

W A Y F I N D E R

A Pathfinder Fanzine made by Fans for Fans



Cheliax: Infernal Empire

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Foreword

THE SECRET ORIGIN OF CHELIAX

It all started, oddly enough, in Seattle. Way back in April of 1989, my family accompanied my father to Washington State to observe the NCAA Final Four. My dad was and still is a prominent figure in the Minnesota sports world, and at the time he was working on a bid to bring the prestigious college basketball tournament to Minneapolis, not far from our family home. He and a team of sports and business figures had just lured the 1992 tournament to our home state, and this was a chance to see how it worked up close and personal.

After the tournament, my dad stayed behind in Seattle while I accompanied my mother, grandmother, and younger brother to an additional week's vacation in a fabled Washington state resort community, the scenic Lake Chelan. My parents had read up on this legendarily gorgeous locale, and knew that the cute little town had numerous attractions for youngsters that my brother and I were sure to appreciate. They'd even worked out a fantastic "condo-style" accommodation via their dubious timeshare, so the family was set for an unforgettable climax to an unforgettable vacation.

My parents had failed to appreciate the ghoulish, soul-warping gray of winter and early spring in Western Washington. When I first moved here ten years later, the region had just emerged from something like 163 days with no direct sunlight.

In 2006 it rained for more than 26 consecutive days. In 1989 it was all dull dreary days that were lucky to crack 50 degrees. That sort of weather, as you might imagine, was not super conducive to lakesports and waterslides. The residents, naturally, knew this, and had helpfully closed most of the town's attractions for the season.

From the perspective of a ninth grader and his seventh-grade kid brother, it was an exile to Hell. The waterslides were closed. The bowling alley was hosting the school's physical education classes that week, so no luck there. The beautiful resort turned out to be a slum, complete with flooded tennis courts and an empty pool. As each rainy day sloshed into the next and as the town dealt us ignominious defeat after ignominious defeat (amplified, no doubt, by our youthful rambunctiousness and abject boredom), Lake Chelan itself came to exemplify the rotten core of every apple, the very embodiment of evil.

A few years later, I was in college in Boston studying writing and

publishing, doing my best to figure out how to put a story together. I was lucky to take a few genre writing classes, and over the course of several stories I began to create an original fantasy world that tied most of my creative output together. These stories often involved a decadent empire of devil-worshiping villains, and when it came time to name these vile antagonists, my mind drew back to that horrible vacation in Chelan. I had found the name of my empire.

Around 2004 I began to outline a cohesive fantasy world that could serve as a backdrop to a miniatures game I was developing in my notebooks. The game involved the colonization of a virgin world via interplanetary gates hooked into a sword and sorcery world. The game required factions, which included a Viking-like explorer culture from a place called the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, an American-revolution-themed faction from Andoran, a similar group from Galt whose revolution had fallen to massacre, marooning them on the new planet, and lastly my old evil empire of Chelan, dusted off and ready to go for a whole new purpose.

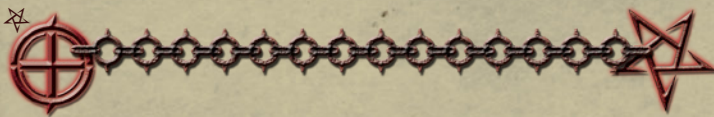
Now that I lived in Washington, "Chelan" had lost its exotic flair. It sounded more like a place on a local weather report than a mighty evil empire. I fiddled with the name a little until I hit upon Cheliox, which

sounded considerably more diabolical. A few years later, when Paizo decided to develop a world to support the Pathfinder line of products, many of us stitched together favorite bits from our home campaigns and side projects. Cheliox came whole cloth with the other colonial powers from my miniatures game, and thus was one of the very first nations "on the map," part of a nucleus around which most of the rest of the Inner Sea was constructed.

And all thanks to one lousy vacation, a couple of bored teenagers, and a child at heart who just can't learn to let something go.



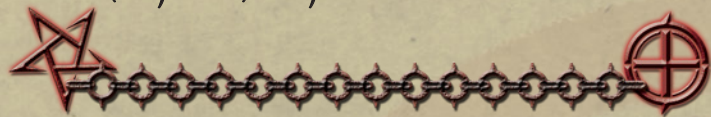
--Erik Mona
Publisher, Paizo Inc.
June, 2014



Prestigious: Infernal Aspirant

By Anthony C. "Memento" Li

Art by Erin Frye



Every diabolist knows the eventual price of an infernal bargain. For all the power amassed in life, the damnation of the Pit is the sole reward in death. Salvation can be found through ascension to devil-kind, but usually only after enduring eons of torture and suffering. Infernal aspirants seek a shortcut through the hierarchy of Hell by exploiting a mystic link forged with a bonded creature to facilitate their transition from mortal into devil. Their bonded creature becomes a diabolic emissary, tasked to entreat the powers of Hell to expedite the ascension of the infernal aspirant to a full devil during their mortal lifetime.

Hit Die: d6

REQUIREMENTS

To qualify to become an infernal aspirant, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Alignment: lawful neutral, lawful evil, or neutral evil.

Languages: Infernal

Skills: Knowledge (planes) 7 ranks, Knowledge (religion) 3 ranks, Spellcraft 5 ranks.

Special: Animal Companion, Eidolon, or Familiar class feature.

Spells: Ability to cast 2nd-level divine or arcane spells.

CLASS SKILLS

The Infernal Aspirant's class skills are Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (arcana) (Int), Knowledge (planes) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int).

Skill Ranks at each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are features of the infernal aspirant prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Infernal aspirants gain no proficiency with any weapon or armor.

Spells per Day: When a new infernal aspirant level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if he had also gained a level in a spellcasting class he belonged to before he added the prestige class. He does not, however, gain any other benefit a character of that class would have gained except for additional spells per day, spells known (if he is a spontaneous spellcaster), and an increased effective level of spellcasting. If a character had more than one spellcasting class before he became an infernal aspirant, he must decide to which class he adds each level of infernal aspirant.

Bonded Souls: When an infernal aspirant's diabolic emissary is brought to below 0 hit points, the infernal aspirant must succeed on a Fortitude Save DC 10 + his character level or immediately drop to -1 hit points and begin dying.

Damned: When an infernal aspirant is killed, his soul is instantly sent to Hell. Any character attempting to raise or resurrect him must succeed at a caster level check equal to 10 + the infernal aspirant's character level or the spell fails. That character cannot attempt to resurrect the infernal aspirant again until the following day, though other characters can attempt a resurrection.

Diabolic Emissary: An infernal aspirant begins his ascension through Hell's hierarchy by altering the mystic link with his bonded creature. The infernal aspirant's animal companion, eidolon, or familiar becomes known as a diabolic emissary, appearing as a fiendish version of its original form. It retains any abilities it previously had and continues to use the progression table appropriate to its previous function. An infernal aspirant's class levels stack with levels in all classes that grant either an animal companion, eidolon, or familiar for the purposes of determining his diabolic emissary's abilities.

If an infernal aspirant has more than one animal companion, eidolon, or familiar, he must choose one of them to become his diabolic emissary. This choice can be changed among the bonded creatures, or any replacement creature, through a specialized ritual that costs 500 gp per infernal aspirant level. The ritual takes 8 hours to complete.

Armor of Hell (Ex): At 2nd level, an infernal aspirant gains a natural armor bonus equal to one half his class level whenever his diabolic emissary

Table 11-1: Infernal Aspirant

Level	Base				Special	Spells per Day
	Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save		
1st	+0	+0	+0	+1	Bonded Souls, Damned, Diabolic Emissary	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Armor of Hell	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+2	Infernal Resistance	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
4th	+2	+1	+1	+2	See in Darkness	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
5th	+2	+2	+2	+3	Shared Resistance	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
6th	+3	+2	+2	+3	Hellish Soul, Telepathic Bond	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
7th	+3	+2	+2	+4	Damnation's Call	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
8th	+4	+3	+3	+4	Hellfire Ray	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
9th	+4	+3	+3	+5	Petition the Pit	+1 level of existing spellcasting class
10th	+5	+3	+3	+5	True Devil	+1 level of existing spellcasting class

is within 50 feet of him.

Infernal Resistance (Ex): At 3rd level, an infernal aspirant's diabolic emissary gains fire resistance 10 and a +4 bonus on saving throws made against poison. At 8th level it gains fire resistance 20 and becomes immune to poison.

See in Darkness (Su): At 4th level, as a swift action, both an infernal aspirant and his diabolic emissary gain the ability to see perfectly in darkness of any kind to a range of 60 feet, for up to one round per class level per day. These rounds do not need to be consecutive.

Shared Resistance (Su): At 5th level, so long as his diabolic emissary is within 50 feet of him, an infernal aspirant gains the benefit of one type of energy resistance that its diabolic emissary possesses. At 9th level, an infernal aspirant may instead gain immunity to one type of energy that its diabolic emissary is immune to.

Hellish Soul: At 6th level, an infernal aspirant has been deemed useful enough to the cause of Hell to be allowed a brief respite from damnation. If killed by any means outside of the will of Asmodeus, an archdevil, or another influential force in Hell, the infernal aspirant can be resurrected as normal.

Telepathic Bond (Su): At 6th level, an infernal aspirant gains a telepathic link with his diabolic emissary. The two can mentally communicate in this way over any distance as long as they are on the same plane.

Damnation's Call (Sp): At 7th level, an infernal aspirant can call his diabolic emissary to him by causing it to pass through Hell as per the spell *damnation stride*^{ARG}. The diabolic emissary appears adjacent to its infernal aspirant (or as close as possible if all adjacent squares are occupied). The infernal aspirant may use this ability three times per day. The diabolic emissary must be within 400 ft. + 40 ft. per the diabolic aspirant's character level and cannot enter or leave areas warded against evil creatures.

Hellfire Ray (Sp): At 8th level, an infernal aspirant may use *hellfire ray*^{BoD1} twice per day.

Petition the Pit (Sp): At 9th level, an infernal aspirant gains a patron among the lords of Hell. As a full-round action, an infernal aspirant can

task his diabolic emissary to call upon his patron for aid. This aid can manifest as one of three of the following spell-like abilities, with a caster level equal to his character level. An infernal aspirant can petition for each type of aid but once per week.

Guidance: An infernal aspirant can seek information from diabolic sources as per the *commune* spell.

Protection: An infernal aspirant can gain the benefit of both the *shield of law* and *unholy aura* spells. The benefits granted by these spells cannot be granted to a diabolic emissary via the shared spell ability.

Service: An infernal aspirant can call for infernal assistance as per the *greater planar ally* spell. The infernal aspirant may only call upon devils or hell hounds in this manner but can consider the cost of service paid by their patron. The devil or hell hound that is called is still free to refuse the task if it seems suicidal.

True Devil: At 10th level, an infernal aspirant begins his metamorphosis into a true devil. As a standard action, an infernal aspirant can infuse himself with the strength of the Pit. His type changes to outsider with the devil, evil, lawful, and native subtypes. He gains a +4 enhancement bonus to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution, and a +4 enhancement bonus to natural armor. His base attack bonus becomes equal to his character level (which may give him multiple attacks). He also gains damage reduction 10/good and silver, resistance to acid 10 and cold 10, immunity to fire, and telepathy to a range of 100 feet. The newly created devil's natural weapons, as well as any weapon it wields, are treated as evil and lawful for the purposes of damage reduction.

The infernal aspirant can remain in this form for a number of minutes per day equal to his character level; this duration does not need to be consecutive, but it must be used in 1 minute increments. During this transformation, the infernal aspirant loses his spellcasting ability, including his ability to use spell activation or spell completion magic items, just as if the spells were no longer on his class list. Returning to his normal form is a standard action. ✧



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Heroes' Hoard: Tools of the Contract

By Linda "Marie" Zayas-Palmer

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



In Cheliox, as in Hell, contracts are plentiful, and bureaucracy is paramount. These magic items enhance contracts by providing benefits to encourage further negotiation or detriments to discourage default.

SCROLL OF INFERNAL PACTS

Aura strong conjuration; **CL** 17th

Slot —; **Price** 20,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

The margins of this imposing vellum scroll glow with infernal runes. Each end wraps around a gleaming, polished cylinder of rust-colored horn.

A scroll of infernal pacts provides devil-binders with additional leverage when calling upon the legions of Hell. Its benefits only apply when targeting devils. A caster presenting the scroll as a focus in conjunction with any planar binding spell gains a +4 profane bonus on the Charisma check to convince the devil to serve her. When the caster uses the scroll as a focus in conjunction with any planar ally spell, it halves the required component cost. Additionally, when the scroll is used as a focus for any planar binding or planar ally spell, the caster may treat the hit dice limit of the spell as two higher.

The bearer of the scroll may link herself to a particular devil by signing an infernal contract with the devil. Not all infernal contracts call for the soul of the mortal, and when a scroll of infernal pacts is involved devils are more inclined to bide their time and contract for smaller prices. While the scroll holds a valid infernal contract the bearer may call upon the devil's power once per day to use the 3/day spell-like ability listed for that devil in the devilbound creature template (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 4 56–57).

The bearer may choose at any time to sell her soul to the contracted devil. If she does so, she immediately gains the devilbound creature template. Additionally, for the next 24 hours, she may cast any of the spell-like abilities granted by the template as a swift action.



CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, greater planar binding; creator must be lawful evil **Cost** 10,000gp

CONTRACTUAL QUILLS

Aura strong enchantment; **CL** 17th

Slot —; **Price** 30,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This pair of quills is a useful tool for those who wish to ensure that a contractual partner will uphold her end of the bargain. These quills are particularly designed for cases when one party holds significant leverage or credit over the other. The pair contains a black quill and a red quill.

When two parties sign the contract, one with the red quill and one with the black quill, the quills bestow the obligation to fulfill the contract on the party who signed with the red quill, henceforth referred to as the debtor. Additionally, they bestow the ability to supervise the fulfillment of the contract upon the party who signed with the black quill, henceforth referred to as the creditor. If either party is under the effects of any magical compulsion at the time of signing, the quills have no effect.

The debtor falls under the effect of a compulsion to uphold the terms of the contract. This compulsion functions as the *geas/quest* spell, with several exceptions. The task to be fulfilled can be one that starts in the future, and penalties do not accrue until the task could potentially begin. Additionally, the *geas* can only end if the debtor finishes the assigned task, if the assigned task becomes impossible to fulfill, if the two parties sign another contract with a pair of contractual quills that negates the first contract, or with the casting of *miracle* or *wish*. The *geas* ignores spell resistance.

The creditor gains several abilities to help them supervise the fulfillment of the contract. Whenever the debtor is taking penalties from the *geas*, the creditor may cast both *sending* and *screaming* 1/day with the debtor as the target. Additionally, the creditor may remove the debtor's penalties from the *geas*, as if the debtor had spent 24 hours working on the assigned task. To remove the penalties, the creditor must spend a full-round action writing a declaration that they do not wish to levy consequences at this time. If the creditor is under the effects of any magical compulsion they cannot remove the penalties.

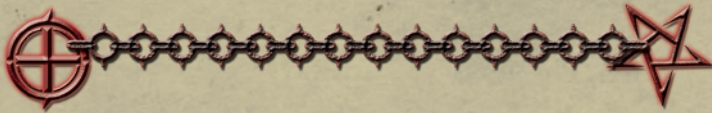
Contractual quills can endorse one contract per day.

Contractual quills can be found in the courthouses of major cities across Cheliox. Individuals seeking the assurance of a quill-bound contract can usually pay the courthouse a fee to use them.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *geas/quest*, *screaming*, *sending*; **Cost** 15,000gp ✦





Little Devils

A Beginner Box Adventure

By Mark Garringer

Art by Mike Lowe

Map by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore



Little Devils is a short adventure for four 2nd-level characters, set in the city of Westcrown in the country of Cheliox. These locations are featured in Paizo Publishing material beyond what is included in the Beginner Box. For more information about them please refer to Paizo Publishing's *Inner Sea World Guide* or the Pathfinder Wiki (<http://pathfinderwiki.com>)

Little Devils assumes you are familiar with how to run an adventure and have the Beginner Box material handy. This adventure presents many opportunities to solve problems without resorting to combat. As the Game Master, it is important that you understand the motivations of your NPCs in any encounter. Understanding an NPC's personality and motivations will help you respond to unexpected situations as that NPC would. This adventure also makes use of several new monster stat blocks, included in this issue of *Wayfinder*. The following background information is intended to provide the Game Master with additional context.

Westcrown, also called the City of Twilight, is Cheliox's former capital. About 75 years ago, House Throne rose to rule Cheliox and transferred the country's seat of power from Westcrown to the new capital Egorian. Since then, the power and influence of the City of Twilight has slowly diminished. Many powerful families still make their homes in Westcrown, and its location on the Inner Sea keeps it an active trading port.

Despite Westcrown's decline in perceived status within Cheliox, the Terbosetta, one of the oldest and most respected magical academies of conjuring, still operates within its Coins district. Educating and training the children of the Empire's wealthiest families creates a breeding ground for rivalry.

A few weeks ago a mediocre but ambitious student named Valdo Vittori came into possession of an obscure conjurer's grimoire. Using the rituals in the grimoire he was able to conjure a devil, but even the weakest devil was well beyond his ability to control. Since then, the imp has been exploiting the foolish third-year student. Last night a small devil attacked Valdo's instructor, who narrowly escaped with his life!

BEGIN READING ALOUD TO START THE ADVENTURE!

THE TERBOSETTA

Headmistress Andella's lavishly decorated office feels cramped. Everything in the office, from the darkwood desk to the rows of bookshelves, feels just slightly too big for the space. The red and

black Chelish motif plays a strong hand in the decoration theme. A large portrait of Her Infernal Majestrix, Queen Abrogail II, is mounted on the wall behind the desk. The Queen's eyes watch you from the painting, while the Headmistress's eyes watch you from her busy, yet orderly, desk. The matronly woman with black hair and green eyes motions for you to be seated.

"I am glad you have arrived. I am Andella, the Terbosetta's Headmistress," she begins. "It seems I have a situation on my hands necessitating outside assistance. One of my instructors, Docent Davoli, was attacked by a devil last night in his quarters." She finishes writing something and puts her quill back on its stand, wiping the palms of her hands together in turn. "I am authorized to offer you," her left eyebrow arches as she speaks, "150 gold crowns each, provided we can resolve this situation without the involvement of the dottari, Westcrown's city watch. You will find Docent Davoli in the Grasso building with the third year students."

Headmistress Andella knows that the costs, fines, and gossip involved in dealing with the dottari will do nothing but harm the school's reputation and is motivated to keep this situation private. She also may be able to leverage the situation into future favors.

Some likely questions PCs may have for Headmistress Andella are below.

Why not involve the city watch? *"If the dottari are involved, it will create a very public, unpleasant situation for the school. A privately resolved situation is much more...beneficial to everyone involved. Wouldn't you agree?"*

What can you tell us about devils? *"They live in all layers of Hell in myriad forms and desire to gain control over mortal souls. Some use guile and trickery, some use brute force. Most are immune to poisons and fire, and can be resistant to other forms of energy as well. Their infernal skin is vulnerable to magic or silver weapons."*

What can you tell us about Docent Davoli? *"Docent Davoli is one of my best instructors. He has taught here for 19 years and has instructed our third year students for the past 11 years."*

Development: The PCs may try to negotiate a better reward; if they succeed at a DC 16 **Diplomacy** check, Headmistress Andella offers an additional 50 gp each for a total of 200 gp.

Classroom

The Grasso building is a well-tended, two-story building where third year students live and study. The main entrance is a short hallway leading directly to the primary classroom; a wide double staircase along the east wall leads up to the second floor dorm rooms.

Tables and chairs arranged in a circular fashion fill the classroom. The floor inside the circle is painted with a red pentagram, the symbol of Asmodeus, the ruler of all devils. Near the wall opposite the entrance are the docent's desk, several bookcases, and a closed door. The faint but recognizable scent of sulfur permeates the room.

At the desk, an older, balding man is skimming a thick tome's pages. He looks up, somewhat startled, then closes the book and motions for you to join him. "Come, come. The Headmistress sent you, yes? I am Docent Davoli."

With little (or no) prompting he begins to recount the attack from last evening.

"I had completed my lesson planning and then retired to my quarters," he motions toward the door behind him. "I heard a

sound like flapping wings here in the classroom. As I came to the door to investigate, the door burst open and I was knocked to the ground! Something came into my room, flying right over me!”

He shakes his head as he recounts the events. “As I got to my feet I heard the thing’s gravelly voice in my mind. Even as the small, four-winged devil searched my belongings, its angry voice demanded to know where the crystals were. Before I could answer, the devil found what it was looking for, a small cluster of crystals. Satisfied, it turned toward me and expelled a cloud of poisonous gas right in my face! By the time I stopped retching and could breathe again, the devil had flown off.”

He opens the book on his desk and turns it around so everyone can see it. There is a picture of a small, four-winged devil and accompanying notes. “A gaav is an obscure devil in the infernal hierarchy, but that is certainly what I encountered last night. You must find and kill the dangerous creature before it hurts anyone else!”

If asked about the crystals the devil took, Docent Davoli explains that they can trap soul energy, which is used in very advanced conjuring and binding techniques. Docent Davoli’s book answers questions the PCs have about the gaav’s offensive and defensive abilities, making it clear that non-magical weapons are not as effective against the creature and fire-based magic is useless.

Development: As the PCs research the devil and question the docent, he recalls the following:

“You know, I just realized something odd from this morning. Just before class started, one of my students asked me pointedly if I was alright. I told him I was, and he replied that he was glad that I was unhurt. I only spoke to the Headmistress about the attack, so he shouldn’t have known anything about last night’s ordeal. Let us go speak to young master Vittori.”

Valdo Vittori’s Quarters CR 2 (600 XP)

As the PCs approach Valdo’s private room they hear an argument from within:

“No! I don’t care! I’m done helping you!” a young man’s voice wavers from behind the door. “You lied to me, and you are going to hurt people!”

“Foolish, foolish boy,” a high-pitched voice counters. “It is far too late for that. My assistance comes at a price, and you were too worried about the results to question it. A deal is a deal, after all!”

The PCs may rush into the room at this point. They may instead take a more ‘wait and see’ attitude to the argument. If they do not rush in, Valdo opens the door to his room in an attempt to leave.

Standing in the middle of the sparsely decorated private dormitory room is a small devil, its wings folded against its body. Small horns protrude outward and upward from its forehead, and a barb-tipped tail nearly the length of its body swishes agitatedly back and forth as the creature cackles madly and vanishes from sight!



LITTLE DEVILS:
THE TERBOSETTA
 1. CLASSROOM - 2. VALDO'S QUARTERS - 3. BOY'S WASHROOM
 4. MINA'S QUARTERS - 5. GIRL'S WASHROOM

HOUSE MALTA
 1. FRONT GATE - 2. MAIN HALL - 3. CLOSET - 4. PARLOR
 5. SITTING ROOM - 6. MAIN DINING ROOM - 7. KITCHEN



From behind you Docent Davoli says, "That's an imp, not a gaav!"

A DC 17 **Spellcraft** check identifies the imp's disappearance as the effect of an *invisibility* spell.

Creature: The imp is surprised to see a room full of people and tries to use its cunning to escape.

IMP (CR 2; XP 600)

hp 16 (Wayfinder #11 p. 10)

TACTICS

During Combat The imp uses its *invisibility* to hide, then uses a *suggestion* spell on what it thinks is the strongest warrior. If it succeeds, the imp suggests that the character clear a path, so the imp can try to escape the room.

Development: If the imp escapes, do not award the XP for defeating it; it joins the gaav in the final encounter, making combat much more difficult for the PCs.

Once the imp no longer poses a threat, the boy breaks down, sobbing and confessing his involvement in the strange happenings.

"Docent, forgive me," Valdo sobs. "I'm sorry. I had no idea. My father's friend gave me this," he shoves a book into the docent's hands, "and said it would help me with my studies." He tries to continue talking, breathing heavily and blubbing at the same time.

"It, it...tricked me. After a few failures, we conjured that other...thing last night. The imp sent it after some crystals. When I realized the truth, I wanted to tell you everything, but the imp said it would use my parents' souls to power the crystals if I said anything to you!" he breaks down crying again.

"When I first conjured the imp, it promised to make me a better conjurer than..." he wipes tears and snot off his face with the back of his hand, "...than any classmate I wanted. I just needed to give it a name. So...I did." He gets mousey and quiet, looking at the floor unable to meet anyone's eyes. "I was jealous of Mina Malta," he finally says in a whisper.

Development: Award the PCs 600 XP as a story award for saving Valdo. Docent Davoli tells the PCs they need to locate and protect Mina. Her dorm room is at the other end of the hall.

Mina's Quarters CR 2 (XP 600)

Mina Malta's room is closed and locked. Docent Davoli does not have a key to open the students' private quarters. The lock can be opened by the use of thieves' tools and a successful DC 20 **Disable Device** check or a DC 15 **Strength** check to break down the door. Alternatively the PCs can attack the door (hardness 5, hit points 10, *Game Master's Guide* 34). Once the door is open read the following:

Furnished similarly to Valdo's quarters, this room holds a simple, unmade bed, a wardrobe against one wall, and a desk with a few books and papers on the floor. Unlike Valdo's quarters this room has an open window.

Development: Mina is not here, and it is unclear whether her room is messy or there was a struggle. Other students, curious as to what is going on, gather in the hallway and talk to each other. In truth, Mina left the Terbosetta after class, going to her parents' estate on the other side of town. Searching the room uncovers Mina's personal journal and her plans with a successful DC 15 **Perception** check. A successful DC 15 **Diplomacy** check convinces one of the Mina's friends to share the same information. Award the PCs 600 XP as a story award for discovering Mina's location.

HOUSE MALTA

Welcome Home

CR 3+ (XP 800 or 1,400)

The Malta family's estate and main house are quite impressive and well-tended. The main doorway stands open, and as you approach you see a servant lying unconscious on the floor, a small trickle of blood coming from his head.

Inside the entryway the gaav devil is chanting in its strange infernal language and performing some kind of ceremony. A girl dressed in the Terbosetta's robes with her feet tied to her hands by strong rope, is crying and urging her unconscious father to wake up.

Creatures: The gaav prepares to harvest soul energy from Mina and her parents. Angry at the interruption, the gaav attacks when the PCs arrive. If the imp escaped from the PCs earlier, it joins in the attack!

Treasure: The materials the gaav had to complete the ritual include a jeweled, masterwork silver dagger worth 400 gp, crystals worth 250 gp, and assorted incense worth 50 gp.

GAAV (CR 3; XP 800)

hp 30 (see page 9)

TACTICS

During Combat The gaav uses its poisonous breath immediately, then flies around and attacks with its spear.

IMP (CR 2; XP 600)

hp 16 (see page 10)

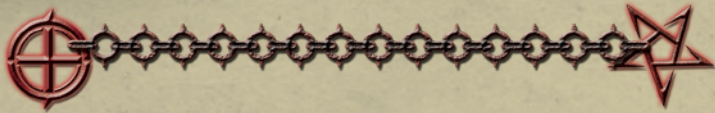
TACTICS

During Combat The imp uses its *invisibility* and poison stinger, attacking spellcasters first.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Saving Mina Malta gains the PCs House Malta's gratitude. If the PCs disclose the devils' origination, it leads to a feud between House Malta and House Vittori which you could build upon for future adventures. Keeping the dottari out of this situation pleases Headmistress Andella, who gladly pays the agreed sum. She plans to raise the tuition on House Vittori to ensure this matter is kept private. ✘

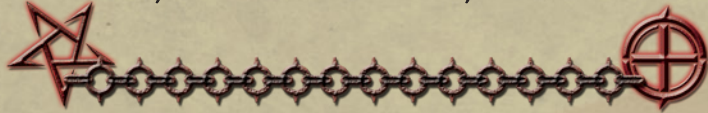




Beginner Box Conversions

By Mark Garringer

Art by Alex "Canada Guy" Moore



New Spells

DETECT GOOD LEVEL 1 CLERIC

RANGE 60 ft. **DURATION** 10 mins./cleric level

You can sense creatures in range whose alignment is good. On the round you cast this spell, you sense if there are any good creatures in range. On the second round, you know how many there are. On the third round, you know exactly which creatures are good.

VENTRILLOQUISM LEVEL 1 WIZARD

RANGE 30 ft. **DURATION** 1 minute/wizard level

You can make your voice (or any vocal sound that you can normally make) seem to issue from someplace else. You can speak in any language you know. With respect to such voices and sounds, anyone who hears the sound and rolls a successful Will save recognizes it as illusory (but still hears it).

New God

ASMODEUS

Asmodeus is the god of fire, law, and trickery. He is also the ruler of all devils. His clerics are bureaucrats, lawyers, or nobles. They believe in strict adherence to law and seek to impose infernal order over the chaos of creation.

HOLY WEAPON: HEAVY MACE

Asmodeus' holy weapon is the **heavy mace**, favored for the feeling of authority the extra weight imparts it.

FIRE BOLT 3 + WIS PER DAY

You can use *fire bolt* a number of times per day equal to 3 + Wis. You can unleash a scorching bolt of divine fire from your outstretched hand. You can target any single foe within 30 feet as a ranged touch attack with this bolt of fire. If you hit the foe, the fire bolt deals 1d6 points of fire damage + 1 point for every two cleric levels you possess. Activating *fire bolt* is a standard action.

TOUCH OF LAW 3 + WIS PER DAY

You can use *touch of law* a number of times per day equal to 3 + Wis. You can infuse a willing creature with the power of divine order, allowing it to treat all attack rolls, skill checks, ability checks, and saving throws for 1 round as if the natural d20 roll resulted in an 11. Using *touch of law* is a standard action. ✧

DEVIL, GAAV

LAWFUL EVIL

This tangle of scaly avian limbs furiously beats its double pair of vulture-like wings, keeping its fiendish, horned skull-head aloft.

INITIATIVE +3 **SPEED** 5 FT., FLY 60 FT. **CR** 3 **XP** 800 **HP** 30
SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT. **PERCEPTION** +6



DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 13
FORT +6, **REF** +7, **WILL** +0
IMMUNE fire, poison; **RESIST** acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

MELEE (standard action) masterwork spear +7 (1d6+1)
MELEE (move and standard action) 2 claws +6 (1d4+1 and grab)
SPECIAL ATTACKS breath weapon
SPELLS (caster level 4th)
 At will—*dancing lights* (see *Wayfinder* #9, page 103), *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *teleport* (self only), *ventriloquism** (DC 10)
 * new spell on this page

STATISTICS

STR +1, **DEX** +3, **CON** +2, **INT** -2, **WIS** -1, **CHA** -1
SKILLS Acrobatics +9, Perception +6, Stealth +13

ITEMS

EQUIPMENT masterwork spear
TREASURE 1 Minor Random Treasure roll (*Game Master's Guide*, page 30)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

BREATH WEAPON As a standard action, a gaav can breathe a 5-foot cloud of noxious gas. The target must make a DC 14 Fortitude save or be sickened for 1d4 rounds. Once a gaav uses its breath weapon it can't use it again for 1d4 rounds.
DAMAGE REDUCTION Whenever a gaav takes damage from a non-magical melee or ranged weapon, reduce the damage by 5 (to a minimum of 0).
GRAB The gaav's target is grabbed (*Game Master's Guide*, page 95), it can't move from its current square on its next turn, loses its DEX Mod to AC, and takes a -2 penalty on attack rolls.
Source: *Book of the Damned*, Vol. 1: *Princes of Darkness*

DEVIL, IMP

LAWFUL EVIL

Fiendish wings and a whipping scorpion-like tail lash behind this diminutive, red-skinned nuisance.

INITIATIVE +3 | **SPEED** 20 FT., FLY 50 FT. | **CR** 2 | **XP** 600 | **HP** 16

SENSES DARKVISION 60 FT., DETECT GOOD, DETECT MAGIC, SEE IN DARKNESS

PERCEPTION +7



DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 16, flat-footed 13

FORT +1, **REF** +6, **WILL** +4

Damage Reduction 5/magic or silver; **Immune** fire, poison;

Resist acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

MELEE (standard action) sting +8 (1d4 plus poison)

SPELLS (caster level 6th)

3rd—*suggestion* (DC 15)

Constant—*detect good**, *detect magic*

At will—*invisibility* (self only)

* *new spell described below*

STATISTICS

STR +0, **DEX** +3, **CON** +0, **INT** +1, **WIS** +1, **CHA** +2

SKILLS Acrobatics +9, Bluff +8, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Perception +7, Spellcraft +7

ITEMS

EQUIPMENT none

TREASURE 1 Minor Random Treasure roll (*Game Master's Guide*, page 30)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

CHANGE SHAPE As a standard action, an imp can turn into a boar (*Game Master's Guide*, page 64), dire rat (*Game Master's Guide*, page 65) or giant spider (*Game Master's Guide*, page 71), or back into its own form. In these forms, it uses the AC, speed, and attacks of that form, but its own statistics for everything else. It can cast its spells in any form.

DAMAGE REDUCTION Whenever an imp takes damage from either a nonmagical or non-silver melee or ranged weapon, reduce the damage by 5 (to a minimum of 0).

POISON Whenever an imp stings a creature, that creature must make a DC 13 Fortitude saving throw or take a -1 penalty to AC and on all ranged attack rolls, Reflex saving throws, and Dex-based skills for 1 day. The penalty increases by 1 each time the creature is stung and fails its Fortitude save.

Source: *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*

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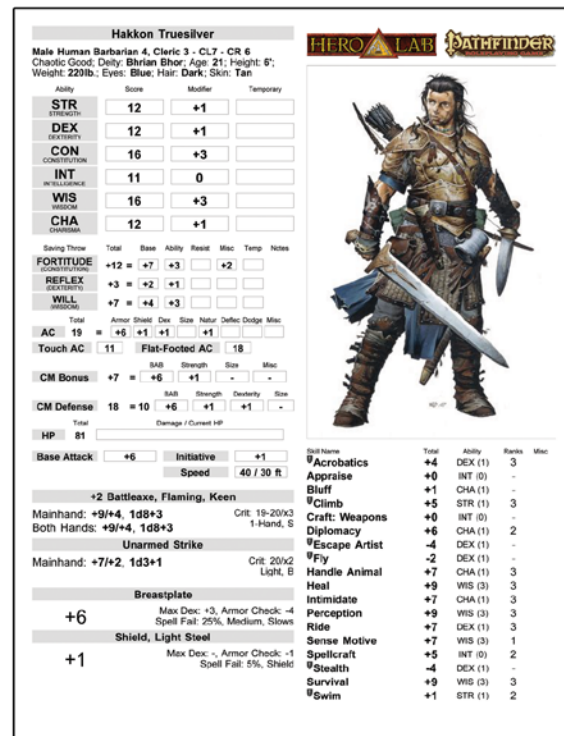
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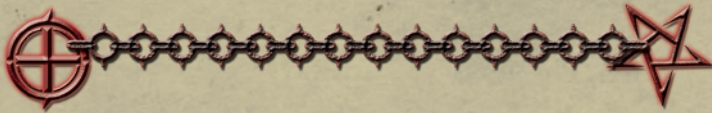
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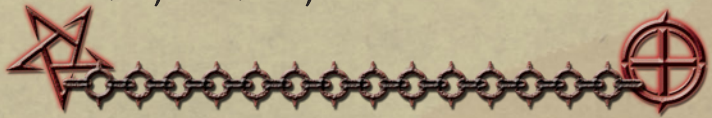


Golarion Gazetteer

Senara, City of Hellspawn

By Mark "Rogue Eidolon" Seifter

Art by Erin Frye



Senara is derided across Cheliox as an example of what happens when Chelaxians ignore the proper order of things and permit physical congress with devils, rather than aloof mastery. Almost one in four citizens of Senara is a tiefling, and over half sport at least a bit of infernal blood. Rumors spread through the streets of Senara like wildfire, and it isn't uncommon to see contradictory new rumors spring up on the heels of a particularly juicy bit of gossip.

NOTEWORTHY SITES

Citadel Ordeius

Senara's Citadel Ordeius is home to a large contingent of armigers of the monster-hunting Hellknight Order of the Pike. Led by **Master of Blades Tolsis Tuvadorn**, this contingent operates independently from the orders of the Tower Ordeial, though they all ultimately answer to the lictor. Although many Hellknights see adventurers as wandering unpredictable threats to order, Tuvadorn's own time hunting the beasts of the Whisperwood has left him with an affinity for respectful adventurers. Tuvadorn maintains nearly a dozen bounties on notorious beasts and horrors that have thus far eluded his men's grasp, and he is a staunch ally of his favored bounty hunters and adventurers. The strangest of these is **Keldin the Wise** (LG male shackleborn tiefling paladin 8 of Tanagaar), who appears every so often late at night at the gates of Citadel Ordeius to collect a bounty and always leaves the next morning. Several rumors among Senarans romantically link the Master of Blades and the mysterious paladin, but those armigers who deign to respond claim that the paladin spends most of his time standing in the dark in the oldest sections of the citadel. And as the saying goes in Senara, "If there aren't rumors about two people sleeping together, then you *know* they are!"

Rumors indicate that the Order maintains such a presence in Senara because of a nearby portal to Hell that lies open and uncontrolled. Several paladins of Iomedae who sought the gate have vanished without a trace, and the Order of the Gate has sent out three commands to find and close the portal, all of which were lost. The Order of the Pike does not attempt to locate the portal; instead they run numerous active patrols against the inevitable emergence of horrors from within the accursed wood.

Vira Temerys

This spacious estate is home to Senara's ruler, **Lord Mayor Zenobia Temerys**. A shrewd politician, Temerys manages to navigate the difficult path to maintain autonomy from the Order of the Pike despite the city's dependence upon the order and their hired bounty hunters

and adventurers in order to survive the dangers of the Whisperwood. She shows just enough respect to Tuvadorn, without ever caving in to his pressure.

While she is openly polite to High Priest Salsifer, rumors fly that she secretly despises the man and plots behind closed doors to destroy him, a difficult challenge, given the power of his family. Rumor also has it that the Lord Mayor could have been a powerful courtier in Egorian if it weren't for her shameful weakness: her secret paramour, a particularly submissive erinyes named Alekra.

The Cathedral of Law

The sharp angles of this black stone edifice are covered with leering gargoyles. **Fandrian Salsifer** of the Cathedral of Law is Senara's simultaneously beloved and hated High Priest of Asmodeus. While strict and severe as any self-respecting priest of Asmodeus, Salsifer depicts himself as a philanthropist, teaching moderation and self-control as important aspects of the worship of Asmodeus.

Salsifer's sermons are smeared with a honeyed layer of kindness that conceals the poison beneath. Salsifer learned that railing against something only causes his opponents to dig more staunchly into their positions, so he insidiously inserts morals and subliminal messages in his sermons intended to drive those with devil's blood to view their very births as weakness and themselves as worthless. His goal is to mold his parishioners into depressed and desperate souls, eager to do anything to please him and redeem themselves in his eyes from their infernal heritage.

The Brimstone Den

Senara's most infamous brothel, the Brimstone Den has stood strong against High Priest Salsifer's numerous attempts to force it closed, most recently by spreading rumors that the staff practice the illegal worship of Calistria and consort with demons. The proprietress, **Ilara Karnazi** (NG female pitborn tiefling bard 6) does actually have demon blood in her veins, but in truth she supports the worship of the Empyrean Lords Lymnieris and Arshea, neither of whom is an illegal chaotic deity. Ilara employs tieflings of all heritages and appearances at the Brimstone Den, without judging them for their tainted blood or for their unusual physical features, and the first rule of the Brimstone Den is to never judge a patron for expressing what they want.

Auntie Ritka's

This old butcher shop in a dilapidated building sports a blood-discolored sign reading "Auntie Ritka's." Although few criminals consider it worthwhile to ply their trade in Senara with all the patrols from Citadel Ordeius, rumors abound that the halfling crone who runs the shop keeps up a small but steady side business in discreet and untraceable body disposal for discerning clientele. Many Senarans believe that Auntie Ritka's famous mongrel-sausage is the result of her grisly side venture. In truth, **Auntie Ritka** (CN old female halfling rogue 8) has no qualms about disappearing bodies for unsavory clients, using old tunnels built beneath the foundation of her crumbling shop to send them far away, because this activity serves to spark Senara's gossip and thus cover her true loyalty to the Bellflower Network. Auntie Ritka helps escaped halfling slaves travel up the River Iseld and across the border into Andoran.

No stranger to the gore of death, if investigators ever come close to tracking slaves to her establishment, Auntie Ritka stages gory evidence of the slave's murder elsewhere in the city, allowing the investigators to come to their own conclusions as to why the "corpse" found its way to her shop.



Golden Virtue Preparatory School

This prestigious preparatory school accepts both male and female students but has two separate campuses and segregated classes for the two genders. Although the school's rules and discipline are strict, the school's courses and instructors are of high quality and result in students who are exceptionally knowledgeable on various topics. However, the school's true goal is to promote the whims of **Headmistress Jezana Melant** (LE female hellspawn tiefling monk 6/cleric 5 of Ardad Lili).

Headmistress Melant was once a member of the Sisters of the Golden Erinyes from neighboring Isger, but she broke ties with that organization when she changed the focus of her worship from Eiseth to Ardad Lili. Not content to indoctrinate the broken and parentless, as the Sisters do, Melant decided that she could gain more power by corrupting the minds of the privileged. As such, her insidious lessons ensure a new crop of dominant women and pliable men will rise among the elite of Senara, and she hopes to open additional branches of her school in other cities once her most promising disciples come of age.

The Viridian Observatory

Just outside Senara proper lies a great observatory in the nearby glades. Many passing nearby have caught a glimpse of the observatory from the distance, the upper reaches stretching above the tree line and reaching toward the stars. However, few dare approach, for rumors tell of the observatory's mistress, a green dragon of enormous power.

The observatory is indeed home to the green dragon **Athervox**, one of Golarion's greatest astronomers. Content to study peacefully, Athervox struck a mutual peace with House Thrune and even agreed to train several human apprentices in her astronomical lore. However, the apprentices proved to be charlatans and thieves, and they absconded with a great deal of Athervox's most precious research on the other planets of Golarion's solar system. Athervox has neither forgiven nor forgotten this slight, and while the dragon remains a font of knowledge about other worlds and the Dark

Tapestry beyond, it will be difficult to convince her to trust humans again.

Even if enterprising adventurers were to find and return her missing research, they would need a silver tongue to convince the irate dragon that they weren't in league with the thieves. Some believe the green dragon is plotting slow revenge upon those who betrayed her trust. They say that she is using shape-shifting magic to gain the components she needs to build a vast magical orrery capable of drawing forth horrors from beyond the stars to act as agents of poetic justice against her former pupils.

SENARA

LE small city

Corruption +2; Crime -3; Economy +1; Law +2; Lore +2; Society +0

Qualities insular, magically attuned, notorious, rumormongering citizens

Danger +15; Disadvantages cursed (Whisperwood portal to Hell)

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy

Population 5,200 (3,442 humans, 1,273 tieflings, 263 halflings, 222 other)

NOTABLE NPCs

Athervox (LE female old green dragon)

High Priest Fandrian Salsifer (LE male human cleric 10 of Asmodeus)

Lord Mayor Zenobia Temerys (LE female human wizard 5/diabolist 5)

Master of Blades Tolsis Tuvadorn (LN male human fighter 5/Hellknight 6)

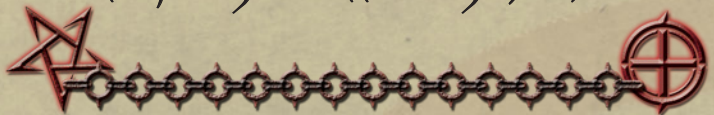
MARKETPLACE

Base Value 6,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 42,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 8th
Minor Items 4d4; **Medium Items** 3d4; **Major Items** 1d6 ✖



Weal or Woe: The Docks of Khari

By Joseph "RainyDayNinja" Kellogg
Art by Hugo "Butterfrog" Solis



WEAL: SOOTA BENKADDOUR

Soota Benkaddour is a stocky and sunburned dwarf with dark hair and friendly eyes. His considerable girth is equal parts muscle and fat, leaving him with a heavy, waddling gait. Rahadoumi by birth, he fled to the coastal town of Khari with his parents after they received a vision from Cayden Cailean. His parents quickly established themselves as accomplished brewers, and he inherited the family business and the quarters above it upon their passing. His seaside tavern, the Topsy Devil, is frequented by travelers between Cheliax and Rahadoum, sailors passing through the Straits of Aroden, and fishermen who simply choose to wait out the heat of midday indoors. However, the bar is merely a front for his real business: the smuggling of refugees.

Whether hunted priests from Rahadoum or political dissidents from mainland Cheliax, the desolate border between Kharijite and the vast Rahadoumi desert is a tempting goal for any who bristle under oppression in their homeland. The Topsy Devil is the main way station for those on the run and Soota makes it his business to ensure they finish their journey safely. He commands a respectable cadre of people smugglers and maintains a web of contacts with sympathetic ship captains in the nearby docks. He also has the beginnings of a tunnel system in the basement of his tavern, although so far it only reaches to a warehouse a few buildings down.

Always quick with a smile and a joke, Soota Benkaddour will try to help any who need his aid, even if that aid is nothing but a cold drink to fend off the heat of the beating sun.

Adventure Hooks

- A priestess of Calistria has fled from Rahadoum and Soota needs the PCs to help get her out of Cheliax before House Throne finishes what the Pure Legion could not.
- A halfling slave on a passing Chelish ship begs the PCs for help to reach the Topsy Devil before he leaves port again.

However the slave is really one of Cheliax's Inquisitors, seeking to dupe abolitionists into revealing their operations.

- Soota hires the PCs to secretly expand his tunnel network beneath the town to the edge of the desert. While tunneling, they run straight into a nest of giant scorpions.

Boon

Soota knows all the best ways into, out of, and around the city. Consulting him provides PCs a +5 bonus on Knowledge (local) checks to locate safehouses and shortcuts within Khari, or a +5 bonus on Diplomacy checks to convince other abolitionists and smugglers of their trustworthiness. He can also offer a 10% discount to like-minded PCs on *potions of invisibility*, *scrolls of disguise self*, or other minor magical items needed for stealth or guile.

SOOTA BENKADDOUR **CR 5**

XP 1,600

Male dwarf inquisitor^{APG} (infiltrator^{UM}) of Cayden Cailean 6
LN (CG) Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed 14 (+5 armor, -1 Dex); +4 dodge vs. giants
HP 36 (6d8+6)

Fort +6, **Ref** +1, **Will** +8; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 rapier +9 (1d6+5/18-20)

Ranged dagger +5 (1d4+4/19-20)

Special Attacks +1 on attack rolls against goblinoid and orc humanoids, *bane* (6 rounds/day)

Inquisitor Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +9)

Constant—*misdirection* (alignment only)

At will—*detect alignment*

6 rounds/day—*liberation*

Inquisitor Spells Known (CL 6th, concentration +9)

2nd (4/day)—*disguise other*^{UM}, *honeyed tongue*^{APG}, *invisibility*, *silence* (DC 16)

1st (5/day)—*disguise self*, *divine favor*, *expeditious retreat*, *protection from law*

0 (at will)—*create water*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *guidance*, *light*, *virtue*

Domain Liberation

TACTICS

Before Combat Soota uses his *misdirection* ability every morning to appear to have a LN alignment. He avoids combat if possible, but otherwise casts *divine favor* before moving to protect his allies. (This is already calculated into his statistics).

During Combat Soota tries to keep himself between his enemies and allies, attempting to buy time for them to escape. He activates a *protection* judgment to boost his AC, and activates his *bane* against the strongest foe.

Morale Soota will fight to the death if it means protecting one of his charges; otherwise, he will flee whenever possible.



Base Statistics Without the benefits of *divine favor*, Soota's attacks are: **Melee** +1 rapier +7 (1d6+3/18-20), **Ranged** dagger +3 (1d4+2/19-20).

