts the beast can lunge forward surprisingly fast.

Thought to be elemental- or genie-touched, the aaadeem-sahreah can syphon heat from the sunbaked earth and channel it into its metal-like teeth, causing them to glow red-hot. While doing so, the area around its feet chills, creating a short-lived hoar frost as the stripes along its body pulse with a red glow.

## Death's Head Cobra

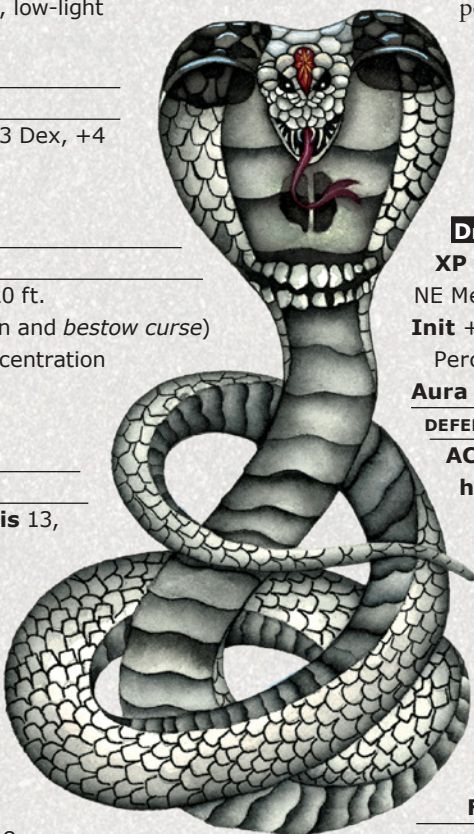
*This black-and-white-colored snake assumes an aggressive posture, its hissing mouth open to display its fangs. Embedded atop its head is a gleaming ruby. When it opens its hood to strike, a distinctive skull-shaped pattern can be seen in its markings.*





**DEATH'S HEAD COBRA****CR 9****XP 6,400**

N Medium magical beast

**Init** +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +15**Aura** fear (60-ft. radius, DC 18)**DEFENSE****AC** 23, touch 13, flat-footed 20 (+3 Dex, +4 shield, +6 natural)**hp** 108 (12d10+48)**Fort** +11, **Ref** +11, **Will** +7**OFFENSE****Speed** 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 20 ft.**Melee** bite +16 (1d6-1 plus poison and *bestow curse*)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 9th; concentration +11)Constant—*shield*1/day—*false life***STATISTICS****Str** 8, **Dex** 17, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 24 (can't be tripped)**Feats** Ability Focus (*bestow curse*), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (bite)**Skills** Acrobatics +17, Climb +13, Perception +15, Stealth +18, Swim +13; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +4 Stealth, +8 Acrobatics**ECOLOGY****Environment** any temperate or warm**Organization** solitary**Treasure** single jewel (1d12 x 500 gp ruby)**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Poison (Ex)** Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 19; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d3 Con; *cure* 1 save.**Bestow Curse (Su)** Any living creature a death's head cobrastrikes with its bite attack must succeed at a DC 20 Will save or suffer from the effects of *bestow curse*. The curse weakens the creature so it suffers from a -4 penalty on attack rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks. Creatures can only be affected once by an individual death's head cobra's curse. The save DC is Charisma-based.**Fear Aura (Su)** Creatures of fewer than 5 HD in a 60-foot radius that look at the death's head cobra must succeed at a DC 18 Will save or become frightened for a number of rounds equal to the death's head cobra's Hit Dice. Creatures with 5 HD or more must succeed at a Will save or be shaken for a number of rounds equal to the death's head cobra's Hit Dice. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same death's head cobra's aura for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting fear effect.

These serpents are the descendants of a lich's familiar, whose foul magic made it just as corrupt as its master. A death's head cobra's venom is laced with necromantic power, cursing those it bites. Its potent venom and magical defenses ensure that few who meet it in the desert live to tell the tale of their encounter.

**Desert Fury**

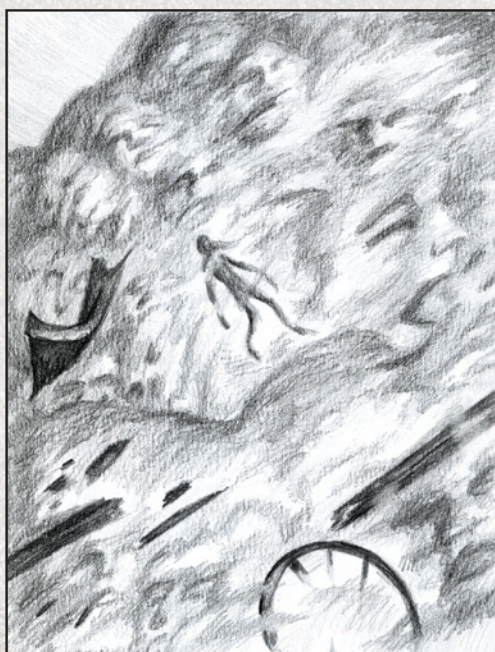
*A furious cyclone of sand churns across the desert floor. Within its dark clouds of debris, faces can be seen wailing in horror.*

**DESERT FURY****CR 10****XP 9,600**

NE Medium undead

**Init** +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., life sense 60 ft.; Perception +0**Aura** desert storm (300 ft.-radius, DC 18)**DEFENSE****AC** 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+4 Dex, +6 natural)**hp** 127 (15d8+60)**Fort** +8, **Ref** +9, **Will** +9**DR** 10/slashing; **Immune** undead traits**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** 2 slams +16 (1d6+5 plus grab)**Special Attack** trapped souls**STATISTICS****Str** 20, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 17**Base Atk** +11; **CMB** +16 (+20 to grapple); **CMD** 30**Feats** Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Toughness<sup>B</sup>**ECOLOGY****Environment** warm deserts**Organization** solitary**Treasure** none**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Desert Storm (Su)** A desert fury generates intense winds that surround it in a churning sandstorm. This aura acts as a constant *control winds* (CL 15), except that it always produces a greater duststorm (see Environment in the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook™*).**Trapped Souls (Su)** The soul of a creature slain by a desert fury or its desert storm aura becomes trapped within the storm. That creature cannot be brought back to life until the desert fury is destroyed, releasing its soul.

At the heart of a desert fury is the animated remains of the last poor soul of a doomed caravan. Those who find the creature within are often grappled and exposed to the storm so the fury can watch as the unfortunate discoverer is consumed. The desiccated husk, wrapped in the shredded remains of desert garb, eternally strives to escape from the raging sandstorm. It wanders the desert fueled by undying hatred, seeking to add more souls to the storm that took its life. The rage of the stolen souls fuels the storm surrounding the animated husk, preventing it from ever escaping that which ended its life.





## Devouring Oasis

At first it is but a shimmer in the hot air under a relentlessly burning sun, but upon approach the image becomes clearer and hope turns into certainty: ahead awaits a place to rest, providing shade and, even more importantly, water aplenty. Beasts and men hasten to reach this oasis, full of joy and feeling lucky, since this grove of palms complete with a water hole is not charted on any map—which is just as well.

