

W AURINDER

A Pathfinder Fanzine made for Fans by Fans



Winter 2009



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Special Thanks

All the people at Paizo, for creating an incredible world where we get to play too. and to Ashton Sperry, Crystal Frasier and Blake Davis for making WF2 possible and adding its +6 Awesome.



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Foreword

Between all the blogs, forewords, introductions, and messageboard posts we're constantly cranking out here at Paizo, we often end up addressing Pathfinder players directly. Concerning this, we've had a longstanding, unofficial mandate about how to refer to our readers, which pretty much comes down to one simple impression: that no one really likes to be called a "fan." And honestly, beyond that, I don't even think the word applies to our players. You've got fans of sports teams and celebrities, of comics and television shows, and for such things, the title feels appropriate—those folks aren't on the sidelines planning out plays or writing scripts, no matter how much they might want to be. But for all the endlessly creative GMs and PCs out there, the ones bringing the world of Pathfinder to life by fussing over statblocks long into the night or plotting world-shattering schemes on their lunch breaks, the term hardly fits. Titles like co-creator, co-author, co-designer, and co-conspirator all seem much more apt, as even implying there's some distinction between the creative quality of the work performed by the staff here and devoted gamers at home seems like the height of arrogance.

I'd like to hold *Wayfinder* up as my exhibit A in that argument.

If you haven't already heard, either online or in person at Paizocon, *Wayfinder* #1 floored us. That this book, rivaling the size and quality of any of our own publications, had materialized out of what seemed like nothing more than the combined goodwill and enthusiasm of our readership was nothing less than the most surprising, flattering, and delightful love note in Paizo's history. That's not meant to understate the obvious weeks of effort that went into the writing, illustration, and layout of that masterpiece, but that a product full of topnotch Golarion-rich content had showed up in our hands without many of us even knowing such a project existed seemed like nothing short of magic. But more than just offering up page after page of incredible Pathfinder content, for many of us here at Paizo it came with a refreshing and often forgotten rush of enthusiasm, a desire to hunker down and pore over the text page by page, wringing out every adventure hook, world detail, and rules tidbit word by word. When you've been caught up in the behind-the-scenes rush of writing, editing, and hitting deadlines for a project there's often woefully little time to bask in the light of a job well done. *Wayfinder* #1 brought with it an excitement and wonder many of us hadn't enjoyed from a gaming accessory for some time. And for that, for letting us honestly revel and relax in the context of a world that we take so much pride in, yet at the same time often stresses us out so thoroughly, all of us here at Paizo owe *Wayfinder* and all its contributors a huge thanks.

And now *Wayfinder* #2 is here and it's happening all over again. When Liz shot this my way I spent nearly an hour flipping through, cycling through a hysteria of tittering, cackling, and reading in dumfounded wonder. Saying that I'm impressed seems like a pointless understatement—the work herein is incredible, and already I find myself getting just as excited about Golarion and running a game as I did reading *Wayfinder* #1. In truth, though, I'm envious. I mean, we publish dozens of products month after month, leading deeper and deeper down the Pathfinder rabbit hole, but do you know the last time I had the opportunity to put together a Golarion-themed crossword puzzle? Never! To order art for a Zon-Kuthon doll? Not once! To write advice straight from the mouth of a Shoanti warrior? You get the idea. There's articles in here that range from great ideas I wish we'd thought of, to concepts I wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole yet are still handled with finesse. And all of it makes me want to rally a group together and get to work on a new Pathfinder campaign right now. Dare I say, this is what a Pathfinder product is meant to be.

Some folks might say this is a "fan" product. That doesn't even begin to do justice to the amount of skill, effort, and love that's been poured into this by some of the most imaginative and devoted gamers in the world. Rather it might be better to look to the root of that word, dubbing those who put this new masterwork together the best kind of Pathfinder "fanatics." So thanks again to *Wayfinder*, all its contributors, and all its readers, not just for giving us another incredible surge of fascination for Golarion, but for giving us a taste of what it means to be true Pathfinder fanatics.

Wes

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Managing Editor
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WAYFINDER

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Deacon and the Devil



Deacon and the Devil

By Eric "Epic Meepo" Morton
Art by Glen Zimmerman

A bead of sweat crept down Deacon's face, threatening to distract him from his negotiations even as his spine complained that the back of his plush chair had transformed into a warped and threadbare plank. The temptation to glance down and confirm his suspicions filled him, but he dare not let the devil out of his sight.

The fiend in question appeared as an otherwise human form with a pair of horns, wearing finery and a waxed goatee. Said devil was currently reading Deacon's face and muttering, "Hmm." After a few repetitions of this vaguely menacing syllable, the devil announced, "Yes, I do think we find the terms agreeable..."

Deacon made the mistake of

exhaling in relief.

"However," continued the fiend, "we do insist upon a small amendment to paragraph three of section seven."

Deacon called up the words to that paragraph in his mind, having committed them to memory even as they were being drafted. He refused to demonstrate weakness by asking the devil to remind him which fragment of text they were discussing. "What amendment do you propose?" he asked.

The devil thoughtfully stroked its beard. "We would like to substitute the words, 'thirty-first verse,' for every instance of the phrase 'twenty-fourth verse.' Anything less," he said, "would sour the deal."

"I agree to that substitution," answered Deacon. "Please make it

so." He applied a mnemonic device to the revised language of the contract, lest he forget it.

"Also," added the devil, "we insist upon a change to item four."

Deacon revisited the contract in his mind. Item four involved the specific performance of a particular orison. Leave it to a devil to find a sticking point in a matter of such insignificance. "What do you propose?"

"We request that the language, 'while the supplicant recites the Asmodean prayer, twenty-fourth stanza,' be appended to the description of the required actions."