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 8, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 15 (19 vs. bull rush, trip)

Feats Brew Potion, Deceitful, Lookout^{APG}, Skill Focus (Knowledge [local]), Swap Places^{APG}

Skills Bluff +13, Craft (alchemy) +10, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +7

Languages Common, Dwarven, Garundi

SQ cunning initiative +3, forbidden lore, judgment 2/day, *necessary lies* +6, solo tactics

Combat Gear +1 rapier, dagger (3); **Other Gear** +1 chain shirt, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of disguise other* (2), *potion of invisibility*, disguise kit, wooden holy symbol, spell component pouch

WOE: MARCELLIUS KANOS

Marcellius Kanos is a pale-skinned slab of muscle, as easily angered as he is sunburned. His hair is faded from exposure to the intense sun of the northern Garundi coast, and his face is leathery and weather-beaten. Marcellius once worked in the more metropolitan port of Corentyn, but his slow wits let a few too many smugglers and abolitionists through and he was transferred to the town of Khari. Only his family connections saved him from being sacked completely from civil service. Determined to regain a post in mainland Cheliax, he maintains an iron grip on the meager amount of shipping that passes through Khari's docks.

Because the docks are small enough to be monitored by one man, Marcellius has no official underlings. Instead, he deputizes a handful of dockworkers and fishermen for times when he needs more muscle or when he has business elsewhere. Though he can be commonly seen during the day harassing fishermen and examining cargo (flushed and sweating profusely in a heavy suit of armor), he often disappears during the night across the strait to attend whatever social events in Corentyn for which he can still get invitations, hoping to woo his way back into the good graces of the city government. He pretends not to notice the scoffing of his peers and reserves his anger for those he can easily bully.

Adventure Hooks

Marcellius might plant some contraband goods on the PCs or their ship to claim a victory to impress his superiors, forcing them to prove their own innocence.

Marcellius might torture a passing Andoren captain into revealing

the location of a safehouse or other abolitionist installation, and thus find the PCs there.

Marcellius might ask the PCs to put in a good word for him among the high society of Corentyn, where they find he was set up by a traitorous fellow harbormaster who was working with Andoren abolitionists.

Drawback

Marcellius has total control of what passes into and out of the docks of Khari. If the PCs make an enemy of him, he can prevent them from leaving the town by boat, forcing them to brave the vast Rahadoumi desert. If only annoyed, he can instead extract "docking fees" of up to 50 gp from the PCs. However, stories of his bumbling deeds are well-known in local circles and sharing new tales of such grants PCs a +2 bonus on Bluff and Diplomacy checks to improve the attitudes of citizens of Khari or the socialites of Corentyn.



MARCELLIUS KANOS CR 5

XP 1,600

Male human fighter (brawler^{UC}) 6

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 18 (+8 armor, +1 Dex)

HP 61 (6d10+24)

Fort +8, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3; +2 vs. fear

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 *sap* +12/+7 (1d6+9 nonlethal)

Ranged mwk composite longbow +8/+3 (1d8+3)

Special Attacks close combatant

TACTICS

Before Combat Marcellius uses Intimidate to get what he wants from his enemies and attempts to bully them into revealing their secrets rather than relying on his own poor perception.

During Combat Marcellius tries to take enemies alive with nonlethal damage. He uses Lunge combined with Stand Still to prevent enemies from fleeing, and uses bull rush maneuvers to knock heavily-armored enemies into the water.

Morale Marcellius fears the repercussions of another failure, but he isn't suicidal. He flees if reduced below 10 hit points and fetches some of his deputies to assist him.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +9 (+13 bull rush; +11 drag, reposition); **CMD** 20 (24 vs. bull rush; 22 vs. drag, reposition)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Bull Rush, Lunge, Power Attack, Stand Still, Toughness, Weapon Focus (*sap*), Weapon Specialization (*sap*)

Skills Intimidate +9, Profession (harbormaster) +10; **Languages** Common

Combat Gear +1 *sap*, masterwork composite longbow (Str +3) and 20 arrows, *potions of cure light wounds* (2); **Other Gear** +1 *banded mail*, *potion of touch of the sea*^{APG} ✦

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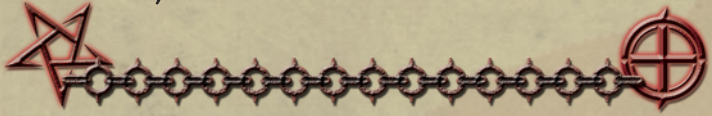


Golarion Gazetteer

Kharijite

By Joseph "RainyDayNinja" Kellogg

Art by Dave Mallon



The small district of Kharijite on the northern coast of Rahadoum was captured by Chelish forces hundreds of years ago in order to control both ends of the Arch of Aroden, and control all sea traffic entering the Inner Sea.

Separated from mainland Chelias by only a few miles of water, compared to over 100 miles of desert between it and any cities of Rahadoum, it maintains strong cultural ties to the city of Corentyn.

KHARI

The town of Khari is the only significant settlement in Kharijite, and is sometimes viewed as merely a minor district of Corentyn itself. However, it commands some respect as a stopping point along the Path of Salt.

Dockworks: The dockworks of Khari are a simple affair, consisting of only a few piers overseen from a shack housing a single dock master. The dockmaster, **Marcellius Kanos** (see p. 15), is a dimwitted bully who splits his time equally between harassing the local fishermen and trying to wheedle his way back into the good graces of the Corentyn socialites.

While a small amount of shipping goes through Khari, most passes through Corentyn instead. Choosing to dock in Khari is considered suspicious in itself, and Kanos doesn't let any such ships pass without a thorough examination for contraband or stowaways.

Shimmering Temple: This noisy adobe temple bustles with traffic at all hours as the faithful of many religions make their prayers and supplications. It also serves as the main source of water for the town. Because there are no rivers or oases close enough to supply fresh water to its residents, pipes bring sea water instead, which is continuously purified by clerics of Asmodeus, Abadar, and Iomedae, and even a few desert druids. Many beginning initiates in southern Chelias are sent here for several months to learn patience, persistence, and gratitude for the conveniences of more civilized areas.

The Topsy Devil: The Topsy Devil is the main tavern serving Khari and, like most of the town, lies adjacent to the dockworks. The proprietor, **Soota Benkaddour** (see p. 14), is a Garundi dwarf, notable for his girth as well as his sense of humor. Those in the know, however, recognize he is also the chief of a ring of smugglers in Khari who specialize in moving people, rather than goods. He uses his tavern as a way station for persecuted priests fleeing Rahadoum, as well as slaves and political dissidents fleeing Chelias.



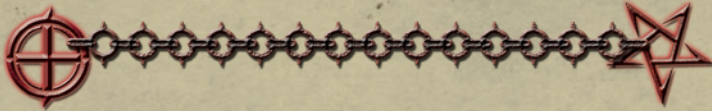
THE OUTER DESERT

The desert outside of Khari is harsh and unforgiving, even where bounded by the sea, but a few sites are worth visiting for those interested in sight-seeing and the local culture.

Arch of Aroden: The southern terminus of the Arch of Aroden lies a few miles to the east of the town of Khari. Its impressive span is easily visible from Khari, but it serves little purpose now that the bridge has collapsed. A small token garrison is kept there to protect it from attack, but the only attacks it has seen in recent years are obscene graffiti and daring children. The garrison instead focuses its attention on keeping the bridge in repair and giving tours to travelers for a few copper pieces.

Talifat Oasis Outpost: While not strictly within the borders of Chelias, this Pure Legion outpost lies only a short distance across the border, and is dependent on the town of Khari for its survival. It controls the small oasis of Talifat, which is half a day's journey from Khari, and serves as a cool resting place for those traveling overland to Azir. The outpost is also charged with patrolling the Kharijite border to intercept those attempting to flee the Pure Legion into Chelias, as well as catching those fleeing Chelias. Mutually beneficial extradition laws for escaped fugitives help maintain relatively friendly relations between the two nations, and the leader of the outpost, Aicha Battuta, asserts that no one crosses the border without her knowledge. In truth, however, the desolate border is difficult to patrol, especially with the few soldiers at her command.

Djinni's Inn: Situated on the extreme eastern border of Kharijite, the Djinni's Inn is the first structure caravans on the Path of Salt see upon crossing into Chelias. The proprietor, **Barakah al-Hassan**, takes advantage of this fact by selling all manner of holy symbols, divine healing magic, and prayer books to passers-through. He claims his inn is often visited by djinni, and if only his guests were to stay another day or two, one is sure to appear and perhaps even grant a wish. ✧



Tales of the Arcane Archaeologists: Through Hell For High Magic

By Ryan Costello, Jr.

Art by William Dodds



Archaeologists spend their lives with web-ridden hair on tomb treks, and in dirt up to their necks digging to the depths of excavation sites, all in their search for the truths of the past. The Arcane Archaeologists do the same in their search for ancient and obscure magics, with well-timed prestidigitations and mage hands making the job significantly cleaner. Keeping one's manicured fingernails clean goes a long way in Chelax, the once-vast empire keeping up appearances of its former glory. This land of secrets and soul-binding contracts is replete with the prizes the Arcane Archaeologists are after, even if they have to fight tooth and nail to get them.

Individually, the Arcane Archaeologists are: Mazi Verrechia, an Andoren human who keeps a scroll case marked "Hell escape plan"; Ahiyo Kyishi, a Tian elf who considers an aged rice wine worthless compared to the value of that which she plans to trade it for; Redaluccala "Red" Daipeati, a gnome tinkerer with better things to do in Chelax than enter the wrong end of the slave trade; and Leclair Shnag, a half-orc cryptozoologist who fears no Chelaxian, neither human nor devil. Together, they meet their noble connections, avoid infernal detection, and put themselves through Hell finding the magic treasures of Chelax.

HELL FROM THE WHISPERS

Chelish dangers are subtle, more often social than physical. However, it remains an empire with ties to Asmodeus. Rumors tell of a gate to Hell amid the Heartlands, most likely within the Whispering Woods. That the Whispering Woods pose or possess some great threat is without doubt, or at least some of the many crusaders who broke the tree line would have returned. One arcane archaeologist theorizes that perhaps they have.

Leclair Shnag, no stranger to

strangeness, spent months in the Heartland plains on the border of the Whispering Woods, watching for signs of survivors or, at least, some clues to their fate. The only life to leave the woods are slug-like creatures, the size of sheep-herding dogs, with short arms ending in spear-like points. While Leclair does not discredit the folklore that dismisses them as devil parasites, she has her own theory. After the Whispering Woods is finished with its victims, enough of them remains that they can be tortured, literally twisted, into creatures of living pain. The lynchpin of her theory is the creature's gaze attack, a glimpse into a hellish torture chamber. Leclair believes the slugs are either psychic sadists, or they are briefly relieved of their agony when another suffers for them.

Heartland Castaway

This creature resembles a thick, wrung-out piece of leather, except for its spear-like arms and slug-like movements.

HEARTLAND CASTAWAY

CR 3

XP 800

CE Small vermin

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +1

Immune fire, poison, mind-affecting effects; **Resist** acid 5, cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., burrow 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d3+3)

Special Attacks visions of torture gaze

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 15, **Con** 17, **Int** -, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 17 (can't be tripped)

Skills Climb +11

ECOLOGY

Environment forests, plains

Organization solitary, pair, or slog (3-6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Visions of Torture (Su): Paralysis (1 round), 30 feet, DC 12 Will save negates. Additionally, the heartland castaway gains the benefits of *haste* for 1 round after it has affected a target with its gaze. The save DC is Wisdom-based.

WALKING TALL

Those Chelish halflings who do not wake every morning indentured or in a pen spend every waking moment watching out for a slaver's net. Chelax is among the rare lands that prize halflings as slaves over labor-ready races like half-orcs or humans. Chelish halflings know that if they can make their way out of the imperial lands, they have a chance at freedom.



“Red” Daipeati understands the fear these halflings feel far better than he understands their value among Chelish slavers. He created a magic pair of stilts that allow small humanoids like halflings and gnomes to blend in among humans. While he achieved what he set out to do, the gnome tinkerer fears the potential for infiltration by goblins and kobolds who might get their hands on a few pairs of unchained legs. For the time being, he accepts this potential for anarchy as the consequence of freeing many from the perils of slavery.

UNCHAINED LEGS

Aura faint illusion and transmutation; **CL** 5th
Slot feet; **Price** 3,650 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Any creature wearing this pair of masterwork stilts can operate them without the use of their hands. When a Small humanoid wears them, however, he gains the following additional benefits: The wearer’s proportions are altered to match those of a typical human of the wearer’s gender. Other cosmetic details—skin tone, ear shape, teeth sharpness, vocal range—alter as well to blend in with the human population in the area. The wearer gains a +10 bonus on Disguise checks to pass as human. Furthermore, the wearer’s gear becomes Medium-sized, his base land speed becomes 30 feet, and he can operate the stilts without making Acrobatics skill checks.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *disguise self*, *enlarge person*; **Cost** 1,825 gp

WORDS WITH A WINK

One of the greatest challenges Ahiyo Kyishi faced in preparing for her voyage from Tian Xia was learning Taldane. By the standards of a Tien-speaker, Taldane was a “blocky” language, one that put the idea in the center of a sentence and built a straight line to and past that idea. For someone who wove her ideas as interlaced sentences, she was forced to use words less like an embroiderer and more like a brick layer. With magical assistance from Mazi Verrechia, she mastered Taldane. Although it diminished her expressive personality and sense of humor, she was able to communicate almost anywhere in the Inner Sea. Almost.

During her first visit to a Chelish court, she did not speak except to answer direct questions; she was dumbstruck by the courtesans’ ability to use Taldane to speak like a Tian, taking a blocky language to create mosaics. She found when the nobles speak, they create sentences that can only be met with a few specific replies, to which the speakers already have responses prepared. To the uninitiated, this appears to be an exchange between people of great social agility. To wit, an audience might follow the conversation like paint stroked across a canvas, but to the conversationalists, they are layering a mural using interconnecting elements already on hand.

Before making a return visit, Mazi familiarized Ahiyo with the spells that helped her learn Taldane. She used *reword*—a cantrip that allowed the caster to swallow words—as the skeleton for *winking reword*, a new, more powerful spell to gracefully recover from the many missteps she expected to make during her first Chelish court conversation.

REWORD

School enchantment; **Level** bard 0, cleric 0, sorcerer/wizard 0

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

Range personal

Target you

Duration 10 min or until expended (see text)

During a conversation where every word counts, you have greater insight into how what you say will be received, which you can use to your advantage. After failing a Diplomacy check to improve the

attitude of an NPC towards you, you may retroactively add +2 to your d20 roll as an immediate action. The result is redetermined with the new result. Doing so immediately ends the duration of this spell.

WINKING REWORD

School enchantment; **Level** bard 3, sorcerer/wizard 3

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (1 or more semi-precious gems or jewels)

Range personal

Target you

Duration 1 hour/level or until expended (see text)

Nothing dazzles the eye like a shimmering stone. When this spell is cast, you can charge a number of semi-precious or precious stones equal to one per 3 caster levels with a winking shimmer. These stones can be part of jewelry or loose, can be worn or carried. After making a Diplomacy check to change the attitude of an NPC towards you, you can expend one of your stones as an immediate action to reroll your d20 roll. If the precious stone is visible to the NPC whose attitude you are attempting to change, you gain a bonus to the reroll depending on the stone’s value: +0 for a low-quality gem; +1 for a semi-precious gem; +2 for a medium quality gemstone; +5 for a high quality gemstone; +10 for a jewel; +20 for a grand jewel (see the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook™* page 400 for more details on gems). The gems turn to glass after use, but are unharmed if their charge is not expended.

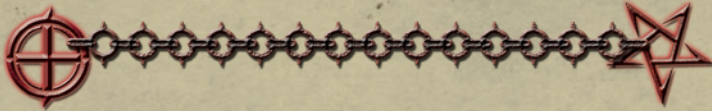
You must be wearing a charged stone or have it in your possession for you to expend its charge. If a charged stone leaves your possession, it maintains a magical aura for the spell’s duration but provides no benefit to anyone other than you. ✧



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Fatal Slip

By Janet "Treppa" Bell

Art by Silvia "Crescentmoon" Gonzalez



"Hold tight." I pulled the little one up to straddle my hip, grunting slightly as we approached the city gate. "Look like a child."

"Yeth, mommy," the curly-haired poppet lisped, clinging to my neck and burying her head in my shoulder. I shivered even though she was uncomfortably warm against my body. The smell of her sweat was not the scent of childhood.

Pale red light shone on the crowds waiting to pass the gates. Wiscrani rise before the dawn to dress and eat in the shelter of their homes. They start their work as soon as the tocsin rings the dawn all-clear, rushing to finish the day's labors before sunset's curfew. Despite the waxing light, I kept clear of the dark alleys where trapped shadow beasts might shelter. We had all heard the stories of what became of those who ventured into such darkness. Childhood's monsters were real here.

Most of the dottari were clustered around carters checking identity papers, manifests, and cargo. One was off to the side processing individuals so those without freight could clear the gate more quickly. No Hellknights were in sight. We knew it would be that way.

I dawdled, looking out over Gemcrown Bay, reluctant to proceed. I could smell the effluvia of the docks and sewers tainting the sea breeze that trickled through my hair and cooled my sweat. Even laden with offending smells, the wind here was sweeter than in Egorian, where a shift in direction brought the noisome reek of middens and death from the sprawling slave camps along the shores of Lake Sorrow. Though Westcrown was half-deserted and in decline, I could see past glory peeking through the crumbling veneers of vacant buildings and broken paving stones. She was beautiful once, and the beauty remained in a way that all the thorny new architecture in Egorian could never match.

"That way," the girl whispered, nudging me from my reverie. I inched toward the lone dottari, pulling our papers from the leather pouch slung from my shoulder, sweating where my companion's body pressed against mine. My garb was pure field-worker peasant, rough dress, scarf around my neck to keep off the sun,

wide-brimmed hat atop my head. The girl on my hip was dressed like a country child, with sturdy boots, curls bound with a kerchief except where they escaped to frame her face, and a long, loose sack for a dress, bound at the waist with a leather thong looped around her tiny body several times. I said nothing, avoiding the dottari's eyes as I handed over our papers. Mine were fine. Hers, well, they might pass a casual inspection.

The guard was chatty but not careless. "Don't remember seeing you going out with the morning workers before," he said amiably, sharp black eyes perusing my credentials and flipping them aside to peek at the child's. His dark brows drew together slightly and he glanced at the two of us, flushed and sweaty in the rising heat of day despite the cooling sea air.

"Madam, I must ask the two of you to step aside." He was firm but courteous, hand resting gently on his rapier hilt. "Your papers are irregular."

"P-please. We're leaving here." I kept my pleading low so we would not be overheard. "Please, nobody is harmed. Her master is foreign. She left his ship. He must believe her devoured by shadow beasts by now. She saved me from one of the things—warned me. I owe her. Please, sir, we'll just leave. We'll cause no trouble." I

begged with every inflection of my voice, every cringing posture of my frame. The halfling clung tight to me, eyes huge and pleading in her pretty round face. I made sure we could not be overheard. He paused, but made no move to relent, eyes searching my face expectantly.

"Look, I sold everything I had to get her away from here. I'm more than willing to pay a gate fee." I pulled open my pouch, showing the glint of gold and silver in the bottom.

The guard glanced around casually. "That may be sufficient. Let me see." He pawed through the contents, selecting several coins, mostly gold. In fact, he took *most* of the gold. I was still nervous. It wasn't over yet.

"Thank you, kind sir," whispered the halfling, "Do you have any idea where we should go? We couldn't

afford ship's passage."

He may have taken a little more than was proper, but not much. The Chelish bribe schedule is well established and generally honored. So far, at least in Cheliox, he had done nothing wrong. He pocketed his fee and scrutinized the two of us for a long moment, doubtless noting my trembling. The girl dug her nails into my shoulder in warning, out of sight of the dottari. A pause, then he leaned in to speak softly.

"You didn't hear it from me. Go north. Up past Egorian, on the way to St. Ilnea's Fountain, there's a whole colony of escaped slips that've been causing all sorts of trouble. Follow the Tomarsulk north out of Lake Sorrow, then go up the Jeni River where it branches off. Keep going into the hills, up the Jeni. They'll find you, more than likely."

I held my breath. *Stop. Stop now*, I thought. But my companion's big eyes swayed him. Or, more likely, he received a reward from the abolitionists for his aid. Just as he took too much gold from my pouch, he went a little too far in his speech. He quietly said, "Ask

"Please, sir, we'll just leave.
We'll cause no trouble."
I begged with every
inflection of my voice,
every cringing posture of
my frame. The halfling
clung tight to me, eyes huge
and pleading in her pretty
round face. I made sure we
could not be overheard.

I rose quickly from my knees, stumbling a little in my haste to keep up as she would not pause, and followed as obediently as a dog. ... I envied them. Their suffering would be over soon.

for Kelen. Tell him Rinaldo sent you.”

I dropped to my knees in the dust. The halfling wriggled from my grasp, pulling a necklace with an inverted pentagram from inside her shift as soon as her tiny boots hit the dust. Holding it, she intoned a melodious prayer in Infernal, the language of devils. A blood red light surrounded her delicate hands as she gestured at the guard. He froze in the midst of drawing his rapier, eyes wide and frightened. A few of his companions yelled and began jogging toward us, abandoning the impatient and shouting teamsters. I pulled my hat from my head and remained where I was, head low, showing no disrespect by towering over the favored of Asmodeus in her work.

The halfling pulled out her real papers as more dottari approached, handing them to the captain. “Nessia Lightfoot, Inquisitor of Asmodeus,” she intoned with unmistakable authority in her piping voice, “Church business. Step aside.” She held up her hand commandingly, turning her head away from the dottari captain back towards where we had emerged onto the main street. *Come to me now. I need you*, Nessia breathed to the empty air.

The captain inspected our genuine papers, sweat beading on his forehead as he glanced nervously between us and his man, still frozen in place. “What’s happening here?” he snapped.

“It’s very simple, captain. I uncovered a liberator. In the name of Her Infernal Majestrix Queen Abrogail II, and of Most High Aspexia Rugatonn, Grand High Priestess of Asmodeus, I hereby charge this man with heresy and treason. He countenanced my passage as an escaped slave and advised me where to find the rebels. Now, to see how far the taint goes.”

Distant clattering grew louder as a squad of Hellknights swept into the square before the gate, citizens scattering before their mounts and wisely disappearing, though I could see shutters all around us cracked open, occupants peering at the proceedings.

The squad spread throughout the area, some stopping near the gate to secure it. A Hellknight took up position behind each of the dottari. The faces of the guards reflected their fury at the appearance of their rivals, but the captain had little beyond dawning fear etched on his. He knew the Plaza of Flowers waited if he could not prove his innocence.

“Take them to Taranik House for questioning, Paralictor Chard,” the Inquisitor instructed, unwrapping her long belt from its several turns around her waist. One of the figures in thorny mail nodded and began directing his men.

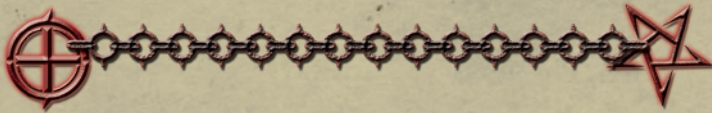
“Durotas Roccin will hear of this,” the captain blustered as a Hellknight wrenched his weapons from his grasp.

“Then we see how far *she* can bear scrutiny,” Nessia replied with a tiny smile. “Take them, Paralictor.” She finished unwinding and straightening the length of her belt, then handed me the clasp at one end. Eyes downcast, I pulled away the scarf to clip the lead to the thick leather collar hidden beneath. The halfling

Inquisitor took the other end and gave it a tug. “Come,” she commanded, trotting toward Taranik House. I rose quickly from my knees, stumbling a little in my haste to keep up as she would not pause, and followed as obediently as a dog. I swear even the doomed dottari regarded me with pity.

I envied them. Their suffering would be over soon. ✧





Weal or Woe: Burning Truths

By Christoph "RuyanVe" Gimmler
Art by Frank "Ruloc" Hessefort



WEAL: GREGORIUS "WILDHEART" FREEWORDE

Gregorius is a lanky man in his late twenties, standing well over 6 feet tall. Though his black hair has turned gray early from grief and hardship, his blue eyes have preserved their mischievous glint and he greets almost everyone with a warm smile.

Gregorius' youth was held fast between three fixtures: his mother's dotting upon her only son, the many hours spent with his companion Petra, and his father's tutelage.

As scholar and scribe, William Freeworde sought to teach his son all he'd need to know. Lecturing him about the true history of Chelias was of utmost importance to William. Father and son spent more and more time discussing how House Throne's constant change of history was proof of the underlying corruption, covering the whole country like a creeping mold.

Secluding themselves in the secret library where William kept all the books written by Chelish scholars and historians from abroad, their discussions would last for hours.

When Gregorius grasped the wrongfulness of this constant fraud—one approved by the church of Asmodeus—it touched something deep inside him, stirring him into action. Gregorius' mother noticed this change in her son soon after and lived in constant fear that her family would be denounced by a neighbor and convicted for their apostatic behavior.

Of course, Gregorius had to share his political views with Petra, speaking with growing alacrity about this base plotting, cultivating his urge of uprising. He came to regret his openness when his long-time companion proved to be the one denouncing his father to the authorities. He watched in shock and disbelief as the group of Hellknights, led by Petra, took his father into custody and burned all of his books in the



village square.

Numb from pain, grief and incomprehension of what had come to pass, Gregorius inched along the jeering crowd of former friends and neighbors. Amidst the throng, he heard a single whisper uttered to him from beneath the hood of a stranger twirling a rose between her fingers. "Find your hidden strength".

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- The PCs try to hunt down a less-and-less known fact of Chelish history and need the help of an expert.
- After barely escaping a cleverly laid trap to end his heretical actions, the PCs help Gregorius escape his pursuers.

Boon

Gregorius can help the PCs with his various contacts, providing hiding places or information the PCs seek. When dealing with others sympathetic to Gregorius' cause, PCs gain a +4 bonus on Charisma-based checks.

GREGORIUS "WILDHEART" FREEWORDE

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male human cleric of Milani 6

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; Senses Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +2 shield)

hp 39 (6d8+12)

Fort +8; Ref +5; Will +9

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk morningstar +4 (1d8-1)

Ranged +1 crossbow +6 (1d8/19-20)

Special Attacks channel positive energy 5/day (DC 15, 3d6)

Domain Spell-like Abilities (CL 6th, concentration +9)

6/day—resistant touch

Cleric spells prepared (CL 6th, concentration +9)

3th—*good hope*, *martyr's last blessing*^{AP#68}, *prayer*, *protection from energy*^D

2nd—*align weapon*, *lesser restoration*, *remove paralysis*^D, *shard of chaos*^{UM}, *spiritual weapon*

1st—*command* (DC 14), *doom* (DC 14), *entropic shield*, *protection from evil*, *remove fear*^D

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

D Domain spell; Domains Liberation, Protection

TACTICS

Before Combat Gregorius casts *martyr's last blessing* and *good hope* prior to combat and hands his *potion of aid* to a melee combatant.

During Combat During the first rounds of combat, Gregorius casts *entropic shield* followed by *spiritual weapon*.

Morale Gregorius burns for his ideals and his goddess. When fighting alongside people he cares for, he fights to the death, especially if he believes that his sacrifice enables them to win or to flee and live on.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 14

Base Attack +4; CMB +3; CMD 14

Feats Alignment Channel (evil), Combat Casting, Improved Initiative, Selective Channel

Skills Bluff +4, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +5, Heal +8, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (local) +4, Knowledge (nobility) +6, Knowledge (planes) +7, Knowledge (religion) +7, Perception +5, Profession (Scholar) +8, Sense Motive

+8, Spellcraft +6, Survival +4

Languages Celestial, Common, Infernal

SQ aura, liberation (6 rounds/day)

Combat Gear *elixir of hiding, potion of aid*; **Other Gear** masterwork morningstar, +1 *light crossbow* with 20 bolts, +1 *studded leather*, +1 *darkwood buckler*, *hat of disguise*, silver holy symbol, wooden holy symbol, 51 gp

WOE: PETRA HIGHSMITH

Petra is a powerfully built woman whose hazelnut eyes match the color of her long, wavy hair. She spends most of her time in her Hellknight plate armor and anyone who meets her stern gaze quickly forgets about her short stature.

Growing up almost as siblings, she and Gregorius were natural companions, being of the same age and from the same village.

Heavily influenced by her devout father, the village's smith, Petra herself lectured others from a young age about the importance of good order and discipline to society. Not everyone agreed with her or cared to listen, and as her frustrations grew, she began denouncing neighbors for minor offenses against the Disciplines.

Gregorius was, and remains, oblivious to Petra's love for him and has never recognized her unanswered feelings as the source of her behavior toward him. His blissful naiveté paved the road Petra was bound to take.

When Gregorius told her about his discussions with his father that House Throne itself undermines law and order and is a powerful source of corruption, she made a far-reaching decision.

When the next squad of Hellknights arrived in town on their regular tour to replace outdated versions of the histories, Petra denounced William Freeworde of hiding blasphemous books from proscribed burning and of spreading their falsehoods to his son and beyond his family.

The Hellknights found the secret library, arrested William Freeworde on the count of treason, and burned the books in the village square, leaving Gregorius' reeducation to the village elders.

While knowing she had done the right and lawful thing, Petra was distressed at the pain she had caused her love. She left the village the very same night.

During the following months, she earned her living as a mercenary, fighting threats to the order of Cheliaz and House Throne's rule. During a battle against an unbound devil near a hamlet in the Menador Mountains, a platoon of Hellknights from the Order of the Rack witnessed her deal the killing blow to the fiend, paving her way to Hellkighthood. Today she is stationed at the Adivian Bridge and oversees the deliveries of the "corrected" history of Cheliaz to local scholars.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- The PCs have to stand trial before Petra for committing a minor crime.

- The PCs are asked to aid Petra in a search for withheld histories that contradict the officially published version, possibly running into Gregorius.

Drawback

Commoners who know the PCs have dealings with a Hellknight have a starting attitude of unfriendly. The PCs suffer a –2 penalty on Charisma-related checks to influence them. Others might report even the slightest misconduct to other Hellknights.

MARALICTOR PETRA HIGHSMITH

CR 6

XP 2,400

Female human fighter 5/Hellknight^{ISWG} (Order of the Rack) 2

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 12, flat-footed 23 (+10 armor, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 shield)

Hp 65 (7d10+26)

Fort +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3; +1 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *cold iron longsword* +12/+7 (1d8+12 /19-20)

Ranged mwk heavy crossbow +9 (1d10 /19-20)

Special Attacks smite chaos 1/day (+1 attack and AC, +2 damage), weapon training (heavy blades +1)

Spell-like Abilities (CL 7th, concentration +8) 4/day—*discern lies*

Spell-like Abilities (CL 2nd, concentration +3) At will—*detect chaos*

TACTICS

Before Combat Petra uses her *detect chaos* spell-like ability to identify worthwhile targets for her smite chaos ability.

During Combat Petra prefers melee combat, routinely using Power Attack (already figured into her attack statistics).

Morale Petra has become a cool, calculating fighter who knows when to surrender. If brought below 20 hp she yields, demanding a lawful trial and hurling threats about what would happen if it should become known they murdered a Hellknight in Cheliaz.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 22

Feats Alertness, Dodge, Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization

Skills Climb +5, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (engineering) +4, Knowledge (local) +5, Knowledge (planes) +2, Perception +7, Profession (soldier) +4, Ride +2, Sense Motive +6, Survival +3, Swim +5

Languages Common

SQ armor training 1

Combat Gear *brooch of shielding, potion of cure serious wounds*; **Other gear** +1 *cold iron longsword*, masterwork heavy crossbow with 20 bolts, +1 *Hellknight Plate*^{ISWG}, +1 *heavy steel shield*, 99 gp ✦



A DARK STAR FELL FROM THE SKY BRINGING WITH IT THE END OF ALL THINGS!

The sanctity of the world known as Abaddon was shattered when a global apocalyptic event of a meteor impacting the planet causing a destructive ecological and eldritch change.

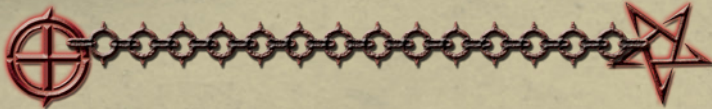
Now there is no day or night, just never ending Apocalypse. An undead world ruled by fear and horror. Undead nightmares prowl the darkest forest with malevolent ghouls, grim demonic fiends and horrific vampires prey on a fearful populace. The world is dominated by the monstrously powerful immortal evils that reigns supreme over this world. And with all this the mysterious force known as Nightwall. Evil dominates the world to be challenged by noble heroes fighting to take back a world that should belong to them.

Are you willing to
take up the fight?



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Heroes' Hoard: From the Signifers' Forges

By Yanick "Methvezem" Moreau

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



One of the tasks assigned to the various signifers—arcane and divine spellcasters in service of the various Hellknight's orders—is to create and develop new items of power to help further the cause of each specific group. Since most of these items are easily recognizable by their design as property of the Orders, all unauthorized possession of such items is sure to incur the wrath of any Hellknight witnesses.

FELLMACE

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 7th

Slot —; **Price** 80,312 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 heavy mace is made in the baroque design common to many Hellknight's orders.

When wielded by a lawful evil creature, it becomes a +2 axiomatic unholy heavy mace. When used against chaotic or good opponents, a fellmace dealing a successful critical hit causes the opponent to be stunned for 1d4 rounds (Fortitude DC 18 negates).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *order's wrath*, *unholy blight*, creator must be lawful evil; **Cost** 40,312 gp

HELLFIRE GLOVE

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 9th

Slot hands; **Price** 16,000 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

Made of supple, dark leather, this glove has strips of coal-black steel riveted to the back of the fingers and hand. Each of these strips is etched with tiny Infernal runes praising the glory of Hell's dark order. Whenever the glove calls upon the Pit's own unholy energies, the runes flare to life with a deep red glow.

A hellfire glove can be used as a focus while casting a spell with the fire descriptor. Modified spells deal the same amount of damage, except half the damage is fire and half is unholy energy. Only good and neutral (not evil) creatures are harmed by damage from the unholy energy. The

modified spell gains the evil descriptor.

Upon command, the wearer can cause a held melee weapon to erupt in unholy flame for up to 9 minutes. This effect is identical to the flaming weapon property except, as above, half the additional damage is unholy energy. This ability can be used three times per day. A double weapon gains the benefit for only one of its ends.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *flame strike*, *unholy blight*, creator must be evil; **Cost** 8,000 gp

HELLKNIGHT'S BANNER

Aura moderate (various schools); **CL** 10th

Slot —; **Price** Price 14,000 gp (Godclaw), 24,000 gp (Pyre), 40,000 gp (Chain); **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

A Hellknight's banner is a dark red cloth standard, typically 2 feet wide and 4 feet long, meant to be carried and displayed on a lance or pole. It has no effect when not displayed properly. All depict the black and crimson nine-pointed star, symbol of the Hellknights, with the individual order's respective insignia embroidered in the star's center.

A Hellknight's banner may be carried (on foot or mounted) or planted. In the latter case, the standard does not need a bearer to remain effective, but if it is toppled by an enemy, it loses its effectiveness until reclaimed and replanted by an ally of its owner.

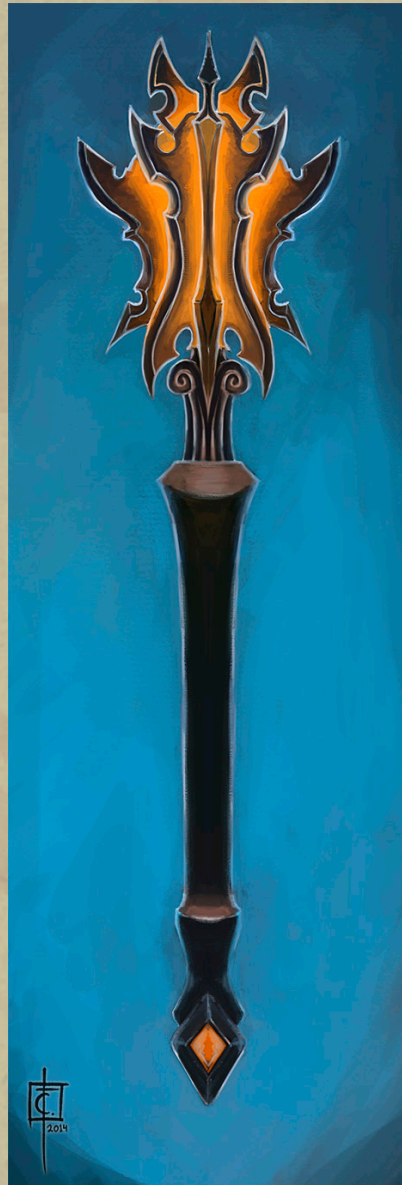
Order of the Chain: A hand wrapped in chains adorns the center of this banner's star. Allies possessing the favored enemy class feature can use their greatest favored enemy bonus against humans while within 30 feet of the banner. If they already possess humanoid (human) as a favored enemy, their bonus increases by an additional +2.

Order of the Godclaw: This banner displays the order's spinning, five-pointed iron star symbol in its center. Unaligned melee weapons used by allies within 30 feet of the banner are considered to be lawful for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction. Once per day per ally, when used against a chaotic creature, such weapons automatically confirm a critical hit.

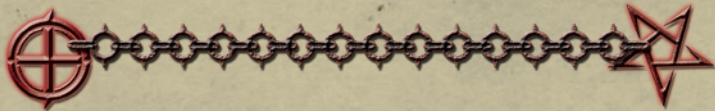
Order of the Pyre: A tower rising from flames is displayed displayed in the center of this banner. Enemies affected by or attempting to use any polymorph effects within 60 feet of the banner must make a DC 15 Will save. A creature that fails its saving throw reverts into or remains in its natural form. It cannot use any polymorph effect while within the banner's area of effect. A creature that makes its saving throw can use the polymorph effect and is immune to the banner's effects for 1 day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *instant enemy*^{APG}, creator must have the favored enemy class feature (Chain); *order's wrath*, creator must be lawful (Godclaw); *true form*^{APG} (Pyre); **Cost** 20,000 gp (Chain), 7,000 gp (Godclaw), 12,000 gp (Pyre) ✘



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The County of Hell's Teeth

A Gazetteer of the Islands of Hellmouth Bay

By Jesper "Kajehase" Haglund

Map by Michael "mearrin69" Arrington



Hell's Teeth is the name of the island chain stretching from Thuryan, at the northern end of Hellmouth Bay on Cheliox's western coast, to Wolf's Tooth in the south. Populated by humans and hobgoblins since the early years of the Age of Destiny, the islands remained outside the rule of larger empires until the start of Cheliox's Everwar, when the islands' ruler, called "The Fisher King" (or Queen) by the mainlanders, was given the choice of swearing fealty to the monarch in Westcrown and joining the assault on Nidal or facing an invasion. During the civil war in Cheliox following the death of Aroden, the islands' rulers, the Glaztri family, remained neutral until it was clear the Thrunes were winning the war, at which point the current head of the family declared himself king of the islands in an attempt to wrest independence for the isles from Cheliox. The attempt ended in his death and a life of exile in Sargava and the Shackles for those family members who survived. Today the islands are ruled as a feudal county by **Petronicus Rugatonn** (LE human inquisitor 6), appointed for life by the Queen as paracount of Hell's teeth.

The island chain's population is looked down upon by mainland Chelaxians, who call the denizens of Hell's Teeth inbred and degenerate. It is true the islanders are in some ways a breed apart from the mainlanders. Worship of Asmodeus and fealty to the Egorian-appointed administrators are often only skin-deep. Older loyalties lie beneath the surface, both to exiled noble families and to old, disturbing deities.

Islanders who travel abroad end up as sailors in the Chelish navy or with pirate crews menacing Avistan and Garund's western coasts.

SITES OF INTEREST

Thuryan

The northernmost of the islands, Thuryan is made up of grassy plains in the north, hills in the south, and hobgoblin-infested mountains in the center. The human settlements of the island are mostly fishing villages along the coast—the one exception being the village that grew up around the stronghold of the Teeth's old ruling family, Glaztri Castle.

Greykeep is the current "capital" of the islands and is named for the old fortification that serves as home for Paracount

Petronicus and his immediate subordinates. In addition to the keep and its population, some 30 families live in the village. The main point of interest in the village is a ruined older keep said to be haunted by a pair of twins. The stories claim they were thrown into a dungeon by their older brother, the king, for attempting to usurp his position. When their supporters came to free them, the king threw away the key and escaped to the mainland.

Glaztri Castle: The only settlement of more than one or two families in the island's interior, Glaztri Castle was the main holding of the old ruling family, the Glaztris. The community's namesake remains the largest stronghold on the islands and is home to a garrison of 200 soldiers who carry out regular forays against the hobgoblins who rule the mountains in the island's center.

Oak Bluff: This village in the center of the island's east coast appears studiously unremarkable. The reason for the village's ordinariness is that its inhabitants are hiding a secret: rather than worshiping Asmodeus like proper Chelaxians, they maintain a subterranean shrine to the Great Old Ones where they occasionally sacrifice unwary travelers who have arrived at the wrong time. For an example of a similar village, see the module *From Shore to Sea*.

Kaupthing Wyk: A bit of an anomaly on the islands, Kaupthing Wyk is an Ulfen enclave on the island's west coast, founded centuries ago by raiders from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, and survives as a semi-independent entity to this day. The regular villagers are fishers and farmers, however, the village also serves as a sort of neutral meeting ground for Ulfen raiders from the Ironbound Archipelago, Riddleport corsairs, and pirates from the Shackles. The Paracount is well aware of the situation, but several Linnorm Kings, as well as Admiral Druvalia Thrune, have let him know that the information they gather here is valuable enough that any move against the village will involve serious consequences for the person responsible.

The Thuryan Hobgoblins: In the mountainous center of the island, Chelish rule is light, giving way to that of the Clenched Fist hobgoblin tribe. They live in caves in the hills and mountains, periodically raiding the coastal fishing villages and northern farmlands. The ruler of the tribe is King Slatark, twenty-third of that name—a wily guerrilla leader who's successfully continued his tribe's history of repelling human attempts to expand toward the island's center.

Shardstone

South of Thuryan lies the island of Shardstone. Currently, it is ruled by **Baron Maripudhamar Vadipatra** (LN vanara wizard 12), an adventurer from distant Vudra who received the title as reward for foiling a plot against his liege-lord, Paracount Rugatonn. Shardstone's primary export is iron ore. Its population is similar to that of Thuryan, but the more mountainous nature of its geography means human dominance of the island is even more tenuous. Hobgoblin strength here is sufficient to extract a yearly tribute from the Baron in return for the Shardstone tribe leaving the mines alone.

North Cape: As can be deduced from the village's name, North Cape is situated on the island's northernmost point, its houses clustered below a lighthouse on a high cliff. The village's most infamous inhabitant is the alchemist Masurko Trebussol, who fled Absalom after experiments he'd been carrying out on

HELL'S TEETH



the dangerous plants in the Precipice Quarter grew out of hand and caused the death of a young Pathfinder with influential relatives. He maintains a walled-off field south of the island's pastureland where at least one child has disappeared in the past year.

South Cape is a mining community on the south edge of the island, and Shardstone's largest settlement, as well as the home of Baron Vadipatra. The ore here is the main source of income for both the Baron and his liege, and both go to great lengths to protect it—such as paying off local hobgoblins and stationing a garrison of 200 mercenary soldiers in the keep overlooking the village.

The Shardstone Hobgoblins: Stronger than their fellow hobgoblins on Thuryan, the Shardstone tribe number close to 5,000 adult members under the rule of the Princess-General Nimanisi, a fierce war-priest who rose to her position after gaining promotion by *kalech-mar* six times in one day (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Classic Monsters Revisited* 24). Once a year she brings 500 of her best fighters to South Cape to collect the tribute the Baron pays her to leave the settlement alone. Rumor among her soldiers has it that she intends to use the gold to buy the tribe passage to the mainland, where she intends to launch a raid on Egorian itself.

Smaller Islands

In addition to the two large islands, Hell's Teeth has three smaller islands.

Bog Rock is situated to the east of Thuryan, in the sound between the larger island and the mainland. The island does

not rise very high above the water, and is in fact one large bog inhabited by boggards and a small tribe of goblins.

Warlock Island lies to the south and east of Shardstone, and is named for the lich who once inhabited the tall tower at the center of the island. While the tower remains to this day, the lich is long gone, driven out centuries before the islands became a part of Chelax by a band of adventurers from Thuryan. Some say the warlock is responsible for the hobgoblin presence on the islands, and that his tower is just the visible part of a large dungeon system with tunnels leading to both Thuryan and Shardstone—and maybe down to the Darklands.

Wolf's Tooth: The southernmost of the islands, Wolf's Tooth is a small, rocky island with no permanent settlement. One can sometimes spot a lone strix making camp on the island, a young shaman sent there on a vision quest.

HELL'S TEETH

Rugged islands of hobgoblins and hardy but mysterious fishermen.

Alignment: LN

Notable Settlements: Glaztri Castle (650), Greykeep (360), Kaupthing Wyk (534), North Cape (412), Oak Bluff (150), South Cape (545)

Ruler: Paracount Petronicus Rugatonn

Major Races: Humans (Chelaxian, Ulfen), hobgoblins

Languages: Common, Ulfen, goblin, aboleth

Resources: Seafood, iron ore, sailors ✨



The Obedient Diabolist

By Margherita "Bardess" Tramontano

Art by Peter Fairfax



The trail through this foreign land had lead them here. Tired from the long journey and bewildered by the land's unfamiliar customs, they had finally fallen into a trap.

All of their companions lay on the ground, mortally wounded. Only Lu and Sahira were on their feet, facing the grinning, shining, dark priestess and her gigantic animated idol.

"You may as well surrender." The woman's voice was like silk. "You were bound to lose from the very beginning. Accept Lord Belial's embrace. Be mine and sire the new world's ruler".

The aasimar prince stepped back from her perfect, yet repellant, beauty. "My body and my soul belong to the woman I love. And this world is not yours."

The priestess glared at Sahira. Seeress looked into seeress' eyes, and her anger rose. "Then you shall die. We'll see who's the real prophet here—the rightful sun maiden and healer!"

The statue advanced. Sahira readied her prayers; Luminous, his fists. They had to win now. To save the world and their own lives—and the fruit of their love, the tiny, resplendent princess who was growing in Sahira's womb.

NEW FEAT: INFERNAL OBEDIENCE

You demonstrate your devotion to an archdevil in order to receive greater boons.

Prerequisites: Knowledge (planes) 3 ranks, must worship an archdevil.

Benefit: Each archdevil requires a different obedience, but each obediences takes only an hour to perform. Once the obedience has been performed, you gain the benefit of a special ability or resistance associated with your archdevil.

If you have at least 12 Hit Dice, you also gain the first boon granted by your archdevil upon undertaking your obedience. If you have at least 16 Hit Dice, you also gain the archdevil's second boon. If you have 20 Hit Dice or more, you also gain the archdevil's third boon. Unless a specific duration or number of uses per day is listed, a boon's effects are constant. Obedient diabolists gain access to these boons at lower levels as a benefit of their prestige class. If you ever fail to perform a daily obedience, you lose all access to the benefits and boons granted by this feat until you next perform the obedience.

Obediences required by the nine archdevils and the benefits they grant are provided below. Other prominent denizens of Hell may have their own.

Asmodeus

Obedience: Write two elaborate contracts listing your duties toward the world and the world's duties towards you, trying to be as fair as possible. Sign with your blood. Burn the contract listing your duties and swallow the hot ashes to gain a +4 bonus on saves against chaotic effects.

Boons

1) **Dark Discipline (Sp):** *chastise*^{FG} 3/day, *honeyed tongue*^{APG} 2/day, or *magic circle against chaos/good* 1/day.

2) **Obey or Die (Sp):** *dictum* 1/day. Creatures that obey your commands are not affected.

