

Wanderer

A Pathfinder Fanzine Made By Fans For Fans



HERE THERE
BE MONSTERS

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**PAIZO FANS
UNITED**

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FOREWORD

It's been a long time since I've written something for *Wayfinder*. I was around when Liz Courts and Hugo Solis first dreamed up the idea for a Pathfinder fanzine in the (unofficial) Paizo chatroom. Of course I encouraged them to make it a reality and offered to help with whatever meager skills I had at that point. I ended up contributing one small article and editing a big chunk of the first issue. It was exciting to see what everyone came up with, and it felt good when *Wayfinder* #1 got an ENnie nomination. It was obvious that Liz and Hugo had something good on their hands.

I ended up editing for *Wayfinder* for the first six issues, right up until I made a big change in my life. That change was packing up my life in Austin, Texas and taking my job here at Paizo. I was too busy with work and other freelance responsibilities to help out the crew at *Wayfinder*, but they always had a great stable of helpful people to volunteer their time. Also since then, we've seen Liz and Hugo hand off the magazine's leadership to the very capable Tim Nightengale and Paris Crenshaw. It's been great seeing *Wayfinder* change and grow from those early days of the low single digits, and now we're up to issue #14!

Okay, enough with the emotional trip down memory lane...

We're here to talk about monsters.

I was honored and touched that Tim asked me to write the foreword for this issue. I don't think it's any sort of secret that I love monsters. Some of my first writing credits when I was a budding lil' freelancer were associated with monsters, and I've had the pleasure of writing monsters for every hardcover *Bestiary* as well as working on a number of other monster books. (I even got to be lead developer for Kobold Press' *Midgard Bestiary*!)

For the last three years, I've been the one in charge of the monsters in the Adventure Path bestiary, and it's been a blast getting to pick out monsters and try out new authors with them.

I'm also a big fan of monsters from folklore, but there are a lot of similarities between many of them. I've often said that there are only 12 or so categories of monsters (and I swear one day I'm going to actually collect these thoughts and observations into an article of some sort). Some of these "archetypes" are: evil seducers, misidentified animals, fear of predators, cautionary tales, wrong burials, unbaptized children spirits, and explanations of sleep

paralysis, just to name a few.

This makes sense, because monsters are a manifestation of humankind's fears. They are creations to help explain the dark and ugly, the dangerous and hurtful. We (people, historically, not game designers, specifically) create monsters to give form to an esoteric idea, and by giving these ephemeral elements of life a physical presence, you can then face them and slay them.

One of the cool things about getting to write the foreword for *Wayfinder* is that you get to see the rough PDF before everyone else. So I get to see all the cool monsters, read the stories, look over the cool new mechanics, and browse the articles before the rest of y'all. It feels like a few years ago when I got to help with the editing. Being on the inside of a project is exciting, and sometimes that excitement bleeds over to anxiety. You know you are

seeing a bunch of awesome stuff that people worked really hard on, but you always worry, "What are folks going to think about it?"

Well, I'm pretty sure that folks are going to love this issue. This volume of *Wayfinder* has creepy fiction, cool poetry, advice on monster creation, dangerous antagonists, sinister locations, new monster-related mechanics, a new monstrous race, new Pathfinder Adventure Card Game content, new weapons and items for and from monsters, adventure hooks, a bestiary full of cool critters, a mini adventure, and (OMG!) a story about meeting a flumph! (There's even art!)

Man, reading through this issue makes me wish that I had written something for this *Wayfinder* other than the foreword. If you're feeling the same way after reading this issue, then crack those knuckles and get to the keyboard. You have two opportunities a year to contribute to this excellent magazine, so check out the open call and start writing.



Adam Daigle



Crones And Covens

By Isabelle Lee

Art by Dionisis Milonas



The hag coven has long been an iconic figure in myth and literature. A trio of crones can lay powerful curses or offer sinister guidance at a terrible price. Little is known about the nature of such covens, save that they offer such power as to convince three selfish hags to cooperate. While the standard coven abilities in the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* are potent, some covens delve deeper into the dark magic that empowers their shared heritage. These rituals—bleak and bloody enough to sicken even the most resolute knight—yield a bitter harvest.

NEW FEATS

These new feats allow hags to draw terrible power from the darkest forms of magic.

WITCHCRAFT

Your magic is so like that of witches that you can steal their secrets.

Prerequisite: Hag, 5 HD.

Benefit: Select one witch hex (not a major or grand hex). You may use this hex as a witch of a level equal to your Hit Dice, except that you use Charisma for any effect modified by Intelligence.

DIRE WITCHCRAFT

Delving into witches' curses has brought you greater mastery of fate and flesh.

Prerequisite: Witchcraft, 10 HD.

Benefit: Select an additional witch hex or witch major hex (not a grand hex). You may use this hex with your Witchcraft feat.

VILE WITCHCRAFT

Your mastery of hexes knows no parallel.

Prerequisite: Witchcraft, Dire Witchcraft, 23 HD.

Benefit: Select a witch grand hex. You may use this hex with your Witchcraft feat.

IMPROVED COVEN (TEAMWORK)

Your coven has performed rituals to empower the black magic binding you together.

Prerequisite: Ability to join a hag's coven, Int 13, Cha 13.

Benefit: When all members of your coven possess this feat, each member need only expend a standard action to cast a coven spell-like ability, and each member may be up to 20 feet from the others.

In addition, choose one of the following spells: *beguiling gift*^{APG}, *mass fester*^{APG}, *moonstruck*^{APG}, *reckless infatuation*^{UM}, *rest eternal*^{APG}, *triggered suggestion*^{ACG}, *unadulterated loathing*^{UM}, or *unliving rage*^{ACG}. Add that spell to the list of spell-like abilities your coven can use. Each coven member can choose a different spell.

GREATER COVEN (TEAMWORK)

Your coven is bound together by the blackest strands of woven fate.

Prerequisite: Improved Coven, Int 15, Cha 15.

Benefit: When all members of your coven possess this feat, each member need only expend a move action to cast a coven spell-like



ability, and each member may be up to 40 feet from the others.

Special: The coven cannot cast more than one coven spell-like ability per round using this feat or Improved Coven.

NEW HEXES

The following hexes are most common among hags and their students, but any character with the hex class feature may learn them.

Draw Entrails (Su): Whenever the witch confirms a critical hit against a living target with her claws or nails, she may divine a cruel prophecy about her victim's future from the injury. The victim must make a Will save or be bound to the dire fate for a number of rounds equal to the witch's Intelligence modifier. Once per round during that time, when the victim makes an ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, the witch can spend an immediate action to force the victim to roll twice and take the lower result. This decision must be made before the die is rolled.

Nightmare Nails (Ex): The witch's nails grow even sharper and more vicious. The witch's nails or claws threaten critical hits on a 19–20, and deal damage as though she were one size category larger. A witch of 8th level or higher deals damage as though she were two sizes larger instead. At 16th level, the witch threatens critical hits with her claws or nails on an 18–20. This effect doesn't stack with any other effects that increase a weapon's critical range. A witch must have the nails hex or a claw attack to select this hex. This only applies to a single pair of nails or claws.

NEW MAJOR HEX

Some witches seek to emulate the most brutal hags, closing in to curse their foes in melee combat.

Blood Bath (Ex): The witch seeks the thrill of hot blood on her hands and her foe's last breath on her skin. The witch chooses a natural weapon or a non-reach melee weapon with which she is proficient. She may use her witch caster level in place of her base attack bonus when making attacks with that weapon.

NEW RACIAL ARCHETYPE

Most changelings are fostered among unwitting human communities. On occasion, however, a hag will raise her daughter, personally. The result is a dark maiden.

A dark maiden is not raised for love or altruism. Crones send their carefully trained daughters into civilized places to entice victims into returning to their lairs. A hag might send a dark maiden out of fear that her own disguises will fail, or as part of a larger machination. Even if the hag does not desire humanoid victims, the dark maiden can serve at her side as part of her coven, which could shift the balance of power in a coven in the mother's favor. A hag with two dark maidens can rule over her submissive daughters as the superior member of the coven.

Occasionally, a dark maiden may slip her mother's bonds and escape to experience the wider world, but her upbringing leaves her mentally scarred. Such changelings are frequently cruel and manipulative, struggling to exist in a society they were taught to prey upon; however, a dark maiden might also break away from the legacy of her upbringing.

DARK MAIDEN (WITCH ARCHETYPE)

This changeling girl has been raised by her hag mother, tutored in the dark ways of her true heritage, and sent forth to seduce and beguile her victims.

Charisma Dependent: A dark maiden uses Charisma instead of

Intelligence when determining the highest level of spells she can cast, her spell save DCs, number of spells known at 1st level, number of bonus spells, and any effects of her hexes normally determined by her Intelligence.

Seductive: A dark maiden gains two additional skill ranks each level. These ranks must be spent on Charisma-based skills. Bluff, Disguise, Knowledge (local), and Sense Motive are class skills for a dark maiden.

The dark maiden can prepare one fewer cantrip per day.

Raised to Serve (Ex): The dark maiden is taught by her true mother and no other. She takes a –2 on saves against spells, spell-like abilities, and hexes used by hags. She gains the coven hex as a bonus hex.

This ability replaces patron. If another archetype would require a specific patron or replace specific patron spells, the dark maiden can still choose that archetype; she simply does not learn those spells or gain that specific patron.

NEW WEAPON SPECIAL ABILITY

Certain weapons are favored by hags and witches alike for the spilling of blood.

Baleful: A *baleful* weapon has the power to channel a hex. On a successful hit with a *baleful* weapon, in addition to dealing damage, the wielder can use a swift action to deliver the effects of a hex she knows to the struck creature. This hex must affect no more than one opponent, and the target receives a saving throw as normal. Only melee weapons can be *baleful* weapons.

Faint necromancy; CL 3rd; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Hex Strike^{UC}, *spectral hand*; Price +2 bonus.

VARIANT COVENS

The individuals that make up a coven have significant influence over the trio's goals, methods, and interaction with humanoids. A coven of hags can be changed dramatically by the introduction of a more exotic member.

The winter hag (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*) is a fine example of how hags' natures shape their plots. A coven that includes a winter hag learns to use *simulacrum* and *sculpt simulacrum*. Such a coven could prey upon a mountain village, sending a dark maiden to lure out victims before replacing them with snowy impostors. Soon, the entire village could be illusion-shrouded snowmen waiting to welcome visitors. A winter hag's *simulacrum* could even replace an important regional official, giving the wicked creatures the opportunity to rule a wide territory from behind the scenes.

Blood hags (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 4*) make combat a nightmarish experience. A blood hag's coven gains not only *fire storm*, but also the crone's fire immunity. This means that the trio can rain down hellish sheets of fire in a massive area, round after round, without regard for their own positioning within that area. Adventurers hunting such covens should prepare accordingly.

Storm hags (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #72: The Witch Queen's Revenge*), while not as pyroclastic as their bloody sisters, can enhance a coven's unique tactics. The coven's *wind wall* ability, combined with proper tactics and choice of lair, provides an excellent defense against archery while the hags use *call lightning storm* and *plague storm* to bedevil the party.

Finally, the variant multiclassing rules introduced in *Pathfinder Unchained* allow any character to gain access to witch hexes—including the coven hex. An adventuring party might be quite shocked when the armored woman protecting the hags steps forward to join their chant. 🗡️

COMING SOON!



ADVANCED RACES COMPENDIUM

The *Advanced Races Compendium* gives you everything you need to play a monstrous, planar, undead, or underworld adventurer in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game*. Its pages are packed with PC racial feats, traits, spells, bloodlines, gear, magic items, archetypes and more for:

- Gearforged
- Shadow Fey
- Centaur
- Dragonkin
- Gnoll
- Lizardfolk
- Tiefling
- Darakhul
- Sahuagin
- Minotaur
- Kobold
- Tosculi (waspfolk)
- Derro
- Drow
- Trollkin
- Ravenfolk
- Aasimar
- Dhampir
- Lamia
- Werelion





Monstrous Harvest

New Feats For Crafting Poisons From The Remains Of Slain Monsters

By Nick "Generaltwig" Volpe
Art by Basil Arnould Price



Adventurers often go exploring in search of treasure. To those who know what they're looking for, the monsters they encounter can be a source of treasure, themselves.

POISON HARVESTER

You are adept at harvesting the remains of monsters, distilling their essence into alchemical poisons.

Prerequisite(s): Craft (alchemy) 5 ranks or poison lore or poison use class feature.

Benefit: You can create special poisons from the remains of dead creatures. Harvesting takes 1 minute of work and requires a Craft (alchemy) check (DC equal to 10 + CR of the dead creature). Success yields a single dose of injury poison. If you roll a natural 1 on this check, you are exposed to the poison and must make a save against the poison, unless you have the poison lore or poison use ability. Regardless of the result, only one attempt can be made per creature. The poison remains potent for 24 hours before becoming inert. The Fortitude save DC of the poison upon injury equals 10 + 1/2 the CR of the harvested creature. Its effect depends on the creature harvested.

The following list specifies the poisons that can be harvested from different creature subtypes.

ABERRANT EXCRETION (ABERRATION)

Effect Target is confused until the end of its next turn. This is a mind-affecting effect.

ARCANE TINCTURE (CONSTRUCT)

Effect Target takes 1d4 points of electricity damage, and its hardness, if any, is reduced by 2 for 1 minute. Multiple doses of this poison have a cumulative effect on hardness. Constructs are not immune to this poison.

DRACONIC EXTRACT (DRAGON)

Effect Target gain vulnerability to a single energy type until the end of its next turn. The energy type matches the breath weapon of the harvested dragon.

PIXIE NECTAR (FEY, HUMANOID [GNOME])

Effect Target creature is struck with uncontrollable laughter until the end of its next turn. A laughing creature can only take a move action but can defend itself normally. This is a mind-affecting effect.

OPHIDIAN OIL (HUMANOID [AQUATIC OR REPTILIAN])

Effect Target takes 1d4 cold damage and is fatigued until the end of its next turn.

GREENSKIN PUS (HUMANOID [GOBLINOID OR ORC])

Effect Target takes 1d4 points of acid damage and becomes enraged as per the rage spell until the end of its next turn.

ELDRITCH CHYME (MAGICAL BEAST)

Effect Target takes a -1 penalty to saving throws against spells, supernatural abilities, and spell-like abilities. This effect lasts until the end of the target's next turn.

OOZE SECRETION (OOZE)

Effect Target's armor, weapon, or shield takes 1d6 points of acid damage. Attacker chooses which item suffers the damage.

ELEMENTAL ESSENCE (OUTSIDER [AIR, EARTH, FIRE, OR WATER])

Effect Target takes 1d6 points of energy damage. The energy type matches the outsider subtype from which the poison was harvested (electricity damage for air, acid damage for earth, fire damage for fire, and cold damage for water).

PLANAR HUMOUR (OUTSIDER [CHAOTIC, EVIL, GOOD, OR LAWFUL])

Effect Reduces the target's damage reduction by 5 points for 1 round. Only effective on targets with alignment-based DR. The harvested monster's alignment subtype must

match the DR alignment: outsider (chaotic) reduces DR/chaotic, outsider (evil) reduces DR/evil, and so on.

VIRULENT SAP (PLANT)

Effect Target is fatigued until the end of its next turn.

THANATOTIC PHEGGM (UNDEAD)

Effect Target takes 1d4 points of negative energy damage and is shaken until the end of its next turn.

MASTER HARVESTER

You have perfected the art of extracting the deadly properties of slain creatures.

Prerequisite(s): Craft (alchemy) 10 ranks, Poison Harvester.

Benefit: When you harvest a dead creature to create a poison with the Poison Harvester feat, instead of the normal poison effect from the feat, you may choose an effect that appears in the dead creature's stat block from the following list: poison, disease, curse, paralysis, petrification, ability damage, or ability drain. The specifics of the effect remain the same as the

original ability listed for the dead creature, except the target of the poison instead receives a Fortitude save with a DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the CR of the harvested creature. 🐉





Awakening

By Jenny Jarzabski

Art by Erin Frye



I run my fingers over the remains of my humanity. I touch a round silver locket with a lock of yellow hair inside. I can't remember who the hair belongs to. Now here is a wooden comb etched with flowers. I run it through my hair and weep. There is a little book, bound in soft blue leather, small enough to fit in a pocket. The first half is filled with words etched in an elegant hand. The words tell the story of a woman called Clarissa, a tanner's wife who loved to walk in the forest, an expecting mother who dreamed of the seed growing in her belly.

They are my words, I think.

I crawled into this cave what seems like a hundred nights ago. Each night I write in the little book, picking up where Clarissa left off, jotting down anything I can remember of my life before: names, special days, random shards of memory. There are seven entries. I grimace as I flip through the pages, the charcoal letters smearing on my fingers. The sloping, lovely letters are no more. I grit my teeth and squint my eyes, clutching the charcoal stick until my hand shakes, but I can't make the writing look like it did before. Sharp, wobbly scratches are all that appear on the page.

My husband buried me in a little hollow near our cabin. It was spring, with the laughing moon riding high and bright, and wild honeysuckle and primrose adorned my grave. My first clear memory is the feel of dirt under my fingernails as I clawed my way out of the earth. All the flowers bloomed, rabbits flashed their cotton tails, and little frogs sang as I stood above that sunken patch of soil.

Carved into a wooden post thrust into the soil is the name "Clarissa."

I stumbled through the brush to our little house in the clearing. The windows were dark, like empty eye sockets, when I came to the door. I slipped inside and saw my husband crumpled in sleep, his face tracked with tears. A table near the empty side of the bed held a locket, comb, and book. I took them, never making a sound. I could still smell the delicious fragrance of honeysuckles from inside the house. But better yet was the smell of my husband's flesh, perfumed by his sweat, sweeter than any honeysuckle I had ever tasted. I ran from the house then, hunger stabbing like a knife in my belly.



My husband buried me in a little hollow near our cabin. It was spring, with the laughing moon riding high and bright, and wild honeysuckle and primrose adorned my grave. My first clear memory is the feel of dirt under my fingernails as I clawed my way out of the earth.



I wanted to tear his flesh from sinew, to crack the bones and suck sweet marrow like I used to sip the honeysuckles when I was a child.

Back in my cave, I pace, charcoal and book in hand. Clarissa, I write, my frantic words no more than scribbles on the page. I am Clarissa, the tanner's wife. Over and over again.

* * *

A shaft of pale moonlight falls on the remains of a fire, a skeleton of charred sticks propped over a heap of ashes. Large, black rocks jut like teeth out of the dark earth in a broken ring around the dead fire. Three figures perch on the rocks, their backs toward my hiding place.

I creep around to get a better look at them. I see three gaunt men, their paper-white skin stretched taut across their bones. One holds a white bowl in his clawed hand. As I approach, I realize the bowl is a human skull, scraped and polished clean, held upside down and filled with a thick, dark liquid. The skeletal man raises the skull to his mouth and drinks deep. When he lowers the skull, a crimson stain mars his pale lips.

His lamp-like eyes meet mine, and he grins. I can see his own skull through his smile.

"Sister," he croaks, in a voice like a dying breath. "Come, sup with us. There is plenty." He stands and shuffles toward me. Scraggly clumps of hair cling to his head. I can see every rib etched into his abdomen. He is wearing nothing but a few rags tied together at his narrow waist.

I turn and run, branches lashing my arms and thorns tearing at my legs as I flee. The hollow sound of laughter chases me back to my cave.

* * *

I wake with the taste of copper in my mouth. My hand grips a long, white thing with rounded ends. A bone. It's nearly as long as my thigh and wide enough to fill my hand. Dents and cracks mottle its surface. Teeth marks. I cough and spit furiously, but that sharp, sweet taste clings to my tongue.

What have I done?

I don't want to look, but I force myself to glance around the cave. The first thing I see in the flicker of firelight is a doeskin boot crusted with mud lying near where I crouch. It's attached to a leg, and the leg is attached to a corpse.

I've never seen the dead man before. His brown tunic and pants are wrinkled and torn. His sandy hair falls around his lolling head, turned at an impossible angle to his shoulders and neck. His brown eyes are glazed with death. A trickle of bloody saliva seeps down his chin. A long, jagged gash juts across his stomach, from groin to chest. Intestines ooze out of the wound like pale worms. The place where his other leg should be ends in a mass of tattered fabric and flesh.

I hurl the bone across the cave and it crashes against the wall. A

hollow, angry sound fills the air as the bone hits.

My throat burns. I'm screaming.

"My name is Clarissa!" I sob.

Only echoes answer me.

* * *

Locket, comb, book. I grip them with trembling hands, stare at them, trying to remember. The words in the book don't make sense anymore. The last three pages are only scribbles. I yank the comb through my hair and it breaks against the tangles.

There's a pile of bones in the corner of the cave, where the light from the fire doesn't reach. I don't want to look at them.

I squeeze the wooden shards of comb in my hands until it cuts my skin. The bones are not mine. Not Clarissa's. The locket and comb and book will help me remember who I am.

I am Clarissa! I am Clarissa!

I am...so hungry.

* * *

A man stands at the mouth of the cave, a black shape in the starlight. He moves into the light cast by the embers of my fire, and I see his face: broad and kind, with a squashed nose and sad eyes. Hair the color of harvest wheat flows over his shoulders. He holds a crossbow in one hand and some wooden emblem in the other.

"Clarissa?" He gasps. His deep, familiar voice rolls over me. The stern lines on his face ease and smooth, growing into a smile.

"Thank the gods I've found you! I thought you were dead," he whispers, his voice choked with tears.

Who is Clarissa? I think. He smells so delicious, and I am so hungry.

He lowers the crossbow and stumbles toward me, arms outstretched. I watch the pulse twitch in the soft flesh of his neck. His belly, full of tasty entrails, rises and falls with each breath.

"You were only sick," he babbles, the crossbow clanging as it falls to the cave floor. "I prayed for this! Oh gods, you're alive, my love! You're alive!"

I wait until he wraps his thick arms around my body. His grip is firm, but tender, and not nearly strong enough. A low growl rumbles in my throat, and I inhale deeply, savoring his scent.

Suddenly, I sink my teeth into him, tearing at that sweet spot where his pulse throbs. I hear his shirt ripping as my claws rake down his back. His eyes widen in pain and horror as I tear into his sweet, delectable flesh.

"Clarissa?" He groans, then his body goes rigid.

* * *

After I feast, I touch the collection of random objects piled near the fire. A book full of meaningless words and a hunk of metal on a chain rest on an unburned log. Wooden slivers lie on the ground. The flames crackle and rise as I throw the book on the fire. I absently slip the chain round my neck. Maybe I can trade it for the bowl the gaunt man had.

I slink through the black mouth of the cave and into the night. The song of frogs and insects thrums through the warm air, and I can see the pale sliver of a moon peeking from behind the trees. The night is young, and I am still hungry. 🐸





Weal And Woe: Blood And Sport

By Daniel Rust

Art by Tanyaporn Sangsnit



The city of Katapesh is one of the most diverse in the world. Welcoming anyone with coin, civilized races rub shoulders with creatures considered monsters in most environs. The open market for slaves means that many never experience that welcome. This dichotomy of personal freedom and institutional bondage presents unique possibilities for two radical minotaurs.

WEAL: "CHOPPER" ROVON

Fast, powerful, and daring, "Chopper" Rovon is one of the most popular ruk players in Katapesh. He is currently leading the Lower Bazaar Butchers on an extraordinary winning streak and is one of the most famous minotaurs in the city, idolized by culturally diverse fans of the sport.

As a former mercenary working up and down the Obari coastline, Rovon was known for his determination and ability to improvise in tough situations. Ferocious only when necessary, he worked with anyone and for any employer who paid the right price.

Rovon was approached between mercenary contracts by Fazouk Al'Allia of the Guild of Butchers and Bakers after he was observed playing a particularly brutal backstreet ruk game. Al'Allia was spending good money to get a team together quickly to represent the butchers after a dispute with the bakers. Rovon decided it was easy gold and took the job. Taking the new moniker of "Chopper" in honor of his employers, he quickly won over the crowd of the Grand Coliseum with his athleticism and low cunning.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- The PCs spy Rovon leaving the Coliseum after a big match. A trio of minotaurs approaches him, each with a two-headed calf tattooed on their shoulders. They argue and Rovon leaves

angrily. They are Lamashtans working for the Blind Mother and want Rovon to join their sect of minotaur primacy but he rejects them. Several days later Rovon goes missing.

- During an important match in the Grand Coliseum, Rovon plays surprisingly poorly. At one point he fails to take a catch, crashing into the crowd beside the PCs. Before he returns to the field of play he whispers to a PC, "Help me. Find Tarno the Baker". Rovon throws the match unless the PCs quickly uncover Tarno's plot to blackmail him.

BOON

Rovon is a major star. If the PCs gain his trust, he will meet a contact of the PCs, giving the contact a guided tour of the Coliseum. For one month following such a tour, all Diplomacy checks to influence Rovon receive a +4 circumstantial bonus.

"CHOPPER" ROVON

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male minotaur brawler (exemplar^{ACC}) 3

CN Large monstrous humanoid

Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 deflection, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 70 (6d10+3d10+21)

Fort +9, Ref +10, Will +5

Defensive Abilities natural cunning

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee gore +14 (1d6+9) or armor spikes +14/+9 (1d8+6), gore +9 (1d6+3) or armor spikes +12/+12 (1d8+6), gore +9 (1d6+3)

Ranged ruk ball +8 (1d4+6)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +16, 2d6+9), brawler's flurry

TACTICS

Before Combat Rovon poses impressively using inspiring prowess on his allies.

During Combat During the first round, Rovon uses call to arms. He uses Acrobatics or bull rushes to maneuver himself close to an enemy leader. He uses martial flexibility to use Improved Disarm or Improved Overrun. When attacking, he uses his gore attack (charging if possible) unless he is able to make a full attack, in which case he flurries with his spiked armor.

Morale Rovon never retreats. His reputation is based on his ferocity.

STATISTICS

Str 23, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 10

Base Atk +9; CMB +16; CMD 28

Feats Combat Expertise, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Throw Anything

Skills Acrobatics +11, Intimidate +7, Linguistics +1, Perception +10, Stealth +5, Survival +10;

Racial Modifiers +4 Perception, +4 Survival

Languages Common, Giant, Kelish

SQ brawler's cunning, call to arms, inspiring



proWess (3 rds/day), martial flexibility (4/day), martial training, natural cunning

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 spiked studded leather, ring of protection +1, ruk ball (Medium-sized), Rovon paid a cleric of Abadar in service of the Guild of Butchers and Bakers to cast *raise dead* on him, if necessary.

WOE: THE BLIND MOTHER

From her temple in the labyrinthine ruins beneath Katapesh, the Blind Mother leads her followers in a campaign against human civilization. Her eyes are clouded by constant visions sent by the Mother of Monsters. She spreads Lamashtu's word to all creatures under the yoke of humanity. She inspires violent uprising from her harem of devotees, cultists, and monstrous children.

Born in the markets of Katapesh, the Blind Mother was a slave to humans from birth, working alongside the beasts of burden. When she reached full maturity, dreams began to fill both her nights and days. She saw an ancient city of humanity, the denizens supplicating before a great pregnant woman. She saw them gifted with a magnificent two-headed calf but watched in horror as the miraculous beast was slaughtered. She wept as she saw the first minotaurs driven out by their human fathers into a great labyrinth. When they returned to slaughter the people of the city, she rejoiced and knew it was a sign of what she must do.

With the Mother of Beasts' power flowing through her, she broke her chains and murdered every human in the household. Preaching revenge on all humans for their treatment of Lamashtu's children, she gathered like-minded creatures to her.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- An image of a two-headed calf has been appearing on buildings and various items of equipment belonging to the Farmer's Guild of Katapesh. Guild member Darian Kolpeck has heard about secret meetings taking place among dwarf, elf, and halfling guild members and is worried about what they might be up to. When human farmers start to go missing he hires the PCs to investigate.
- Attacks on humans have stepped up in Dog Town. Groups of gnolls and minotaurs have been picking fights with more frequency than usual and dragging the victims below ground. One such group attacks the PCs before fleeing into a complicated tunnel network filled with Lamashtan iconography.

DRAWBACK

If she becomes aware of any human PCs or their allies, the Blind Mother makes them the focus of her propaganda. Businesses run by non-humans in the area increase prices by 10% for the PCs and the DC to influence non-humans with Diplomacy or Bluff checks increases by 2.



THE BLIND MOTHER

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female minotaur oracle^{APC} 5

CE Large monstrous humanoid

Init -1; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10 (blind beyond 60 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 8, flat-footed 17 (+4 armor, -1 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

hp 88 (6d10+5d8+33)

Fort +8, **Ref** +5, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities natural cunning

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk greataxe +13/+8 (3d6+6/x3), gore +7 (1d6+2) or greataxe +13/+8 (3d6+6) or gore +13 (1d6+5)

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

Special Attacks powerful charge (gore +15, 2d6+6)

Oracle Spells Known (CL 5th; concentration +7)

2nd (4/day) – *enthrall* (DC 16), *instrument of agony*^{UC} (DC 14), *spiritual weapon*

1st (7/day) – *bles*, *haze of dreams*^{SG} (DC 15), *murderous command*^{UM} (DC 15), *shield of faith*, *unseen servant*

o (at will) – *bleed* (DC 12), *detect magic*, *guidance*, *read magic*, *resistance*, *virtue*

Mystery ancestor^{UM}

TACTICS

Before Combat The Blind Mother casts *shield of faith* and *instrument of agony*.

During Combat The Blind Mother is usually accompanied by a variety of minotaurs, gnolls, and other servants of Lamashtu. She casts *bles* on her minions then attempts to confuse and terrorize her enemies with enchantments and intimidate skill checks. She casts *murderous command* on obvious warriors.

If opponents reach melee she uses power attack to deliver punishing blows with her greataxe, discharging *instrument of agony* on particularly troubling foes.

Morale If reduced below half hit points, she attempts to use *enthrall* to calm her opponents. She then flees into the labyrinthine tunnels below Katapesh.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 8, **Con** 17, **Int** 11, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 23

Feats Combat Casting, Furious Focus^{APC}, Great Fortitude, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Power Attack, Spell Focus (enchantment)

Skills Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (History) +8, Knowledge (Religion) +14, Linguistics +6, Perception +11, Sense Motive +10, Stealth -2, Survival

+11; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception, +4 Survival

Languages Abyssal, Common, Giant, Kelish

SQ natural cunning, oracle's curse (clouded vision), voice of the grave (5 rounds/day), wisdom of the ancestors (1/day)

Combat Gear masterwork greataxe, *wand of cure moderate wounds* (50 charges remaining), **Other Gear** masterwork hide armor, *headband of alluring charisma* +2 🍷



Sacred Sacrificial Sites Of

Inner Sea Monsters

By Nick "Generaltwig" Volpe

Art by Tanagorn "Dex"

Prateepsukjit



REEF OF WHISPERS (SUBTERRANEAN SKUM SHRINE TO SHUMBAUTH)

Within the lightless caverns of Sekamina, in the Darklands below the Inner Sea, a vast lake laps against cold shores. This is Lake Nirthran, home to a primitive tribe of skum savages. Here the ichthyic creatures have built their home in the crumbling ruins of a once great aboleth city, on a stark island in the western reaches of the lake. The settlement is known as Cold Momugado and holds long-forgotten secrets.

Skum religion in Cold Momugado is centered on a ragged reef which juts out above the surface of the lake. The slick black rocks of the reef form an almost perfect circle upon which the skum perform depraved rites.

They worship an ancient aquatic deity believed to dwell in the lake's depths. They call their goddess "Shumbauth," so-named in the lost tongue of the aboleth. Although drow scholars believe her to be nothing more than a myth, or at best an ancient aboleth, the skum venerate her as a true god. The skum believe Shumbauth holds the secrets that will return the skum to their former greatness, and they revere her as "She Who Remembers."

Devout skum spend days beached on the reef allowing their membranous skin to dry out inducing trance states of delirium in which they hear whispers in languages half remembered. It is within these whispers that they believe lost knowledge and power will return to their species.

The skum priests demand that "the rock must be wet" regularly with the fresh blood of captured foes to please their goddess and evoke her whispers. They muse excitedly about what whispers each creature's blood may hold. The skum take bound captives to the reef, where they are dragged, screaming, over its razor sharp surface. Skum supplicants measure the value of their offerings by the agonized wails of their sacrifices. The louder and more desperate the shrieks, the greater their chances of arousing the attention of the skum goddess.

Archaic, spiraling runes etched into the surface of the reef absorb the spilled blood. Unknown to all, the runes are in fact an ancient esoteric lock, and, if they absorb enough blood, they open a water-filled tunnel in the center of the reef. This forgotten tunnel conceals a vast, cavernous realm sealed since the days of the Age Before Ages. Whether the whispers heard by the scum are pure hallucinations due to dehydration,

telepathic musings of an old aboleth, or truly primeval secrets far older and far stranger within this hidden netherworld remains unknown. None have discovered the runes' secret, or deciphered their terrible warning that the portal is in fact a prison door guarding something even the aboleth feared.