Somewhere, worlds away, Deacon heard his comrade Draymore speak his name. Deacon pointedly ignored the barbarian's

impatience. He spent a full minute in silent contemplation before addressing the devil's request. "I will accept your latest amendment," he said, "but only if no further changes are made to the current contract."

"You drive a hard bargain," said the devil, with a smirk and a troubling glint in his eye, "but we accept the terms of the contract as described and amended."

"As do I," said Deacon.

The devil smiled, adjusted the parchment sitting on the table in front of it, and stabbed itself through the left hand with a razor-sharp writing quill. It then signed the appropriate line on the contract with its own infernal blood before passing the parchment to Deacon.

As a matter of pride, Deacon didn't so much as glance at the self-editing document to review its final terms. Nor did he balk at signing the contract in blood, though he paused long enough before pricking a finger to ensure that he wielded his own quill. Through undetected sleight of hand, the devil's bloody stylus had ended up sitting dangerously close to his own.

The contract signed, Deacon passed it back to the devil. "A pleasure doing business with you."

"And you," agreed the smiling devil as it collected its papers. "I look forward to hearing your recitation of the twenty-fourth verse. That has always been one of

my favorites."

"Then you'll have to include it in a future contract," answered Deacon.

"The final draft of this contract refers to the twenty-fourth stanza, not the twenty-fourth verse."

"Hmm," remarked the devil, flipping through the contract to find the appropriate line, though he scarcely spent enough time looking at the page to read it. "So it does. No matter. We find the contract fair... You may take leave at your earliest convenience."

Deacon nodded his thanks to the fiend then sought out his physical body. The devil and its study both vanished into nothingness. With an odd sensation of parallax, the Deacon traversed the Astral Plane and reunited his soul with his mortal coil.

Deacon forced his aging body up from its painful pose of genuflection and began collecting his gear from the patch of dusty ground to his right. Before him, the roadside shrine to all things diabolical appeared as unassuming as ever. Behind him, the hulking savage Draymore tapped a massive, sandal-shod foot.

"Have you finally finished preparing your spells?" inquired the barbarian.

Deacon mentally reviewed the details of his latest diabolical contract. "I have... Let's get going." ☼

"Deacon revisited the contract in his mind. Item four involved the specific performance of a particular orison. Leave it to a devil to find a sticking point in a matter of such insignificance."



Advice columnist, Ask a Shoanti, returns to Wayfinder to assist our gentle readers. . .

Dear Ask a Shoanti:

Recently, my adventuring compatriots and I acquired a deck of many things. My turn is coming up. How many draws do you think I should take and what cards would you suggest I should I most hope for?

Sincere Regards,
Proud Artifact Possessor

Dear PAP:

You should take a bazillion draws. Keep drawing until you get the Moon card. The Moon card will grant wishes. With your first wish, wish that you were a Shoanti. If you were a Shoanti, you wouldn't be stupid enough to use a deck of many things.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

Weal or Woe: Ritual of Stardust



Weal or Woe

Ritual of Stardust

By Elizabeth Leib

Art by Juan Diego Dianderas

Desna's faithful celebrate the Ritual of Stardust on the night of every summer and winter solstice. Worshipers gather, sing, and feast before enormous bonfires in Desna's name. Once the fires have burned out, followers of the Great Dreamer toss "stardust" (dust from ground star rubies, star sapphires, and rose quartz gemstones) onto the embers, causing the remains of the fire to twinkle like the stars in the sky.

Most celebrants use this ritual as an opportunity to celebrate friendships, long journeys, and great dreams for the future. This year, however, the valuable gem dust thrown around has attracted the attention of a greedy thief. Myron Ivvus, a dark-haired rogue bearing a nasty knife scar on his neck, recognized the ruby and sapphire dust used in the ritual as potentially valuable spell components. The spells *continual flame*, *forcecage*, and *temporal stasis* all make use of

the gemstone dusts, greatly valued by high-level wizards and sorcerers. The nighttime ritual can be a chaotic event with worshipers drinking and dancing and the great bonfires casting wavering shadows, creating an ideal environment for Myron to sneak in and steal stardust as he pleases.

The PCs should not allow one bad apple to ruin the ritual for them. After all, most followers of the Song of Spheres are happy to help fellow travelers in any way they can. The PCs might encounter Nassalri Penngleam, a beautiful elven bard with long, brown hair, sparkling green eyes, and flowing robes covered in stars. Always seeking to make new friends during the Ritual of Stardust, Nassalri can offer the PCs healing, defensive magic, and the location of nearby temples friendly to Desna. The bard asks for very little in return, only that the PCs respect the Great Dreamer and her faithful and do not disturb the biannual ritual.

Weal: Songs of the Dreamer

Nassalri Penngleam CR 3

Female elf bard 4

CG Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +9**DEFENSES****AC** 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +2 Dex)**hp** 18 (4d8)**Fort** +1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6**Immune** magical sleep effects**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** mwk rapier +3 (1d6-1/18-20)**Ranged** mwk longbow +6 (1d8-1/x3; RI 100 ft.)**Special Attacks** bardic performance (19 rounds/day), countersong, distraction, fascinate (Will DC 15), inspire competence, inspire courage +1**Bard spells known** (CL 4th)2nd (2/day) – *blur*, *cure moderate wounds*1st (4/day) – *charm person* (DC 14), *cure*

light wounds, disguise self, identify
0 – *dancing lights, daze, detect*
magic, light, mending, resistance

TACTICS

During Combat Nassalri begins combat by attempting to fascinate or charm her opponents rather than fight them. If this doesn't work, she resorts to using her longbow, keeping her distance. If allied with PCs, she instead uses her bardic performance abilities to enhance and defend her allies.

Morale Nassalri shies from combat, preferring to bolster her allies while staying out of harm's way herself. If damaged, she recites a quick prayer to Desna and flees.