Just before being able to savor the cool taste of water though, havoc breaks loose as the sand erupts and four vicious tentacles grapple men and beasts of burden alike. Where but a second ago the water hole was located, a gaping maw with several rows of teeth appears, trying to swallow its surprised victims.

### DEVOURING OASIS

CR 15

XP 51,200

CE Gargantuan aberration

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, tremorsense 120 ft.; Perception +22

### DEFENSE

**AC** 29, touch 5, flat-footed 29 (–1 Dex, +24 natural, –4 size)

**hp** 225 (18d8+144)

**Fort** +16, **Ref** +5, **Will** +12

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 10 ft., burrow 20 ft.

**Melee** bite +21 (3d8+11/19–20 plus grab), 4 tentacles +19 (2d6+5 plus grab and pull)

**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (40 ft. with tentacles)

**Special Attacks** grab (Huge), pull (tentacle, 5 feet), swallow whole (2d8+11 plus 2d6 acid damage, AC 22, 22 hp)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th; concentration +12)

Constant—*permanent image* (DC 15)

3/day—*charm monster* (DC 13)

### TACTICS

**During combat** A devouring oasis prefers to attack with its bite. Against multiple foes or flying targets, it attacks with its tentacles (reaching up to 40 feet high), and then tries to position them over its maw to let the victim fall into it (as the action of moving the grappled creature, with the maw counting as hazardous location, see Grapple in the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook™*) and swallowing it whole. The devouring oasis tries to charm powerful melee opponents via its *charm monster* spell-like ability, concentrating its melee attacks on beasts of burden and less-armored humanoids.

**Morale** Its voracious appetite and weeks-long delays between meals force a devouring oasis to fight to the death.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 33, **Dex** 9, **Con** 27, **Int** 11, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

**Base Atk** +13; **CMB** +28 (+32 grapple); **CMD** 37 (can't be tripped)

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Focus (bite, tentacle)

**Skills** Intimidate +20, Knowledge (geography) +21, Perception +22, Stealth +22; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Stealth

**Languages** Common, Gnome, Halfling (cannot speak)

**SQ** freeze, tenacious grapple

### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm desert

**Organization** solitary

**Treasure** incidental



### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Swallow Whole (Ex)** Only one Huge creature fits into a devouring oasis's maw, or 2 Large creatures, 4 Medium, 8 Small, etc. Escaping by cutting one's way out usually risks suffocation and the thrashing of the oasis. A former victim takes 2d6 bludgeoning damage each round until it succeeds at a DC 26 Reflex save or Swim check to avoid the damage and reach the surface. Failure indicates the victim is trapped without air and must hold its breath to avoid suffocation. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Tenacious Grapple (Ex)** A devouring oasis need not take a –20 penalty to its grapple check to avoid gaining the grappled condition when grappling a foe with a tentacle, but creatures are not automatically pulled adjacent to the oasis (although the creature's pull attack still works). A devouring oasis can also use a full-round action to maintain as many grapples as it chooses. Each grapple is resolved separately, including any check to swallow whole.

A devouring oasis burrows by eating the sand and earth in front of it, moving through loose soil, sand, gravel, and the like—it cannot burrow through solid stone. The sand is then expelled via gill-like flaps at the sides of the creature's worm-like body. This kind of burrowing does not leave a usable tunnel behind as the surrounding earth collapses into the void or is filled up by the expelled earth. If a devouring oasis chooses to make a permanent tunnel when burrowing, it moves at half speed.

The devouring oasis has a similar reputation among desert dwelling folk as the legendary kraken has among sailors. Setting up a cunning illusion of a lush oasis, it lures its victims close enough to attack them with its four tentacles and its saliva-dripping mouth. Erupting from the sands, its maw engulfs creatures and sends digestive liquids flooding down their throats.



## Golem, Salt

*This statue stands as tall as a normal human. The hushed crunching of footsteps can be heard while the creature comes into view. Occasionally, small chunks of dirty, gritty-looking crystal break off from its opaque body. The air takes on a bitter flavor and mouths run dry.*

### SALT GOLEM CR 7

XP 3,200

N Medium construct

**Init** -1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +1

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15 (-1 Dex, +6 natural)

**hp** 64 (8d10+20)

**Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3

**DR** 5/adamantine; **Immune** construct traits, fire, magic

**Weaknesses** vulnerability to water, acid

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** 2 desiccating slams +10 (1d6+2 plus Strength drain)

**Special Attacks** saliferous breath

#### TACTICS

**During combat** The salt golem opens combat with its saliferous breath, relying on its damage reduction and construct traits. It tries to kill sources of water or acid-based attacks first.

**Morale** The salt golem fights to the death following its given instructions.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 14, **Dex** 9, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 2

**Base Atk** +8; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 19

**SQ** saliferous destruction

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** underground, warm deserts

**Organization** solitary or gang (2–4)

**Treasure** none

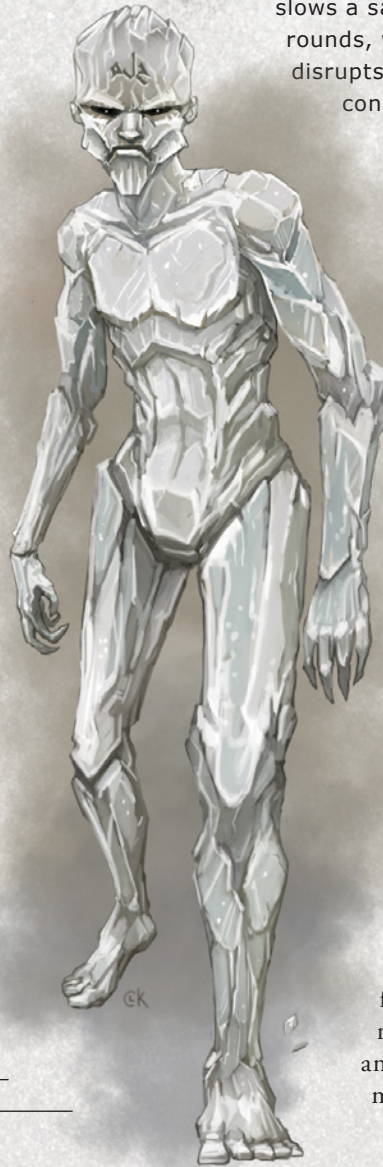
#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Saliferous Breath (Su)** Once every 1d4 rounds, a salt golem can unleash a cloud of moisture-draining dust in a 20-foot cone. Living creatures within this area take 4d6 points of bludgeoning damage and 1d6 points of Strength damage as water is leached from their flesh. A successful DC 14 Fortitude save halves the bludgeoning damage and negates the Strength damage. Creatures without fleshy bodies are immune to this effect, while creatures with the aquatic or water subtypes suffer a -4 penalty on the saving throw. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Desiccating Slam (Ex)** A salt golem's slam tears the victim's skin, dealing 1d2 points of Strength drain in addition to its normal damage. A successful DC 14 Fortitude save negates the Strength drain. Creatures with a natural armor bonus of +2 or greater are immune to this effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Immunity to Magic (Ex)** A salt golem is immune to any spell or spell-like ability that allows spell resistance. In addition, certain spells and effects function differently against the creature, as noted below.