3) **Fire of the Pit (Sp):** *fiery body*^{APG} 1/day. All fire damage you deal while under this effect is turned into hellfire damage.

Baalzebul

Obedience: Cut a deep wound in your flesh and let flies feast on your blood while reciting your mighty deeds, describing them not as they were but as they should have been. Gain a +4 bonus on your AC against flying creatures' attacks.

Boons

1) **Unabashed Pride (Sp):** *delusional pride*^{UM} 3/day, *vomit swarm*^{APG} (black flies) 2/day, or *fly* 1/day.

2) **Lord of Multitudes (Sp):** Extended *swarm skin*^{APG} 1/day.

3) **That Which Flies (Sp):** *winds of vengeance*^{APG} 1/day.

Barbatos

Obedience: Play a hairy creature alive and perform a divination using its entrails, with its bloody skin wrapped around your body. All your divination spells are cast at +1 caster level.

Boons

1) **Old Nature's Sage (Sp):** *ironbeard*^{ARG} 3/day, *augury* 2/day, or *greater animal aspect*^{UC} 1/day.

2) **Bearded Army (Sp):** *summon monster VIII* 1/day (1d4+1 barbazu only).

3) **Soul Bargain (Sp):** *true resurrection* 1/week; the resurrected creature or the one who asked its return must agree to perform one quest on your behalf.

Belial

Obedience: Recite aloud all the sins of the flesh and betrayals caused by your deceptions, offering them as a prayer to Belial. Gain a +4 bonus on saving throws against charm effects.

Boons

1) **Deceitful Lover (Sp):** *unnatural lust*^{UM} 3/day, *alter self* 2/day, or *reckless infatuation*^{UM} 1/day.

2) **Dark Fascination (Su):** Enchantment spells and effects you cast have a bonus to their save DCs equal to one half your Charisma bonus (minimum +1). You treat every creature as if it could be physically attracted to you, regardless of species or gender.

3) **Deep Corruption (Su):** You can show a creature the mental image of its deepest, unconfessed sinful desire. A victim who fails a Will save (DC 10 +1/2 your HD + your Cha modifier) succumbs to temptation and is considered to have violated its ethics or code of conduct. Only an *atonement* from a 20th-level caster can reverse this effect. Any child conceived as a result of this ability will be born as a hellspawn tiefling. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to your Charisma bonus.

Dispater

Obedience: Bind yourself with spiked ropes in a dark room

and recite the laws of Dis from memory, swearing to uphold each one of them. Gain a +4 bonus on saving throws against effects that cause confusion or could make you lose your way.

Boons

1) **Law Is Law (Sp):** *forbid action*^{UM} 3/day, *castigate*^{APG} 2/day, or *chain of perdition*^{UC} 1/day.

2) **No Escape (Sp):** *maze* 1/day.

3) **Ultimate Authority (Su):** *dominate monster* 1/day. A dominated creature's alignment detects as lawful evil for the spell's duration.

Geryon

Obedience: Compose and recite a long, foreboding prophecy of doom to someone prepared to believe it. Gain a +4 bonus on saving throws to disbelieve illusions.

Boons

1) **Subverted Truths (Sp):** *sow thought*^{ARG} 3/day, *misdirection* 2/day, or *glibness* 1/day.

2) **Heretic Knowledge (Sp):** *contact other plane* 1/day. You always know if the contacted entity tells you the truth, and gain a +4 bonus on the check to avoid ability decrease.

3) **Perverse Trinity (Su):** Once per day, you can split into three bodies for up to 1 hour. All bodies have your same stats and powers and may act and fight at the same time, but they need not be identical. As long as one of your bodies lives, you return to normal when the power's duration ends.

Mammon

Obedience: Enumerate and praise Mammon's treasures while lying upon three different precious gems (each at least 500 gp worth) until they embed into your flesh. Destroy the gems after the prayer. Gain a +4 bonus to your AC against metal weapons, and on saves against metal effects and creatures.

Boons

1) **Golden Discoveries (Sp):** *blood money*^{RRAE} 3/day, *hidden knowledge*^{SDPG} 2/day, or *discern value*^{DH} 1/day.

2) **Valued Foes (Sp):** *flesh to gold* 3/day (as *flesh to stone*)

3) **Living Treasure (Sp):** Once per day, you can cast *summon monster IX*

to summon a colossal, 14-HD animated object made of precious materials.

Mephistopheles

Obedience: Challenge a summoned devil to a riddle contest. Win using deception or a loophole. Gain a +4 bonus on Charisma checks and Charisma-based skill checks.

Boons

1) **Secrets and Lies (Sp):** *detect secret doors* 3/day, *hidden speech*^{APG} 2/day, or *revelation*^{SS} 1/day.

2) **Restraining Clause (Sp):** *binding* 1/day.

3) **Pay the Price (Sp):** *Enlarged trap the soul* 1/day.

Moloch

Obedience: Fashion a hollow clay or metal model of a bull. Burn something valuable to you or someone you love inside it as an offering to Moloch. Fire spells you cast deal +1 damage per die.

Boons

1) **Keep Them in Line (Sp):** *command* 3/day, *blistering invective*^{UC} 2/day, or *tactical formation*^{DoG} 1/day.

2) **Battle Fire (Sp):** *fire storm* 1/day.

3) **Infamous Commander (Su):** You automatically gain the Leadership feat, and you are always considered to have a reputation of strength and great power so long as you maintain your allegiance to Moloch. If you already have the Leadership feat, you gain an additional +2 bonus to your Leadership score. Your cohort is always a devil, and gains additional HD to bring its total HD to 2 lower than your own level.



OBEDIENT DIABOLIST

(DIABOLIST PRESTIGE ARCHETYPE)

Some diabolists understand that obedience to a lord is often the quickest way to attain true power.

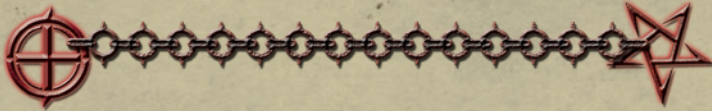
Alignment: Lawful evil

Feats: Infernal Obedience

Special: Must worship an archdevil.

Obedience (Ex): In order to maintain the abilities gained from her prestige class (including all spellcasting abilities that have been augmented by the prestige class), an obedient diabolist must indulge in a daily obedience to her chosen archdevil.

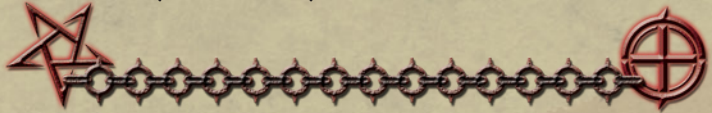
Infernal Boon: As an obedient diabolist gains levels, she gains boons from her diabolic patron. The nature of the boons varies, depending upon the obedient diabolist's chosen archdevil. Each archdevil grants three different boons. At 3rd level, the obedient diabolist gains the first boon. At 6th level, she gains the second boon, and at 9th level, she gains the third boon. When an infernal boon grants a spell-like ability, her caster level for the spell-like ability equals her total character level. This ability allows an obedient diabolist to access these boons earlier than normal; it does not grant additional uses of the boons once the character reaches the necessary Hit Dice to earn the boons normally. This replaces *imp companion*. ✦



A Dockside Execution

By Robert Cameron

Art by Erin Frye



They can only hang you once.”

Moll, known locally as a back alley rag picker, repeated the words as she sat on the embankment next to the Execution Dock, watching the tide recede. It had become like a prayer for her. Six soggy, dangling figures once more revealed to the open air dripped water turned blood red by the setting sun. For a day and a half her gaze had remained fixed on the figures dangling from the gallows. The quayside workers had begged Moll to leave the previous evening, but she refused to acknowledge them, except by the repetition of her prayer. She was unmoved by the dockside traffic, the cold, or even the dreaded shadow beasts that stalked Westcrown at night.

Dockside execution was commonplace. A city built on waterborne trade needed to send the right message to those who would disrupt trade—a step out of line was a step off the scaffold. Those who dwelt and worked at the dockside could turn their heads, but no matter where they looked the gallows and the gibbet loomed.

When the waterfront dwellers found Moll still sitting by the gallows the next morning, unmolested by the creatures of the night, they began to join her vigil. The stevedores and haulers, the barge-folk and sailors, the strumpets and gigolos, hawkers and street vendors, the beggars and musicians, the rope makers and sail cutters, the pickpockets and illusionists, the sawyers and shipwrights; all were drawn to the spot as if by some enchantment. As the crowd grew and the noise of conversation and commerce filled the air, the whispered phrase passed among them:

“They can only hang you once.”

It was a month earlier when Mateo had spoken his last words before leaving home. He smiled as he walked out, pleased with the world-weary attitude he had cultivated over his past thirteen years. Moll felt as though she was carved from wood and stood like a figurehead, her limbs too stiff to reach out and stop him.

Waiting in the alley for Mateo were the Cut-and-Cut-Again Gang, five men nearly twice as old as he, happy to greet their new Wiggler. The muggers had recently decided that there was better money to be

made in breaking and entering. Only the foolish walked the streets of Westcrown with their valuables, or at least the streets that the Cutters trolled. To make the transition, the Cutters realized that they needed someone to squeeze through windows and appear as an innocent lookout once the rest were given access to the “work site.” A halfling wouldn’t work, their leader Geoff explained. No one trusted a slip without a collar. They’d steal your share just as easy as from some deserving mark. It would have to be a child.

“Don’t worry Moll, let your boy earn some real money for a change. Who knows, he might even make enough to never have to sell rags again.” They all laughed at Geoff’s jibe, but none would meet Moll’s gaze, least of all Mateo.

Three days passed before she learned in the rag market that the Cutters had been arrested on the Westchannel in a stolen lighter by the Condottari for piracy and robbery. She tried to visit her son, but he was being held in a hulk out on Gemcrown Bay. It wasn’t until a month later that she saw him from the public section of the courtroom.

Mateo was led in with the gang, hobbled by chains and thin as a skeleton. He was too small for the adult shackles, so he was fitted with halfling-sized ones, forcing him to bend almost parallel to the floor.

When they reached the center of the courtroom and were chained in place, the charges against them were read.

Moll couldn’t follow the trial; it was in Infernal and therefore only understood by lawyers and devils (though many were hard-pressed to find a difference between the two). She jockeyed for a better vantage point, passing the families and friends of other prisoners having their cases heard today, the writers recording the proceedings for sale to the public, and the idlers and gentlefolk who sought an afternoon’s entertainment watching a deluge of misery and punishment rain down from the legal pulpit.

Moll made it to the front, shouldering her way past a tall, pale, severely dressed creature that

could have been either a man or a woman, if it were human at all. Moll could see a necklace of spiked chain with a skull pendant dangling around its neck. She was directly behind her son, and wanted to get his attention, but the thing at her side made her too nervous to try.

Without a lawyer, the Cutters were left to their own defense, but since none spoke Infernal, it was inadmissible. It didn’t stop each man from loudly declaring his innocence. Last in line was Mateo. When the judge’s gaze reached him he broke down. Already bent double, he buried his face in Geoff’s side and sobbed.

With a practiced speech that sounded almost liturgical, the judge passed his sentence. The creature at Moll’s side snorted. She looked up to its black eyes and it guessed her question: “They will be hanged tomorrow morning at the Execution Dock and will be left to hang for three tides. Then they will be handed over to me for dissection.”

Moll wailed and nearly fell to the floor, but the creature caught her by the shoulders. She tried to break its grasp, but its fingers were like iron. She saw Mateo being led away in a state of despair mirroring her own, having never once seen his mother not ten feet behind him. The

She saw Mateo being led away in a state of despair mirroring her own, having never once seen his mother not ten feet behind him.

The creature brought its face uncomfortably close to Moll’s and hissed, “If they had asked, I could have made it so much worse. But take heart, madam—they can only hang once.”

creature brought its face uncomfortably close to Moll's and hissed, "If they had asked, I could have made it so much worse. But take heart, madam—they can only hang once." She did not know if it released her then or if she had struggled free, but Moll collapsed to the floor and remembered nothing until the execution.

The next day the condemned were driven by ox-cart to the gallows, the path from the prison to the scaffold lined with the curious. Generous souls offered up flasks of whatever was handy, so by the time the prisoners reached their final destination they reeled and staggered. Mateo was legless with fear and drink and had to be carried to the scaffold and propped up so that he wouldn't slowly strangle himself before the drop. Moll called out from the crowd, but Mateo couldn't hear. He stared hard at the ground, mumbling and slurring, as the priest made the sign of the pentagram and stepped away.

The blocks were knocked aside and the condemned dropped into open air, turned purple, and expired. When their twitching stopped, the crowd dispersed. All but Moll.

The sound of wheels against set stone broke her reverie. The crowd around Moll parted and a tumbrel rolled down the dock. A complement of anatomists, supervised by the severely dressed thing in black, began to cut down the deceased. Moll walked down to the creature and waited by its side until it acknowledged her.

"I want my son. I don't want him cut open. Give him back so I can send him off proper." Moll's face was a mask, but her voice quavered with emotion. The lips of the thing curled at the corners into a simulacrum of a smile.

"He *was* 'sent off' proper. A criminal gets the long drop and the short stop. Leave." It turned back to the cart, into which all the bodies had been loaded, but Moll grabbed his sleeve.

"Please. He was all I had. Let me send him off proper." The Kuthite pushed her back and she fell to the dock.

"You have your life, but if you persist you won't have it much longer."

It turned once more and ordered the cart to drive on, but the crowd refused to part. The creature and his minions stared, at first in annoyance, but then with fear. It tried to give another order, but a flying sett stone hit it squarely in the chest and knocked it over. More cobbles were torn up from the street and the crowd surged forward under a hail of stones. The anatomists who didn't dive into the water and swim for safety were beaten mercilessly by the mob.

Moll had been helped up by those not too busy taking vicarious vengeance. She picked up a stone and stood over the dissectionist who crawled along the boards, clutching at its broken ribs. Someone kicked it savagely in the side and rolled it onto its back, staring up at Moll and the assembly swirling around her.

"You've sealed your fate, you rat! They'll hang you just like your son!"

"Aye, but they can only hang you once." She brought the stone down and sent its face through the back of its skull. ✘



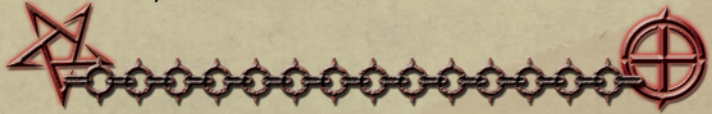


Golarion Gazetteer

Taggun Hold

By Matthew "Helio" Roth

Art by Dave Mallon



Once a bustling hub of trade along the mountainside trail from southern Cheliox into Cheliox-controlled Nidal, Taggun Hold is a city in decline. Nestled in the Menador Mountains, the city's once proud outer walls show signs of neglect. Few travellers enter the city and each year marks more emigrants fleeing the its husk. Struggling for survival, the city pins its success upon an age-old business: slavery.

Appearance

The battered landscape of the Menador Mountains surrounds the walled city, sheltering it from most of the winds that tear through the mountain passes. The walls are old, broken, and battered. Though still standing, they are a poor excuse for any "hold." Inside the battlements of the Outer Hold, destitution is clear in every corner. Structures lie abandoned and ruined, and squalor permeates the very air. Even those businesses that survive look as though they are on their last legs.

Arranged in a vaguely concentric circle lies an inner wall, in substantially better shape than the outer one. Beyond this inner wall the city takes on an entirely different life. The Inner Hold is where the real power still thrives in Taggun Hold. Centered around an imposing ebony temple, the city's central markets bustle with the trade of living cargo. Shadowy Kuthites walk alongside Asmodean clerics, pulling strings of halflings bound in chains, all while the glitter of gold pass between the hands of merchants.

History

Taggun Hold was a relatively stable trading city until 4663 AR. When Citadel Gheisteno was turned to smoldering ruin, the Hellknight patrols that were once guaranteed along the Central Menador Road vanished. It was not long before the orcs native to the mountains rode forth, claiming the narrow passes for their own.

With the Empire's sights set firmly on the sea, retaking and protecting an ancient mountain pass was declared a waste of resources. Taggun Hold was left to wither slowly without further aid from the Empire. The flow of trade trickled down to nearly nothing, starving the city's once flourishing markets.

Eventually, the Central Menador Road became known as the Old Menador Road; the trail has since been abandoned by all but the bravest—or most foolish—of travellers. Those who do dare to travel upon the Road often hire the strongest of mercenaries to protect them, lest they never be seen again.

New Taggun Hold

In the years since the Road's closure, Taggun Hold has established an identity truly its own. Once little more than a convenient trading post, the city now serves a more specialized clientele. This is due in no small part to the strange arrival of the messengers of the Midnight Lord, Zon-Kuthon, in 4670 AR. With Nidal a free nation once more, the shadowy priests of the god somehow made the passage to the gates of Taggun Hold. With their uncanny affinity for pain, they were welcomed by the imperial diabolists. Though blasphemous by the new law of the Empire, Zon-Kuthon gained a sizable following within the walls of the Hold.

Thus began a healthy coexistence between the Lord of Hell and the Prince of Pain. The city erected a temple dedicated to the mutual benefit of the two gods, an imposing structure of blackened stone embellished with iron spits. Designated the Dolorous Vestry, it was the only significant construction within Taggun Hold for nearly three decades. The combined magic of Hell and the Shadow Plane has since created instruments of unknowable horror and agony. The two gods now have nearly equal reverence within the city's walls.

Of course, to serve the bloody needs of both diabolists and Kuthites, a steady stream of humanoid chattel was required. Responding to that demand, Taggun Hold now boasts one of the most impressive slave markets on the northern shores of the Inner Sea, though it likewise 'boasts' one of the highest slave mortality rates. Dealing mostly in halflings because of their ease of transport and subjugation, the Hold eventually attracted the attention of the orcish warbands marauding across the Menador Mountains. While most of these orcs were brutish and uncooperative, a few brighter, farsighted ones saw the benefits of an alliance. The begrudging citizens of Taggun Hold now have orcs walking their streets, happily stocking the slave pens with more flesh in exchange for gold.

Places of Interest

Asmodean Aperture: Years ago, a decades-old ruin collapsed in the Outer Hold, uncovering a seemingly endless crevasse below. Little more than a thirty-foot long, narrow sinkhole, this pit extends deep into the earth, stretching into the unknown depths of the Menador Mountains. No known attempt to descend into the darkness has been successful, but the hole has provided a convenient dumping ground for deceased slaves, to the dismay of locals.

Dolorous Vestry: This dually-aligned temple serves the interests of both infernal Cheliox and shadowy Nidal. Though few outsiders have earned the privilege to pass beyond the service foyer, echoes of screams from somewhere far below and crimson stains upon the black marble floors prevent most from prying further. Jointly operated by **Lucilus Rinntari** and **Sarhzara Gloomstrider**, the Dolorous Vestry is the center of all legal worship in Taggun Hold, as well as countless unmentionable torments.

Shackled Dreamer: Only a few blocks away from the Wailmarket, this inn is well known for serving all manner of buyers and sellers arriving in Taggun Hold. Though the proprietor, **Ceria Somara** (N female human expert 4), is proud owner of three slaves, rumors have surfaced that she harbors resentment for what Taggun Hold has become.

The Low Road: Perhaps one of the only establishments in the Outer Hold to have survived for any sizable duration, the Low Road is a tavern of equally low quality. Owned and operated by an aging **Perri Estaro** (N male old human expert 2/fighter 2), the business survives simply by merit of its tenacity and below-modest prices. Still, Perri is a strange old man in his own right, his stories ranging from traveling the Old

Menador Road a half-dozen times to fighting a devil with his bare hands. Most people don't put any stock in his stories, but there's always a semblance of truth to them.

Wailmarket: Named for the omnipresent moaning of slaves, the Wailmarket is the new center of Taggun Hold. Although technically a number of independent and unaffiliated vendors, no one denies that **Erstan Derensin** is the chain binding the whole thing together. As the overseer of the Wailmarket, Erstan also manages the primary stage upon which slaves are presented and sold. A hanging gibbet from either side of the stage holds the remains of the last escapees, their bones mangled beyond recognition.

Adventure Hooks

Chelish Politics: Mayor Callara knows he is little more than a figurehead, simply filling the position behind a desk while the true powers machinate in the depths of the temple. Like any real Chelaxian, he, too, schemes for more power. He believes that the orcs of Menador might be just what he needs to tip the scales in his favor, but he needs the PCs to act as intermediaries in any negotiations he wants to undertake.

Cursed Waters: St. Innea's Fountain, just west of the city, has mysteriously dried up. Though long ago condemned as a blasphemous site by Her Infernal Magistrix, a blight has fallen over Taggun Hold in the days since its failing. Neither the local diabolists nor the Kuthite clergy wish to be the first to admit that a holy site may actually be tied to their city's life, but with potable water scarce and disease ravaging the population, someone must risk the effort. Conveniently, the PCs provide a perfect third-party investigative expedition, with plenty of deniability.

Escape! For the first time in two years, a slave has gone missing from the Wailmarket. None of the vendors will admit fault, and Erstan is furious that his reputation might be tarnished. The PCs would be well rewarded to track her down, but they might end up being sympathetic to her plight. She claims to be a member of the Bellflower Network.

The Old Road: The whispers are on every citizen's lips, though few dare to speak them aloud. Restoring Taggun Hold's old glory would first begin with reclaiming the old fortress of Citadel Gheisteno, but the dangerous road and powerful creatures that haunt the keep have closed the Old Menador Road for nearly a century. Perhaps it is time someone cleared the pass.



AW 2014

TAGGUN HOLD

LE small city
Corruption +1; **Crime** +1; **Economy** +1; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1;
Society +1
Qualities insular, holy site (Zon-Kuthon), pious (Asmodeus), racially intolerant (halflings)
Danger +5; **Disadvantages** impoverished
DEMOGRAPHICS
Government autocracy (Mayor)
Population 6,780 (6,101 humans, 536 halflings, 62 half-orcs,

35 orcs, 13 fetchlings, 33 other)

Notable NPCS

- Mayor Nazzareno Callara** (LN male human aristocrat 6)
- Duxotar Romola Frippa** (LE female human fighter 8)
- Lucilus Rintari** (LE male human cleric of Asmodeus 9)
- Sarhzara Gloomstrider** (LE female fetchling cleric of Zon-Kuthon 9)
- Erstan Derensin** (NE male middle-aged half-elf conjurer 7)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 2,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 12,500 gp;
Spellcasting 9th
Minor Items 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d6; **Major Items** — ✧

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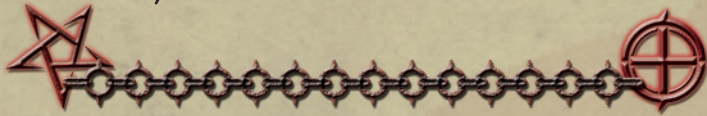
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The Fury of Hell Chelish Rage Powers

By Matthew "Helio" Roth

Art by Catherine Batka



Despite the infernal order of Asmodeus, there are those that call upon the powers of Hell in a decidedly less structured manner. Lacking the control of the diabolist, these warriors unleash hellish strength in its raw, primal forms. Be it as an agent of the empire, or battling the legions of the Pit, these powers prove useful when standing toe-to-toe with a devil.

BARBARIAN RAGE POWERS:

Banishing Blow (Su): Once per rage, the barbarian can attempt to dismiss an extraplanar creature by succeeding at a combat maneuver check. The barbarian must succeed at a normal sunder combat maneuver against an extraplanar creature's CMD + 5, ignoring any miss chance caused by a spell or spell-like ability. If the sunder attempt succeeds, the creature is affected as *dismissal*, except spell resistance does not apply and the creature is not granted a saving throw. A barbarian must have the spell sunder rage power and be at least 12th level before selecting this rage power.

Cleave Flame (Ex): Once per rage as an immediate action, the barbarian can attempt an attack roll in place of a saving throw against any effect with the fire descriptor that normally allows a saving throw. If he exceeds the saving throw DC by 5 or more, he tears through the burning flames, taking no fire damage. Other effects apply normally.

Infernal Totem (Su): While raging, the barbarian ripples with waves of infernal torment. Creatures within 15 feet must make a Will save (DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the barbarian's level + the barbarian's Wisdom modifier) or become dazed and

shaken for 1 round, then shaken for 1d4 rounds. A creature that has attempted a save against this power is immune to its effects for 24 hours. A barbarian must have the lesser infernal totem rage power and be at least 6th level before selecting this rage power.

Infernal Totem, Greater (Su): Once per day while raging, the barbarian can slam the ground and call forth a line of unholy flame as a standard action. This creates a 30-foot line of fire that deals 1d6 points of damage for every two barbarian levels (maximum 10d6). A good creature instead takes 1d6 per level (maximum 20d6). Half of this damage is unholy damage, as per *flame strike*. Creatures within the area may make a Reflex save (DC 10 + 1/2 the barbarian's level + the barbarian's Constitution modifier) for half damage. The ground continues to burn for an additional number of rounds equal to half the barbarian's level. Creatures passing through the fire take an additional 2d6 points of fire damage. A barbarian must have the infernal totem rage power and be at least 10th level before selecting this rage power.

Infernal Totem, Lesser (Su): While raging, the barbarian grows a barbed, devilish tail, gaining a poisonous sting attack. This attack is a primary natural attack made at the barbarian's full base attack bonus. The sting deals 1d4 points of piercing damage (1d3 if Small), plus the barbarian's Strength modifier, plus poison. This attack is considered a secondary natural attack if the barbarian also attacks with weapons.

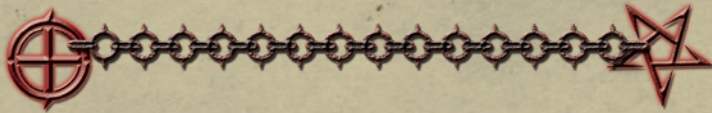
Devil-Barb Poison (Ex) Sting—injury; save Fort DC (10 + 1/2 barbarian's level + the barbarian's Constitution modifier); frequency 1/round for 3 rounds; effect 1d2 Dex; cure 1 save.

Miasmatic Severance (Ex): As an immediate action, the barbarian may make a second saving throw with an additional +4 bonus to end any one disease, enchantment, or poison effect afflicting him. This power can only be used once per day, and only while raging. A barbarian must be at least 4th level before selecting this rage power.

Might without Light (Ex): The barbarian's senses stretch beyond his eyes, and he gains blindsight, 30 feet, while raging. A barbarian must have the night vision rage power or racial darkvision and be at least 10th level before selecting this rage power.

Regenerative Flames (Su): While under the effects of the fast healing granted by the regenerative vigor rage power, the barbarian becomes shrouded in an unholy blaze. Creatures adjacent to the barbarian take 2d6 points of damage at the start of the barbarian's turn. Half of this damage is unholy damage, as per *flame strike*. A barbarian must have the regenerative vigor rage power and be at least 10th level before selecting this rage power. ✘





The Imperial Army of Her Infernal Majestrix

By Charlie Bell and Damien McGurrell

Art by Jesse Mohn



Though the Imperial Navy is the backbone of Chelish dominance through the Inner Sea, the army of Cheliox is among the strongest land forces in Avistan. Most Chelish soldiers enlist voluntarily, pledging a minimum of nine years of service to the might of Cheliox. The privilege, recognition, and wealth granted by the aristocracy and crown make the dangers of military service worth it and a valid means of climbing the rigid social hierarchy of Cheliox. Handpicked officers from families devoted to House Thrune make up the army's command staff. Endless drills, hours of perfecting formations and maneuvers, and harsh discipline characterize life in the Chelish army, complete with endless regulations governing even the smallest and most menial tasks. Officers deal with insubordination harshly by executing offenders on the spot. Should a high-ranking officer make the choice to refuse a direct order, fleeing may be their only hope of survival. Hellknights (often from the Order of the Chain) subject

captive officers to public humiliation and torture, elevating their suffering with the promise of death's release beyond their grasp.

Chelish military doctrine emphasizes swift, overwhelming force, bolstered by garrisons maintained by local nobility. Cheliox fields legions of large brigades incorporating cavalry, heavy infantry, crossbowmen, and a variety of arcane spellcasters. The Church of Asmodeus provides chaplains. Inquisitors serve as political officers, indoctrinating soldiers with Thrune propaganda and ensuring loyalty to the monarchy. Smaller units of Hellknights often augment Chelish forces, serving as elite soldiers and officers. Summoned devils function in the vanguard as elite shock troops, teleporting behind enemy lines to wreak havoc on enemy supply trains and terrorize civilian populations. When faced with a numerically superior force, Chelish commanders advance hastily assembled units of slaves and conscripts to entangle the opposing army in melee while crossbowmen indiscriminately rain volleys of bolts on both sides. An imperial legion is composed of a number of brigades that varies based on the mission. A legion's commander is a legate, which is not a rank, but a position. The legate is normally a senior general, but might also be another important individual such as a noble, a high-ranking Asmodean cleric, or a Hellknight licitor.

MASS COMBAT

New Army Resource

Silver or Cold Iron Weapons (1 BP): The army is equipped with alchemical silver or cold iron weapons, allowing it to overcome the significant defense of armies composed of creatures with DR/silver or DR/cold iron. Such weapons do not increase Consumption. To purchase this resource, a settlement in your kingdom must have an Alchemist, Caster's Tower, Magic Shop, Magical Academy, or Smithy.

New Special Abilities

Devil Shaping: An army with this ability can damage a lemure army to heal any other diabolic auxiliary army twice its ACR up to 3 times per battle. The lemure army takes damage equal to this healing.



MOHN

Summon Devils: An army with this ability can heal twice its ACR once per battle as it reinforces its numbers with summoned troops, or it can gain +1 OM for that phase.

Chelish Armies

A Chelish Army brigade is a LE Colossal army. It can be subdivided into four battalions, each a Huge army. Each battalion can be further subdivided into five companies, each a Medium army. All regular Chelish Army infantry units have the ranged weapons resource. Each brigade also has a cavalry wing. Slave or conscript units use the same statistics as militia.

Below you can find examples of average units of Hellknights and other units fielded by Chelixa or similar countries. Also included are units of diabolic auxiliaries which can be contracted from the forces of Hell.

BARBAZU SQUAD XP 400

LE Tiny army of bearded devils

hp 5; **ACR** 1

DV 11; **OM** +1

Resources improved armor, improved weapons

Tactics relentless brutality

Special bleed, damage reduction (good or silver), darkvision, disease, immune to fire and poison, significant defense, spell resistance, summon devils, teleportation

Speed 2; **Consumption** 1

CHELISH CAVALRY WING XP 600

LN Huge army of humans (fighter 3)

hp 33; **ACR** 6

DV 18; **OM** +18

Resources mounts

Special armor training, bravery +1

Speed 2; **Consumption** 4 (recruitment cost 28 BP)

DIABOLIC AUXILIARY—CORNUGONS XP 9,600

LE Diminutive army of horned devils

hp 55; **ACR** 10

DV 25; **OM** +17, ranged

Tactics dirty fighters, expert flankers, relentless brutality, siegebreaker

Resources magic weapons

Special bleed, darkvision, disease, fear, flight, immune to fire and poison, paralysis, regeneration 5, significant defense, spellcasting, spell resistance, teleportation

Speed 3; **Consumption** 7 (recruitment cost 15 BP)

DIABOLIC AUXILIARY—BEARDED DEVIL XP 1,600

LE Medium army of bearded devils

hp 27; **ACR** 5

DV 16; **OM** +6

Resources improved armor, improved weapons

Tactics dirty fighters, relentless brutality

Special bleed, damage reduction (good or silver), darkvision, disease, immune to fire and poison, significant defense, spell resistance, summon devils, teleportation

Speed 2; **Consumption** 5

DIABOLIC AUXILIARIES—ERINYES XP 2,400

LE Tiny army of erinyes

hp 33; **ACR** 6

DV 16; **OM** +12, ranged

Resources improved weapons (magical)

Tactics expert flankers, sniper support, taunt, withdraw

Special burn, damage reduction (good), darkvision, fear, flight, immunity to fire and illusions and poison, teleportation, significant defense, spellcasting, summon devils

Speed 4; **Consumption** 5

DIABOLIC AUXILIARIES—LEMURES XP 800

LE Large army of lemures

hp 16; **ACR** 3

DV 13; **OM** +3

Special cannibalize, damage reduction (good or silver), darkvision, immunity to fire and poison, mindless

Speed 1; **Consumption** 2

DIABOLIC SHOCK TROOPER—PIT FIEND XP 19,200

LE Fine army of one pit fiend

hp 66; **ACR** 12

DV 24; **OM** +27, ranged

Resources improved armor (magical), improved weapons (magical)

Tactics relentless brutality, siegebreaker, spellbreaker, withdraw

Special burn, damage reduction (good and silver), darkvision, devil shaping, fear, flight, grab, immunity to fire and poison, regeneration 5, significant defense, spellcasting, spell resistance

Speed 5; **Consumption** 10

HELLKNIGHT CAVALRY DETACHMENT XP 1,200

LN Medium army of human Hellknights (cavalier 4)

hp 22; **ACR** 4

DV 18; **OM** +5

Resources improved armor, improved weapons, mounts (heavy horse)

Special challenge, order, tactician

Speed 4; **Consumption** 5

HELLKNIGHT HEAVY INFANTRY DETACHMENT XP 600

LN Medium army of humans (fighter 3)

hp 11; **ACR** 2

DV 15; **OM** +6

Resources improved armor, improved weapons

Special armor training, bravery +1

Speed 2; **Consumption** 4 (recruitment cost 9 BP)

Commander Hellknight maralictor (LN human fighter 5/Hellknight 4); Cha +1; Profession (soldier) +5; Leadership 10; loyalty, merciless

A Hellknight heavy infantry detachment comprises of armigers, led by full Hellknights and supported by signifier spellcasters, and commanded by a maralictor.

HELLBOUND INFANTRY DETACHMENT XP 1,200

LE Large army of devilbound human warriors (warrior 1)

hp 22; **ACR** 4

DV 14; **OM** +5, ranged

Resources improved weapons, ranged weapons

Special darkvision, summon devils

Speed 2; **Consumption** 2

Encouraged by the Asmodean church, members of a devilbound infantry detachment have sold their souls for success on the battlefield.

NEW TROOPS

Pathfinder Adventure Path #71, "Rasputin Must Die!" presents the troop subtype as a means to encounter multiple weaker creatures at higher levels. Presented here are two of the more common troops in the Imperial Chelish Army.

CHELISH INFANTRY TROOP CR 10 XP 9,600

LN Medium humanoid (human, troop)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 22 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +4 natural, +2 shield)

hp 147 (14d8+70)

Fort +13, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities troop traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee troop (4d6+7)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks crossbow volley (DC 21)

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 15, **Con** 18, **Int** 11, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 29

Feats Ability Focus (crossbow volley), Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Perception), Toughness

Skills Climb +17, Perception +14, Profession (soldier) +11, Survival +11

Languages Common

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Crossbow Volley (Ex) A Chelish infantry troop can fire a volley of crossbow bolts as a standard action. This attack strikes a 20-foot radius within 800 feet of the center of the troop's space. All creatures in the radius take 5d8 points of piercing damage (Reflex DC 21 for half). The save DC is reduced by 1 for each 80-foot range increment beyond the first. The save DC is Dexterity-based and includes the bonus from the troop's Ability Focus feat.

A Chelish infantry troop's troop attack is a combination of crossbow bolts, swords, and pikes.

LEMURE MOB CR 11 XP 12,800

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful, troop)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 12, flat-footed 24 (+2 Dex, +14 natural)

hp 153 (18d10+54)

Fort +15, **Ref** +13, **Will** +6

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** fire, mind-affecting effects, poison;

Resist acid 10, cold 10

Defensive Abilities troop traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee troop (4d6+9)

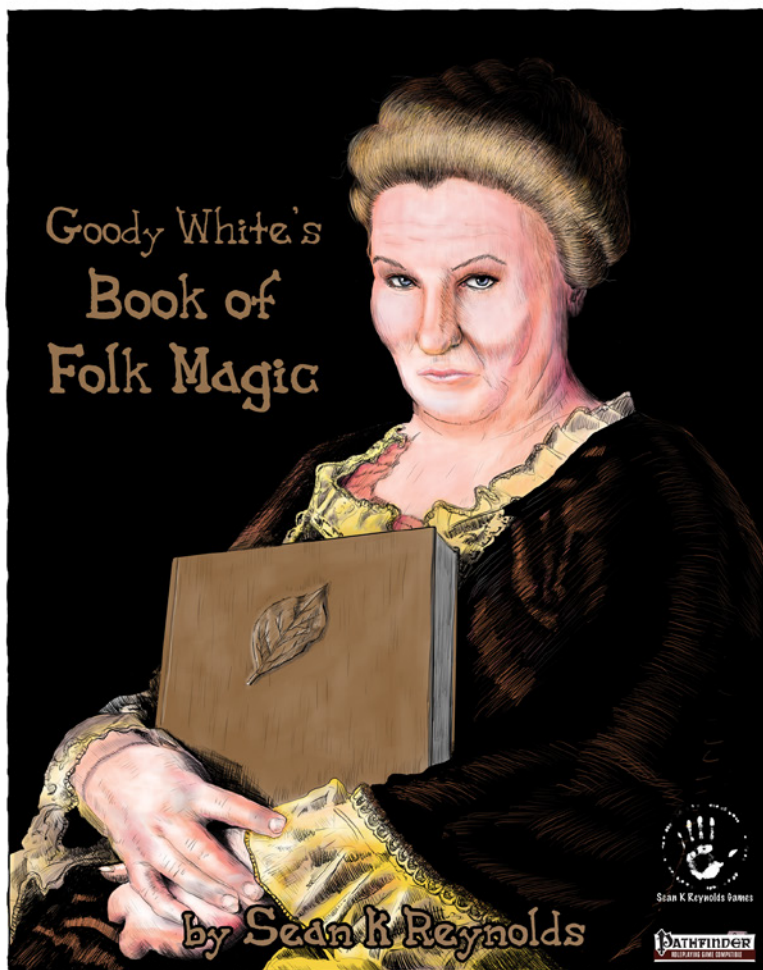
Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** —, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 5

Base Atk +18; **CMB** +27; **CMD** 39

This mob of lemures contains around two dozen individual devils. They swarm over and devour anything animate that can't outrun them. ✖



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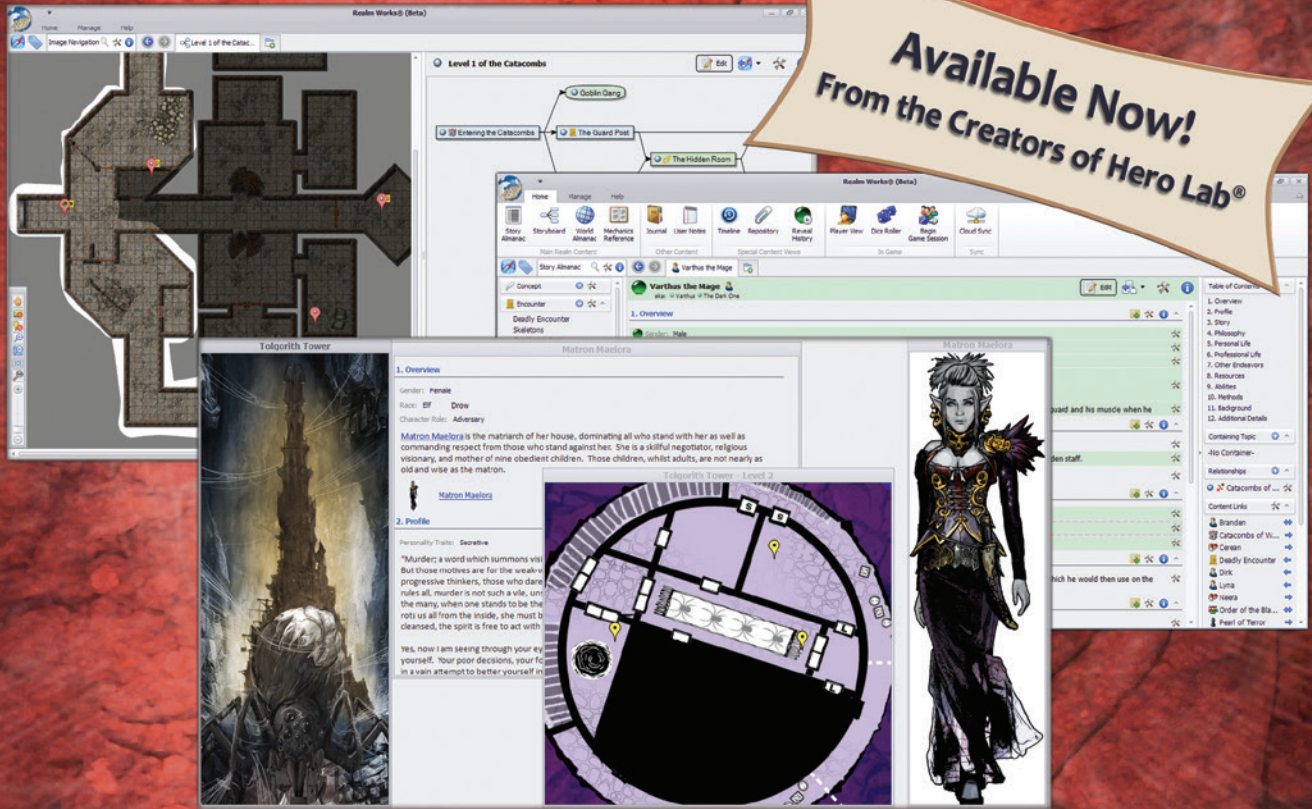
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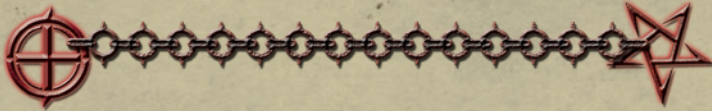
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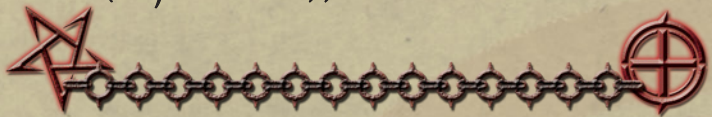
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Weal or Woe: Vice Rising

By Ron Lundeen

Art by Nick Russell



The Hellknight Order of the Vice, specifically tasked to target threats from the Great Beyond, has been defunct for decades. Rumors circulate throughout Cheliax that two different warriors seek to restore that extinguished order. Each handsome warrior has his own reason for resurrecting the order—one righteous, and the other sinister.

WEAL: KARSKIN ERLICK

Karskin has served as a loyal Hellknight for several years, working to temper the organization's often-cruel methods with virtue and justice. Stoic and inspiring in his striking Hellknight plate, Karskin is an honest and devout man. When his brother was ambushed and killed by a barghest, Karskin asked for reassignment to a Hellknight Order targeting invaders from beyond the Material Plane. When he discovered that no such contingent existed—or rather that it had once existed but was now defunct—he petitioned to start the Order of the Vice anew. His superiors denied his request, but Karskin has been working independently to re-establish the Order, using its former insignia and weaponry. Karskin's actions come perilously close to insubordination, risking exile or worse, but he considers his personal crusade against outsiders to be a higher calling than his career. He actively seeks allies—even from outside the Hellknights—to aid him against extraplanar threats.

Adventure Hooks

- Karskin requests the PCs' aid against a giant chaos beast (*Bestiary* 2 54, 293) rampaging in the area. Karskin has heard of the PCs' reputation, and believes



them to be qualified to lend their aid. Karskin refuses to take no for an answer.

- The PCs cross Karskin's path while pursuing an evil or chaotic outsider, and he eagerly agrees to fight at their side until the outsider is slain or banished. He accepts no payment for this task, and aids them capably. While on the hunt, he explains his vision for a new Order of the Vice.

Boon

Despite Karskin's personal crusade, some Hellknights respect his dedication and owe him favors. If the PCs later run into trouble with the Hellknights, Karskin can arrange for the PCs to be remanded to his custody; he does not let them leave his custody, but otherwise gives them a great deal of latitude. Alternatively, Karskin can vouch for PCs interested in joining the Hellknights.

KARSKIN ERLICK

CR 6

XP 2,400

Male human paladin of Iomedae 5/hellknight 2

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Senses Perception -1

Aura courage (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 10, flat-footed 22 (+10 armor, +2 shield)

hp 55 (7d10+12)

Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +9

Immune disease, fear

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 heavy pick +11/+6 (1d6+4/19-20/x4)

Ranged mwk heavy crossbow +8 (1d10/19-20)

Special Attacks channel positive energy (DC 15, 3d6), smite chaos 1/day (+3 attack and AC, +2 damage), smite evil 2/day (+3 attack and AC, +5 damage)

Hellknight Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +10)

5/day—*discern lies*

Paladin Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +8)

At will—*detect evil*

Paladin Spells Prepared (CL 2nd; concentration +5)

1st—*bless weapon, lesser restoration*

TACTICS

Before Combat If Karskin anticipates a fight, he uses his divine bond to add *keen* to his weapon and casts *bless weapon* upon it.

During Combat Karskin selects a tactically advantageous spot, such as a place where allies can stand behind him in safety, and makes full attacks with his pick. He uses his Lunge feat to attack foes just beyond his reach, rather than give up making full attacks.

Morale Karskin retreats if brought below 15 hit points, as he understands the value of surviving to fight another day, but does not leave allies behind.

Base Statistics Without his divine bond, Karskin's attack is **Melee** +1 heavy pick +11/+6 (1d6+4/x4).

STATISTICS

Str 16, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 16

Base Atk +7; CMB +10; CMD 20

Feats Cleave, Iron Will, Lunge, Persuasive, Power Attack

Skills Diplomacy +15, Heal +7, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (history) +3, Knowledge (planes) +3, Sense Motive +9

Languages Common, Infernal

SQ aura of good, aura of law, divine bond (weapon +1, 1/day), hellknight armor 1, lay on hands 5/day (2d6), mercy (fatigued)
Combat Gear antitoxin, holy water (3); **Other Gear** +1 heavy pick, masterwork heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, +1 Hellknight plate, masterwork heavy steel shield, *silversheen*, backpack, everburning torch, holy symbol, 15 gp

WOE: SEVESEL LONGTONGUE

The incubus Sevesel has been sent to Golarion to clear the way for a possible demonic incursion. Sevesel investigated the Hellknights specifically, aware that the devil-bound enforcers might potentially be a great obstacle. When Sevesel learned that the Order of the Vice had disbanded, he realized that the Order's reputation could be used to ferret out Chelixa's most zealous—and therefore most troublesome—crusaders. Adopting the dress and manners of a Hellknight, Sevesel subtly spread the word that he intends to reforge the Order of the Vice and is looking for recruits. When eager fiend-slayers answer his call, he murders them.

Adventure Hooks

- After the PCs earn Karskin Erlick's trust, Karskin expresses his desire to meet the other Hellknight seeking to restore the Order of the Vice. When Karskin does not return from his meeting with Sevesel, the PCs might investigate their ally's fate. Karskin has been captured by Sevesel so the incubus can interrogate him to learn more about the Hellknights.
- Sevesel finds posing as a lawful knight confining, so he drops his disguise at night in order to indulge his darker passions under the cover of darkness. However, Sevesel is somewhat sloppy about covering his tracks. If investigating these crimes, the PCs might find a suspicious overlap between the fiendish murderer and the new Hellknight in the area.
- PCs encountering Sevesel can penetrate his disguise as a human Hellknight with a successful Perception check opposed by his Disguise check, as normal. Sevesel leaves other clues, as well: a successful DC 18 Perception check reveals nicks and blood on Sevesel's Hellknight plate that a true Hellknight would never tolerate; a successful DC 20 Sense Motive check indicates Sevesel lacks the rigid posture and conviction-filled demeanor of an actual Hellknight. Hellknight PCs gain a +10 bonus to these checks.



Drawback

The public believes the handsome newcomer is a genuine Hellknight. They consider any action against Sevesel to be an action against the Hellknights and fear that organization's fierce retribution. If the PCs act against Sevesel, they are ostracized until they can prove Sevesel's true nature.