STATISTICS

Str 8, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 16

Base Atk +3; CMB +2; CMD 14

Feats Extra Performance, Persuasive

Skills Acrobatics +7, Appraise +6, Bluff +10, Climb -1, Craft +1, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +3, Escape Artist +7, Heal +2, Intimidate +9, Knowledge +3, Knowledge (arcane) +8, Knowledge (religion) +10, Perception +9, Perform +3, Perform (dance) +8, Perform (sing) +10, Ride +2, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +8 (+10 to identify properties of magic items), Stealth +8, Survival +2, Swim -1

Languages Celestial, Common, Elven

Combat Gear 20 arrows, *potion of lesser restoration, scroll of dispel magic, wand of cure light wounds* (34 charges); **Other Gear** leather armor, ruby dust (worth 50 gp), sapphire dust (worth 50 gp)

HOOKS

Any PCs that are members of the Pathfinder Society are told to meet with an ally of the Society during the Ritual of Stardust, but they are not told whom. Nassalri sends smoke signals from the bonfire to attract their attention. Using her bardic skills, she has gained information relating to

the Pathfinders' current quest.

One of the PCs, preferably one who is religious, has a strange dream involving an elven woman singing and dancing while surrounded by butterflies. The woman whispers the character's name and proclaims that they are blessed by the Great Dreamer. The elf throws a handful of ruby dust into the dreaming PC's eyes, causing them to suddenly awaken. If the PCs attend the Ritual of Stardust, the dreamer will be able to recognize Nassalri on sight.

Woe: Stardust Thief

Myron Ivyus

CR 2

Male human rogue 3

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +7; **Senses** Perception +8 (+9 to find traps)

DEFENSES

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +3 Dex)

hp 14 (3d8)

Fort +1, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +4 (1d6+1/18-20) and dagger +3 (1d4/19-20)

Ranged dagger +5 (1d4+1/19-20; RI 10 ft.)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat Myron uses ambushes to make sneak attacks whenever possible. He uses his rapier to combat the weakest-looking opponent, hoping to make off with any treasure they might be carrying.

Morale Myron is a cowardly sort, but he'll fight hard to protect his loot. If reduced to 4 hp or lower, he flees back to his lair. If unable to escape, he offers to split his gold and stolen jewelry with his opponent in exchange for his life.

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 8

Base Atk +2; CMB +3; CMD 16

Feats Improved Initiative, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +9, Appraise +7, Bluff +5, Climb +1, Craft +1, Diplomacy -1, Disable Device +10, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +9, Heal +2, Intimidate -1, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +8 (+9 to find traps), Perform -1, Ride +3, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +9, Spellcraft +1, Stealth +9, Survival +2, Swim +1, Use Magic Device +5

Languages Common, Elven

SQ fast stealth

Combat Gear 2 daggers, *potion of protection from energy (fire)*;

Other Gear mwk studded leather armor, belt pouch (mwk thieves' tools, 81 gp, stolen jewelry worth 100 gp)

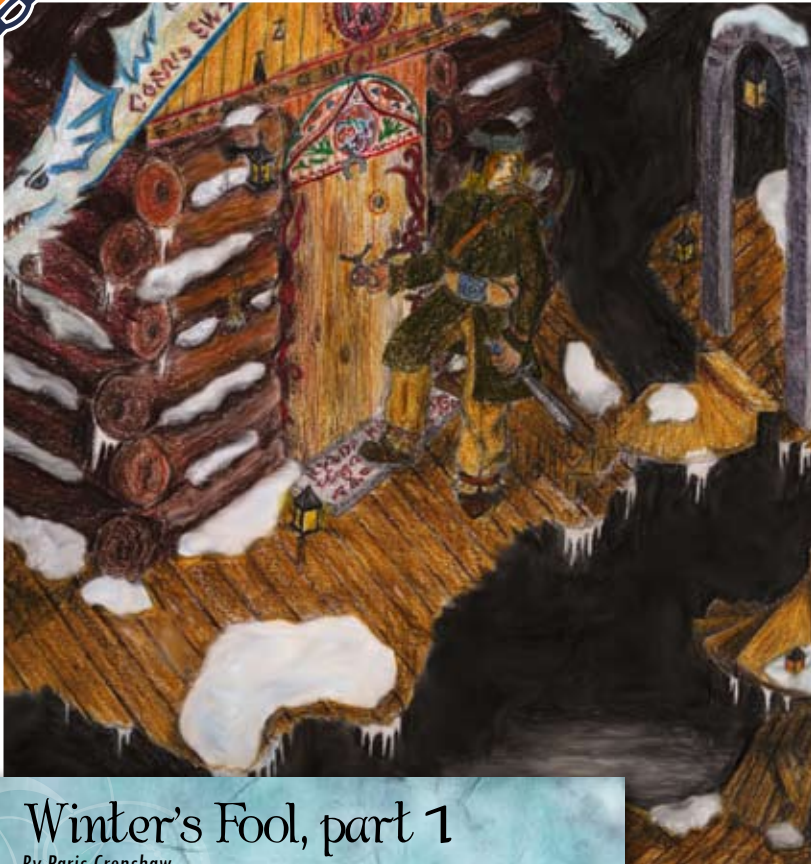
HOOKS

The morning after the ritual, clerics of Desna report their holy ground has been desecrated. Someone dug through the embers of the bonfires to steal the gem dust that was tossed into the air during the celebration. The church begs the PCs to find out who is responsible.

The local magic shop announces a sale on spell components. They offer large quantities of ruby dust, sapphire dust, and gemstones at very low prices. The shopkeeper says he wants to get rid of his inventory as quickly as possible, but he avoids answering any questions about the merchandise. The shopkeeper is actually a fence for Myron.