GYRONNA'S CRADLE (CAIRN STONES TO THE ANGRY HAG)

Three hundred years ago, the residents of the River Kingdom town of Heibarr, once a thriving trade center along a tributary of the Sellen River, suddenly abandoned their homes. Legends of the town's demise speak in hushed tones of the Black Sisters of Gyronna, a group of malevolent hags who turned their malicious gaze on the town, poisoning the minds of the townsfolk with their hateful magic. Neighbors turned on each other with a violent fury. Most fled, while those who died in the streets rose again as incorporeal undead horrors to stalk the crumbling ruins.

The ruins of Heibarr remain a source of dread to all decent Riverfolk, shunned by locals and travelers alike. However, to the hags who dwell and plot in the wild reaches of the Kingdoms, it is a focal point for holy pilgrimage. These crones view the ruins as proud evidence of their fell power. At least once in every hag's life, she journeys to Heibarr. There, by the full or new moon, she pays homage to Gyronna, The Angry Hag, and looks upon the desolation the goddess wrought. The pilgrims gather in a hidden grove of trees where, centuries before, the Black Sisters of Gyronna plotted Heibarr's downfall.

The grove, known as Gyronna's Cradle, is a shadowed clearing in the dank undergrowth on the edge of town. A mass of stinging weeds and creeping roots hides a carpet of bones littering the dirt. A single cairn of pitted black stone towers in its center, atop which sits a fist-sized cat's-eye gemstone carved in the likeness of a glaring eye. On the nights of a new or full moon, the eye glows with fiery light and radiates an aura of overwhelming divination magic. Hags believe Gyronna observes the Grove directly during these times.

Pilgrims complete their duty by placing offerings to the Angry Hag upon a flat stone altar stained dark with charcoal and blood. These offerings usually consist of babes stolen from unfortunate Riverfolk. Under the watchful eye of Gyronna, the ritual culminates with frenetic dancing around a bubbling cauldron and feasting on a stew made from those sacrificed.

Upon completion of this ritual, a coven of hags can combine their powers to cast a powerful vision spell imploring their dark deity to share her plans with them and to alleviate their suffering as hideous beings of hate and malice. On rare occasions when a sacrifice seems to please Gyronna, masses of witchfire spirits appear in the undergrowth around the grove. They remain, as if transfixed, until daybreak before dissipating.

Any non-hag entering the grove during a full or new moon is immediately struck by the curse of Gyronna's Spite.

GYRONNA'S SPITE

Type curse; Save Will DC 30 negates

Effect Target is wracked with unbearable pain. On a failed save, the target is

permanently affected as by an *eyebite* spell. No additional save is allowed. Those who fail their save must make a further DC 30 Fortitude save or be struck permanently infertile. **Cure** Only a *miracle*, *wish*, or effect of similar power can remove this curse.

THE FEEDING POOL (SWAMP PIT OF SACRIFICE TO GHLAUNDER)

The swamp of Soddentimbers, a region of the Forest of Veils in the south-east of Ustalav, has long been known as a breeding ground of pestilence. The nearby town of Illmarsh owes its unfortunate name to the regular outbreaks of plague that germinate in the noxious marshlands and spread on countless insectile wings.

Deep in Soddentimbers, a sacred site of the ugothol, commonly known as faceless stalkers, squats in putrescence shrouded by fog and biting insects. An island of peat rises out of the surrounding bog, upon which is a deep pit 30 feet across that cuts through the soft earth like an open wound. This sodden pit heaves and squirms with countless swarms of mosquitoes, stirges, and other disease-bearing insects. From a distance, the buzzing swarms appear no different from a bank of fog—only after approaching does the true and deadly nature of the vermin clouds become apparent.

It is to this hidden scar that the ugothol creep to worship Ghlaunder, the Gossamer King, their foul god of contagion. The faceless stalkers shed their stolen appearances as they approach the island, reverting to their hideous natural forms. This is a rare place where they feel comfortable in their true form, welcomed by their parasitic lord.

The swarms ignore the monstrous worshippers who bring sacks of rotten fruit as oblation, while the true offerings—unconscious humanoids—are carried down into the pit.

The ugothol revive their prey at the bottom of the pit as they are submerged in the stagnant waters. The sacrifice awakens to squalid water filling their lungs, thrashing and fighting to escape the inevitable as heart-pounding terror consumes them. Their heightened blood flow draws the mosquito host to feed. At a silent command, the swarms of vermin engulf and lift the unlucky victim en masse, draining it to a withered husk of skin and bone.

The ugothol witness the divine feeding while emitting a strange keening noise through their proboscises. In the shifting depths of the blood-sated swarm, the ugothol see the shapes and shadows of an infinitely complex circular maze to divine the mandibled face of an enormous insectile horror—the face of the Gossamer King himself.

The most popular times of worship are dawn and dusk when mosquitoes are most active and during rare planar alignments when Ghlaunder's hunting ground on the Ethereal Plane is closest to the Material Plane.

The island's precise location remains a mystery of the Soddentimbers. Even the most experienced rangers with intimate knowledge of the area find themselves turned around in the labyrinthine moors when searching for the profane pool.

Those few offerings deemed unworthy by the Gossamer King, for his own inscrutable reasons, are fed upon, but not killed. Instead, they live in a half-dead delirium, and wander back to nearby towns bearing all manner of profane contagions. 🐛





Monstrous Sorcery

By Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Dave Mallon



Many creatures practice the art of the sorcerer, but the bloodlines crafted for humanoids mimicking celestial gifts, demonic attributes, or draconic heritage are not always ideally suited for creatures who already possess that nature. These bloodlines sometimes contain redundant resistances and capabilities, such as claws or winged flight for creatures that may already possess claws or wings. With some modification, however, they can be customized so that a draconic bloodline sorcerer who happens to be an actual dragon (or half-dragon) can benefit fully from this class choice. These suggested modifications can also serve as guidelines for how to adapt daemonic, div, genie (djinn, efreeti, marid, shaitan), oni, rakshasa, etc. bloodlines to creatures of those types.

ABERRANT

No changes. This bloodline is already well suited for a drider, neh-thalggu or spirit naga.

ABYSSAL

Bonus Spells: If you have *greater teleport* usable at will as a spell-like ability, replace the bonus spell granted at 15th level with *summon monster VII*.

Claws (Su): If you already have claws, the damage die of your claw attacks instead increases one step for the duration of the effect. At 7th level, they increase another step for the duration. All other effects remain the same.

Demon Resistances (Ex): Replace with "At 3rd level, you gain a +2 bonus to saving throws against effects that would banish you back to your home plane and you ignore the first 5 points of damage from a bane effect keyed to your type, or any spell or effect that specifically damages demons, or chaotic or evil creatures. At 9th level, the saving throw bonus increases to +4, and you now ignore the first 10 points of damage from spells or effects that deal damage specifically to demons or to chaotic or evil creatures."

Added Summonings (Su): Additionally, if you can summon multiple demons with a spell-like ability, you summon an additional demon when you use that ability. If your spell-like ability only summons a single demon, this ability has no effect.

Demonic Might (Su): Replace with "At 20th level, the power of the Abyss roils within you. You are immune to spells or effects that would inflict additional damage to demons, and are treated as a neutral target for any spell or effect that would detrimentally affect a chaotic or evil target, such as *protection from chaos*, a *bane (evil outsider)* weapon, or *holy word*. If an effect would banish you to your home plane you can roll your saving throw twice and take the better result."

CELESTIAL

Celestial Resistances (Ex): Replace with "At 3rd level, you gain a +2 bonus to saving throws against effects that would banish you back to your home plane and you ignore the first 5 points of damage from a *bane* effect keyed to your type, or any spell or effect that specifically damages creatures of your race or alignment subtypes. At 9th level, the saving throw bonus increases to +4, and you now ignore the first 10 points of damage from spells or effects that deal specific damage to celestials or to chaotic, good or lawful creatures."

Wings of Heaven (Su): If you are already capable of winged flight, you instead increase your maneuverability one step (to a maximum of perfect) and your flight speed by 30 ft. when you activate this ability. Alternately, you can use this power normally when in a form that does not possess winged flight.

Ascension (Su): Replace with "At 20th level, the power of the heavens shines within you. You are immune to spells or effects that would inflict additional damage to celestials, and are treated as a neutral target for any spell or effect that would detrimentally affect a chaotic, good or lawful target, such as *protection from good*, *Alignment Channel (good)*, or an *unholy* weapon. If an effect would banish you to your home plane you can roll your saving throw twice and take the better result."

DRACONIC

Bonus Spells: Replace *spell resistance* with *teleport, form of the dragon I* with *acid fog* (changing the damage type to match your breath weapon), *form of the dragon II* with *greater scrying*, and *form of the dragon III* with *polymorph any object*.

Claws (Su): If you already have claws, the damage die of your claw attacks instead increases one step for the duration of the effect. At 7th level, they increase another step for the duration. All other effects remain the same.

Dragon Resistances (Ex): Replace with "At 3rd level, if you have the air, earth or water subtype, you gain cold and fire resistance 5. At 9th level, one of these resistances increases to 10. At 15th level, the other resistance increases to 10. If you instead have the cold or fire subtype, at 3rd level your fire or cold vulnerability only increases damage taken by 25%. At 9th level, you no longer have vulnerability against that energy type."

Breath Weapon (Su): Replace with "At 9th level, as a full round action you can use your breath weapon enhanced by a metamagic feat that you know by expending a spell slot equal to or higher than the level adjustment required by the metamagic feat. The number of rounds you must wait before using your breath weapon again is increased by the feat's level adjustment. For example, to maximize your breath weapon you must know the Maximize Spell feat and expend a 3rd or higher level spell slot, after which you must wait the normal duration plus an additional 3 rounds before you can use your breath weapon again. For metamagic feats that have effects dependent upon the level of spell used, use the level of the spell expended."

Wings (Su): As wings of heaven, above.

Power of Wyrms (Su): Replace with "At 20th level, you become immune to weapons or effects that specifically target creatures of the dragon type, or of any of your racial subtypes (such as air, cold, earth, fire or water), including

the added damage from effects such as those from the smite evil or favored enemy class features, or a *bane (dragon)* weapon.”

ELEMENTAL

Bonus Spells: Replace *elemental body I* with *wall of fire*, *elemental body II* with *major creation*, and *elemental body III* with *permanent image*, and *elemental body IV* with *plane shift*.

Elemental Resistance (Ex): Replace with “At 3rd level, you gain energy resistance 5 against the two elemental energy types not opposed to your energy type (fire and cold/water oppose one another, as do earth/acid and air/electricity). At 9th level, these resistances increase to 10. At 15th level, if you are vulnerable to cold or fire, such as from the fire or cold subtypes, you lose this vulnerability.

Elemental Movement (Su): At 15th level, if you already have a movement type equal to or better than that listed, your speed improves by 30 ft. Additionally an air elemental sorcerer increases the maneuverability of any fly speed by one step to a maximum of (perfect).

Elemental Body (Su): Replace with “At 20th level, you become immune to spells or effects that would inflict additional damage to a creature of your type or subtype. Whenever subject to a spell or effect that would banish you to your home plane, you can roll your saving throw twice and take the better result.”

FEY

No changes. This bloodline is already well suited for a dryad, nymph or satyr.

INFERNAL

Bonus Spells: If you have *greater teleport* usable at will as a spell-like ability, replace the bonus spell granted at 15th level with *summon monster VII*.

Infernal Resistances (Ex): As demon resistances, above, but giving resistance to effects that would specifically affect devils, or evil or lawful creatures.

On Dark Wings (Su): As wings of heaven, above.

Power of the Pit (Su): As demonic might, above, but giving immunity to effects that have extra effect on devils, and being treated as neutral for effects that would detrimentally affect an evil or lawful target.

UNDEAD

Death's Gift (Su): Replace DR 5/— vs. nonlethal damage with DR 1/—. At 9th level, increase to DR 3/—.

This DR stacks with other sources of DR X/—, such as that from barbarian class levels, or adamantine armor, but not other forms of DR, such as DR X/magic or DR X/silver. Cold resistance accrues normally. You can cause your form to appear as you did in life, if you choose, and suffer no penalties to attempt to disguise yourself as a living version of yourself.

Incorporeal Form (Sp): If you are already naturally incorporeal, you gain the ability to manifest a corporeal form instead. While corporeal, your Strength is equal to your Charisma.

One of Us (Ex): At 20th level your DR increases to 5/—, and you become immune to extra damage from effects that specifically inflict additional damage to undead, such as as the smite evil or favored enemy class features, a *bane (undead)* weapon, or some spells, such as *magic stone* or *sunbeam*, being treated as a living creature, and not undead, for such effects. 🗡️





Monstrous Simple Class Templates

By Matteo "T.R.U." Lorenzi

Art by Jeremy Corff



As introduced in the *Pathfinder RPG: Monster Codex*, simple class templates function in the same way as all other simple templates. They enable GMs to customize creatures by giving them the flavor and abilities of classes without the complexity of adding class levels. These monstrous simple class templates grant their respective classes' class features, which are denoted by a dagger (†), though some differ slightly from the original class ability, as noted in the templates.

Spellcasting: Two of these templates grant the ability to

cast spells as a member of the class on which the template is based. These templates only grant spells for the three highest spell levels the creature has access to. If the creature casts all of the spells of its higher levels, the GM can keep the combat challenging by adding lower level spells denoted by a double dagger (‡) but no more than two for any given spell level.

ALCHEMIST

Drawing their alchemical powers from their own magical potential, alchemist creatures mix ingredients into a number of extracts, and create powerful mutagens and deadly bombs. An alchemist creature, being more clever than the average of its species, often assumes the role of shaman or even chieftain in its monstrous tribal society.

ALCHEMIST CREATURE (CR +2 OR +3)

Alchemist creatures gain bombs and a mutagen, as well as access to extracts and some alchemical discoveries. An alchemist creature's CR increases by 3 if the creature has 10 or more HD.

Quick Rules: +2 on all rolls based on Int; gains bomb† with a number of bombs per day equal to its HD + its Int modifier, which inflict 1d6 points of fire damage for every 2 HD + its Int modifier (maximum 10d6 at 20 HD); gains mutagen† (using its HD as its alchemist level for determining duration); gains Throw Anything as a bonus feat (if the creature has 10 or more HD, it also gains two alchemist discoveries†); can prepare a small number of alchemist's extracts (see the "Alchemist Extracts Slots" table below) using its HD as its CL.

Rebuild Rules: **Special Attacks** bomb† class feature (can use a number of bombs each day equal to its HD + its Int modifier, with a number of alchemist's bomb dice equal to 1/2 the creature's HD, to a maximum of 10d6 at 20 HD); **Alchemist's Extract** can prepare a small number of alchemist extracts (see the Alchemist Extracts Slots table below) using its HD as its CL; **Special Qualities** mutagen† class feature (using its HD as its alchemist level for determining duration), and if the creature has 10 or more HD, it gains two discoveries†; **Ability Scores** +4 Intelligence; **Feats** Throw Anything as a bonus feat.

ANTIPALADIN

Just as some gods of good and law empower paladin creatures to fight evil, their chaotic and evil counterparts, in the same way, give profane powers to



antipaladin creatures to spread their own corruption and monstrosity.

ANTIPALADIN CREATURE (CR +2 OR +3)

Antipaladin creatures can battle good using smite good, can use touch of corruption, and they possess some defensive abilities as well. An antipaladin creature's CR increases by 3 if the creature has 10 or more HD. An antipaladin creature must be chaotic evil.

Quick Rules: +2 on all rolls based on Str and Cha; can smite good† once per day (using its HD as its antipaladin level for determining damage); can use touch of corruption† once per day (causing 1d6 points of damage for every 2 HD it possesses instead of using its antipaladin level); gains detect good† and unholy resilience† (if the creature has 10 or more HD, it also gains aura of despair†).

Rebuild Rules: Defensive Abilities unholy resilience† (if the creature has 10 or more HD, it also gains aura of despair†); **Special Attacks** smite good† ability once per day (treating its HD as its antipaladin level for determining damage); **Special Qualities** detect good† as the antipaladin class feature, touch of corruption† once per day (causing 1d6 points of damage for every 2 HD the creature possesses instead of using its antipaladin level); **Ability Scores** +4 Strength and Charisma.

RANGER (NATURAL WEAPON STYLE)

Most ranger creatures rely on archery or two-weapon fighting, but some monsters specialize instead in natural weapons, either gaining bestial claws or improving their own natural weapons in a deadly manner.

NATURAL WEAPON RANGER CREATURE (CR +1 OR +2)

A natural weapon ranger creature gains a favored enemy. It also gains the natural weapon combat style, tracking, and some defensive abilities. A natural weapon ranger creature's CR increases by 2 if the creature has 10 or more HD.

Quick Rules: Choose either Str or Dex. The creature gains +2 on all rolls based on the chosen ability score (and +2 to AC if Dex is chosen). The creature gains either Aspect of the Beast^{APG} or Improved Natural Weapon^{B1} as a bonus feat (if the creature has 10 or more HD, choose two more bonus feats from the natural weapon list in combat styles† class feature [*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide 124*])

The creature also gains favored enemy† (choosing only one favored enemy; the favored enemy bonus increases by 2 at 5 HD and every 5 HD thereafter, to a maximum of +10 at 20

HD). Lastly, the creature gains track† (and evasion† if the creature has 10 or more HD).

Rebuild Rules: Defensive Abilities evasion† (if the creature has 10 or more HD); **Special Attacks** favored enemy† (choose only one favored enemy; the favored enemy bonus increases by 2 at 5 HD and every 5 HD thereafter, to a maximum of +10 at 20 HD); **Special Qualities** track†; **Ability Scores** +4 Strength or Dexterity; **Feats** either Aspect of the Beast^{APG} or Improved Natural Weapon^{B1} as a bonus feat (if the creature has 10 or more HD, choose two more bonus feats from the Natural Weapon combat style [*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide 124*]).

WITCH

Witch creatures sometimes serve as healers in their lair, other times living as outcasts because their odd capacities are too scary even for a monstrous society. Because of their communion with the unknown, witch creatures become skilled in the ways of arcane magic and in a number of hexes.

WITCH CREATURE (CR +1, +2, OR +3)

Beyond casting damaging spells, a witch creature can call upon mighty forces of spells and hexes granted by its mysterious patron to serve itself and its allies in versatile ways. Select a witch creature's patron† when the template is added. A witch creature's CR increases by 2 if the creature has 7 or more HD, and it increases by 3 if the creature has 13 or more HD.

Quick Rules: +2 on all rolls based on Int; gains a number of hexes† equal to 1/2 HD (up to maximum of 10 hexes at 20 HD, using its HD - 2 as its effective witch level [minimum 1] to determine the effect, DC, and types of hexes† [standard hexes, major hexes† and grand hexes†]); can cast a small number of witch spells (adding its patron spells to its spell list, see the "Witch Spells Slots" below) using its HD as its CL.

Rebuild Rules: Special Attacks gains a number of hexes† equal to 1/2 HD (up to maximum of 10 hexes at 20 HD, using its HD - 2 as its witch level [minimum 1] to determine the effect, DC, and types of hexes† [can choose from the list of major hexes† starting from an effective witch level of 10, and from the list of grand hexes† starting from an effective witch level of 18]); **Witch Spells** can cast a small number of witch spells (adding its patron spells to its spell list, see the "Witch Spells Slots" table below) using its HD as its CL; **Ability Scores** +4 Intelligence. 🐉

Witch Spells Slots

HD	0	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
1-3	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
4-6	2	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
7-9	†	2	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	-
10-12	†	†	2	2	1	-	-	-	-	-
13-15	†	†	†	2	2	1	-	-	-	-
16-18	†	†	†	†	2	2	1	-	-	-
19-21	†	†	†	†	†	2	2	1	-	-
22-24	†	†	†	†	†	†	2	2	1	-
25+	†	†	†	†	†	†	†	2	2	1

Alchemist Extracts Slots

HD	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1-4	1	-	-	-	-	-
5-8	2	1	-	-	-	-
9-12	2	2	1	-	-	-
13-16	†	2	2	1	-	-
17-20	†	†	2	2	1	-
21+	†	†	†	2	2	1



Hunger Upon Darkest Wings

Divine Feats For Harpies

By Clinton J. Boomer

Art by Beatrice Pelagatti



Some may imagine the harpy to be a simple monster: feral, coarse, simple-minded, and ruled by only her basest of needs. While this is true, their worship of demons can bring great power...and terrible conflict.

HIDDEN & TWISTING SONG

Your soul echoes from deep and forbidden places, warped by alien pipes and carried to weeping heavens upon ash-scented and rot-tinged breath. You exhale only lovely commands, shattering psyches anew with each coil of your wicked tongue. From the iron-hard grasp of your aching, slicing hymn, no mind can truly escape unscathed ... for your victims never know what delicious madness it is which snares and ensorcells them.

Prerequisite:

Captivating Song special ability, fervor or touch of corruption class feature, Disguise 6 ranks, Perform (sing) 6 ranks

Benefit: You may choose as a free action to vocalize your captivating song at a sub-audible frequency, thereby potentially affecting creatures otherwise unaware that they can even hear you. The total spread of your captivating song drops to 1/10th of its normal reach while you use your ability in this way; thus, the song's area of effect falls to a range of 30 ft. for most harpies. When your captivating song is used this way, sentient creatures within the area



are entitled to a Perception check [DC 10 + 1/2 your HD + your Charisma modifier] at the end of each round to notice that there is something like a low, ghostly hum edging into the periphery of their hearing.

A creature who succeeds on this skill check by 5 or more can pinpoint you as the source.

While you are singing in this way, you may freely speak, cast spells with verbal components, and use voice-based abilities

normally, although the volume of such sound changes to an eerie whisper. Targets of these effects must make Perception checks to hear this whisper and be affected by them.

In addition, at will, as a full-round action (so long as you retain one daily use of touch of corruption or fervor), you may take on the appearance of a unique humanoid creature (see sidebar), as per a *disguise self* spell with an unlimited duration except that the apparent creature-type chosen does not need to match your own. Your caster level for all abilities granted by this feat is equal to your total HD and the saving throw DC for any such abilities is equal to 10 + 1/2 your HD + your Charisma modifier.

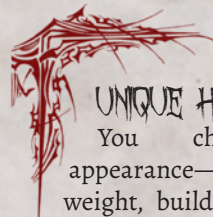
At 8th level, you may additionally expend one daily use of your touch of corruption as a standard action to use *charm person* (monstrous humanoids are also affected) or *suggestion* as a spell-like ability upon a creature under the influence of your captivating song.

At 10th level, you may expend two daily uses of your touch of corruption as a standard action to use triggered *suggestion* as a spell-like ability upon a creature under the influence of your captivating song.

At 15th level, you may expend three daily uses of your touch of corruption as a standard action to use *dominate person* as a spell-like ability on a target under the influence of your captivating song. Animals and monstrous humanoids are also affected by this ability.

If the target saves successfully, it cannot be targeted again for 24 hours. If the target fails the save, it is affected by any spell-like abilities for 10 min/level or until the effect is resolved.

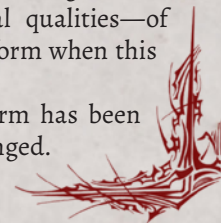
Special: This feat may be taken multiple times; each time it is selected, you gain the use of another humanoid form and may select which appearance to use as a disguise whenever this feat is activated. In addition, your character level is treated as



UNIQUE HUMANOID APPEARANCE

You choose the specific appearance—including the height, weight, build, eye & hair color, type, subtype, facial features, apparent age, apparent ethnicity, apparent gender and all other specific visual qualities—of your special humanoid form when this feat is selected.

Once your specific form has been chosen, it cannot be changed.



2 higher for purposes of determining your access to the special spell-like abilities granted by this feat.

You may always expend fervor or daily uses of touch of corruption to activate the abilities granted by this feat.

Designer's Commentary: This feat is primarily intended for use by harpy worshipers of both Lamashtu and Pazuzu, with each dark choir proclaiming themselves the original recipients of this great blessing and the other cult to be little more than low pretenders; vicious proxy-wars have been fought between adherents to those warring ideologies, culminating in harpy-queens clashing across thunder-torn skies as mind-bent armies of humans, jackals, and minotaurs gleefully tear one another to slick and bloody shreds below.

NOTE: This feat originally appeared here:

<http://thatboomerkid.tumblr.com/post/122842531546/hidden-twisting-song>

It has been edited and is reprinted here with permission.

WINGS OF THE WENDIGO

Your terrible devotions to the icy-black winds of winter grant you eerie and otherworldly potency, making you into something both beyond flesh and beyond cursed. You have become half-spirit, a swift and ageless source of eternal strife, a monster subsisting upon the fear and mad hunger of innocents and damned alike. Wherever the darkness and the frigid cold rule, you shall exist as a gnawing sickness, a shadow on the storm, a whisper of murder ... and of howling, crimson-stained need.

Prerequisite: Fly speed, worshiper of a Chaotic Evil deity with the Air, Madness or Weather Domain. Your deity may not grant the Fire domain.

Benefit: You gain cold resistance 10 and vulnerability to fire.

You gain *wind walk* as an at-will spell-like ability, although you may only use this power within an area with an ambient temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit or lower.

You may attempt to drag a pinned foe into the air with you, and in so doing expose the victim to a powerful curse of cannibalistic madness. If you pin a grappled foe or otherwise have an opponent physically helpless—such one affected by captivating song—you can attempt to move into the sky with your target using your fly

speed or your *wind walk* spell-like ability. While doing so, you automatically succeed on all concentration checks made to use *wind walk*, although you must still make Fly checks if damaged. A target that escapes your grapple falls if it cannot fly.

Each round, a target under the effect of your *wind walk* ability, can attempt a new Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your character level + your Charisma modifier) to turn solid again. Becoming solid does not remove the pinned condition from the target.

Upon returning to the earth after being held aloft for a number of rounds equal to its HD, any creature taken into the air with you is exposed to the supernatural curse of wendigo hunger:

Wendigo Hunger (Su) Curse—*wind walk* or special (see above); *save* Will DC 10 + 1/2 HD + your Charisma modifier; *onset* 1 minute; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d4 Wis damage (minimum Wis 1); *cure* 2 consecutive saves. When a victim's Wisdom reaches 1, he or she seeks out an individual of his or her race to kill and devour. As long as the curse persists, the victim of this curse is cured of all ability Wisdom damage—regardless of source—immediately after devouring any member of his or her own species. The victim of the curse resumes accumulating Wisdom damage until it is once again driven to cannibalism. This cycle continues as long as the curse persists.

If you are a living creature with this feat, you do not age as long as at least one sentient creature suffers the effects of your curse; for each victim of your curse, you become younger by a number of months equal to the number of sentient victims so afflicted. You cannot become younger than the base starting age for your race by use of this ability. If you are slain by violence, you rise as a non-mindless undead of the GM's choice as long as at least one sentient creature suffers the effects of your curse.

If you are an undead creature with this feat and you are destroyed, you rise again in 2d4 days—much like the rejuvenation ability of a ghost—so long as at least one sentient creature suffers the effects of your curse.

DESIGNER'S NOTE: This feat is intended to allow for use of a lower-CR adversary in the role of a classic wendigo antagonist, perhaps serving as a worshiper, pawn, or servant of a far greater and more formidable threat. In this way, multiple creatures of this type might be faced and defeated over the course of a game, allowing the PCs to claim several minor victories as they pursue an unstoppable adversary. 🐉





The Blue Lantern Spirit

By Patchen Mortimer

Art by Stephen Wood



To hear my apprentice Marne tell it, Tsukiko's family had arrived from Tian Xia carrying little but the clothes on their backs.

From where I was standing, they'd arrived bearing plenty. They brought skill at weaving that had earned them a place in this Varisian hamlet. They brought their language, their customs, their songs. They brought their shrine gods: Shizuru and Tsukiyo, nine-tailed Daikitsu, even Shelyn made foreign in her guise as the Lady of Chrysanthemums.

And they brought their ghosts.

I paused in my incantations and began snuffing out candles one by one. One hundred candles in a ring. One hundred flames to quench, until only the cerulean light of a single blue paper lantern was left.

I nodded to Tsukiko. Her eyes were wide, but she set her jaw. "Honored Aunt Camellia," she called out to the room at large. Carefully, trembling only slightly, she blew out the flame nestled in the heart of the lantern.

The room went dark.

Then it went somehow...*darker*.

I was ready. With a final word the magic circle I'd spent hours preparing snapped to life. There was a silver flash as runes leapt up from the floorboards. In answer, the lantern exploded into a column of blue fire.

A shape appeared in the column. Darkness descended again as it worked its will. Marne touched the pearl I'd given her, meant to call light in even the blackest caverns. It flared with sudden brightness, sending the shadows fleeing and exposing our prize.

Made of blue fire and black smoke, with a crown of horns atop a shaggy mane, a form part crone and part demonic lion opened yellow eyes and gnashed even yellower teeth as it cried out in rage.

We had called the aoandon, and it had come.

* * *

"This is my fault, Mistress Zephora," Tsukiko had said when we met the day before. Her hands trailed to her belly. "I'm pregnant."

Beside me, Marne stiffened. Tsukiko was not married. Such things still mattered in these parts, and Marne was from this village. It was why I'd brought her along.

I ignored her. Marne was bright, but years spent juggling the duties of a novice wizard and an acolyte of Nethys had made her too much a creature of books. "Tell me," I said to Tsukiko. "From the beginning."

The beginning, it turned out, was over a century ago, back in Minkai. Tsukiko's many-times great-aunt had been a beauty. In town they compared her to a camellia blossom, and she bloomed with the praise.

The details of the story had been lost over time, but the outline was familiar enough: a handsome samisen player. A tryst. A

swollen belly. The bard suddenly nowhere in evidence. Eyes that once gazed in admiration now glared in disapproval.

"She had the baby, then she died," Tsukiko said. "In the river. It was the storm season." Perhaps it was an accident. Perhaps it was suicide.

Whatever the case, Tsukiko's great-aunt had not rested easy. Under the black of the next new moon, she returned as a blue lantern spirit, an aoandon. She—no, it—slew her parents. It slew the clucking neighbors. Then it slew every pregnant woman in the district.

After that, its rage seemed to cool. But when a cousin found herself with child out of wedlock, the aoandon returned. It killed. The cousin's impetuous younger sister found herself in similar straits a year later. She didn't last a week.

"No unmarried woman in my family has lived to bear her child. My aunt is determined to restore my family's honor." Tsukiko paused, then whispered. "I knew better. But...we are half a world away. And he just went to Magnimar to look for work. I didn't think..." She trailed off.

When the aoandon came for Tsukiko, she was lucky. She was awake when the smoky blue nightmare materialized in her bedroom. Tsukiko ran as fast as she could to the only place she could think of: the village's chapel of Erastil. The spirit gave chase, but it seemed reluctant to enter the sanctuary of an alien god. For three straight nights, it prowled outside, howling in six different tongues—only one of them human. Tsukiko remained in the chapel while the villagers sent for help.

The help they found was me.

Well, not just me. I had Marne, humorless slip of a thing though she was. I had a book on loan from the temple of Nethys, a bestiary of the Dragon Empires' wilder spirits. And I had some scrolls I'd pilfered from the temple's vaults as well, just in case.

Too bad we were going to lose.

Servants of Nethys, mage and priest alike, do their research. Other wizards might be able to bind this creature, but I could not. That power would be beyond me for years.

Our only hope was Tsukiko.

* * *

Now in Tsukiko's home, unprotected by whatever aura surrounded the chapel, the blue lantern spirit loomed over us all. Its descendant had called it by name and it had answered. Only my frail spell kept us all from certain doom.

"Honored Aunt, hear me," Tsukiko said. "I am with child, it is true. And I am not married. You would see that as dishonor."

The aoandon bared its teeth and pounded against the silver cylinder described by my spell. Its smoky breath boiled around it, questing. How long before it found a way out?

But Tsukiko went on. "There is no dishonor here. None. I swear it by our ancestors. The father will return. I still get his letters. He will come back. And if he doesn't..." She stroked her stomach, where she as yet did not even show, and her eyes blazed. "Even if he doesn't, this child will be loved. I will hold my head high. Things are different here."

No, they aren't, I thought, thinking of Marne's dour expression. But if you say it enough, maybe you will make it true.

To Marne's credit, though, she had not fled. The pearl in her hand gleamed. Tsukiko's face shone in its light. "Honored Aunt, I am not ashamed. Not of my lover. Not of my babe."

The aoandon paused. Clearly, it had not expected this. How many had it slain, cowering and afraid? Causing fear was what blue lantern spirits *did*; it was their nature. And yet this woman stood firm.

For a moment, only an instant, the aoandon seemed to shrink back toward its lantern like a djinni being sucked back into its bottle.

Then Tsukiko added, "And I am not ashamed of you."