A shatter spell damages a salt golem as if it were a crystalline creature.



A magical attack that deals electricity damage slows a salt golem (as the slow spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw, as the electricity disrupts the magic energy flowing through the construct.

A magical attack that deals fire damage breaks any slow effect on the golem and heals 1 point of damage for each die of damage the fire should have caused by fusing the salt granules and drying up any moisture absorbed by the golem. If the amount of healing would cause the golem to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points lasting for 1 hour.

Water and acid-based attacks affect the golem normally. A salt golem suffers a -4 penalty on the saving throw.

#### Saliferous Destruction (Ex)

When reduced to 0 hit points, a salt golem shatters in an explosion of jagged shards of salt. All creatures within a 10-foot burst take 6d6 points of slashing damage (Reflex DC 14 for half). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Salt golems are humanoid automatons formed of salt. Their appearance usually resembles a roughly chiseled figure lacking any detail. Salt golems cannot speak, and move with the sound of cracking crystals. A salt golem stands 6 feet tall and weighs 300 pounds.

### NAGRI SALT GOLEM (CR +0)

These golems are specifically constructed from the bitter, gritty nagri salt which can be found within the Sabkha basin or similar areas. Influential merchants or collectives of rich farmers usually order the construction of these golems. The golems are highly territorial and have orders to protect designated areas where their owners harvest the nagri salt used in their pesh production. Some golems are outfitted with a tabard showing the owner's heraldry.

#### CONSTRUCTION

A salt golem's body must be constructed from enough salt to form its body, weighing at least 300 pounds. The salt is treated with magical fire and powders worth at least 500 gp.

#### SALT GOLEM

**CL** 7th; **Price** 22,500 gp

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Construct, *cup of dust*<sup>APG</sup>, *ray of enfeeblement*, caster level 7th

**Skill** Craft (Alchemy), **DC** 17; **Cost** 11,250 gp



## Haluscar

When light hits this scarab beetle's carapace, it paints the carapace in an array of patterns.

### HALUSCAR (GLASS SCARAB)

**CR 3****800**

N Small magical beast (earth)

**Init** +6; **Senses** tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +5**DEFENSE****AC** 15, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)**hp** 30 (4d10+8)**Fort** +6, **Ref** +6 **Will** +2**Weakness** sonic**OFFENSE****Speed** 20 ft., burrow 20 ft., fly 40 ft. (good)**Melee** bite +5 (1d4+1)**Special Attacks** prismatic Blast**STATISTICS****Str** 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15 (23 vs. trip)**Feats** Improved Initiative, Power Attack**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Fly +8, Perception +5, Stealth +6**ECOLOGY****Environment** desert**Organization** solitary or pair**Treasure** standard**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

**Prismatic Blast (Ex)** Once per day, the haluscar can gather rays from a light source and fire it as a cone of many colors. This ability works like *color spray* (DC 14 Will save negates), except that it only works in areas of normal light or brighter. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Also known as glass scarabs, haluscar are luminescent beetles that live in deserts. Glass scarabs are 2 ½ feet tall and 3 feet wide, but weigh only about 60 pounds. These creatures scour wastelands and sand dunes in search of minerals to devour.

Haluscar look like other scarab beetles, save that their shells are reflective, like polished glass. When light hits their carapaces, geometric designs shimmer along their bodies. No two haluscar have the same designs, and many desert dwellers seek out these beetles as pets or for creating jewelry from their shells. However, those who professionally hunt glass scarabs know the creature

has the ability to absorb light through their prism-like exoskeletons and fire it in a cone of flashing colors that confuse and blind predators.

absorb light through their prism-like exoskeletons and fire it in a cone of flashing colors that confuse and blind predators.



Many hunters wait until nightfall before approaching haluscar lairs and digging them out.

The beetles are generally solitary creatures, but they mate for life. Mated pairs of haluscar keep their larvae in underground lairs filled with minerals for sustenance. Glass scarab larvae look like grubs with a tarnished gray exoskeleton. The larvae mature in one year, after which they leave their nests in search of their own lairs and minerals. Haluscar make their homes in sand dunes and remain hidden at night. During the day, they roam the dunes in search of minerals to eat. In particular, haluscar love the taste of petrified lightning—glassy concretions of minerals form from lightning-struck sand. Eating petrified lightning rejuvenates glass scarabs, healing 1d8 hit points with each stone devoured.

## Haywan

Wrapped in rags, this lanky dark-skinned creature lopes across the sand with a bow fashioned from human bones gripped in its clawed hands.

### HAYWAN

**CR 9****XP 6,400**

NE Medium outsider (native)

**Init** +5; **Senses** blindsight 30 ft., darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +18**DEFENSE****AC** 23, touch 15, flat-footed 18 (+5 Dex, +8 natural)**hp** 114 (12d10+48)**Fort** +12, **Ref** +13, **Will** +7**Defensive Abilities** evasion; **DR** 5/cold iron; **Resist** fire 10**OFFENSE****Speed** 50 ft.**Melee** 2 claws +17  
(1d6+5 plus bleed)**Ranged** mwk composite longbow +18/+13/+8  
(1d8+5/x3)**Special Attacks** bleed (1d4), paralysis (1d8 rounds, DC 19), pounce, rend**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12; concentration +15)

A haywan's spell-like abilities use Wisdom as the primary attribute.  
At will—*ash storm*<sup>UM</sup>  
3/day—*shifting sand*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 16)  
1/day—*sirocco*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 19)

**STATISTICS****Str** 20, **Dex** 20, **Con** 18,**Int** 14, **Wis** 17,**Cha** 12**Base Atk** +12;**CMB** +17

(+19 steal);

**CMD** 32

(34 vs. steal)

**Feats** Combat

Expertise, Far

Shot, Improved Steal<sup>APG</sup>,Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rending Claws<sup>APG</sup>



**Skills** Acrobatics +20 (+28 jumping), Bluff +16, Craft (bows) +17, Knowledge (nature) +17, Perception +18, Sense Motive +18, Stealth +26, Survival +18 (+24 for tracking); **Racial Modifiers** +6 Stealth, +6 Survival for tracking

**Languages** Common, Ignan, Terran

**SQ** camouflage, desert runner, trackless step

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm deserts

**Organization** solitary or raiding party (2–4)

**Treasure** incidental (bone masterwork composite longbow [+5 Str], 1d4 paralysis arrows [1d8 rounds, DC 19])

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Desert Runner (Ex)** A haywan may move through any sort of difficult terrain caused by dust, sand, or rubble at its normal speed and without taking damage or suffering any other impairment.