If any of the PCs are spellcasters carrying material components (costly components, such as ruby dust, not negligible components), Myron attempts to rob them during the night. If the PCs track the thief or force him to reveal the location of his lair, they discover a stash of stolen jewelry, gems, and spell components. ☞

Winter's Fool, part 1



Winter's Fool, part 1

By Paris Crenshaw
Art by Siv Linnea

His boots fell heavily on fog-slick stairs. The grey mist rose up from the river and clung to everything, muting the sounds of his footsteps and his labored breathing. Saeren had been climbing through the tangled, mostly vertical, maze known as Merne's Alley for hours. He was tired, despite his frequent stops to look for signs to point him in the right direction. He'd also spent too much time looking at his feet, but it was the only way to avoid the patches of ice that crossed his path like overconfident thieves. The mists had blocked all sight of the river some time ago, but he was nowhere near the top.

Saeren didn't know exactly where he was going, but he felt he was close. He could sense it as surely as he

felt the cold gnawing on his bones. Somewhere in this shrouded jumble of bridges, ladders, and walkways, a centuries-old secret lay hidden. He could also sense the growing desperation within that drove him toward its discovery.

He had spent months trying to figure out what he was looking for. Even after he had learned the "what" was actually a "who," it had taken almost as long to find the "where": one of the least friendly neighborhoods of Algidheart. Irrisen was the last place Saeren wanted to be—a place he had long avoided with all his might. Unfortunately, he just didn't have any other options anymore.

Lost in his reverie, Saeren almost failed to notice the two figures stepping out of a side alley to block

his way. The whispered warning came to him just in time. Both figures wore heavy furs with hoods that covered most of their faces. They looked human, at least. Of course, this was Irrisen—looks could be deceiving. Pulling up short, he raised his eyes to meet those of the closest man.

"Aengour Frei, Skeunner," the man spat out the old Skald solstice greeting, along with the Irrisen slur for "stranger." This was no jovial holiday wish.

"And to you." Saeren hadn't spoken Skald in years, but his mouth instantly formed the words as if he'd lived in Irrisen all his life. He kept his tone friendly. His eyes told them he was not afraid. "Can I help you with something? The Long Night will soon be upon us, and I bring a gift to an old friend."

The men were taken aback by Saeren's familiarity with the language. For a moment, he dared hope the thugs would let him pass. He didn't need any more delays. Unfortunately, the mention of a gift was too much for the ruffians to ignore. Saeren chided himself for not coming up with a better lie.

"Why don't you tell us where your friend lives? We can deliver the gift for you, so you can go back where you came from." The silent one in the back shifted his weight and moved his arm. Saeren knew he was reaching for a weapon even without the silent warning.

Working together, these toughs still didn't pose a serious threat, but Saeren didn't want to fight them, not here. Stealing a glance at the surrounding buildings for onlookers, he spied the overhang of a platform several feet away. He was certain he could make the jump and pull himself out of reach before they could react.

But even as the escape plan formed in Saeren's mind, his left hand shot out—unbidden—and grabbed the

man's coat. He struggled to let go, but his fingers wouldn't obey him. Swallowing, Saeren looked up to meet the thief's gaze.

What the man saw in Saeren's eyes caused his already pale face to take on an ashen hue. The other man must have seen it, as well. Instead of moving to defend his companion, he took a half-step backward.

The air grew cold, even for Irrisen in winter. The fog around them turned to ice and fell like fine sand onto the wooden platform. The thief struggled in Saeren's grip for only a moment. When he let go, the thief fell to the floor, and his frozen body shattered into dozens of pieces.

The other thug tried to turn and run, but he slipped on the ice and fell, cracking his jaw. Saeren's hand shot out like lightning and grabbed his ankle. His lungs froze before he could start screaming.

When it was over, Saeren tossed the icy remains into the river below. He resumed his climb up through the alley, stomping hard with each step. Steam began to rise from his skin as the exertion heated his body. It didn't take long before the familiar, sultry voice slid back into his mind.

Why so angry Saeren? They were trying to rob you. I was only helping. She fell into the twittering, mocking laughter with which she so often tormented him.

"You know damn well why I'm angry. You used me. Besides, someone could have seen us...seen me," Saeren muttered a curse at himself. He had to stop thinking of them as being together.

But we are together, Saeren. We've been together since the day we met. I helped you then, didn't I? I just helped you again. And if you'll take us both just a bit farther, you can return those favors. Once you've done this one little

thing for me, you won't have to worry about having me around anymore.

"Fine." He had to admit he was almost as anxious for this to end as she was. "Let's get going."

By the time he found his destination, daylight—or what passed for daylight this far north—was nearly gone. Saeren had suspected he would recognize the place when he saw it, but he was surprised at just how obvious it was when he finally did. Of course, signs are easy to read when one knows what to look for.

The house was situated precariously on the edge of Merne's Alley, stubbornly defying gravity. The building lacked anything resembling good taste. To the untrained eye, it appeared to be covered in a bewildering array of ornaments, everything from bunches of dried flowers to artistic designs carved directly into the walls. Saeren knew, however, that the owner was not the least bit interested in decor. Everything around that house was devoted to warding against unwanted visitors—and a very specific kind of visitor, at that. As he approached the house, Saeren thought he felt the presence in his mind squirm a little.

Saeren knocked on the door. He waited for several moments before he heard the sound of footsteps, followed by the tinkling of what he suspected were silver bells. The resident must have had a gremlin problem, as well. A metal plate slid open to uncover a small hole in the door, which Saeren could see was lined with lead and etched with arcane symbols of protection. A sparkling, green eye peered through the hole.

"What do you want?" The voice was that of an old man. Saeren was glad to hear him speaking the Common tongue. He was doubly glad to hear the man's obvious Taldan accent.