SEVESEL LONGTONGUE

CR 8

XP 4,800

Male incubus fighter 2 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3* 73)
 CE Medium outsider (chaotic, demon, evil, extraplanar)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +22

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 11, flat-footed 25 (+1 Dex, +6 natural, +9 armor)

hp 95 (10d10+40)

Fort +13, **Ref** +7, **Will** +9; +1 vs fear

DR 10/cold iron or good; **Immune** electricity, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 17

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (average; cannot fly in Hellknight plate)

Melee +1 scimitar +19/+14 (1d6+9/15–20) or 2 slams +18 (1d4+8)

Special Attacks pain redoubled

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +15)

Constant—*tongues*

At will—*charm person* (DC 18), *detect thoughts* (DC 19), *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *suggestion* (DC 20)

1/day—*crushing despair* (DC 21), *summon* (level 3, 2 schirs 40%)

TACTICS

Before Combat Sevesel has used *alter self* and donned a stolen suit of Hellknight plate in order to masquerade as a handsome human Hellknight. He attempts to ascertain whether his foes are suspicious of his disguise by using his *detect thoughts* ability and his Sense Motive skill.

During Combat Sevesel relies on his prodigious defenses to shrug off attacks, preferring to stay in one place and make full attacks with his scimitar.

Morale If reduced to less than 30 hit points, Sevesel teleports to a remote location (but note that Sevesel must drop all of his other items to teleport, as his armor alone weighs 50 lbs). Sevesel does not return if his Hellknight disguise was penetrated, but he may seek revenge in a different guise.

Base Statistics When not using change shape, Sevesel's statistics are **Melee** +1 scimitar +18/+13 (1d6+8/15–20) or 2 slams +17 (1d4+7); **Str** 24; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 30.

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 17, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 25

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +18; **CMD** 31

Feats Cleave, Deceitful, Flyby Attack, Improved Critical (scimitar), Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +2 (–2 when jumping), Bluff +24, Diplomacy +16, Disguise +9 (+19 when using *alter self*), Escape Artist +2, Fly +9, Intimidate +26, Knowledge (planes) +11, Perception +22, Sense Motive +14, Spellcraft +11, Stealth +7;

Racial Modifiers +8 Intimidate, +8 Perception

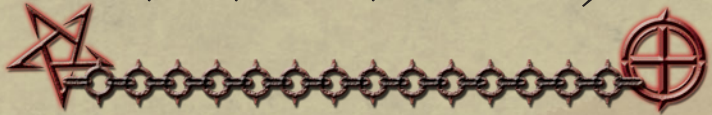
Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common; telepathy 100 ft., tongues
SQ change shape (Small or Medium humanoid; *alter self*)

Combat Gear *potion of invisibility*; **Other Gear** +1 scimitar, Hellknight plate ✦



14 Neth—Xaos Night

By Todd Stewart with Tanith Tyrr
Art by Tanyaporn “yuikami” Sangsnit



You don’t know what she’s capable of.” The cleric’s voice shook. “This year she’s going to be the death of me. I just know it!”

The heavy iron door stood ajar, flooding the corridor with firelight. Tonight was Neth 14, Even-Tongued Day. But more than the public remembrance of the conquest of Aspex and the private mourning of Cheliox’s lost glory, tonight was an anniversary.

“Your Excellency, you have my report.” The watchman’s voice was steady and calm. “No one has seen a thing.”

“Then you’ve missed something!” White knuckles gripped the door frame. Antoninus the Para-Lector, cleric of Asmodeus, was nearly frantic. “She’s probably here already! Every year it’s the same. And this year, all my divinations point to something horrific. You, guard. Whatever your name is.”

“Markus, sir.”

“Never correct me!” The cleric fumed. “Are you certain you’ve seen nothing?”

“You know it begins every year before midnight. Last year, you yourself heard...”

“I know what I heard! You don’t need to remind me!” His fingers tapped nervously, golden rings clanging like the calling of hours in Dispatser’s Iron City. “Eight years now that demon-spawned harpy has tormented me!”

Markus nodded and looked away, peering carefully around the Para-Lector. Firelight from two roaring fireplaces streamed past the cleric. It seemed as though every lamp, candle, and haloran in the estate was packed into the room, arranged in concentric ritual circles as the cleric compulsively layered ward upon ward.

Thick clouds of heavy incense drifted like fog through the bedchamber. A great wooden bed stood at the rear, the contents obscured as much by the reeking haze as by its heavy velvet curtains. Tall posts were carved to resemble barbed devils and chained maidens. A tiny figure on the luridly carved headboard hissed as its glowing, coal-like eyes met its master’s. On a table below the imp’s perch was a personal altar to the King of Hell. Fresh blood steamed in a golden bowl beside a parchment inscribed with selected verses from the

Asmodean Disciplines.

The Para-Lector followed the guard’s gaze, offended. “Look at me!” he snapped.

“My apologies.” Markus bowed instantly. Behind him, the imp snickered.

“Every year she becomes more and more brazen,” Antoninus’s voice elevated in pitch and volume. “Thrice I almost died at the hands of a summoned creature or animated object. And you know what happened to the Hellknights two years ago.” Unconsciously, the Chelish priest fingered his golden pentagram. “Do not presume to think that she would be finished with me. She’s far too deranged, and I am far too important!”

Markus bowed again and then stood tall, saluting with his hand on his sword. “You are absolutely correct on both accounts, master. By my duty, at any sign of an intruder, I swear you will be the first to know.”

“See to it!” Antoninus glared.

“If you will excuse me, your Excellency, my replacement is due on the western watch. This will be his first Neth 14...”

The door abruptly slammed shut in the guard’s face and a dozen locks and chains could be heard securing it, leaving Markus alone on his patrol. The lanterns’ long shadows guttered in the wind at each windowless archway. It would storm tomorrow; the air tasted of it. The wind was on the rise, branches scratched at stones and windowpanes like demons’ talons.

Five minutes later he stepped into the warmth of the barracks. Racks of weapons stood at the ready, cots lined the far wall, and a table was littered with cards, a pot of stew, and the guard of the previous watch. Snoring softly, Lucia was sprawled out with a half-empty bottle of wine in her mail-gloved fingers.

“Sleep well.” Markus filled a bowl with stew and took a seat by the unconscious guardswoman. Before he had taken his first spoonful, the door swung open and a weedy, ginger-haired young man burst in, hastily tucking in his rumpled uniform.

“Where the blazes were you?” Markus shouted at full volume. The slumbering Lucia took no notice. “You know Antoninus will feed us to his imp if we’re away from our posts tonight!”

“I was... you see...” Aaron blushed. “I was, ah, busy with one of the new acolytes-in-training.”

Markus rolled his eyes and nudged a chair with his boot, “Sit.”

The younger guard glanced at their passed out compatriot. “They gave us enough wine tonight.”

“After dealing with the master, she needed it.” Markus stood to open a fresh bottle. He poured a glass for himself and tasted. Nodding approvingly, he poured a second for Aaron. “Take a drink, have some stew, and pay attention.”

“I heard tonight’s some kind of anniversary?” Aaron wrinkled his brow. “I heard rumors, but nobody wanted to go into much detail.”

“It’s an anniversary of sorts. Every year, Antoninus gets a visit by

**“What did she take?”
“Everything.”
“What do you mean
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“I mean everything.”
Markus spoke with
finality. “Everything
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stark naked except for
the symbol of Asmodeus
around his neck.”**



an insane thief who delights in trying to kill him. He's convinced that this year's visit is a cursed one for him, based on some infernal numerology."

"A thief? Who is he?"

"She." Markus corrected. "Nisha... Starweather I think. No connection to the Wiscrani Starweathers."

"He's all worked up over some crazed slattern?"

Markus glared at the young guardsman. "Do you really want to call her that *when she might be listening?*" To his credit, the youth blanched and shook his head. Markus eased up on his glare. "I don't remember what it was, but she stole something from one of his couriers years ago. The Para-Lector publicly declared that he'd see her tortured and executed. Only one problem—she wasn't a normal kind of thief. Hell, she wasn't a normal kind of anything. Some sort of demon-blooded tiefling, descended from a protean."

"What's a protean?"

"A chaos wyrm. There's little rhyme or reason to them. They've a maw of fangs and a touch that can turn you into stone, or heal you, or set you on fire. Depends on their mood. You really don't want one of them mad at you. Or not mad at you. It might actually be worse if they decided they liked you."

Aaron took a gulp of wine. "I see." He didn't.

"The Para-Lector went and poked the hornet's nest. He challenged her. For a long time, she considered it a personal mission to steal from anyone championing the rule of Law. Its value didn't matter as much as being a thorn in the foot of every official, paladin, or Hellknight she came across. But after the Para-Lector, her thefts across Cheliah stopped."

"Why?" Aaron looked confused. "Was she scared?"

The guardsman snickered. "Hardly. She was planning something

much bigger." Markus pointed a spoonful of stew at Aaron, ignoring the tallow dripping to the floor. "The Para-Lector only made it worse on himself with three different public sermons talking about how the thief had fled in the face of justice as chaos flees in the face of order. She lets him puff up like a peacock, then two weeks later, on 13 Neth, she robs him."

"What did she take?"

"Everything."

"What do you mean 'everything'?"

"I mean everything." Markus spoke with finality. "Everything that wasn't actually a physical part of the villa. The Para-Lector woke up the next morning on the floor in an empty room, stark naked except for the symbol of Asmodeus around his neck."

Aaron shot him an incredulous look, "How...?"

Markus shrugged. "Demon magic? Who knows?"

Aaron shook his head in disbelief, "But why tonight? The anniversary was *last night*."

"Sharp man." Markus pointed the spoon at him again. A chunk of boiled mutton slid down to join the tallow on the floor. "It doesn't end with her stealing everything right down to the bed linens. The really important thing happens on the following night."

Aaron gulped. "What happens?"

"Antoninus tries to act as if nothing was wrong. He conjures new vestments. He sends for incense and wine, and he spends the day in prayer to Asmodeus. At midnight he hears this sneeze behind him. He'd been alone all day and the door was locked." Markus paused and took a long draught of wine. "So he turns around, and there she is."

"With a blade in hand, prepared to slit his throat?" Aaron's eyes widened, expecting a clash of blades and spells.

Markus shook his head, "She was eating candy. Littered the floor around her with a circle of wrappers like a mockery of the pentagram surrounding the Para-Lector."

"Was she hideous and twisted?" Aaron's voice dipped low for accentuated innuendo. "Or did she appear to him as a barely clothed succubus?"

Markus took another drink of wine, obscuring a furious roll of his eyes. "Imagine a human with red hair and purple eyes, a bit on the thin side, could pass as a half-elf in the right light. But she's got cloven hooves, goat legs, a nice pair of curved antelope horns, and a reptilian tail with a silver bell strung on the tip. Except for the faerie-dragon perched on her shoulder, she wasn't wearing anything spectacular."

"Did the Para-Lector banish her back to the Abyss?"

Markus chuckled. "As I heard it, Antoninus nearly died of fright. He sat there, mouth agape, babbling for Asmodeus to save him. The King of Hell certainly didn't deign to lend him a hand as she stood up, hooves clip-clopping on the floor, tail rattling about, a happy-go-lucky grin on her face. 'Good evening,' she says. 'Sorry for the mess, but you took a really long time to notice me sitting there and I didn't want to intrude on your prayers. That would be disrespectful. I just got a bit hungry, and all I had were some sweets I stole from house Droveng's kitchen.' The Para-Lector stammers and reaches for a wand, which he drops. She bends down to snatch it, tousles his hair and says, 'I should apologize for the other evening. I was feeling a little mercurial. But after reflecting on your prayers, I'm sorry for having taken everything you owned last night. To make amends, I'll come back next year and leave something of mine behind.' With that, leaving him humiliated but unharmed, she vanishes in a flash of light. That's how it began."

Aaron looked dubious. "And how does it end?"

"Oh, it doesn't end." Markus quirked an odd little grin. "Next year the Para-Lector doesn't get much sleep. He's up all night, and he doubles the guards on watch, same as this year. Nothing happens."

"Nothing?" Aaron frowned. "Clearly his prayers were heard. The eyes and arms of Hell were on guard that evening."

Markus chuckled, "Don't bet on it. Just before daybreak, Antoninus finally climbs into bed. There's a note tucked under his pillow. 'Don't think I forgot about you. It's in the closet.'"

"What was in there?" Aaron's eyes were wide.

Markus shrugged elaborately. "I've heard different things: a summoned demon, a summoned protean, a realistic carving of the Para-Lector and Queen Abrogail... doing... you know. The less said about that the better."

Aaron stared at him with a mixed expression of concern and prurient curiosity. "That's what was in there?"

"Now, I didn't say that." Markus waved both his hands dismissively. "Whatever it was, Antoninus spent weeks blessing, unhallowing, and warding this place. In fact he spent more time and gold doing that than he spent redecorating after the first year's theft. Because that wasn't the end of it."

Aaron peered over his shoulder towards the windowpane, half expecting the tiefling to slither in at any moment.

"You won't see her." Markus warned. "We didn't the next year. But

she left a note on the Para-Lector's dresser, 'This year I've given the gift that gives itself. It should arrive on its own time. Naunets are like that. At least I think it was a naunet. It might have been an imentesh. Or a keketar. Or a vrock, or a particularly inebriated succubus that I met in Galisemni. I really don't recall. Sleep well! XOXO Nisha Starweather'"

Aaron looked uneasy. "So what showed up later on?"

"I don't know. It wasn't on my patrol. Rumor has it that seven guards died that evening trying to put whatever it was down, and three servants vanished without a trace. Someone else said one servant was stricken deaf, and another turned to stone. I don't know which is true. Possibly all of it, possibly none of it."

Aaron put the stew down, his face ashen. Markus continued.

"Year three, the Para-Lector gets serious. He posts a pair of Hellknights outside his bedchamber and one inside with him as a bodyguard before he finally goes to sleep. Nothing happens all night. Then when he climbs into bed, he sees it."

"Sees what?" Aaron whispered, trembling.

"Directly overhead, a string of words written in blood, 'Goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the naunets bite.' It's signed with a deranged looking serpentine caricature with a mouth full of fangs."

"Whose blood was it?"

"Supposedly one of the servants who went missing a year earlier. Except it was fresh and wet, which implies they were still being kept alive, at least until the message was written. Pretty crazy, right?" Outside, the wind whined like a dog begging to be let in.

Aaron jumped. "They didn't breathe a word about any of this before I got assigned here!"

"No one likes to talk about it. It's something that we all have to live with, knowing that she'll be back every year. And tonight's the night."

Aaron glanced out the window, twitching each time a branch blew across the glass.

"Then there was last year, when Antoninus thought he heard her giggling. He swears he sees her out of the corner of his eye, passing through the reflections of a mirror, her shadow dancing on the floor when there's no one there. He even thought she was inside the manor dressed as a servant, planning to poison him. But he never caught her, and nothing really happened."

"How do you know she was even here?"

"Three of us saw her perched atop a tower spire, staring into the Para-Lector's window, laughing like a pesh-addled groll. There's something seriously not right with her. Keep that in mind tonight. It's only going to get worse."

"I don't think I'm ready for this." His voice was shaky. "Why is tonight going to be worse?"

"Since she did nothing last year, everyone figures that this year she's going to do something worse than ever before. The whole watch is on edge, and Antoninus is nearing a nervous breakdown." Markus shuddered visibly and fortified himself with a swig of wine, finishing off the bottle.

"Why hasn't she killed him yet?"

Markus paused as if considering something. "I'm not sure she really wants to," he said slowly. "Maybe she just wants to taunt him for

"There's something seriously not right with her. Keep that in mind tonight. It's only going to get worse."

"I don't think I'm ready for this." Aaron's voice was shaky. "Why is tonight going to be worse?"

the rest of his days. Or until she finally loses whatever hold she has on sanity and goes on a rampage, drawing down the wrath of the Thrunes. It'll probably be one or the other."

Aaron's eyes were wide.

"I really shouldn't go on like this." Markus hurled the empty bottle into the fireplace, causing Aaron to jump at the sound."My night is over, and yours is just getting started. At least now you know what you could be up against."

"I shouldn't have asked." Aaron admitted, reaching for the half-empty wine bottle next to the still slumbering Lucia. "I need some more wine."

Markus nodded and popped a healthy spoonful of stew into his mouth, watching Aaron closely as he chewed and swallowed. The younger guard upended the bottle and took an audible gulp. Markus sighed and smiled, leaning back in his chair and strumming his fingers almost sinuously.

"About time he went for that." Oddly, Markus was looking over his shoulder and talking to an empty shelf on the weapon rack.

"What do you mean? Who are you talking to? I..." Aaron yawned, blinked, and then yawned again. As the drugged wine coursed through his system, his eyes rolled back in his head and he pitched forward, landing face first into his stew.

"Right in the stew! Two points!" There was an obnoxious little giggle as the iridescent faerie dragon slowly faded into view, broad grin first.

"Took him long enough." Markus, who was neither Markus, nor a guard, nor human, chuckled and adjusted his helmet. One quick motion and a flicker of thought, and it resumed its normal form as a pair of golden hair sticks taming the wild tangle of reddish hair between a pair of gently curving horns. The tiefling balanced her chair improbably on a single leg and spun it around merrily before hopping to her feet.

"That's so much better now!" Shod hooves clattered gently on the floor as she stretched luxuriously. She wore a crimson and black corset pilfered from the closet of a Chelish noblewoman, entirely unremarkable leather breeches that could have been tailored anywhere in

Avistan, and a purple wizard's robe plucked from a stall in far-away Quantum.

She was casually, gorgeously weird, her outfit cobbled together in an adoration of whimsical spontaneity. Briefly she checked a belt at her waist strung with dozens of wands, pouches, and a slender rapier that looked far too ornamental to be useful.

"Just think, it's not even midnight yet!" Nisha grinned up at her familiar. "Tonight is going to be so much FUN!" ✘



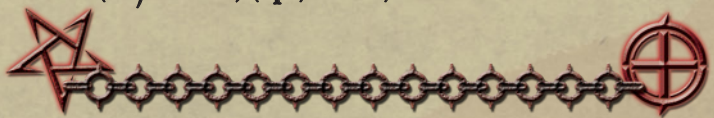


Schools of Hard Knocks

Gladiator Training in Cheliox

By John "Moonstonian" Leising

Art by W. Kristoph Nolen



From the crumbling tenements of the Rego Cader to the crowded stalls of Egorian's Bridgeside market, the lower classes of Cheliox have very few heroes. What they do have are the gory exploits of the bloodsport champions, men and women who have carved their way to fame through a morass of fallen opponents.

But who are these larger-than-life characters wielding murderous blades the way a poet flourishes his pen? And where do they learn the lessons that

change a battle to a ballet—all for the entertainment of the bloodthirsty mob?

The art of the gladiator differs from that of a simple warrior, and the secrets of surviving while thrilling the crowd are closely guarded. In Cheliox, the Vespaari, or bond-houses of the gladiators, keep these secrets. Vespaari can be as simple as a tavern where low-rent brawlers gather or an abandoned house with a sandy courtyard. Sometimes they are as complex as a small keep of training pits, barracks, armories and medical facilities.

The professional Vespaari all share three things: a place to fight, a place to sleep, and knowledge to share. They are usually run by "retired" gladiators, those who lived long enough and were smart enough to walk out of the pits while they still could. These

warriors are not necessarily the owners. Members of the aristocracy often fund or sponsor Vespaari and gain status from their successes. In Cheliox, in particular, the Vespaari serve a political function. Nobles often proclaim their patronage and others use this to demean or disgrace them. In fact, entire proxy wars are fought between noble houses on the sandy stages of Egorian's fighting pits.

Underworld figures also have financial interests in the gladiator schools, but their involvement is rarely publicized. Gladiators are no strangers to the criminal world, and often their biggest supporters come from these circles. However, professional pit fighters are rarely involved in criminal enterprise. Their skills are not a good match for the low profile of crime, and their maverick nature makes them difficult conspirators. In the same vein, gladiators make poor soldiers; they kill for sport, and the rigors of military order are not for them.

Even though some prosperous bond-houses are massive structures with many inhabitants, they are usually found in less reputable neighborhoods. The average citizen gives the Vespaari and their inhabitants a wide berth.

The vast majority of fighters in the pits of Cheliox are slaves—owned by the Vespaari or their patrons. A lucky few are given basic instruction with weapons or tactics, but most are merely tossed out as fodder for beasts or established combatants. If any survive, they are "born in blood" and their training begins.

Each mentor has his own program, combining physical training, weapon skills and showmanship. Every gladiator learns thrilling the crowd is as important as downing your foe.

Vespaari often wear trademark garb or use distinctive weapons or tactics to set them apart from others. A victory for the house is a victory for everyone, and a strong showing by a member can intimidate others in the pit. But while bond-houses are often derisively called kennels their members are far from a pack.

Each gladiator knows final glory is for her alone, and she may be called on to kill her brother or sister gladiators on any given day.

Hierarchy among the Vespaari is often rigid, and discipline swift and cruel. For those who confront death on a daily basis, few punishments are a true deterrent.

A successful pit fighter can occasionally earn enough to buy her freedom, or even be granted her freedom. But this does not free her from her debt to the Vespaari. Very few leave a house once they are in, and even fewer have the wits to survive outside of its protective walls.

Any event involving this much bloodletting won't stay free of diabolic influence for long in this devil-haunted realm. Summoners are fond of using the blood-soaked sand for their rituals and lower rank devils are a recurring pest in many arenas.

Tricks of the Trade (Feats)

Heel (Combat)

Your disdain for rules and good sportsmanship make you a warrior the crowd loves to hate.

Prerequisites: Dazzling Display

Benefit: Whenever you succeed with a Dirty Trick maneuver, you can spend a swift action to make a performance combat check. You gain a +2 bonus on the performance combat check.

Work the Crowd (Combat)

Your support is so strong, you can quickly turn the mob against your opponent.

Prerequisites: Dazzling Display

Benefit: When you spend a swift action to make a performance combat check, you gain a +2 bonus on the check. If successful, you may force your opponent to make a performance combat check as well, with a -2 penalty to their roll.

Flesh Wound (Combat)

Your blade merely slashes your enemy's skin, but sends out a satisfying spray of blood.

Prerequisites: Dazzling Display

Benefit: When you make a performance combat check after any damage-inducing attack, you can choose to take -2 to the damage rolled to add +1 to your performance combat check. When your base attack bonus reaches +4, and every 4 points thereafter, the penalty increases by -2 and the bonus to the performance combat check increases by +1. Flesh wound attacks always do at least one point of damage.



NOTABLE CHELISH VESPAARI

The Briar

Based in an abandoned slave market on a rubble-strewn street in the Rego Cader, the Brothers of the Bloody Thorn are one of the largest Vespaari in Westcrown. They are known for wickedly barbed madu known as *roscuta*, and thorny motifs on their garb. It is said The Briar is quietly owned by a group of disgraced Chelish nobles who use its profits and notoriety to promote their own ends.

Circle of Steel

Known for years as a second-tier group providing fighters to working class venues, the Circle of Steel has gained recent fame by boosting the careers of fading warriors and developing new talent. The truth is: that their mentor, Mikhaevin, is a phistophilus devil, trading souls for prowess in the pits. The Circle's warriors always wear blackened steel circlets on their heads with the terms of the contract carved on the inner band. As a nod to their master, they favor the whip and like to bind their opponents before the final thrust.

The Hive

The scholarly pursuits of her house were not to the liking of Savilla Leroung, who found her desires fulfilled in the short, brutal life of the Pits. She began pitting household slaves against each other in her youth and her passion and stable have only grown over the last 10 years. She now maintains a

large high-walled complex near her family's Westcrown holdings in the Rego Scripta. While she has never fought in the pits, she is a scientist of the sport and maintains a strict training regimen for every one of her "little bees". They are noted as much for their impressive strength and stamina as the striking yellow and black livery. It is rumored especially successful warriors are rewarded with a place in the lady's chambers.

House of Cerebrus

Of all the so-called kennels of the capital city, the name is most appropriate for the House of Cerebrus. Unlike the self-centered credo of most Vespaari, the Cerebri believe in group tactics and specialize in team combat. They wear distinctive dog-shaped helms and move in and out of fights surrounding enemies, favoring weapons like the aklys and the net which can knock enemies prone for a quick kill.

Motley Hall

Founded and sponsored by House Sarini, the fighters of this house bring a grim humor to their performances. Some are clownish and do pratfalls and slapstick antics during bouts, while others take a more "artistic" approach and leave opponents broken, mangled or stretched on their own entrails as a punchline. The Hall is mastered by Davius Sarini, the Bloody Bard, who shouts verse in the middle of combat. Although highly individual in fighting styles, members all wear a form of the red, purple, green, and bone motley, often embellishing their garb with barbed bells.

Red Widows

Dressed in orange and red and led by the colorful tiefling Cornibus (who sets herself aflame with alchemist's fire before closing on her enemies), the Red Widows train some of the flashiest—if not most successful—fighters in all of Egorian. It is one of the few Vespaari that accept full members of non-human stock, also keeping a menagerie of exotic creatures to fight in the pits. The difficulties of telling one group from the other are often the subject of crude jokes among the crowds. They prefer to wear their opponents down with bleeding cuts before rushing in for the dramatic finish. ✦



Sometimes it's the treasure that is dangerous...



but treasure is not what you should be afraid of...





Heroes' Hoard: The Five Dicta

By Christopher Wasko

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



The Five Dicta is the collective name of the magical equipment once used by the famous Hellknight Seldinin Choaz, founder of the Order of the Godclaw. As Choaz's reputation spread, Chelish craftsmen duplicated the *Dicta* with hopes of profiting from the Hellknight's national popularity. These replicas are virtually identical to the original *Dicta*, but for the prestige of owning the originals, and they become more powerful when united by a single wielder.

The following information about Choaz and the *Dicta* can be learned with a successful Knowledge (history) or Knowledge (nobility) check:

- **DC 10:** Seldinin Choaz was originally a ranking member of the Hellknight Order of the Pyre who led four of his comrades into the Worldwound during the First Mendevian Crusade. All five Hellknights eventually returned to Chelixa, using the wealth and influence they accrued during their service to found their own order, the Order of the Godclaw.

- **DC 15:** One of the things that made Choaz and his allies so formidable was that they did not subscribe purely to Infernal dogma. Rather, the Hellknights developed their own hybrid creed by adopting tenets from all the lawful deities, specifically Abadar, Asmodeus, Iomedae, Irori, and Torag. This multifaceted faith gave them great strength against the forces of chaos.

- **DC 20:** Although he achieved great wealth and status from his service in the Crusade, Choaz was born in poverty. He was able to overcome the social limitations of his birth through his exceptional conviction, determination, and devotion to the doctrines of cosmic Law. Legend has it that the only equipment Choaz kept with him throughout his brutal initiation into the Order of the Pyre became the Five *Dicta*.

- **DC 25:** The Five *Dicta* attained their magical status when Choaz first arrived in Mendev. Ignoring the hesitations of his fellow Hellknights, Choaz had each item enchanted by the high priest of a different lawful deity—the five who would eventually guide the virtues of the Godclaw—and in the process learned about the variations of each faith and how best to combine their most salient dogmatic features.

- **DC 30:** The Hellknight's distinctive armor did not become part of Choaz's collective set of magical equipment. This is supposedly because Choaz intended the items to continue serving the cause of Law long after his death, whether or not their later wielders were Hellknights themselves.

Collection Benefits: Anyone bearing a partial or complete set of the *Dicta* receives additional benefits. The same individual must be wearing or wielding the *Dicta* in order to receive the benefits.

3 pieces: The wearer gains a +4 profane bonus on Intimidate and Sense Motive checks.

5 pieces: Chaotically aligned summoned creatures cannot make bodily contact with the wearer (as per *protection from chaos*).

GAUNTLET OF RIGHTEOUS EXECUTION

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 3rd

Slot hands; **Price** 2,200 gp, **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This chainmail glove is encased in a shell of edged steel, with pointed extensions from the digits reminiscent of fiendish claws. When left unattended, the gauntlet curls into a fist. Only right-handed *gauntlets of righteous execution* exist.

Once per day, the wearer can kill a chaotically aligned creature with -1 or fewer hit points by speaking a command word and touching it with the gauntlet. The touched creature must make a DC 13 Will save or die. If the execution is successful, the wearer recovers twice the normal amount of hit point and ability damage the next time he rests, as though he had received long-term care.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *death knell*, creator must be lawful, creator must possess at least 1 other *Dictum*; **Cost** 1,100 gp

GODCLAW MANTLE

Aura strong abjuration; **CL** 15th

Slot shoulders; **Price** 30,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This tattered black mantle is set with tiny hooks on one edge, which can be fastened to the pauldrons of Hellknight armor. It is emblazoned with a white sigil of a five-pointed star sitting in the palm of a gray fiendish claw woven into the backdrop.

The godclaw mantle provides the wearer with DR 5/chaotic and SR 17 against chaotic spells and spells cast by chaotic creatures.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *shield of law*, creator must possess at least 1 other *Dictum*; **Cost** 15,000 sp

HORNED HELM OF JUDGMENT

Aura faint abjuration and enchantment; **CL** 3rd

Slot head; **Price** 9,000 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This solid metal helm covers all but the eyes in spiked steel. Two curved horns protrude from the back of the helm, winding around the front visor over the wearer's eyes, giving the semblance of a stern expression.

The helm grants the wearer a +4 resistance bonus on Will saves against fear and mind-affecting effects. Once per day, when the wearer successfully resists such an effect, he may activate the helm's retributive power, gaining a +1 insight bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls against the creature that targeted him with the effect, and automatically bypassing 5 points of its damage reduction with each attack. This effect ends either when combat is over or the creature is slain. When this power is activated, the helm only provides a +2 bonus on Will saves until the power is recharged the next day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *aid*, *resistance*, creator must possess at least 1 other *Dictum*; **Cost** 4,500 gp

SHIELD OF THE DOGMATIC SIGIL

Aura moderate abjuration and transmutation [law]; **CL** 8th

Slot shield; **Price** 11,360 gp; **Weight** 45 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This massive steel shield is emblazoned with a five-pointed star encircled with Infernal script. It feels twice as heavy when held any way other than vertically with the sigil right side up, and it stands on its own when released.

This +1 chaotic outsider defiant^{UE} tower shield can be used to banish a creature with the chaotic and extraplanar subtypes to Limbo once per day. Activating this ability is a standard action, in which the wielder uses the shield to gain cover against a target creature within 30 feet (as per the standard tower shield ability). When activated, the target creature must make a DC 15 Will save or be restricted to its present space, as though trapped by an inwardly-focused magic circle against chaos spell (the creature can still escape via extradimensional travel). Once the creature is trapped, the sigil on the shield begins to glow with a pale, cold light, and the creature appears to slowly disintegrate as it is sent to Limbo. The creature takes 2d6 points of temporary hit point damage each round it remains trapped; when its hit point total reaches 0, it is sent to Limbo with full hit points. It receives a new Will save every round to escape the trap and end the effect.

Since the shield uses its own sigil for the magic circle, the wielder must not break the connection between the shield and the target creature. If the wielder moves from his space, uses the shield for anything other than total cover against the target creature, or is otherwise rendered unable to maintain the shield's position, the creature is freed from the trap, and any temporary hit point damage it suffered from the shield's effect is immediately restored.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, dismissal, magic circle against chaos, summon monster I, creator must possess at least 1 other Dictum; **Cost** 5,680 gp

SWORD OF RESOLVE

Aura strong evocation [law]; **CL** 13th
Slot none; **Price** 23,630 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The blade of this longsword is elegantly smooth and finely honed. The pommel of the weapon is a clenched steel fist, while the hilt and cross-guard are shaped like a five-pointed star.

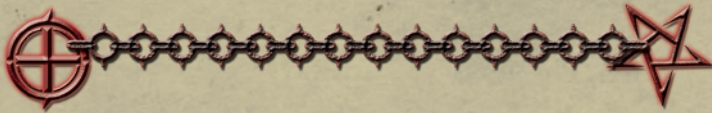


Once per day, this +1 axiomatic longsword can emit a surge of willpower as a standard action. This power affects a 40-foot cone-shaped burst, pushing all nonlawful creatures away from the point of origin (as the bull rush combat maneuver with a CMB of +16). Creatures that are pushed farther than 5 feet must make a DC 20 Will save or be dazed for 1d4 rounds; creatures that are pushed farther than 15 feet must save or be staggered for 1d4 rounds instead. This power may be used as part of a full attack action, replacing the wielder's attack with the highest bonus.

If the wielder of a sword of resolve is also using a shield of the dogmatic sigil, he does not take the usual -2 encumbrance penalty on attack rolls with the sword.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, dictum, order's wrath, creator must possess at least 1 other Dictum; **Cost** 11,815 gp ✦

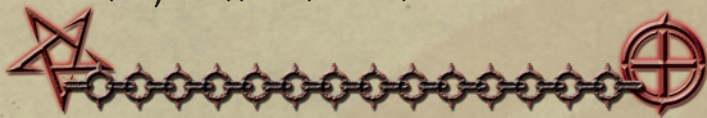


Infernal Options

Arcane Schools with a Touch of the Devil(S) Inside

By Nathanael C. Love

Art by Catherine Batka



These focused wizard schools (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*) are suitable for spellcasters who seek the power of the Nine Hells, such as those in the Chelish social elite or Hellknight signifiers. A character choosing one of these focused schools cannot change it later.

Ossifier School

This school focuses on transforming your visage into that of a bone devil.

Associated School: Transmutation.

Replacement Powers: These powers replace the telekinetic fist and change shape powers of the transmutation school.

Poison Touch (Su) You may afflict a target with a dose of bone devil poison with a melee touch attack (or any natural attack you possess).

Bone devil poison (Ex)

touch—contact or injury;
save Fort DC 10 + 1/2
your sorcerer level +
your Constitution
modifier; frequency 1/
round for 6 rounds;
effect 1 Str damage;
cure 1 save.

At 5th level, the poison damage increases to 1d2 Str. At 7th level, your poison requires 2 successful saves to cure. At 11th level, your poison damage increases to 1d4 Str. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Intelligence modifier.

Bone Growths (Ex) At 8th level, you can grow bone-like protrusions and sprout bone wings from your back. You gain a +3 natural armor bonus for every 3 class levels and a fly speed of 60 ft. (good). At 12th level, you gain a sting primary natural attack with a 10-foot reach that deals 2d4 points of damage. Activating this ability is a standard action. You gain these benefits for a number of rounds per day equal to your wizard level. These rounds need not be consecutive.



Devil School

This school focuses on summoning devils to do your bidding.

Associated School: Conjuration.

Replacement Powers: These powers replace the acid dart and dimensional steps powers of the conjuration school.

Infernal Calling (Su) Whenever you cast a *summon monster* spell to summon hell hounds or any creature with the devil subtype, you summon 1 additional creature of that kind.

Summon Devil (Sp) At 8th level, once per day, as a full round action, you may cast a specialized *summon* spell to summon one devil with a CR equal to your class level or lower. This devil serves for 1 hour (or until slain or released). A summoned devil may not use its own summon ability for 1 hour.

Hellfire School

This school focuses on using the fires of the Nine Hells against your foes.

Associated School: Evocation.

Replacement Powers: These powers replace the force missile and elemental wall powers of the evocation school.

Hellfire (Su) When you cast an evocation spell that deals fire damage, you may change half of the damage dealt to unholy damage. The spell gains the evil descriptor in addition to any other types it has. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Intelligence modifier.

Aura of the Ninth Layer (Su) At 8th level, you may emit an aura that enhances infernal magic and holds the magic of good at bay. Within the aura, the caster level of any spell with the evil descriptor is increased by +2. Casting a spell with the good descriptor within the aura

requires a Concentration check (DC 20 + the level of the spell). If the check fails, the spell does not function, and the spell or spell slot is used up.

Otherwise, the spell functions normally. You can use this ability for a number of rounds per day equal to your wizard level. The rounds do not need to be consecutive.

Styx School

The River Styx erases the memory of those foolish enough to imbibe or touch its water; this school draws power and inspiration from its power.

Associated School: Enchantment.

Replacement Powers: These powers replace the dazing touch and aura of despair powers of the enchantment school.

Touch of the Styx (Su): You may deal 1d4 Intelligence or Charisma damage as a melee touch attack. You choose the ability score affected prior to making each attack. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Intelligence modifier.

Drowning in the Styx (Su): At 8th level, when you cast a spell with the mind-affecting descriptor, you may choose to infuse the spell with the power of the River Styx, increasing the spell's duration by half. When the spell ends, the target must make a Will save (same DC as the spell) or forget everything that happened throughout the duration of the spell. ✖



House of Cards

A Tavern Game in "Honor" of the Throne Ascendency

By John "Moonstonian" Leising

Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



This game is a variation of a simple tavern pastime played throughout the Inner Sea region. Only in Cheliah has the game taken on political connotations, and being caught playing the game there may have unpleasant consequences.

Egorian Court (or Red Hands, depending where it's being played) is played with a deck of 52 cards, with 13 numbered cards in each of four houses. An equal number of cards is dealt face down to all players. The game can be played with as few as two and as many as 10 players. If the deck cannot be divided equally among all players, excess cards are discarded without any player knowing their value.

Each player puts an ante in a pot (determined at the beginning of the game) and draws three cards. Once each player has picked a card to play, all players reveal their cards simultaneously. The player with the highest card showing wins the hand and collects the cards from the other players. These cards are kept face down and are shuffled and brought into play when that player's deck is depleted.

The game ends when one player has collected all the cards from the other players, and collects the bets.

If there is a tie for the high card of a hand, a 'house war' breaks out. Each of the tying players places two cards face down and a third face up, the player with the highest card in the house war collects all the cards and gets to make a "decree," an additional rule that affects play. These decrees are limited only by the imagination of the player, but must affect everyone equally.

Any player violating a decree must pay an additional ante on the next hand, although

decreasing other penalties, from buying drinks to forcing embarrassing actions is allowed and often encouraged.

Outside the traditional order of cards, the highest card in the deck is the 12th Star (Queen of Spades in a traditional deck). When it is played, that player can make a decree and every player must immediately give a card face down in tribute.

If the 12th Star is laid at the same time as the 1st Fiend (Ace of Hearts in a traditional deck), that player can choose to challenge the ascendancy. At this point players can choose which side to be on, and everyone plays two cards face down and a third face up. The winning card in this hand becomes the high card for the remainder of the game, and the player collects all the cards and gets to make a decree. The player of the 1st Fiend does not participate in this house war and puts his card in his discard pile.

If you do not wish to play the game out in real time, players can simply roll a d20 to see who wins. Characters with ranks in the Profession (gambler) skill may use it in place of a normal d20 roll, but due to the fact that the game is based mainly on luck, they receive a -5 penalty on the roll. However, a successful Bluff or Sense Motive check (DC 20) can help a player make and enforce decrees, granting a +2 circumstance bonus on the d20 roll or the Profession (gambler) skill check.

Drinking is often associated with the game, and common decrees demand drinking as a penalty for infractions. Players who drink to excess (more alcoholic beverages than 1 plus double their Constitution modifier), take a penalty of -1 on their rolls for each excessive drink.

Sample decrees

Hand of rule. Cards must be flipped with the left hand, or the player is taxed one coin or made to drink.

Peasant revolt. The order of cards is reversed, with the one now being the highest card. All special rules remain.

Diabolic deck. Whenever a player lays a red face card, she takes a card from the top of the deck belonging to the player to her left as sacrifice.

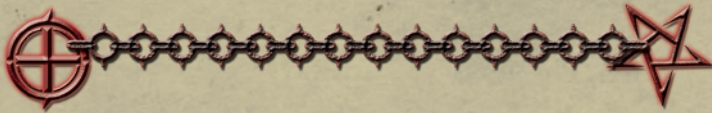
Ladies' law. All queens are now the highest card of their particular suit.

Clarity pyre. All previous decrees are nullified.

Loyalty oath. Winning players must swear loyalty to the queen before collecting the cards or they in turn go to the loser of the house war.

Victor's spoils. Cards are left in the center of the table at the end of a normal hand until a house war occurs. The winner of the house war collects all the cards on the table at that point. ✘





Cavaliers of the Hellknight Orders

By Nathanael Love

Art by Jason Kirckof



Some lawful cavaliers aspiring to join the Hellknights follow the edicts of their order even before achieving Hellknighthood.

For the spell-like abilities presented below, a cavalier uses his cavalier level as his caster level, his Charisma modifier to determine the save DC.

ORDER OF THE CHAIN

This order upholds the regulations of legal slavery and indentured servitude.

Edicts: The cavalier must never allow servants or slaves to abandon their posts or to be taken illegally.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge, he and his allies gain a +1 competence bonus to the DC of mind-affecting spells they cast against the target of the challenge. This bonus increases by +1 every four levels (to a maximum of +5 at 17th level.)

Skills: The cavalier adds Perception and Survival to his list of class skills. In addition, whenever the cavalier uses Survival to follow tracks, he receives a bonus equal to 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum +1).

Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Chain gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Tightened Chains (Ex): At 2nd level, the cavalier adds his Charisma modifier to his CMB for trip and grapple combat maneuver checks.

Invisible Chains (Sp): At 8th level, the cavalier can cast *hold person* as a spell-like ability once per day, plus one additional time per day for every four levels beyond 8th, to a maximum of four times per day at 20th level.

Chain-Bearer's Freedom (Su): At 15th level, the cavalier gains a constant *freedom of movement* effect.

ORDER OF THE GATE

This order is the Hellknight order most closely attuned to magic and in which Signifiers outnumber Hellknights.

Edicts: The cavalier must protect allied spellcasters from harm, and may never refuse to be the target of an ally's spell.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge, he gains spell resistance equal to 10 + 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum 1).

Skills: The cavalier adds Spellcraft and one of the following skills to his list of class skills: Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (nature), Knowledge (planes), or Knowledge (religion).

Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Gate gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Slayer of the Mundane (Su): At 2nd level, the cavalier gains a +1 bonus to weapon damage on attacks against characters with no spellcasting ability or spell-like abilities. This does not include creatures who are temporarily denied their spellcasting ability, such as a caster in an *antimagic field*. This bonus increases by +1 every four levels (to a maximum of +5 at 16th level.)

Spell Key (Su): At 8th level, one of the cavalier's weapons gains the *spell storing* weapon property when wielded by the cavalier. Additionally, the cavalier chooses a targeted spell from the sorcerer/wizard spell list of up to 3rd level with a casting time of 1 standard action. This spell is the cavalier's spell key. Once per day, he can cast his spell key as a spell-like ability so that it is stored in his *spell storing* weapon. At 12th level, and again at 16th level, he gains an additional spell key. Only one spell key can be stored in his weapon at any time. He gains no other benefit of knowing the spell, such as the ability to use spell completion items. If the cavalier's designated weapon is destroyed, he can designate a new weapon after 24 hours.

Gate Caster (Sp): At 15th level, the cavalier can cast his spell keys three times per day as spell-like abilities.

ORDER OF THE NAIL

This order focuses on apprehending brigands, criminals, and the lawless.

Edicts: The cavalier must never allow a known lawbreaker to escape his custody.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge he may attempt a trip or grapple check in place of an attack when charging his challenge target. In addition, he receives a +2 bonus on Perception and Survival checks made against the target of his challenge.

Skills: The cavalier adds Perception and Survival to his list of class skills. In addition, whenever the cavalier attempts to spot an ambush with Perception, he receives a bonus on the check equal to 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum +1).

Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Nail gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Tireless Hunter (Ex): At 2nd level, the cavalier and his mount receive Endurance as a bonus feat.

Smite Chaos (Su): At 8th level, the cavalier gains smite chaos. This works like the paladin's smite evil ability but affects chaotic creatures. He may use this ability an additional time per day at 12th, 16th, and 20th levels.

Nails (Ex): At 15th level, whenever the cavalier grapples or is grappled while wearing medium or heavy armor, his opponent takes 1d6 damage from the armor's spikes and edges.

ORDER OF THE PYRE

This order despises cults and other false religions—some say, all religion.

Edicts: The cavalier must arrest all cult leaders and anyone spreading unsanctioned faiths.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge, he may grant a single melee weapon he wields the *flaming* ability for the duration of the challenge.

Skills: The cavalier adds Knowledge (local) and Knowledge (religion) to his list of class skills. In addition, whenever he uses Sense Motive to oppose a Bluff check, he gains a bonus equal to 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum +1).

Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Pyre gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Resist the Divine (Su): At 2nd level, the cavalier gains a +2 bonus

on saves against spells cast by divine spell casters.

Magic Breaker (Sp): At 8th level, the cavalier can cast *dispel magic* once per day. At 16th level he can also cast *greater dispel magic* once per day.

Call Down the Pyre (Sp): At 15th level the cavalier can cast *fireball* once per day.

ORDER OF THE RACK

This order suppresses dangerous and unlawful knowledge.

Edicts: The cavalier must work to eliminate dangerous ideas, especially those advocating freedom and chaos.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge he may perform one free disarm attempt as part of a full attack against his challenge target.

Skills: The cavalier adds Disable Device and Linguistics to his list of class skills. In addition, whenever he uses Linguistics to decipher a document, he gains a bonus equal to 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum +1).

Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Rack gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Denial (Su): At 2nd level, the cavalier may attempt to erase one memory or piece of knowledge (generally limited to a single sentence) from a target's mind as a melee touch attack. The target receives a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 cavalier level + Charisma modifier) to negate the effect. The cavalier may use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + his Charisma modifier.

Knowledge is Danger (Su): At 8th level, as a swift action, the cavalier may add a bonus to damage on his next attack equal to his Intelligence modifier. He may

use this ability once per day, plus one additional time per day for every four levels beyond 8th.

Will to Watch Die (Su): At 15th level, the cavalier adds his Intelligence modifier to Will saving throws in addition to his Wisdom modifier.

ORDER OF THE SCOURGE

This order's mission is to eliminate organized crime through infiltration.

Edicts: The cavalier must always work to eliminate crime, either overtly or through infiltration and guile.

Challenge: Whenever the cavalier issues a challenge, he gains +1d6 sneak attack damage as the rogue ability against his challenge target. This increases by 1d6 every five levels, to a maximum of 4d6 at 15th level. If the cavalier gets a sneak attack bonus from another source, the bonuses on damage stack.

Skills: The cavalier adds Bluff and Disguise to his list of class skills. In addition, whenever using Disguise to impersonate a criminal, he gains a bonus equal to 1/2 his cavalier level (minimum +1).

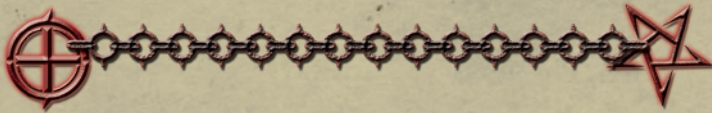
Order Abilities: A cavalier that belongs to the Order of the Scourge gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

On Patrol (Ex): At 2nd level, the cavalier may use Intimidate to demoralize opponents as a swift action, and he may add his armor bonus as a bonus on the check.

Infiltration Mastery (Ex): At 8th level, the cavalier is so adept at infiltration that he may take 10 on Bluff, Disguise, and Stealth checks, even under stressful circumstances.

Hide in Plain Sight (Su): At 15th level, the cavalier can use the Stealth skill even while being observed, as long as he is within 10 feet of something that would provide cover or concealment. ✧





Realm Building: Iron Gauntlet, Silk Glove

By Charlie Bell, Thomas "Kilrex" LeBlanc, and Damien McGurrell
Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



The nation of Chelias maintains its grip on its holdings in Avistan and beyond through a combination of lavish adherence to law and ruthless oppression of dissident elements. Despite (or because of) the influence of House Thrune, Chelias remains a cultural hub whose influence goes beyond its current political borders. These additions to the kingdom building rules presented in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Campaign* works well for other kingdoms with baroque and authoritarian regimes, such as Nidal.