**Paralysis Arrows (Ex)** Ranged—*injury*; *save* Fort DC 19; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* paralysis 1d8 rounds; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

The haywan are an accursed race of desert survivalists—raiders and man-eaters—who ambush those traveling across the desert to steal both their riches and their lives. The haywan usually lie buried beneath the sands, waiting for unwary travelers to wander through before bursting out upon their prey in a storm of dust and poisoned arrows. Travelers tell of the creatures stalking caravans across the desert for days, waiting for the heat and dust to wear down their prey. Still others speak of the haywan sneaking into camp at night to steal supplies, leaving their victims to die of thirst and hunger. Though undoubtedly drawn by wealth, the haywan waste nothing of their victims, consuming flesh and crafting weapons and crude shelters from their bones, skin, and sinew.

Many conflicting tales relate the haywan's origins. All agree the haywan are descended from a band of thieves exiled into the desert long ago, but there the similarities end. Some bards claim the jinn cursed the thieves, others say the div transformed them into monsters to torment travelers, while the rest claim the clergy of Abadar forced the outlaws out of their cities. Whatever their origins, the haywan have unquestionably adapted well to their sprawling prison, to the point of possessing power to manipulate both the sand and the wind.

Wiry and broad-chested with dark, sun-baked skin the haywan are long of limb with double-jointed legs and dexterous fingers tipped with sharp, ragged claws. They have small untrustworthy eyes that gleam like polished black stones and wide mouths full of misaligned teeth. They wear ragged bits of stolen clothing and adorn themselves with trinkets taken from their past victims. The haywan carry bows crafted from the bones of past victims and arrows poisoned with paralytic cactus juice.

Rumors speak of great haywan hoards of loot hidden within caverns or beneath the desert sands, untouched since few merchants are greedy or foolhardy enough to actually trade with such devious beings. Fiendish traps guard these hidden hoards.

If the haywan discover any attempt to steal from them, they hunt the thief from one end of the desert to the other until they tear the thief apart and reclaim their treasures. Once the haywan give chase, one can only escape by passing outside of the desert's limits or taking refuge within a walled city, since the haywan are either unwilling, or unable, to step outside of the desert.

### Kamadan, Pharaonic

*This proud lion has somewhat darker than normal fur, but is most notable for having four great cobras rising from its neck and shoulders.*



#### PHARAONIC KAMADAN

CR 5

XP 1,600

N Large magical beast

**Init** +6; **Senses** all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +14

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 17, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 37 (5d10+10)

**Fort** +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** bite +9 (1d8+5 plus grab), 2 claws +9 (1d6+5), 4 snakes +4 (1d3+2 plus paralytic poison)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** blinding spray

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 21, **Dex** 15, **Con** 15, **Int** 5, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

**Base Atk** +5, **CMB** +11 (+15 grapple); **CMD** 24 (28 vs. trip)

**Feats** Dodge, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (perception)

**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Perception +14, Stealth +10 (-14 in undergrowth); **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception, +8 Stealth (+12 in undergrowth)

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** desert or warm plains

**Organization** solitary

**Treasure** none

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**All-Around Vision (Ex)** A kamadan's many serpent heads allow it to see in all directions. Kamadan gain a +4 racial bonus to Perception checks and cannot be flanked.

**Blinding Spray (Ex)** As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, all four of the creature's serpentine heads can spray a fine mist of diluted toxin into the air, filling a 15 ft. cone. All within this spray must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save or be blinded for 1 minute. At the end of each minute, victims can attempt another saving throw (+14 in) to remove the blinded condition. Those who make this save are dazzled for 1 minute, then suffer no further effects. The pharaonic kamadan can only spray blinding poison once per minute and no more than a number of times per day equal to its Constitution modifier (typically 2 times per day). This is treated as a poison effect, and creatures resistant or immune to poison are equally protected against this effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.



**Paralytic Poison (Ex)** Bite—injury; save Fort DC 12; frequency 1/round for 4 rounds; effect 1 Dex; cure 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based and has a –2 racial penalty due to the poison's relative weakness. Anyone reduced to 0 Dex by this poison stiffens and takes on an ashen pallor, leading some to believe that the pharaonic kamadan petrifies its prey.

**Snakes (Ex)** A pharaonic kamadan has four snake heads rising from its mane and shoulders, and they attack individually as secondary attacks that do not benefit from the kamadan's Strength modifier to damage. The snakes inflict damage as creatures two size classes smaller than the kamadan.

The pharaonic kamadan has a long history in Osirion, but can also be found as far south as the Mana Wastes, as far west as Rahadoum, and, thanks to an ill-advised attempt to bring a few captured specimens to Qadira as gifts for the Satrap, deep into Qadira and points east. Larger than the more common jungle kamadan and as sturdy and powerful as a lion, the pharaonic kamadan has fewer serpent heads and no supernatural sleep-inducing breath, although it makes up for the former by having the heads of majestic cobras that spray blinding toxin and can individually deliver many toxic bites.

The creature prefers to attack by ambush, allowing prey to pass within a few paces before unleashing a bitter-smelling fine mist that irritates the eyes of all within, causing blindness in most. Depending on the results and the apparent strength of the prey, it may hang back and unleash a second cloud of mist, attack immediately, or choose to flee.

Pharaonic kamadan always hunt alone, coming together only to mate, although a male that has mated in the last season may drag paralyzed prey to the location of its last partner as a gift to assure the survival of its offspring. As such, it is possible, however unlikely, that a friend or companion carried away after an attack may be rescued before it becomes food for its captor's progeny.

Deep within the Osirioni desert, a huge specimen with no less than thirteen heads (twelve of them serpents) is said to slumber within a hidden oasis, and to have some strange oracular wisdom that those who survive the venom of its serpentine chorus can glean from the shuddering fever dreams that accompany its attack.

## Kobold, Horned

*This short reptilian humanoid has scaled skin, a snout full of tiny teeth, and a long tail. Horns sprout from its head, and spikes trail down its back and tail.*

### **HORNED KOBOLD** CR 1/3

#### XP 135

Horned kobold warrior 1

N Small Humanoid (reptilian)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+2 armor, +1 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

**hp** 5 (1d10)

**Fort** +2, **Ref** +1, **Will** –1

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** spear +1 (1d6–1)

**Ranged** sling +3 (1d3–1)

**Special Attacks** eye blood (DC 10)

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 9, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** –1; **CMD** 10

**Feats** Skill Focus (Perception)

**Skills** Perception +5, Stealth +7, Survival +5; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception, +2 Stealth, +2 Survival

**Languages** Draconic

**SQ** survivalist

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm deserts or underground

**Organization** solitary, gang (2–4), nest (5–30 plus equal number of noncombatants, 1 sergeant of 3rd level per 20 adults, and 1 leader of 4th–6th level), or tribe (31–300 plus 35% noncombatants, 1 sergeant of 3rd level per 20 adults, 2 lieutenants of 4th level, 1 leader of 6th–8th level, and 5–16 dire rats)

**Treasure** NPC gear (leather armor, spear, sling, other treasure)

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Survivalist (Ex)** Stealth and Survival are always class skills for a horned kobold.

**Eye Blood (Ex)** As a full-round action, the horned kobold can spit poison up to 10 feet as a ranged touch attack. If the attack hits, the target must make a successful Fortitude save or be blinded for 1d6 rounds. The DC of this save is equal to 10 + 1/2 the horned kobold's total Hit Dice + its Constitution modifier. The horned kobold can use this ability once per day plus one additional time per day for every three Hit Dice it possesses.