The aoandon recoiled as if slapped. Its eyes went wide. Then a third eye, a terrible thing right in the middle of the spirit's forehead, opened and scrunched in fury. A mistake, I thought in a panic. Tsukiko went too far!

The aoandon opened its mouth and *screamed*.

It was more than a sound. It was a physical force. The pain hit us all, waves of it, in a rolling tide of agony. I fought the pain, fought to stand, to cast a spell, to do something, anything.

Let me be clear: I didn't win. If the blue lantern spirit had continued screaming, I would have never left the floor. I would have been squashed like a beetle under a wooden clog: my body broken, not even twitching.

But the monster turned to Tsukiko, and as its attention shifted the pain lessened just enough for me to act.

I pulled out one of the scrolls I had borrowed from the temple. The expense that had gone into scribing this one spell alone would take me years to repay, maybe even decades. But I knew would not have those years if I didn't use it then.

The words burned as they left my throat. Power poured out of my eyes and mouth like fire. If the aoandon was blue flame; I was gold.

Like I said, I do my research. But all the carefully constructed clauses and codicils I'd held in the back of my mind vanished. Instead of a complicated web of binding, I gave a simple command. "Depart," I shouted. "Depart until you love the child as much as she does."

Honor or love? A riddle posed to a creature whose very existence depended on dishonor.

It vanished with one last scream and a puff of blue-black smoke.

Before I passed out, I watched the flame in the paper lantern sputter and die.

* * *

I almost didn't catch Marne's words the next morning as we prepared to ride out. She was looking back toward Tsukiko's house mulishly. "We nearly died for one Father Deadeye would have had whipped."

I paused to consider her. Marne was from this very town. Varisian farmers don't have much use for Nethys; she would have worshipped Erastil until she came into her power. And while the Stag God's chapel may have shielded Tsukiko, his priests taught that a doe should follow the herd. It was easy for Marne to judge.

When I spoke, I tried to keep the censure out of my voice. Marne had been brave beyond her years, yesterday. There were still things I could teach her.

"Shame created that creature, Marne. Shame called it here, across an entire ocean. Shame was its power."

I thought of the Tian woman's defiant, blazing eyes as I mounted. "It is good for us that Tsukiko does not share your low opinion of her. Otherwise we would all be dead." 🐉



DEADLY D • E • L • V • E • S

TM



Live the Adventure

To Claw The Surface

by Michael Allen

PATHFINDER
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE



Grandmother's Pact: A Song Of The Winter Wolves

By Phoebe Harris

Art by Mike Lowe



White bones.
Black crows.
Victory tasted, victory taken.

Whitethrone.
Redtooth.
Hands for building, feet for standing.

Servant to none and equal to all,
Feasting on all who seek Irrisen's fall.
Equal to all and servant to none.
Wolves are the ones who make Irrisen run. 🐾

White moon.
Black night.
Hunting ended, hunger sated.

White wolf.
Red eyes.
Growl of greeting, growl of challenge.

A flurry of claws and a flurry of teeth;
The stranger's weight crushes the
champion beneath.

A flurry of teeth and a flurry of claws;
The leader's throat bared to the
challenger's jaws.

White face.
Black smile.
Teeth of iron, will of steel.

White days.
Red weeks.
Packs defeated, packs united.

For loyalty given and honor returned
Was wolves' place as first among warriors
earned.

For honor returned and loyalty given
The gates will be opened, the wall must be
riven.

White call.
Black words.
Winter's herald, winter's coming.

White road.
Red ice.
Assemble the packs; assemble attacks.

With giants and fey, with witches and
trolls,
Over Jarguut and Djurstor the mighty
horde rolls.

With witches and trolls, with giants and
fey,

Wolves won Winter War by the twenty-
third day.





A Creature's Essence

By Anthony "Template Fu" Adam

Art by Jess Door



What makes a memorable creature? What makes its appearance thrilling? Do your players react to it with their basic instinct? These factors lie at the heart of creature design. This article illustrates a design sequence focused on this aspect of creature creation. The example creature is one of the practice creatures I created as part of Sean K Reynolds' on-line design class and is used with his permission.

STEP 1: PUT AWAY THE BOOKS!

If you keep your books out, they will bog you down with technical rules, monster feats, and other options. We are designing using a pure method that concentrates on what we want to achieve, leaving technical aspects of monster building for last. Our aim is to create a memorable creature with unique abilities that causes the players to react instinctively to its appearance. Let's state that as our focus at the top of our design page.

I want to design a creature that will emotionally frighten the players instead of being a set of lethal statistics they merely overcome.

STEP 2: IDENTIFY THE CREATURE'S THEME.

To design a memorable creature, focus on the central theme bringing it to the table. I start by posing this question:

"We all imagine the creatures faced while playing, but what if they actually step from our minds into the real world?"

This question coupled with my stated intent led me to explore concepts of dreams and nightmares. I kept asking myself questions until I arrived at this one:

"What if a nightmare shared by enough people calls forth a creature born of their combined terror: a nightmare child?"

I will create a creature born of nightmares. Immediately turning to the Bestiary volumes and the PRD, I checked whether this theme is overused in existing creatures. I discovered I had found a niche, an elusive "something different." So I continued with the design.

STEP 3: IDENTIFY YOUR DESIGN CRITERIA.

I started making a list, whittling down to a small set of requirements, defining the boundaries of my creation, and retaining focus on the theme.

CHOOSE YOUR TARGET CR.

I thought about the nature of my creature and how I wanted it to interact with the players. I decided on CR 1. Why is the CR so important for this creature? It derives from my statement of intent!

Creatures encountered very early in the game are among the most frightening—the PCs have a short list of abilities to counter a creature's special abilities. This is a fine line to walk with low CR designs because your creature should not be so powerful that it leaves the PCs with no chance of survival. A well-crafted CR 1 creature can easily interact with player emotions and reactions.

The design doesn't need to be deadly, as the aim is to creep out the players rather than threaten their existence.

CHOOSE YOUR TARGET ENVIRONMENT.

This creature is created from dreams, so the obvious setting is one where greater populations congregate. Urban is the best choice that supports my initial premise.

DEFINE YOUR CHOSEN THEME.

What aspects are common to dreams and nightmares? How can I convert them into creature special abilities under the game rules? I still have pushed the books aside, but subconsciously I am starting to consider ability mechanics. Now that we are tightly focused on our creature's theme, it is okay to consider published mechanics that may fit within a sensible and suitable ability set for it.

I started a list that is a skeletal design for the creature. At the top of the list is my first draft name. It may change over time, but for now, we focus the design by listing the abilities beneath the creature name.

Returning to my prior lists and questions, the name is an easy choice: Nightmare Child.

The consolidated list below represents the core aspects I want the creature to embody.

Aspect 1: It should only exist at night, when most people dream.

Aspect 2: When near sleeping creatures, it should be able to feed off their dreams, becoming empowered or revitalized.

Aspect 3: If it feeds off sleeping creatures, it must be able to sense them.

STEP 4: AT LAST, GAME MECHANICS!

Concentrate on the creature's abilities; building the stat block is just number crunching. The previously defined broad aspects become our creature's abilities, defining its uniqueness. Choose ability names reflecting the central theme of the creature. I translated them as follows:

Aspect 1 became a supernatural ability called Dream Existence.

Aspect 2 became a set of related abilities: Dream Siphon to feed, and Dream Twister to corrupt dreams into delectable nightmares. These abilities reinforce the dark, sinister goal of the design, and will hopefully impact the players emotionally.

Aspect 3 became Dream Scent, entirely based on existing scent abilities. Don't reinvent existing rules.

I considered the final abilities as a whole, and I realized something was missing. After taking a break, I developed a fourth aspect to close the circle of abilities:

Aspect 4 – The ability to cause another to fall into deep slumber.

Now, it can put creatures to sleep, twist their dreams into a nightmare and feed! This aspect translated into Sandman Touch. Alternatively, to reduce the number of special abilities, I could have chosen to give it *deep slumber* as a spell-like ability.

STEP 5: STOP! IT IS DONE.

My instincts told me to stop and put it all together. I have a creature with a coherent, unique list of special abilities. Recognizing when to stop comes with practice.

Now we can put the pieces into the template, crunch numbers for the stat block, and add a lead-in creepy description. Once you do that, take a step back and look at the creature as if you are seeing it for the first time. Your instincts will determine whether it is a good design.

As for the Nightmare Child, take a look:

This misshapen, hairless humanoid has crimson skin mottled with

purple blotches, giving it a malnourished and unhealthy pallor. Large, soulless black eyes give mute testimony of its nocturnal existence.

NIGHTMARE CHILD

CR 1

XP 400

CE Small outsider (native)

Init +6; Senses darkvision 60 ft., dream scent; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 13 (2d10+2)

Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +1

Defensive Abilities dream existence; Immune sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +4 (1d3+1), 2 claws +4 (1d4+1; plus sandman touch)

Special Attacks dream siphon, dream twister, sandman touch

STATISTICS

Str 13, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 10

Base Atk +2; CMB +2; CMD 14

Feats Improved Initiative

Skills Climb +14, Disable Device +7, Escape Artist +7, Perception +6, Stealth +11

Languages Common

ECOLOGY

Environment any urban

Organization solitary, pair, or trance (3–6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Dream Existence (Su) Much like the nightmares that created it, the nightmare child has a transient existence. A nightmare child fades away in the morning when touched by

the dawn's light; once dusk deepens into night, it coalesces again within 20 feet of where it faded to hunt anew.

Dream Scent (Ex) A nightmare child prowling the streets constantly shuffles, smelling and tasting the air as it seeks its prey. It senses dreaming creatures within 120 feet as if using scent.

Dream Siphon (Su) Once per night as a free action, a nightmare child siphons life energy from a sleeping creature within 10 feet without awakening it, granting the nightmare child 5 temporary hit points while the target continues to sleep. The target's sleep may be normal or magically induced. A nightmare child gains a +1 profane bonus to attack rolls when it is within 10 feet of its target. The target gains the fatigued condition upon awakening.

Dream Twister (Su) As a swift action, a nightmare child within 10 feet of a sleeping creature twists the target's dreams into a nightmare unless the target succeeds at a DC 12 Will save. The nightmare prevents restful sleep and leaves the target fatigued and unable to regain arcane spells for the next 24 hours. A target can only be affected by a dream twister once per day. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Sandman Touch (Sp) A creature struck by a nightmare child's claw attacks must succeed at a DC 12 Will save or fall asleep (as the *sleep* spell). Regardless of its success, the target creature cannot be affected by the same nightmare child's sandman touch again for 24 hours.

Nightmare children spawn in any urban settlement where the population suffers from great trepidation or tension. When a group of creatures in close proximity experiences the same nightmare, a single nightmare child is spawned. However, nightmares shared by a larger or exceptionally distressed group spawn multiple nightmare children.

When cornered, they ululate with the chilling sound of overlapping voices drawn from the nightmares that gave them life. 🐛





A Matter Of Class

Favored Class Bonuses For Monsters

By Margherita "Bardess" Tramontano

Art by Dionisis Milonas



Monsters can benefit from favored class bonuses, but there were not specific favored class bonuses for monsters until now. Here are some, based on different monster subtypes. If a monster belongs to more than one subtype, it may choose the bonus it likes the most from among all of its subtypes.

AGATHION

Bard: Add +1/2 to the bard's level when determining the effect of the song of the wild or soothing performance bardic performance.

Cavalier: Add +1/4 to the expert trainer bonus.

Cleric: Add +1/3 to the cleric's level when determining the effects of one power from the Animal, Good, Healing, Scalykind, or Plant domain, or any animal or terrain domain.

Druid: Add +1/2 to the druid's wild empathy bonus.

Hunter: Add +1/4 to the hunter's level when determining the effect of her animal focus ability.

Oracle: Add +1/6 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Life, Lunar, Nature, or Wood mysteries.

Ranger: Gain 1/6 of a new combat style feat from the Natural Weapon or Faithful list (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea Combat*) (NG deities only).

Shaman: Add one spell from the druid spell list that isn't on the shaman spell list to the list of spells the shaman knows. This spell must be at least 1 level below the highest spell level the shaman can cast.

Warpriest: Add 1/2 to the number of times per day the warpriest can use blessings, but he can only use these additional uses on blessings from the Animal, Good, Healing, Plant, and Scalykind domains.

AIR

Cavalier: Add a +1 bonus on Fly skill checks to the cavalier's mount. When this bonus reaches +8, the mount gains a fly speed equal to its base speed, with poor maneuverability. If the cavalier ever replaces his mount, the new mount gains these abilities.

Oracle: Add +1/4 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Wind mystery.

Ranger: Add a +1/4 bonus on wild empathy checks to influence flying animals.

Rogue/Ninja: Add a 1/4 bonus on Fly checks and a +1/2 bonus on Stealth checks to hide.

Shaman: Add +1/4 to the shaman's level when determining the effect of one Wind spirit hex.

Summoner: Add +1 foot to the eidolon's fly speed, if any. In combat, this has an effect only for every five increases to the eidolon's base speed.

Wizard: Add one spell from any list with the air descriptor to the wizard's spellbook. This spell must be at least one level below the highest spell level he can cast. This spell is treated as one level higher unless it also appears on the wizard spell list.

ANGELS

Bloodrager: Increase the blood sanctuary bonus by 1/4.

Cavalier/Samurai: Add +1/4 to the cavalier's banner bonus.

Cleric: Add +1/2 to the cleric's level when determining the effects of one power from the Community, Glory, Good, Healing, Protection, Strength, Sun, or War domain.

Fighter: Add +1/4 to the fighter's bravery bonus.

Inquisitor: Add +1/2 on Intimidate, Knowledge, and Sense Motive checks made against evil outsiders.

Oracle: Add +1/6 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation.

Sorcerer: Choose a bloodline power that the sorcerer can use. Add +1/4 to the sorcerer's level (to a maximum of +4) when determining the effects of that power.

Summoner: Add +1/4 to the number of times the summoner can use the summoning mastery ability.

Warpriest: Add +1/4 to the warpriest's level when determining the effect of his sacred weapon ability.

AZATA

Barbarian: Add +1/4 to the bonuses from one celestial totem or chaos totem rage power.

Bard: Choose one bardic performance; add +1/4 to the bard's level when determining the effects of that performance.

Bloodrager: Add +1/4 to the bloodrager's level when determining the effects of his bloodline powers.

Cleric: Add +1/2 to the cleric's level when determining the effects of one power from the Chaos, Charm, Destruction, Good, Liberation, Luck, Madness, Nobility, or Travel domain.

Magus: Add +1/4 point to the magus's arcane pool.

Ranger: Add +1/4 bonus to the favored enemy bonus against evil outsiders.

Skald: Add +1/4 to the skald's level when determining the effects of inspired rage.

Swashbuckler: Add +1/4 point to the swashbuckler's panache pool.

Wizard: Select one arcane school power from the abjuration or enchantment school that the wizard can currently use. Add +1/2 to the wizard's level (to a maximum of +4) when determining the effects of that power.

DEVILS

Alchemist: Add +1/2 to the alchemist's bomb damage.

Arcanist: Add +1/4 to the arcanist's level when determining the effects of the energy shield and flame arc exploits.

Inquisitor: Add a +1/2 bonus on Intimidate checks and Knowledge checks to identify creatures.

Magus: Add +1/4 to the magus' level when determining the enhancement bonuses he can add to a weapon. This cannot allow him to bypass the normal limit on enhancement bonuses that all magic weapons have.

Slayer: Add +1/4 to the damage inflicted to the slayer's studied target.

Sorcerer: Add +1/4 to the sorcerer's caster level when casting spells with the evil or fire descriptors.

Summoner: Add +1/2 to the number of times per day the summoner can use the summon monster ability.

Witch: Add +1/6 to the witch's caster level when determining the effects of the spells granted to her by her patron.

Wizard: Add one spell from any spell list with the evil, fire, or mind-affecting descriptor to the wizard's spellbook. This spell must be at least one level below the highest spell level he can cast. This spell is treated as one level higher unless it also appears on the wizard spell list.

EARTH

Barbarian: Add +1/6 to the barbarian's damage reduction bonus.

Brawler: Reduce the hardness of any object made from clay, stone, or metal by 1 whenever the object is struck by the brawler's unarmed strike (minimum 0).

Fighter: Choose the bull rush or sunder combat maneuver. Add +1/3 to the fighter's CMB when attempting this maneuver (maximum bonus of +4).

Monk: Add +1/3 on critical hit confirmation rolls made with unarmed strikes (maximum bonus of +5). This bonus does not stack with Critical Focus.

Oracle: Add +1/6 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Battle or Stone mystery.

Ranger: Add +1/4 to the favored terrain bonus for Desert, Elemental Earth Plane, Plains, Mountain, or Underground (maximum +2 per favored terrain).

Shaman: Add +1/6 to the shaman's level when determining the effect of one Battle or Stone spirit hex.

FIRE

Alchemist: Add +1/2 to the alchemist's bomb damage.

Gunslinger: Add +1/3 on critical hit confirmation rolls made with firearms (maximum bonus of +5). This bonus does not stack with Critical Focus.

Oracle: Add +1/4 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Flame mystery.

Paladin/Antipaladin: Add +1 fire resistance to the paladin's mount or the antipaladin's fiendish servant. If the paladin/antipaladin ever replaces her companion, the new companion gains this bonus.

Shaman: Add +1/4 to the shaman's level when determining the effect of one Flame spirit hex.

Sorcerer: Add +1/2 point of fire damage to spells that deal fire damage cast by the sorcerer.

Swashbuckler: Add +1 foot to the swashbuckler's base speed. In combat, this has an effect only for every five increases to the swashbuckler's base speed.

Wizard: Add +1/4 to the wizard caster level when casting spells of the fire elemental school.

PSYCHOPOMP

Cleric: Add +1 to damage when using positive energy against undead.

Inquisitor: Add +1/6 to the number of times per day the inquisitor can use the judgment class feature.

Investigator: Add +1/2 to studied strike damage dealt to undead.

Magus: Add +1/4 point to the black blade's arcane pool.

Oracle: Add +1/6 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Bones or Life mystery.

Rogue/Ninja: Add +1/2 to sneak attack damage dealt to creatures with the undead type.

Slayer: Add +1/2 to damage dealt to undead with studied target.

WATER

Alchemist: Add +1 foot to the range increment of the alchemist's thrown splash weapons (including the alchemist's bombs). This has an effect only for every five increments in range.

Bard: Add +1/2 to the bard's level when determining the effects of the still water performance, or the fascinate performance when used on creatures with the aquatic or water subtypes.

Druid: Add a +1 bonus on wild empathy checks to influence animals and magical beasts with the aquatic subtype.

Oracle: Add +1/6 to the oracle's level when determining the effects of one revelation from the Waves mystery.

Shaman: Add +1/6 to the shaman's level when determining the effect of one Waves spirit hex.

Witch: Add a +1 bonus on Swim skill checks to the witch's familiar. When this bonus reaches +8, the familiar gains a swim speed equal to its base speed and the amphibious special quality. If the witch ever replaces her familiar, the new familiar gains these abilities.

Wizard: Add one spell from any list with the water descriptor to the wizard's spellbook. This spell must be at least one level below the highest spell level he can cast. This spell is treated as one level higher unless it also appears on the wizard spell list. 🐉





Golarion Gazetteer

Sverenagati

By Michael Riter

Art by Paul Chapman



In Northern Avistan lies the extensive mountain range known as the Kodar Mountains. Although its peaks are home to a fascinating range of creatures, few know of the dangers and wonders that rest in the Darklands below them. Mobhad Leigh, also known by the local Shoanti tribes as the “steps into hell”, is a treacherous passageway that leads into the most dangerous regions under the mountains. Upon reaching the Darklands, however, one might be surprised to find the ruin of an ancient city: Sverenagati.

Also known as the City of Coils, Sverenagati was once the capital of the long fallen serpentfolk empire. Preserved by ancient magic, the city remains in amazingly good condition, showing very little deterioration from the passage of time. Five massive towers, which used to act as governmental buildings, still stretch far above the rest of the city, each overlooking an expanse of the ruin and each now controlled by a different faction of the creatures who call Sverenagati their home. With hundreds of labyrinthine streets, it is quite easy for even a native to get hopelessly lost. And like most places in the Darklands, getting lost may well mean losing your life. Dozens of monstrous races vie for control of the ancient city. Chaos reigns supreme, and anyone foolish enough to carelessly wander in Sverenagati will regret the decision for the brief moments of life they may have left.

The city's wretched state is a far cry from the original glory it once held during the Age of Serpents. The now decrepit city streets were once bustling with serpentfolk mages of the highest caliber. The now-abandoned buildings and towers were once home to tens of thousands of citizens. Alas, though the structures remain, the city stays both out of sight and out of mind to those who dwell in the surface world and it remains a hidden gem, albeit one fraught with danger.

NOTEWORTHY LOCATIONS:

NEIDR TOWERS

These five structures soar over Sverenagati, dwarfing the rest of the city's numerous buildings. Four stand at points on each cardinal direction while the fifth dominates the center of the ruin. Each tower shares similar design and architecture. Retaining some form of the buildings' original administrative functions, the various monstrous factions of the city have taken control of the towers for the protection they provide and for the massive water supplies

held in vast reservoirs below each tower. Due to their structural and tactical importance, the various factions within Sverenagati strive to wrest control away from one another as each scrambles to be the dominant race within the city.

The northern and western towers are, for the most part, controlled by the alien gugs, who command the entirety of northern Sverenagati. Though they possess no clear leadership, they are numerous enough to fend off all but the most determined attackers. The southern tower is inhabited by a large band of driders led by a single drow matriarch named Szinriia, a vile cleric of Rovagug who seeks the ultimate destruction of the city to appease The Rough Beast. Ropers infest the eastern tower. They seem content to keep to themselves, though it is said that they are mere servants of a tribe of intellect devourers who may have made their way into the city from the depths of Orv.

Lastly, the city's central tower holds an impressive number of serpentfolk. Though the majority are degenerate savages, a new and promising leader has risen amongst them. A wizard named Stheno is making strides to reclaim the city of her ancestors, largely by learning from the mistakes of previous serpentfolk who failed at the same exact endeavor.

CITY STREETS

Despite being enclosed within the ‘protective walls’ of Sverenagati, the city streets are just as dangerous as the rest of the Darklands. With the more intelligent monstrous races hunting for food and leaving traps scattered throughout the region, it is perilous to simply wander without astute eyes. Worse, the city is infested with a variety of monsters that are either mindless in nature or unaligned with the various factions across Sverenagati. It is not uncommon to see a flail snail being chased by a pack of stirges. Nor is it rare to find the stone remnants of someone unfortunate enough to meet a basilisk's gaze. Not even the completely non-sentient plants, fungi, or oozes that roam the ruin are safe from danger. Several poisonous fungi dwell near the dampest crevices of the city and the occasional gelatinous cube may slither by, casually and indiscriminately consuming whoever or whatever happens to be in its path.

Though these streets are protected from the decay of time by the magic preserving the whole of the city, natural causes have begun to damage the once pristine cobblestone streets, leaving behind a variety of hazards. Pools of acidic water slowly drip in from the upper levels of the Darklands, gathering together and slowly but surely eating away at the stone. The weakened ground occasionally gives way, creating large holes not unlike common pitfalls. When such acidic pools gather atop buildings, however, the weakened structures and resulting collapses prove grave dangers for those unlucky enough to be nearby.

ABANDONED BUILDINGS

The magnificent craftsmanship of the limestone buildings is clear even to this day, and many of Sverenagati's structures still stand. This, however, does not mean that these buildings are completely safe. Built by the serpentfolk magocracy,

many of the buildings are warded against intruders by magical defenses that are active even to this day. The most common of these defenses include permanent spells such as symbols of sleep and pain, or even the occasional *explosive runes* spell. Other homes have construct guardians fashioned in the shape of serpentfolk, commanded by long dead masters to destroy intruders of any form. More insidiously, a plague of mimics has spread throughout these buildings. Between hopeful treasure hunters and looters simply looking for sustenance to survive, the mimics have a rich supply of food.

Under the direction of their leader Stheno, the serpentfolk have recently begun organized efforts to clear these buildings of any remaining supplies and any dangers that may lurk within. They have even begun to settle the homes that lie closest to the Neidr Tower, which they already control. Only time will tell if these excavations will prove fruitful or if they are simply the follies of a naive young wizard blinded by visions of restoring her race to its former glory.

THE SERPENTINE ACADEMY

Once the figurative center of the known world, Sverenagati boasts a variety of ancient landmarks which highlight the marvels of which the serpentfolk race was capable. Chief among these is the Serpentine Academy, a magnificent

dome-shaped structure in the northern part of the city. The Serpentine Academy was once the leading institution of magical learning in all of Golarion. Times have most certainly changed, as the halls of the Academy are now devoid of any living serpentfolk presence. Interestingly, this is the one structure that even the city's most powerful inhabitants fear. Though its doors remain wide open, few venture forth into its halls, and even fewer return from such a journey. Massive tremors originate from within the Academy at irregular intervals. To this day, no one in Sverenagati can explain them.

What the Sverenagatians do know is that the Academy houses a series of tunnels leading deeper into the Darklands than most inhabitants of Sekamina have ever imagined traveling, with some leading directly to Orv. Although no one is entirely sure how these tunnels came to be, the commonly accepted theory is that centuries of burrowing by creatures such as purple worms has brought them to the upper levels of the Darklands. Whatever the reason for the existence of the tunnels, they are now home to a single neothelid that has set its sights on the vulnerable folk who populate Sekamina. With growing numbers of servants—including seugathi and worms that walk—gathering within the Academy, the various factions in the city face a very real threat. While seemingly dormant, this menace could easily threaten to conquer them all. 🐛





Teeth

By Kendra Leigh Speedling

Art by Alberto "Eester-Naissen"

Ortiz Leon and Liz Courts



She was a small stick of a thing, even by human standards, holding a tiny dagger in one trembling hand. The human was not fully grown, that much I could tell. Small, but no less than the wretched young linnorm she was facing down.

The linnorm reared up and shrieked, too shrill to be properly intimidating, but it was sufficient for the child to stumble back a step. It followed, tail slithering across the ice. The movement was almost graceful until it ruined the effect by lashing its tail against a nearby tree.

Stupid beasts.

It didn't see me flying up behind it, but the girl certainly did. Her dagger fell from her fingers as she flung her hands up to protect her face—a counter-productive gesture if I had wished her harm. Probably used up all of her courage against the linnorm, poor thing.

I snatched the beast off the ground, giving it a shake to break its neck. Its scales crunched under my teeth. I had just enough time to steel myself for the inevitable.

As the creature went limp in my jaws, a wave of cold rushed over me. *Not today, you degenerate.* I closed my mind to its curse, shutting out the shivers until they'd left me for good.

I dropped the linnorm's corpse and landed.

The girl's legs seemed to have given out underneath her; she was sitting in a snowbank. She had reclaimed her dagger, though, clutching it tightly enough to whiten her knuckles.

She said something in one of the harsh northern human languages, brandishing the blade at me. There were tearstains on her cheeks, but her jaw was set. Now that I was closer, I could see tiny nubs of horns poking through her tangled hair. Not human, then, not entirely.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I said in rough Common.

She glanced from the linnorm to me, still trembling.

"You cannot honestly think that beast and I have anything—" I stopped myself. She was young. "Do you understand me?"

Slowly, she nodded. Her eyes, wide in her pale face, were the color of rubies. That, too, was not a typical human shade so far as I was aware.

Her grip on her knife had loosened. "Dragon."

"Correct. Where is your home, child?"

The question proved too much for her; her face crinkled and she

burst into tears. *Oh, dear.* That answered that, anyway.

"Gone." Through her sniffles, she shot a glare at the linnorm, now crumpled on the ground. The hate in that expression belonged to a creature of many more years.

"I am sorry," I said, extending a forelimb. "I'll take you somewhere safe. Perhaps Halgrim; it's not far by air."

"No," she said. "Not until I get the other one."

"One of Sarenrae's churches would take you in, or one of Erastil's lodges if there is...what?" I blinked at the child for a moment. Perhaps her Common wasn't as good as I'd thought.

She stood, legs still shaky. "It's bigger. Older, I think."

"Get the other—do you mean to say you tracked that creature here *deliberately*?"

"I *had* to!" She choked on the words, too sharp for her small body to contain. "My family...my village..."

Apsu defend us, the child was after revenge—all three claw-weights of her. I couldn't say I blamed her, but it had been foolish to come out here on her own.

"I'll take care of it," I said, and held out my forelimb again.

She shook her head, her jaw jutting out. "I can do it."

I suppressed a chuckle. "You're a reckless one," I said. "But you certainly have teeth."

She stared down at the snow for a moment.

"It was my fault," she whispered.

* * *

She flatly refused to get on my back until I'd promised to let her show me where the linnorm was lairing; in exchange, I extricated the promise that she'd allow me to take her somewhere safe as soon as she had. She was brave, but such a fight was no place for a child.

"It's not your fault," I said. The air was icy on my wings.

"It is." She paused, as if deciding how much to tell me. "I'm ill-luck."

They thought her tarnished, then, because of her blood, likely due to no fault of her own.

"You are not."

"The elders said so." She scrubbed a chapped hand across her face. "Before."

"We make our own fates, child."

The shadow of a smile crossed her face. "That's what

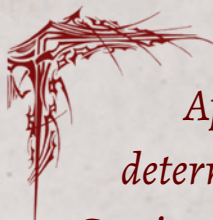
Mama always said." She bit her lip, tears threatening, then pointed. "There." The cave she indicated appeared little more than a jagged gash in the hillside. I swooped low to get a better look, noting the terrain.

"Very well," I said. "I'll be back for this one. As for you—"

Before I could finish, she'd slid off my back, tumbling over my wing to the ground a head-height below. I made to snatch her, but she evaded me, running straight for the cave with a cry that belied her small size.

An answering roar from within the cave told me the linnorm had heard her.

Apsu blast it, the child was determined to get herself killed.



Apsu blast it, the child was determined to get herself killed. Cursing the impetuosity of youth, I landed in front of her, sweeping her aside with my tail.

The ground shook as the linnorm stormed out of its lair.



Cursing the impetuosity of youth, I landed in front of her, sweeping her aside with my tail.

The ground shook as the linnorm stormed out of its lair.

It was bigger than the beast I'd killed earlier, even slightly bigger than I am. Its blue scales gleamed against the snow as it reared its head, bellowing at me. At least it didn't seem to have noticed the child yet.

I didn't give it the chance to finish its boorish posturing. I lunged forward, slamming my wing into its head before going for its throat with my teeth. It shifted, clumsily slashing at me with its claws, so that I only snapped down on air. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the girl had taken refuge behind a tree.

Good.

I cast my web spell, hoping to hold the creature in place, but it dodged the silken strands. It snarled. This time, I didn't escape the claws before they sank in, nor the tail that smacked into me afterwards.

Careless. I should have seen that coming.

The linnorm roared again, its tail tightening around my body. I ducked out of the way of its jaws and tried to squirm free, but it held me fast.

A streak of silver flashed past my eyes. The linnorm shrieked, stumbling back. As I slithered out of its grasp, I saw that one of its eyes was streaming blood, the hilt of a blade protruding from it.

Both the linnorm and I immediately knew what had happened. The girl stood in front of the tree, holding a second knife in her shaking hand. Did she want to rejoin her family that badly?

Still, her brash action gave me the opening I needed. The linnorm whirled on her, then shrieked as I sank my teeth into the back of its neck. I couldn't snap it with a shake as I had with the younger one,

but I held on, clinging to it with my forelimbs and wings, until it stopped moving.

The cold of its death curse rushed through me. This one was stronger, a harsher wind than the other one had possessed, but still I managed to shake it off. I dropped the linnorm to the ground, resisting the urge to sink down myself. The fight had not been so tiring, and I was not that advanced in years.

"Foolish," I told the girl, who was eyeing me as though she thought I might eat her after all.

She kept her head high. "It saved you."

I chuckled. "Did you think I always happen upon small two-legged children to keep my scales intact? I defend the weak, girl. That does involve a certain amount of risk."

The girl flushed, chastened, but didn't lower her gaze. "It helped."

"It helped," I agreed.

"You won't take me to Halgrim." She did not phrase it as a request.

"You'd prefer this mountaintop?"

"I'd rather stay with you." As I opened my mouth to respond, she added, "You said you...defend the weak? Like my family?"

I nodded. Perhaps I should have dismissed her immediately, told her I was going to bring her somewhere safe. But she had courage, and such a quality is rarer than it should be.

And I doubted a child with the nerve to throw a knife at a grown linnorm would ever coexist with safety.

"You said we make our own fates," she said, defensively. "You said I have teeth."

"I did." I regarded her for a moment. "What is your name, child?"

She brushed the hair from her face. "Varya."

"Come along, Varya." I turned, allowing her to tag my footsteps. "I am Esthirix." 🐉





Pc Race: Maftets Of The Desert Sands

By Kendra Leigh Speedling

Art by Peter Fairfax



Little is known about the reclusive maftets who make their homes in ruins and abandoned cities across the deserts of northern Garund. The maftets do not seem to mind this state of affairs, often reacting with enigmatic amusement when an adventurer repeats some bit of “information” upon meeting them.