Want More?

If you enjoy the Pathfinder fiction from this issue of the Wayfinder, check out the continued saga of "Winter's Fool" and other great, fan-written fiction at the Pathfinder Chronicler Website <http://www.pathfinderchronicler.net>

"My name is Saeren. I seek the help of Hellbinder Voreas."

"Oh? And what makes you think this Voreas is here? Or that he would want to help the likes of you?"

"Because I bring news he'll want to hear. Something I would much rather discuss *inside*, if you'd be so kind as to let me in." Saeren was starting to feel the chill of the Irrisen night settle into him, and he was running low on patience. "Or would you rather let me freeze to death on your doorstep on the night of the Winter Solstice?"

The eye on the other side of the door narrowed. "State your business. Then we'll see if Voreas wants to see you...or let you freeze to death."

Saeren's exasperated sigh was a white plume that joined the fog hanging in the frigid air. "Very well. Tell Voreas that the White Witch, Talithia, has escaped her prison in the south."

Saeren didn't know what he found more gratifying—the sound of chiming bells as the man fell back from the door in shock or the rush of warm air that greeted him when the door swung open. But his smug grin faded quickly when he saw the look on the old man's face. A different kind of chill ran through Saeren in that moment—one that only grew deeper when he heard the rich, throaty laughter bubbling up from the back of his mind. ☞

Threats of Irrisen

Threats of Irrisen

By Crystal "Immora" Frasier

Art by Crystal "Immora" Frasier



In the frigid north, foul fey magic and a hard populace breed their own threats unseen in southern lands. Some of the most iconic are the covetous kennies, the jabbering polevoi and the tragic rusalka.

Kennie

This little humanoid appears to be a bizarre mixture of goblin and turnip, painted garishly by a madman's brush. Its stumpy legs push it forward, while its long and grasping arms seem to have already spotted something desirable on you.

KENNIE

CR 2

XP 600

N Small plant

Init +3; **Senses** Low-light vision; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+1 size, +3 Dex)

hp 16 (3d8+3)

Fort +4, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

Immune plant traits

Weakness vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +4 (1d4+1)

Space 2 ½ ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

TACTICS

During Combat Kennies prefer to avoid combat, but are savage when cornered. They attempt to pull complicated weapons apart if possible, otherwise they rely on their claws.

Morale Kennies usually flee if caught in the act or injured. If guarding a planted seed, they fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 6, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2 (+4 to sunder); **CMD** 15

Feats Deft Hands, Improved Sunder

Skills Acrobatics +3, Climb +1, Disable Device +10, Disguise +1, Escape Artist +3, Perception +2, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +11, Survival +2, Swim +1

Languages Common (cannot speak)

SQ change shape (*alter self*, Small humanoids), tamper

ECOLOGY

Environment Temperate and cold forests or urban

Organization single, pairs, or teams (3-10)

Treasure standard (shiny objects)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Skills: A kennie gains a +4 racial bonus on Disable Device and Sleight of Hand checks.

Tamper (Su): Kennies can tear apart complicated devices with ease. They make Disable Device checks as standard actions against difficult or simpler devices and full round actions against extremely complicated devices. Against held objects, this counts as a sunder attempt, inflicting damage equal to a Disable Device check result.

A horrible melding of goblins and root vegetables, kennies are pests and sneak thieves of the first order. The first examples of these vile plants were almost certainly arcane experiments, but they have bred true and now infest many cold, rural regions. They blend in by disguising themselves as human urchins, and Algidheart, Jol and Whitethrone all suffer from surprisingly large infestations.

Kennies are kleptomaniacs, stealing whatever baubles attract their attention. Their proclivities also drive them to disassemble objects and find the most interesting pieces, a habit they show an unnatural gift for. Dung

and soil form the basis of their nests, which they line with arrowheads, glass shards, gems, horseshoes, lacquered wood, spare coins, watch parts and especially large paint chips – a patient person might find a genuine treasure among the baubles.

The plants graduate from annoying to dangerous in the late fall, when they begin to reproduce. A fresh carcass serves as the soil for the solitary bright green seed each kennie produces a year. While they normally hunt caribou or other wild animals for this purpose, kennies rooted in more urban areas will kill domestic animals or even humans, then jealously guard the carcass for several weeks.

Kennies are vaguely intelligent, and have occasionally formed close bonds with individual humanoids. Their incredible skill with locks and thievery make them welcome additions to many criminal organizations, though kennies themselves do not understand concepts like ownership or trade.

Polevoi

This leathery mass of wrinkles resembles a tiny, grass-haired man. He holds a comically oversized whip in his hands, his eyes glowering at you in a deeply wrinkled face.

POLEVOI **CR 3**

XP 800

CN tiny fey

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+1 armor, +3 Dex, +2 size)

hp 27 (5d6+10)

Fort +3 **Ref** +7 **Will** +6

DR 5/cold iron; **Resist** cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee whip +7 (1d3-1 subdual) or sickle +7 (1d6-1)

Space 1 ft. **Reach** – (5 ft. with human

tools)

Special Attacks Cruel Overseer

Spell-like Abilities (CL 5th)

At will – *detect magic, pass without trace, speak with animals* (domesticated animals only)

1/day – *charm animal* (DC 13; domesticated animals only), *cure light wounds, faerie fire*

1/week – *contagion* (DC 15), *remove disease*

TACTICS

Before Combat Polevoi usually spark combat by screaming at the wrong person. Before jumping into a real fight, though, they will order anyone within shouting distance to attack first. If they expect trouble, Polevoi mount the nearest horse, whether it's theirs or not. Multiple polevoi often crowd onto a single mount if there aren't enough available.