Horned kobolds are creatures of the desert and are keenly aware of their weaknesses. They use stealth to avoid other races whenever possible. When they do fight, they prefer it to be on their terms, using their ability to shoot blood from their eyes to blind opponents and run away.

Horned kobold coloration is made up of variations of brown and tan, in unique patterns on each creature. Rarely a “golden” horned kobold will rise up and lead the nomads, bringing times of great prosperity.

## Horned Kobold Characters

Horned kobolds are defined by their class levels—they do not possess racial Hit Dice. All horned kobolds have the following racial traits. –4 **Strength**, +2 **Dexterity**, –2 **Constitution**: Horned kobolds are fast but weak.

**Small**: Horned kobolds are small and gain a +1 size bonus to their AC, a +1 size bonus on attack rolls, a –1 penalty to their CMB and CMD, and a +4 size bonus on stealth checks.

**Normal Speed**: Horned kobolds have a base speed of 30 feet.

**Darkvision**: Horned kobolds can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

**Armor**: Horned kobolds have a +2 natural armor bonus.





**Survivalist:** Horned kobolds gain a +2 racial bonus on Perception, Stealth, and Survival checks. Stealth and Survival are always class skills for a kobold.

**Eye Blood (Ex):** See above.

**Languages:** Horned kobolds begin play speaking only Draconic. Kobolds that have high Intelligence scores can choose any of the following bonus languages: Common, Dwarven, Gnome, and Undercommon.

## Pesh Mummy

*Out of the strange, cloying vapors shambles a humanoid form wrapped tightly in strips of linen. The vapors themselves originate from the creature, snaking out of its orifices like smoke.*

### MUMMY, PESH CR 5

**XP 1,600**

CE Medium undead

**Init** +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +13

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18 (+8 natural)

**hp** 60 (8d8+24)

**Fort** +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +8

**DR** 5/—; **Immune** undead traits

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** slam +14 (1d8+10 plus pesh inundation)

**Special Attacks** captivating fumes

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 24, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** 6, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 15

**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 23

**Feats** Ability Focus (pesh inundation), Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (slam)

**Skills** Perception +13, Stealth +11

**Languages** Common

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** any

**Organization** solitary, squad (2–6), horde (7–12)

**Treasure** standard

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Captivating Fumes (Su)** A pesh mummy exudes intoxicating vapors in a 30-foot radius around itself. Living creatures inhaling the fumes must make a DC 16 Will save or become captivated. A creature that successfully saves is not subject to the same pesh mummy's fumes for 24 hours. A victim under the effects of the captivating fumes moves toward the pesh mummy using the most direct means available. If the path leads them into a dangerous area such as through fire or off a cliff, that creature receives a second saving throw to end the effect before moving into peril. Captivated creatures can take no actions other than to defend themselves. A victim within 5 feet of the pesh mummy simply stands and offers no resistance to the pesh mummy's attacks. This effect continues until the creature is physically removed from the area, in which case the effects wear off after 1 round, the victim is the recipient of a *slow poison* spell, or either the victim or the pesh mummy are successfully targeted by a *neutralize poison* spell. This ability is treated as both a mind-affecting charm and a poison. The save DC is Charisma-

based.

**Pesh Inundation (Su)** Curse and disease—slam; save Fort DC 18; *onset* immediate; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d2 Con and 1d2 Wis; *cure* —. A successful slam attack from a pesh mummy affects the target as if it had taken a dose of pesh and immediately become addicted. For the next hour, the victim gains a 1d2 alchemical bonus to Strength and receives a –2 penalty on saves against illusions and mind-affecting effects, followed by 1d2 hours of fatigue. The daily withdrawal effects

can be prevented by ingesting a dose of pesh. Pesh inundation is both a curse and disease and can only be cured if

the curse is first removed, at which point the disease can be magically removed. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Learning the arts of mummification and reanimation from an Osirioni necromancer compatriot, the leader of the cult of Hastur in Katapesh created these odd variants to guard the cult's properties and sow chaos and woe among the populace at the appointed time to herald the arrival of the King in Yellow. So far no greater varieties of pesh mummy have been created, but nothing is beyond the mad dreamings of the cult and its leader.

Pesh mummies are created through a long, complicated procedure during which all the body's internal organs are removed and the internal cavities lined with pesh. The body is then wrapped with linens soaked in pesh whey, and smoked with burning pesh to preserve the body. The creator then finishes the ritual with a *create undead* spell.

## The Rukh, Queen of Tempests

*Wings spreading across the horizon, this ancient bird swoops earthward like an oncoming sandstorm as her mournful cry shakes the foundations of the heavens.*

### MYTHIC ROC CR 12/MR 5

**XP 19,200**

N Colossal animal (mythic)

**Init** +11<sup>M</sup>; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +15

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 28, touch 4, flat-footed 26 (+2 Dex, +24 natural, –8 size)

**hp** 192 (16d8+80+40)

**Fort** +15, **Ref** +14, **Will** +8

**DR** 10/epic

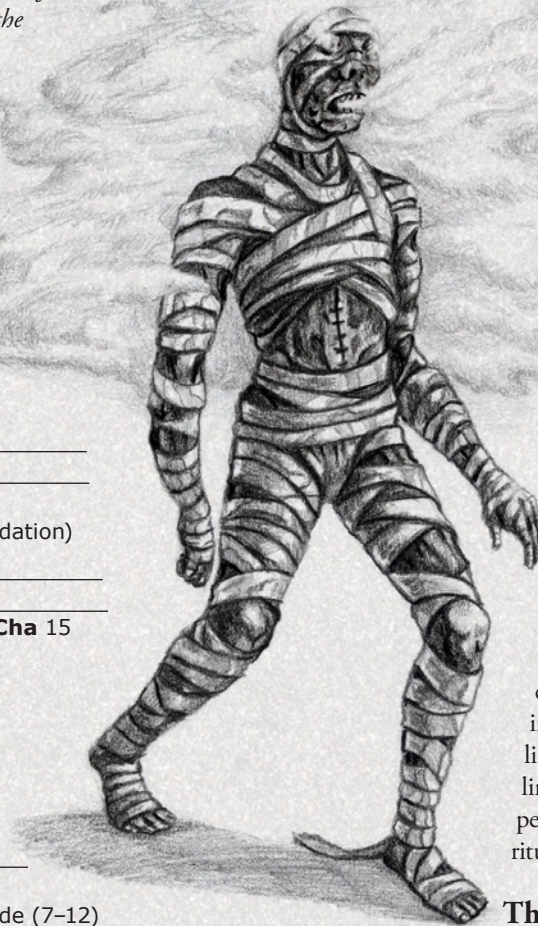
#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

**Melee** 2 talons +22 (2d8+13/19–20 plus grab), bite +21 (4d6+13)

**Space** 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

**Special Attacks** cloak of winds, mythic power (5/day, surge +1d8), summon fledglings, wings of storm







#### STATISTICS

**Str** 36, **Dex** 15, **Con** 21, **Int** 6, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 11

**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +33 (+37 grapple); **CMD** 45

**Feats** Flyby Attack, Improved Critical (talons), Improved Initiative<sup>M</sup>, Iron Will<sup>M</sup>, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack<sup>M</sup>, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (talons)

**Skills** Fly +7, Perception +15

**SQ** eternal sorrow

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Cloak of Winds (Ex)** The tumult of the Rukh's wings protects her, granting the effects of a *fickle winds* spell whenever she is flying. As a full round action she can expend one use of mythic power to make a single bull rush combat maneuver check and apply it to all creatures within 100 feet.