Physical: Maftets have hawk wings, human torsos, and the lower bodies of lions. The runic tattoos of a maftet, clearly visible on the arms and torso, are given by the pride’s shaman when a maftet comes of age. They tell stories of the maftet’s ancestors, and childhood exploits and are meant to guide the maftet into adulthood.

Society: Maftets reside in abandoned ruins or upon cliffs or mountainsides, if no ruins are available. They form small prides, typically with no more than ten adult members. Very large ruins may boast more than one pride. The female members tend to do the majority of the hunting while the male members guard the pride’s home and train the young, though exceptions to this rule do exist.

In addition to defending their homes, maftets are accomplished hunters who stalk prey such as aurochs or giant scorpions. Maftet children are trained in combat from a young age and are skilled combatants by the time they reach adulthood, typically fighting with paired scimitars. Maftets attach a great deal of importance to their weapons. A fighter who loses one or both blades will often mourn as if a family member has perished.

Relations: Maftets are isolationist, though they do sometimes interact with humans and other humanoid races. They view themselves as the guardians of their ancient homes, which can bring them into conflict with enterprising adventurers. The average maftet takes a dim view of such explorers, seeing them as little more than glorified raiders. Adventurers who are polite, however, may be able to work out an agreement, especially for a good cause. A maftet guard will accompany such an expedition to ensure they don’t loot or damage the site. Those who achieve an alliance with a maftet pride can benefit greatly, as no one will know more about a ruin than the maftets who live there. Maftet prides have also been known to help adventurers in distress, though woe betide the person who repays their generosity by stealing.

Maftets will also occasionally send emissaries to trade with caravans. They have a particular interest in magical artifacts, and will often barter a great deal in exchange for such a treasure. Maftets maintain a casual attitude of

superiority over other races but are friendly as long as they do not feel insulted.

While they seem to bear a resemblance to lamias, Maftets have a deep, longstanding hatred of these evil sisters. They are also believed to be related to sphinxes, and the more intelligent breeds of sphinx seem to enjoy their company, often affectionately dubbing them “little cousins.” Sphinxes have even been known to co-exist at the same site as a maftet pride. Maftets are generally happy to oblige a sphinx wishing to explore or study their homes, though these arrangements are typically short-term in nature.

Alignment and Religion: Maftets tend towards good or neutral alignments. Most maftet rituals focus on Curchanus, long-dead god of beasts and travel, revering him as they would pay respects to a deceased elder. Some prides even boast clerics of Curchanus, possibly drawing their powers from Desna, who inherited the domain of travel. It is also possible that some spark of Curchanus escaped Lamashtu, aiding its worshipers however it can. Many maftets also worship the empyreal lord Soralyon, as his dominion over guardians and monuments aligns closely with their values.

Reverence for their ancestors is also important to maftets. Even a very young maftet can trace his or her family tree back ten generations or more. Written records are not common in maftet society; knowledge of the pride’s past and traditions is passed down orally. The shaman is officially responsible for guarding the pride’s history, but all maftets love to tell stories. Ancestors’ names are often invoked for luck before a hunt, a fight, or even in everyday matters like winning over the object of one’s affections.

Adventurers: On rare occasions, a maftet chooses to leave the pride to see the wider world. The response to this depends on the maftet’s family and pride, but it is generally seen as a harmless eccentricity. Maftets who leave their prides have their tattoos altered to symbolize their passage into a new way of life. This is not a one-way journey; should they choose to return, they will usually be welcomed home with open arms. Roving maftets end up in a wide variety of places. It is not unheard of to see a maftet in Osirion, Thuvia, or Katapesh. Such maftets consider themselves ambassadors for their people and delight in telling stories about their homes.

Strong and courageous, maftets often choose martial paths, particularly favoring classes that combine physical combat and magical abilities.

Names: In every pride, maftet names follow the same pattern. Newborns are granted a family name composed of their mother’s given name hyphenated with their father’s, followed by the prefix “dev” (roughly meaning ‘have borne’) and their own given name. For example, a child named Aisha with a mother named Sayakani and a father named Vastris would be called Sayakani-Vastris dev’Aisha.

MAFTET RACIAL TRAITS

+2 Strength, +2 Wisdom, -2 Charisma: Maftets are strong and value the wisdom of their elders, but their insular society can make it difficult for them to understand outsiders.

Medium: Maftets are Medium creatures and have no bonuses or penalties due to their size.

Maftet: Maftets are monstrous humanoids with the maftet subtype.

Normal Speed: Maftets have a base speed of 30 ft. on land. They also have a fly speed of 30 ft. (clumsy).

Low-Light Vision: Maftets can see twice as far as humans in conditions of dim light.

Darkvision: Maftets can see in the dark up to 60 ft.

Runic Tattoos: Maftets who leave their tribes have their tattoos modified. A maftet can activate each of these tattoos as a standard action once per day to cast *mage armor*, *magic weapon*, *protection from evil*, and *cat's grace*. If an *erase* spell targets these tattoos, the maftet must make a Fortitude save or lose access to her spell-like abilities for 24 hours.

Weapon Familiarity (Scimitar): Maftets have weapon proficiency with scimitars.

Languages: Maftets begin play speaking Common and Sphinx. Those with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Ancient Osiriani, Kelish, Osiriani, Polyglot, Vudrani.

ALTERNATE RACIAL TRAITS

Exile: On rare occasions a maftet will be exiled from her tribe. Exiled maftets have their tattoos removed. Forced to adapt to the harsh circumstances of living in the desert alone, they gain Toughness as a bonus feat and a fly speed of 60 ft. (poor). This replaces the runic tattoos trait.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

Fighter: Add +1 to the fighter's CMB when making a bull rush or grapple attempt.

Hunter: Gain a +½ bonus on wild empathy checks the hunter makes to influence animals and magical beasts that live in the desert.

Investigator: Gain a +½ bonus on Perception checks when in desert environments and +¼ bonus to the investigator's poison resistance.

Magus: Add one of the following to the magus' list of arcane pool special abilities: *allying*, *bane*, *countering*, *courageous*, *cunning*, *dispelling*, *guardian*, *hunter*, *limning*, *vicious*. Once selected, it cannot be changed.



RACIAL ARCHETYPES

The following racial archetype is available to maftets.

RUIN GUARDIAN (HUNTER)

The ruin guardian is dedicated to protecting and exploring abandoned places. She uses her talents to make sure these ruins are not damaged by careless explorers. A ruin guardian has the following class features.

Class Skills: A ruin guardian adds Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (local) as class skills.

Honed Instincts (Ex): At 1st level, a ruin guardian gains trapfinding as a class feature. This ability replaces animal focus.

Favored Terrain (Ex): At 3rd level, a ruin guardian gains favored terrain as a class feature. The ruin guardian's favored terrain is always ruins and abandoned places (not including unsettled wilderness areas). This ability replaces the teamwork feat at 3rd level.

Guardian Spells (Su): At 5th level, a ruin guardian gains *hunter's lore*, *keep watch*, and *natural rhythm* as bonus spells known. This replaces woodland stride.

MAFTET FEATS

PAIRED WEAPONS

You are highly trained in using your scimitars.

Prerequisites: Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (scimitar), maftet

Benefit: Because of your advanced training with scimitars, your off-hand scimitar is treated as a light weapon.

RAPTOR DIVE

When flying, you can swoop down and strike at lightning speed.

Prerequisites: Dexterity 13, Fly 3 ranks, maftet

Benefit: You can make aerial charges when flying. You must move downward at least 10 feet and may dive at twice your normal fly speed. Doing so grants you a +2 bonus on attack rolls and allows you to make a full attack at the end of the dive. 🦅



Bounty Of The Bog

By Aaron "Gideon Black" Filipowich

Art by Chris L. Kimball



Lurking deep within the bogs, marshes, and swamps of Golarion, boggards thrive. Isolated from civilization, they fight a constant war for territory, power, and their very survival. In a society where the weak are eaten, failure is never an option. From the Sodden Lands to the Mushfens, boggards climb the food chain. They use the wetlands bounty for their weapons, food and magic. They have created unique items and learned skills to survive the dangers of Golarion, be it nemesis or nature. Whether it is with a magical, crocodile-toothed terbutje, a leech-filled bomb, or a constrictor-like tongue, boggards will survive.

LEECH PIT TRAP CR 4

Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset manual; Associated Terrain warm or temperate marsh

Effect: 5 ft square, 10 ft. deep pit, filled with 5 ft. of water; leech swarm (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 187).

BOGGARD ALCHEMIST DISCOVERY

The following discovery is available to boggard alchemists. This discovery modifies bombs. Only one such discovery can be applied to an individual bomb.

Leech Poison Bomb (Su): This bomb is filled with a small leech swarm (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 187). When the bomb hits the target or ground, it releases the leeches. Once released, the leech swarm fills a 5 ft. square and deals 1d6 swarm damage and poison damage. The leech swarm dies after one round due to the stress of captivity and the frenzied release.

NEW FEATS

CONSTRICTING TONGUE

The strength and control you have with your tongue allows you to crush your foes.

Prerequisites: Str 17, Improved Grapple, Powerful Tongue, boggard, sticky tongue

Benefit: At the start of your turn, if your tongue is attached to a target of your size or smaller and you succeed at a grapple combat maneuver check, you can constrict the target, as per the constrict ability, as a free action. You deal damage equal to 1d4 plus half your Strength modifier, assuming you are Medium; 1d3 points of damage if Small.



POISONOUS HIDE

After years of eating the poisonous creatures of the swamp, you have developed the ability to exude poison.

Prerequisites: Boggard

Benefit: You can sweat poison from your pores as a free action. A creature that strikes you with a natural weapon attack or unarmed strike is exposed to the poison. As a swift action, you can apply the poison to a weapon. As a standard action, you can deliver the poison as a touch attack. If unused, the poison becomes inert after 1 hour. The poison's Fort save DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 your total Hit Dice + your Constitution modifier. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Constitution modifier.

Venomsweat—Contact or injury; save Fort; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d3 Dexterity damage; cure 1 save.

BOGGARD MAGIC ITEMS

CLOAK OF THE FROGEMOTH

Aura moderate abjuration, divination, and transmutation CL 10th

Slot shoulders; Price 47,000 gp; Weight 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

A three-eyed eyestalk dominates the hood of this spongy tentacled cloak made of the hide of a frogemoth. The cloak grants the wearer 5 points of resistance to electricity. With the hood up, the wearer gains the benefit of the Blindfight feat and blindsense with a range of 90 feet. This ability can be used for 10 minutes per day, divided as the wearer chooses (minimum 1 minute per use). Once per day, the tentacles on the cloak can be activated as a standard action. They have a reach of 5 feet and can be mentally commanded to perform a disarm, grapple (including pin), or trip combat maneuver as a move action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity. Once activated, the tentacles can be used once each round for up to 1 minute.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, gift of the deep, resist energy, telekinesis; Cost 25,000 gp

CLASP OF THE CROAK

Aura strong evocation) CL 10th

Slot neck; Price 32,500 gp; Weight 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This simple leather thong is decorated with frog skulls and grants the wearer a thunderous voice. The wearer of the clasp adds +2 to the save DC, damage, and caster level of any sonic spell that uses the wearer's voice.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, Heighten Spell, shout, creator must be a bard; Cost 16,250 gp

BLOODTOOTH

Aura moderate enchantment CL 7th

Slot none; Price 48,305 gp; Weight 2 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This +1 fury-born^{ARC} terbutje^{UC} has the teeth of a crocodile and causes the wielder's wounds to fuel his strength. The wielder gains a cumulative +2 morale bonus to Strength and a cumulative -1 penalty to AC for every 5 points of damage dealt to him by an opponent (maximum +10 Strength, -5 AC). This effect remains until the damaging opponent is dead, the damage is healed, or the wielder falls unconscious.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, blood rage^{PC:OOC}, rage; Cost 24,305 gp



Hunting In The Shackles

Two Monster-Themed Pathfinder Adventure Card Game Scenarios

By Ron Lundeen



BIG GAME HUNTERS

This scenario is appropriate for characters that have completed Chapter 1 or Chapter 2 of Pathfinder Adventure Card Game: Skull and Shackles. It requires the cards from the Skull and Shackles Base Set and Adventure Decks 1 through 4. The game box should only contain cards with a set indicator of B, C, 1, or 2. This scenario's adventure deck number is 2.

Many islands in the Shackles are populated by massive dinosaurs and lumbering megafauna, but none compare to Raptor Island. This reef-ringed island harbors flocks of voracious deinonychuses and other bloodthirsty predators. In addition to the ferocious fauna, the island's central lake is haunted by the spirits of the restless dead. Raptor Island's inhabitants cluster in its only settlement, a palisade-ringed refuge named Fort Holiday. Last week, you entered the Port Peril Safari, an annual competition to bring back the most impressive monster trophies. A careful review of the rules indicated that the trophies need not come from the mainland, so you decided to risk the more dangerous Raptor Island. You've laid anchor at Fort Holiday to ready yourself for hunting the island's eponymous beasts. Scour the dangerous island for monsters and return with your trophies—if you survive!

Villain: none

Henchmen: Rampaging Triceratops, Shimerae, random monsters

Players: Locations

- 1: Fishing Village
- 1: Jungle
- 1: Great Stone Bridge
- 2: Wishing Well
- 3: Mangrove Swamp
- 4: Beach
- 5: Tower
- 6: Rocky Cliff

Ship: Choose any Class 0 ship as your ship; it is anchored at the Fishing Village.

During This Scenario: If you defeat a monster and would banish it, instead display it next to your deck. Add the number of your displayed monsters

to your checks to acquire allies. If you have at least 3 monsters displayed, whenever you acquire an ally you may attempt to close your location. If you fail a check to acquire an ally or close a location, banish one of your displayed monsters. To win, close all locations.

Reward: Each character draws a random non-Basic item from the box.

DOPPLEGANGER DREAMS

For this scenario, each player controls a doppelganger as described below. This scenario requires the cards from the Skull and Shackles Base Set and all Adventure Decks. The game box should only contain cards with a set indicator of B, C, or 1. This scenario's adventure deck number is 1.

Even doppelgangers like you have dreams: you aspire to become one of the greatest entertainers in Port Peril's thriving but rough-and-tumble arts scene. Like most doppelgangers, though, you don't intend to actually work for anything. Rather than earn your own fame, you'll simply steal someone else's. The shrewd pirate bard Kirrian "Sweetlips" Vortheen is a famous companion of the Hurricane King himself. If you can get close enough to Sweetlips to learn his mannerisms and eliminate him, you can become the most celebrated bard in the Shackles!

Characters: You begin play with no character card; you are instead a doppelganger, with a d8 for all skills (such as Arcane, Fortitude, Strength, and so on), a hand size of 5, no favored card type, proficiency with weapons and light armor, and the power "When making a Diplomacy check, you may recharge any number of cards to add 1d6 for each card recharged." Each player builds a deck of Basic cards from the box using this card list: 3 weapons, 1 spell, 1 armor, 4 items (other than a Potion of Glibness), 2 allies, 4 blessings.

Villain: Sweetlips and Scurvy

Henchmen: Ruffians

Players: Locations

- 1: Harbor
- 1: Theater of Corruption
- 1: House of Stolen Kisses
- 2: Alehouse
- 3: Tengu Rookery
- 4: Chapel
- 5: Murder Hole
- 6: Festhall

Ship: Your ship is the Merchantman, and it is anchored at the Harbor.

During This Scenario: Make a pile of all the character cards, but not role cards, that you own; include class deck character cards as well, if you have them (ideally, you should have at least 3 character cards per player).

If you encounter an ally, banish it and instead display a random character card from this pile next to your deck; you may use any skill on any character card displayed next to your deck in place of your usual 1d8. If you encounter Sweetlips and Scurvy and you do not have at least 3 character cards displayed, Sweetlips and Scurvy is evaded before your action.

Reward: Choose one of your other characters; that character draws a random ally from the box that is definitely not a doppelganger in disguise. 🐉

SKULL & SHACKLES
HENCHMAN B

RUFFIAN

**HUMAN
PIRATE
VETERAN**

TYPE
MONSTER

CHECK TO
DEFEAT
COMBAT

7

POWERS

The difficulty to defeat is increased by the adventure deck number of the current scenario, if any.

After you act, if your check to defeat did not have the Swashbuckling trait, bury 1 item or weapon of your choice from your discard pile.

If defeated, you may immediately attempt to close the location this henchman came from.

SKULL & SHACKLES
HENCHMAN 4

RAMPAGING TRICERATOPS

ANIMAL

TYPE
MONSTER

CHECK TO
DEFEAT
COMBAT

22

POWERS

The difficulty of checks to defeat the Rampaging Triceratops is increased by the number of buried cards you have.

If defeated, you may immediately attempt to close the location this henchman came from.



I'll Tell My Ma

By Jake Burnett

Art by Frank Hessefort



Siofra roughly scrubbed the tears out of her eyes. She could hear the other children coming close.

I always run, she thought. One day I won't run. One day, Ma, I promise, I won't run.

She stared through vine leaves that covered the deadfall stack where she had hid, blinking as little as possible. Her left eye was a dull brown, the color of marsh mud. Her right was the bright green of creeping poison vines.

"I'll tell my ma," she muttered, in spite of her wish to be dead quiet. Her body shook with anger and fear and sadness. She took a deep breath of the peat-dank air. The warm smell calmed her shakes. She crouched as low as she could. With shrieks like seagulls, the voices of children echoed over the flat brown marsh.

I'll tell my ma. It was what she always said. It was what she said today when they made a circle around her in the schoolyard and began to chant:

"Chase the witch from out our homes,
Drive her off with sticks and stones,
Split her skin and break her bones!"

They always waited until Master Neamhshuim retreated to his study to pray, after school was done. Not that it mattered. Once, she told him about the things they did to hurt her. He talked to her about Pharasma for an hour and how the trial of her schoolmates' cruelty would pass and it wasn't important anyway, about how it was nothing compared to the Lady of Graves' trial of her soul in the Boneyard by and by.

She did not bother to go to him for help a second time.

Today it had been especially bad.

"I'll tell my ma!" she threatened as they circled round her.

"Go on then," Maistin said. Bigger than the others and older by almost a year, he ruled the schoolyard with the threat of his full-grown fists. "Raise her up like a witch and tell her all about it!" He pointed towards the graveyard nearby the school.

The others took up the chant. "Go on then! Raise her up! Tell your ma!"

The circle of them jostled her over to the graveyard fence. Through the rusted iron bars, she could see the tombstones. They jutted up like grey rotted teeth, all askew, including the one with her father's wife's name.

"Raise her up! Tell your ma! We don't care!"

Siofra knew something nobody knew. Something her father told her late one night. Something he told her when he was so deep in his cups that he never even remembered telling it.

Her mother was someone else. Someone beautiful, powerful, and strong. She knew it, even if no one else did.

"Go on then!" Maistin had said again. He threw a clump of mud at her. It struck her pale cheek and left a dark brown streak. The others made a semicircle around her. Her back pressed hard against the fence. More mud clumps followed, faster and harder.

Then a rock.

She screamed when the rock hit her forehead. Everyone stopped chanting for a moment. All she could hear was the buzz of marsh flies and the thrum of blood in her temples. A thin wet feeling dribbled down into her bright green right eye. It burned. She touched her head. Blood stained her thick, hooked fingernails.

Some of the children hesitated, letting clods tumble from their fingers. No one had ever made good on the threats of their stupid chant before.

Maistin, however, didn't stop. His deep voice filled the silence with deliberate menace.

"Chase the witch from out our homes."

He tossed the clump of mud he was holding to one side.

"Drive her off with sticks and stones."

He looked around at his feet for a rock.

"Split her skin and break her bones."

He bent down to snatch up a stone. It was flat and sharp and grey and glittered in the afternoon light. Panic choked Siofra's throat. Red filled her mismatched eyes. She screamed again, this time in anger, not pain.

She didn't even remember moving. The next thing she knew, her nails raked across Maistin's face. Four deep gouges appeared across his right cheek. For a moment, they were just deep pink ruts in his pock-spotted skin.

Blood flooded out of the gashes on the bully's face. It poured down his chin, soaking his shirt-bib before he even grabbed his cheek. He roared.

Siofra ran.

She made it through the graveyard gate, over the catawampus stones, out the back and round two corners before she heard them organize pursuit. She had no idea where she could run. The town was small and all the hiding places known. No one cared for a witch-eyed girl with filthy iron nails—not enough to take her in, anyway. Her father, like as not, was asleep in a barrel by this time. With no hope of help, she ran.

When she reached the edge of town, her schoolmates were (she guessed from the echoes) two streets behind. She stared out at the Cailleach Marsh where no children were ever supposed to go. More than one small headstone sat over an empty grave for a boy or girl who had dared to wander there.

She braced herself to take the beating. She promised hard as she could that she would not cry.

"Ma," she whispered, shutting her eyes tight and wishing hard to be elsewhere. "Ma."

A flutter of feathers startled her, seeming as loud as nearby thunder. She covered her head and winced. But only a little thrush's touch brushed her hair and only a little thrush's whistle tweeted in her ear. She opened her eyes.

The thrush stood on a swaying bog-berry branch. It looked at her with smart eyes. It looked back at the town and out over the marsh. It whistled its little tune again.

To her surprise, she knew the song. It was one her father sometimes sang, before he went to sleep or when he was feeling bitter about things. It went:

"A love-el-ly lady with eyes so fair
I wooed one morn with a summer air,
But when she had taken her winter fun
She left me there, with a babe, undone."

The sound of the vicious children was now one street away. Any

moment they would round the corner, rocks and sticks ready. The thrush chirped and fluttered to a bush further into the marsh.

"Why not?" Siofra asked. *Die here or die there*, she thought. Following the thrush and ducking low, she scuttled from cover to cover, quick as she could, until the town was out of sight and the marsh lay all around.

From the sound of it, Maistin had not been able to drub very many of the others into chasing her into the forbidden swamp. It did not matter—he alone was enough; twice her height and four times as strong and out for revenge with a rock in his hand.

The thrush disappeared into a thick tangle of high grass. Siofra stood alone in the muck. The grass where the thrush had gone,

razor sharp and shimmering wet in the blood-red dusk, was impenetrable. She ducked instead into a tangle of bleached white deadfall knitted together by vines as green as her right eye. She huddled and hoped they would pass her by.

To her surprise, she heard another girl crying from the tangle of grass opposite her.

"Hello?" Siofra cautiously called out.

The other girl did not reply. She just kept crying, little terrified sobs.

"Quiet," Siofra said, loud as she dared. "They'll find us."

It was too late.

"Down here, you mucks," Maistin boomed. With splashes and cries, he and five other children descended on them.

From within the grass thicket, Siofra heard her own voice cry out "I'll tell my ma!"

She clapped her hand over her mouth to keep from exclaiming with surprise. She peered through the poison vine leaves at the children's backs.

"You earned this good, witchling," Maistin said. He gestured and all six children pushed their way into the grass, hacking it out of the way with sharp shards of rock. They were soon swallowed up by the thicket.

Suddenly, the sobs of the other girl stopped and the taunts of the mob cut short. In their place came a scream—a deep scream, Maistin's scream. More screams followed, peeling forth from the seething thicket and across the flat brown marsh. Siofra plugged her ears, but she could still hear them, piercing her skull.

Then, the screams were done. The buzz of insects rose over the dank water. Dusk wind hissed in the grass. A thrush lilted a little tune.

"Come to your mother, daughter dear," said a voice, thick and inhuman as the burble of bog water. "It's time for dinner."

And with that, Siofra went home to her ma. 🐉



Fighting Alongside Fang, Claw, Tusk, And Wing

By Jeff Sexton

Art by Stephen McAndrews

There are rumors of certain hunters that prefer more fantastical partners to the typical animals that Druids and Rangers adventure with. Sometimes these are thrill seekers looking to tame a wyvern, or members of a tribe that revere a powerful totem creature. Regardless, they share an affinity with the stranger creatures of the world. Their strange scent endears them to the odd beasts of the world, while simultaneously driving away common animals. Considered dangerous by common folk, Wildhearts often live or travel with their companions, far away from civilization's prying and judgmental eyes.

WILDHEART (HUNTER ARCHETYPE)

Monstrous Mount^{ISC}: At first level, a Wildheart receives Monstrous Mount as a bonus feat. In addition, Wildhearts do not take a penalty on Wild Empathy checks to influence magical beasts and can use Wild Empathy on dragons. Due to a Wildheart's odd smell, she takes a -4 penalty on Wild Empathy checks made to influence animals. This replaces bonus tricks and alters wild empathy.

Monstrous Mount Mastery^{ISC} (4th Level): At fourth level, a Wildheart receives Monstrous Mount Mastery as a bonus feat. The Wildheart must still meet the character level requirement to gain the Mastery benefits. This replaces the improved empathic link, greater empathic link, and the second animal focus class abilities.

A Hunter with the Wildheart archetype adds the following creatures as companion options (if she meets the prerequisites). With GM permission, other characters with the Monstrous Mount feat may take these companions.

MONSTER COMPANIONS

CHIMERA COMPANION

Prerequisites: Alignment within one step of chaotic evil.

Starting Statistics: **Size** Medium; **Speed** 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (poor); **AC** +3 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d6); **Ability Scores** **Str** 15, **Dex** 14, **Con** 11, **Int** 4, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10; **Special Qualities** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent.

7th-Level Advancement: **Size** Large; **Speed** 30 ft., fly 50 ft. (poor); **Attack** 2 bites (1d8), gore (1d8); **Ability Scores** **Str** +8, **Dex** -2, **Con** +4.

Mastery (7th level): The Chimera gains Hover as a bonus feat and can now use its breath weapon.

Breath Weapon (Su): A chimera's breath weapon deals 6d8 points of

energy damage, and is usable once per day per 4 Hit Dice. The save DC is Constitution-based. See Chimera in the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* for breath weapon size and energy type.

AURUMVORAX COMPANION

Starting Statistics: **Size** Small; **Speed** 30 ft.; **AC** +4 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d6), 2 claws (1d4); **Ability Scores** **Str** 15, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 2, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 11; **Special Qualities** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent. (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2)

7th-Level Advancement: **Attack** bite (1d6), 4 claws (1d4 plus grab); **Ability Scores** **Str** +2, **Con** +2; **DR** 5/piercing or slashing; **Immune** poison, **Resist** fire 5.

Mastery (7th level): The aurumvorax may grab creatures one size larger than it and gains an additional +4 racial bonus on grapple checks.

TATZYLWYRM COMPANION

Prerequisites: Must speak Draconic.

Starting Statistics: **Size** Medium; **Speed** 30 ft., Climb 30 ft.; **AC** +3 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d8); **Ability Scores** **Str** 14, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 5, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 11; **Special Qualities** darkvision 60 ft. low-light vision, **Immune** paralysis, sleep. (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3)

4th-Level Advancement: **Attack** bite (1d8) and rake (2 claws, 1d4); **Ability Scores** **Str** +2, **Con** +2; **Special Attacks** rake.

Mastery (7th Level): The Tatzylwyrms gains the grab and poison gasp abilities.

TROLLHOUND COMPANION

Starting Statistics: **Size** Medium; **Speed** 40 ft.; **AC** +4 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d10 plus trip); **Ability Scores** **Str** 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 15, **Int** 2, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 6; **Special Qualities** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent. (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3)

7th-Level Advancement: **Attack** bite (1d10 plus disease and trip); **Ability Scores** **Str** +2, **Con** +2; **Special Attacks** disease (bloodfire fever).

Bloodfire fever: Bite—injury; save Fort DC 14; onset 1 day; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 Str damage, 1d3 Dex damage, and target is fatigued; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Mastery (7th Level): The Trollhound gains regeneration 3 (fire or acid).

WYVERN COMPANION

Prerequisites: Diplomacy or Intimidate 5 ranks; Knowledge (arcana) 5 ranks.

Starting Statistics: **Size** Large; **Speed** 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (poor; unable to carry a rider while flying); **AC** +2 natural armor; **Attack** bite (1d6);

Ability Scores **Str** 17, **Dex** 12, **Con** 15, **Int** 4, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9; **Special Qualities** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent, **Immune** sleep and paralysis.

7th-Level Advancement: **Attack** bite (1d6), sting (1d6 plus poison); **Ability Scores** **Str** +2, **Con** +2; **Special Attacks** poison

Poison (Ex) Sting—injury; save DC 17; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1 Constitution damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Mastery (7th Level): The Wyvern's fly speed becomes 60 ft. with average maneuverability, and can carry passengers. 🐉



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Strength Of The Nightsoil

A Side Trek Adventure

By Andrew Hoskins

Art and Map by Alex "Canada
Guy" Moore



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The hobgoblin enforcer, Inoklar, learned the scheming skills of a master criminal in Riddleport. She seeks to establish her own web of power in Magnimar. By using the local goblin tribes as thieves and spies, she aims to disrupt the other major organizations in Magnimar long enough to seize power.

First, she needs to establish a firm foothold, and that starts with a reliable smuggling route from her sewer base to the surface. This adventure mirrors the events taking place before *Pathfinder Society Scenario 4-01: Rise of the Goblin Guild*. GMs are encouraged to use that adventure's details as further inspiration for events outside the scope of this Side Trek.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

Inoklar directs the PCs to a route from her underground lair, through the sewers, to the Mariska Knackery in the Lowleft District. There, the PCs need to convince Tersus Mariska, the knackery's owner, to allow Inoklar and her goblins free passage to and from the surface. Success may earn them a place of power in the increasingly influential Nightsoil Marauders.

PLOT HOOKS

Inoklar, hobgoblin guild leader of the newly formed Nightsoil Marauders, recruits goblin or monstrous PCs to act as muscle and secure a foothold and smuggling route in Magnimar. Read or paraphrase the following:

Listen, snots! You want in Nightsoil Marauders? Want to be big bosses? Stop being useless! Take this map to the surface. Kill anything in your way. Find the horse-killer "long-shanks" on the surface; don't kill any "long-shanks." NO KILL! Make him let US pass and give US meat, horse meat. Yes, you can eat what you find.

If you find anything stupid enough to live in the pit trap, dumber than you, lure it in there. Do that, and I'll give you FIRE! Look for metal eyes from the surface; poke them out! We must stay hidden from "long-shanks."

A. THE SEWERS

Inoklar located a secure area in the Magnimarian sewers that previously housed a long-dead thieves' guild. She has taken great effort, mostly by browbeating her goblin petitioners, to clean and secure this area. Though the stench of sewage and goblins is pervasive, the floors are relatively clear of refuse and debris, having all been dumped into a drainage pit.

Sewer walls curve around to form a 15-foot-diameter tube in most passageways. Stone walkways flank a 5-foot-deep channel down the center of the passageways, most of these are covered by ancient iron grates, leaving a 10-foot ceiling above the walkways. Occasionally, the crumbling remnants of ancient civilizations' stonework push through the mold and muck.

The passages are rarely lit; most of the sewer's inhabitants prefer the dark. Traveling between featured sections of the sewer takes 15 minutes. Traveling directly from the lair to Mariska's Knackery takes 1 hour.

A1. SLIMES AND SPIES (CR 3)

A side passage in the sewer marks one of the entrances to the Nightsoil Marauder's hideout. A lever protrudes from the stonework to the north, toward the lair, while the southern exit branches east and west into the sewer proper.

The entrance to the Nightsoil Marauder's lair is a 10-foot-wide access passage, and just inside the entrance is a 10-foot-wide drainage pit controlled by a lever at the far end. The original pit was intended to syphon out sewage in case of flooding, but it has since become choked with refuse and debris, leaving a 10-foot drop (see *Trap*).

Creatures: A slime mold has stopped nearby in the east passage, sliding down into the sewage for sustenance. Meanwhile, a special clockwork spy from the Golemworks guild, rented by the city watch, watches its activity. Its instructions are to record information about any humanoid living in the sewers. This advanced model can record up to 10 minutes of both audio and visual information in non-consecutive 1-minute increments.

CHARACTER RACE

Players are encouraged to play goblin characters, though characters belonging to another race viewed as "lesser" by humans would be sufficient. Suggestions for other races are hobgoblins, kobolds, mites, nagaji, ratfolk, and wayang. With GM permission, even some types of evil fey might be appropriate. For pre-generated characters, GMs are encouraged to use the 1st level goblins included with *We Be Goblins* or the goblins appearing on page 43 of this issue of *Wayfinder*.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

This adventure is designed for four PCs of 1st level. They should accumulate enough XP under the Medium advancement track to reach halfway to 2nd level.



ADVANCED CLOCKWORK SPY CR 1

XP 400
hp 10 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3 58, 290)

YOUNG SLIME MOLD CR 1

XP 400
hp 22 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 249, 293)

Trap: Pulling the lever is a standard action to activate the drainage pit. Inoklar has let the PCs know about the pit trap so they may use it to capture a creature to increase the trap's effectiveness.