NEW EDICTS

Hellish Leadership

In Chelias, the government imitates Hell's power structure, and sometimes Hell's agents fill a more direct role. An edict may be passed to fill a vacant leadership role with a summoned devil, with an initial BP cost equal to the CR of the summoned creature. The kingdom's Consumption is increased by the CR of the summoned devil, often erinyes or contract devils. Typical roles filled by devils are Councilor, General, Grand Diplomat, High Priest, Spymaster, or Treasurer.

Selling Your Nation's Soul

Allying itself to the forces of Hell catapulted House Thrune to power, and this unique edict reflects that. Considered a Holiday, Improvement, Promotion, and Taxation edict, the Ruler and council must agree to ally themselves with the forces of Hell in the presence of multiple contract devils and sometimes an Infernal Duke (depending on the size of the kingdom). After the completion of this edict, you may reroll one Kingdom check per turn, taking the best of the two results. Only an evil-aligned kingdom may choose this edict, and dealing with other kingdoms may incur a -2 penalty on Charisma-based checks.

Subjugate the Populace

A tyrannical ruler may opt to use fear to control the population. If a Stability check fails during the Upkeep Phase, you can target and oppress sources of unrest in a settlement by destroying 1 House, reducing Unrest by 1.

NEW SETTLEMENT BUILDINGS

DIABOLIST SHOP

68 BP, 1 LOT

Kingdom Economy +1
Limit Adjacent to 2 Houses
Upgrade From Luxury Store
Special Base value +2,000 gp
Settlement Lore +1
Magic Items 4 minor wondrous items, 2 medium wondrous items, 1 major wondrous item



A diabolist shop employs summoners and conjurers of devilish creatures. Chelish aristocracy hires these casters to entertain party guests with their bound minions, or for tasks that are more sinister. The magic items available at a Diabolist Shop often have strong ties to Hell and its devils, or ties to particular members of House Thrune.

GALLOWS

5 BP

Kingdom Loyalty -1, Stability +2, Unrest -1
Discount Gibbet
Limit 1 per settlement
Special Must share a lot with a Barracks, Castle, Garrison, Military Academy, Monument, Prison, Shrine, or Town Hall
Settlement Crime -1, Law +1



A place of execution for criminals and enemies of the state, Gallows remind a settlement's populace of the perils of lawbreaking. An executioner, often hooded, performs the hangings on behalf of the state.

GIBBET

6 BP

Kingdom Infamy +1, Loyalty -3, Stability +2, Unrest -2
Limit 1 per settlement
Special Must share a lot with a Barracks, Castle, Garrison, Military Academy, Monument, Prison, Shrine, or Town Hall
Settlement Crime -2, Law +3



A suspended metal cage, a Gibbet displays executed criminals. Guards stationed at a Gibbet watch to ensure that condemned corpses remain for viewing by the public. Even when used as a means of slow execution, both kinds of Gibbets have the same results—inspiring fear.

IMP HIVE

5 BP

Kingdom Stability +1
Limit 1 per settlement
Special Must share a lot with a Cathedral, Diabolist Shop, Magic Shop, Magical Academy, or Temple
Settlement Crime -1



A cadre of imps have infiltrated the settlement, befouling and defacing holy sites. When a Spymaster makes a Kingdom check involving foreigners, they gain a +1 bonus. If the Natural Blessing event occurs in a settlement, the imps do their utmost to negate or dull its effects.

OPERA HOUSE

40 BP, 4 LOTS

Kingdom Fame +1, Stability +4

Discount Bardic College, Theater

Limit 1 per settlement

Upgrade From Theater

Settlement Lore +1, Society +2

The epitome of high art within Cheliox, the aristocracy visits weekly to fraternize, patronize, plot, and socialize among their peers. Impressive to the point of gaudiness, the presence of an Opera House brings pride to the populace, not to mention eager performers looking to make a break.



PRISON

28 BP, 2 LOTS

Kingdom Infamy +1, Loyalty +2, Stability +4, Unrest -4

Discounted By Castle, Garrison, Jail

Settlement Crime -2, Law +3

A large fortified structure, A prison can house both criminals and dangerous monsters. If a Localized Dangerous Event occurs in the settlement, you must attempt a stability check to avoid a Jail Break.



RESTAURANT

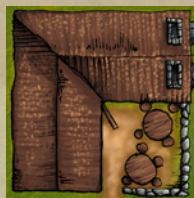
12 BP, 1 LOT

Kingdom Economy +1

Special Base value +500 gp

Settlement Society +2

Different from other eating establishments, Restaurants allow patrons and gourmands a fine dining experience.



SLAVE MARKET

20 BP, 2 LOTS

Kingdom Economy +2, Infamy +2

Upgrade From Stockyard

Special Make a Stability check to gain a 50% discount on building or terrain improvements; if slavery is not legal, gain Unrest +1

Settlement Corruption +1, Productivity +2

Housing slaves captured in battle, sold into servitude, or condemned to work off their debts, the Slave Market varies in legality from nation to nation. If the Slavers Dangerous Settlement Event occurs, treat instead as an Economic Boon event, and your Infamy increases by +1.



NEW SETTLEMENT EVENTS

Jail Break (Settlement, Continuous): Triggered by another Dangerous Settlement event, a Jail Break increases Crime by 2 and Unrest by 1 until a successful Loyalty check is made.

NEW DOWNTIME OPTIONS

Presented below are options for slavery as a business with the downtime rules presented in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Campaign*. While most settlements in Cheliox have at least one slave market, Egorian has dozens—and the freedom-loving Bellflower Network may come for halflings enslaved there.

New Buildings

SLAVE MARKET

Create 58 Goods, 2 Influence, 51 Labor (2,240 gp)

Rooms 2 Animal Pens, 1 Common Room, 6 Cells, 1 Lavatory, 1 Office, 1 Storage

An area for auctioning and holding slaves.

New Manager

OVERSEER

Wage 3 gp/day

Skills Appraise, Intimidate, Knowledge (any one), Profession (slaver)

An overseer supervises slavery operations. He's typically a 3rd-level aristocrat, bard, enchanter, or expert. The overseer sets the daily slave tasks and ensures the slaves are productive and that slave drivers direct their charges. An overseer is normally in charge of multiple teams of slave drivers and slaves, each performing different tasks to meet production objectives.

New Teams

SLAVE DRIVER

Earnings Goods or Labor +2

Create 2 Goods, 3 Influence, 2 Labor (170 gp)

Size 1 person

Upgrades From Driver

A slave driver is trained to supervise a single team of slaves. A slave driver is typically a 2nd-level expert or warrior with ranks in Intimidate, Knowledge (local), and Sense Motive.

SLAVE CRAFTSPEOPLE

Earnings gp, Goods, or Labor +9

Create 6 Goods, 4 Influence, 10 Labor (440 gp)

Size 6 people

Upgrades From Slave Laborers

This team functions as normal craftspeople, except they are slaves that require supervision.

SLAVE LABORERS

Earnings gp, Goods, or Labor +5

Create 2 Influence, 5 Labor (160 gp)

Size 10 people

Upgrades To Slave Craftspeople

This team functions as normal laborers, except they are slaves that require supervision.

New Downtime Events

Table 11-2: Slave Market Events

d%	Market Events
01-25	Exceptional slave
26-40	Overbearing slave drive
41-55	Low demand
56-70	Outbreak
71-85	Slave revolt
86-100	Bellflower infiltration

Bellflower Infiltration (DC 25 Sense Motive; success -2 Labor; failure -2 Influence, -10 to capital check): An operative of the Bellflower Network has managed to infiltrate the Slave Market and is preparing for a mass escape attempt. If successful, Hellknights take the operative into custody, otherwise a handful of slaves escape. The Bellflower operative waits 2d4 days before

the next attempt. Each time the operative releases slaves, the DC to detect her decreases by 2.

Exceptional Slave (+10 to capital check): Your source of slaves has delivered an exceptional specimen.

Low Demand (DC 20 Diplomacy; success +1 Influence; failure -10 to capital check): Demand for slaves has been low of late.

Outbreak (DC 15 Heal; success +4 to capital check, +1 Labor; failure -5 to capital check, -1 Influence): An infestation of parasitic creatures afflicts the slaves.

Overbearing Slave Driver (DC 23 Intimidate; success Slave Driver relents; failure lose Slave Driver and -1 Labor or -1 Influence every week Slave Driver remains): A slave driver has been pushing the slaves harder than necessary.

Slave Revolt (AC 18; success revolt leader killed, +1 Influence, -10 to capital check; failure -3 Influence, -5 Labor; recover 2 Labor, 50 gp): The slaves rise up to fight for their freedom. Failing this check means the Hellknights step in to take care of matters, and you lose an additional 3 Labor and 450 gp in addition to the recover cost. ✖



IT CAME FROM THE STARS

Colin McComb
Richard Pett
Michael Kortes
Clinton Boomer
...and more!

Only the highest caliber of weirdness from the highest caliber of weird designers.



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End Rhyme

A poetry class with famed
half-orc poet Tal Granite

By James "Scarecrow" Tyner

Art by Ashton "N'wah" Sperry



Welcome, again. In tonight's class we will be discussing classic Chelish poetic forms. In particular, the pantoum and the hex sonnet. As usual, I expect each of you to write your own poems in these styles, due next class.

First, the pantoum. The verbal components of the first summoning spells were often spoken in this form. It is even said that when House Throne first summoned devils, it was through the use of pantoum.

Each stanza in a pantoum consists of four lines. Generally, pantoums have four stanzas, but may have less or more. I once wrote a poem of forty-seven stanzas that took two hours to perform. And let's just say there were more... "people" in the seats at the end than when I began.

The core of the pantoum is repetition. In the first stanza, there are four lines with no repetition. The second stanza starts with the second line of the first stanza. And the third line of the second stanza will be the fourth line from the first stanza. This pattern continues until the last stanza. The last stanza throws everything I just told you out of the tower window. The first and third lines are the second and fourth from the second-to-last stanza. The third line from stanza one becomes the second line in the ultimate stanza. And line one from the first stanza becomes the last line in your last stanza. I realize this may confuse some of you, so I shall give you illustrations. The stanzas should look like this:

- Stanza 1: A, B, C, D
- Stanza 2: B, E, D, F
- Stanza 3: E, G, F, H
- Stanza 4 (final): G, C, H, A

There are, of course, variations, but you must first master the standard form. Here's a sample. This is the first poem of mine that was ever published, about my time growing up in the streets of Absalom:

My First Kill

*The first time I killed a man, the blade stuck.
I was hungry, and he stole our last loaf.
My mother screamed as it tore from her hands.
His fist against her throat, quieting her.*

*I was hungry, and he stole our last loaf.
Her fingers grasped at his pant legs, tearing.
His fist against her face now, quieting her.
A knife fell loose from his pant leg.*

*Her fingers grasped at his pant legs, tearing.
The weapon so heavy in my hands, so awkward
That knife fell loose from his pant leg.
The end of it slipping under his shirt, under skin.*

*The weapon even heavier in my hands, not awkward
My mother screamed as he tore from her hands.
That knife that fell loose from his ribs
That first time I killed a man, the blade stuck.*

This brings us to our second form, the Chelish hex sonnet. The classic Chelish form, created by the poet Lucanorus Ratarion. It is said that Lucanorus allowed himself to become possessed by devils when writing his poetry. It makes a certain amount of sense, given that before his groundbreaking poem, "Fire of the Fallen," his work was amateurish at best. When performed publicly, it is set to dance and accompanied by background singers called Tantalla.

This form is complex, and can take years to master. The Chelish hex sonnet is two stanzas of six lines each, a final stanza that is a rhyming couplet, and each line of the poem containing six syllables.

The end word in the first line of the first stanza and the end word in the sixth line of the second stanza rhyme. The last word in the second line of the first stanza and the last word in the fifth line of the second stanza rhyme. And so on. The final couplet rhymes. Here's the pattern for you sloppy brains.

- Stanza 1: A, B, C, D, E, F
- Stanza 2: F, E, D, C, B, A
- Stanza 3: G, G

Here is a hex sonnet from the great Chelish opera, *The Greeting*, which is composed entirely in hex sonnets.

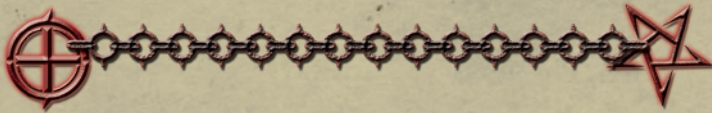
*The spell starts with candles.
Dark incense lit slowly,
The haze of it thick now
Choking the room in smoke.
Powerful words on tongue,
My voice is not alone.*

*The sound changes its tone.
The air reeks like meat hung,
The stink making me choke.
I see it there and bow.
Its voice mad and hungry.
The flames out from candles.*

*Terrible to behold
With fear my body holds. ✱*



AS '14



Golarion Gazetteer

Kintargo

By Chris "thelesuit" Jarvis

Map by Michael "mearrin69" Arrington



The City of Martlets does not suffer from the same infernal oppression as the rest of Chelifax. The people are open and friendly, with strong ties to their pre-Taldan tribal roots. For Chelaxians, they know how to have a good time. Kintargo is a city of rebels and artists. They enjoy fresh fish, fine local wine, raucous music, and ribald opera.

Kintargo is part of the Duchy of Losryna and sits on the eastern shore of the Yolubilis Road, the broad bay at the mouth of the mighty Yolubilis River. Kintargo occupies the slopes of three hills divided by the Chandal River. Within Kintargo, the hillsides in some places are so steep that getting from the lower to the upper town is accomplished by flights of steps and the second or third story of one house is often on a level with the ground floor of the next. Kintargo Main, the southern two hills, is mostly middle and upper class neighborhoods with a strong Taldan influence. The northern portion is called the Restoration, and is composed of poor and lower-class neighborhoods where the pre-Taldan tribal influences still linger. Most of the city's tieflings live in the Restoration. The small villages that dot the surrounding countryside and the nearby coasts, along with the city's fishing fleet, abundantly feed the city.

By land, travelers enter the walled city through St. Groen's, the main south gate. The city center, at Aroden Platz, is north along the Avenue of St. Maarthor, Avenue St. Iomedae, and Avenue St. Nremot. Kaissoar Road running from Aroden Platz north to the Restoration Bridge is the most vibrant street in the city and is lined with shops. Carpon Street, which descends from Arden Platz into Chandal Quay, combined with Midrist Street is also prime shopping territory. Travelers should exercise caution at night on Chandal Quay as thieves and cutpurses here prey upon sailors stumbling from wine bar to brothel. On the far side of Restoration Bridge, Archantel Road climbs up Martlet Hill to the Alabaster Academy and the Temple of St. Mord the Fisher (of Abadar).

Accommodations

Ariska's Rest, Issilja Way near St. Groen's Gate. Mostly not haunted. Clean rooms with fresh linens. Bard in residence. Breakfast 7cp. Supper 15cp. Bath 4cp. Singles and doubles 3sp.

Klelg's Inn, St. Lyon's. Large rooms/suites with comfortable beds. Dwarven whiskey & cigar bar. Bard in residence. Breakfast 7cp. Supper 12cp. Bath 5cp. Laundry 8cp. Singles 35cp; doubles 5sp; suite 6sp; suite with bath 1gp.

Sign of the Vine & Turbot, lower Carpon Street. Rowdy and full of foreigners. Fresh fish. Excellent wine cellar. Meals 5–20cp. Wines by the cup, bottle, or cask. Singles 12cp; common room 5cp.

Sign of the Twisted Cock, Midrist Street. Guests sometimes go missing. Meals 4cp. Common room 3cp.

Food

The market at **Aroden Platz** is held every day, offering produce from the nearby farms and products from the small artisans and crafts-folk of the city. **The Silver Market** on Chandal Quay showcases the bounty of the sea. Fishers of the far Glimmer Shoals often net strange antiquities of ancient Azlant and oddities from the deep. Carters selling pastries, meat pies, and "roasted skewers" can be found throughout the merchant streets of the city.

Mountain of the Thousand Gods, Aroden Platz. Features intimate dining with spicy Vudran dishes. Udai Tandon, the half-rakshasa proprietor, spins tales from his homeland.

New Pies, Thuvia Street in Clark's Nest. Locals enjoy classic meat pies and flat-bread "wraps." Brolet Goenaga is an honest pie-man and knows of what goes on at the Alabaster Academy.

Potato Love, Saint Hothira, hidden behind the Bloten Woodworks. Potato lovers will revel in the abundance of their favorite vegetable. Alchemically enhanced potatoes available.

Places of Interest

Adena Castle. Kintargo's castle has survived centuries of strife. Once a simple motte-and-bailey keep from which the local Idrichya (human) tribal chieftain protected his karls from Ulfen raiders, it was expanded by the first Taldan Margrave, Bareleus Adena. It was then expanded again during the Everwar. The fortress currently serves as a Chelish naval base. Foulmouthed and floundering Admiral Sir Halmar Zwalen commands the Naval Academy and fleet, which supports Governor Sawdannac's blockade of Pezzack. The stoic Sir Wogmar Aendonc is Steward of the Castle and Lord Marshal of the City. Both bend a knee to the sardonic Sir Sarmaric Genteur, the Duke of Losryna and Warden of the North Plains.

Opera House. Kintargo's opera house has grown swiftly since the rise of House Thrune, swelled by artists seeking a venue to safely express their muse. While premiering many great works, it also serves as a teaching opera for new and lesser known performers. Premieres here are replete with glitz and glamour and set the trends for fashion throughout Avistan. None are complete without a throng of Queen Abrogail's spies.

Alabaster Academy. Renowned throughout Avistan for producing the finest apothecaries, alienists, surgeons, and anatomists, the polished white stones of the Academy crown Martlet Hill. The Academy buildings, student residences, and associated businesses spilling down Martlet Hill toward the River Chandal and Restoration Bridge are called the Clarks' Nest and are the best place to get scrolls and potions in the city.

Restoration Bridge. Spans the Chandal River from Kintargo Main to the Restoration. The draw bridge allows taller sailing ships to pass into the protected waters of the port. This is the only permanent bridge over the Chandal within the walls of Kintargo. The Harlequin (floating) Bridge joins the two halves of the city further upstream.

Landiam War College. Kintargo's premier military academy anchors the north-eastern corner of city. It is known for its rigorous physical and academic regimen. Students exhibit their martial prowess at the Landiam Scion Tournament held every five years on the College War Field.

Cathedral of Asmodeus. Atop Temple Hill, the former Cathedral of Aroden has a commanding view of the city. With high peaked arches and a dizzying spire the white stone of the cathedral seems to soar above what is otherwise a merchant class neighborhood. The area has a fell reputation due to the infamous murders of the Temple Hill Slasher.

Tarqin Tower. Squatting near the Restoration Bridge, the round gray stone Chapter House of the Hellknight Order of the Torrent guards the northern bank of the Chandal River. The dungeons of the tower are notorious for their filth and squalor.

KINTARGO

CITY OF MARTLETS

YOLUBILIS ROAD



KEY

NEIGHBORHOODS

- A. CHANDAL QUAY
- B. CLARK'S NEST
- C. MARTLET HILL
- D. THE RESTORATION
- E. TEMPLE HILL
- F. ST. HOTHIRA
- G. ST. LYON'S

STREETS

- I. ARCHANTEL RD.
- II. ARODEN PLATZ
- III. AVE. STE. IOMEDAE
- IV. AVE. STE. MAARTHOR
- V. AVE. STE. NREMOT
- VI. CARPON ST.
- VII. ISSILJA WAY
- VIII. KAISOAR RD.
- IX. MIDRIST ST.
- X. OAGNER RD.
- XI. ST. OF LIONS
- XII. THUVIA ST.

SIGHTS

1. ADENA CASTLE
2. ALABASTER ACADEMY
3. CATHEDRAL OF ASMODEUS
4. HARLEQUIN BRIDGE
5. LANDIAM WAR COLLEGE
- 5A. WARFIELDS
6. RESTORATION BRIDGE
7. OPERA HOUSE
8. SAINT GROEN'S GATE
9. TARQUIN TOWER
10. TEMPLE OF ST. MORD THE FISHER

Nightlife and Festivals

From Erastus 20th-27th, the annual River of Music Festival fills Chandal Quay with Idrichya and Chiskanda tribal rhythms, North Plains folk music, Menador Mountains' chants, and Varisian reels from across the sea—assailing the streets with song all hours of the day.

The greatest stars of the age open at the Kintargo Opera House. But true music fans know the next big thing can be found on hornpipe and bodhrán in one of the sketchy taverns and bodegas on Oagner Road.

Nightlife centers on Chandal Quay, Clark's Nest in the Restoration, and the streets near Aroden Platz. Avoid the other neighborhoods of the Restoration after dark.

Heaven House, 2 Salma Road. Lively tiefling improvisation music coupled with Chiskanda rhythms and bright red walls. Beer 3cp. Spirits 5–7cp. Tapas 3cp. Desserts 4cp.

The Four Winds, 18 Oanger Road. Sailor bar with décor to match; walls are covered in nautical charts and maps. Beer 1cp. Grog 2cp.

The Sign of the Green Man, 1 Bleoredd Road, Clark's Nest. Beer 2–3cp. Pre-Taldan themed venue features choice local musicians.

Sign of the Fiendish Fox, Warfields in the Restoration. Smoky tiefling and rebel bar. Iron Pitchfork Ale brewed on site. Meals 3cp. Ales 2–5cp.

Adventure Hooks

- The Ganborena and Etcheberry fisher families have been feuding for four generations and often hire outsiders and mercenaries to do their dirty work.
- Edzoda Latapy came to Kintargo to buy swine for his village. Last night he was robbed in Auno Square. He is looking for a hero to help him.
- For the last three nights the harlots of Madame Olan have squared off against the strumpets from the House of the Scarlet Eel over customers

on Chandal Quay. Menthinien Izuel, the precinct alderman, will pay to have the situation resolved without involving the Watch.

- House Voestenz on the Street of Lions is beset by gargoyles.
- Hessel Rerswitte, a known rumormonger, was found stabbed to death in his flat on Landaburu Street two nights ago—the Watch can find neither suspect nor motive.
- The mercenary Company of the Bronze Hook is recruiting warriors for a mission to Mendev.

KINTARGO

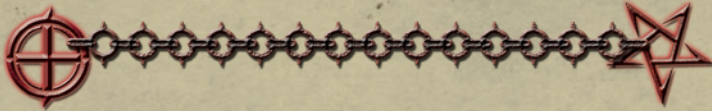
LN large city
Corruption +2; **Crime** +3; **Economy** +5; **Law** +1; **Lore** +5; **Society** +2
Qualities academic, notorious, prosperous, strategic location, tourist attraction
Danger +20

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government overlord
Population 11,900 (8,000 humans, 1,000 tieflings, 1,000 halflings, 1,900 other)
Notable NPCs
Lord Marshall Sir Wogmar Aendonc (LE male human cavalier 11)
Alabaster Academy Chancellor Evarij Loeten (LN female human wizard 12)
Lord Mayor Jilia Bainulus (LG female human aristocrat 9)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 15,200 gp; **Purchase Limit** 100,000 gp;
Spellcasting 7th
Minor Items 4d4; **Medium Items** 3d4; **Major Items** 2d4 ✖



Weal or Woe: Social Contracts

By Neil Spicer

Art by Beatrice Pelagatti



Citizens of the once prominent city of Westcrown still hope to improve their lot in life. Whether by making deals with devils and nobles or banding together to escape indentured servitude, they share a common, overriding goal—to live what they perceive as a better life of their own choosing, no matter the cost.

WEAL: IRLANA SELBY

Within the slave-freeing Bellflower Network, most operatives only allow their immediate contacts to know their affiliation. This minimizes the risk of revealing the greater organization should a member come under interrogation by Chelish masters or heavy-handed Hellknights. Irlana Selby has continuously proven her worth as one of their more resourceful agents, having spent her entire life serving House Mironeth while secretly acting as a Bellflower tiller to guide fellow halflings into the underground railroad.

It took Irlana many years to secure enough autonomy and resources to aid her kin. Though given the opportunity to flee her own master, she chose to remain behind, instead helping others find passage into Andoran, Varisia, and Rahadoun. Her role in coordinating House Mironeth's bookbinding and imprint trade has given her a unique means to communicate with sympathizers and smuggle slaves out of the city. In addition, access to the family's ancient tomes and spellbooks has also provided her with an appreciation for magic, allowing her to squirrel away scrolls and knowledge to aid her cause.



Adventure Hooks

- Irlana could contact the PCs with a request to escort escaped slaves to safety by smuggling them out of Westcrown.
- The PCs could come to Irlana's aid after she runs afoul of a traitor in the Bellflower Network.
- Irlana's vast knowledge of Westcrown's underground passageways could help the PCs avoid Hellknights and criminals as they move about the city.

Boon

Irlana can provide expert advice and assistance in the bookbinding, papermaking, and printing trade. An arcane spellcaster who succeeds on a DC 20 Diplomacy check—or anyone providing her with magic scrolls and potions which could help free more slaves—earns her trust. Thereafter, she can provide a 10% discount on magic scrolls and the raw materials for making scrolls, tomes, and spellbooks.

IRLANA SELBY

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female halfling rogue 5

CG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +3; Senses Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

HP 41 (5d8+15)

Fort +4, Ref +8 (+1 vs. traps), Will +3; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +8 (1d3-1/19-20 plus poison)

Ranged mwk sling +8 (1d3-1)

Special Attacks sneak attack +3d6

Rogue Spell-like Abilities (CL 5th, concentration +7)

3/day—*mage hand*

TACTICS

Before Combat Irlana poisons her dagger with greenblood oil if she expects to defend herself against stronger opponents.

During Combat Irlana uses her Go Unnoticed feat to hide as soon as she encounters an enemy. Thereafter, she snipes from range, calling upon her stolen *wand of magic missile* to harry foes or by making sneak attacks with her sling. She turns to her poisoned dagger only if cornered.

Morale Irlana flees any conflict if reduced to 10 hit points or less. If possible, she uses her *scroll of invisibility sphere* or *scroll of expeditious retreat* to aid her getaway.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +3; CMB +1; CMD 14

Feats Deceitful, Go Unnoticed^{APG}, Skill Focus (Use Magic Device), Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +10, Climb +3, Diplomacy +8, Disable Device +10 (+12 vs. traps), Disguise +7, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Linguistics +7, Perception +10 (+12 vs. traps), Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +15, Use Magic Device +10; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception

Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Infernal

SQ rogue talents (finesse rogue, minor magic), swift as shadow^{ARG}, trapfinding +2

Combat Gear greenblood oil (3 doses), *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *scroll of charm person*, *scroll of expeditious retreat*, *scroll of invisibility sphere*, smokesticks (3), tanglefoot bags (3), *wand of magic missile* (CL 3rd, 27 charges remaining); **Other Gear** masterwork dagger, masterwork sling with 30 bullets, masterwork studded leather armor, antitoxin, *everburning torch*, thieves' tools, 32 gp, 7 sp

WOE: GARELLAN MIRONETH

Beholden to the powerful mercantile family of House Grulios in Westcrown, House Mironeth has long pursued the bookbinding and papermaking trades, and perhaps more importantly, the construction

of printing presses. And, like many lesser Wiscrani families among the city's aristocracy, House Mironeth includes its fair share of sycophants and hangers-on to the true power players of Cheliax. High among these schemers sits Garellan Mironeth, a fourth son whose ambition has always outstripped the meager reach of his family name.

To assist his rise to power, Garellan turned to the time-proven assistance of Hell's minions, hoping to impress the ruling class of Egorian by adding a devilish patron to his cause. Yet, unlike most Wiscrani who deal with devils, Garellan rashly chose to bind himself to a mysterious erinyes named Cormalene. This evil entity has her own purpose in Westcrown, namely the continued erosion of the former power structures once devoted to Aroden, stealing away relics and lore so she can bring them back to Asmodeus himself.

Adventure Hooks

- The PCs come into possession of an ancient scroll or book which Garellan's devilbound contract requires him to destroy, putting them into direct conflict with one another.
- A Westcrown noble seeks to prove his family's bloodline back to the days of Azlant, enlisting the PCs to recover an ancient tome with records of his genealogy from Garellan's estate.
- A celestial patron or relative in the Mironeth family could ask the PCs to redeem Garellan by convincing him to abandon his devilbound contract.

Drawback

PCs who slay Garellan earn the immediate ire of his mistress, the malevolent erinyes Cormalene. Already active in Westcrown, the she-devil looks to strike them down when each is at his most vulnerable, fully intending to draw out their suffering with torture and pain.



GARELLAN MIRONETH

CR 8

XP 4,800

Male devilbound^{B4} (erinyes) human magus^{UM} 7
LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +2 Dex, +4 natural)

HP 70 (7d8+35); regeneration 5 (good spells, good weapons)

Fort +12, **Ref** +6, **Will** +8; +4 vs. poison

Resist fire 30

Weaknesses contract bound

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft. (30 ft. base)

Melee +2 *longsword* +13 (1d8+7/19–20) or *mwk dagger* +11 (1d4+5/19–20)

Ranged *mwk dagger* +8 (1d4+5/19–20)

Special Attacks spell combat (–2 attack), spellstrike

Spell-like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +10, +14 when casting defensively; save DCs are Int-based)

3/day—*fear* (DC 17, single target), *unholy blight* (DC 17)

1/day—*summon* (level 3, 1 lemure 100%)

Magus Spells Prepared (CL 7th; concentration +10, +14 when casting defensively)

3rd—*dispel magic*, *vampiric touch*

2nd—*bull's strength*, *burning gaze* (DC 15), *darkness*, *mirror image*

1st—*chill touch* (DC 14), *corrosive touch*^{UM}, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*, *vanish*^{APG}

0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Garellan always casts *bull's strength* and one of his many touch spells before battle, so he may deliver it with a spellstrike.

During Combat Garellan fights with his blade and *wand of lightning bolt* to deal the most damage possible to his adversaries. If significantly wounded, he puts away the wand so he can use *vampiric touch* to gain temporary hit points or casts *vanish* to buy enough time to drink his *potion of cure serious wounds*.

Morale In his arrogance, Garellan believes himself invincible. He fights to the death, confident his infernal pact will see him through any danger.

Base Statistics Without his spell effects, Garellan's statistics become: **Melee** +2 *longsword* +11 (1d8+5/19–20) or *mwk dagger* +9 (1d4+3/19–20); **Ranged** *mwk dagger* +8 (1d4+3/19–20); **Str** 16; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 20; **Skills** Climb +8

STATISTICS

Str 20, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** 16, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 22

Feats Combat Casting, Craft Wand, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics +5 (+1 when jumping), Climb +10, Diplomacy +5, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Knowledge (planes) +10, Perception +2, Spellcraft +12

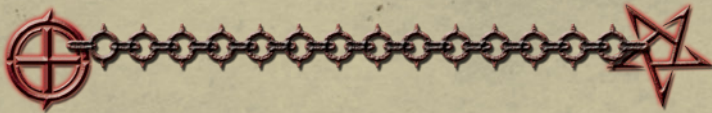
Languages Aklo, Common, Draconic, Infernal

SQ arcane pool (6 points, +2), aura (evil), exceptional resources, knowledge pool, magus arcana (pool strike +3d6, wand wielder), medium armor proficiency, spell recall

Combat Gear *potions of cure light wounds* (2), *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of invisibility*, *wand of lightning bolt* (18 charges); **Other Gear** +1 *breast plate*, +2 *longsword*, *masterwork daggers* (2), *belt of mighty constitution* +2, *cloak of resistance* +2, 2,056 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Exceptional Resources (Ex) As a noble of House Mironeth, Garellan has resources and gear equivalent to a PC. This increases his CR by 1. ✖



The Bookbound Herald

A Side Trek Adventure

By Neil Spicer

Art by Darran "Haunted Jester"

Caldemeyer and Beatrice Pelagatti

Map by Michael "mearrin69" Arrington



An infernal crusade by book burning zealots threatens to undo more of Westcrown's history by immolating an ageless ally of the deceased god Aroden.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Prior to his disappearance, the dead god Aroden was the patron of human culture and learning. In Cheliaz, leaders raised great cathedrals and libraries in his honor. But when the prophecy of his ascendancy in Westcrown went unfulfilled, the powers of Hell capitalized by whispering promises of power and security in the ears of House Thruene, helping them marshal in an era of order and subjugation. Old power structures were torn down or subsumed by those eager to share in Thruene's prosperity, and slavery grew more rampant as citizens of the Empire quietly withdrew open dissent for fear of the gallows.

Since then, the devils supporting House Thruene have remained active. A malicious erinyes named Cormalene vowed to stamp out all vestiges of Aroden's faith—particularly the ancient writings and prophecies used to sow hope and rebellion against Thruene's rule and Hell's iron-fisted grip on Cheliaz. By stoking the fiery ambitions of a nobleman named Garellan Mironeth and the misplaced loyalty of a Hellknight named Petra Highsmith, Cormalene convinced them to initiate an inquisition designed to burn all texts connected to Aroden's 'heresy.' These minions now carry out her will, wrongly believing it will turn the page on a 'false' religion and strengthen the Empire.

Of Lies and Liberation

Not everyone remains quietly complacent in Westcrown. A committed priest of Milani named Father Gregorius secretly ministers to those with rebellion in their hearts. The divinations of his goddess have shown him the true purpose behind Cormalene's book burnings—namely, the destruction of a powerful axiomite named Xyllestes who served Aroden in the god's waning days. Thought slain during Thruene's takeover of Cheliaz, Xyllestes managed to save himself by merging with a holy book from Aroden's library in the House of Learning, remaining trapped there for more than a century. Cormalene finally tracked down her enemy and intends to destroy the axiomite and his book in a ritual

of hellfire. Unable to pass the powerful wards of the House of Learning herself, she's sent her agents to carry out the task.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

Gregorius recruits the PCs to oppose Cormalene, telling them about a secret tunnel within Westcrown's sewers that accesses the inner compound of Aroden's House of Learning. To reach it, they must overcome unexpected foes in the underground passages. After entering the House of Learning, however, the PCs face a dedicated foe in the Hellknights led by Petra and Garellan. Even then, they must complete their own ritual to free Xyllestes, attracting the attention of Cormalene herself.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

This adventure is designed for four PCs with rebellious affiliations in the city of Westcrown. Characters should be 6th level at the start of the adventure and should accumulate enough XP under the Medium advancement track to reach a third of the way to 7th level.

Rebel With A Cause (CR 8)

"The Bookbound Herald" opens with Father Gregorius contacting the PCs as fellow sympathizers and co-conspirators against the rule of House Thruene. To get things underway, read or paraphrase the following:

The morning sun rises across Westcrown—the once bright capital of Cheliaz, now merely a shadow of its former self. Venturing into the marketplace, you've responded to a seditious invitation from Father Gregorius—a secret priest of Milani known in certain circles for his passionate opposition to House Thruene. He greets you among the fruit stands before retiring to a small pavilion near the slave markets for a private conversation. And, against the backdrop of the marketplace, he shares a vision from his goddess—including an opportunity to strike back against the fiends of Cheliaz.

Gregorius explains his divinations and the sinister purpose behind Cormalene's book burning inquisition in Westcrown. Once the PCs hear his story, the adventure assumes they agree to undertake the mission he assigns them. If they require further motivation, you may introduce other reasons for aiding him. Martial PCs may already have a rivalry with Petra Highsmith or Garellan Mironeth. Religious PCs could develop a strong desire to oppose Cormalene as directed by their church. And even rogues or arcane spellcasters may have family members affected by the inquisition's hunt for heretics.

Shortly after Gregorius shares his plan, a squad of Hellknights disturbs the marketplace. Under orders to arrest Gregorius for treason against the Empire, they look to corner the priest, caring little for those in their way. Gregorius encourages the PCs to aid him in avoiding the conflict—either by running or fighting—but, he also implores them not to kill any of the Hellknights lest greater forces be brought against them before they can stop Cormalene. No map of the marketplace is provided for this encounter. You may wish to use either *Flip-Mat: City Market*, *Flip-Mat: Town Square*, or *Flip-Mat: Village Square* (available at paizo.com).

HELLKNIGHT ENFORCERS (6)

CR 3

XP 800

hp 34; (use statistics for Guard Officer, *Pathfinder RPG: GameMastery Guide*)

TACTICS

During Combat Half the Hellknights use nets while the others wield saps to subdue Gregorius and the PCs. Their leader performs a Dazzling Display with a guisarme to demoralize and attack anyone who resists.

Morale If half the Hellknights become incapacitated or slain, they retreat to regroup and wait for reinforcements.

GREGORIUS FREEWORDE

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 33; (see pg. 22)

The Secret Tunnel

After winning Gregorius his freedom, the PCs should turn their attention to finding the secret tunnel in Westcrown's sewers, enabling them to enter the House of Learning. The city has many points capable of accessing the sewers, and Gregorius provides them with a map identifying the location of the secret door said to reach Aroden's chapel.

1. Sewer Tunnel

(CR 5)

The sewer broadens here as it leads east toward an outflow into Gemcrown Bay. Tidal sounds from the distant ocean echo off the hewn stone walls, and patches of mud and filth mass underfoot, giving rise to the cloying smell of damp earth and raw sewage. Along the south wall, an unusual bas-relief depicts a lone humanoid

figure, its minor details far too eroded to recognize its history or origin.

This sewer, running up to 10-foot deep in some areas, first served as an aqueduct for slaves, servants, and lesser tradesmen. The secret door located along the south wall is locked (DC 20 Perception check to discover, DC 20 Disable Device check to open). Anyone succeeding on a DC 15 Survival check may also recognize several tracks in the mud around the door belonging to halfling-sized feet (left by agents of the Bellflower Network).

Creatures: The ebb and flow of the tides from Gemcrown Bay have brought a devilfish into the sewers. This ravenous beast has already made meals of several goblins and other creatures in the shadows below the city, but welcomes the opportunity to feast on new prey when the PCs arrive.

ADVANCED DEVILFISH

CR 5

XP 1,600

hp 52; (*Pathfinder RPG: Bestiary 2*)

TACTICS

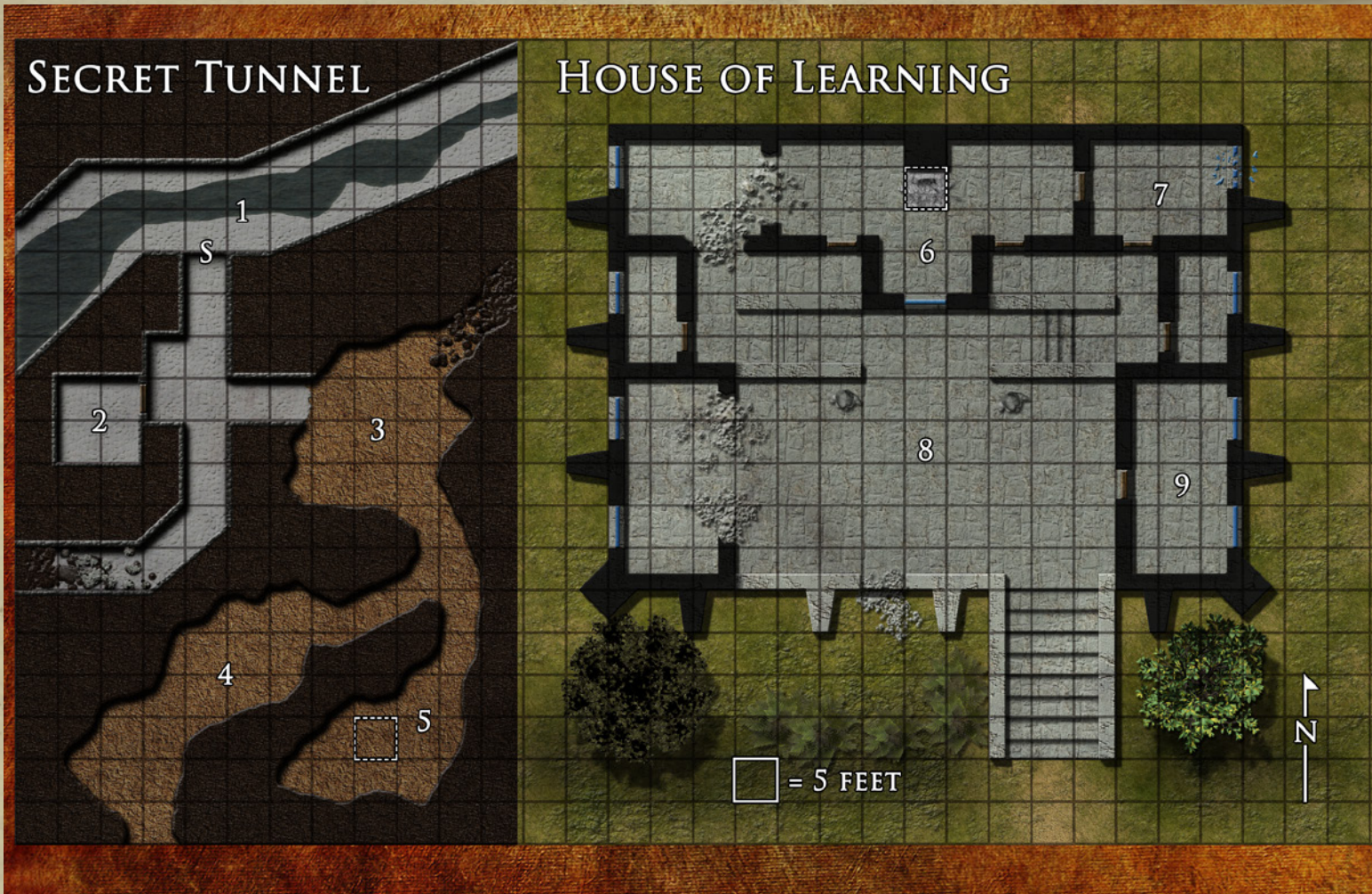
During Combat The devilfish uses its unholy blood ability to create difficult terrain throughout the entire passageway and nauseate its prey. It then lashes out with tentacle attacks to draw victims in for savage bites.

Morale The devilfish fights until slain.

2. Hidden Cache

Cobwebs fill the eastern portion of this room, hanging like a soft curtain behind a pile of well-made crates, urns, and sacks.





The Bellflower Network stocked this small room with supplies to aid slaves in escaping Westcrown. In the past, it stored fresh water drawn from the aqueduct for the priests of Aroden.

Treasure: The crates and sacks here contain: an *elixir of hiding*, three *potions of cure moderate wounds*, a *potion of invisibility*, three lanterns, eight flasks of oil, a thunderstone, a coil of silk rope (50 ft.), trail rations (14 days), five different coin purses holding 15 gp each, three bedrolls, five blankets, a masterwork backpack, four hooded cloaks, and eight traveler's outfits sized for halflings or small children.

3. Natural Cave (CR 7)

Man-made walls give way to the uncut stone of a natural cave here. Collapsed rubble fills the northern passage, but another still leads south.

Creatures: A dark slayer named Balek and his trained shadowgarms recently came to serve an umbral shepherd (at area 4), working as an agent of Nidal in its campaign to terrorize Westcrown with shadowbeasts after dark. Venturing from the lower passages, they captured a Bellflower agent named Irlana Selby and a group of escaped slaves she intended to smuggle out of Westcrown. Balek claimed the halfling's gear, having spent the past few days torturing Irlana for the command word ("Fortendi") to her *wand of magic missiles*.

BALEK, ADVANCED DARK SLAYER CR 5
XP 1,600
 hp 30; (*Pathfinder RPG: Bestiary 2*)

TACTICS

During Combat Balek wields Irlana's wand with Use Magic Device checks, while directing his trained shadowgarms to attack. If forced into melee, he casts *inflict moderate wounds* and *chill touch* to flank with the shadowgarms and sneak attack his enemies while using his soul harvest ability to heal himself.

Morale Balek has no wish to die, fleeing the battle as soon as his shadowgarms fall and he's reduced 15 hit points or less. He conjures *darkness* or casts *daze monster* to aid his retreat, then uses Irlana's *scroll of invisibility sphere* to hide.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Exceptional Resources (Ex) Balek looted Irlana of her equipment, giving him PC-equivalent gear for this encounter, thereby increasing his CR by 1.

ADVANCED SHADOWGARMS (3) CR 3
XP 800

hp 25; (Bestiary chapter of *Pathfinder Adventure Path #25: The Bastards of Erebus*)

TACTICS

During Combat The shadowgarms climb across the ceiling, feather fall behind opponents, and cut off retreat. They attack with claws and shadow slime, relying on their shadow blend ability to protect them.

Morale The shadowgarms fight until slain.

IRLANA SELBY CR 4
XP 1,200
 hp 41; (see pg. 60)

ESCAPED SLAVES (4)**CR 2****XP 600****hp** 10; (use statistics for Accomplished Angler, *Pathfinder RPG: NPC Codex*)**4. Darklands Tunnel****(CR 7)**

Cold air fills this elongated cavern where the ground slopes gently towards a dark tunnel to the south.

Creatures: An umbral shepherd from Nidal named Sespir has taken over a small tribe of dark folk, possessing their leader, Ardem, to coordinate and train more shadowgarms to plague Westcrown. A tenuous relationship at best, Sespir rules through fear, decimating most of the dark creepers Ardem and Balek (at **area 3**) once led. While Balek accepts Sespir's patronage as a path to greater power, Ardem still chafes at the shepherd's control. Sespir routinely possesses the dark stalker to exert dominance over him, and does so again to attack anyone entering his lair.

ARDEM, ADVANCED DARK STALKER**CR 5****XP 1,600****hp** 51; (*Pathfinder RPG: Bestiary*)**TACTICS**

Before Combat If alerted to battle, Ardem creates and hides in an area of *deeper darkness*. Sespir uses that moment to possess the dark stalker with his possession ability.

During Combat Ardem/Sespir uses his see in darkness ability to take opponents by surprise, striking to disable the strongest-looking opponent with devastating sneak attacks. He fights with both weapons, seeking to weaken his enemies with dark smear poison or the Sespir's shadow touch ability.

Morale Under Sespir's direction, Ardem fights until the umbral shepherd senses the dark stalker's impending death. He then abandons Ardem, appearing in 5-foot square adjacent to him.

SESPIR, UMBRAL SHEPHERD**CR 5****XP 1,600****hp** 39; (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary*)**TACTICS**

During Combat If forced to abandon Ardem's body, Sespir flees through the cavern floor in his incorporeal form, waiting for the dark stalker's death throes to further damage his enemies. He then rushes forward to possess a PC or attack with his shadow touch ability.

Morale Sespir fights to the death.

5. Cellar**(CR 7)**

A strange, mechanical apparatus rises from the floor to a 5-foot, square-shaped stone set within the ceiling of this small cave. Condensation has long since rusted over its hinges, gears, and moving parts.

This contraption serves as a mechanical lift for lowering and raising the statue in Aroden's chapel within the House of Learning (at **area 6**). To make it functional again, the PCs must spend at least an hour oiling its rusted components, or a *grease* spell or *prestidigitation* accomplishes this in just a few rounds. After that, a DC 10 Knowledge (engineering) check reveals how to operate the lift. Doing so, however, triggers a trap, which activates as the

statue lowers.

Trap: Wary of rebels who might rededicate Aroden's chapel, a priest of Asmodeus placed a trap on the statue lowered by the apparatus, which summons an invisible stalker to slay intruders.

SUMMON MONSTER VI TRAP**CR 7****XP 3,200****Type** magic; **Perception** DC 31; **Disable Device** DC 31**EFFECTS****Trigger** proximity (*alarm*); **Reset** none**Effect** spell effect (*summon monster VI*; summons an invisible stalker)**The House of Learning**

In the days before Aroden's Fall, this small chapel housed a special library devoted to storing copies of prophecies related to his return and ascendancy in Westcrown. When Aroden failed to appear, riots severely damaged the temple. Its priests managed to hide the library by covering its entrance with *stone shape*. Cormalene's agents have since reopened the library, and she instructed Garellan and Petra to burn everything in a large bonfire in the courtyard, including the book containing Xyllestes' spirit.

6. Chapel

A large, alabaster statue of Aroden stands at the center of this small chapel, serene and unbroken by the passage of time. Three doors exit east and south, while a large, broken glass window looks into an open courtyard amid the ruins of Rego Cader.