**Eternal Sorrow (Su)** The Rukh is undying, sustained by myths and stories told across the desert lands. When slain, she reforms within 2d4 weeks in her lonely roost deep within the Zho mountains.

**Summon Fledglings (Su)** Once per day as a standard action, the Rukh can give a long piercing cry and summon fledglings from her ancient brood. She summons 1d4+1 Large rocs with the agile, invincible, or savage mythic simple template.

**Wings of Storm (Su)** The skies within 500 feet of the Rukh always count as a stormy area for the purposes of *call lightning* and similar spells. The Rukh can cast *call lightning* at will (CL 16), and by expending one use of mythic power she can cast *mythic call lightning*. The lightning bolts have a DC of 23, and the save DC is Constitution-based.

Travelers throughout Qadira spin tales of the Rukh, Queen of Tempests, called the first mother of birds. From the docks of Katheer to the flesh markets of Sedeq, city of weeping chains, singers tell of how the Rukh

endlessly mourns her mate, who fell long ages past to the bitter arrows of Muluk-ul-Zaha, the desert's first huntress. Now she swoops from the burning skies, and ascends carrying laden camels and wagons full of riches as her rightful prey and tribute.

The Rukh's coloring shades from dusty bronze at the chest to the deep bruise-grey of storm clouds on her flanks and tail feathers, while her wings shine like burnished sand dunes under the midday sun. Quills made of iron and vanes of impossibly delicate bronze give her feathers a metallic glint. Lightning flashes in her eyes and fickle summer squalls tumble in her wake. A beat of her enormous wings sends armies flying through the air like sand, while arrows whirl away in the turmoil of her passing.

Many magi and alchemists in Qadira spend years of their lives scouring the desert for her fallen iron and brass feathers, believing they can be forged into devices to grant mastery over all beings of the air. A single feather, chance-fallen in the desert, brings immense wealth in the hidden bazaars of Katheer. Her roost deep in the mountains of Zho must contain many shed feathers, along with the detritus of an immortal life spent carrying off whole trade caravans. No expeditions, however well funded, have so far discovered the Rukh's eyrie, but it is undoubtedly a font of mythic power. Recently the White Feather Monks have begun funding new missions to distant mountain peaks, following their own secret knowledge of the Rukh's habits.

The Rukh has little interest in the affairs of mortals, and only rarely descends from the desert skies except to feed. Still, legends persist that she takes pity on abandoned children and may rescue them from certain death under the desert sun. The people of Qadira count as blessed these children, found safely nestled atop the highest building of a nearby town, and often demonstrating strange power over the desert winds.

Recently the malign genie binders of Sedeq have begun plotting to trap the Rukh. They dream of enslaving the Queen of Tempests with a bridle of wish-infused lightning; she would be a powerful weapon to spread their slaving across Golarion.

## Sandspine

*A toothy reptilian creature bursts out of its hiding place in the sand, its spined tail seeking to constrict its prey.*

#### SANDSPINE

CR 5

**XP** 1,600

N Medium magical beast

**Init** +0; **Senses** tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +9

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 19, touch 10, flat-footed 19 (+9 natural)

**hp** 52 (7d10+14)





**Fort** +9, **Ref** +5, **Will** +4

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** bite +12 (1d8+5), tail +10 (1d8+2 plus grab)

**Special Attacks** constrict (1d8+2 plus poison)

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 20, **Dex** 10, **Con** 14, **Int** 2, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 22 (26 vs. trip)

**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Multiattack

**Skills** Bluff +9, Perception +9, Stealth +4; **Racial Modifier**

+4 Bluff

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm desert

**Organization** solitary

**Treasure** incidental

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Poison (Ex)** Spines—*injury*; *save* Fort DC 15; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Con drain; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

A sandspine is a solitary reptilian creature that lives in warm deserts with shifting sand. Its back and tail are covered with overlapping plates, each supporting an array of twisted branch-like spines. The creature seeks out low areas with loose ground where it will bury itself, twisting its body around until nose and tail touch. Here it waits patiently, its spiny camouflage looking like plants desperate for water, in the hopes of luring unsuspecting targets. It constricts its prey in its spined tail while the poisoned spines sap what little water remains in its victim's body. While a sandspine has four clawed limbs, its short legs are ineffective for combat or fast movement.

## Sun Hag

*An emaciated and hideous woman stands in the dunes, her body covered in leathery rags that appear to have holes in the shape of screaming faces. She grins with a mouthful of pebble-like teeth.*

### SUN HAG CR 8

**XP** 4,800

NE Medium monstrous humanoid

**Init** +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +16

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 22, touch 15, flat-footed 17 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural)

**hp** 95 (10d10+40)

**Fort** +6, **Ref** +10, **Will** +9

**DR** 5/cold iron; **Immune** fire, thirst; **SR** 21

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft., fly 15 ft. (poor)

**Melee** 2 claws +16 (1d4+5 plus desiccation)

**Special Attacks** desiccation

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 10th; concentration +16)

Constant—*endure elements*, *pass without trace*, *tongues*

At will—*cup of dust*<sup>APG</sup> (DC 19), *daylight*, *feast of ashes*<sup>APG</sup>

(DC 18), *ghost sound*, *minor image* (DC 18), *dancing lights*, *invisibility*

3/day—*sunburst* (DC 24)

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 20, **Dex** 19, **Con** 17, **Int** 14, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 23

**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 29

**Feats** Cleave, Cleaving Finish, Dodge, Power Attack, Toughness

**Skills** Climb +18, Intimidate +19, Knowledge (any one) +12,

Perception +16, Stealth +17, Survival +16

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Infernal

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm desert

**Organization** solitary or coven (3 hags of any kind)

**Treasure** standard

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Desert Thirst (Su)** Any creature that is within 10 feet of a sun hag must succeed at a DC 18 Fortitude save or become sickened. Any unattended non-magical liquid in this area becomes sand. Liquid-based magic items receive a Will save at the same DC; if they fail, they are destroyed. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Desiccation (Su)** A sun hag's claws absorb the water from those she strikes. Each time a sun hag hits a living creature with her claw attack, the victim takes 1d6 points of non-lethal damage and becomes fatigued. A successful DC 18 Fortitude save negates the fatigue and halves the damage. The DC is Constitution-based.

Dried-out husks, these vile creatures stalk the dunes of well-traveled deserts. They pass their days waiting for an intelligent humanoid to be lost in the desert so they can torment it to death and consume its dehydrated body. The strange biology of the sun hag means they never drink anything, as all liquids near them turn to sand. The only way to satisfy their terrible thirst is to absorb moisture from other living beings.