MECHANICAL PIT TRAP CR 1

XP -
Type mechanical; Perception DC 20; Disable Device DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger manual (lever); Reset manual

Effect 10-ft.-deep pit (1d6 falling damage); DC 20 Reflex avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft. by 15-ft. area)

Rewards: Though the high quality crystal in the clockwork spy is worth 50 gp, Inoklar will give the PCs a masterwork dogslicer as a reward for capturing recorded information about the sewers' other denizens. Furthermore, she gives each PC a flask of alchemist's fire if they manage to capture the slime mold in the pit trap.

A2. GREMLIN CAVALIER (CR 1)

This larger chamber acts as a nexus for several sewage

lines. Columns support the arched ceiling while rusty grates cover the thousands of gallons of sewage flowing below.

Creatures: Byxum, a jinkin, has recently taken up residence here. She uses the many passages to travel through the city and collect a variety of trinkets. She is currently engaged in an ill-conceived plan to tame a giant centipede. She has a starting attitude of unfriendly, and if confronted aggressively she retreats to area A3, hoping to lure the PCs into the cockroach hive.

GIANT CENTIPEDE CR 1/2

XP 200
hp 5 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 43)

BYXUM CR 1

NE jinkin (gremlin)
XP 400
hp 6 (Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2 142)

Treasure: Byxum has stowed several treasures in her nest in the western alcove. With a successful DC 15 Perception check, the PCs can discover her stash of 100 gp worth of assorted gems, and a soiled pair of leggings of needles (functions as robe of needles) she cursed to require the wearer to never remove or even unlace; cutting them off destroys the magic of the item.

Development: If the PCs can convince Byxum to join their thieves' guild (DC 22 Diplomacy or Intimidate), she acts as

a powerful ally. If her attitude is improved to friendly or better, she warns them of the cursed leggings, as well as the cockroach swarm in area A3. Inoklar, impressed, rewards the PCs with 200 gp for recruiting such a useful ally.

A3. THE REFUSE PILE (CR 2)

Piled against the southeastern corner is an enormous pile of trash, bits of flesh, and excrement.

City workers tasked with keeping the sewers clean and safe often pile trash in this side chamber. It did not take long to attract an otyugh, who ate the workers and claimed it as a new den. Although the otyugh isn't present when the PCs arrive, thousands of cockroaches live here like pets for the filthy creature.

Creatures: A swarm of cockroaches infests this refuse pile. If creatures other than the otyugh pass near it, they skitter out and consume whatever they find. If the PCs linger here too long, give them plenty of opportunity to hear the otyugh returning.

COCKROACH SWARM

CR 2

XP 600

hp 26 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 58)

Treasure: Buried in the filth pile is a *wand of scorching ray* (3 charges), likely lost down a street drain by an apprentice from the Golemworks.

A4. THE CLOGGED DRAIN (CR 2)

This large chamber, sixty feet in diameter, contains several spans of metal grating running across the room. Eight sections of the sewer converge on this room, a large drain leading to lower pipes. The level of waste is very high, sometimes oozing through the grates.

Recently, a mud elemental escaped from its binding by a wizard's apprentice. The elemental attempted to return to the earth, but could not find natural soil in this large city. Once trapped in this chamber, the surrounding filth and the alchemical runoff from Ravenfoot Corner corrupted the elemental.

Creatures: The small sewage elemental is futilely attempting to unclog the drain (a DC 27 Strength check). When it detects creatures entering the chamber, it angrily attempts to bull rush them into the flowing waste (see Hazard).

SMALL SEWAGE ELEMENTAL

CR 2

Advanced variant small mud elemental (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 120, 292)

XP 600

N Small outsider (earth, elemental, extraplanar, water)

Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 30 ft.; Perception +7

Aura stench (30 ft., DC 13, 10 rounds)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+1 Dex, +8 natural, +1 size)

hp 17 (2d10+6)

Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +2

Immune acid, elemental traits

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., burrow 10 ft., swim 30 ft.



40

Melee slam +7 (1d3+4 plus entrap)

Special Attacks entrap (DC 14, 1d6 rounds, hardness 5, hp 5)

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5 (+7 bull rush); **CMD** 16 (18 vs. bull rush)

Feats Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack

Skills Climb +9, Escape Artist +5, Knowledge (planes) +3, Perception +7, Stealth +10, Swim +13; Racial Modifiers +8 Swim

Languages Terran

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Stench (Ex) A sewage elemental's stench is so foul, creatures with scent receive a -4 penalty on their saving throws and lose their scent ability for 1 hour on a failed save. If the sewage elemental entraps a creature, it must make a new save against the stench, even if they have already successfully saved against it in the last 24 hours. Creatures who are already sickened become nauseated for 1 round on a failed save.

Entrap (Ex) The sewage from an elemental's entrap ability can be washed away in 1d3 rounds of immersion in water.

Hazard: Creatures who find themselves immersed in the running sewage must make a DC 15 Fortitude save each round or become nauseated for 1d4 rounds. They must also make a DC 10 Swim check to move through the muck.

B. MARISKA KNACKERY

On the northern edge of the Lowleft district, a small storefront sits attached to the humble cottage owned by Tersus Mariska. A separate workshop is attached to the stables. A storage shed also occupies the property. Mariska's logo, a horse's silhouette dissected by several lines, adorns the door and a swinging signpost out front.

The portion of the sewers leading up to the slaughterhouse drain is dusty and rarely traveled. The sewer grate itself is locked with an old rusty lock (DC 20 Disable Device, hardness 10, 20 hp). Tersus has the key on his keyring.

B1. THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE

The smell of dead horseflesh wafts down the oversized sewer drain. Clean and orderly tools used to butcher horses hang from hooks in the ceiling. A thick wooden chopping block rests on a large table on the north side of the room. A small crane with a hook and pulley system rests in the southern corner. Double doors open to the south and west.

Tersus makes his living in this room, butchering horses and other animals that have become lame, too old, or otherwise unable to perform a useful function. He sells the meat and other remains through his storefront. He keeps the area relatively tidy, but the ever-present smell of dead animals permeates the workshop.

Goblins entering this area must succeed at a DC 12 Will save or act as if under the effects of *rage* (as the spell) for one minute; a goblin may willingly fail this check if she chooses. Goblins who fail their save give into their instinctive hatred and hunger for horseflesh. They immediately advance to area B2 with the intent to kill and eat the horses stabled there.

Treasure: Several of Tersus' tools are of excellent quality and could be worked into masterwork horsechoppers

or dogslicers. If taken back to the Nightsoil Marauders, they could be crafted into 2 masterwork dogslicers, and 1 masterwork horsechopper.

B2. STABLES

Four horse stalls line the western wall. Ropes and harnesses hang from the eastern wall. Large double doors open to the south and the north end of the eastern wall.

Tersus keeps horses and other livestock here while they wait to be slaughtered.

Creatures: Two old horses once belonging to the city watch are stabled here. They know the scent of goblins well and start neighing loudly should any goblins enter the area.

VENERABLE HEAVY HORSE (2)

CR 1

XP 400

hp 13 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 177)

B3. STORAGE SHED

This shed is built from creaky old dried up wood.

Food for the horses—currently two bales of hay—and yard equipment are stored here.

B4. KITCHEN (CR 0, OR 1/2)

Decorated in blue with a flower motif, this kitchen is spotless. A small wooden table sits in the center of the cozy room.

The Mariska family spends most of their free time here when not minding the store or doing chores. The family dog, Beast, sleeps here at night.

Creatures: The Mariska family dog is usually a playful companion to Tersus's two daughters, but he is very protective, and hates the smell of goblins.

BEAST

CR 1/2

Advanced Dog

XP 200

hp 8 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 87, 294)

B5. TABITHA AND GWEN'S BEDROOM (CR 1/2)

A mural of a lush green meadow covers the walls of this small room. Against the eastern wall are two small beds and a night table. A single door exits to the south.

Creatures: Tabitha and Gwen, the Mariska children (young commoner 1, Perception +4), are asleep in their beds. If they see any PCs, they cower in fear while crying profusely. After one round they scream that the monsters under their beds are real!

Trap: Tersus placed a set of tiny bells above the door to the girl's bedroom to alert him if they are getting out of their beds when they should be asleep. The door has telltale wear marks

on near an upper corner, and anyone opening the doors has chance to note the scrape of metal on wood, giving them a split-second to notice the trap before raising the alarm.

DOORKNOB BELLS

CR 1/2

XP 200

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 15; **Disable Device** DC 15

EFFECTS

Trigger touch (attempting to open the door); **Reset** automatic

Effect Creates an audible tinkling sound (Perception DC 0 to hear; Perception DC 17 for sleeping humans in the house).

B6. PA AND MA MARISHA'S BEDROOM (CR 2)

Decorated in dark blue and white, this bedroom is clean and smells strongly of dried flowers. A large bed is pushed up against the western wall, while a wardrobe stands against the north wall, door slightly ajar.

Tersus and his wife, Marina, sleep in this room. Marina keeps a bowl of potpourri on her nightstand in an attempt to keep the stench of the slaughterhouse away. A horsehair boom leans against the corner.

Creatures: Tersus and Marina (middle-aged commoner 2, Perception +6) are asleep in their bed. If Marina sees any PCs, she wakes her husband while trying to remain quiet. If Tersus sees any PCs, he tries to scare it off, grabbing the nearby broom and using it as a makeshift weapon.

TERSUS MARISKA

CR 2

XP 600

Male middle-aged human commoner 2/expert 2

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 34 (2d8+2d10+12)

Fort +3, **Ref** +1, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee broom +4 (1d6+2) or unarmed strike +4 (1d3+2 nonlethal)

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 11, **Con** 16, **Int** 9, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 11

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 14

Feats Catch Off-Guard, Power Attack, Toughness

Skills Appraise +3, Diplomacy +4, Handle Animal +6, Heal +6, Knowledge [local] +4, Perception +6, Profession [butcher] +9, Ride +4, Sense Motive +6, Swim +6

Languages Common, Varisian

Treasure: Marina keeps her jewelry in a small drawer inside the wardrobe. This drawer can be located with a successful DC 10 Perception check. Inside is a pair of silver earrings worth 20 gp and a pearl necklace worth 50 gp.

Development: If Tersus manages to kill or capture a PC, he turns it over to the city watch. However, if the PCs manage to subdue him and succeed at a DC 16 Intimidate check (small creatures take a -4 penalty on this check), he reluctantly agrees to let the Nightsoil Marauders use his

slaughterhouse to gain access to the surface. Succeeding by 5 or more, he also agrees to give them offal and horsemeat. If the PCs fail their Intimidate check, he claims he'll agree but replaces the locks on all his doors and the sewer grate with good quality locks as soon as the PCs leave.

B7. STOREFRONT

Small and relatively pleasant, this storefront features a four-foot-high counter with a butchery pricing book chained to the top. Painted on the back wall is the silhouette of a horse dissected with several lines. A door stands behind the counter, to the north. Double doors with glass panes exit the building to the south.

Tersus keeps the front door locked (DC 30 Disable Device) and keeps the shades drawn while the store is closed.

Treasure: Tersus hides his strongbox on a shelf under the counter. The PCs can locate this box with a successful DC 15 Perception check. The strongbox is locked (DC 25 Disable Device) and contains 57 gp and a steel flask of Shoanti moonshine.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once the PCs are done with Tersus, they may return and report to Inoklar. If they were successful, Inoklar rewards them with a single suit of small sized masterwork studded leather armor. They are allowed to join the Nightsoil Marauders and help it become Magnimar's premier thieves' guild. 🐾

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Pregen Goblins

For Use With Strength Of The

Nightsoil

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BLIKKA

She was originally a member of the Breakbag goblin clan, who love the sound of broken glass and often carry it around with them.

Her former tribe chased her out of the mushfens for eating goblin babies and sacrificing the weaker goblins to Lamashtu. Scars from self-inflicted wounds cover Blikka's body, representing her devotion to Lamashtu, the Mother of Monsters.

BLIKKA

Goblin warpriest of Lamashtu 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide* 60)

CE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 size)

hp 10 (1d8+2)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4; +2 trait bonus vs. charm and compulsion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dogslicer +6 (1d4/19–20)

Special Attacks blessings 3/day, sacred weapon

Warpriest Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +3)

1st—*cause fear* (DC 13), *divine favor*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *guidance*, *virtue*

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 8

Base Atk +0; CMB –1; CMD 13

Feats Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (dogslicer)

Traits balloon headed^{PCGG}, birthmark^{APC}

Skills Perception +7, Ride +7, Stealth +11; Racial Modifiers +4 Ride, +4 Stealth

Languages Goblin

SQ blessings (madness: madness supremacy, trickery: double)

Combat Gear wand of cure light wounds (5 charges)

Other Gear studded leather, dogslicer, halfling scalp with long black hair used as a wig, rancid axebeak egg, sharpened goblin femur, small sack of broken glass,

17 worms in a leaky canteen

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Balloon Headed Blikka gains a +1 trait bonus on Perception checks, and Perception is always a class skill for her. Any Escape Artist checks that requires her to squeeze her head through a tight space take a –8 penalty.

PLARG

Accustomed to being weaker than some goblins, Plarg uses his unusual intelligence to outthink his opponents. Though still technically a member of the Wind Whisper tribe, Plarg often infiltrates Magnimar to bring back treasures from the longshanks' city. He usually shares these treasures with his cage sister (they grew up in the same cage), Ekkie.

PLARG

Goblin investigator 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide* 30)

LE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 size)

hp 10 (1d8+2)

Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee rapier +5 (1d4/18–20)

Investigator Extracts Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +3)

1st—*comprehend languages*, *monkey fish*^{ACC}

Extracts Known (*ant haul*, *cure light wounds*, *disguise self*, *shield*)

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 8

Base Atk +0; CMB –1; CMD 13

Feats Weapon Finesse

Traits dirty fighter, pustular^{PCGG}

Skills Appraise +6, Craft (alchemy) +6, Disable Device +8, Knowledge (engineering) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Perception +5, Stealth +11, Survival +2; Racial Modifiers +2 Perception, +2 Survival

Languages Common, Gnome, Goblin

SQ alchemy, city scavenger^{ARC}, inspiration (2/day), trapfinding +1

Combat Gear alchemist's fire, 3 acid flasks, foaming powder^{UE}, wildflower honey (treat as soothe syrup^{UE}), tanglefoot bag, 10 tindertwigs

Other Gear studded leather, rapier, bent silver fork, frayed paint brush, jar of dead fireflies, set of thieves tools, formula book (contains all extract formulae known)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Pustular Plarg's face is covered with unpleasant pimples and outright boils that have a tendency to pop at inopportune moments. Although this makes him particularly ugly, he's also used to discomfort. Whenever he's subjected to an effect that causes the sickened condition, he may make two saving throws (if a saving throw is allowed), and take the better of the two as his roll.

MARGA

Marga's tribe in the Caves of the Craven considered her royalty, along with her twin brother





Feats Eschew Materials, Fire Tamer^{ARG}

Traits flame-touched^{UC}, friend in every town^{UC}

Skills Diplomacy +6 (+8 vs. goblins), Intimidate +5 (+7 vs. goblins), Ride +8, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +12; Racial Modifiers +4 Ride, +4 Stealth

Languages Common, Goblin

SQ bloodline arcana (fire spells deal +1 damage per die)

Combat Gear 2 flasks of oil,

Other Gear heavy crossbow with 10 crossbow bolts in quiver made of snake skin, spear, lampshade worn as a dress, rag doll with dead beetles for eyes, single halfling sock full of wooden nickels

MURG

Murg, like his twin sister Marga, was considered goblin royalty for his rare reddish skin tone. After rivals killed his tribe, they tried to hunt him down to prove themselves, but Murg literally ripped them limb from limb. He is very protective of his sister, and hopes to lead a goblin clan again.

MURG

Goblin bloodrager 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide* 15)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Murg. When a rival goblin clan invaded, she and her brother barely survived. Her reddish skin, a rarity among goblins, makes her particularly distinctive. Other goblins tend to think that by killing her and devouring her flesh, they can steal her power over fire.

MARGA

Goblin sorcerer 1

CE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception -1

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 11 (+4 Dex, +1 size)

hp 8 (1d6+2)

Fort +1, **Ref** +4, **Will** +1; +2 vs. fire spells

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee spear +0 (1d6-1, x3) or 2 claws +0 (1d3-1)

Ranged heavy crossbow +5 (1d8, 19-20)

Special Attacks claws (2, 1d3, 4 rounds/day)

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 1st; concentration +2)

1st (4/day)—burning hands (DC 12), snapdragon fireworks^{UM} (DC 12)

o (at will)—acid splash, detect magic, flare (DC 11), spark^{APG} (DC 11)

Bloodline Draconic (red)

STATISTICS

Str 9, **Dex** 18, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +0; **CMB** -2; **CMD** 12



Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size, -2 rage)

hp 15 (1d10+5)

Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 10 ft.

Melee bite +5 (1d4+3), 2 claws +5 (1d3+3)

Ranged dart +5 (1d3+3)

Special Attacks bloodrage (6 rounds/day), claws

Base Statistics When not bloodraging, Murg's statistics are AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 15; hp 13; Fort +4, Will +0; Melee bite +3 (1d4+1); Ranged dart +5 (1d3+1); Str 13, Con 14; CMB +1; Skills Climb +11.

Bloodline Draconic (red)

STATISTICS

Str 17, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 11

Base Atk +1; CMB +3; CMD 14

Feats Power Attack

Traits flame-touched^{UC}, goblin foolhardiness^{PC:GOG}

Skills Climb +13, Intimidate +4, Perception +4

Languages Goblin

SQ fast movement, cave crawler^{ARC}

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*

Other Gear chain shirt, 3 darts, headless lizard (snack), 50 ft. hemp rope, metal codpiece, red dragon scale on a leather collar, ripped rubber duck

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Goblin Foolhardiness Murg has a tendency toward gross overconfidence in combat. When facing an enemy that's larger than he is, if he has no allies in any adjacent squares, his posturing, bravado, and cussing grants him a +1 trait bonus on attack rolls with non-reach melee weapons. 🐉



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Weal Or Woe: Spider And The Fly

By John "Moonstonian" Leising

Art by Catherine Batka



In the back-alley stalls and shadowy markets of Golarion's major trading centers, not everything is what it seems to be. Monsters lurk among us, and the unwitting may get caught up in their schemes.

WEAL: MEIRINDA ORANTE

Meirinda is a tall, lank woman of strange, unearthly beauty. Her large cloudy eyes, dark skin, and short lacquered hair give proof to her exotic origins, but few can pinpoint where that might be. She moves with slow, languid gestures and speaks in dreamy tones.

Many seek Meirinda's tiny shop -- The House of the Golden Mask -- for the rare and beautiful silks from her homeland. She is an exclusive agent for a group Nurvatchtan silk merchants, and their lightweight yet highly durable silk is coveted in both adventuring and fashion circles. In truth, Meirinda's shop is a cover for a clandestine network of aranea from this faraway land. Her trade network passes information and protects her people throughout the inner sea region. Her particular passion is researching a way to unlock the Dream Towers of Muamba, in hope they could be used to protect Nurvatchta from the aggressive lizardfolk of Droon.

Her introspective nature undermines her skill as a spy, but her exotic beauty and rare products ensure a steady stream of customers to the Golden Mask. Meirinda would rather be weaving, or tending to the clutter of dream spiders she keeps in an antechamber of her shop.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- PCs may be directed to the House of the Golden Mask as a source of Nurvatchtan silk, which is half the weight of normal silk but just as durable.
- A strange merchant in a faraway port has tasked the PCs to deliver a message to Meirinda, woven into a beautiful silken pattern.
- The PCs become aware that an underworld figure

is paying good coin for rare spiders and operates out of a local shop.

BOON

Meirinda can be a reliable source for masterwork silk garments and equipment, as well as valuable trade contacts. If she is friendly with the PCs, she will offer up to 20% discount on silken items. She can also provide a +5 bonus to Knowledge (geography, history, local) checks about regions in Southern Garund when consulted.

MEIRINDA ORANTE

CR 7

XP 3,200

Female aranea sorcerer 2/expert 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2*)

N Medium magical beast (shapechanger)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 63 (9 HD; 5d10+2d6+2d8+20)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +10; +2 vs. sleep and charm effects

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft., climb 30 ft.

Melee mwk silver dagger +11/+6 (1d4/19–20), bite +10 (1d6 plus poison)

Ranged mwk silver dagger +11/+6 (1d4/19–20)

Special Attacks web (+10 ranged, DC 14, hp 5)

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

6/day—*lullaby* (DC 13)

Known Sorcerer Spells (CL 7th, concentration +10):

3rd (5/day)—*blink*, *deep slumber* (DC 16)

2nd (7/day)—*daze monster* (DC 15), *pernicious poison*^{UM}, *silk to steel*^{UM}, *touch of idiocy* (DC 15), *web* (DC 15)

1st (7/day)—*illusion of calm*^{UC}, *memory lapse*^{APC} (DC 14), *ray of enfeeblement* (DC 14), *sleep* (DC 14), *touch of gracelessness*^{APC} (DC 14)

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 13), *detect magic*, *light*, *mage hand*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

Bloodline dreamspun^{APC}

TACTICS

Before Combat Meirinda always tries to avoid combat. She would rather negotiate, charm, or bribe her way out of a fight. If violence is imminent, she casts *deep slumber* to soften up her foes.

During Combat If attacked in her shop, she releases the six dream spiders she keeps nearby. If pressed, she transforms into hybrid form and uses her webs to hinder foes and escape melee. She uses spells from range to cover her escape.

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 15, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 20

Feats Alertness, Eschew Materials, Cosmopolitan, Still Spell, Uncanny Alertness^{UM}, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10 (+18 jump), Appraise +7, Bluff +15, Climb +12, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (geography, history, local) +6, Perception +14, Profession (merchant) +5, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +6, Stealth +7

Languages Celestial, Common, Elven, Sylvan



SQ bloodline arcana (when targeting a single creature with a spell, you gain an insight bonus equal to half the spell's level (minimum +1) for 1 round to your AC and saving throws against any spell or attack made by that creature), change shape (humanoid; alter self)

Combat Gear *potion of blur*; **Other Gear** masterwork silver dagger, *sorcerer's robe*^{UE}

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 14; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d3 Strength; *cure* 1 save.

WOE: DUARZEN T'HANN THE BLACKFLY

Very few have had the honor of seeing the Blackfly face-to-face, and even fewer seek a second audience. Rumor has it that he is a bloated man in a shapeless robe with a round greasy face that looks like an oversized child. He lurks in the center of a dark, smoky labyrinth of chambers, littered with slumped bodies and trails of hazemind mist.

The Blackfly, Duarzen T'hann, runs a profitable business providing illicit drugs, but his prized commodity is information. He is an accuser devil who uses drugs to weaken the will of his victims and his powers to pull out their deepest secrets. Duarzen delights in bringing down the popular and powerful, and prides himself on providing anything a customer might desire. Once he has a customer, he digs in his claws to wring out every advantage and secret he can.

This method brought Meirinda to his attention. He has recently learned that she is an aranea, and has threatened to expose her. To buy his silence, he has demanded venom from her dream spiders to distill the drug known as shiver. She reluctantly agreed, but now he is demanding the spiders themselves. This has pushed her to a breaking point.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

- A PCs secret is being threatened by an underworld figure who demands a meeting.
- A friendly contact has disappeared, and was last seen in a local drug den.
- Locals have been succumbing to shiver, a rare additive drug. The church of Sarenrae would like to put a stop to this trade.

DRAWBACK

Duarzen can be a formidable enemy. Rather than directly attack the PCs, he will work to destroy their reputations, learn their secrets, and ultimately turn them into informants. He has a broad range of contacts throughout the city, and considers everyone expendable in pursuing his goals.



DUARZEN T'HANN THE BLACKFLY

CR6

XP 2400

Male accuser devil^{B3} investigator^{ACC 3} (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3, Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide*)

LE Small outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +13; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 14 (+6 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)

hp 52 (3d8+4d10+17)

Fort +7, **Ref** +15, **Will** +5; +2 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities trap sense +1

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)

Melee +1 *ominous*^{UE} *cat-o'-nine-tails* +9/+4 (1d3+2 nonlethal) or bite +3 (1d6+1 plus 1d6 acid and disease)

Special Attacks disease (devil chills, DC 14)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +9)

At will—*greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *invisibility* (self only)

3/day—*grease*, *summon swarm*, *whispering wind*

1/day—*summon* (level 3, 1 zebub or 1d4 lemures, 40%)

Investigator Extracts Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +4)

1st—*anticipate peril*^{UM}, *disguise self* (DC12), *heightened awareness*^{ACC}, *keen senses*^{APC}

TACTICS

Before Combat The Blackfly fills his lair with hazemind mist (*Player Companion: Familiar Folio*). He uses an extract of *disguise self* to help hide his monstrous appearance when face-to-face with anyone, and anticipate peril in preparation against attack. If he suspects an attack, he also consumes his *heightened awareness*.

During Combat Rather than fight, Duarzen calls to his guards and tries to summon lemures to surround him. If seriously threatened, he does not hesitate to teleport away to plot his revenge. However, if he has the upper hand, he torments enemies with swarms of biting flies and repeated lashes with his scourge while they cower.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 22, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14
Base Attack +6; **CMB** +6, **CMD** 22

Feats Deceitful, Extra Inspiration^{ACC}, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

Skills Acrobatics +10, Appraise +5, Bluff +12, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +15, Fly +23, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nobility) +7, Knowledge (planes) +10, Knowledge

(religion) +7, Perception +10, Sense Motive +10, Sleight of Hand +10, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +17, Use Magic Device +6

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal, telepathy 100 ft.

SQ alchemy +3, infernal eye, inspiration (5/day), investigator talent (black market connections^{UC}), keen recollection, poison lore, trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 *ominous*^{UE} *cat-o'-nine-tails*, *amulet of natural armor* +1, disguise kit (10 uses), formula book^{UE} (extracts prepared plus vocal alteration^{UM}) 🐛



Happy Tails & Candy Shells

By Scott "Curaigh" Janke

Art by Todd Westcot



I heard a happy 'tinkling' sound a long ways off. Something next to me made a thud in the darkness. I looked back and saw my tail. It made another thud against the stone. My tail does this when I get happy, this sort of back-and-forth dance. It made sense, since the tinkling sound was a very happy sound and I had not heard it in a very long time. I wagged my antennae back and forth with my tail and decided I should investigate the happy sound.

I stood up and snuck through the dark tunnel toward the sound. I am not sure how a "dark tunnel" is different from a "not-dark tunnel" but the tinkling sound reminded me of those hairy people with tasty shells. Anytime I hear the tinkling sound I decide a tunnel is dark. The hairy people always say things like "this tunnel is too dark" or "what's in this deep dark tunnel" or "something's hiding in the dark" and "Aahhrrr" or "ohmygodohmygoditssodarkohmygod."

Those last sounds were happy sounds too. Mostly because they meant I got to taste those yummy shells. I know the hairy people were happy too. Most times they would start wagging their legs when saying happy things. Not the walking legs, but the other legs. The hairy people didn't use all their legs for walking, and they didn't have any antennae or tails to wag around so I guess when they got happy they had to wag their other legs. They're very strange. That's ok because the other-legs—the ones that wagged—held candy.

There was another thudding sound. It was my tail again. It got happy just thinking about candy. I left the tunnel and started to climb. I was getting close to the sound now.

Sometimes the hairy people wagged their candy so hard it hit me. Sometimes that hurt, but then the candy would spill and I would eat it and they'd stop wagging and just run off singing their happy sounds "aarrggg aarrggg aarrggg."

Sometimes they didn't run, and they would wag their other-legs very specifically. I would wag my antenna and try to match them. We'd dance like that for a while and if I was really lucky I got to feel their shells. The shells broke apart and I got to eat the tasty bits that fell on the floor.

Hey, if something tasty falls on the floor, you have to eat it.

Quick. Before you can say "fivetastythings fivetastythings fivetastythings fivetastythings fivetastythings" you have to eat something off the floor. That's the rule.

Overhead, I saw one of the hairy people dangling from his tail. He held candy in his other-legs and used it to cut into the stone wall. Tink-tink, tink-tink. I couldn't smell any food, which is usually why the hairy people cut into stone walls. I don't know why he was doing it since there wasn't any food.

I climbed up to him. He was smaller than me. That's unusual. He didn't have any tasty shell, so I wagged my antennae at his two pieces of candy.

He must have been happy to see me because he started making the happy sounds. "Aah! Get away from me!" He started to waggle his other-legs too and that sent him spinning from his tail. It was a long tail. It disappeared far-away up-high. That's weird because the hairy people don't have tails and his tail wrapped around his middle. He continued making the happy sounds, and soon I heard more happy sounds from above. Maybe some of the happy, hairy people above had tasty shells, but for now, I just looked at the candy.

"Can I have some?" I asked. He didn't give any candy to me, but continued dancing. So I started dancing and asked again, "Please can I have some candy?"

"Stop hissing at me!" he squeaked and started to climb away tail first.

This was a really weird hairy people.

"Hey," I called. "You didn't leave any candy." If they don't waggle and dance, the hairy people drop the candy when they leave. That's the rule. "Drop the candy and leave." Usually, making happy sounds. This one broke the rules, so I climbed after him and asked again, "Can I have some?"

His happy sounds got really loud. He started waggling his legs and he moved up, but he still didn't drop the candy. I moved around him, got above and stood in his way. "Can I have some?" It almost wasn't a question. I felt a little rude, but he didn't drop the candy and that was the rule.

He frantically danced toward me waving his legs and spinning on his tail. I wagged my antennae at the candy, but he turned his legs towards me. He kicked and pain blasted across my head. I heard another thump as he kicked me again. It wasn't my tail being happy. I wasn't happy now. My head thumped against the stone as he kept kicking. I wasn't very happy at all.

I bit him.

I know I shouldn't have, but he broke the rules and he kicked me and now he was leaving and he still didn't drop any candy. So I bit him. On the leg. Something wet and sticky spilled out. I must have broken through his shell. I couldn't help it. His shell was very soft and wasn't even tasty.



Hey, if something tasty falls on the floor, you have to eat it. Quick. Before you can say "fivetastythings fivetastythings fivetastythings fivetastythings" you have to eat something off the floor. That's the rule.



I tried to shake the wet stuff off but some got in my mouth. It tasted kind of... good. It wasn't candy and not tasty enough for a shell. "Not enough dirt for food," I said. I tasted it again. "It is food!" He hid bits of food inside him!

"That's cheating," I told him. But he wasn't there any more. He was gone. "There you are!" I called, but he was far away up the hole. He must have kept climbing while I tasted his hidden food. I ran after him. "Can I have some?" I knew he had candy and some food too, but he didn't drop any and just kept climbing in his weird, tail-lurching way.

I ran up the wall shouting "Can I have some?" He made some more happy sounds. I got happy because I could smell the hidden food on his leg where I bit him. Red stuff oozed from my bite. It smelled like really good food.

I reached an antenna to the red stuff. Much of it bubbled away but a lot of it turned into....

"Food!" I began lapping up the food, occasionally touching the red stuff to get some more.

"Ahh!" He was very happy judging by the sounds. Maybe it tickled when I lapped up his hidden food. They are kind of feathery, my antennae. I can see how they might tickle.

I sometimes get tickled, like when really wet dirt squishes between my toes. That tickles. And sometimes when I crawl through that squishy green stuff growing on the walls it rubs my elbows and belly. That tickles. I liked being tickled.

I jumped on him and we spun wildly on his tail. I tickled his other leg and ate more of the hidden food. He made those happy sounds so I tickled and tickled and tickled.

I tickled all the way through his hidden food and he giggled in happiness. Soon the hidden food stopped. I looked down to see where the food had gone. The food wasn't the only thing gone. His leg with the hidden food was gone too.

Only a pair of white sticks remained, one dangling loosely from the other as we swayed on his tail. His foot was gone too. I think I remember it falling away, but since he used it to kick me I just let it.

He had gone to sleep. Sometimes that happens to me when I get too much tickling. It feels good to lay in squishy, wet dirt or roll around on the tickling green stuff and I like to fall asleep like that. He was all quiet and very still, except that his lurching tail continued to bring us up.

I could still smell the hidden food, though. He had more of it. I was sure. "Can I have some?" I asked and I bit his other leg. "More hidden food!"

I ate it too.

It turns out a whole lot of food was hidden in the hairy man, carried on the white sticks. I had to go through the liquid bits to find it but I was happy. Then he finally dropped the candy.

I climbed off the hairy man and followed the candy. Candy made me happier.

I think his friends were happy too. They were shouting their happy sounds. A lot of very, very happy sounds.

Something thumped in the darkness next to me. I looked back and noticed it was my tail; my very, very happy tail. 🐾





Monstrous Masterpieces

By Nik "Kobold Cleaver" Geier

Art by Jeremy Corff



All bards like to leave their mark on the world. Often in the case of monstrous races, people wish they wouldn't.