In ancient times, this chapel saw frequent sponsorship by the axiomite Xyllestes as he worked among Aroden's faithful. It hasn't seen use in over a century.

Hazard: The chapel radiates a constant *hallow* effect from the days of Aroden's active worship. This wards the House of Learning within a *magic circle against evil*, and provides an *aid* effect (CL 10th) which was renewed less than a year ago by a visiting priest. This affects all followers of Iomedae and, by extension, Aroden. Given the nature of the PCs' mission, they too may benefit from the effect while inside the House of Learning. However, to release Xyllestes (see pg. 67), they must neutralize the hallow spell with *dispel magic*, a DC 25 Use Magic Device check, or a DC 25 Disable Device check by someone capable of disarming magical traps.

7. Library**(CR 8)**

A ruin of fallen shelves, books, and scrolls fills this small library. Two doors lead west and south, while a small window looks east toward the river.

Xyllestes made his final stand here during the riots following Aroden's Fall. Assailed by Cormalene's allies at a time before the fiend pledged her service to Thrune, he sought to protect the recorded history of Aroden's acts and prophecies, walling off the library to hide its secrets. Gravely wounded, he performed a ritual to codify his existence in the mathematical equations and axioms of his kind, hiding his presence in one of the last books penned by the priests of Aroden.

Creatures: Now, Cormalene's minions have located her old enemy. Under the direction of Petra Highsmith and Garellan Mironeth, a squad of Hellknights collected many of the books

here into crates bound for the bonfire (at area 8). They attack any intruders.

HELLKNIGHT ENFORCERS (6) CR 3

XP 800

hp 34; (use statistics for Guard Officer, *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Game Mastery Guide*)

TACTICS

During Combat The Hellknights fight in pairs, flanking with their guisarmes or using Aid Another actions to increase their attacks against common enemies.

Morale The Hellknights fight to the death.

8. Courtyard (CR 8)

A massive bonfire occupies the lower half of this ruined courtyard. Piles of crates containing books and scrolls lie nearby, some already tossed into the flames and others lying next to the stairways ascending to the chapel's terrace.

Creatures: Petra Highsmith commands her remaining Hellknights here, directing them to carry books from the rediscovered library (at area 7) to the bonfire. Garellan Mironeth left Petra this duty while he and his accomplice devil, Vidorian, examine the tome containing Xyllestes (at area 9). Petra and the Hellknights attack anyone interfering with their operation.

MARALICTOR PETRA HIGHSMITH CR 6

XP 2,400

hp 66; (see pg. 23)

HELLKNIGHT ENFORCERS (3) CR 3

XP 800

hp 34; (use statistics for Guard Officer, *Pathfinder RPG: GameMastery Guide*)

TACTICS

During Combat The Hellknights attack with their guisarmes to support Petra. Each one works to create flanking opportunities for her, and at least one uses an Aid Another action every round to increase Petra's AC or attacks in melee by +2 against whichever PC she engages.

Morale The Hellknights fight to the death.

9. Gatehouse (CR 9)

Four lanterns light this long gatehouse. Converted into a temporary barracks, sleeping pallets occupy the hall's lower half, while a wooden table and chairs stands between the windows to the north.

Creatures: Garellan Mironeth and an accomplice devil named Vidorian reside here, examining the tome containing Xyllestes' spirit while reviewing Cormalene's notes on the ritual to assure the axiomite's destruction. If alerted to battle, both take time to prepare spells before coming to Petra's aid.

Treasure: Among Cormalene's notes are several scrolls, including *scrolls of dismissal*,



divination, greater dispel magic, unhallow, and planar ally.

GARELLAN MIRONETH **CR 8**
XP 4,800
 hp 70; (see pg. 61)

VIDORIAN, ADVANCED ACCOMPLICE DEVIL **CR 5**
XP 1,600
 hp 45; (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Gods*)

TACTICS
Before Combat Vidorian casts *eagle's splendor* to increase the effectiveness of his mind-affecting spell-like abilities.

During Combat Vidorian attempts to beguile PCs with *suggestion* or *charm person* to turn them against one another. If this tactic fails, he assumes the form of an amphisbaena, seeking to poison victims with venomous bites.

Morale Vidorian teleports away if Garellan is slain, preferring a coward's retreat with an opportunity to avenge himself on the PCs at a later date.

Freeing the Bookbound Herald (CR 8)

Once the PCs reclaim Xyllestes' book from Garellan, they can examine Cormalene's notes regarding the ritual to release the axiomite. Doing so requires a multi-step process. First they must undo the protective *hallow* effect in the chapel (see **area 6**). After that, a *planar ally* or *geas/quest* specifically naming Xyllestes draws him from the book. Doing so, however, alerts Cormalene to his presence, and the erinyes immediately teleports into the House of Learning.

CORMALENE, ERINYES DEVIL **CR 8**
XP 4,800

hp 94; (*Pathfinder RPG: Bestiary*)

TACTICS

During Combat Cormalene invokes *unholy blight* to weaken any good PCs, then attempts to summon two bearded devils to assist in attacking Xyllestes. As the battle rages, she flies upward to hurl her rope and entangle the axiomite or an enemy spellcaster, staying at range to fire with her bow while the bearded devils handle things on the ground.

Morale With an opportunity to slay Xyllestes, Cormalene fights to the death.

XYLLESTES, AXIOMITE **CR 8**
XP 4,800

hp 68 (currently 34); (*Pathfinder RPG: Bestiary 2*)

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Award each PC an additional 500 XP if they free Xyllestes from his bookbound prison. If he survives, he returns to Axis to seek out Aroden's Domain and the counsel of Iomedae and Milani. He soon returns, however, to reward the PCs with a *+1 axiomatic longsword* forged on the Outer Planes, occasionally looking in on them as an ally and supporter of their future adventures. Meanwhile, Cormalene's defeat establishes a new enemy for all eternity. Cast back into the pit of Hell, she seeks out the accomplice devil, Vidorian, and the two plot against the PCs, seeking to avenge their mutual disgrace. ✦



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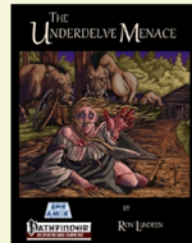


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 “Ambrosia Slaad” Counts,
 Linda “Mariel” Zayas-Palmer,
 Wojciech “Drejk” Gruchala,
 Sam “burrahobbit” Harris,
 Margherita “Bardess” Tramontano,
 Joe “Ignotus Advenium” Kondrak,
 Jacob W. “Motteditor” Michaels,
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 Eidolon” Seifter, Christopher Wasko

Art by Adam Koča,
 Ashton “N’wah” Sperry, Tyler Clark,
 Michael Jaecks, Andrew DeFelice,
 Silvia “crescentmoon” Gonzalez,
 Todd Westcot, Stephen Wood,
 Danny “Gworeth” Krog,
 Alex “Canada Guy” Moore



Cobblestone Lurker

Malevolent red eyes flicker to life, along with the sounds of cobblestones grinding together. What once was an innocent pathway is now a looming humanoid-shaped creature.

COBBLESTONE LURKER **CR 2**

XP 600

N Medium construct

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14 (+4 natural)



hp 31 (2d10+20)

Fort +0, **Ref** +0, **Will** +0

Immune construct traits;

Weaknesses vulnerable to force

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., brickwalk

Melee Slam +6 (1d6+6)

Ranged Cobble Shot +2 (1d6+4)

Special Attacks pothole (DC 11), quick set (DC 11, 1d6 bludgeoning)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 16

SQ cohesion

ECOLOGY

Environment urban

Organization solitary, pair, or alley (3-5)

Treasure living mortar (see below)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Brickwalk (Ex) As a full-round action the cobblestone lurker may give up its physical cohesion, causing its cobblestones to drop into a pile while its mortar travels in a stream to any source of cobblestones within 60 ft. Once per day, the cobblestone lurker may heal 2d6 points of damage by reforming from new materials.

Cobble Shot (Ex) A cobblestone lurker may forcefully eject one of its cobblestones up to 30 ft. as a ranged attack.

Cohesion A cobblestone lurker’s stones are held together by its living mortar. If affected by a spell with the force descriptor or struck by a single attack that deals an amount of damage equal to half or more of a cobblestone lurker’s total hit points, it must succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or lose its cohesiveness for 1d3 rounds. When in this state the cobblestone lurker loses its natural armor bonus and the living mortar may only take move actions. The cobblestone lurker automatically reforms from the original materials or any cobblestones within 60 ft. at the end of these rounds.

Pothole (Ex) A cobblestone lurker may stomp the ground as a standard action, causing the ground in its square and all adjacent squares to become difficult terrain. Anyone occupying one of these squares must succeed at a DC 11 Reflex save or be knocked prone. Cobblestone lurkers are not affected by this ability. This save is Constitution-based.

Quick Set (Ex) A cobblestone lurker may attempt to build itself around a prone creature. This works as the engulf ability except the target must be prone.

Cobblestone lurkers are the result of alchemical run-off in less regulated cities or areas. When the careless disposal of strange concoctions gave life to mortar in the surrounding paved streets, it wasn't long before a use was found for the accidental creation. The living mortar is combined with cobblestones by the more nefarious purveyors of alchemical products.

The unwary can find themselves under assault from this creature as a means for the greedy to keep gold and take life. Some alleys are truly paved over the remains of victims. Although mainly found in larger cities, these fearsome golems can be found anywhere cobblestones pave the way and greed paves the heart.

When damaged enough to force the cobblestone lurker to lose its cohesive form, some of the living mortar can be salvaged. An adventurer can get enough of this living mortar to fill two vials from each cobblestone lurker. The mortar can then be used in the creation of tanglefoot bags. When used in creating tanglefoot bags it increases the DC of any save by 2. Each vial of living mortar is an alchemical item worth 100 gp.

Construction

Cobblestone lurkers are generally created by alchemists from mortar saturated with magic-infused alchemical runoff worth 500 gp and cobblestones.

COBBLESTONE LURKER

CL 7th; Price 7,500 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate objects*, *absorbing touch*, *false life*, *greater*; **Skill** Craft (stonemasonry) DC 17; **Cost** 4,000 gp

Coin Wraith

This whirling maelstrom of gleaming metal is roughly man-shaped, with features formed from coins and treasure.

COIN WRAITH

CR 4

XP 1,200

NE Medium undead

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 natural)

hp 37 (5d8+15)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, disperse;

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., reform

Melee 2 slams +5 (1d8+2)

Ranged coin spray +6 (2d6+3)

Special Attacks coin blast

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th)



B'14

1/day—*hypnotic pattern*

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 6, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18

Feats Dodge, Skill Focus (perception), Toughness

Skills Disguise +2 (+12 dispersed), Perception +12

ECOLOGY

Environment underground or urban

Organization solitary

Treasure standard (coins and non-magical treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Coin Blast (Su) As a full-round action, the coin wraith launches itself at a target within 20 feet. After the attack, the coin wraith is considered to be in its dispersed state adjacent to the target. This attack does not provoke attacks of opportunity. A coin wraith cannot use this attack when dispersed.

Disperse (Su) A coin wraith may use a move action to collapse into a pile of treasure occupying a 5-foot square. In this state, it can disperse across a 30-foot radius area and gains swarm traits, as a swarm of Fine-sized creatures. The coin wraith receives a +8 racial bonus to Stealth checks, which rises to +12 when it is dispersed among other coins and treasure. The coin wraith attacks any creature attempting to move parts of its "body" more than 30 feet from its original square. The coin wraith may use its *hypnotic pattern* spell-like ability while dispersed.

Reform (Su) A coin wraith may reform from its pile of treasure as a move action, gathering the component coins and objects within 30 feet and appearing in any square within that radius. It is possible to weaken a coin wraith by moving portions of its treasure outside of that area. For every 200 pounds of

treasure removed, the coin wraith takes one negative level with a maximum number of negative levels equal the coin wraith's total hit dice minus one. The coin wraith can remove a negative level by reforming when it comes within 30 feet of a 200-lb. portion of its treasure.

Coin wraiths are undead who manifest a physical body composed of floating coins and treasure. Their upper bodies can take many forms, perhaps a golden dish for a breastplate, silver goblets for arms and rubies for eyes, but coin wraiths always incorporate coins arranged in a mockery of their mortal appearance. A coin wraith's lower body is a whirlwind of coins and dust. A typical coin wraith's treasure weighs approximately 1,000 pounds.

Coin wraiths are the unquiet spirits of individuals whose hearts were consumed by avarice. Those who covet personal wealth or attempt to steal it—bandits, bankers, grasping nobles, misers, profiteers, thieves and despots—all have the potential to become coin wraiths following their deaths. Followers of Abadar, Besmara, Gyronna, Shax, and Mammon are often cursed with this existence for failure to show proper devotion.

Ever vigilant and merciless, coin wraiths are single-minded in the defense of their treasure, never tiring or engaging in communication, often lying dormant for centuries without moving more than a hundred feet. They are able to animate dancing coins (treat as the spell *hypnotic pattern*) to mesmerize intruders and defend their precious treasure by launching a torrent of coins at thieves. In melee, they form fists of rolled coins to punish them. At a moment's notice, the coin wraith can unexpectedly disperse into an inert pile of treasure and reform elsewhere in the room to continue its assault. A coin wraiths will not pursue retreating looters unless they carry a portion of its treasure with them.

Coin wraiths can be found lurking many places, from secret family treasuries in Chelixa to the tombs of miserly dwarves in the Five Kings Mountains, from abandoned basements in Kaer Maga to the stashes of thieves and robbers in cities like Katheer and Korvosa.

Contra-Legem

This corpse towers before you, with a small ghostly diabolic form trapped within its ribcage and a palpable aura of infernal power radiating from it.

CONTRA-LEGEM DEVOURER	CR 13
XP 25,600	
LE Large undead (extraplanar)	
Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +20	
DEFENSE	
AC 27, touch 14, flat-footed 22 (+5 Dex, +13 natural, -1 size)	
hp 175 (14d8+112)	
Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +15	
Defensive Abilities spell deflection, undead traits; Immune fire; Resist acid 10, cold 10; SR 22	
Weaknesses code-bound	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft., fly 20 ft. (perfect)	
Melee 2 claws +18 (1d8+9 plus energy drain)	
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.	
Special Attacks devour soul, energy drain (1 level, DC 23), legem smite	
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 18th)	
At will— <i>animate dead</i> ^{4th} , <i>bestow curse</i> ^{4th} (DC 22), <i>confusion</i> ^{4th} (DC 22), <i>control undead</i> ^{7th} (DC 25), <i>death knell</i> ^{2nd} (DC 20), <i>ghoul touch</i> ^{2nd} (DC 20), <i>inflict serious wounds</i> ^{3rd} (DC 21),	

lesser planar ally^{4th}, *ray of enfeeblement*^{1st}, *spectral hand*^{2nd}, *suggestion*^{3rd} (DC 21), *true seeing*^{6th}, *vampiric touch*^{3rd} (DC 21)

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 20, **Con** —, **Int** 25, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 27

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 35

Feats Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Improved Initiative, Improved Sunder, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +22, Diplomacy +22, Fly +21, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (arcana) +24, Knowledge (planes) +24, Perception +23, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +24, Stealth +8

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Dwarven, Elven, Infernal; telepathy 120 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

A Contra-Legem creature is an intelligent undead who in life made a deal with the powers of hell for its soul but, by accident or design, became an undead and escaped. Hell doesn't let go of its prizes easily, instead infusing the new undead with power and a sense of loyalty. It serves Hell on the material plane, gaining more infernal powers but losing some of its free will.

Creating a Contra-Legem Creature

"Contra-Legem Creature" is an acquired template that can be added to any intelligent undead. The creature retains all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature +2

Alignment: Always lawful evil

Defensive Abilities: A Contra-Legem creature gains immunity to fire, resist acid 10 and resist cold 10

SR: Contra-Legem creature gains spell resistance equal to its



new CR+5; if it already had spell resistance from another source, use whichever is higher.

Weakness: A Contra-Legem creature must obey the code it gains upon escaping Hell.

Code-Bound (Ex) Each Contra-Legem creature has its own personal code. This code is so ingrained that any attempt to take an action that would go against the code is physically impossible. If it makes such an attempt, the action fails and the Contra-Legem creature is stunned for 1 round. While the exact code varies between individuals, they all contain the following rules: no Contra-Legem creature can willingly attack any devil, Arch-Devil, or cleric of Asmodeus; a Contra-Legem creature must obey the letter, though not necessarily the intent, of any order given by a devil, Arch-Devil, or cleric of Asmodeus with more Hit Dice than the creature.

Languages A Contra-Legem creature speaks Infernal as well as any languages spoken by the base creature, and gains telepathy 120 ft.

Special Attacks A Contra-Legem creature gains the following special attacks.

Legem Smite (Su) A Contra-Legem creature can smite good or smite chaos a number of times per day equal to its Charisma modifier (minimum 1). As a swift action, the Contra-Legem creature chooses one target within sight to smite and chooses either good or chaos. If the target's alignment matches the designated alignment, the Contra-Legem creature adds its Charisma bonus (if any) to attack rolls and adds its HD to all damage rolls made against the target of its smite.

Ability Scores Dex +4, Int +6, Wis +6, Cha +6. As an undead creature, a Contra-Legem creature has no Constitution score.

Devil, Addiction

This colorful, lean, anthropomorphically female damselfly with stunted wings possesses leafy hair, a sinuous barbed tail, goat eyes, hooves, and spiral horns. A motley of hops strobili and fungal caps pepper her shoulders and upper body.

ADDICTION DEVIL (ATROPOCUSTRA) CR 5
XP 1,600

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+4 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 45 (6d10+12)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9, **Will** +7

DR 5/silver or good; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 16

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 40 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +9 (1d6+1/18–20) and dagger +8 (1d4+1/19–20), or mwk rapier +9 (1d6+1/18–20) and tail barb +8 (1d4+1/19–20)

Ranged tail barb +10 (1d4+1/19–20 plus mycotoxins) or bolas +10 (1d4)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +14)

Constant—*misdirection* (DC 16, self only)

At will—*dancing lights*, *daze* (DC 14), *ghost sound* (DC 14)

2/day—*memory lapse*^{APG} (DC 15), *touch of frailty*^{GG1105V} (DC 16), *unnatural lust*^{UM} (DC 15), *vanish*^{APG}

1/day—*beguiling gift*^{APG} (DC 15), *suggestion* (DC 17), *imbue with addiction*^{MM} (DC 16)



TACTICS

Before Combat Atropocustras avoid unnecessary confrontations, undermining characters with addictions and ability damage before engaging them on carefully chosen battlegrounds.

During Combat Preferring hit-and-run attacks of attrition with their spell-like abilities, bolas, and ranged tail barbs, they dual-wield their rapier and last barb in melee. Once exposed, atropocustras fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 18, **Con** 14, **Int** 16, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Brew Potion, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +11, Bluff +12, Climb +12, Craft (Alchemy) +18, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +9 (+19 while using *change shape*), Heal +15, Knowledge (nature) +7, Knowledge (planes) +10, Perception +11, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +12, Use Magic Device +12; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Climb, +6 Craft (Alchemy), +5 Heal.

Languages Celestial, Common, Infernal, Undercommon; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ change shape (*alter self*, Small or Medium humanoid), hellish phosphorum, mycotoxic flesh, palliative caps, veiled predator

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary, rarely pair

Treasure NPC gear, including masterwork rapier, dagger, bolas

(2), and 200 gp of various addictive substances

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Hellish Philosphorum (Ex) An atropocustra gains a competence bonus equal to its racial HD (plus alchemist class levels, if any) on Craft (alchemy) and Heal checks, and it takes an atropocustra half

New Spell

TOUCH OF FRAILTY

Level Sorcerer/Wizard 2

As *touch of idiocy* but it reduces Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution rather than Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma. It might make feats useless if their prerequisites are no longer met. (*The Genius Guide To: 110 Spell Variants*)

the normal amount of time to create alchemical items. An atropocustra can use Craft (alchemy) to identify potions as if using *detect magic*. It must hold the potion for 1 round to make such a check. When using its imbue with addiction ability, an atropocustra's flesh acts as a focus in place of a dose of addictive substance or drug worth up to 5 times the devil's total HD in gp.

Mycotoxic Flesh (Ex) Atropocustras' flesh and blood teems with hallucinogenic mycotoxins. Victims are exposed through consumption of atropocustras' strobili or successful tail barb attacks.

Mycotoxins—ingestion or injury (barb); *addiction* moderate; *save* Fort DC 16; *primary effects* (30 – target's Constitution modifier) minutes: +2 bonus to Charisma skill checks and on saves against fear effects, –2 penalty on Will saves against illusions; *secondary effects* 1d2 Wis damage, 1d4 Con damage, and –2 penalty on saves against addictive substances and thrill-seeking behaviors (including combat, gambling, sex, racing, and similar endorphin-generating activities).

Palliative Caps (Su) Clusters of agaric caps infused with profane alkaloids sprout from atropocustras' bodies. These alkaloids retain potency as long as the caps remain unpicked, or for 10 minutes per the atropocustra's Charisma bonus (typically 40 minutes) once detached. Each cluster consumed heals 1d4 points of damage, and grants a +2 profane bonus to both Heal (first aid) checks to halt bleeding being taken and on Constitution checks to begin recovering hit points naturally. For 24 hours after consuming the cluster, the eater receives a –2 profane penalty on checks to remove ability score damage and drain it has taken, and on checks to resist or remove addiction. Each atropocustra possesses 3 plus its Constitution bonus in clusters (typically 5 clusters), which regrow after 24-hours.

Tail Barb (Ex) With a snap of its tail, an atropocustra can fire a mycotoxic-poisoned tail barb as a standard action with a 20 ft. range increment. It treats its tail barbs as secondary attacks when also wielding a weapon, and it does not provoke attacks of opportunity while firing them. Each atropocustra possesses 3 plus its Constitution bonus in barbs (typically 5 barbs), which regrow after 8 hours of rest.

Veiled Predator An atropocustra loses access to its tail, barbs, and palliative caps while using its *change shape* ability.

Atropocustras are methodically patient devils that specialize in corruption through addiction. While they excel using traditional addictive substances, they are also highly adept at subtle

manipulations that foster dependencies in other exciting sensations. They frequently pose as midwives, mundane healers, bartenders, brothel workers, concierges, gambling croupiers and dealers, and chemists, but rarely as owners of such businesses; all the better to guide both customers and the owners in damning themselves.

Promoting self-destruction through substance abuse is fine, but the real goal is to nudge mortals into creating webs of small lies, derelictions, and everyday evils, and then foster those collateral immoralities into spirals of ever-increasing severity and degradation, all for chances to briefly sate their cravings. As social and economic relationships crumble, mortals increasingly turn to blissful escapes and illicit sensations to alleviate their unhappy stressful lives. The atropocustras patiently wait to help.

Devil, Hellforge

An imposing form of flame-wreathed metal swoops down on wings of blades. Gaps in the metal plates reveal handles of weapons protruding from a charred, muscular body.

HELLFORGE DEVIL (SAVNOGON)

CR 13

XP 25,600

LE Large outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness, true seeing; Perception +22

Aura hellfire (10 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 13, flat-footed 23 (+4 Dex, +10 armor, +4 shield, –1 size)

HP 172 (15d10+90); regeneration 5 (good weapons or good spells)

Fort +15, **Ref** +9, **Will** +13

DR 3/— (armored body), 5/good and silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor)

Melee +2 *halberd* +23/+18/+13 (2d8+11/x3 plus burn) or +1 *warhammer* +22/+17/+12 (2d6+7/x3 plus push and burn)

Ranged +1 *adaptive^{UE} composite longbow* +20/+15/+10 (2d6+7/x3)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (20 ft. with extended halberd)

Special Attacks burn (1d6, DC 20), hellfire, push (bludgeoning weapons, 20 ft.)

Spell-like Abilities (CL 15th, concentration +20)

Constant—*true seeing*

At will—*greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *burning disarm^{CEOD}* (DC 16)

1/day—*blade barrier* (DC 21), *summon* (level 5, 2 barbed devils, 35%)

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 19, **Con** 22, **Int** 22, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 36

Feats Combat Reflexes, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Disruptive, Master Craftsman^B, Missile Shield^{APG}, Power Attack, Shield Focus, Spellbreaker, Step Up

Skills Appraise +24, Bluff +23, Craft (Armor) +29, Craft (Weapons) +29, Diplomacy +23, Fly +16, Intimidate +23, Knowledge (planes) +24, Perception +22, Sense Motive +22, Spellcraft +24, Stealth +18

Languages Celestial, Common, Dwarven, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ infernal tools



ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary or guild (1 hellforge devil plus 2d6 greater host devils, 2d8 bearded devils, and 1d6 barbed devils)

Treasure double standard (masterwork and magical weapons)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Armored Body (Ex) The hellforge devil lacks most devils' natural armor, so it has forged its own. These dermally-fused plates function as both a suit of +1 *adamantine full plate* and a +1 *adamantine heavy shield*. It suffers no maximum Dexterity bonus limits, armor check penalties, or speed reduction from either.

Hellfire (Su) Hellforge devils are wreathed in a hellfire aura. At the beginning of the hellforge devil's turn, all creatures within 10 feet take 2d4 damage—half fire damage, half unholy damage. Any fire damage caused by a hellforge devil's abilities and spells is similarly half fire damage, half unholy damage.

Infernal Tools (Sp) As a standard action, the hellforge devil can either animate any blacksmithing tool within 10 feet to assist it with blacksmithing checks or grant the *dancing* weapon ability and push special ability to one bludgeoning weapon they possess. This animated weapon can push foes 20 feet away. The devil can animate only one tool or weapon at a time in this fashion.

Permutable Polearm (Su) As an immediate action, a hellforge devil may mentally command its halberd's haft to lengthen or return to normal length. When extended, it becomes a reach weapon.

Weaponmeld (Ex) The hellforge devil's weapons are a part of its own body. It may draw or sheath a pair of weapons as an immediate action. Additionally, when a hellforge devil is hit by

a piercing or slashing weapon, its body attempts to absorb the weapon. The weapon's wielder may make a DC 23 Reflex save to prevent the weapon from being sucked into the devil's body. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Hellforge devils, or savnogons, are towering amalgamations of metal, fire, and blackened flesh. They cover their constantly burning bodies in adamantine plates adorned with infernal runes, and store weapons between their powerful muscles.

Hellforge devils are masters of infernal furnaces, working tirelessly to build the arsenal of Hell's armies. While they prefer to focus their energies on crafting, they believe that any true craftsman must understand how their work functions in the field, and so they also spend extensive time refining their martial capabilities. In battle, hellforge devils use a variety of weapons and carry the weapons of defeated foes inside their bodies as trophies.

They are prideful and fiercely competitive with others of their kind. Hellforge devils disdain those who lack martial prowess, so they drive even harder bargains with wizards who call on their power. However, valuable crafting materials or magic weapons can catch their interest. It is said that House Henderthane of Cheliox formed an alliance with a powerful hellforge devil to solidify their position as the nation's foremost arms dealers.

Devil, Physician

A lamprey-headed humanoid with crimson skin stands before you, wearing finely-made ornate robes.

PHYSICIAN DEVIL **CR 5**

XP 1,600

LE medium Outsider (devil, evil, lawful)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +16
Aura diminished vitality (120 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+4 Dex, +6 natural)

HP 51 (6d10+18); fast healing 5

Fort +8, **Ref** +4, **Will** +8

DR 5/silver; **Immune** bleed, disease, fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 16

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee surgeon's scalpel +11/+6 (1d3+3 plus 1 bleed, 18-20/x2) and bite +5 (1d4+2 plus numbing poison)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks numbing poison, sneak attack +1d6, surgeon's scalpel

Spell-like Abilities (CL 6th, concentration +8)

Constant—*deathwatch*

At will—*bleed*, *disguise self*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *infernal healing*^{ISWG}, *polypurpose panacea*^{UM}, *remove sickness*^{UM}, *stabilize*, *touch of fatigue*

3/day—*false life*, *lesser restoration*, *neutralize poison*, *remove disease*, *remove blindness/deafness*

1/day—*blindness/deafness*, *contagion*, *summon monster IV* (leech swarm only)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 22

Feats Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +11, Craft (alchemy) +16, Diplomacy +11, Disguise +11, Heal +16, Knowledge (planes) +12, Perception +12, Sense Motive

+12, Stealth +11; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Craft (alchemy), +4 Heal
Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, telepathy 100 ft.

SQ infernal medicine, mask of benevolence, soulbound healing

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure standard (including alchemist set and supply of ingredients)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Diminished

Vitality (Su) Physician devils can project a corruptive aura that suppresses natural healing. Any creature within a physician devil's aura of diminished vitality must first succeed at a DC 16 Fortitude save before gaining the benefits of rest, such as regaining hp, recovering from ability damage, or removing the exhausted or fatigued conditions. Creatures that succeed at this save are immune to that particular devil's aura for 24 hours. The save is Charisma-based.

Infernal Medicine Physician devils often masquerade as healers and alchemists. They can brew potions with the Brew Potion feat using their spell-like abilities in place of spells. They can make *potion of polypurpose panacea* ignoring the usual restriction against potions of personal-ranged spells.

Mask of Benevolence (Sp) Physician devils hide their hideousness under a mantle of illusion that masks their true form. When using its *disguise self* spell-like ability, the duration increases to 1 hour per level. In addition, a physician devil's evil aura is undetectable to anyone unable to pierce the illusion. Making any natural attack, using *greater teleport* or providing soulbound healing immediately breaks the illusion. After mask of benevolence is dropped in this manner it cannot be used again for one hour.

Soulbound Healing (Sp) A physician devil is capable of invoking powerful healing magic for a price. As a full-round action, a physician devil can produce an infernal contract for a single living mortal creature. The mortal must sign its true name to the document of its own free will. Upon doing so, that mortal's soul is sworn to the physician devil, condemning the soul to an eternity of servitude in Hell rather than whatever fate would naturally befall it upon the mortal's death. A signed contract allows the physician devil to cast any one spell of the healing subschool on a target of the signatory's choice. The spell level of a spell cast in this manner cannot exceed the signatory's HD. A physician devil is considered to be of the lowest possible caster level to cast a particular spell in this manner.

Surgeon's Scalpel (Su) Physician devils carry sharp scalpels that deal 1d3 points of piercing and slashing damage with critical threat of 18–20. A scalpel wielded by physician devil acts as a +1 *wounding* weapon.



Devils have a host of crafty ways to entice mortals. Physician devils choose to offer life at a price. Sometimes their deals are straightforward – health and vigor to a loved one in exchange for a soul willingly bound to the Pit. Other times they are more insidious, trading their craft for minor favors that slowly drag the mark closer to damnation. Regardless of the scheme, physician devils always use their position and leverage to serve the greater agenda of Hell.

Devil, Rumor

A rat's ears poke from the wig of this tall and elegantly dressed man.

RUMOR DEVIL (DABABUM) CR 6

XP 2,400

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 60 (8d10+16)

Fort +8 **Ref** +9 **Will** +5

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 16

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 rapier +13/+8 (1d6+2/18-20) or 2 claws +11 (1d6+1)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th)

At will—*comprehend languages*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *silence* (DC 16), *tongues*
 3/day—*denounce* (DC 18), *glibness* (DC 17), *malicious spite* (DC 18), *shout* (DC 18)
 1/day—Summon (level 3, 1 rumor devil or 6 lemures, 50%)

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 17, **Con** 15, **Int** 18 **Wis** 18, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 22

Feats Deceitful, Weapon Focus (rapier), Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +17, Diplomacy +15, Disguise +14, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (history) +15, Knowledge (local) +23, Linguistics +15, Perception +15, Sense Motive +15, Stealth +14;

Racial Modifiers +8 Knowledge (local)

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, Kelish, Osiriani, Varisian

ECOLOGY

Environment any urban (Hell)

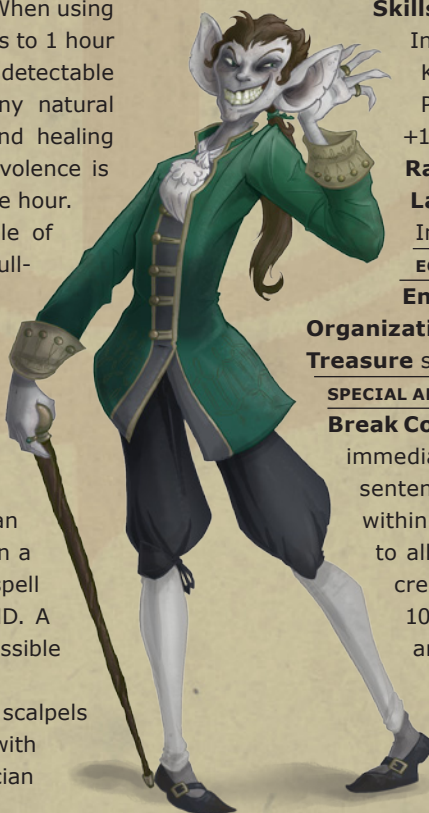
Organization solitary, pair, or guild (3-10)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Break Confidence (Su) Three times per day, as an immediate action, a rumor devil may amplify any sentence spoken by itself or another creature within 10 feet so that it is clearly audible either to all creatures within 100 feet or to a single creature of the rumor devil's choosing within 100 feet, regardless of intervening noise and even if the sentence was spoken as quietly as a whisper.

Slander (Su) A rumor devil may spread malicious rumors within a settlement or group about a single individual. Beginning the process takes 1 hour



for a group of up to 100 people, or 1 day per 1,000 inhabitants of a settlement. After this period, for as long as the rumor devil remains in the settlement or group, all initial NPC attitudes toward the target individual are shifted one step toward hostile as soon as the NPC is aware of the target individual's identity. PCs and NPCs who know the individual well are not affected, and attitudes may not be shifted more than one step through this ability, even if another rumor devil attempts to target the same individual. This effect ends 24 hours after the rumor devil either leaves the settlement, is slain or targets a new individual for slander.

Sow Discord (Su) Once per day, as a full-round action, the rumor devil may let loose with a chain of malicious and scandalous gossip to duplicate the effects of the *song of discord* spell (DC 18 Will save negates), affecting creatures within a 20-ft. radius spread centered on itself. The effect lasts for 3 rounds. This is an enchantment (compulsion), mind-affecting, language-dependent effect.

Rumor devils relish spreading malice and corruption through the collection and distribution of embarrassing truths, rumors, slander, and outright lies. They seek to disrupt bonds of community and trust, to elevate petty gossip and scandalmongering into outright hatred, and to lead mortal souls to perdition through isolation and despair.

A rumor devil appears as a tall human with rat-like ears, which it often conceals beneath a hat or wig. Rumor devils always dress impeccably in the latest fashion and are fastidious about cleanliness. They are excellent duelists, though they generally shun combat in favor of more subtle methods of destruction. When they do enter combat, they use sow discord to try to turn their assailants against each other and, if necessary, make use of *shout* before entering melee.

Rumor devils are at home in the cities of Cheliax where they spend their time weaving careful schemes to ensnare individual souls while promoting a general climate of suspicion and mistrust. They are careful to keep their rumormongering from blatantly disrupting state authority, although individual politicians are frequent targets of their schemes. Rumor devils have excellent knowledge of nearly all local gossip, schemes, and goings-on, from thieves' guild plots to the intrigues of the highest aristocratic circles. They readily, even gleefully, dispense this knowledge to those who come seeking it (always, of course, carefully selecting what details they share).

Devil, Seduction

This beautiful woman's smile is belied by the long horns growing on her forehead. Her eyes glint red and her feet end in vicious talons.

SEDUCTION DEVIL (LILIM) CR 9

XP 6,400

LE Medium outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft, see in darkness; Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +6 natural)

HP 95 (10d10+40)

Fort +11, **Ref** +10, **Will** +8

DR 5/good; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 19

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 50 ft. (good).

Melee +1 *wounding urumi*^{UC} +13/+8 (1d8+3/18-20 plus bleed) or two claws +13 (1d6+3)

Spell-like Abilities (CL 11th, concentration +20)

Constant—*tongues*



At will—*charm monster* (DC 22), *detect thoughts* (DC 20)
2/day—*phantasmal killer* (DC 22), *terrible remorse*^{UM} (DC 22)
1/day—*nightmare* (DC 23 base), *summon* (level 4, 1 erinyes, 50%)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 17, **Con** 19, **Int** 19, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 28

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 26

Feats Combat Expertise, Death from Above^{UM}, Flyby Attack, Persuasive, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +20, Diplomacy +24, Disguise +20, Escape Artist +11, Fly +10, Intimidate +24, Knowledge (planes) +14, Knowledge (religion) +11, Perception +16, Perform (oratory) +17, Sense Motive +16, Sleight of Hand +14

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; *tongues*, telepathy 100 ft.

SQ change shape (Small or Medium humanoid, owl, or snake, *polymorph*), corrupt innocence, vision of sin

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary

Treasure double (+1 *wounding urumi*)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Corrupt Innocence (Su) Once per month, a lilim can attempt to transform an unborn baby into another of her kind. A lilim's womb is barren and this is the only way the devil can reproduce. In the guise of a midwife or healer, the lilim will "examine" the mother. If the mother fails a DC 24 Will save, the lilim surreptitiously corrupts the fetus, announcing that the child was "conceived

in sin" and diagnosing it as a cursed blasphemy. A successfully corrupted fetus gestates into a female lilim (regardless of its original sex); an infant lilim gains the Young simple template twice, not receiving its spell-like abilities until adulthood. At 13, the lilim child loses one application of the Young creature template. Lilim usually run away from home at this age, if they have not already been claimed by the lilim that spawned it. At 16, it reaches full maturity and gains all of its special abilities. The lilim who corrupts an unborn baby remains linked to it until birth. A successful *dispel evil* cast upon the womb will dispel the transformation of an unborn baby if the linked lilim fails the Will save. An individual baby can only be the target of a corruption attempt once and is thereafter immune to any lilim's corrupt innocence ability. This is a curse effect.

Infernal Sacrifice Lilim rejoice in corrupting true love and goodness. Seducing a good creature into betraying its beloved or its principles, the proof of a treason committed by a powerful agent of good, or an unborn child's soul to corrupt are the gifts most appreciated by a lilim. Those bearing such overtures gain a +2 bonus on Charisma checks made to summon a lilim.

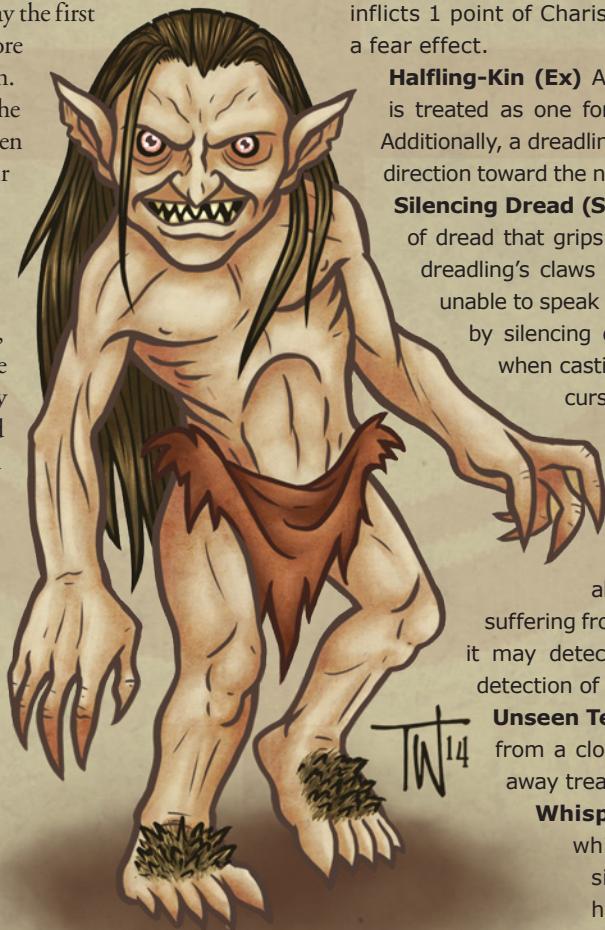
Vision of Sin (Su) Once per day, a lilim can telepathically send a creature a vision of sin, making it believe to have committed what the creature considers the most perverted sin of the flesh. A victim who fails a DC 24 Will save is convinced of its guilt, and takes a -4 penalty on saving throws against subsequent mind-affecting effects from any creature for 1 hour. This is a mind-affecting effect.

Lilim are the seducers of Hell. Most tales say the first of them were born as daughters of the Whore Queen Ardad Lili after her fall from Heaven. Other stories tell that Ardad Lili created the first lilim by corrupting unborn children conceived through sinful acts. Whatever their origins, quite a few nocturnal seductresses now serve Belial as well.

Rather than force a creature to openly betray his or her bonds of love, lilim entice their victims into covert carnal liaisons, encouraging them to adopt a false facade of puritanical propriety and hypocritically condemn others for the slightest lapses and indiscretions, real or not. Most of all, lilim love inducing mortals to secretly betray and destroy both their loved ones and ideals, leaving their prey with nothing but excruciating loss and remorse.

Dreadling

A small disheveled figure appears to be a ragged halfling at the first glance. Closer inspection reveals clawed fingers, a fanged maw, and baleful, bloodshot eyes.



DREADLING CR 10

XP 9,600

CE Small monstrous humanoid

Init +12; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., smell fear; Perception +25

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 20, flat-footed 15 (+8 Dex, +1

dodge, +4 natural, +1 size)

HP 123 (13d10+52)

Fort +9, **Ref** +16, **Will** +9

Defensive Abilities unseen terror; **Immune** fear

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

Melee bite +22 (1d4+4 and consuming terror) and 2 claws +22 (1d4+4 plus silencing dread)

Special Attacks consuming terror, silencing dread

Spell-like Abilities (CL 13th, concentration +16)

At will—*knock*

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 26, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 35

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +29 Climb +20, Intimidate +27, Perception +25, Stealth +28; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Acrobatics, +8 Intimidate, +8 Perception

Languages Common, Halfling, Infernal

SQ halfling-kin, whispers in the night

ECOLOGY

Environment any (near halfling communities)

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure standard (composed of mementos taken from the victims)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Consuming Terror (Su) A dreadling can feed on the fear of its victims, diminishing their spirit in the process. A dreadling's bite inflicts 1 point of Charisma drain upon a creature suffering from a fear effect.

Halfling-Kin (Ex) A dreadling shares blood with halflings and is treated as one for the purpose of spells and other effects. Additionally, a dreadling can sense the presence of and knows the direction toward the nearest halfling community within 100 miles.

Silencing Dread (Su) A dreadling's claw attack instills a sense of dread that grips the victim's throat. Creatures struck by a dreadling's claws must succeed at a DC 19 Will save or be unable to speak above a hoarse whisper. Creatures affected by silencing dread have a 20% chance of spell failure when casting spells with verbal components. This is a curse and fear effect that can only be removed by *break enchantment*, *remove fear*, *remove curse*, *restoration* or *heal*. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Smell Fear (Ex) A dreadling has a keen sense of smell, granting it the scent ability. It is most effective against creatures suffering from fear effects, doubling the range at which it may detect such creatures and allowing it precise detection of their location as if using blindsight.

Unseen Terror (Su) A dreadling can only be noticed from a close distance. Creatures more than 60 feet away treat the dreadling as though it were invisible.

Whispers in the Night (Ex) A dreadling can whisper to any single creature within line of sight without being heard by others. Any halfling to whom the dreadling whispers suffers a -2 penalty to saving throws against fear for one minute.

There are many terrors stalking the night and halflings

have bogeymen of their own in the form of dreadlings. These small monstrosities feed on the fear of their victims and have a particular fondness for the race that they so closely resemble. Though able to feed on any fearful creature, dreadlings prey on halflings almost exclusively.

While dreadlings enjoy and apparently *need* to inflict fear and torment on others, they are not above eating their prey to gain physical sustenance as well. Despite their cruelty, they seem to have actual fondness for their victims, sometimes taking their time to protect halflings from other dangers so that they alone can abuse and torment the small folk. Some desperate halfling communities in Cheliah have entered into dark pacts with dreadlings, gaining some measure of protection from nobles and diabolists in exchange for a few missing halflings each year.

A dreadling claw can be used as an additional material component while casting a spell with the fear descriptor. In addition to the spell's normal effects, any creature that fails its saving throw against the spell is stricken with silencing dread for number of rounds equal to the spell's level.

Flue Hag

This hairless hag has pitted coal-black skin and jagged teeth that glow like hot iron. Curved claws sprout from her withered fingers and toes.

FLUE HAG **CR 4**

XP 1,200

CE Medium monstrous humanoid

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60ft.; Perception +9

Aura misfortune (30 ft., DC 14)

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+4 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 37 (5d10+10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5

Resist fire 10; **SR** 15

Weaknesses light sensitivity

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d6+2 plus 1d6 fire), 2 claws +7 (1d4+2)

Special Attacks burst of soot (20 ft., DC14), searing bite

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +7)

2/day—*alter self*

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 18, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Deceitful, Skill Focus (Escape Artist), Stealthy

Skills Acrobatics +5, Bluff +6, Climb +16, Disguise +7, Escape Artist +12, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +9, Stealth +12 (+16 in darkness), Survival +5; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Stealth in darkness

Languages Common, Goblin

SQ compression

ECOLOGY

Environment any urban or underground

Organization solitary, pair or coven (3 hags of any kind)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Misfortune (Su) A flue hag radiates an aura of misfortune in a 30 ft. radius. Any creature that enters this area must succeed at a DC 14 Will save or suffer misfortune for 3 rounds. Anytime a creature affected by misfortune makes an ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, it must roll twice and take the worse result. Hags are immune to this ability. Creatures that are



affected by this power or that successfully save against it cannot be affected again by the same hag's aura of misfortune for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Burst of Soot (Su) Twice per day a flue hag can belch forth a gout of blinding and choking soot, as a standard action. Any creature within a 20-foot radius burst must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save or become blinded and sickened for 2 rounds. Hags are immune to this effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Searing Bite (Su) A flue hag's jagged teeth are supernaturally hot, allowing her to deal an additional 1d6 points of fire damage with her bite attack.

Nocturnal and vicious, flue hags terrorize communities across Golarion. Known as Nidalese hearth-witches in Cheliah and Varisia, these twisted and desiccated crones are rarely mentioned by superstitious folk for fear of attracting misfortune. Living in underground lairs near settlements, they emerge at night to spread mischief and feed on the flesh of innocents. Flue hags also inhabit cities and towns. By day, these urban hags hide in chimney flues, attics and cellars. After dusk, they sneak out in search of victims and opportunities to spread misery. In cities that can support the appetites of more than one flue hag, they join at night to hunt in pairs or impromptu covens of three.

Flue hags are expert climbers, resistant to fire, and have disjointed limbs that allow them to squeeze into small spaces. Cunning and wicked, they disguise themselves using *alter self* to trick their targets or to spy on their changeling offspring. When faced with resistance, they bellow forth a burst of soot to gain an advantage or aid their escape. A typical flue hag stands 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds.

Though they prefer to torment benevolent folk, flue hags also bedevil goblinoid communities, coercing and menacing weaker individuals into servitude.

Flue hags form covens similar to other hags. If a hag coven contains at least one flue hag, when all three hags of the coven are within 10 feet of one another, each flue hag gains a +3 luck bonus to the DC of her aura of misfortune. A creature simultaneously affected by the aura of more than one flue hag suffers no additional penalties.

Leshy, Everbloom

Jagged thorns and brilliant red roses cover the woody vines that make up this plant creature's humanoid form. A wicked-looking barb tops its head.