Sun hags are aptly named for their ability to produce incredibly bright bursts of light that can turn the night into day. Like normal hags, sun hags may form covens with other hags, though they rarely do so with any but their own kind. It isn't uncommon to find a trio of sun hags in well-trafficked parts of the desert, plaguing the weak and righteous alike. ☹





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# BEHOLD THE MIGHT OF THE EMPIRE! FROM THE ARCADIAN OCEAN TO THE ASPODELL MOUNTAINS AND BEYOND, QUEEN ABBROGAIL II, INFERNAL MAJESTRIX OF CHELIAX, REACHES OUT TO BRING ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE INNER SEA UNDER HER CONTROL. AND BOTH HER AMBITIONS AND HER GRIP ARE STRENGTHENED BY THE POWERS OF HELL.

*Hey! Psst! Over here! If you want to say out of trouble—and keep your freedom, you'll put away those holy symbols and that Pathfinder badge. I don't know how you've stayed out of the hands of the Inquisitors this long, but you can bet someone's got their eye on you. In Cheliox, everyone watches everyone else, and nobody trusts anyone if they're smart. You want to know about Cheliox? I can tell you things. I can tell you about the temple to Asmodeus in Barrowood where the queen's own mum made her deal with Hell or about the gate to the Infernal Realms that yawns in the middle of Whisperwood. I can tell you about the winged devils that come down from the mountains to torment sailors in Hellmouth Gulf or their close cousins, the Hellknights of Citadel Enferac, who march pretty much wherever they want. There's both good and evil in Cheliox, if you know where to look. In places like Westcrown and Egorian, when the law comes looking, good and evil often have to share the same hiding places. Now, some of what I'll tell you is true, and some of it isn't. But whether you're an adventurer searching for treasure among the ruins of fallen noble houses or part of the "resistance" looking to free a few slaves, you learn quickly that in Cheliox, if you have enough power, the truth is whatever you want it to be. Be smart, be strong, stay hidden, and you just might keep your head.*

## GOAL

The goal for the fanzine is to create a collection of fan-created articles and supporting art set in Paizo's Pathfinder Campaign Setting world of Golarion.

The theme for Wayfinder #11 will be **Cheliox**! Please use the Inner Sea World Guide as your main reference (as well as that handy-dandy PathfinderWiki)! In the case of a plethora of articles on similar subjects, preference will be given to articles that follow this theme. As always, crunch (classes, spells, magic items, etc.), fiction, and flavor (people, places, organizations, events) articles are welcome!

In addition, writers can submit to one of several regular series featured in Wayfinder:

- **Advice:** Have some advice you want to pass on to new GMs or players to the world of Golarion?
- **Bestiary:** New creatures to terrorize your PCs with!
- **Fiction:** Wayfinder will now accept all submissions from the public, 750 or 1500 words. We do recommend you join a writer's group to help with editing and development, though.
- **Golarion Gazetteer:** Places or towns on the Inner Sea maps that have little to no information on them in the campaign setting literature. Expand and explore!
- **Of Chance and Skill:** Games, new to or adapted for Golarion, to play at your table!
- **Prestigious:** This article is devoted to a new prestige class for the world of Golarion.
- **Realm Building:** The Kingmaker Adventure Path introduced a lot of new goodies for building armies, cities and kingdoms. This column is focused on building upon those rules.
- **Side Treks:** Side treks feature short outlines for a sidetrek adventure set in a particular Pathfinder adventure, from the products listed below. One side trek outline per submission for this column. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article. Submission size: 325 words.
- **Tales from the Front:** Fiction articles based on any of Paizo's adventure modules or paths.



- Weal or Woe? Two NPCs (including statblocks), one helpful, one not so much. Include hooks for the PCs to know (or hate) this NPC and how to use them in a campaign. Include a boon (Weal) and drawback (Woe) for the NPCs in your article. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article.

## GUIDELINES

- Thou shalt not disregard canon, thou shalt build upon it.
- Keep in mind thy audience. Keep it PG-13. No slash fic/porn fantasies, cheesecake/beefcake/fan service.
- Short and sweet. Unless otherwise specified, article sizes are 750 and 1,500 words. These are HARD targets, not a range, so come as close as possible to these targets. Coming in too far under or over these targets will likely result in the rejection of your submission. Anything over 1,500 words must be pre-approved by the Editor-in-Chief.
- Limit of THREE submissions per person per issue. So, pick your three best ideas!
- You should refrain from any submissions that are reliant upon another submission. This puts us in a difficult situation in being forced to take both if we just like the one, or taking neither of them. Any submitted articles that reference another article(s) must be pre-approved by the Editor-in-Chief.
- Stick to the theme. An article on frost giants in a desert-themed issue is not going to make it. Sorry.
- Submissions used to defame, harass, or threaten board members are not tolerated.