ALL FIRE IS FRIENDLY FIRE (PERCUSSION, DANCE, SING)

Boom-boom-boom. Duck your head.

Rat-tat-tat. Plant your feet.

Boom-boom-boom. Just be led.

Rat-tat-tat. And keep the beat.

During the Goblinblood Wars, hobgoblins devised many ways to force conscripts to continue fighting even as the world burned around them. One clever bard composed this "inspirational" marching song to keep the shock troops alive just a little bit longer.

Prerequisites: Perform (dance, percussion, or sing) 7 ranks

Cost: Feat or 3rd-level spell known.

Effect: This harsh rhythm is enforced through drumming, a brisk march, or repetitive chanting. As long as the performance lasts, you and two allies per level are protected against "friendly fire", gaining a +6 insight bonus to saves versus effects delivered by other targeted allies. They also gain resistance 10 against one energy type selected at the start of the performance. This resistance applies only against effects generated by other targets of the performance.

All targets must be within 200 feet of you. You may switch the targets of this Masterpiece as a full-round action.

Abilities that extend the duration of a bardic performance (such as Lingering Performance) affect this Masterpiece.

Use: One round of bardic performance per round.

Action: 1 standard action (or full-round action, see text).

BANSHEE'S WHISTLE (SING, WIND)

"I had never heard such a sound before. I pray I don't live to hear it again." — Ilra, monk of Pharama

Masheen was once a likeable—if eccentric—Ustalavic bard in the service of a cleric who claimed to worship Sarenrae. One night, under a full moon, she found out who her lady really worshiped. Coincidentally, this was also the night Masheen died. Although Masheen's hunger for vengeance was powerful enough to bring her back as a spectre, it was not great enough to fully eliminate her creative spirit. Regrettably, Masheen would eventually compose a sound so vile, so antithetical to life, that it could make the dead laugh.

Prerequisites: Perform (sing or wind) 8 ranks

Cost: Feat or 3rd-level spell known.

Effect: You let loose a quiet but unwavering whistle, almost as soft as the wind. All living creatures within 40 feet (including the bard, if alive) suffer 1 point of Wisdom drain and are shaken

for 1 minute. Creatures that succeed on a Will save, they ignore the drain, but are still shaken for 1 round.

All undead within 40 feet gain a +2 competence bonus on attack and damage rolls, temporary hit points equal to 1d8+your bard level, and a +4 bonus to channel resistance for 10 minutes. All undead affected are compelled to laugh for the effect's full duration, although this does not prevent them from taking any actions.

Use: 5 bardic performance rounds

Action: 2 full rounds.

CATCHY TUNE (SING, INSTRUMENTS)

"ARG! Why did you have to ask me about—I'd just gotten it out! Five years of therapy! Five! Years!" —Telip, ex-bard

It has been said that mites lack any sort of redeeming qualities. This is true. Some mites have set out to disprove this artistically. They have failed. What resulted from these efforts, however, has gone on to become the bane of bards all across Golarion. Mites don't know what everyone's complaining about, though. They think this catchy tune is the best thing since sliced gnome.

Prerequisite: Perform (any instrument or sing) 5 ranks

Cost: Feat or 2nd-level spell known.

Effect: This song is so simplistic that it doesn't matter what words or instruments are attached to it. Mites prefer their favorite instrument, a hateful pipe-like device called the "kazoo". Regardless of the delivery, this song is agonizingly catchy. For every round you continue the tune, all creatures within a 60 foot spread must make Will saves or be ensnared by The Catchy Tune. Mites are immune to this effect.

If an ensnared creature attempts any type of performance, it takes up the tune. Any active bardic performance, or equivalent, instantly changes. All allies immediately take a -2 penalty on attack rolls, weapon damage rolls, and skill checks, and a -4 penalty on concentration checks, for the next five rounds. Each round a creature tries to perform, they can attempt another Will save at a -2 penalty to get the tune out of their head. If they succeed, they may perform normally. If they fail, they continue the Tune and extend the effect's duration accordingly.

Use: 2 bardic performance rounds per round.

Action: 1 standard action.

COMBUSTION SONG (SING)

Burn up this! Burn up that!

Burn the tail of that cat!

Burn up that! Burn up this!

Burn it all! Try not to miss!

The goblin snake's greatest, saddest tragedy is its lack of hands. This deficiency has always meant that simple little tools like flint and steel are infuriating to utilize, if not downright impossible. For years, this has prevented most goblin snakes from unleashing any devastation greater than the odd chicken coop break-in. Gralgrash the Flammable, a grotesquely skilled serpentine bard, set out to change this. This song sets nearby objects alight, building in strength as the song goes on.

Prerequisites: Perform (sing) 3 ranks

Cost: Feat or 1st-level spell known.

Effect: This gaudy chant causes a rapid string of spontaneous combustions. On the first round you begin this performance, you must select one flammable object within 30 feet of you to burst into flames. The object will take 1d6 fire damage per round until destroyed or extinguished. If you target an attended object, its bearer is entitled to a Reflex save to negate. On a failed save, the object deals 1d4 points of fire damage to its bearer each round.

Each round you continue singing, you must select twice as many objects as in the previous round (i.e. one object in the first round, two in the second, four the third, etc.). You may not target an object that is already burning.

Each round you fail to set all of your targets alight—either due to a lack of available targets or an attended object making its save—you must immediately make a Will save against your own effect. Failure means that the song immediately ends and you follow in Gralgrash’s “foot”steps, catching on fire (*Pathfinder Core Rulebook 426*).

Use: One round of bardic performance per round.

Action: 1 full-round action.

THE OOZE (DANCE)

“At first I thought the kobold was tryin’ to seduce me. At least until the oozes started raining from the ceiling.”—Garsto, dwarf

Though some have accused the kobolds of stealing this dance from a wise svirfneblin ascetic performer, that gnome is dead, and she can’t prove anything. Besides, gnomes have a long and sordid history of trying to co-opt kobold cultural touchstones. This is just like them, really. This fluid dance style was developed over centuries of complex and fascinating kobold tradition. It has enabled kobolds to capture countless oozes—generally to be placed into traps or garbage chutes, or trapped garbage chutes, for the benefit of invaders.

Prerequisite: Perform (dance) 7 ranks

Cost: Feat or 2nd-level spell known.

Effect: You begin a slow, vaguely sensual dance, triggering primordial reflexes within oozes nearby. Each round you continue this masterpiece, 1d6–1 oozes within 20 feet (selected randomly) are compelled to move where you will them. You cannot compel them to attack or take any actions other than simple movement, though engulf attacks are resolved normally.

Oozes must be able to sense you, such as with blindsight, for this to work. Oozes with Intelligence scores are entitled to Will saves. Each round, mindless oozes within the area that are not affected by the dance each have a 20% chance of making a beeline for you, targeting you exclusively for 1 minute.

Use: 3 bardic performance rounds per round.

Action: 1 standard action.

WOW, YOU’RE BAD AT THIS! (ACT)

“Haha! Aw, almost hit me that time. Gee, you almost hit your friend there! Who taught you how to use a bow, a violinist? You couldn’t hit the broad side of your mo—”—Mobble, ex-pugwampi

The humble pugwampi may be one of the most reviled creatures on or off Golarion. Humans hate pugwampis. Gnolls hate pugwampis. Visitors from other planes hate pugwampis. Rumors persist that even pugwampis hate pugwampis, and they just love to share the misery.

Prerequisite: Perform (act or comedy) 3 ranks

Cost: Feat or 1st-level spell known.

Effect: You begin a series of taunts against one enemy target, angering them enough to repeat mistakes. During the next minute, choose any d20 roll they make—even rolls they don’t use, in the event of some sort of reroll—and force them to use it in place of their next attack roll, skill check, or saving throw (your choice when you select the roll).

Use: 2 bardic performance rounds.

Action: 1 standard action. 🐉





Monstrous Bodies And Warped Minds

Feats, Discoveries, Hexes, And Talents

For Monsters

By Wojciech "Drejk" Gruchala

Art by Lynnette Fetters



Heroes and adventurers are not the sole adepts of skills, esoteric training, and secret abilities. Monsters are perfectly capable of learning a few tricks as well, surprising their opponents with uncanny maneuvers and exotic techniques, both in and outside of combat.

FEATS FOR CULTISTS AND SHAPECHANGERS

The following feats are suitable for cultists of monstrous deities and shapechangers of various types.

EXEMPLARY SPECIMEN

You can assume the forms of particularly exceptional specimens.

Prerequisite: Spell Focus (Transmutation), wild shape or shapechanger subtype

Benefit: While your form is changed by a polymorph effect, you can choose to take an exceptionally impressive looking shape. You gain +2 circumstance bonus to Charisma-based ability and skill checks made to interact with members of the same species, and other creatures that might be positively impressed by your form. Additionally, when taking the form of a creature with a polymorph effect, you can become a young or giant specimen, adding either the Young or the Giant monster template.

EXOTIC GUISES

You can easily disguise yourself as creatures different than you.

Benefit: You ignore the -2 penalty to Disguise checks for gender, race, and age difference. When using the *disguise self* spell or similar spell-like ability, you can appear as a creature of a type different than yours. When using *alter self* or similar spell like ability you can transform into any humanoid-looking Small or Medium Fey, Monstrous Humanoid, Outsider or Plant.

PECUND BLESSING OF LAMASHTU

Lamashtu has blessed you with great fertility.

Prerequisites: Toughness, Caster Level 3, worshipper of Lamashtu or having her favor.

Benefit: For each of your living progeny that has reached or passed puberty, you gain a cumulative +1 profane bonus to your maximum hit points, to results of magical healing you provide, and to Heal and Profession (midwife) skill checks, up to a maximum bonus equaling your Charisma modifier (minimum +1). If you have at least one living,

adult grandchild, you can cast transmutation spells at +1 caster level. You remain highly fertile as long as you are alive and are immune to effects that would render you infertile.

KINSLAYER BLESSING OF DAHAK

Dahak has made you into a zealous dragonhunter.

Prerequisites: Dragon, kobold, draconic bloodline or favored enemy (dragons), worshipper of Dahak or having his favor.

Benefit: Your natural attacks gain the *dragon bane* weapon property. Your breath weapon, spells and spell-like abilities deal an additional 1 point of damage per die to dragons. Other dragons instinctively loathe you and never have an attitude better than indifferent towards you, although spells and the Intimidate skill can temporarily make them friendly or helpful. They also gain +4 bonus to saving throws against your charms, language-dependent effects, and effects that would prevent or defuse hostility such as *calm emotions* or *sanctuary*.

POLYMORPHIC MIGHT

The forms you acquire are more powerful than usual.

Prerequisite: Spell Focus (Transmutation), wild shape or shapechanger subtype

Benefit: While your form is changed by a polymorph effect, you may increase one ability score bonus or reduce one ability score penalty (to a minimum of 0) provided by the effect or increase the natural armor bonus of the new form by 2.

POLYMORPHIC RESILIENCE

You can shrug off weaker blows when polymorphed.

Prerequisite: Spell Focus (Transmutation), wild shape or shapechanger subtype

Benefit: When you use a polymorph effect to change your shape, you gain DR 5/silver or DR 5/cold iron.

POLYMORPHIC TOUGHNESS

Your other shapes are tougher.

Prerequisite: Spell Focus (Transmutation), wild shape or shapechanger subtype

Benefit: When you use a polymorph spell or spell-like ability to change your shape, you gain 2 temporary hit points per level of the spell. If you use a supernatural polymorph effect, you gain 1 temporary hit point per HD. Temporary hit points granted by this feat vanish when the polymorph effect ends.

WRATHFUL BLESSING OF ROVAGUG

Your wrath feeds on your reason and sense of self.

Prerequisites: Iron Will, worshipper of Rovagug or having his favor.

Benefit: You can voluntarily extend the duration of a barbarian rage, blood rage, raging song, *rage* spell, or similar effect. You suffer -1 penalty to your Intelligence and Charisma scores for each additional round. You drop comatose if the accumulated penalty equals either your Intelligence or Charisma score, dreaming the nightmares of The Rough Beast. You suffer the penalties received from using this feat until you have rested for eight hours or receive a *miracle* or *wish*.

DISCOVERIES FOR MONSTROUS ALCHEMISTS AND INVESTIGATORS

Following discoveries suit trolls and other creatures with enhanced healing abilities.

Rejuvenating Inspiration (Su): Anytime an investigator with this discovery regains hit points he can expend one use of inspiration as an immediate action to add his inspiration die to the amount he heals. This can be used anytime he would heal, such as with magic, the Heal skill, or through 8 hours of rest. Additionally, he can spend inspiration to improve a Constitution check made to stabilize himself. He may use this discovery even while unconscious.

Rejuvenating Mutagen (Su): While under the effects of his mutagen, an alchemist with this discovery doubles hit points regained from fast healing and regeneration special abilities and halves the regrowth time of lost body parts, if applicable. Additionally, he adds his class level to his Constitution score to determine the negative hit point total at which he dies.

WITCH HEXES

Some hags have power over shapechangers.

Lock Shape (Su): This hex places a curse on a creature within 30 feet, preventing it from changing forms. When the creature tries to change its form with a polymorph effect, it has to attempt a Fortitude saving throw against the hex. On a failed save the transformation fails, wasting the action. A successful saving throw ends the curse and renders the creature immune to effects of this hex for the following 24 hours. Creatures affected by lock shape gain a +4 bonus to one saving throw against involuntary polymorph effects targeting them.

TALENTS FOR BESTIAL STALKERS

The following talents are appropriate for monstrous or shape-changing rogues and slayers, adding effects to sneak attacks. Only

one of these talents can be added to an attack and the choice must be made before the attack roll is made.

Shifter's Ambush (Su): A rogue with this talent can activate her change shape or wild shape abilities as a swift action during the surprise round. Selecting this talent requires change shape or wild shape abilities.

Steal Thoughts* (Su): After delivering a successful sneak attack, a rogue can cast a *detect thoughts*, *memory lapse*, *modify memory* or *suggestion* spell or spell-like ability as an immediate action on the target without provoking attacks of opportunity. *Detect thoughts* used in this way reads the target's surface thoughts as if the rogue concentrated for three rounds. The rogue can ask a simple question during the attack, forcing the target to think about the answer and let the rogue read it with *detect thoughts* if the target fails its saving throw, it gains a +4 bonus to saving throws to resist the rogue's mind-affecting spells or spell-like abilities for 24 hours. A rogue must have *detect thoughts*, *memory lapse*, *modify memory* or *suggestion* as a spell-like ability or the ability to cast any of those spells in order to select this talent.

Steal Visage* (Su): After delivering a successful sneak attack, a rogue can cast *disguise self* spell or spell-like ability as an immediate action to take the form of her opponent without provoking attacks of opportunity. A rogue must be able to cast *disguise self* or use it as a spell-like ability in order to pick this talent. The opponent's shape must be a viable form for *disguise self* in order to use this talent.

Virulent Ambush* (Ex): When a rogue with this talent delivers a sneak attack using a natural attack that carries the curse of lycanthropy, a disease, or paralysis, she can lower the number of sneak attack damage dice rolled to increase the saving throw DC of the affliction by 1 for every die sacrificed (minimum 1 die). The decision has to be made before the damage roll is made. If the attack carries multiple suitable afflictions, the DC increase may be split between the afflictions as the rogue sees fit. 🐉



**DEATH IS HERE. NOTHING WILL STOP
THE DELIVERER OF OMEGA.**

**THE EMISSARY OF DELIVERER OF OMEGA
IS COMING. NO MERCY WILL BE GIVEN**

**NO MATTER HOW MANY STAND AGAINST IT,
THEY WILL FALL...**

**THE MESSAGE CAME TOO LATE.
ALL IS LOST...**

**THE END OF EVERYTHING IS COMING.
UNLESS...**

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Primitive and Deadly Magic Weapons of Malevolent Giants

and Giant-kin

By Joe "Ignotus Advenium" Kondrak

Art by Andrew DeFelice



Fvil giants and their relatives live a violent life, warring and clashing with their humanoid neighbors on a regular basis, facing no end of determined and dangerous adversaries. To help them assault and defeat such adversaries, the most cunning among the belligerent brutes have learned to craft primitive yet powerful magic weapons.

Except for fire giants, who are renowned as fine crafters of steel, the less-civilized giants often produce and wield weapons made from rough materials and natural resources found in their wild environments. Weapons made from the bones, teeth, and claws of fearsome beasts comprise a significant portion of their armories. Though primitive, such weapons are impressive and effective. When imbued with magical enhancements and abilities, these weapons become powerful and devastating, especially when wielded by a clan's champion. When it comes to adding magical abilities to weapons, lowlier giants favor abilities that accentuate their own power and prowess in battle.

Dwelling in the hatred they have for their current enemies, many giants are driven to craft weapons particularly effective against certain kinds of foes. When faced with a protracted war, giant chieftains and warlords may send out a call to arms to any neighboring clans that they can reach, asking for weapons and warriors to combat their enemy.

Below are a few examples of primitive magic weapons wielded by giants and giant-kin. The listed weights and prices are for Large weapons, though weapons with the same abilities and enhancements may be crafted or found in any size.



BONE-CRACKER CLUB

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 8th

Slot none; **Price** 32,310 gp; **Weight** 24 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Made from the tusk of a woolly mammoth, this +2 dwarf bane bone greatclub also functions as a mundane signal horn. When used to make a successful awesome blow combat maneuver check, the massive weapon deals 4d6 points of sonic damage in addition to the maneuver's normal damage and effects. Furthermore, a living creature with a skeleton that takes any of this additional damage must succeed at a DC 17 Fortitude saving throw to avoid becoming fatigued for 1d6 rounds as its bones fracture and splinter. A creature that fails its saving throw by 5 or more instead becomes exhausted for 1d6 rounds, and then remains fatigued thereafter.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *shatter* or *boneshatter*^{PF34}, *summon monster* I; **Cost** 16,310 gp

ELF-CHOPPER AXE

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 29,340 gp; **Weight** 21 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The thighbone of a dragon serves as the haft of this +1 elf bane greataxe, while its wicked-looking double-bladed head is fashioned from obsidian. When used to attack a creature with the elf subtype, the weapon functions as if it had the keen and wounding special abilities in addition to its bane special ability.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bleed*, *keen edge*, *summon monster* I; **Cost** 14,840 gp

GNOME-PESTLE

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 11th

Slot none; **Price** 40,380 gp; **Weight** 35 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This exceptionally heavy +2 gnome bane earth breaker strikes fear into the hearts of gnomes. Whenever it strikes and damages a gnome, all gnomes within 30 feet of the weapon's wielder that can see the weapon must immediately succeed at a DC 19 Will save or become shaken for 2d4 rounds. A gnome that fails its saving throw by 5 or more becomes frightened instead of shaken.

Whenever a strike from a gnome-pestle reduces a gnome to negative hit points, the gnome must succeed at a DC 19 Fortitude save or be disintegrated, leaving behind only a trace of fine dust.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *disintegrate*, *scare*, *summon monster* I; **Cost** 20,380 gp

HEART-SKIVER SPEAR

Aura moderate evocation; **CL** 10th

Slot none; **Price** 30,310 gp; **Weight** 18 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Fashioned from the beak of a snallygaster, wisps of negative energy cling to the jagged tip of this +1 wounding longspear. Each time a creature takes bleed damage caused by a heart-skiver spear, it must succeed at a DC 17 Fortitude saving throw or become staggered for 1 round. A creature that fails its saving throw by 5 or more also takes 1d2 points of Con damage.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bleed*, *stricken heart*^{ACC}; **Cost** 15,310 gp



Monstrous Armies: Special Abilities

By J.J. Jordan

Art by Jesse Mohn



Raise the banners! When monsters form armies, the battle cries are more terrifying than their human counterparts. They may not march in unison but their gruesome acts of war are sung about for generations. No epic adventure is complete without battling against an army of monsters.

The following special abilities operate using the social psychology of the monsters when in large groups. Just as a crowd of people acts differently than a small group, mobs of monsters offer different dynamics than the better-understood behavior of individuals or family groups. Additionally, some effects are negligible at the individual level, but after attaining a critical mass there is a noticeable change. For example, the gnolls' nocturnal nature does not measurably affect their combat performance as individuals, but when fighting a night battle the miniscule improvement among the dozens and dozens of gnolls amounts to a bonus to the army overall.

These special abilities give different types of monstrous armies a mechanism for mass combat which makes battling them feel unique. Many are balanced in such a way that the ability should not affect the CR of the army.

Players can make Knowledge checks to prepare for these special abilities. The DC of these checks depend on the rarity of these armies. Armies that are common have the same DC as an individual monster of the same type. Rare armies add 2 to the DC of the Knowledge check of the individual monster. Very rare armies add 5 to the DC of the Knowledge check of the individual monster, as these armies form so infrequently that hardly any historical records documenting their social behaviors exist.

BOGGARD ARMIES

Having somehow survived their early stages of development, boggard soldiers are sure to be tough. Boggard culture removes the weak from the population at every opportunity. A priest-king could form a great boggard army to reclaim ancient swampland or may use war as just another culling of the weak.

Croaking Terrors: During the Ranged Phase of combat, the boggard army harmonizes its terrifying croaks, creating reverberations that can scare even venerable warriors. When using this ability, the boggard unit decreases its OM by 1 as some of its force concentrates on croaking. The target army receives a -2 penalty to Morale as long as this ability is in effect.

Estivating Ambush: Hordes of boggards can dig into soft earth and enter a dormant state while waiting to attack a passing army. The boggards surprise some while others react quickly and put an end to the amphibious creature rising from the earth. When executed, these ambushes are sure to lead to bloodshed as

both the boggard army and the target take a -4 penalty to their Defense Values in the first Melee Phase. Using this ambush skips the Ranged phase.

GNOLL ARMIES

The sociology of gnolls makes it difficult for groups larger than fifty to exist for long periods of time. Gnoll matriarchs compete with one another for dominance and the larger the group the more likely that a matriarch will appeal more to a minority and splinter off from the main contingent. Fighting a Medium sized army of gnolls is rare and requires an alpha of extraordinary dominance.

Fungible Leaders: Gnoll armies can split even while in combat with the new armies appearing in an adjacent hex of their choosing. The split does not reduce the morale of the smaller armies but instead can increase it by 1 when splitting an army of Medium size or larger due to the gnolls' preference for smaller groups. Armies with a size of Medium, however, must make a Morale check with a DC of 10 each turn or be forced to split at least once. The DC of this check is increased by 2 for each size larger than Medium.

Nocturnal Hunters: Gnolls are notoriously nocturnal. Their armies, when forced to march during the day, enter battle in a haze of lethargy. A gnoll army's OM is decreased by 1 when combatting in the daylight. At night, however, the gnolls spring to life in a blood-thirsty fervor. Gnoll armies increase their OM by 1 when combating at night.

GOBLIN ARMIES

Calling any collection of goblins an 'army' would require a redefining of the word. Goblin hordes struggle with tactics requiring organized movements, but these swarming masses of chaotic fury can be deadly in the right circumstances.

Contagious Mayhem: The goblin unit makes no attempt at organized combat. They move through and around their enemy's defensive lines and force the battle into a disorderly scrum. If a goblin army attacks during the Melee phase using an Aggressive or Reckless strategy, then the opposing army must make a DC 15 Morale check or increase its strategy track selection by 1 step towards the Reckless strategy. If the target army fails by more than 10 then they automatically change to the Reckless strategy regardless of their current strategy.

Horse! Die, die, die!: When facing cavalry mounted on horseback in melee, the goblin unit increases its OM by 1. The goblins' hatred for horses is required, as the equine mounts bite, kick, and stomp the goblins in return, increasing the mounted cavalry's OM by 1 when attacking goblin units.

HOBGOBLIN ARMIES

The warlike culture of the hobgoblin race has been passed on for generations. The hobgoblin's own physiology requires the constant hardship of battle, otherwise its body begins to shut down. In short, the hobgoblins literally live for war.

Magic Weary: The hobgoblin army surges with the desire to crush a magic wielding opponent. If the opposing army uses magical abilities or if its leader is a powerful magic user then the hobgoblin army increases its OM by 1.

Slave Bombs: Once per battle, the hobgoblin army straps alchemical weapons to its slaves and drives them to engage the enemy army. If the hobgoblin army succeeds on a DC 15 Morale check, then the opposing army takes 2 damage, otherwise the



slaves explode in the hobgoblin army instead, causing 2 damage.

KOBOLD ARMIES

These supposed kin of dragons would rather dig tunnels and mine for precious ores than charge into battle. A powerful kobold chieftain may force his tribes into war to claim underground territory or an influential outsider could convince them that mobilization is necessary.

Battlefield Trappers: Not particularly bloodthirsty in battle, kobold armies decrease their OM by 1. They can, however, choose to forego their Offense check in the Melee Phase to place traps on the battlefield.

The opposing army must make a Morale check with a DC of 10 or be damaged by its own OM modifier roll used during the Melee Phase, as its soldiers fool-heartedly charge into the trapped areas. The ability allows for kobolds to match well against larger but undisciplined armies.

Subterranean Fighters: When fighting above ground, the kobolds lose heart, and dissent spreads through the army. The army must surpass a 15 DC Morale check or decrease its OM by 1 when fighting above ground. Alternatively, if the army succeeds on a 10 DC Morale check, it can increase its OM by 1 when fighting underground as the troops can easily see the value in winning more territory.

ORC ARMIES

The only difference between an orc army and an orc tribe is that one is actively at war while the other is preparing for it.

Victory or Death: Orcs are fearless and enjoy bloodshed, making a coordinated withdrawal a difficult task for a commander. When

using the Withdraw tactic, orc armies take a -4 penalty to their Morale checks as all of the warriors resist the order. Orc armies receive a +2 bonus on Morale checks against the routing of their own army.

MIXED-GIANT ARMIES

Gathering together large armies of giant creatures can be a logistical nightmare. Without magical support, keeping giants, ogres, and trolls fed can seem an impossible ordeal to a mobilized army. They can be more easily managed in smaller numbers and used for special maneuvers in battle.

The following special abilities can be used by armies with smaller contingents of large humanoids. The army's size should be Medium or larger while the contingent should make up around 5% of the unit, otherwise it would be better to split the two groups into separate armies (if larger) or consider the large humanoids as a negligible contributor to the battle (if smaller).

Battlefield Sustenance: The large soldiers consume fallen warriors from both sides, decreasing the Morale of both armies by 2 after completing the first melee phase.

Big Targets: The army receives an additional +1 damage from ranged attacks as the large serve as big targets and their size makes them ineffective at forming shield walls against incoming projectiles.

Rock Throwing (minor): In the Ranged phase, the army can make ranged attacks that deal +1 points of damage.

Titanic Charge: During the Melee phase, if the target army uses a Defensive strategy, it is instead forced to use a Cautious strategy as the giant creatures plow through the defensive lines and the smaller humanoids file in through the gaps. 🐾



The Oiv'heur'eihr: Orphans of the Black

By Robert "Snorter" Feather

Art by Darran Caldemeyer



Being an excerpt from the letter left by Haristan Koeplier, to the August Body of Planetarists, Absalom, 4422.

Good evening, my brothers and sisters; fellow astronomers and philosophers of natural law.

Please let this letter be my last report to you all. I will remember many of you fondly, but I must leave, and I choose to do so in absentia, so temptation will not sway me.

As you will be aware, our expedition aimed for the Crown of the World. We were to follow the Aganhei caravan routes, mapping the constellations, and eventually, set up a permanent observatory under the clearer, boreal sky. (Here the text recaps the minutiae of the preparations, plus the first uneventful stage of the journey.)

Long after leaving Irrisen, but prior to reaching the top of the world, our group was beset by poor weather. We dug in to sit out the storm, determined to resume the following morning.

I was troubled, the next day, to find myself alone. After a short while, I set off with a heavy heart, retracing our steps, but this proved futile. My lodestone was behaving erratically, and I feared I had walked in a circle, as clouds covered the stars. (There follows a recollection of earlier failed expeditions, and the hazards to be considered.)

I expended my limited magical resources—attempting to gain a bird's-eye view—to no avail. I knew that if I did not eat, I would become too weak to press on. To my surprise, a white rabbit suddenly fell at my feet. Shocked by this, I looked about for the benefactor.

More game cascaded around me and I looked up, to behold a most peculiar sight: a round, pale, pie-shaped creature, bobbing in the air like a cork on a pond. Its body was spiked like a hedgehog underneath and bore a strange bag or satchel fitted for its peculiar anatomy. The creature watched me with a pair of stalked, crab-like eyes.

I called out, in various languages, and was surprised to hear it reply in the tongue of the Erutaki people. It bade me to rest, eat, and drink, and offered its services to guide me. I was in no position to refuse, and thanked it for the meal.

He introduced himself as Huwhree'heurrah, and said his race was the Oiv'hass. I now know that they are sometimes dismissively referred

to as "flumph," a name that does not show them proper respect.

He explained he was on a mission of great import, that he maintained the safety of the caravan route. He brought forth from his satchel a flat stone slab, upon which was etched a spiraling pattern that repeated into ever more minute branches near the edges. He was proud to tell me that he had crafted the item himself, using acid secreted onto his underside spines.

These stones were to be placed upon rocky outcrops and ridges, where they would be visible from afar. The location proposed for this stone was not passable by wagon, and I queried how these could be used for marking the route? At this the creature became silent and stared at me for a minute, as if judging me. Seemingly satisfied, he told me that this was not their purpose, and asked if I was prepared to accompany him. I assured Huwhree'heurrah that I owed him a debt and wished to repay it.

During the journey, I was told that a beast was abroad and had possibly been responsible for the disappearance of my fellows. Before ascending the ridge, I was given wads of fur liberally coated in wax to plug my ears, and told that on no account must I break our cover, or make a noise. Chastened, I peered over the crest, and witnessed a sight that will remain with me till my dying day.

On the icy plain below was a formless, roiling mass of eyes, mouths, tongues, tentacles, and teeth that churned and swallowed itself, folding its innards to become its outward shell. Several times, I fancied I saw the faces of my missing companions, brought to the fore, but dashed apart, like waves upon a rock. I was filled with revulsion, and though I wished to leave, I found myself rooted to the spot for fear that, in my rout, I might attract the beast's attention.

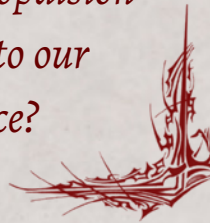
Beside me, Huwhree'heurrah slowly drew the stone from the satchel, and passed it carefully from tentacle to tentacle, placing it against a convenient rock, with the spiral side toward the squirming horror. We watched a few more moments, as the blackened flesh thrashed aimlessly. I spotted a ragged patch of canvas as it appeared from a ruptured stomach sac, trailing half-digested guy-ropes through a cluster of newly-birthing ears. I felt sure that sight would be my last.

Several seconds later, the massive bulk turned toward us. Had it heard our approach? Had I let out a cry? Had my companion's flatulent method of propulsion alerted it to our presence?

As this pseudopod flung itself in our direction, I clenched every muscle, expecting to be torn to pieces, but the blow never came. Instead, it paused some yards early, and across its surface I saw new organs sprouting: segmented eyestalks, squirming cilia, and vicious spines oozing clotted, treacle-thick venom. These passed across the bulk for a few seconds, before the whole extremity retracted back into a shuddering, turgid lump. Then a new wave of contractions wracked the innards, and a paroxysm of fresh mutations forced their way to the light of day.



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These limbs were not the random, effervescent, chaotic mess of before, but were being carefully cultivated, growing in equal, measured amounts along symmetrical paths. Each split into the same number of forks as before, and continued to do so, up till the final, fine hair.

The fear abated, and I was able to stand, fascinated by the events below. I had no explanation, looking toward my companion, who himself stared with an even more inscrutable expression than before. I felt a need to do something, *anything*, to make up for my previous passivity.

“Do we strike, while it is occupied?” I asked, knowing how foolish I sounded as I said it.

“You would fail to hurt it. Possibly anger it.” Again the philosophical pause. “And I would prefer that you did not.”

This last was unexpected. I failed to see how that beast, that...thing, could be deserving of compassion. I had seen the evidence of my companions’ destroyed campsite, of their possible...*integration*...within that black mass, and I felt sick with disgust, grief, and hatred, now that I no longer had to flinch from the danger. Maybe my wrath was exacerbated by my need to atone for my inaction, to absolve myself of guilt over the fact that I survived, while they had not. I shook with the conflicting emotions, wanting to march down there and hurt it, despite knowing to do so would invite death.

“There are more ways than one to answer a threat. There is death. Destruction. Pain. We choose life.”

“We?” I asked, considering it presumptuous to include me.

But as I faced him, I saw the slab in his grasp. The pattern matching the frozen flesh below.

We.

But he was not including me in his statement. He had not expected to find me here. He was not alone.

There were others, maybe others like him. Playing their part as he had to play his.

“The spasm will end soon. Before that, they will return to the wild places. Far from the people.”

“Your...people? Down there? Family?”

“True. But I knew them not. Before me, they came.”