EVERBLOOM LESHY **CR 2/MR 1**
XP 600

CG Small plant (leshy, mythic, shapechanger)
Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE
AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)
hp 24 (3d8+11)
Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2
Defensive Abilities prickly body; **Immune** electricity, sonic, plant traits

OFFENSE
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.
Melee 2 slams +2 (1d4-1 plus 1d6 piercing plus grab)
Ranged barbed blossom +4 (1 plus sicken)
Special Attacks cling, grab (any size), mythic power (3/day, surge +1d6)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +9)
 Constant—*pass without trace*
 3/day—*thorn body* (others only)

STATISTICS
Str 8, **Dex** 12, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 17
Base Atk +2; **CMB** 2 (+6 grapple); **CMD** 11
Feats Agile Maneuvers, Extra Mythic Power
Skills Climb +8, Knowledge (religion) +2, Perception +7, Stealth +11, Survival +2
Languages Common, Druidic, Sylvan, plantspeech (flowers)
SQ change shape (Small rose bush, *tree shape*), lend power, sanguine burst, verdant burst

ECOLOGY
Environment any urban
Organization single, pair, or bloom (2-16)
Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES
Barbed Blossom (Ex)
 An Everbloom leshy can fling a rose bloom and thorny stem at an enemy as a ranged touch attack with a 10-foot range increment. If it hits, this attack deals 1 point of damage (this damage is not modified by Strength) and its cloying odor sickens the target (DC 12 Fortitude save negates). The sickened condition lasts until the flower is removed, which requires a move action.

Cling (Ex) The barbs covering an Everbloom leshy make its body like a burr that is difficult to remove. It gains a +5 circumstance

bonus to grapple checks and may begin a grapple without provoking an attack of opportunity by moving into an opponent's square. Any attack that targets the Everbloom leshy while it clings also deals half damage, including elemental damage but not precision damage, to the creature it is grappling.

Prickly Body (Ex) An Everbloom leshy's barbs damage creatures that touch it. Any creature striking it with a melee weapon, unarmed strike, or natural weapon takes 1d6 points of piercing damage. Creatures using melee weapons with reach are unaffected. Creatures that successfully grapple an Everbloom leshy take 1d6 points of piercing damage each round they are in the grapple.

Sanguine Burst (Su) When an Everbloom leshy dies, its verdant burst also heals any allies for 1d8+3 hit points per unspent use of its mythic power.

Though it is similar to other leshys, an Everbloom leshy is in fact inhabited by a servant of Milani, and the "garden" under its protection is the goddess's followers. Typically grown in hidden temples to Milani, especially those hidden throughout Cheliax, an Everbloom leshy's woody, thorn-covered form clearly demonstrates its danger to opponents despite the beautiful roses sprouting over its body.

Headstrong and impulsive, an Everbloom leshy is quick to act and eager to eliminate any enemies of freedom.

Unfortunately, in its zealotry it sometimes overreacts to those it believes mean harm to Milani's followers or are collaborating with the unjust. Should it realize it has made such a mistake during combat, it will immediately stop attacking and attempt to apologize.

An Everbloom leshy attacks with no fear of harm to itself, leaping almost gleefully into combat. It prefers to quickly close with a foe, clinging to it until it dies or surrenders. If its allies are in trouble, it has no compunction about sacrificing itself to heal them.

Growing an Everbloom leshy

Everbloom leshys are typically grown in rose patches found in temples of Milani, the goddess of devotion, hope and uprisings. Unlike other leshys, an Everbloom leshy sometimes grows spontaneously in a single hour in times of great need for the goddess' followers.



EVERBLOOM LESHY

CL 8th; **Price** 3,750 gp
RITUAL
Requirements Knowledge (nature) 5 ranks, *freedom of movement*, *plant growth*, *summon nature's ally II*; **Skill** Knowledge (religion)

DC 14; **Cost** 1,875 gp

Marabbecca

Impossibly long, pale arms seize you and pull you into the well. You glimpse a small, hairless creature with wide yellow eyes watching you hungrily as you fall.

MARABBECCA **CR 4**

XP 1,200

NE Small fey (aquatic)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15 flat-footed 13 (+4 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 33 (6d6+12)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9 **Will** +5

DR 5/cold iron

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d4+3 plus grab)

Special Attacks constrict (1d4+3), grab (Medium)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +5 (+9 grapple); **CMD** 22

Feats Acrobatic Steps, Defensive Combat Training, Nimble Moves

Skills Acrobatics +13, Climb +12, Perception +9, Stealth +17, Swim +20

Languages Aklo, Common, Sylvan

SQ amphibious, extend reach, well-dweller

ECOLOGY

Environment urban

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Extend Reach (Su) As a move action, the marabbecca can stretch out its arms, extending its reach to 10 ft. As a standard action, it can grotesquely distort them, extending its reach to 15 ft. Extending reduces the marabbecca's land speed to 10 ft. As a swift action, the marabbecca can retract its arms to their normal reach.

Well-dweller (Su) The marabbecca is much stronger in its well home. As long as the marabbecca is within its claimed well, its tremorsense extends out to 120 ft., and it gains a +2 to initiative checks, and Perception and Stealth skill checks. A marabbecca that isn't in its well loses these benefits immediately and is sickened until it returns or bonds with a new well. Bonding with a new well requires 24 hours of living in the well.

From the grand city of Egorian to the humble town of Westpool, the Chelish elders tell folk stories of the marabbecca, an evil fey that lives in wells and preys on children and holy men that approach their lair. While these are meant as cautionary tales to keep children from falling in wells, the creature is far from fictional.

A marabbecca is a small, pallid creature with an emaciated frame and clammy, hairless skin. Gills extend from the back of its neck and down its back. Its eyes are sickly yellow with pitch black pupils. The marabbecca's arms are lanky and longer than its body. Despite being bipedal, the creature occasionally hobbles on its bony knuckles.

Marabbeccas make their homes in city and village wells, where they lie in wait until a creature comes too close to their lair. The marabbecca

will extend its arms and make noises to lure in its prey. When the victim is close to the edge of the well, the marabbecca ambushes and grabs the creature, dragging it in and letting the fall injure or kill its prey before consuming it. In particular, the marabbecca loves to prey on children and holy men. It loves the taste of children and despises priests and clerics, hunting them out of hate. Many will occupy wells near cathedrals or monasteries to ambush monks and devour them. In Cheliox, marabbeccas hold a special hate for clergymen of Asmodeus, who hunt them efficiently, often armed with cold iron. Still, many marabbeccas will target faiths less popular in Egorian, knowing such deaths will gain less notice in the infernal nation.

Marabbeccas can be up to three feet tall and weigh a hefty 90 pounds.



Segruchen, the Fallen King

At first, it seems a crumbling statue, its wings smashed off by vandals or the passage of time. But gouts of dark, clotted blood begin to spurt out of the wing stumps, and its eyes glow red as it slowly levels its baleful gaze.

SEGRUCHEN, THE FALLEN KING **CR 13/MR 3**

XP 25,600

CE Huge undead (earth, mythic)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +27

Aura wing-reaving aura (30 ft.; DC 25, DC 21 against Mythic creatures)



Stealth (+6 in stony environs)

Languages Common, Terran

SQ freeze

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forest (Barrowood)

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blood from a Stone (Su) Segruchen's stone body weeps blood from the stumps of his wings. Unlike most undead, he is vulnerable to bleed effects. Any adjacent creature that strikes a Segruchen with a slashing or piercing weapon must make a DC 25 Reflex save or take 1 point of Dexterity damage.

Fear of the Inheritor (Ex) Segruchen's mortal form was maimed and slain as Iomedae's Third Act, leaving him vulnerable to her essence. Attacks from a worshiper of Iomedae automatically bypass his channel resistance, damage reduction, and regeneration. Eager for vengeance, Segruchen is automatically aware of any worshippers of Iomedae that attack him, and he gains a +4 bonus on attack and damage rolls against worshippers of Iomedae.

Freeze (Ex) Segruchen can hold himself so still he appears to be a statue. When Segruchen uses freeze, he can take 20 on Stealth checks to hide in plain sight as a stone statue.

Wing-Reaving Aura (Su) All creatures with a fly speed within 30 feet of Segruchen feel the agony of his last living moments. Creatures and objects with magic, spell-like, or supernatural flight must make a DC 25 Will save or their flight ends as if by *dispel magic*. On a successful save, non-mythic creatures with magic, spell-like, or supernatural flight are shaken for 1 round. Creatures with extraordinary flight must attempt a Fortitude save (DC 25) or have their wings physically ripped from their bodies, permanently losing their fly speed unless they

gain the benefit of a *regenerate* spell or similar effect. On a successful save, a non-mythic creature with extraordinary flight is sickened for 1 round. If a creature has both extraordinary flight and another source of flight, that creature makes its save as a creature with extraordinary flight. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Segruchen the Iron Gargoyle was called the King of the Barrowood. His reign of cruelty inspired fear in the hearts of those who dared live near the wood's dreaded boughs. But one day, an upstart paladin of Iomedae dismembered Segruchen's wings, during an amazing aerial battle, leaving a crater where he fell. Iomedae finished off the maimed Segruchen, and his lifeblood spilled into the earth.

Centuries later, evil stirred within that crater. His hatred and the last of his lifeblood infused his undying vengeance into the earth, and the stone twisted itself into a crumbling statue of his former self, oozing gouts of blood from the stumps of his wings.

Now an undead recreation of Segruchen lurks and plots within the Barrowood, hoping to regain his power and his lost wings and to eke out vengeance against Iomedae. Claiming to be a gargoyle god, Segruchen is slowly building an army of followers. The number of horrifying, wingless statues surrounding the crater has grown steadily since his fall.

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 15, flat-footed 22 (+7 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)

hp 190 (20d8+100); regeneration 10 (slashing)

Fort +11, **Ref** +13, **Will** +18

Defensive Abilities block attacks, blood from a stone, channel resistance +4, unstoppable; **DR** 10/epic; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, fire 10; **Immune** electricity

Weaknesses fear of the inheritor

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., burrow 40 ft., earth glide

Melee bite +21 (2d6+8 plus 1 Dexterity damage), 4 claws +22 (1d8+8 plus 1 Dexterity damage), gore +21 (1d6+8 plus 1 Dexterity damage)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 1d8+12), mythic power (3/day, Surge +1d6)

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 24, **Con** —, **Int** 11, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +15; **CMB** +25; **CMD** 42

Feats Cornugon Smash, Critical Focus, Dazing Assault, Dazzling Display, Improved Initiative^M, Power Attack^M, Shatter Defenses, Staggering Critical, Weapon Focus (Claw)

Skills Acrobatics +27 (+31 when jumping), Intimidate +24, Perception +27, Stealth +32 (+36 in stony environs); **Racial Modifiers** +2

Thespis

This translucent apparition has a vaguely humanoid shape, with limbs that fade into tattered strands of yellowed cloth. Its face is a shield-shaped mask, with thin curved slits over the eyes and mouth that depict an unsettlingly mirthful expression.

THESPI

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE Medium undead (incorporeal)

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +13

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 17, flat-footed 14 (+4 deflection, +3 Dex)

hp 42 (5d8+20)

Fort +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2, incorporeal;

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee incorporeal touch +6 (1d4 Charisma damage plus emotional turmoil)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th; concentration +9)
1/day—*telekinesis* (DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 20

Feats Alertness, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative

Skills Fly +15, Intimidate +12, Perception +13, Perform (act) +9, Sense Motive +12, Stealth +11

Racial Modifiers +4 Fly, +5 Perform (act), +2 Sense Motive

Languages Common

SQ performer's bane

ECOLOGY

Environment any urban

Organization solitary, pair, or troupe (3-8)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Emotional Turmoil (Su) A thespis's incorporeal touch causes overwhelming distress in the target, imposing a –2 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, ability checks, skill checks, and weapon damage rolls on any creature with Charisma damage (Will DC 16 negates). Each round, an afflicted creature has a 25% chance of suffering an emotional breakdown, falling prone and taking no actions for one round (the creature is not considered helpless). This prematurely ends any ongoing penalties from this ability. During its turn an afflicted creature may choose to willingly undergo a breakdown, ending the penalties. Penalties from multiple touches do not stack, but touches that occur after a breakdown may reinstate the penalties. This is an emotion, mind-affecting effect that lasts until the affected creature suffers the breakdown. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Performer's Bane (Su) Whenever a creature uses bardic performance, uses any sonic or language-dependent ability (including spells), or makes a Perform skill check within 60 feet of a thespis, the thespis gains one additional use of its *telekinesis* spell-

like ability for 24 hours, as well as fast healing 5 and a +2 profane bonus to attack rolls and saving throws for one round. During this round, the thespis may attack the performer with its incorporeal touch from a distance of 60 feet as a ranged touch attack. The thespis cannot gain more uses of *telekinesis* per day than its Charisma modifier.

When a dedicated performing artist is unable to complete his masterpiece due to an untimely demise, his soul sometimes becomes so frustrated by the unfulfilled ambition that it manifests as a malevolent spirit known as a thespis. Thespi haunt the places where they worked in life, harassing living performers to ease their own unresolved disappointments.

Thespi can inhabit any kind of performance space, but they are particularly prevalent in regions where performers are routinely exposed to mortal danger, such as Chelish opera houses or Lastwall amphitheaters. Performance halls that also serve as shrines to Hastur almost always house at least one thespis, for they are favored minions of the King in Yellow and his artistically decadent followers.

Local theatergoers regularly gossip about the methods of provoking or summoning thespis; these superstitions often become so popular that even theaters that are not haunted still subscribe to the rules for placating the volatile apparitions. Superstitions vary somewhat from theater to theater, but there are some superstitions that apply to almost all potential thespis lairs. Some of these universal taboos include:

- Do not say "Good luck" inside the theater.
- Do not speak a thespis's name from its former life inside the theatre.
- Do not whistle inside the theater.
- Do not walk onstage wearing blue.
- Do not say the last line of the play when rehearsing the full performance if there is no audience present in the theater.

Thespi that dwell in the same theater for over 5 years can bond with the stage, becoming a thespis haunt:

THESPI HAUNT

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE haunt (20-ft. radius stage)

Caster Level 5th

Notice Perception DC 20 (independent movement of a prop or set piece)

hp 8; **Weakness** tricked by Stealth (Perception +13); **Trigger** auditory (taboo behavior); **Reset** 1 hour

Effect Props and set pieces fly at the creature that triggered the haunt, as per the violent thrust function of *telekinesis*, making an attack with a +7 bonus to deal 5d6 points of bludgeoning damage.

Destruction Reducing the haunt's hp to 0 conjures the original thespis; destroying the thespis removes the haunt. The thespis may resume its haunt form after 1 hour. ✖



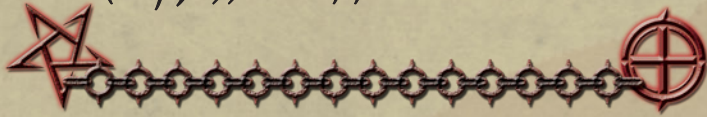


Side Trek Seeds

By Liam "TwoDee" Allman and

Jeffrey "zerzix" Swank

Art by Jesse Mohn



The following side trek ideas can help you put a bit of diabolical flair into your adventures.

Gnomish Ingenuity

Plot Hook

The thundering crackle of spellfire has lit the Andoran-Cheliox border recently and no explanation is forthcoming. Soldiers on both sides are on-edge. The ceasefire will devolve if a neutral party doesn't step in.

In Andoran, at a roadside tavern near the border, the PCs overhear three men in dark clothing quietly discussing a plan involving a *necklace of fireballs*. Though the details are difficult to pick out, the implications of their plan are grim.

Backstory

Helmi Brackwallow is a gnomish toymaker from Brastlework. Inspired by Thassilonian designs from a young age, she studied abroad at the Golemworks in Magnimar and now makes clockwork devices. Her grant from House Thrune recently dried up. To renew it, she created the Asmodean Pepperbox, a device based off of Karamoss's legendary clockwork mages. The Pepperbox is a clockwork rotary launcher, loaded with wands and capable of firing them off in quick succession.

Her demonstration caught the attention of a Twilight Talons saboteur cell, led by a man named Carrow Verasti. Verasti intends to sabotage the gun with a *necklace of fireballs*, which will likely kill Brackwallow and the Chelish dignitaries at the unveiling. Verasti has written this off the death of any innocent bystanders as a necessary evil and intends to go through with his plan.

Potential Resolutions

The pepperbox is a brutal weapon that, if fielded by Cheliox, would severely imbalance the tense border arrangement. The Talons' plan is callous at best. It runs the risk of reigniting the conflict between Andoran and Cheliox whether or not it succeeds in destroying the pepperbox. The PCs may simply stop the Talons or apply a more

nuanced approach by working with them to develop a less lethal plan. But if the PCs do not intervene, the situation will literally and figuratively explode.

The Seven Layers

Plot Hook

Virgo Halin approaches the PCs as a collector of antiquities and seeks to hire them for a simple task. He wants them to recover a magical map called "The Seven Layers" from some unsavory tiefling villains who he claims stole it from him.

Backstory

Virgo Halin is no antique collector and has never possessed the Seven Layers. He is actually a homicidal priest of Asmodeus who seeks the map so that he can use its secrets to open portals to the seven layers of

Hell. He plans to unleash devils onto the material plane to slay as many souls as he can. He has no intention of paying the adventurers. Instead, he plans to sacrifice them to the first devil he brings forth.

Potential Resolutions

The PCs must fight a cult of well-armed tieflings to gain the map. Then, they must face Virgo and the bearded devil that first answers his call. For higher level adventurers, the tieflings have levels in cleric and inquisitor, and Virgo is a high-level cleric who instead calls forth a barbed devil.

Devil's Blood

Plot Hooks

A wealthy Chelish aristocrat has heard of the PCs' exploits and invites them to a dinner party in their honor. Rumors say he is in the market to secure adventurers to work for his venture company.

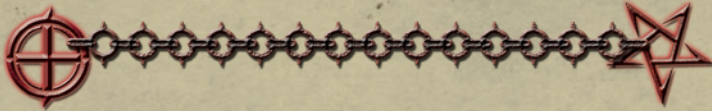


Backstory

Mulvayous Tig is a wealthy aristocrat who is searching for individuals to help him, but not in the way he publicly presents. Once he has the PCs alone, he tells them he plans to capture a devil for arcane study by using his summoning circle and an item that opens a portal to hell. He expects the devil to resist and needs the PCs to help subdue it. What Mulvayous does not reveal is that he is a powerful vampire, who plans to drink to the devil's blood, hoping to gain infernal powers.

Potential Resolutions

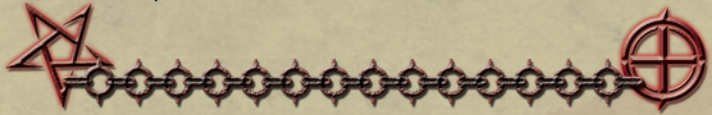
The players may help Mulvayous complete his ritual and encounter the devil, which indeed must be subdued and bound to this plane. If they succeed in subduing it, Mulvayous is overjoyed and encourages the PCs to stay the night to recover and hints that he might have further employment opportunities for them. After drinking the devil's blood, he appears later to reveal his new fiendish, undead powers and tries to turn each of the characters into his spawn. Alternatively, his plan may fail to grant him more power, causing him to take out his rage on the PCs. ✘



The Price of Knowledge

By Crystle "Elara" Stevenson

Art by Gabrielle Bruer



A humid breeze tugged at Isobela Malleus' dark hair as she stood outside a small shop in Westcrown's Rego Pena. It was revision time in Cheliox. Many similar shops were busy distributing the newest edition of the *Imperial History of Cheliox*—the fourth since she had left the city last year. Isobela had fled the empire and joined the Pathfinders to get away from all this, yet the Grand Lodge had asked her to retrieve an old version of the *History*. Since it is generally unwise to tell the Venture Captain to stuff it, here she stood.

A small sigh escaped Isobela's lips as she opened the door. A carved sign outside identified the shop as Galleon's Emporium of Rarities. Inside stood shelves filled with curios and books on various subjects. A handful of customers browsed the shop's wares, paying her no mind. Isobela noticed a well-dressed old man behind the counter speaking to a younger man. They both smiled in greeting at her approach.

"Hello, my lady," the older man smiled, "and welcome! I am Galleon. Is there anything I can help you find?"

Isobela smiled as she glanced around, looking for any sign of Thruane agents.

"I am in the market for a history book, actually."

"Excellent! Which would you like? I can have Markus fetch it for you," Galleon nodded to the younger man.

Isobela moved closer to the counter, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Actually, a little thrush told me that the volume I seek would be in your *private* collection: a rather old and rare edition."

Galleon's eyes narrowed for a second as he looked around the shop. The Order of the Rack often sent false buyers to ferret out black market dealers, so Isobela was unsurprised. "A thrush, you say?" He leaned back, touching an amulet hung around his neck bearing a thrush circled by tiny emeralds. "We have many types of thrushes in Westcrown, my lady. What variety did you hear?"

She noticed the other people in the shop had all stopped to look at them. Not patrons after all, it seemed. Isobela closed her eyes—she had not been told of this code. Glancing at Galleon again, she looked closer at his amulet. The thrush was Shelyn's holy symbol, which her contact had also worn, though the bird on his had been surrounded by rubies. So that is how you check for spies. Isobela smiled, "If memory serves, it was a ruby thrush. Am I mistaken?"

Galleon nodded and relaxed, as did the others. A second nod

to the younger man, Markus, sent him to the door to lock it and hang a closed sign in the window. "No mistake, but you cannot take chances," the old merchant sighed. "I might have your book, but such things are delicate and expensive. I need to know your interest is genuine."

Isobela reached into her haversack and placed a pouch on the counter, the gold sails inside clinking audibly. Galleon lifted the small bag, opening it slightly to verify the contents. His smile eased the tension in Isobela's shoulders.

"Right this way."

The shopkeeper and a few men led Isobela into a basement room filled with the musty smell of old tomes. Sitting alongside more innocuous editions were dozens of older versions of the *Imperial History*—including one predating the Thruane Ascendancy, the very one she had been sent to acquire. Keeping an outdated version of the history was illegal; selling it was treason—but to possess an edition predating the rise of House Thruane? It was a death sentence. No wonder the Grand Lodge wanted it!

"Now," Galleon's voice interrupted her thoughts. "There are many editions, some more fragile than others, which one were you—"

A crash from upstairs silenced the old shopkeeper, quickly followed

by the sounds of combat. Galleon's men scrambled to the door while the old man rushed to hide the illicit books. Isobela grabbed the pre-Thruane history, stuffing it into the haversack.

"Run, girl, take the book and go," Galleon cried as he joined the men trying to hold the basement door closed, the books forgotten. Isobela looked around frantically, spotting a ledge behind one of the bookcases to her right and a trap door on her left. She yanked open the trap door to leave a false trail, then scrambled up onto the ledge. Isobela reached for her belt pouch, pulling out a vial of clear liquid. Draining the potion, she felt a cold shiver pass through her as she vanished from sight.

At that moment the door burst open, sending Galleon and his men flying. Hellknights in flayed cloaks filled the room, bound the merchant, and cut down his men before they could reach their weapons. A woman wearing the insignia of a paralictor, flanked by two signifiers dragging Markus between them, followed the soldiers into the room. The mages threw the manacled boy next to Galleon as the Hellknights moved around the room, grabbing the illegal books. A squad proceeded down the trap door.

The paralictor settled her gaze on Galleon, smiling like a dragon playing with its food. "Your collection is bigger than I thought, Galleon. Normally this would mean death for you. However, I think that something could be arranged if you were to tell me *where* you are acquiring this contraband."

The old man spat at the paralictor. "Devil-sworn harpy! You will get nothing from me, Aspedai!" Isobela recognized the name—House Aspedai, minor nobles allied with the Queen.

Must have made a name for herself by burning books.

The paralictor never flinched. "I am sure that you are aware of the severity of your crime," she wiped the spittle from her face. "The Imperial Ministry of Historical Accuracy does not appreciate contradictions to their work."

"If we must destroy your
old versions, erase your
accomplishments and your
family histories, or cripple
your minds to achieve this;
then that is what we will do.
The question is what will
you choose to remember
now, Markus?"

"It is no treason to hold onto our history! It is who we are, and no amount of *revising* by your Ministry will change that!"

"Fool," Aspedai growled as she backhanded him. "History is written by the victor. You Wiscrani filth would do well to remember that!"

"Nothing has been won! House Thrune sold the empire into slavery and tries to hide the truth by burning our heritage!" Galleon's eyes narrowed as he shouted, still struggling against his captors. "But you cannot take it all. We remember the truth, even if you fill our books with lies. So go ahead, take my books and burn them in your 'purity fires', kill my men, kill me...even kill my son. We are not the first martyrs, nor will we be the last. More will take our place, and we will fight you until the day House Thrune lies in ashes!"

Paralictor Aspedai's lips curled in a way that made Isobela's blood run cold. "Oh, but we do not plan to kill you, old man." Aspedai motioned to her signifiers. "Neutralize him."

The wizards nodded and pointed at Galleon, sending streaks of orange light directly into the old man's head. Isobela watched in horror as his eyes lost focus and he stared blankly forward. Young Markus fought to free himself from his shackles, but grew still as his father's silence dragged on.

"What have you done?"

The paralictor chuckled as she crouched to face him. "My job. The Rack swore to serve the throne by protecting the official history. If we must destroy your old versions, erase your accomplishments and your family histories, or cripple your minds to achieve this; then that is what we will do. The question is what will you choose to remember now, Markus?"

"I... uh," the youth looked at his drooling father before hanging his head, "I remember nothing."

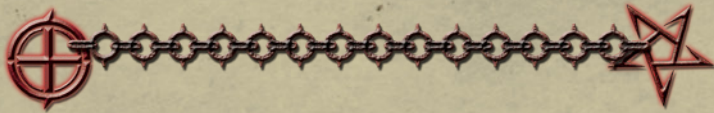
"Excellent," Paralictor Aspedai stood, a cruel smile on her face. "Of course, we will bring you to Citadel Rivad to make sure. Jevan, bring the boy. Someone will find Galleon eventually." With a cold laugh, the paralictor and her men made their way upstairs, dragging Markus with them.

Minutes felt like hours as Isobela waited, listening for the sounds of Hellknights returning. The potion had worn off some time ago, so she moved quietly as she climbed down from the ledge and made her way to Galleon. He stared through her, unseeing. No one deserved to live like that. Tears stinging her eyes, she knelt and drew her dagger.

"I am sorry," she whispered as she drove the blade into his heart. He did not even cry out. It was a kindness, but Isobela still felt horrible.

Pausing by the stairs to drink another invisibility potion, she made her way out of the shop and onto the busy afternoon streets. Isobela would soon be on the next ship to Absalom, and she swore to never step foot in Chelixa again. The next time her Venture Captain asked her to go to Westcrown, she *would* tell him to stuff it! She had saved the pre-Throne history and the knowledge it contained. Isobela had always been taught that knowledge is power, she could only hope it was worth the price. ✘





Knacks of Villainy

By Wojciech "Drejk" Gruchala

Art by Mike Lowe



Both heroes and rascals of Chelias often need to use unsavory tactics. Each time they rely on devious murder, vicious killing and diabolic deals they risk crossing the line that divides hero from villain. For champions of order, the line between good and evil is often blurred.

New Feats

Executioner Adept

You are a trained executioner, a ritualist skilled in bloody sacrifices, or a natural murderer.

Benefits: When you deliver a coup de grace, your weapon's critical hit multiplier increases by 1. When any of your weapon attacks deals massive damage, the resulting saving throw DC increases by 5.

Infernal Etiquette

You have learned nuances of infernal *savoir-faire* and know how to handle conversations with devils and diabolists.

Prerequisites: Knowledge (nobility) 5 ranks and Knowledge (planes) 5 ranks.

Benefits: You gain +2 bonus on Charisma-based ability and skill checks made against devils and a +2 bonus on saving throws against spells, supernatural, and spell-like abilities used by devils. Devils suffer a -2 penalty on saving throws against your spells and spell-like abilities with the language-dependent descriptor or that require or are enhanced by knowledge of the subject's true name.

Unholy Anointment

You can invoke fiendish benedictions upon yourself or others.

Prerequisites: Knowledge (planes) 1 rank; aura of evil, either from aura feature or by possessing at least 5 hit dice and an evil alignment.

Benefits: You can anoint yourself or a willing or helpless humanoid with two vials of unholy water to provide one of the following effects: *endure elements*, *infernal healing*^{ISWG} or *undetected alignment*. Willingly accepting this anointment is a minor evil act.

Rogue Talents

The following talents are appropriate to Chelias-themed characters and campaigns. They can be taken by any rogue that meets the prerequisites.

Angel Slayer: The rogue's sneak attack is treated as evil and inflicts 1 additional point of damage per sneak attack die to creatures with the good subtype or with a good-aligned aura.

False Tongue (Ex): After making a successful saving throw against an effect that detects lies or forces the subject to tell the truth, a rogue with this talent becomes aware of the intended effect. The rogue may then make a Bluff check with a +4 circumstance bonus against a Sense Motive check made by the effect's originator to fool him into thinking the effect succeeded.

False Spirit (Su): When the rogue creates a disguise with the Disguise skill, he may create a false alignment aura appropriate for the created persona that will mask his real alignment aura. Creatures that successfully see past the disguise can detect the real alignment aura, but also detect a dim aura of the false alignment.

Fiend Slayer: The rogue's sneak attack is treated as good and inflicts 1 additional point of damage per sneak attack die to creatures with the evil subtype or with an evil-aligned aura.



Advanced Rogue Talents

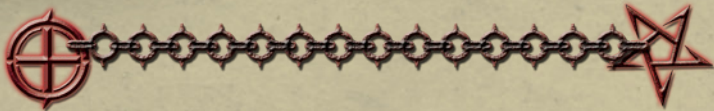
The following advanced talents are appropriate to Chelias-themed characters and campaigns. They can be taken by any rogue who meets the prerequisites. Talents marked with an asterisk (*) add effects to a rogue's sneak attack.

Anchoring Stab* (Su): A victim of an anchoring stab sneak attack may not use any teleportation effect until after the beginning of the rogue's following turn. A successful Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 rogue Level + the rogue's Cha modifier) negates this effect.

Astral Severance* (Su): A victim of an astral severance sneak attack may not use any summoning effects until the beginning of the rogue's following turn. A summoned creature struck by an astral severance is distracted, is unable to receive new commands from its summoner, and instead continues its previous activity. A successful Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 rogue level + the rogue's Cha modifier) negates either effect.

False Heart (Ex): After making a successful saving throw against charm or compulsion effect, a rogue with this talent becomes aware of the intended effect. The rogue may then make a Bluff check with a +4 circumstance bonus against a Sense Motive check made by the effect's originator to fool him into thinking the effect succeeded.

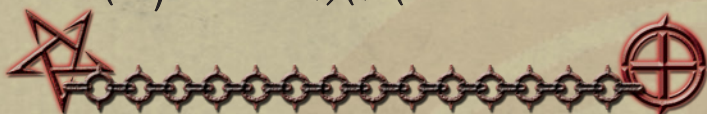
False Thoughts (Ex): After making a successful saving throw against an effect that reads thoughts or memories, a rogue with this talent becomes aware of the intended effect. The rogue may then make a Bluff check with a +4 circumstance bonus against a Sense Motive check made by the effect's originator to fool him into thinking the effect succeeded. ✖



Slipping By or, The Unofficial Official Abridged Guide to Making the Most of Life as a "Slave", by Varin Gullbottom

By Matthew "Helio" Roth

Art by Todd Westcot



So, got a copy of the book, did you? Then let's get this show rolling! First tip? Don't lose this. I'll say it again, in case you're a little thick.

Don't. Lose. This.

This ain't the first edition of this lovely compendium, and I'd be lying if I told you a good many didn't go down the hard way when them devil-licking bosses found out. Now, there's no doubt that our kind get a bit of a beating around the Empire, and you sure don't need a book to tell you that. I'm here to tell you it's not all that bad.

No, no, don't put this down. Don't toss it out neither. Hear me out, will you?

Still reading? Good.

Then here's the second trick: find the right "owner." Now, I say "owner," because by the end of this guide you'll be the master of that relationship. "But Varin," you say, "there's so many evil men who want to purchase and abuse me!" I know, friend, I know. So here's what you do.

You play their game, but better. Read the type, figure out what a buyer wants. Read 'em like you're reading this. Then do the opposite. Want a healthy worker? Cough up a lung. Want a weakling to use for bait, magic, or whatever those folk do? Better start lifting twelve times your weight. Maybe a little, ahem, companionship? Well, we all know how to be undesirable, right?

This don't always work, a'course. You get one of them shady, creepy guys from up north, and you're done. Best thing you can do then is learn to die quickfast.

So how do you know when

you find the right one? Be smart, friend. Not every Chelaxian is evil. Not really. Older ones are good—can't move as fast, can't see as straight. A bit of senility helps, too. Or someone with a larger staff. Easy to lose one little man. Get a rich man, but not too rich. If he don't have a vaneo, keep looking. Don't fall for the common ploys, neither. Women ain't no nicer. And never get a kid. They're the real devils of the Empire.

"Varin, I've got an owner and he's terrible," you say. But you are holding this, are you not? Then you are already partway to success, my friend!

Trick three: become invisible. We're already below notice, and that's in our favor, trust me! Still, there's a fine line between being obedient and being submissive. When your boss says jump, you jump. But don't jump too high. Don't jump like you want to. But don't slack, neither. Act like you're okay with the idea of jumping, and weren't exactly planning to jump at this time or place, but are willing to consider the change of schedule if he really wants you to.

You'll be that little hireling that's dependable, but not too dependable. You're the perfect candidate for all those jobs that need to get done, but don't have to be done just right, or done with some annoying supervision. You'll get those jobs that no one cares enough to watch! Sure, cleaning out the chamber pots is smelly. But no one wants to watch you slave through cleaning those things, neither.

Which brings us to part four.

Slip.

You've built up that reputation of dependability—abuse it! Learn what will and will not be noticed. Hell, if they're buying slaves, they already own too much. They can't watch it all. See what they don't, and make it yours. A few nips of wine? A copper or twenty? An old letter? The silver button of a waistcoat fallen beneath the dresser? The kid's favorite hairpin? Yours.

Now use that dependable role of chamber pot cleaner and stash your stash. Never hide it near where you're supposed to be; never hide it somewhere the boss would want to be.

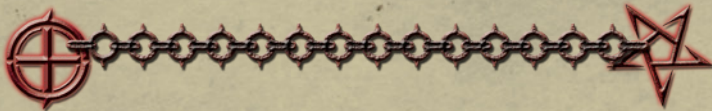
Then slip!

When you get caught in some alleyway by that scary dottari, you can blame the master! You have a signed paper with his name, right there in your pocket. And you're delivering this dumb trinket for his daughter, and won't he be upset when officer such-and-such delayed you!

So slip on down to the bar with those pocketed coppers. Did you know one in ten taverns in Westcrown has a secret back room for folks like us? It's true!*

*Not actually based on fact.

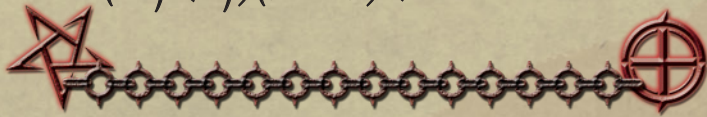




A Musical Interlude Popular Songwriters of Cheliax

By Robert "Snorter" Feather

Art by Crystal Frasier



Arbor Gottfried, political agitator

Arbor is a Bellflower tiller, whose folk songs, distributed under the alias of "Woodsy," have tapped the mood of the disgruntled public.

A homely halfling of almost 50 years, Arbor is proficient at blending into many settings in his work as a Twilight Talon. When among friendly audiences, he dresses in casual but hard-wearing farmer's garb, his armor hidden by a leather waistcoat.

His lute with 12 silver strings and a covering of mysterious red leather is almost as famous as his songs. It is said that the red leather is devil skin, and that as long as the instrument is in his hand, he can resist the temptation or control of any fiend who would sway him from his purpose. Arbor never confirms nor denies these rumors, except to tell his audience that *"this here instrument kills tyrants, fer sure."*

ARBOR "WOODSY" GOTTFRIED **CR 7**

XP 3,200

Male halfling bard 5/Steel Falcon 2 (*Pathfinder Companion: Andoran, Spirit of Liberty 22*)

CG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +12

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 44 (7 HD; 5d8+2d10+7)

Fort +4, **Ref** +9, **Will** +7; +4 vs. bardic performance, sonic, and language-dependent effects; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities heart of freedom

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 *devil-bane rapier* +10 (1d4/18–20)

Special Attacks bardic performance 16 rounds/day (countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +2, inspire courage +2); enemy of slavers

Bard Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +9)

2nd (3/day)—*cure moderate wounds, misdirection, silence* (DC 16)

1st (5/day)—*alarm, cure light wounds, hypnotism* (DC 15), *sleep* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*daze* (DC 14), *detect magic, light, lullaby* (DC 14), *message, sift*

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 10,

Wis 8, **Cha** 18



Base Atk +5; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 17

Feats Iron Will, Lingering Performance, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +5 (+1 jump), Bluff +14, Climb +6, Diplomacy +14, Disguise +8, Escape Artist +7, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (local) +7, Linguistics +4, Perception +10, Perform (string) +14, Profession (sailor) +4, Sense Motive +7, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +14, Survival +4, Use Magic Device +8; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Acrobatics, +2 Climb, +2 Perception

Languages Common, Gnome, Halfling

SQ bardic knowledge +2, heroic speech 6/day, inspire competence +2, lore master 1/day, luck of the eagle, sailor and survivalist, superior aid, versatile performance (string)

Combat Gear +1 *devil-bane rapier*; **Other Gear** +1 *mithral chain shirt*, custom silver-stringed lute (as *harp of charming*, fireproof, with a compartment to conceal his rapier), additional gear appropriate for his current false identity

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Enemy of Slavers (Ex) Arbor gains a +2 bonus on Bluff, Knowledge, Perception, Sense Motive, and Survival checks against slavers and slave-owners. Likewise, he gets a +2 bonus on weapon attack and damage rolls against them. This is treated as a favored enemy bonus.

Exceptional Resources (Ex) Arbor has resources and gear equivalent to a PC. This increases his CR by 1.

Heart of Freedom (Ex) Arbor gains a +4 morale bonus to saving throws against charm and compulsion effects and attempts to possess his body or mind.

Heroic Speech (Ex) Arbor can inspire his allies with tales of greatness and heroism. This functions like the inspire courage aspect of bardic performances, treating Arbor's Steel Falcon class level as his bard level for determining the effect; Arbor's Steel Falcon class levels stack with his bard levels to determine the effect of this ability and the effect of his inspire courage bard ability. Arbor can use this ability a number of rounds per day equal to his class level plus his Charisma modifier.

Luck of the Eagle (Ex) Once per day, Arbor can re-roll any one d20 roll, but he must take the new roll, even if it is lower.

Sailor and Survivalist (Ex) Arbor adds his level to Profession (sailor) checks and Survival checks to get along in the wild and navigate in the wilderness.

Superior Aid (Ex) When performing the aid another action in combat, Arbor grants a +4 bonus on the ally's attack or to the ally's Armor Class instead of the normal +2.

Abrogail's Wars *

I was a sailor, a navigator

I was a midshipman from Andoran shores

I raised a family in times of adversity

With threats to my sanity, in Abrogail's wars

I sailed those waters, brought sons and daughters
Into the slaughter, to defend what was right
For ours is a land that respects the rights of Man
While theirs only recognizes cruelty and might

I kept my faith and I kept praying
For the return of Humanity's Lord
For mine is a dream of people united
And theirs is the rack, the flame and the sword

Theirs is a kingdom where rich men get richer
 Mine is a republic that gives help to the poor
 My nation's vocation is self-determination
 Free of depredation from Asmodeus's whore

Call up the masons, bring me the quarrymen
 Build me a wall 'round that forsaken land
 For I'll never bow to kiss the Arch-Devil's ring,
 When grandfather stood tall and shook Aroden's
 hand

One day our young men never need fight again
 Daughters craft plowshares from the unwanted swords
 We'll stand as one nation, in dedication
 To the heroes who saved us from Abrogail's wars.

* (to tune of 'Between the Wars', by Billy Bragg)

Federico Castrovél, flamboyant tenor

As a young tiefling living rough on the streets, Federico's vocal talents were recognized by a local priest, and he was formally adopted, given a new, appropriately Chelish forename, and trained in the operatic tradition.

Performing as "Castrovél," after the vibrant planet of the same name, he soon became an object of curiosity for the jaded nobility of the capital. His exotic appearance made him a natural to play infernal characters, especially descending from the rafters as Asmodeus to pronounce judgment on the cast.

These frequent requests to play Chelixa's patron have encouraged an extreme traditionalist stance, and unusually for a non-human, he has become a vocal supporter of Chelish expansion, writing his own material calling for the extension of current borders and repatriation of former territories. His most famous duet, in which he was accompanied by Paracountess Aulamaxa, resulted in record sales of war bonds for the Chelish Navy.

FEDERICO CASTROVEL CR 6

XP 2,400

Male tiefling fighter (unarmed fighter^{UC}) 2/bard 5
 N Medium outsider (native)

Init +3, **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10 (+3 Dex)

hp 47 (7 HD; 2d10+5d8+9)

Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +4; +4 vs. bardic performance, sonic, and language-dependent effects, +1 vs. exhausted, fatigued, staggered, or temporary penalties to ability scores

Defensive Abilities harsh training; **Resist** cold 5, electricity 5, fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mithral rapier +6 (1d6/18-20), unarmed strike +6 (1d3+1)

Special Attacks bardic performance 20 rounds/day (countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +2, inspire courage +2)

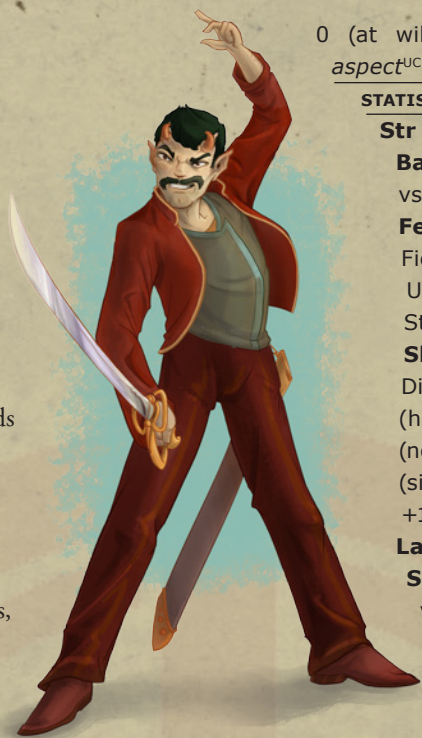
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th, concentration +9)

3/day—*darkness*

Bard Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +7)

2nd (3/day)—*alter self*, *blistering invective*^{UC} (DC 14), *suggestion* (DC 14)

1st (5/day)—*clarion call*^{Ko1S}, *vanish*, *ventriloquism* (DC 13), *youthful appearance*^{UM}



0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *ghost sound*, *haunted Fey aspect*^{UC}, *light*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 14, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +5 (+7 grapple); **CMD** 18 (20 vs. grapple)

Feats Combat Expertise, Extra Performance, Fiendish Darkness^{BoF}, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Skill Focus (Perform [sing]), Tiger Style^{UC}

Skills Acrobatics +11, Bluff +15, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Linguistics +7, Perception +8, Perform (sing) +15, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +8, Stealth +11; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Bluff, +2 Stealth

Languages Common, Infernal, Kelish, Varisian

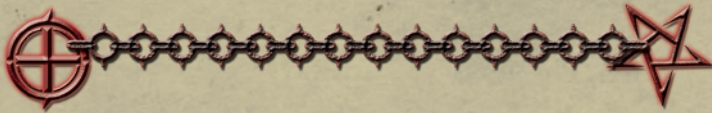
SQ bardic knowledge +2, lore master 1/day, versatile performance (sing)

Combat Gear mithral rapier; **Other Gear** *amulet of mighty fists* +1, *cloak of resistance* +1

My Egorian**

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| (Male) I had this perfect dream. | (M) Tell the drums to pound |
| (Female) A vision long awaited. | (F) Hoofbeats on the ground |
| (M) A dream of victory. | (M) Let the trumpets sound |
| (F) Divinely created. | (F) Ahhhhhhhh |
| (M) The whole world bowed to me. | (M) Make the forges ring |
| (F) Kings would bend their knees. | (F) Let the hammers sing |
| (Both) The rulers of all nations | (M) Start reunification! |
| Supine in adoration | (F) Reunite! |
| Now my dream is slowly coming true. | (M) Arise! |
| (M) Just as an insect's wings | (F) Arise! |
| (F) Be my flaming Monarch! | (M) Come strive! |
| (M) Can freeze the Linnorm Kings, | (F) Strive! |
| (F) I will be your Swallowtail! | (M) And seize hold of the reins of your lives! |
| (B) When we all rise together, | (B) Aaaah, aaaah, making us feel alive! |
| Our enemies can never | Oooh! |
| Stand against our combined potency. | (M) My Egorian! |
| My Egorian! | Our sails block out the horizon, |
| (M) You inspire me to be | (F) My Egorian! |
| (F) My Egorian! | (M) We can stand 'gainst anyone. |
| (M) All that I can be! | (B) For you I will withstand the fires of a thousand suns! |
| The nations of the world cannot defy | (M) My Egorian! |
| Manifest Destiny! | (F) Banners are calling. |
| (B) My Egorian! | (M) My Egorian! |
| (F) Heavens split asunder! | (F) We can take on all the world! |
| Wonder of all wonders! | (M) Asmodeus willing |
| (M) And the gods were forced to | (F) Asmodeus willing |
| (B) Bless us till the end | (B) Asmodeus willing |
| Of days. | We'll stand until the end! |
| | Together! |
| | (M) Our Egorian! |

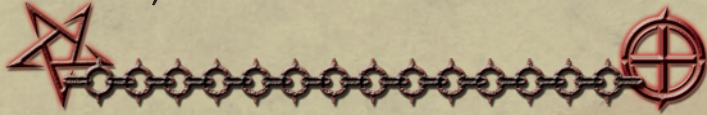
** (to tune of 'Barcelona', by Freddie Mercury) ☆



Sons of the Tear

By Jason "owenstreetpress" Black

Art by Remi "Rambolt" Thorensen



SONS OF THE TEAR

Alignment: NE

Headquarters: Portside Emporium, Hinji

Leaders: Sahra Crispin, Aakif the Sailor

Prominent Members: Shivkah, Iacobus Maryl, Ebb, Flow

Structure: Criminal matriarchy

Scope: Local

Resources: Portside Emporium, several manor houses and tenement homes, around 100,000 gp in coins and liquid assets

Drug use isn't uncommon in Cheliox, but organized distribution of those drugs is relatively rare. Rarer still is an unsanctioned, criminal organization dedicated to distributing drugs, which is what makes the Sons of the Tear unique. Like "ice tears," the drug they control, the Sons are new, mysterious, and not of Chelish origin. Ice tears started showing up in the bustling port of Hinji only about a decade ago, but they are already quite popular with the lower class. Ice tears are hallucinogenic, granting users visions of people from their past and, sometimes, their future. The drug also gives users a sense of great personal power, as if they can do anything. This is a valuable feeling for those trying to climb the social ladder, which in Cheliox is pretty much everyone. Perhaps the strangest effect of the drug, and the one which most appeals to those fishermen and sailors who work the Inner Sea, is the drug's tendency to make users resistant to cold for hours at a time. It is also highly addictive, making it quite lucrative for the Sons of the Tear, despite low street prices.

Structure and Leadership

Despite their name, the Sons of the Tear are not all men. In fact, they are led by a woman named Sahra Crispin. The Sons were founded ten years ago by Sahra's Katapeshi father. When he died, control of the organization moved to his son, Sahra's half-brother. After her half-brother tried to push her out of the business, Sahra killed him, and set her loyal followers upon his. The organization runs much more smoothly now, albeit with a touch more brutality. For the last four years Sahra has maintained control of the day to day operations of the drug trade. She is largely known to the outside world as the owner and operator of the Portside Emporium. She generally keeps a low profile and rarely appears in public. Few actually know she's in charge of the Sons, and she likes it that way.