## SUBMISSION INSTRUCTIONS

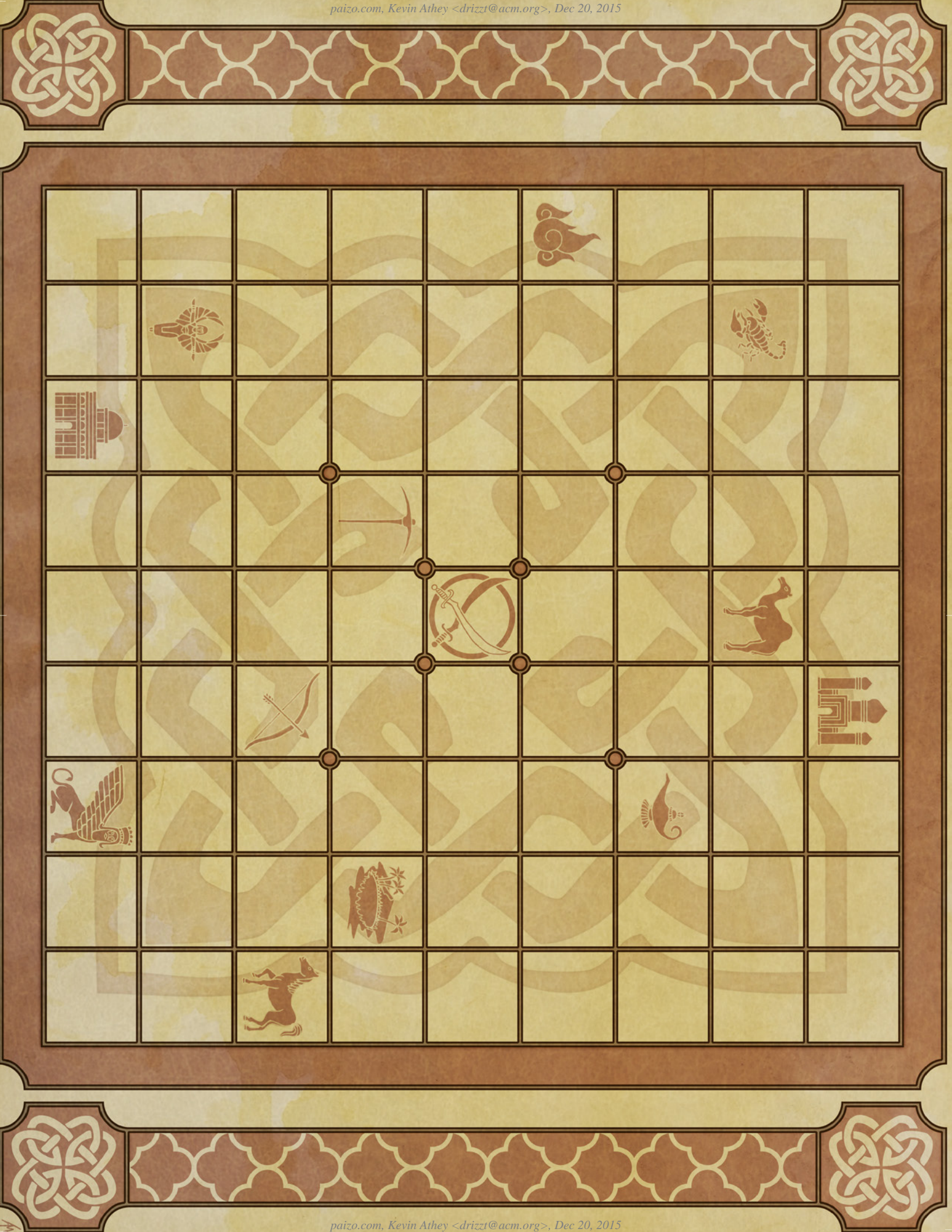
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- Send all submissions to: **wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com** with the subject line containing "Wayfinder #11 Submission".
- All text submissions must be submitted in DOC or DOCX format (doesn't matter if you use Office or OpenOffice). Note: Files sent in RTF, TXT, or any other format than DOC will be rejected.
- Do not use fancy fonts or colors or styles for formatting - these will get stripped out in the editing and layout process. Use the standard body font for the program you're using - bold and italics are fine. Ask us for an example of our style templates, if you'd like to use that.
- For tables, please make them tab delimited. Fancy formatted tables just get reduced to this format anyway.
- Include your name and board name as text at the very beginning of your submission - example, "Liz 'Lilith' Courts". We compile these in a folder, and if we open up the file, and your name is absent, it's hard to credit you. So, don't make us hunt for you name, OK?
- Your entries will go through editing passes for clarity and concision. Depending on time constraints, you may or may not receive feedback on the editing process and your script.
- **DEADLINE: March 31, 2014, 11:59 Pacific.** All entries will be handled on a first come, first serve basis. Some articles may be rejected depending on the final size of the PDF.














## ADVERTISING

- Fan projects operating under Paizo's Community Use Policy are welcome to advertise their websites and materials.
- Third party publishers wishing to advertise their Pathfinder Roleplaying Game-compatible projects in Wayfinder #10 are welcome to advertise as well. Space is available for 1/4, 1/2 and full page ads.
- Email **wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com** for questions about placing an ad. Be sure to include "Wayfinder #11 Advertising" in your subject line.
- **RESERVE YOUR AD SPACE BY March 31, 2014.**
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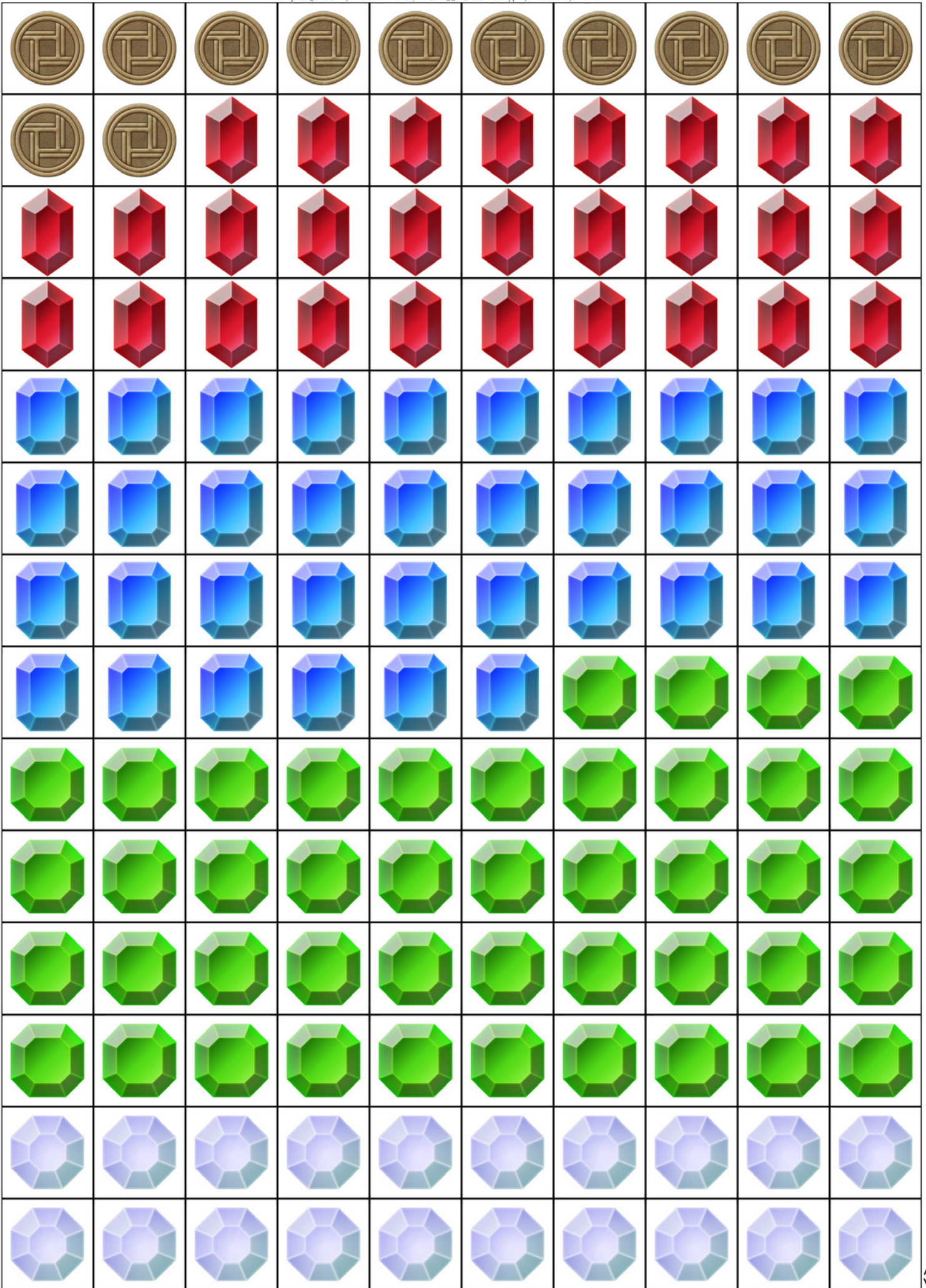






Menawerh Aletajer (The Merchant's Gambit), game by Dain "zylphryx" Nielsen, art by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore





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