And he told me of the Seeding. How they had floated in their thousands through space, to this world, only for their seed, their ark, to land upon the one spot inhabited by the formless ‘shoggoth’, left by its former masters to seethe in impotent rage.

All had been absorbed, merged with the protean flesh, except for a small few who had been thrown clear. All of his ancestors had lived and died on this frozen plain. Died protecting the emerging humans and maintaining the fractal wardstones that reminded



their lost people of who they were—who they could have been.

“When I go, and it will be soon, who will remind them? How will they know who to be?”

Tonight, I will be on the ice plain. I have learned how to draw the Pattern of Remembrance.

I will protect Huwhree’heurrah’s seeds, until I can teach them of their world.

I was an orphan, and maybe that drove me to the far corners of the world.

Now, I realize that we are all orphans in the face of the cosmos. Some can choose to defy that knowledge.

I choose Life. 🍷



Remnants and Relics of the Ghol-Gan

By Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Andrew DeFelice



The cyclopes have fallen far indeed, their remaining culture holding only dim memories of the fighting styles and magical innovations they developed in their heyday. That which remains tends to reflect their cultural fascination with the sea and sky and the celestial properties of the sun and moon.

CLASS OPTIONS

BARBARIAN RAGE POWERS

Eye of the Storm (Su): While raging and wielding a cyclopean melee or thrown weapon, or using natural weapons, the barbarian can ignore attack penalties or restrictions from one of the following, chosen when the rage begins: non-proficiency, oversized weapon penalties (up to one step), underwater use (treat a bludgeoning or slashing weapon as piercing, ignore penalties for piercing entirely), use in heavy wind (treat thrown weapons as siege weapons), or reduce the benefits of a target's concealment by one step (total to partial, partial to none) from weather effects such as fog or mist.

Sun and Moon (Su): While raging and wielding a cyclopean melee or thrown weapon, or using natural weapons, the barbarian can ignore attack penalties from harsh or dim lighting, or similar lighting based effects (such as light sensitivity or the dazzled condition). This will also reduce the effects of concealment by one step (total to partial, partial to none) from conditions of light or darkness. A barbarian must have the eye of the storm rage power and be at least 6th level before selecting this rage power.

One Eye Sees True (Su): While raging and wielding a cyclopean melee or thrown weapon, or using natural weapons, the barbarian can reduce or ignore attack penalties from two of the choices listed under the wind and wave rage power. Additionally, once per rage as an immediate action, the barbarian can auto-confirm a critical hit with one of the above weapons or attacks. A barbarian must have the sun and moon rage power and be at least 10th level before selecting this rage power.

BALE ORB (WITCH ARCHETYPE)

Witches have a long history among the Ghol-Gan cyclopes. Interpreting omens and manipulating natural forces, these bale orbs often had unusual familiars, such as peacocks, unusually large triops (stats as giant isopod), and tuatara.

Patron: Preferred patrons include Elements, Insanity, Light, Moon, Occult, Portents, Stars, Storms and Water.

Hex of Opportunity (Su): A bale orb can respond with a curse almost instinctively, unleashing a hex she knows that directly targets a foe (such as evil eye, agony or death curse) to any foe that provokes an attack of opportunity from her. This counts as both an immediate

action and an attack of opportunity, but does not provoke an attack of opportunity itself, or prevent the witch from using a different hex on her action. This replaces the hex learned at 2nd level.

Meta-Hex (Su): A bale orb can channel the power of her spellcasting into her hexes to increase their effectiveness. By sacrificing a 1st level (or higher) prepared witch spell, she can Enlarge, Extend or Heighten a hex she is invoking on that round. She can sacrifice only a single spell in this manner, but a 2nd level spell could be sacrificed to both Enlarge and Extend a hex, for instance. By sacrificing a 4th level (or higher) witch spell, she can Quicken a hex. The bale orb must know the Metamagic feat in question to be able to apply its effects to a hex in this manner. This replaces the hex learned at 6th level.

Hexes: beast of ill-omen, discord, evil eye, misfortune, soothsayer, unnerve beasts

Major Hexes: agony, beast eye, delicious fright, hag's eye, nightmares, vision, waxen image

Grand Hexes: death curse, dire prophecy

FEATS

CRASHING WAVE (COMBAT)

Like the treacherous sea, you fall upon your foes with the force of a tsunami.

Prerequisites: Str 13, Power Attack, base attack bonus +5

Benefits: When you charge, you can make a single attack that inflicts additional damage equal to the base damage of your weapon (or natural attack). This extra damage is not multiplied on a critical hit.

Additionally, you add 2× your Strength bonus to damage if wielding a weapon two-handed during this attack, or 1.5× your Strength bonus for a weapon wielded in one hand, or 1× your Strength bonus for a weapon wielded in your off-hand.

RUSHING RIVER (COMBAT)

You can strike multiple foes while moving, or move with startling speed, forgoing attacks.

Prerequisites: Dex 13, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack, base attack bonus +6

Benefits: You can move your normal movement in a straight line (as if charging, although this cannot be combined with a charge) and make a full attack during this movement. Each individual attack must be separated by at least 5 ft. of movement, and no single target can be attacked more than once.

Alternately, you can fight defensively while taking a double move action (attack penalties for fighting defensively apply normally to any attacks of opportunity you take until the start of your next turn).

TIDAL SURGE (COMBAT)

You can bull rush multiple adjacent targets.

Prerequisites: Str 13, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, base attack bonus +3

Benefits: You can target two adjacent foes of your own size class with a bull rush maneuver. For targets at least one size class smaller than yourself, you can bull rush up to four targets, so long as all of them are adjacent to each other and to your space at the point of impact (a maximum of three targets for a medium sized attacker attacking small foes, or four for a large sized attacker attempting to bull rush medium or smaller targets). Make a single combat maneuver check against the CMD of each target, and subtract 2 from the result for each target above one.



MAGIC ITEMS

WEAPON PROPERTIES

OF THE SPHERES

Price +1 bonus; **Aura** moderate transmutation; **CL** 9th; **Weight** —

A weapon of the spheres has a golden orb near its striking end and a smaller interlocking silver sphere. These spheres sometimes move inexplicably (to occupy different tines of a trident, for example). Invoking the weapon's power is a free action, usable twice per day that allows a free reposition maneuver to accompany the attack, using the same attack roll. When the weapon confirms a critical hit, the user can also choose to perform a reposition check, using the confirmation roll as the maneuver check, without expending one of the daily uses of this power. The weapon of the spheres grants a bonus to reposition checks equal to twice its enhancement bonus on all reposition checks made with the weapon.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost +1 bonus

Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Repositioning Strike^{APC}

WONDROUS ITEMS

Ioun Stones: While not as famous as the Azlanti for their use of these items, the oracles of Ghol-Gan crafted several unique ioun stones, designed to emulate the properties they had assigned to celestial bodies such as the sun, the horse, the ringed planet, and the stranger.

Metallic Orange Sphere: When equipped, this fist-sized stone lights up with a warm amber glow, shedding daylight as the spell. The bearer can adjust this light from full daylight to candlelight with a mental command. Additionally, the bearer treats environmental heat or cold as one step less severe. Market Price 2,000 gp.

Irregular Turquoise Crescent: Fatter at one end, this crescent-

shaped stone allows the bearer, as an immediate or swift action to gain a burst of speed for 1 round, ignoring difficult terrain and adding 30 ft. to its speed in one movement type. The bearer can only invoke a burst of speed once per minute. Market Price 5,000 gp.

Rose Marble Cylinder: This cylinder is treated as a finger, and any magical ring placed on it will resize itself as if it were a living wearer. Once paired with a ring, it provides the full benefits of that ring to its bearer, while still allowing her to wear one on each hand. It also protects the ring by adding +5 to its hardness and giving it +10 hit points. Market Price 2,500 gp.

Faceted Jet Teardrop: This smaller than average stone has an eccentric oval orbit, angling itself out of the plane of any other stones borne. It provides the user with the ability to move to any adjacent space when repositioned against his will (such as by a bull rush maneuver or a monster's push ability), and to make a single change of direction when charging. Market Price 4,000 gp.

QUIVER OF THREE THUNDERS

Aura faint evocation; **CL** 3rd

Slot none; **Price** 6,906 gp; **Weight** 15 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This quiver holds three bronze shafts tipped with jagged fulgurite crystal, weighing four pounds each. Treat these as masterwork javelins sized for a large creature or masterwork spears for a medium user. When the wielder speaks a command word and throws the weapon, it transforms into a bolt of lightning, striking a single target within 100 ft. as a ranged touch attack and inflicting 3d6 electricity damage. The target must make a Fortitude save (DC 13) or be dazzled and deafened for 1 minute. Expended shafts are destroyed, but they regenerate at a rate of one shaft per day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Weapon, lightning bolt; **Cost** 3,906 gp



Cache of the Ravener King

By Matt Morris

Art by Basil Arnould Price



The nightmarish city of Usaro—few explorers foolish enough to wander near the jungle city manage to evade the howling charau-ka, demonic girallons, and predatory apes. Still, rumors of treasure amassed by the Gorilla King trickle in from the Mwangi Expanse to entice the truly heedless. While it is true that great treasures await those daring enough to seek them, gold-mad adventurers lunatic enough to seek out Usaro are more likely to have powerful magic items, like those presented below, leveled against them than to snatch these prizes from the Lord of Beasts.

HUNTER'S BOKU

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot none; **Price** 8,675 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

The tanned skin of a human victim stretches across a hollowed log to form the head of this tapered, cylindrical drum. Slung over the shoulder of a charau-ka raider, the macabre instrument augments their brutal attacks against settlements in the Mwangi Expanse. The bearer can furiously pound on the drum as a standard action each round, granting all allies within 30 feet a +2 bonus on weapon attack and damage rolls against humans and a +2 bonus on Bluff, Knowledge, Perception, Sense Motive, and Survival checks against them. If an affected ally already has humans as a favored enemy, it increases the bonuses received from the ability by +2.

The magic of the drum can be used for 12 rounds per day; these rounds do not need to be consecutive.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *hunter's howl*^{APC}; **Cost** 4,338 gp



CAIMAN HIDE ARMOR

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 5th
Slot armor; **Price** 13,415 gp; **Weight** 13 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This Small +1 *buoyant*^{MM} *shadow*^{UE} *hide armor* is stitched together from the skins of aquatic reptiles. When submerged in water, the armor's Stealth bonus increases to +10 and the wearer may use the Stealth skill against anyone outside of the water even while being observed, as the Hide In Plain sight ability. The wearer also gains the Hold Breath monster ability and takes no penalties to Stealth in bogs.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor; *invisibility*, *silence*, *water walk*; **Cost** 6,790 gp

PIERCING ASSEGAI

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 10th
Slot none; **Price** 9,301 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Designed for the wiry throwing arms of the charau-ka, this Small iron-tipped +1 *called*^{UE} *javelin* is adorned only with whorls of ochre pigment. When it scores a critical hit on a corporeal enemy that is adjacent to a solid surface, the javelin penetrates the target, pinning it to the surface. The target becomes entangled, and is bound in place until the javelin is destroyed or removed, either by being called or via a DC 20 Strength or Escape Artist check, performed as a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *levitate*, *teleport*; **Cost** 4,801 gp



MINOR ARTIFACT

FLAME LILY

Aura strong evocation; **CL** 20th
Slot neck; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

A cage of vermillion petals, their curled edges gilded, surrounds the long stamen of this tropical flower. The bloom hangs from a thin golden chain and is constantly fresh, as if just plucked from a lush vine. The flower's interior is lit by a soft glow, and constantly sheds light as a candle.

The wearer gains the bloodline powers of an elemental (fire) bloodline sorcerer as a sorcerer equal to her character level.

If the wearer is a spontaneous spellcaster, she adds the bloodline spells from the elemental (fire) sorcerer bloodline to her spell list and spells known at the same level a sorcerer would. If the wearer is a prepared spellcaster, she may spontaneously convert any prepared spell to a bloodline spell of the elemental (fire) bloodline of the same level or lower as a cleric converts prepared spells to *cure* or *inflict* spells. If the wearer cannot normally cast spells, she can use each bloodline spell from the elemental (fire) bloodline once per day as a spell-like ability, as long as her character level is at least equal to the sorcerer level required to cast that spell. The DC to resist these spell-like abilities is 10 + spell level + the character's Charisma modifier.

DESTRUCTION

A flame lily kept in darkness at the heart of a glacier for one week withers away, its power quenched. ☹️



Thorns in the Heart:

A collection of monstrous verse

By Liz 'HerosBackpack' Smith

Art by Liz Courts



ROSE AND OAK

(Composed by a faun about his parents, later taken up as a seduction poem by various satyrs.)

Rose and Oak entwined do stand
Upon the forest floor
Bound as one in head and hand
Bound by love to something more

Dragon's heart belies the rose
Its petalled, fire-red breath
And thorny claws that close
And clasp the oak in little death

The Oak - he is the king of trees -
The forest's royal staff
Stands tall as he the dragon sees
And both together laugh

The air is sweet and heady
As rose and oak entwine
A scent that lifts the heart already
In the game of mine and thine.

DIVING DEEP

(A malenti love poem.)

Apart from "this" all was ideal.
This thing that lurks unspoken.
The thing does not appeal
To such warm-hearted closeness,
Nor to the deep trenches of desire.
Where somewhere, lost and broken,
Love dived — to there expire
In pools of darkness.
Lost beneath the ragged outcrops
Of sharp-tongued coral
That, now and again, would drop
A single crushing word
Into still depths of hate.
Beyond where light can reach,
Where joy turns into fate,
And life marks down the lesson it will
teach.

A SHARED KISS

(Words of a succubus to her enthralled lover.)

Silence whispers in your dreams.
Breath flowing through wide woven weft
And warped to bind.

Silence weaves softly, warmth in dimness.
Such things as these form woven dreams
To tighten like a net

Around the dreamer's soul.
Ever and ever, in breath and in sleep
Locked down, entangled.

Never to smile at the blue above
Or laugh at the silence of dreams
Forgotten.

WAR MOTHER

(A funeral chant for a gnoll matriarch.)

War mother
(War mother!)

Bright leaper
Skull cracker
Bone gnawer
Teeth barer
War mother
(War mother!)

Blood reaper
Pup bearer
Hunt seeker
Blade keeper
War mother
(War mother!)

Milk giver
Rose sniffer
Pack maker
Tongue ripper
War mother
(Mother! Mother! Mother!)





Side Trek Seeds

By Daniel Rust, Dixon Cohee, and

Michael Riter

Art by Dionisis Milonas and

Lynnette Fetters



THE REPTILIAN AFFAIR OF THE MAIAGO

PLOT HOOK

The PCs may find themselves helping the local lizardfolk fend off the Aspis Consortium, helping one tribe attack or defend against another, or perhaps playing the two tribes against each other on behalf of the Aspis Consortium themselves.

BACKSTORY

In recent centuries, the Mwangi Expanse has been of particular interest to outsiders, many of whom represent larger factions such as the business savvy Aspis Consortium. These parties, looking to exploit the Mwangi Expanse for their own benefit, are sowing seeds of strife amongst the natives, allowing infighting to weaken them so a more direct takeover can take place. Nowhere is this more evident than in the lands surrounding the Maiago River delta. Once a relatively peaceful area where various lizardfolk tribes lived in harmony, the Aspis Consortium's meddling in the area has caused food resources to grow scarce, causing tribes to turn violently against each other. The largest and most powerful of these tribes are the Kwahem, who inhabit the Willow Grove, and the Acones, who make their home behind the Cascade Veil.

THE WILLOW GROVE

Located to the north of the Maiago River's delta, this collection of willow trees has grown into a dome-shaped formation with very few obvious entrances. This landmark is the home of the Kwahem tribe. Before the food shortage the Kwahem were known primarily for their connection with Gozreh. Recently, though, they have turned away from him, believing he has forsaken the tribe after several of their shamans were discovered dead, apparently drowned in the river. But the details behind the deaths are even more horrendous than mere divine disdain. The shamans were, in fact, murdered by a medusa sorceress named Scrimia. Under orders of the Aspis Consortium she has maneuvered herself into a position of great influence with the tribe and the Kwahem people now follow her leadership blindly.

Due to this unusual alliance, the Kwahem tribe is more accustomed to—and trusting of—outsiders, so long as they do not hinder the tribe's efforts against the Acones. Even so, they prefer to interact with visitors outside the boundaries of the trees instead of allowing them into the Willow Grove.

THE CASCADE VEIL

To the south of the Maiago River's delta, bordering the northern edge of the Kaliasso Jungle lies the relatively small waterfall named the Cascade Veil. Behind this waterfall is a small cavern, which hosts the Acones tribe, who find it to be a suitable and an easily defensible home. Even before the conflict between their tribe and the Kwahem, the Acones were known as fierce warriors and bestial hunters, frightening not only outsiders, but also their neighbors. Xenophobic and unwilling to interact with any non-lizardfolk, the Acones have cut themselves off from the outside world. Rightly accusing the Aspis Consortium of causing the food shortage, they are liable to kill outsiders—especially humans—on sight.

Although the Aspis Consortium has manipulated most of the other tribes to their whims, the Acones have been an active nuisance to the organization. Staging attacks against clans under the Consortium's influence, the Acones have proven themselves worthy adversaries. Unfortunately, this resistance may cause the tribe's inevitable downfall. As more and more battles are initiated, fewer and fewer warriors remain behind to defend the Cascade Veil, leaving it vulnerable.

POTENTIAL RESOLUTIONS

The resolution can take on different forms, depending on which side of the dispute the party chooses to take. Should they choose to side with the Acones, they could lead the tribe's warriors on an attack against the Willow Grove in an effort to kill Scrimia and free the Kwahem from the Aspis Consortium's hold. They would have a much easier time ejecting Scrimia if they could prove that she murdered the tribe's shamans, too. If the PCs side with Scrimia and the Kwahem then they may be asked to lead the warriors against the threat posed by the Acones, attacking the Cascade Veil and wiping the tribe out once and for all.

ONE TINY SPORE

PLOT HOOK

Miland Thunderhome, an old dwarf who has been mining the hills outside of the town for years, is looking to hire adventurers to help him with a problem at his mine. While following a vein of silver, his workers broke into a cave that contained a strange fungus. The fungus infected the workers, turning them into fungal creatures that became hostile. Should the player characters agree to help, Miland will provide them with 10 gallons of alchemist's fire to cleanse the cave, and as a reward he offers them a portion of whatever the mine makes in the following year.

As the players leave the town, an old man named Deagan intercepts them outside of town and asks if they would bring him back spores from a fungal beast in the mine. (These spores can be used to grow a new creature, which is actually a juvenile mu spore.) He is willing to give the party powerful magical rings in exchange and gives the party a flask engraved with strange runes to transport the spores.





BACKSTORY

The cave that the miners dug into is the site where an ancient druidic ritual was performed in an attempt to grow a mu spore. The mu spore is still young and is not as much of a threat as an adult spore. Use templates and conditions to reduce the CR of the creature to a level appropriate encounter.

Deagan, the old man who wants the spores, is actually a descendant of the druids who started the ritual and is now secretly trying to move the creature to a new location.

POTENTIAL RESOLUTIONS

If the player characters cleanse the mine for Miland, the threat of the Mu Spore is ended and the mine makes record profits. The players are given a large quantity of gold, along with some rare materials, at the end of the year. But they have made an enemy of Deagan and his circle of druids, as the fumes from the alchemist's fire destroyed the potency of the spores.

If the player characters help Deagan, they set in motion events that could lead to massive destruction when the mu spore grows to adulthood on the surface.

LAND SHARK AHOY

PLOT HOOK

The village of Goldcrest rests in the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains, towards Taldor's Tandak Plains. Founded by the Kaltune Mining Guild as a base of operations for its new operation, Goldcrest supports a busy, optimistic community.

The PCs are hired to investigate when workers in a side shaft are slaughtered in a savage attack. The miners were torn apart

by vicious teeth and partially eaten, with the surrounding earth churned and cleft. Survivors approaching the mine to start a new shift as the attack took place recall seeing a dorsal fin erupting from the earth and heading toward the hills.

BACKSTORY

Families and businesses flourish in the village as work goes on around the hillside. Unbeknownst to the mining guild and their employees, however, the area is a historic mating spot for bulettes. Every five years they return here in great numbers. The initial attack was from an early arrival but more bulettes appear over the following days ready to nest.

Guildmaster Breck Torglund is happy for the PCs to rid him of the monster that attacked the mine shaft but is determined to make sure that mining will continue whatever happens--he has contracts to keep and no time to waste.

POTENTIAL RESOLUTIONS

Tracking the first bulette is easy enough, and dispatching it brings the PCs the favor of both the workers and Torglund. However, attacks from more bulettes panic the village and camp. Under the leadership of charismatic Ulfen miner Dargan Efilson, the workers and families decide to flee, but the Guildmaster refuses in a highly emotional evening meeting.

The next day Efilson is found hanged and mercenaries employed by the guild are guarding the gates. Torglund will use lethal force to keep the PCs here until the contract is fulfilled. The PCs must remove Torglund, buy off the mercenaries, or find a way to draw the bulettes away. 🗡️



Evil Is Your Wingman

By Danny Atwood

Art by John Bunger



“I don’t deserve this.” Malfeshnekor paced the lava-paved streets of Hell and shook his head. The barghest let out a heavy sigh. “Leave me alone!” Several imps fluttered away in panic to hide behind burning buildings.

A six-foot-four Shoanti barbarian stood a few feet away with his arms crossed. “I am your friend. I need your help to get back to my friends. They need me.”

“I don’t care!” Malfeshnekor turned his back on him.

The pit fiend, Avaxial, looked from the Shoanti to the barghest, chuckling to himself. He spoke in Infernal, which made the barbarian scowl. “Hey, I know this guy! Why is he following you?”

Malfeshnekor rolled his eyes and switched languages. “So, I’ve been trapped in this room on the Material Plane for thousands of years, right? I’m starving, even though I don’t technically need to eat or I’d have long been dead. But who doesn’t enjoy eating? Anyway it’s been centuries of being locked away alone with nothing to do. For the first time in what feels like forever I hear voices.

“A bunch of adventurers are standing right outside the door to my prison. They’ve got the key and are about to open the door. I’m drooling because I can taste freedom seconds away.” He nodded toward the Shoanti. “Then this guy starts asking questions.

“He says in his slow way, ‘Why are we here?’ His friends remind him that they’ve tracked Nualia all this way and he goes on in that irritating one-syllable way he has of talking, ‘Yes, but to go through this door we need this key? This key that we found in that room?’ I imagine he must have been pointing his meaty finger here. I want to scream at these jerks. ‘Just open the door already!’ I’m hungry and bored and I want out. But Moon Clan here isn’t finished. ‘And no one had been in that room for how long?’” The barghest drawled in a mockery of the barbarian’s slow Shoanti-accented speech. “The elf lady patiently answers, ‘Thousands of years, Caile, maybe as far back as Ancient Thassilon.’ Asmodeus’s dirty socks! I’m like, seriously? Am I going to be stuck here forever because a dude with the brightness of an ioun torch used logic?”

Malfeshnekor glared at Caile. “Moon Moon here continues on in his slow drawl. ‘Then the one we hunt did not go this way. We do not need to go in there. She will not be there.’ You’ve got to understand, they’re right outside the door. I can literally smell them. I could almost smell the smoke pouring out of their ears as his reasoning fried their brains. I think a full minute went by

before one of them said ‘Wow, Caile, you’re right.’ I wanted to cry and drown myself in my tears.”

The pit fiend nodded compassionately. “So they just left you there?”

“No!” Malfeshnekor cries, “That’s the worst part! Despite all that logic, the elf’s obsessive-compulsive mapping disorder kicks in and she goes, ‘Well, we’re here. It couldn’t hurt to find out what’s in there, could it?’ I almost blew the whole thing at that point by howling my joy.”

The pit fiend cocked his head, “So they did open the door?”

Malfeshnekor’s lupine head bobbed up and down. “Oh, yes! And I was ready. As soon as I laid eyes on Mister Brute Squad, I clicked my claws together and whammied him with a *charm monster*. I knew it worked because the big guy clapped his hands and shouted ‘My friend!’ I couldn’t wait to eat his buddies. I could almost taste their innocence.

“But with their delicious eyes the size of dinner plates, and their stupid mouths hanging down to the floor, they immediately changed their minds and slammed the door closed again.”

“Awww.” The pit fiend patted the barghest on the head.

“His four friends kept trying to talk him down, saying things like ‘That’s not your friend, Caile, that’s a monster.’ Or ‘If we let him out, he’ll go on a rampage and kill a bunch of people.’ To his credit, Moon Clan jumped to my defense: ‘I don’t think he will do that. I like him. He is nice. We should let my friend out so he will not be sad.’ I swear they went back and forth on this for hours. Felt that way, anyways. I called reassurances, but only Moon Clan believed me.”

“So what happened?” asked the Pit Fiend.

“I became his fricking wing-man, that’s what happened! The elf, Miralet, kissed him. With tongue! I could hear the disgusting slobbering sounds over the cheers. Turns out, he was only with this group because he’d been stalking her. Said some crap about her light or whatever, I stopped listening. With one kiss, he forgets all about poor little-old-me. Took me months to find another way out!”

“Miralet!” Avaxial brightened. “Yeah, I told you I knew this guy! So that’s what they were talking about.”

Caile perked up at the name of his beloved elf. He looked back and forth between the two devils trying to figure out what they were talking about. “My elf, yes! I must get back. You can help?”

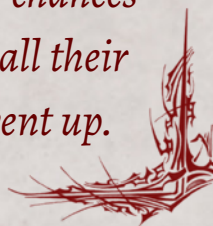
Avaxial held up a finger to silence the barbarian. “Miralet is awesome. I owe her a solid. I’d been trapped in a summoning circle for ages, having my life force drained to power a dam, and she’s the one who let me out. Racist Caile here tried to talk her out of it because the sound of the Infernal language made him think I was probably evil.”

Malfeshnekor pointed out, “You are evil.”

Avaxial shrugged this off. “That doesn’t make his reasoning not racist. Anyway, he said ‘You know that time I thought that guy was my friend, but you said he was not my friend, it was just a spell? I said let him go, and you said no, he will just run off and kill a lot. Do you think this one could have cast that kind of spell



These so-called heroes are going after Karzoug, the Runelord jerk who imprisoned me all those centuries ago. And now, my chances of collecting all their souls just went up.





on you?’ She didn’t even consider it, and just shut him down. She stopped him from murdering me like he wanted, and she let me go. Actually, she made him break me out.”

“Whoa, dude. Sorry. I thought I had it bad being bored and hungry for thousands of years. But nobody used me as an auxiliary power supply.”

“Yeah, it sucked.”

Caile cleared his throat. “Can you not use those words? I do not know what they mean. Will you help me or not?”

The barghest shouted at the barbarian, “Why are you here?” The imps that had been sneaking closer flapped loudly away.

Caile shrugged. “We were in the place where once, a long time past, they forge runes. Bad guy cast a spell. I see a bright plum hue light. Or was it mauve? I don’t know. Then I am here in Hell with you and we have tea.”

Malfeshnekor shook his head. “Plum light? Mauve? Oh, for Asmodeus’s sake, he’s talking about *prismatic spray*. He can’t say ‘purple’ or ‘violet’ because that would be too many stinking syllables. Mauve seems kind of stretching it, though.” Switching to Infernal, “Just kill me.”

Avaxial leaned close to the barbarian. “I will help you, because I owe the elf this much.”

“Thank you,” Caile said.

“Tell Miralet that we are even.”

“I will.”

Malfeshnekor rolled his eyes. “Oh yeah? How are you going to do that, genius? ‘Even’ is two syllables.”

The barbarian was unconcerned. “I will tell her that your debt is paid.”

Avaxial glanced around and winced, leaning in close to Caile and whispering. “I have to make it look good, though.”

Malfeshnekor laughed at the dumbfounded look of surprise on Caile’s face. He hadn’t even finished asking “What?” before the pit fiend’s first blow landed, claws ripping deep gouges in the Shoanti’s flesh.

After what looked convincingly like a killing blow, the badly-beaten Shoanti disappeared in a puff of sulfurous smoke. Maybe he went back to his companions in the Runeforge; maybe not. Malfeshnekor didn’t really care. He was just glad Caile was gone.

“Okay,” Malfeshnekor said, “Watching that made this whole experience worth it. Really makes up for the time after I got out when he showed up during the giant invasion of Sandpoint – I was there because it sounded like a fun weekend, you know – and he screamed ‘You are not my friend!’ and killed me back to Hell just because I accidentally mutilated his girlfriend a little.”

The pit fiend brushed the barbarian’s blood off and turned back to his barghest friend. “These so-called heroes are going after Karzoug, the Runelord jerk who imprisoned me all those centuries ago. And now, my chances of collecting all their souls just went up.” Avaxial smiled at the thought. “So, Mal, want to go get something to eat?”

“Absolutely. Just thinking about that story reminded me that I’m starving.” 🍖



Bestiary

By Gabriel Almer, Denis Faupel, Benjamin “Alayern” Fields, Amy C. Goodenough, Wojciech “Drejk” Gruchala, Nicholas “Lavachild” Milasich, Brendan Ward, Ben Warren, and Christopher Wasko
 Art by Liz Courts, Erin Frye, Chris L. Kimball, Jason Kirckof, Adam Koča, Stephen McAndrews, Alex “Canada Guy” Moore, dodeqaa Polyhedra, Nick Russell, and Todd Westcot



DISEMBOWELED PROPHET

This dried troll husk’s belly is split open, revealing wriggling intestines.

DISEMBOWELED PROPHET CR 7

XP 3,200
 CE Large undead
Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifesense, low-light vision, scent; Perception +22

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, +2 insight, +5 natural, –1 size)
hp 63 (6d8+36); fast healing 5
Fort +10, **Ref** +6, **Will** +9
Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, regrowth, uncanny foresight;
DR 5/slashing and magic; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee bite +12 (1d8+7), 2 claws +12 (1d8+7), wriggling guts +7 (1d6+3 plus grab)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.
Special Attacks divination, grab, rend (2 claws, 1d6+10)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +12)
 At will—*augury*, *commune with birds*, *guidance*, *speak with dead* (DC 19)

STATISTICS

Str 25, **Dex** 14, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 22
Base Atk +4; **CMB** +14 (+18 to grapple); **CMD** 28
Feats Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Perception)
Skills Intimidate +24, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +22, Sense Motive +16; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception, +8 Sense Motive
Language Giant

ECOLOGY

Environment cold mountains
Organization solitary or conclave (2–4)
Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Divination (Sp) A disemboweled prophet gains at-will spell-like abilities depending on its number of Hit Dice. The caster level of these abilities is equal to the prophet’s current Hit Dice.

Hit Dice	Ability
1–2	<i>commune with birds</i> (as a 1st-level spell), <i>guidance</i>
3–4	<i>augury</i>
5–6	<i>speak with dead</i>
7–8	<i>divination</i>
9–10	<i>contact other plane</i>
11–12	<i>true seeing</i>
13–14	<i>greater scrying</i>
15–16	<i>discern location</i>
17–18	<i>moment of prescience</i>
19–20	<i>astral projection</i>

Regrowth (Su) A disemboweled prophet reduced to 0 hit points falls dormant for 1d4 hours, after which it rises with 1 hit point, unless the creature is destroyed with *disruption*, *disintegration* or positive energy. A *gentle repose* effect delays the regrowth as long as it lasts. A disemboweled prophet cannot regrow while its corpse lies in a *consecrated* or *hallowed* area. A disemboweled prophet’s regrowth takes only 1d4 rounds in a *desecrated* or *unhallowed* area.

Uncanny Foresight (Sp) A disemboweled prophet gains a constant *foresight* spell-like ability that, in addition to its regular warning effect, grants the following benefits: +2 insight bonus on attack rolls, all saving throws, and skill checks; all-around vision; and evasion (as the rogue class ability of the same name).

Wriggling Guts (Ex) A disemboweled prophet can use its entrails like tentacles with the grab ability.