During Combat Polevoi hate a fair fight. Conversely, they feel invulnerable while astride a horse. They try to intimidate would-be attackers with a tongue-lashing and a few whip strikes. If this fails, they switch to deadlier tools. If they believe an opponent might escape, they inflict them with leprosy as a reminder.

Morale Polevoi are cowardly, and will flee reduced below half their hit points or their mount is killed.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 8, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +2; **CMB** -1; **CMD** 12

Feats Animal Affinity, Mounted Combat, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +3, Bluff -2, Climb -1, Diplomacy -2, Disguise -2, Escape Artist +3, Handle Animal +7, Heal +2, Intimidate +4, Perception +6, Profession (farmer) +3, Ride +9, Sense Motive +2, Stealth +11, Survival +2, Swim -1 **Racial Modifiers** Handle Animal +2, Intimidate +2

Languages Common, Gnomish, Sylvan

SQ nyctophobic

ECOLOGY

Environment cold and temperate plains

Organization pairs, gaggle (three polevoi mounted on a single heavy horse), or work gang (six polevoi on three heavy horses)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Cruel Overseer (Ex) Polevoi adore human tools, and wield human-sized farming implements without penalty. They may also use the following Medium-sized tools as weapons without penalty: club, hoe (shortspear), pitchfork (trident), sickle, thresher (flail), and whip. While wielding these oversized weapons, a polevoi threatens adjacent squares.

Nyctophobic (Ex) Polevoi are creatures of daylight, and the darkness terrifies them. In dim areas, a polevoi is considered shaken. Within areas of darkness, a Polevoi must succeed a DC 15 Will save every minute or become frightened. When the sun sets, or the polevoi becomes panicked by its nyctophobia, it vanishes back into the First World until sunrise. A polevoi in the area of a daylight spell is not forced back into the First World at sunset, but is shaken until sunrise.

Polevoi are a rare breed of cantankerous field-fairies, but in Irrisen they are not only allowed but encouraged to wander freely between the First World and the mortal realm. They find the concept of agriculture endlessly entertaining, and sometimes pantomime the farming actions of locals. More often, though, they watch toiling humans from horseback, shouting useless suggestions, doling out “encouraging” whippings, and trampling or savagely beating those they deem too lazy. Were it not for their acute fear of the dark, they

Threats of Irrisen



would drive mortal farmers to work continuously until they dropped.

Generally despised, Polevoi enjoy a measure of protection from the winter witches, and sometimes beseeched by peasants for their ability to heal wounds and diseases. The pint-sized fey have a famous love for eggs and poultry, and the easiest way to win their fickle favor is to stuff them to bursting.

Dear Ask a Shoanti:

Studies show that the Crown of the World is melting at a faster rate than loremasters have previously recorded. What actions will you personally take to combat Golarion's global warming?

Sincere Regards,
Green green-skin

Dear Green green-skin:

I pledge to cut total emissions in the Storval Plateau by 200% by the year 4712 A.R. First, I will be slaying all of the more gassy orcs. Next, I will purchase an adamantine klar. No longer will I be forced to continually purchase a new one each time after it is irretrievably lodged in a hellknight's skull. I will escape the trap of a throw away society (at least not without Quick Draw).

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

Polevoi excel at riding, and prefer horse mounts despite their size. During summer months, it is a common sight to have a dozen or more polevoi crowded across two or three horses, shouting conflicting orders in every direction at beleaguered farmers.

Rusalka

Lean and beautiful, wearing a smile and very little else, this stunning young woman beckons to you from the riverbank, inviting your comfort.

RUSALKA **CR 6**
XP 2,400

LE Medium undead (water)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 67 (9d8+27)

Fort +3, **Ref** +6, **Will** +7

DR 5/magic and wood; **Immune** cold, undead traits **Resist** fire 10

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft, swim 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +9/+9/+4 (1d4+1 plus 1d6 cold)

Special Attacks icy embrace

TACTICS

Before Combat Rusalka prefer to invite their victims close with flattery, pleas, and suggestive remarks, and may even have long conversations with someone they are about to kill. They do everything in their power to put a target at ease.

During Combat Rusalka are not fighters – they only want to feel warm and loved. If a situation seems threatening, they will simply grab hold of the nearest person and attempt to drag them beneath the comforting waters of the rivers or lakes. If angered or desperate, rusalka will focus on one target at a time, maneuvering as best they can to isolate them.

Morale Beings of cold and loneliness, rusalka have little to lose and fight until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** –, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +9 (+13 to grapple); **CMD** 20 (24 vs. grapple)

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Deceitful, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +3, Bluff +14, Climb +1, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +3, Knowledge (local) +10, Perception +1, Perform (sing) +12, Sense Motive +13, Stealth +15, Swim +9; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Stealth underwater

Languages Aquan, Common, Skald

SQ bonded pool, water mastery

ECOLOGY

Environment cold aquatic and forests

Organization Solitary or sem-ya (one rusalka, plus 2d4 zombies and 1d4 small water elementals)

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bonded Pool (Su) Rusalkas are shackled permanently to the body of water in which their remains reside, usually a lake or river. By daylight, they cannot leave their watery tombs, but can rise partially from the water to attract passersby. By night they may roam freely on foot, but the first rays of sunlight will destroy her delicate form, sending the spirit back to its bonded pool. If slain, a rusalka will reform in its bonded pool 1d6 nights later. A rusalka loses its channel resistance while away from its pool.

Icy Embrace (Ex) Once a rusalka holds a lover in her arms, she will never let go. Rusalka receive a +4 bonus to CMD when grappled or pinned opponents attempt to break free if she uses two hands. She can maintain a grapple or pin one-handed with no penalty. Once a target is grappled, a rusalka must succeed at a DC 20 Will save every round to do anything but drag her victim underwater.