The Portside Emporium, or just the Portside as it is often called, is a bustling warehouse where visitors can find traders of a wide variety of goods, mostly legal but some certainly not. She keeps several guards—the Sons refer to them as soldiers—on the premises at all

times, although they blend in quite well. The Portside sometimes gets rowdy as traders celebrate deals and safe journeys, but anyone who has done any business with the Sons knows to keep it to a dull roar. A secret door in Sahra's office leads to a counting room, where she keeps enough coin to cover daily operating costs under magical lock and key.

The Sons do not make ice tears, Sahra doesn't even know how they're made—though she would literally kill to find out. Instead, they are shipped to the city by a Katapeshi trader named Aakif the Sailor, although he doesn't do much sailing these days except on pleasure boats. Aakif is a small man, bald with a neatly trimmed beard. He runs an import and export business in the city, one which is largely legitimate, and very lucrative. He is quick with a smile, although anyone who has spent much time with him knows there is no joy behind it. Aakif's involvement in the Sons ends at the delivery of the drug, although he keeps a very close eye on the Sons from his position adjacent to, if not properly within, the group. He and Sahra trust each other, if only because they depend on each other for profit.

Several other prominent members help with daily operations and are well paid for their work. Shivkah, a towering Garundi woman who rarely speaks above a whisper, is in charge of the Sons' soldiers and acts as Sahra's personal bodyguard. The two are almost never apart and Sahra often asks Shivkah for advice. Iacobus Maryl is a Chelish barrister representing both Sahra and Aakif. He handles their legal concerns, especially their legitimate business dealings. Maryl is charming, intelligent, and ruthless, with cunning and a knowledge of bribery that has served the Sons for years.

Finally there are Ebb and Flow, Sahra's top dealers. Ebb is a Shoanti woman, and Flow a Varisian man, neither of whom likes the other. They both respect the leadership of the Sons, though, and are loyal employees. They split the Sons' territory between them: Ebb in charge of dealers working the west side and Flow in charge of the east. They are largely autonomous and maintain a small army of lesser dealers between them who handle the actual selling of the drug. Rumor has it that they're looking to promote someone to help move the business deeper into the city.

Goals

The primary goal of the Sons of the Tear is to make money, and they're good at it. Sahra owns a modest manor house, while Ebb and Flow and several of their subordinates own smaller homes. Maryl has sunk a fair amount of the Sons' money into property, and they own three tenement houses—one of which is gearing up to be the base of operations for a third district as the Son's expand their territory—and of course the Portside. They also have stakes in several legitimate businesses around the city.

So far, ice tears have not made any headway outside of Hinji,



Ice Tears (drug)

Ice tears are small, clear lozenges with a light blue tint.

ICE TEARS

Type ingested; **Addiction** major, Fortitude DC 20

Price 10 gp

Effect 5 hours; cold resistance 5

Damage 1d2 Con and 1d2 Wis damage



and nobody else is dealing the drug in the city. A few have approached Aakif about getting in on the trade, but he has always politely explained that he has a contract with the Sons and contracts must not be broken. Then those individuals are politely murdered and their bodies are never found. Nobody has asked him about the drugs in some time.

Sahra wants to expand her operation beyond the boundaries of Hinji and would like, eventually, to expand beyond Cheliox. Aakif recommends expanding slowly, as production of ice tears can't keep up with the significant increases in demand Sahra is talking about, but Maryl assures his clients that more demand but lower supply would make for higher profits. For the time being, Sahra has resigned herself to expanding the market within Hinji itself, which thus far does not extend much beyond the waterfront and the slums that immediately border it.

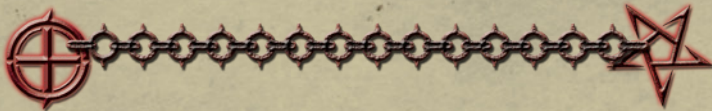
Public Perception

Perceptions of the Sons vary, depending on who's talking about them. All admit that they are ruthless and successful; but while some admire these traits, others fear them. Addicts tend to think well of the Sons while high, less so when going through withdrawal, but Sahra and Aakif keep the drug cheap enough that such opinions are weighted toward the positive. There are some locals who have been outspoken in their dislike of the Sons, but these same people tend to complain about any kind of vice in Cheliox, and they tend to be ignored. Many of the poor believe their only hope of success in life is to join the ranks of the Sons as soldiers or dealers, ensuring a steady flow of potential recruits. Since there are no other drug dealers of any kind in their territory, there is no competition for these recruits or their customers' coin.

Several members of the local government have taken notice of the Sons and ice tears, but they have yet to do anything about the group. Maryl is a magician with a bribe and keeps most attention off the group. There are just enough addicts within the middle and upper echelons of Hinji society that there isn't much social pressure to deal with them. Rumor has it that ice tears are made from the blood of daemons, which has caught the attention of some of the more diabolic leadership in Hinji. They aren't willing to act without proof though, and they certainly aren't going to bring it up to the Empress without having put the problem, if indeed there is one, to rest.

The Hellknights are always a threat, but they're a threat to everyone. Having grown up in Cheliox, Sahra knows this. So far she has managed to avoid catching their eye. Unbeknownst to Sahra, the Council of Thieves in Westcrown is keeping close tabs on her operation. The last poor fool who was silently eliminated by Aakif was an agent of the group, a fact of which Aakif was reasonably sure at the time. ✖





Chelish Archetypes

By Russell "Kaartus" Litzkow

Art by Alberto "Eester-Naissen"

Ortiz Leon



Subversive (Rogue)

The streets of Westcrown are a dangerous place, doubly so for those unlucky enough to be born poor or other than human. A subversive is a rogue who hides her misfortunes well and blends in among the downtrodden masses. By allowing those in power to believe she is just another helpless individual, she manipulates her cruel masters and overseers.

One of the Many (Ex): A subversive adds a bonus equal to 1/2 her rogue level (minimum +1) on Disguise and Bluff checks made to impersonate or deceive others. This ability replaces trapfinding.

Apologetic Grace (Ex): At 3rd level, a subversive learns to appease those who might harm her, giving her a +2 bonus on Diplomacy checks to change the disposition of hostile, unfriendly or indifferent creatures. This bonus increases by +2 for every three levels (+4 at 6th level, +6 at 9th level, up to +8 at 18th level). This ability replaces trap sense.

Compliant Mind (Ex): At 8th level, a subversive gains the ability to detect and disguise her thoughts from magical intrusion. If she fails a Will save to negate the effects of *detect thoughts* or similar spells and effects, the subversive becomes aware of the mental intrusion and gains a +10 circumstance bonus on Bluff checks to conceal her true surface thoughts, opposed by the intruder's Sense Motive check. This ability replaces improved uncanny dodge.

Rogue Talents: The following rogue talents complement the subversive archetype: charmer, convincing lie, honeyed words, obfuscate story, scavenger, minor magic.

Advanced Talents: The following advanced rogue talents complement the subversive archetype: hard to fool, master of disguise, rumormonger, slippery mind, thoughtful reexamining, redirect attack.

Sulfurous Hulk (Alchemist)

There are certain types of individuals who don't just survive but thrives in Chelias: the polite, the devout, the canny, the strong, and the powerful. The sulfurous hulk is one of the canny and the strong, an alchemist who, through rigorous experimentation, incorporates aspects of fiends into his very being, using their strength to augment his alchemically enhanced form.

Stench of the Pit (Su): At 2nd level, whenever the sulfurous hulk imbibes a mutagen, he surrounds himself with odorous sulfur, forcing those within 10 ft. of him to make a Fortitude Save each round (DC 10 + 1/2 alchemist level + Con modifier) or be sickened. Creatures that do not breathe or are immune to poison are immune to this effect. A sulfurous hulk is unaffected by his own use of stench of the pit. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected by the sulfurous hulk's stench for 24 hours. This is a poison effect. This ability replaces poison use.

Call the Infernal (Su): At 3rd level, the sulfurous hulk gains *summon monster I* as a spell-like ability, usable a number of times per day equal to his Charisma bonus (minimum 1) with a caster level equal to his alchemist level. The creatures summoned always have the fiendish template regardless of the sulfurous hulk's actual alignment and may not gain other templates that would change its alignment. This ability replaces swift alchemy.

Burning Apotheosis (Su): At 6th level, whenever the sulfurous hulk imbibes a mutagen, he gains fire resistance equal to his alchemist class level. Additionally, attacks he makes with melee weapons while under the mutagen's effects deal bonus fire damage equal to his Con modifier. This ability replaces swift poisoning.

Discoveries: The following discoveries complement the sulfurous hulk archetype: feral mutagen, infuse mutagen, elemental mutagen, spontaneous healing, vestigial arm, wings.

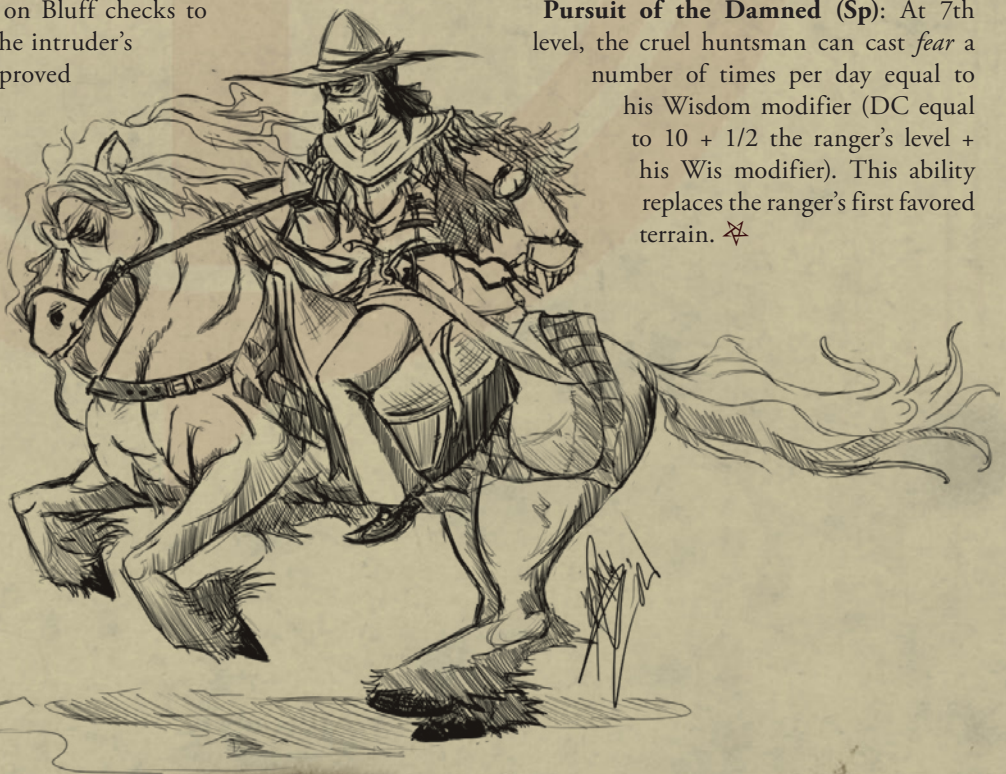
Cruel Huntsmen (Ranger)

The cruel huntsman is dedicated to chasing down those who have broken free of their bonds or contracts, riding down their quarry on brimstone-hooved steeds.

Proof of Competence (Ex): At 1st level, a cruel huntsman gains *Infernal* as a bonus language and a bonus on Diplomacy checks when dealing with devils equal to his highest favored enemy bonus. This ability modifies the favored enemy ability and replaces wild empathy.

Dark Bond (Ex): At 4th level, a cruel huntsman must choose the animal companion bond and gains a horse companion. His animal companion gains the fiendish creature template with spell resistance equal to the ranger's level + 5.

Pursuit of the Damned (Sp): At 7th level, the cruel huntsman can cast *fear* a number of times per day equal to his Wisdom modifier (DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the ranger's level + his Wis modifier). This ability replaces the ranger's first favored terrain. ✖

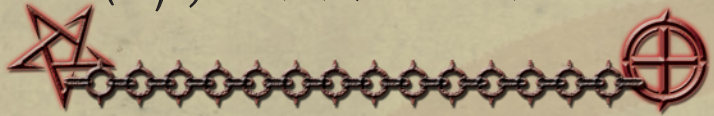




Dark Dealers: The Devil's Advocate

By Garrett Guillotte

Art by Gabrielle Clark Bruer



Devil's Advocate (Rogue archetype)

Diabolic diplomacy is a unique breed of challenge—it takes special skills and moral flexibility to achieve any political advantage in the twisted government of Cheliah. The devil's advocate is equal parts mediator and spymaster, excelling in bureaucratic arenas by charming, deceiving, outwitting, or stabbing those who impede her patron.

Weapon Proficiency: The devil's advocate is proficient with simple weapons only.

Class Skills: The devil's advocate adds Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (history), and Knowledge (planes) to her list of class skills and removes Acrobatics and Knowledge (dungeoneering) from her list of class skills.

Patronage (Su): A devil's advocate draws power from service to her patron, in the way of Favors. A potential patron must be an outsider, a dragon, or have the Leadership feat and must have a Helpful attitude toward the devil's advocate. The devil's advocate need not be a cohort of her patron. The advocate swears her loyalty by making a Diplomacy check (DC 15 + the patron's Wisdom modifier). If she succeeds, she gains one Favor. If she fails, she cannot petition that patron again for one week.

A devil's advocate may have only one patron at a time. If she defects to another patron, she forfeits all Favors and the former patron's attitude toward her turns Hostile.

A devil's advocate who has sworn loyalty to a patron may earn a



Favor by rolling a natural 20 on an attack roll or any skill check made in a stressful situation in service to her patron, or by swearing her loyalty again. She may only swear her loyalty for a Favor once per week. A devil's advocate's maximum number of Favors equals to her level plus her Charisma modifier.

As a free action, a devil's advocate may spend one Favor before rolling any skill check or save, gaining a +1 circumstance bonus on the roll. If the devil's advocate's patron is a devil, she instead gains a +2 profane bonus and may choose to spend her Favor after rolling. However, she is also treated as having an evil alignment for the purposes of all spells and abilities, regardless of her actual alignment. These bonuses increase by +1 at 5th level and every five levels beyond to a maximum of +5/+6 at 20th level.

If the devil's advocate has no Favors, she takes a -1 penalty to all attacks, saves, and skill checks. This ability replaces trapfinding and trap sense.

Entreaty (Sp): At 4th level, a devil's advocate may compel action from any creature considered Friendly or Helpful toward her patron once per day. The target is charmed for one hour as per the *charm monster* spell. If the target is helpful toward her patron they receive no save. Otherwise, they receive a Will save to negate the effect (DC 10 + 1/2 devil's advocate level + her Cha modifier). The devil's advocate may spend a Favor to extend the effect's duration to one day, or deny a Friendly creature a save. She gains one additional use of this ability per day for every four levels beyond 4th. This ability replaces uncanny dodge.

Détente (Ex): Once per day at 8th level, as her first combat action, a devil's advocate may attempt a Diplomacy check with a DC equal to 10 + the number of intelligent enemies within 120 feet + the highest Charisma modifier among the enemies. If successful, all enemies within 60 feet of the devil's advocate are considered Indifferent toward her and her allies for 1 round. The devil's advocate may spend a Favor to extend the effect's duration to 1 minute. This ability replaces improved uncanny dodge.

Rogue Talents: The following rogue talents complement the devil's advocate: coax information^{APG}, convincing lie^{UC}, guileful polyglot^{APG}, hard to fool^{APG}, honeyed words^{APG}, obfuscate story^{ARG}, steal the story^{ARG}.

When selecting rogue talents, a devil's advocate also has access to the following new talent.

Plenipotentiary Mastery (Ex): Once per day, a devil's advocate with this talent may add her Diplomacy skill ranks as a competence bonus to her next Perception, Bluff, Intimidate, or Sense Motive skill check.

Advanced Talents: The following advanced rogue talents complement the devil's advocate: hard minded^{APG}, rumor monger^{UC}, skill mastery, thoughtful reexamining^{APG}. When selecting advanced talents, a devil's advocate also has access to the following new talent.

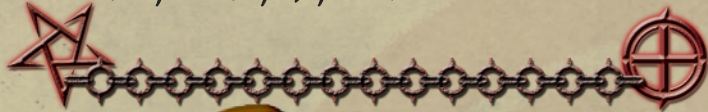
Diplomatic Immunity (Su): Once per day, a devil's advocate with this talent may re-roll any save against a mind-affecting enchantment spell or effect and use the greater of the two results. ✖



Words from Many Roads: Cheliax

By Russell "Soricel Minoi Mousefeet"
Schneider

Art by Katey "Jyuichi" Neve



My fellow Wayfinders, too long has it been since I've brought you all tales of my journeys. What better way to return to pen and page than with tales of Cheliax and its wonders. From this venture I bring you tales of a dead god, beasts that lurk in shadows, fiends that possess bodies, and dolls that roam the halls of Delvehaven.

So read on my friends and be wary, for more than cutpurses stalk the night in these lands.

Body Possession

Oh fiend,
Whispering softly
In my head,
Such thoughts
I know you've read.
I want it all
So don't you tease,
Grant me power
If you please.

Oh mortal,
To my plans
You're blind,
For I have
Sickened your mind.
These thoughts I must confess,
For it's your body
I'll soon possess.

Aroden's Fall

Upon a hill
I stood,
And saw below
A city,
In chaos,
From the heavens
You fell.
Through
Smoke and fire,
We died.
Our hearts now
Lie broken,
No more prayers
To be spoken.

Bisby's Dolls

Come play
In our darkened 'haven,
We wish a game
So don't be craven.
You will hide
And we shall seek,
So much fun
Will make you shriek,
We'll count to ten
Then come after,
And soon, our friend
We'll all share laughter.

Shadow Beasts

Out in
The dark,
Away from
The light,
Eye glowing red,
Oh! What a fright.
So quick,
Come in
Don't stay out,
For beasts of shadow
Lurk about. ✘

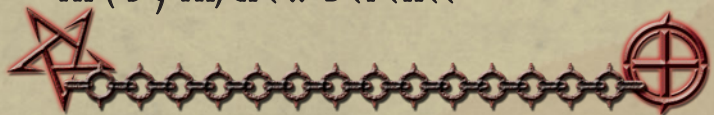


Side Trek Encounter

Troll Interview

By James Thomas

Art by Andrew DeFelice



A tall, heavily-muscled man, an emaciated tiefling woman, and a beady-eyed halfling with a perpetual grin approach a black bearded figure in a shadowy corner of the Mask of Shelyn tavern.

“The sweaty, fat man told us you were seeking swords.”

Without looking up the man sips his drink and says, “Sit down. I’ll explain.”

The three find their seats in the darkness. The man eyes each of them passionlessly and continues, “To be considered for the Devildrome you must first pass an interview.”

Before any competitor sets foot in the Devildrome, they must pass a rigorous audition process. The first test is learning where to meet the recruiter, which can be accomplished with a DC 15 Diplomacy check to gather the information. The black-bearded recruiter screens out riffraff and has the best candidates escorted in a windowless carriage to an abandoned warehouse somewhere in the Parego Dospera (the ruined northern section of Westcrown). The interviewees are herded through an iron side entrance and up a rickety staircase to a larger door, yawning open to darkness beyond.

Inside, a well-dressed, middle-aged man at a small desk introduces himself as Mortimer, smiles warmly, and steps forward to shake the applicants’ hands. Behind the desk is a large cube covered in a thick, dark tarp. He motions the candidates to a line of stools as attendants close and bolt the door behind them and a low grunt rumbles from beneath the tarp.

The interviewer cheerfully thanks the candidates for coming and proceeds to ask them a series of interview questions while jotting down notes. Mortimer’s questions might include:

- Why did you apply for this competition?
- Tell me something about your combat experience?
- What are your particular talents?
- What is the most dangerous opponent you’ve defeated?
- Have you had any defeats?
- Why should we feature your team in the competition?

As Mortimer scribbles notes on the PCs’ responses, munching sounds emanate from beneath the tarp. If asked about the locked door, Mortimer tells them it is just a security precaution. If asked about the sounds, Mortimer smiles and tells the PCs, “That’s for later in the interview.”

When he finishes asking questions, Mortimer will say, “Please step back a few paces and prepare for a demonstration.” The interviewer then calmly removes the drape to reveal a large cage with a troll (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary*) sitting inside, eating apples from a basket. He sighs and rises lazily.

Mortimer happily exclaims, “In a moment, I will open the cage door. Earnest, here, will come out and give you a chance to show off your skills!”

Mortimer ignores any further questions the candidates fire at him, opens the cage, and walks to the far corner of the room.

Earnest the troll stretches and cracks his knuckles loudly, then coldly regards his opponents.

Earnest’s objective is to bring down as many of the candidates as he can. If the candidates win the fight by bringing the troll to negative hit points without permanently killing him, the interviewer congratulates them and offers them *potions of cure light wounds*. Earnest will spend some time recovering before facing the next set of candidates. Attendants hurry in to clean up the blood and any spent ammunition. If the PCs kill the troll, Mortimer screams and flees the scene to tell his employers what happened.

Unless he flees, Mortimer thanks the candidates for coming and tells them a messenger will notify them if they have been accepted into the competition. They are then taken by the windowless carriage back to where they met the recruiter.

Those who pass the interview are ready to meet their employer (a ringmaster, noble scion, or a noble’s agent) to discuss terms of employment. If the PCs are competing in the Devildrome, a games official meets them after sundown, along with a small crew of muscular attendants. They collect the PCs and bring them to their new quarters adjacent to the hidden games venue. A successful DC 21 Diplomacy, Intimidate or Sense Motive check allows the PCs to learn about their opponents or place bets of their own. The rest will be sporting history! ✘

Adventure Path tie-in

This CR 5 encounter is set in Westcrown’s illegal Devildrome cage-fight arena (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #27: What Lies In Dust*). However, it could be adapted for any Chelish combat arena frequented by locals seeking bloody entertainment. Alternatively, a noble house may use the interview to screen mercenaries.

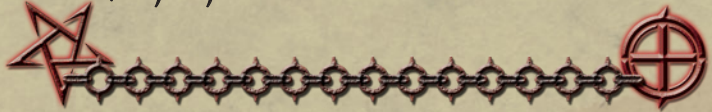




Carrigan's Contracts

By Scott "Curaigh" Janke

Art by Tyler Clark



Carrigan watched the fleshy fist slam into the brick, its glowing veins flowing into the mortar like lava. The mortar melted and streamed from the joints, even as the brick splintered and shattered.

Carrigan ran across the street. He had meant to replace the timbers on his warehouse last spring, and perhaps the creature knew this. It attacked the foundation pieces. When they fell, the three-story structure would collapse like a concertina. "No! It's in there! Everything's in..." He drew a silver dagger as he ran. "Stop! I'll be ruined!"

The creature flicked a hand at him. Carrigan flew through the evening air into an alley. Cobblestones dug into his shoulders as his legs crumpled. His mouth filled with blood and something in his chest popped. Carrigan struggled to stand, but an invisible force held him down. He heard his building groan under the ruthless smashing. Magical wards screeched when the first fist-size hole appeared.

"Help! Somebody?" Carrigan shouted. "Somebody stop it!" But the words were muffled as a magical silence descended over him. Most passers by simply ran. Bolts of arcane flame encouraged those who did stop to do the same. Carrigan tried to turn toward the bolts' origin, but the force held him tight. With great effort he managed to twist a hand to the slender rod of metal on his belt. Normally he would never use the item's enchantment on so small a spell, but Carrigan's livelihood was at stake. Everything in that building could be destroyed. To make matters worse, not all of the contents were his.

He closed his eyes, focused on the necessary magic, and mouthed the words. When he opened them again, arcane energy filled his pupils. Tendrils of amethyst color passed in front of his vision like wisps of smoke. He concentrated on the pounding devil even as the mortar of one corner melted and ten feet of wall crumbled away. The wisps in his eyes coalesced around the creature, and Carrigan saw a silver strand of energy trailing away: the residual magic that brought the creature to this world. He focused on that magical trail.

In his vision it turned into black fire surrounding a curved red devil's fang. Another arcane bolt crossed his field of view, targeting at a would-be rescuer. In the magic, he saw the same red fang surrounded by black flames.

"Gods!" he groaned. He had seen the mark before, when he had broken into an office of house Arbodock.

He had received word the Arbodocks were favored to win a lucrative contract and entered from the roof using magic to mask any sounds.

Suspended on a rope, he rifled through their papers. Then, with the slender rod at his belt, he cast a spell to send an accomplice the contract's bottom line while a second, eye-catching accomplice delayed the rival's messenger. With the stolen information, Carrigan had underbid the Arbodocks to win over the client. He now recalled the family's logo at the top of the contract: a red devil's fang surrounded by black flames.

"Gods!" he moaned again. He watched the devil smash another huge hole in the warehouse wall. The building began to collapse. Liquefied mortar and splintered bricks crashed down and were swallowed in a cloud of smoke and white dust.

"I'm ruined."

Carrigan realized the silence had lifted when he heard a low chortling from behind him. "Ruined? Yes, I suppose you are," said a man's voice. "I think someone as clever as you would have anticipated ruin *before* you tried to cheat us."

"Arbodock! How...?" Carrigan started to ask but the voice just laughed again. Another floor of his warehouse crashed and the rumble drowned him out. When it passed, the voice continued.

"How, indeed. Why would you ever choose such a remarkably delicious woman to distract our man? He remembered her, and she, of course, remembered you. She remembered you quite well. And you were so clever getting into our offices unheard."

The last wall crashed into the basement of Carrigan's building. More magical wards sent screeching wails into the night air.

"The deep wards? You got through them too?"

Carrigan's only answer was more laughter, which receded as the person moved away. "Of course."

A crowd was finally gathering, including neighboring guards with buckets, but they wouldn't do anything to stop the flames unless their employers' structures were threatened.

A sudden siren in the distance rose in pitch, growing louder as it approached. With a pop, three armored guards appeared on the scene. Carrigan recognized the dark purple of their cloaks. One pointed at the warehouse then disappeared into the smoky rubble. The second rushed the devil, sword swinging, as the third began the incantation for an identification spell. When the devil tried to strike back, the second guard's armor and cloak burst apart, leaving a towering figure with wings of flame. The new fiend grabbed the lesser devil by the wrists and wrenched it to its knees.

Carrigan was suddenly free of his invisible bonds. His arms floundered as the force released him, and he tried to sit up. The caster spun about, her eyes settled on him. She floated toward him, stopping over his form. The purple cloak billowed over the cobblestones, even though her feet were several inches higher.

Carrigan collapsed and felt his mouth fill with blood again, a warm thick stream running down the back of his neck. The mage looked at him, then to the alley behind him.

"Lady Zeterzond." He tried to speak, but only a gurgled sound came out, "It was... It..."

"Arbodock House. I know."

"He, he didn't get through my wards. He wouldn't have to crush... the whole building..." The woman looked down at him, deciding whether the mess below her was worth talking to. "He was after something else. Not your..."

Carrigan stopped before saying any more. "Did he get...? Did the

**"Ruined? Yes, I suppose you are,"
the voice began. "I think someone as
clever as you would have anticipated
ruin before you tried to cheat us."**



collapse...?”

The first guard rushed out of the smoke. He brought a bundle wrapped in his purple cloak to the woman. The mage murmured another spell while looking under the cloak, then returned to Carrigan. “You seem to have kept your promise.”

Carrigan let out a sigh, though it hurt his ribs to do so.

Six months ago, this woman in the purple cloak came seeking this promise. Carrigan remembered watching the play of light on her long black hair and how it almost matched the purple of the cloak. Discretion and protection, she had asked. Her daughter carried a child and the father was unknown. She said she was with one of House Thrune’s men, which meant immeasurable favors. But divinations hinted this was not entirely the case, and the resulting half-breed would bury Lady Zeterzond in unrecoverable embarrassment. “Keep her alive, safe and hidden until her term ends.”

Carrigan carefully kept the words “whole, unharmed, or hale” out of the contract. “Alive and safe” was his promise. And though the woman will have suffered some permanent damage, well, the extremes to which his enemies went could not be blamed on him.

“She is alive. Healers will have to see to her arms and face. She may lose both. Right now, her term ends early.” She looked at the beaten man and decided the alley was private enough. “Speaking of ending early,” she said. “House Arbodock’s rise in power has a date with us.”

Carrigan knew it would only be a pair of smoldering eyes in the darkness. A bag landed at his feet and clinked as it settled. The laugh turned into a voice that scratched his skull like smoke on the back of his throat.

The woman whipped around and signaled her entourage. The guard leapt into the air, trailed by a whistle as he flew off. The fiend bowed, and then disappeared, taking the first devil bound in chains of green energy with it. “Discretion is still required.” Then the woman rose into the air, her purple robes and black hair whipping in the wind.

Carrigan hands glowed with white light. The pain in his broken chest eased as he passed them over his wounds. He got to his feet and examined the damage, watching the smoke from the alley for an hour or so. His warehouse was a smoldering pile of dust and rubble. His back ached and he couldn’t quite straighten it. Onlookers grew bored as the damage was contained. Eventually they left. Scavengers would arrive in a couple of hours, though they wouldn’t find anything of value.

A loud rich laugh startled him. He didn’t look to its source. Carrigan knew it would only be a pair of smoldering eyes in the darkness. A bag landed at his feet and clinked as it settled. The laugh turned into a voice that scratched his skull like smoke on the back of his throat.

“Well done. An excellent job. In less than a year both houses will be teetering on ruin.” Carrigan resisted the urge to cough.

“Three,” he said, lifting the same number of fingers. “I brokered a treaty of sorts. War is expensive.”

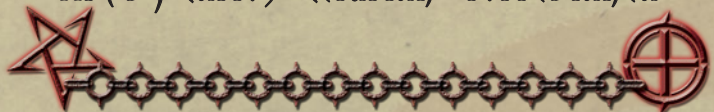
The rich laugh burst from the darkness again as Carrigan collected his money and left. ✘



Heroes' Hoard: Deck of Devilish Bargains

By Frank "GM_Solspiral" Gori

Art by Carlos "Celurian" Torreblanca



DECK OF DEVILISH BARGAINS

Aura overwhelming all schools; **CL** 20th

Slot none; **Price** —; **Weight** 1/2 lb.

DESCRIPTION

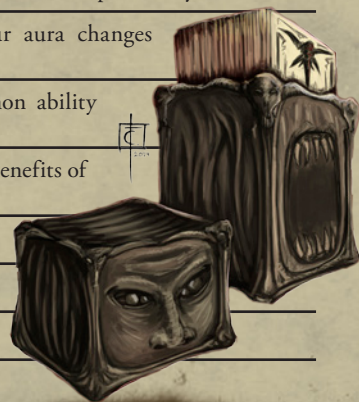
This set of parchment cards is usually found in an ivory, leather, or wooden box. A full deck consists of 34 cards. When a card is thrown to the ground, a summoned devil performs a task it was contracted to do by the deck's creator. The summoning lasts until the task is performed or the devil is banished. It obeys the commands of the character that drew the card as long as they do not contradict the contract of the card. Once the contract is fulfilled the card becomes blank and cannot be used again. The cards in a standard deck and the devils they bring forth are summarized on the following table. (Use the Tarot Card or Playing Card columns to simulate the contents of a full deck using either ordinary tarot or playing cards.)

DESTRUCTION

Play a game of high-card draw with a Chaotic Good deity and win. The deity will be offended. ✘

Table 11-3: Deck of Devilish Bargains

Plaque	Tarot Card	Playing Card	Effect
Infernal Accusation	XI. Justice	2♠	You make an accusation. If truthful, a zebub is summoned and uses its infernal eye ability to confirm it. If false, an ashmede is summoned and attacks you.
Devilish Lesson	Two of swords	2♦	An imp is summoned and attempts a harmful prank on your behalf.
Slaver's Chains	Four of swords	A♠	A kyton is summoned with its chains and attempts to capture a creature alive for you.
A Small Bargain	Ten of swords	Q♠	You permanently gain a +3 bonus on one type of saving throw of your choice and a -1 penalty to the other types.
A Woman Scorned	Three of Cups	A♥	An erinyes carries out an act of vengeance if you are female and have been betrayed by a male. Otherwise, it attacks you.
Flames	XV. The Devil	Q♣	You gain immunity to fire for 10 minutes and are immediately targeted by a CL 10 <i>fireball</i> spell.
Fool's Bargain	O. The Fool	Joker (w/TM)	You permanently lose 2 Wisdom and gain a +4 in a physical ability score of your choosing.
Traitor's Gold	Seven of Cups	2♥	Gain your choice of 50 pieces of precious jewelry or 50 high-quality gems (25,000 gp total value) if you betray someone in your inner circle.
Idiot's Bargain	Two of pentacles	2♣	You permanently lose 1d4+1 Intelligence and gain 1d4+1 in any other attribute.
Jester's Bargain	XII. The Hanged Man	Joker (no TM)	Gain the service of an imp familiar as though you were a 7th-level wizard with Improved Familiar.
Gate	V. The Hierophant	Q♥	Card casts a <i>gate</i> spell to Hell, and you are treated as an evil outsider by beings that cross over.
Knight	Page of swords	J♥	You gain the services of a bearded devil for 24 hours.
Devil's Moon	XVIII. The Moon	Q♦	You summon 3d6 hell hounds to hunt down a target of your choice.
Rogue	Five of swords	J♠	You gain a +20 bonus to any one skill for 3 days.
Ruin	XVI. The Tower	K♠	A handmaiden devil appears and attempts to kill a target of your choice.
Death	XIII. Death	J♣	You summon a barbed devil to kill a target of your choice, then it will attempt to kill you.
Star	XVII. The Star	J♦	You gain a +2 inherent bonus to one ability score, and your aura changes to lawful evil regardless of your true alignment.
Sun Blight	XIX. The Sun	K♦	You permanently gain the benefits of the see in darkness demon ability but also gain light blindness.
Hoarder's Bargain	Queen of pentacles	A♣	All magic items you possess disappear permanently, but gain the benefits of a <i>wish</i> if you lose at least 50,000 gp worth of items.
King's Cup	Four of wands	K♥	You permanently gain immunity to poison.
Vizier	IX. The Hermit	A♦	Know the answer to your next dilemma.
Devil May Care	Eight of swords	K♣	You permanently gain the benefits of a single rogue talent.



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Those small, superscript letters ... what do they mean?!!?

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Inner Sea Bestiary	ISB
Inner Sea Gods	ISG
Inner Sea World Guide	ISWG
Seekers of Secrets	SoS
Advanced Player's Guide	APG
Advanced Race Guide	ARG
Beginner Box	BB
Beginner Box GM Kit	BBGMK
Bestiary	B1
Bestiary 2	B2
Bestiary 3	B3
Bestiary 4	B4
Game Mastery Guide	GMG
NPC Codex	NPCC
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Ultimate Magic	UM
Ultimate Campaign	UCA
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Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Campaign. © 2013, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Jesse Benner, Benjamin Bruck, Jason Bulmahn, Ryan Costello, Adam Daigle, Matt Goetz, Tim Hitchcock, James Jacobs, Ryan Macklin, Colin McComb, Jason Nelson, Richard Pett, Stephen Radney-MacFarland, Patrick Renie, Sean K Reynolds, F. Wesley Schneider, James L. Sutter, Russ Taylor, and Steven Townshend

Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Equipment. © 2013, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Dennis Baker, Jesse Benner, Benjamin Bruck, Ross Byers, Brian J. Cortijo, Ryan Costello, Mike Ferguson, Matt Goetz, Jim Groves, Tracy Hurley, Matt James, Jonathan H. Keith, Michael Kenway, Hal MacLean, Jason Nelson, Tork Shaw, Owen KC Stephens, Russ Taylor, and numerous RPG Superstar contributors (see page 387).

Pathfinder Adventure Path #25: The Bastards of Erebus. © 2009, Paizo Inc.; Author: Sean K Reynolds.

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Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide. © 2011, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Keith Baker, Wolfgang Baur, Clinton J. Boomer, Jason Bulmahn, Joshua J. Frost, Ed Greenwood, Stephen S. Greer, Jeff Grubb, James Jacobs, Michael Kortess, Tito Leati, Mike McArtor, Rob McCreary, Erik Mona, Jason Eric Nelson, Jeff Quick, Sean K Reynolds, F. Wesley Schneider, Leandra Christine Schneider, David Schwartz, Amber E. Scott, Stan!, Owen K.C. Stephens, Todd Stewart, James L. Sutter, Greg A. Vaughan, Jeremy Walker, and JD Wiker.

Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Bestiary. © 2012, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Jim Groves, James Jacobs, Rob McCreary, Erik Mona, Jason Nelson, Patrick Renie, F. Wesley Schneider, James L. Sutter, Russ Taylor, and Greg A. Vaughan.

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Pathfinder Player Companion: Blood of Fiends. © 2012, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Hal Maclean and Colin McComb.

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Pathfinder Player Companion: Dungeoneer's Handbook. © 2013, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Amanda Hamon, Gareth Hanrahan, David Ross, and Jerome Virnich.

Pathfinder Player Companion: Magical Marketplace. © 2013, Paizo Inc.; Authors: John Ling, Ron Lundeen, Patrick Renie, David Schwartz, and Jerome Virnich.

Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Beginner Box. © 2011, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Jason Bulmahn and Sean K Reynolds.

Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Beginner Box GM Kit. © 2011, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Jason Bulmahn and Sean K Reynolds.

Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Beginner Box Player Pack. © 2011, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Jason Bulmahn and Sean K Reynolds.

The Genius Guide To: 110 Spell Variants. © 2011, Super Genius Games. Author: Owen K.C. Stephens.

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HORNED HELM

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

LONGWORD

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

HEAVY MACE

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

QUILL

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

SCROLL

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

DECK OF CARDS

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

POTION

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

SHORTWORD

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

RING

Illustration & Card Layout:
Caleb Tereshima
2014

WARPINTER

This heavy mace is made in the baroque design common to many Hellknight Orders.

Notes

Not for sale

The blade of this longsword is smooth and finely honed. The cross-guard is shaped like a five-pointed star.

Notes

Not for sale

This solid metal helm covers all but the wearer's eyes. The horns protruding from it may have been taken from some kind of fiend.

Notes

Not for sale

This wooden box is carved in a macabre fashion and contains a complete deck of cards.

Notes

Not for sale

The margins of this imposing vellum scroll glow with infernal runes. The scroll wraps around an impressively large horn.

Notes

Not for sale

This red quill has an ornate brass tip that seems to drip red ink.

Notes

Not for sale

This fine ring is crafted of dark silver, shaped to resemble a gathering of leaves or feathers and adorned with a ruby on each side.

Notes

Not for sale

The pommel and handle of this reddish iron blade are sculpted in the shapes of bizarre creatures.

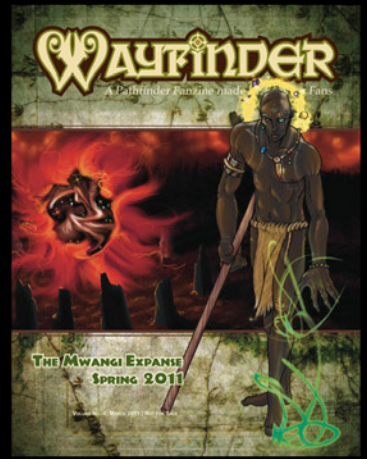
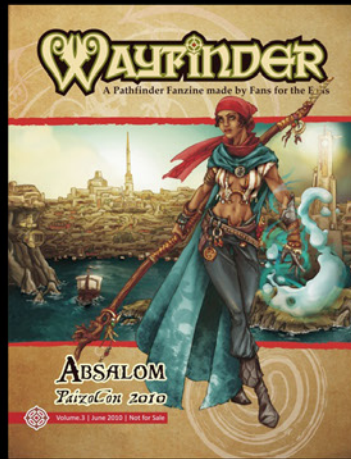
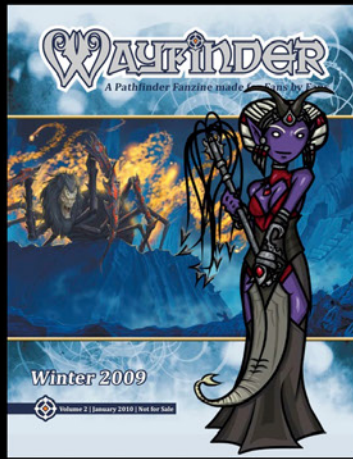
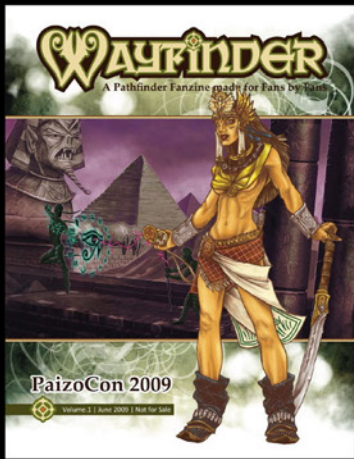
Notes

Not for sale

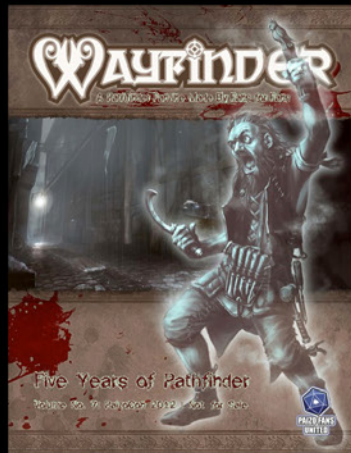
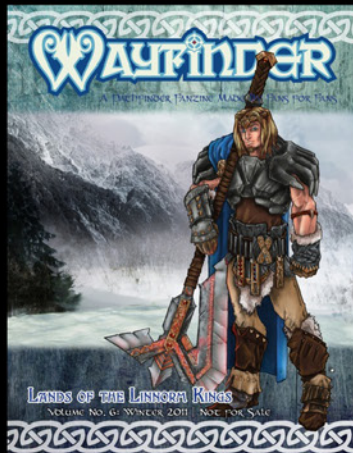
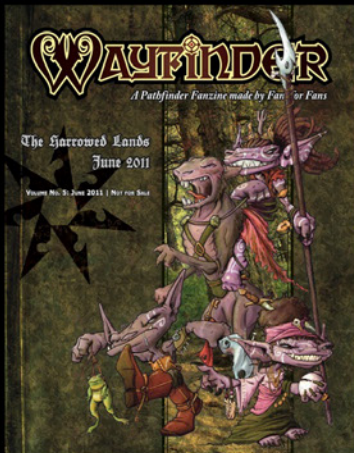
The tooth of an unknown creature hangs from a string tied around the neck of this yellow glass bottle.

Notes

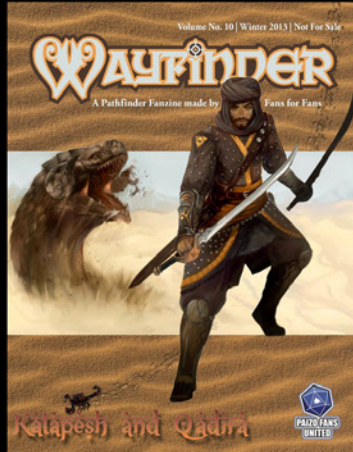
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Enter a land reborn! Like new life rising from the fertile soil along the River Sphinx, Osirion's ancient mysteries call to you! Visit the resplendent city of Sothis and then venture beyond its walls to uncover the remains of 9,000 years of history. The Ruby Prince blesses your endeavors, for he knows that your risk is great, but your efforts help restore the glory of the Land of Pharaohs.

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 #12 will be **Osirion**! Please use the Inner Sea World Guide as your main reference (as well as the handy-dandy [PathfinderWiki](#) and the [Archives of Nethys](#))! Preference will be given to articles that follow the issue's theme. Writers are invited to submit articles that fit within the following categories:

- **Advice:** Share valuable information or experiences with new GMs or players in the world of Golarion. Submission size: 750 words.
- **Bestiary:** New creatures to terrorize your PCs! Each creature counts as a separate submission. Submission size: 750 words per creature.
- **Fiction:** Wayfinder now accepts fiction submissions directly from the public. Joining a writer's group to help with editing and development is still highly recommended. Submission size: either 750 or 1,500 words.
- **Flavor Articles:** People, organizations, events, poetry, or other aspects of life in the Pathfinder Campaign Setting. These articles should build on the material already available in other sources. Flavor articles may include some rules material, such as item, location, or spell stat blocks, if necessary. Submission Size: 750 or 1,500 words.
- **Golarion Gazetteer:** Expand and explore places or towns on the Inner Sea maps that have little to no information about them in the campaign setting literature. If applicable, you may submit up to a 1/2-page map of your chosen locale. Submission size: 1,500 words.
- **Of Chance and Skill:** Games, new to or adapted for Golarion, to play at your table. Submission size: 750 or 1,500 words.
- **New Rules:** Articles devoted to new archetypes, prestige classes, class abilities, feats, spells or magic items for the world of Golarion. Multiple smaller entries (usually feats, spells, or magic items) can be grouped together by a clear theme and submitted as one article. Submission size: 750 or 1,500 words.
- **Realm Building:** Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Campaign contains rules for building armies, cities and kingdoms. This column is focused on building upon those rules. Submission size: 1,500 words.
- **Side Trek Seeds:** Side trek seeds are short outlines that provide GMs with ideas, either as side treks for a Pathfinder adventure or as mini-adventures set in Osirion. Each side trek seed counts as a separate submission. Please refer to earlier issues of Wayfinder for the layout for this article. Submission size: 325 words.
- **Poetry and Song:** Music and poetry often define a culture. Share your vision of the best-known songs and poems of the Inner Sea, with special emphasis on the issue's theme. Submission size: 325 or 500 words.
- **Tales from the Front:** Fiction articles based on any of Paizo's adventure modules or paths. Submission size: 1,500 words.
- **Weal or Woe:** Two 7th-level or lower NPCs (including statblocks)—one potential ally, one potential adversary. Include hooks for how PCs might meet each NPC and how to use them in a campaign. Include a boon that can come from the Weal character and a drawback, from the Woe. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article. Submission size: 1,500 words.

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. Refer to the word count requirements for each type of submission. These are HARD targets, not a range. Articles submitted with word counts more than 5% above or below the target numbers will not be accepted.

- Limit of **THREE submissions per person per issue**. So, pick your three best ideas!
- Do not submit an article that relies heavily on another submission, whether the other submission is yours or someone else's. Any submitted articles that reference (an)other article(s) must be pre-approved by the Editor-in-Chief.
- Stick to the theme. Articles that do not relate to the Osirion theme will not be accepted.
- Submissions used to defame, harass, or threaten board members are not tolerated.

Submission Instructions

- Conditions for Submissions. All authors and artists must agree to have their works reproduced for this and other Wayfinder products, be it for translations into other languages (we will be responsible for the truthfulness of the translations), special publications, or use on a Wayfinder website. All of Wayfinder's publications are NON-PROFIT, and authors and artists will be given proper credit where due.
- Send all submissions to: wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com with the subject line containing "Wayfinder #12 Submission:", followed by the article title.
- 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. Tables must be tab delimited (DO NOT USE FORMATTED TABLES).
- Use standard Pathfinder RPG formats for stat blocks. Familiarize yourself with the style and wording choices used in Paizo products and apply those same style and wording choices to your submissions.
- At the top of your submission, in the body of the article, provide the following information: article title (and subtitle, if any), author name(s), contact e-mail address(es), and word count of the submission. For example,

Article About Something Cool: Subtitle Would Go Here

Liz 'Lilith' Courts

Lilithsemail@cooldomain.com

Word Count: 1,501 words

- Accepted entries will go through editing passes for clarity and concision. Depending on time constraints, you may or may not receive feedback from the editing process.
- Failure to follow these instructions or to meet one or more guidelines will result in rejection of the submission.
- **DEADLINE: September 1, 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 #12 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 #12 Advertising" in your subject line.

RESERVE YOUR AD SPACE BY September 30, 2014.

ADS MUST BE RECEIVED BY October 31, 2014.