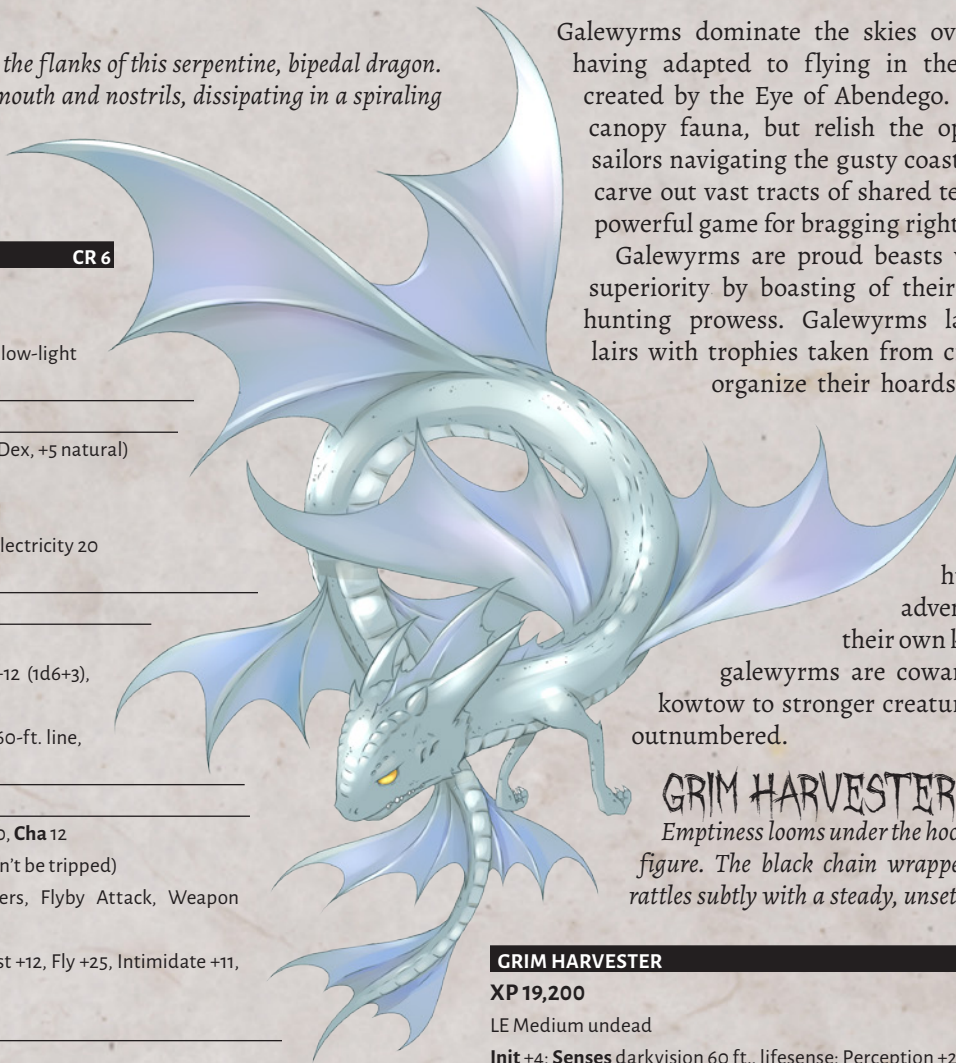


Troll soothsayers practice a grisly form of divination: reading their own constantly regenerating entrails. Trollish regeneration is powerful, but it is no guarantee against death. Still, the trolls who conduct such auguries sometimes possess a strength of will that animates them even after they have fallen prey to accident, illness, old age, starvation, magical backlash, or a competitor’s curse.

The augur’s thirst for information that’s drawn from the hidden forces of the world transforms them into undead abominations. The only the bravest, most needy, or most foolhardy seek out the knowledge these creatures can impart.

GALEWYRM

Multiple kite-like wings line the flanks of this serpentine, bipedal dragon. Pale vapors billow from its mouth and nostrils, dissipating in a spiraling wind that envelops the creature's tarnished-silver hide.



Galewyrms dominate the skies over the Sodden Lands, having adapted to flying in the treacherous airspace created by the Eye of Abendego. They typically feed on canopy fauna, but relish the opportunity to prey on sailors navigating the gusty coast. Storms of galewyrms carve out vast tracts of shared territory and hunt large, powerful game for bragging rights as well as food.

Galewyrms are proud beasts who constantly vie for superiority by boasting of their strength, agility, and hunting prowess. Galewyrms lavishly decorate their lairs with trophies taken from creatures they slay, and organize their hoards to highlight the most impressive prizes. They particularly relish claiming the weapons of famous heroes, sometimes hunting noteworthy adventurers for glory among their own kind. Despite their egos, galewyrms are cowards at heart and often kowtow to stronger creatures when threatened or outnumbered.

GRIM HARVESTER

Emptiness looms under the hood of this cowed humanoid figure. The black chain wrapped around its sword arm rattles subtly with a steady, unsettling rhythm.

GALEWYRM CR 6

XP 2,400

CN Medium dragon (air)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+5 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 66 (7d12+21)

Fort +8, **Ref** +10, **Will** +5

Immune paralysis, sleep; **Resist** electricity 20

Weaknesses wind dependence

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (perfect)

Melee bite +12 (1d8+3), 2 claws +12 (1d6+3), tail slap +7 (1d8+1)

Special Attacks breath weapon (60-ft. line, DC 20), hurricane mantle

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 21, **Con** 17, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 25 (can't be tripped)

Feats Acrobatic, Agile Maneuvers, Flyby Attack, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +14, Escape Artist +12, Fly +25, Intimidate +11, Perception +10, Survival +10

Languages Common, Draconic

ECOLOGY

Environment warm forests and swamps (Sodden Lands)

Organization solitary, pair, or storm (3–6)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) Once every 1d4 rounds, a galewyrms can exhale a hurricane-force blast of air as a standard action. The galewyrms attempts a bull rush combat maneuver against all creatures in a 60-foot line. This maneuver does not provoke attacks of opportunity. Creatures take 1d8 points of nonlethal damage for every 5 feet they are pushed, and are knocked prone if pushed further than 10 feet. Flying creatures take twice as much damage and must succeed at a DC 20 Fly check or fall if pushed further than 10 feet.

Hurricane Mantle (Su) A galewyrms cloaks itself in raging winds that protect it from ranged attacks as the *wind wall* spell. As a full-round action, a galewyrms can throw its hurricane mantle toward its enemies, which manifests as the whirlwind monster ability (10–30 feet high, 1d8+4 damage, Reflex DC 16). Once the whirlwind is conjured, the galewyrms can direct its movement as a swift action, moving it up to 30 feet in a single round. The whirlwind immediately dissipates if moved more than 60 feet from the galewyrms. The whirlwind lasts for 3 rounds. While the whirlwind is active, the galewyrms loses its *wind wall* defenses and can suffer reduced mobility from its wind dependence.

Wind Dependence (Ex) Galewyrms rely on powerful winds to fly. A galewyrms's flight maneuverability drops to clumsiness in any wind weaker than windstorm-strength. The hurricane mantle ability is sufficient for maintaining a galewyrms's maneuverability while the *wind wall* aspect is active. Natural winds of any strength do not affect a galewyrms's flight, but magically-altered winds affect a galewyrms as though it were a Tiny flying creature.

GRIM HARVESTER CR 12

XP 19,200

LE Medium undead

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., lifesense; Perception +22

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 14, flat-footed 23 (+7 armor, +4 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 152 (16d8+80)

Fort +9, **Ref** +9, **Will** +13

Defensive Abilities rejuvenation; **Immune** undead traits; **SR** 23

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft. (30 ft. in armor)

Melee +1 greataxe +21/+16/+11 (2d6+11/19–20/x3)

Special Attacks decapitating blow, lure of immortality, pull (greataxe, 15 feet)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th; concentration +20)

Constant—*nondetection*, *vampiric shadow shield*^{PGC}

At will—*greater scrying* (DC 22)

1/day—*find quarry*^{UC}, *phantom steed*

STATISTICS

Str 25, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 23, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 33 (can't be disarmed)

Feats Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (greataxe), Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

Skills Intimidate +23, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Knowledge (history) +22, Knowledge (nobility) +22, Knowledge (religion) +25, Perception +22, Sense Motive +22, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +20, Survival +19

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Elven, Infernal

SQ eternal chain

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair, or cabal (3–6)

Treasure double (+1 breastplate, +1 greataxe, other treasure)



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Decapitating Blow (Su) When a grim harvester confirms a critical hit with a slashing weapon against an opponent, the weapon severs the creature's head (if it has one), instantly killing it (Fort DC 22 negates). On the following round, the head reanimates as a soulbound beheaded (*Bestiary* 417, see below) under the grim harvester's control. The soulbound beheaded has a number of Hit Dice equal to the original creature's Hit Dice. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Eternal Chain (Su) A grim harvester has a special iron chain (hardness 10, 5 hit points) that attaches a melee weapon to its wrist, and grants it a 15-foot reach and the pull (15 feet) special attack with that weapon. Unless the chain is destroyed, the grim harvester cannot be disarmed. The grim harvester can replace its weapon or restore a destroyed chain as a full-round action.

Lure of Immortality (Su) As a standard action, a grim harvester can tempt one creature within 30 feet with the promise of eternal unlife. The creature must succeed at a DC 22 Will save or become paralyzed until the end of the grim harvester's next turn, as it is both horrified and captivated by this dark offer. A creature that successfully saves is immune to the same grim harvester's lure of immortality for 24 hours. This is a language-dependent, mind-affecting compulsion effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Rejuvenation (Su) A destroyed grim harvester's body regrows in 2d6 days. To permanently destroy a grim harvester, its eternal chain must be shattered into pieces and forged into the holy symbol of a nonevil deity.

Grim harvesters are the degenerate successors of a long-forgotten order dedicated to the preservation of knowledge in ancient Azlant. Turning to foul necromantic rituals, these abominable creatures not only managed to survive the extinction of their own civilization, but also found a way to preserve the memories of exceptional individuals by turning them into undead.

Having witnessed the rise and fall of empires, grim harvesters patiently observe the course of history from safe distances via scrying magic, searching for influential political figures, brilliant scholars, and great artists worthy of eternal preservation. When the time is ripe, they seek out these unfortunate souls and take their heads, lest their knowledge be lost forever.

While grim harvesters are unrelenting, dispassionate, and meticulous about completing their work, they can be persuaded to spare an individual for the time being if the victim's premature death would result in the loss of further knowledge or significantly alter the course of major events.

When not searching for new acquisitions, grim harvesters converse with their collections in hidden lairs protected by cunning traps and powerful guardians. Their gruesome assemblies of beheaded often hold invaluable troves of knowledge, and perhaps even lost lore that pre-dates Earthfall.

Soulbound Beheaded (+0 CR): A beheaded created by a grim harvester's decapitating blow has the following ability:

Soulbound (Su): The beheaded retains the original creature's Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma scores, skill ranks, memories, and powers of speech, but follows the commands of its creator. The original creature cannot be raised or resurrected until the beheaded has been destroyed. A soulbound beheaded is not immune to mind-affecting effects.

JUNGLE OOZE

A bizarre brown ball of protoplasm swoops down from the jungle canopy, carried aloft by two membranous wings.

JUNGLE OOZE **CR 1**

XP 400

N Medium ooze

Init +0; Senses blindsight 30 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 12, touch 10 flat-footed 12 (+2 natural)

hp 17 (2d8+8)

Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0

DR 5/bludgeoning



Weaknesses vulnerable to electricity

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 30 ft. (average)

Melee 2 wings +2 (1d3+1 plus poison)

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

Special Attacks skin of stingers (poison)

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 9, **Con** 18, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 4

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 12

Feats Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Fly +3, Perception +5

ECOLOGY

Environment warm jungle and plains (ruins)

Organization solitary, pack (2–6), or flock (7–18)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Skin of Stingers (Ex) When a jungle ooze devours insects, it embeds the stingers and poison sacs into its outer membrane instead of digesting them. When the jungle ooze successfully damages an opponent with a wing, or an opponent grapples it or attacks it with an unarmed strike or natural weapon, hundreds of these stingers inject poison into the victim.

Poison—injury; *save* Fort DC 12; *frequency* 1/round for 4 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Str; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Jungle oozes flap through jungle canopies capturing and absorbing small flying creatures into their protoplasmic mass. Largely mindless, these creatures roost in huge numbers among ancient ruins and cursed sites in warm parts of the world. Jungle oozes are instinctively territorial and attack intruders with reckless abandon. Although they primarily hunt avian prey, they are curiously aggressive toward humanoids.

Scholars of the southern lands speculate that these creatures were constructed as guardians by ancient alchemical sages and have since spread widely, continuing their role as defenders for their long-dead masters. Certainly, their diet of small insects, birds, and mammals does not require them to violently assault outsiders. They can insert the venom of insects they devour into their thick, brown hides and use it to poison their next target.

MEDIOGALTI DEVIL

This tiny predator has serpent-like scales and a prominent mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. Its claws seem designed for both burrowing and ripping flesh from bones.

MEDIOGALTI DEVIL

CR 3

XP 800

NE Tiny magical beast

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision (60 ft.), scent; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 20 (+4 Dex, +4 natural, +2 size)

hp 22 (4d10)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., burrow 10 ft.

Melee bite +10 (1d3–2 plus bleed), 2 claws (1d2–2 plus bleed)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 2-1/2 ft.

Special Attacks bleed (1d6)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th; concentration +3)

Constant—*nondetection*

1/day—*animate objects* (dinosaur bones only)

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 18, **Con** 10, **Int** 6, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 13

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +8, Climb +14, Perception +6, Stealth +16; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Climb

ECOLOGY

Environment warm

Organization solitary, pair, or nest (3–6)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Dinosaur Empathy (Ex) This ability functions as the druid's wild empathy, save that a Mediogalti devil can only use this ability on dinosaurs. It gains a +4 racial bonus on this check.

Master of Bones (Su) A Mediogalti devil uses its *animate objects* spell-like ability

to raise a construct which fights for it. The ability is strictly limited to

dinosaur bones. The skeletons don't need to be complete, but

there needs to be enough bones to create a construct

of the desired size. The animated object can

spend Construction Points as normal, but only

to purchase the following abilities: additional

attack, faster, and trample. The ability

functions at CL 4, so the maximum object size

is Large. A Mediogalti devil must be in the same

space as the bones for the ability to function. As

soon as it leaves the space of the animated object,

the construct staggers and crumbles to a pile of bones. Being

excellent climbers, Mediogalti devils usually cling to the bones

somewhere or hide in the skull. It gains cover as long as it stays

there and makes stealth checks to stay hidden. Controlling the

skeleton is a standard action.

These tiny beasts inhabiting the deep jungles

of Mediogalti Island are not actually devils.

Scholars assume the Mediogalti devil got

its name from the trouble it caused

pirate gangs exploring the island

in search of places to hide their

treasures and bury their dead

captains. Those stories live on, and

occasionally new ones surface

of dinosaur skeletons rising

from the earth to attack bands

of pirates. Although the tales of

undead dinosaurs might indeed

be true, many of these walking

skeletons were created by Mediogalti

devils, who control the bones of long-dead

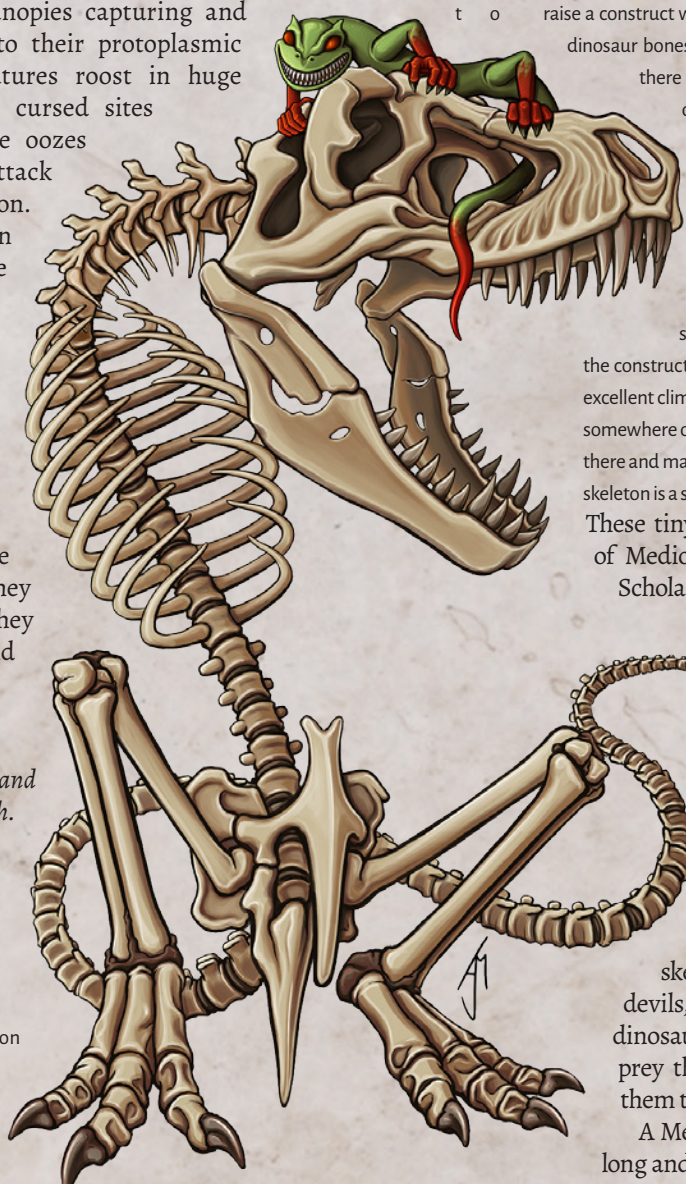
dinosaurs to protect their territory and hunt

prey that would normally be too large for

them to defeat.

A Mediogalti devil is between 1 and 2 feet

long and weighs 20 pounds.



ROPERLING

A hideous, single-eyed creature emerges from the darkness, reaching out with long, tentacular arms tipped with clawed fingers.

ROPERLING

CR 3

XP 800

CE Medium aberration

Init +3; **Senses** blindsense 30 ft., darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+3 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 19 (3d8+6)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Resist** electricity 10; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 tentacles +5 (1d4+2 plus 1 Str)

Ranged light crossbow +5 (1d8/19–20)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with tentacles)

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 8

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 17

Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (tentacle)

Skills Acrobatics +9, Escape Artist +13, Perception +8, Stealth +9, Survival +5; **Racial**

Modifiers Escape Artist +4

Languages Aklo, Undercommon

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary, pack (2–6), or band (7–18)

Treasure normal (light crossbow, 10 crossbow bolts, other gear)

Known as tunnel muggers, manropers, and Rovagug's maggots, roperlings are a despised lesser species of the roper family. Almost humanoid in form, boneless roperlings have two short legs, a single leering eye, and a large, slobbering mouth dominating a head that attaches to their torsos without a neck. In place of arms, they have two long tentacles tipped with three clawed fingers. Roperlings are brutal, cannibalistic thugs that exist on the fringes of Darklands society as mercenaries, bandits, and thieves. Driven by their hunger for flesh and wealth and their impulsive need to destroy, roperlings are untrustworthy and known to betray allies without warning.

The creatures are hermaphrodites who mate and lay eggs at irregular intervals, leaving the stone-like eggs in basements, dungeons, or unused tunnels where they lie dormant for decades. After they hatch, the tiny roperlings must survive on their own but might later find others of their kind to form groups of killers. Given their treacherous nature, however, roperling packs do not stay together for very long.

Roperlings use their clawed, strength-draining tentacles either as natural weapons or to wield weapons. They often wear leather armor and eagerly collect and use magic items. Many also train as rogues, sorcerers, or

rangers, and use whatever abilities they master to hunt prey.

Their desire to consume and destroy is tempered only by a cowardly fear of stronger creatures. While despised by most of the Darklands' inhabitants, who exterminate roperlings on sight, the most despicable creatures dwelling in the lightless depths tolerate them enough to hire them as expendable mercenaries and assassins. Still, the large number of eggs they lay and the eggs' long gestation time ensures the race's survival, and they appear virtually anywhere in the Darklands or dungeons—often when the locals least expect it.

SHEPHERD DEVIL

Dozens of fingers writhe across the length of a flute as this eyeless emaciated figure plays a keening dirge.

SHEPHERD DEVIL (BEKSINAK)

CR 8

XP 6,400

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

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

DEFENSE

AC 20; touch 16; flat-footed 14 (+5 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural)

hp 67 (9d10+18)

Fort +5; Ref +13; Will +9

DR 10/good or silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +11 (1d6+2)

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

Special Attacks bardic performance 23 rounds/day (move action; countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +3, inspire courage +2, *suggestion*), sickening performance

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +14)

At will—*greater teleport* (self-only plus 50 lbs. of equipment), 1/day—*summon* (level 4, 1d4 barbazu or 3d4 lemures, 40%)

Bard Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +14)

3rd (3/day)—*fear* (DC 20), *haunting choir*^{UM} (DC 20), *vision of hell*^{UM} (DC 20)
2nd (5/day)—*heroism*, *hold person* (DC 19), *mad hallucination*^{UM} (DC 19), *rage* (DC 19)

1st (6/day)—*cause fear* (DC 18), *ear-piercing scream*^{UM} (DC 18), *expeditious retreat*, *hideous laughter* (DC 18), *timely inspiration*^{APC}

o (at will)—*daze* (DC 17), *detect magic*, *ghost sound*, *message*, *summon instrument*

STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 21, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 25

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 26

Feats Dodge, Lightning Reflexes, Nimble Moves, Skill Focus (Acrobatics, Perform [wind])

Skills Acrobatics +20, Bluff +19, Diplomacy +19, Knowledge (planes) +14, Perform (wind) +22, Perception +15, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +14

Languages Common, Infernal, Abyssal, Celestial, telepathy 100 ft.

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Hell)

Organization solitary, pair, or herd (beksinak, 15–25 lemures)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bardic Performance A beksinak can use the bardic performance ability as if it were a bard of 7th level, for up to 23 rounds per day.



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shepherds allows them the pick of their flock, and most other devils must bargain extensively with them in order to get the best of their unholy herd. Beksinak are also skilled spellcasters, their music potent enough to control hundreds of lemures, and their determination to receive a fair bargain for their goods means they are dangerous beings to anger.

More powerful devils have attempted to bully a beksinak into giving up its charges only to have it command the herd upon them, a tide of greasy flesh overwhelming the belligerent devil while the beksinak weakens its victim with its music and magic.

When they gain access to the Material Plane, beksinak prefer to seek out skilled musicians and challenge them to musical contests, the typical wager being the musician's soul. On the rare occasion that they are beaten, a beksinak honors the winner with an instrument forged from solid gold; they respect musical talent, regardless of whether it manifests in mortals or outsiders, and will not use this prize as a means to corrupt a mortal's soul. If the musician is unfortunate enough to lose, however, the beksinak calls upon its herd to drag them to Hell.

In combat, a beksinak uses its agility to avoid directly engaging with the enemy, preferring to use its lemures to fight while aiding them with its music and by summoning reinforcements. Beksinak are not powerful combatants, and tend to bolster allied devils with their music and flee if the fight goes against them; a beksinak who fights alone is truly desperate. Despite their emaciated forms, beksinak have surprising strength and can leap great distances with exceptional agility. They prance across the battlefield in a dance to their own infernal tune and can be difficult to pin down.

Most beksinak stand over 6 feet tall, and weigh between 70 and 80 pounds.

VOIDWASP SWARM

Coming from a seemingly normal hive, these Abyss-infused wasps are an already vicious species made even deadlier by the evil taint of chaos.

Sickening Performance (Su) When a creature first hears a beksinak's bardic performance, it must succeed on a DC 21 Fortitude save or become sickened for 1d4+1 rounds. Creatures that succeed on this save cannot be affected by a beksinak's performance for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma based. This ability cannot affect outsiders or creatures that are deaf.

Spells A beksinak casts spells as a 7th-level bard.

Charged with keeping Hell's writhing herds of lemures in check, shepherd devils—beksinak, as infernal scholars call them—are the abominable guides of the damned. The maddening shrieks that they play on their flutes serve as the whips that drive their wretched charges, herding them through the layers of Hell and into the hands of other devils while the beksinak cavorts and dances through the seething mass of their livestock.

Despite their ostensibly low calling, beksinak have a great degree of power in Hell. Their position as



SWARM, VOIDWASP

CR 5

XP 1,600

CE Diminutive magical beast (swarm)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 17, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +4 size)

hp 49 (9d10)

Fort +6, **Ref** +9, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities swarm traits; **Immune** weapon damage

Weaknesses swarm traits

OFFENSE

Speed 5 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee swarm (2d8 plus poison plus distorting venom)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks distraction (DC 14), distorting poison (DC 12), poison (DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 1, **Dex** 16, **Con** 10, **Int** —, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +9 **CMB** — **CMD** —

Skills +12 Fly, +9 Perception; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception

SQ swarm traits, vermin traits

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forests

Organization solitary, pair, fury (3–6 swarms), or maelstrom (7–12 swarms)

Treasure Value none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Swarm—injury; save Fort DC 14; frequency 1/round for

4 rounds; *effect* 1 Dex; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Distorting Venom (Su) Any creature that fails its save against the swarm's poison ability must succeed at an additional DC 12 Fortitude save or be distorted, inflicting one randomly chosen penalty of the four listed below. A creature that successfully saves against distorting venom cannot be affected by it again for 24 hours, but can still be affected by the voidwasp's poison ability. These penalties last for 1 day. This is a curse and polymorph effect.

D4 Result

- 1 -2 penalty to one ability score (minimum 1)
- 2 -2 penalty on attack rolls
- 3 -2 penalty on saving throws
- 4 Land speed reduced by 5 feet.

Voidwasps are wasps whose hives were tainted by Abyssal influence. Whether by building a hive near a planar rift inside the Worldwound or by constructing it with demonically tainted materials, the corrupting energies strongly affected the wasps. They grew slightly larger, and their typical yellow and black coloring changed to mottled greens and blacks.

Like their mundane counterparts, voidwasps are carnivorous and work together to take down prey. The increased potency of their venom makes them devastating hunters, and particularly large hives can terrorize entire settlements. Unless something can destroy their hive, a swarm of voidwasps quickly depletes an area of everything they consider edible—which is nearly anything with flesh. Once they run out of food, the voidwasps move on to build a new hive elsewhere.

Voidwasps are highly territorial and aggressively fight other encroaching species, including other voidwasp hives. A single female gains control of the hive by killing and eating all other competition, triggering her transformation into a queen. A queen can choose the gender of her offspring, and generally only births another female near the end of her lifespan or when the hive is at risk of imminent destruction.

Demons, being immune to the wasp's poison and venom, enjoy using voidwasp hives as traps by placing them at the bottom of concealed pits or suspending them in tree branches and rigging them to fall on a hapless travelers. In situations where the demons are actively engaged in conflict, they also use the hives as lobbed weapons.

WECHSELKIND

A child, waifishly thin and sickly, steps from the shadows. "What lovely eyes you have..." she says, gesturing with a kitchen knife. "Can I see how they work?"

WECHSELKIND

CR 1

XP 400

CN Small fey

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 10 (3d6)

Fort +1, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee dagger +4 (1d3-2/19-20)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +7)

At will—*ghost sound* (DC 14), *lullaby* (DC 14)

1/day—*charm person* (DC 15), *innocence*

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +1; **CMB** -2; **CMD** 10

Feats Skill Focus (Disguise), Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +10, Climb +4, Disguise +13, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +11, Swim +4

Languages common (plus the native language of its host family)

SQ blood mimicry, tells

ECOLOGY

Environment urban (small towns)

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Tells (Ex) Each wechselkind has two of the following giveaways that it is not a human child, chosen randomly:

- 1: *Fear of Flame*: The wechselkind screams if any open flame comes closer than 3 feet, and gains vulnerability to fire.
- 2: *Sickly*: The wechselkind always appears to be wasting away, and gains a -2 penalty to Fortitude saves.
- 3: *Serious*: The false child cannot understand human humor in any form, responding seriously to even the silliest behavior. A wechselkind must attempt a DC 10 Will save if confronted with a clearly ludicrous act. If it witnesses a Perform (comedy) check, the Will save DC is equal to the result of the check. On a failed save, the wechselkind must immediately succeed at an opposed Disguise check, with a -4 penalty, to avoid attracting suspicion.
- 4: *Promise Bound*: The creature never forgets or breaks a promise, and punishes promise-breaking from others. Promises can negate the wechselkind's ability to bluff.

Even if the PCs do not expect a wechselkind among the children they are interacting with, triggering a tell gives them an automatic Sense Motive check against its Bluff to sense something is amiss.

Blood Mimicry (Ex) The wechselkind counts as both fey and human for any effect relating to race and takes no penalties on Disguise checks to look like a human child.

Common folk who live outside fey-filled woods whisper in fear about the wechselkind. Swapped at birth with a human infant, these fey grow up with no awareness of what they are. Entirely human in appearance, their differences eventually manifest in subtle ways, growing steadily alongside a frequently morbid curiosity about the world and the humans around them.

The origin of the wechselkind is unknown, but many speculate about what they might be: willfully ignorant adult fey, a larval stage in the life cycle of a powerful fey being, an enchanted wooden carving, or a curse visited on those who have displeased the forest folk.

Whatever their origins, these childlike beings possess a compulsion to learn that frequently leads them down a path of dangerous experimentation. While they aren't inherently driven to violence, some take to dissecting animals, and even people, to learn more about their world while gilding their acts with an aura of innocence.

The fear of these creatures drives villages into a paranoid frenzy. Families accuse one another of harboring such a being, and many innocent children have suffered terrible tests to root out malicious fey. Not all tests are dangerous, but none are decisive. Some folk suggest performing ludicrous acts, like making soup in an eggshell, to reveal the child's inability to laugh. Others seek signs of illness, or obsession with oaths and promises. Others still will go so far as to try reveal the disguise with fire—or worse. Whatever the means, it can be difficult to expose a wechselkind without breaking the law or its adoptive parents' hearts. 🐞



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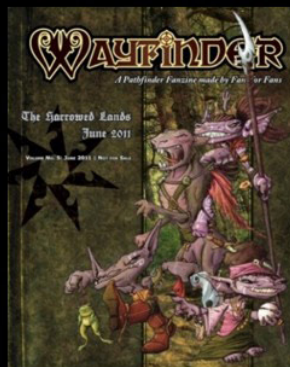
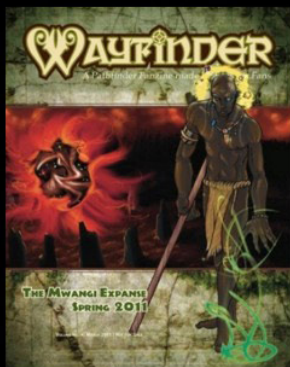
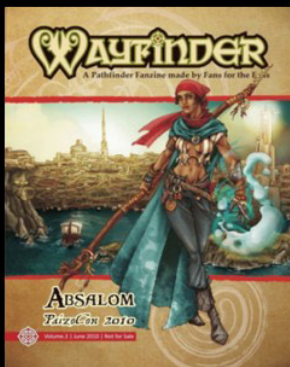
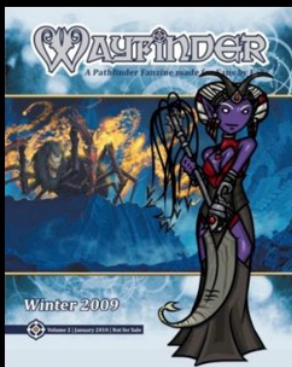
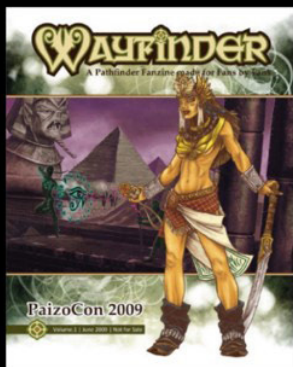
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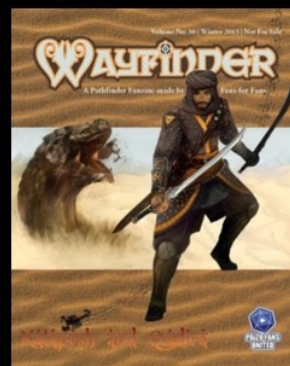
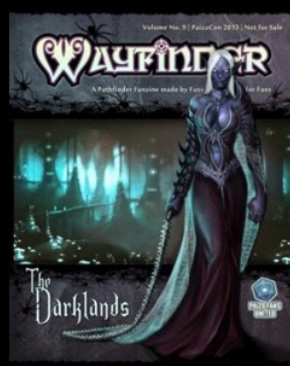
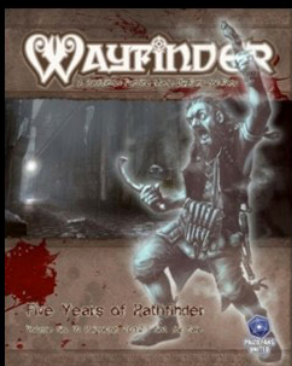
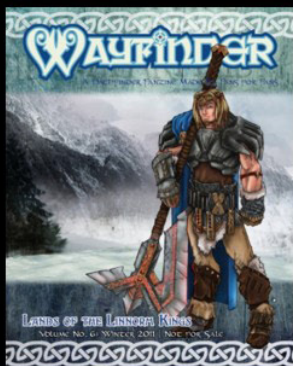
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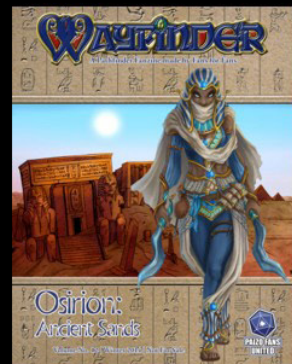


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