Victims drowned by a rusalka rise under the next full moon as zombies under the rusalka's control.

Skald Almighty

Water Mastery (Su) A rusalka's body is composed of frigid, cursed water, making her difficult to injure. A rusalka receives a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls if both she and her target are at least waist-deep in water. Rusalka never take penalties from fighting underwater.

The Witch Queen of Irrisen demands a lifetime of service from every subject. Even those who die unnaturally remain in Irrisen for the length of a natural lifetime, thanks to her profane laws. The rusalka embody the most tragic elements of these undead: spirits of young women who die heartbroken or murdered by their lovers, now compelled into horrific service. Through magic, nature, or fate, the bodies of Irrisen's murdered lovers inevitably find their ways into nearby waterways, and birth a rusalka. Impossibly beautiful but perpetually cold and alone, they desperately seek companionship. The cruelty of their deaths instills them with an irresistible urge to pull would-be suitors down into the icy depths of their rivers.

If a rusalka goes too long without feeling the warmth of a mortal body, she may leave her watery home and actively hunt for a victim. Some even pull men from their beds in the dead of night. Communities in Irrisen go so far as to make regular sacrifices of criminals or the sick to local rusalkas to keep them sated.

Many erroneously believe that a rusalka exists for as long as it would have lived while still mortal, but this is only a half-truth. When the rusalka's earthly remains are properly blessed or the reason for their premature demise discovered, the rusalka can no longer reform itself when slain and her soul is freed, Irrisen's supernatural laws be damned! 



Skald Almighty

By Eoin "vagrant-poet" Brennan
Art by Crystal Frasier

Long have the skalds of the Land of the Linnorm Kings sung the sagas of great heroes and kings, but the mightiest skalds accompany these heroes to battle, and many are indeed great warriors and legends in their own right.

The following pair of feats and rage power improve on the Berserker's Cry feat from the *Pathfinder Chronicles Campaign Setting* (page 93) and allow a character to unify his inherent Ulfen penchants for music and battle.

Feats

Sound and Fury

You can weave roaring exclamation of your rage into your bardic performances.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, Berserker's Cry, bardic performance class ability, rage class ability, Linnorm Kings affinity.

Benefit: You may unleash a berserker's cry as part of the action

to start a bardic performance (instead of as a separate move action).

In addition, if you start a bardic performance with a berserker's cry, you may start and maintain it while raging. The bardic performance must be based on Perform (oratory or sing).

Thunder and Roar


Your rage lets you sing, speak, and roar triumphantly even when your musical abilities would fail you.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, Sound and Fury, bardic

performance class ability, rage class ability, base attack bonus +6, Linnorm Kings affinity.

Benefit: If you start a bardic performance with a berserker's cry, you may use rage rounds per day instead of bardic performance rounds per day to start and maintain it. You may interchange which you use each round. The bardic performance must be based on Perform (oratory or sing).

Rage Power

Raging Skald (Ex): If you unleash a berserker's cry (with the Berserker's Cry feat) as you enter a rage or during a rage, the bonus granted increases to +2 and lasts an additional number of rounds equal to your Constitution bonus (if any). A barbarian must be at least 6th level before selecting this rage power. 

Side Treks: Northern Avistan



Side Treks



Side Treks: Northern Avistan

By Thomas Morrison, James MacKenzie, Scott Abercrombie, Jason Lillis
Art by Liz "lilith" Courts and Crystal "immora" Frasier

The Crown of the World – The Path of Aganhei

Plot Hooks

Hired by a loose confederation of several merchant parties, the PCs must keep the Path of Aganhei free from raids by a determined group of brigands, the White Cloud. Motivated and military-like in their precision and tactics, the usual caravans from far Tian Xia have yet to appear on the Path, and with goods gathering dust, the merchants want to know what is happening on the Crown of the World.

One merchant has heard that the Witch Queen herself, Baba Yaga, once gathered ancient artifacts and secrets buried under the icy white desert of the Crown. The merchant, Shoafa Lamyra (NE female half-elf cleric of Zon-Kuthon) approaches anybody that is a potential ally – willing or not.

Background

The frost giant Vidkun Quisling spent his early adult life as a common brigand, but was captured by a sorcerer from Tian Xia, hypnotized to serve as a personal bodyguard. Vidkun learned his master's ways, becoming a worshiper of Abraxas, the Demon Lord of magic and forbidden lore. After his master was assassinated and Vidkun was truly free, he made the grueling track back to his native lands of northern Avistan from Tian Xia.

His ambition whetted by his experiences in Tian Xia, Vidkun returned to his tribe and quickly gained preeminence among the disparate tribes with his White Cloud band. He downplays his worship of Abraxas as it has made him unpopular among the Kostchtchie-worshipping frost giant traditionalists. A competent leader, Vidkun treats his followers well, training them with

Tian alchemy, magic, and techniques, splitting them into small squads of brutally efficient bandits.

Vidkun makes his base near the Path of Aganhei, an area often used in the past for temporary raiding outposts. The ruins that dot the area would draw many if they did not lay covered under thick layers of snow and ice nine months out of the year, and while Vidkun is not intellectually backward, he is not an archaeologist. He receives dubious assistance from the self-serving advisor assigned to him, the glabrezu Mugkuzidir, but snow goblin excavators, guesswork, and plain trial and error carry out the majority of his excavations.

Out of the half dozen sites that proved promising, Vidkun has discovered that whomever built the ruins, they had mastery of movement through space and time. The following sites can be used by the GM:

The first site is a large town-sized

Thomas Morrison, James MacKenzie, Scott Abercrombie, Jason Lillis

ruin that has been picked clean by bandits and infrequent adventurers. The Quisling frost giant tribe keeps a permanent presence here to provide supplies and muscle to other bandit groups. Vidkun avoids this site, as it has been contaminated by too-curious eyes.

Laying between the first site and the glaciers north of Kalsgard, this city-sized site appears to have explored and cleaned by the Witch Queen some 1400 years ago. Vidkun has left a handful of followers here as a mop up crew, shifting his focus to the third site.

Forty large stone circles coincide at this site to form an arcane nexus with a small research facility, which lies west of the second site. Some of the circles indicate various magical studies – life force, souls, travel – but most remain enigmas. It is a giant, complex puzzle that confounds Vidkun, who spends most of his time here with Mugkuzidir and his other followers.

Northeast of the second site, forbidding ice cliffs make overland travel to this area almost impossible. Combined with a pernicious infestation of overgrown ice worms and hostile, cunning remorhazes, Vidkun can only look at the small palace buried beneath the ice here.

Further east of the Path and skirting dangerously close to the northern edge of that cursed land known as the Worldwound, this frost-rimed, mile-wide bottomless stone pit reeks of powerful necromancy. The city built along its edge is long dead, victim to whatever forces lurk in the chasm's depths. Whatever inhabitants are there, a powerful and hostile will prevents the magical exploration of its depths, and Vidkun dares not explore it.

Northwest of the first site and

within striking distance of the Path for flying creatures, this is the newest site that Vidkun has discovered. Befriending a clutch of white dragons that prowl in the area, Vidkun is eager to explore this area, having shown no signs of excavation by the Witch Queen.

Potential Resolutions

It could take PCs the better part of years to clean the area of the White Cloud brigands. Vidkun can serve as a recurring villain, his attempts to uncover the Crown of the World's secrets a constant threat to all who live in northern Avistan. Even if Vidkun finds nothing or his archaeological attempts thwarted, his ability to get disparate tribes and other monstrosities into cohesive fighting teams. Unearthing even one of the artifacts potentially buried here, Vidkun is likely not to forget the PCs activities against him and will use his considerable influence over the region to torment them.

Of course, if the PCs manage to quell the White Cloud brigands before that happens, grateful denizens of the region will come calling to see what else they can do. King Svienn Blood-Eagle of Kalsgard might recruit them to chart a trade route to Casmaron over the Crown of the World. Curious PCs might even pick up where Vidkun left off, which draws Irrisen's attention northerly once more.



Irrisen – The Dragon Stones

Plot Hook

Tasked to find relatives taken from southern lands, the PCs find that their trail leads to the ice-choked shores of the Linnorm Kings. A blue norther, a sudden

winter storm that quickly drops the temperature beyond magical protections, forces the PCs to take shelter in the hamlet of Greivik.

Whipped by the wind, blowing snow mercifully obscures the details of what must have been a slaughter. Beyond the village's shattered gates, vaguely humanoid shapes lie scattered among the buildings, hidden beneath a blanket of new snow. The settlement's great hall looms beyond, hopes of cover from the raging storm dashed as it reveals its fire-gutted timbers. Heavily cloaked, a figure calls out to the PCs, his voice hoarse and barely audible over the wind, inviting them take shelter in a nearby fjord cave.

The offer of shelter to the PCs is from Skernid, Chieftain of fallen Greivik. His two huscarls, sworn bodyguards, keep the cave free from hungry animals, but they are not likely to be the victims of such an assault. The stink of undeath hovers around Skernid and his huscarls, but they do not seek to kill the PCs – they seek their help. Skernid asks the PCs to rescue their families from the raiders, fulfill their oaths of vengeance, and return to Greivik with news of their success or failure.

Background

Huddled in the shadow of the glaciers of Irrisen, few folk are more isolated than the tiny seacoast hamlets of Erdborg and Greivik. Wresting a meager living from the ocean, these dwellers in a hostile wilderness shrewdly bargained long ago with fey spirits to protect them from the cruel power of the northern winter. With superstitious caution bordering on paranoia, the villagers kept the ancient customs, the bargains meant to save them from the merciless wilderness – except for the village of Greivik.

Side Treks: Northern Avistan



The vicious raiders known as the Sons of Grunag struck in the night, blocking the entrances to the main hall, setting it alight before the men could escape. Seizing the women and children, the Sons fled into the night. Swearing vengeance, Skernid and his huscarls uttered an oath, drunk deeply by the cruel spirits of the north. As the fires consumed them, they were turned into revenants (Pathfinder #2, "The Skinsaw Murders"), but unable to seek out the source of their anguish, a malicious caveat granted to them as a price for their undeath.

Without a skilled tracker in the party, following the Sons' trail through the fresh snow is daunting, but assistance is available from Augur Gundiyr, an ice troll maiden who has an offer of her own. Her mother, Augur Volgihild, has remained captive in nearby Erdborg for many years. If the PCs agree to free her mother, Gundiyr will share more information about the Sons' hideout and strengths. Key to the PCs is the knowledge that the Sons of Grunag do not keep prisoners; instead, they sacrifice them to a dark god worshipped at the *Eisenwyrstein*.

The *Eisenwyrstein*, the Dragon Stones, is holy ground for Runeric, an aspect of Norgorber worshipped in the north. The Sons of Grunag await the coming of the Eisenwyr, a massive horror they honor as a servitor of their murderous god. A pair of ogre mages leads this depraved band of eight murderous tribesmen (CE orc barbarians). In addition to the abilities typical of their kind, they have been granted a boon from their dark god, continuously benefiting from a *nondetection*. Such creatures as the revenant Skernid and his huscarls cannot sense them by any means.

The people of Erdborg distrust strangers, their contempt obvious with every word. Those trying to win over the hostile villagers have their work cut out for them. Thegn Kerhart, the chieftain of the village, takes elaborate pleasure in humiliating his "pet seer", keeping the dangerous troll matron chained and feeding her scraps. Kerhart is a gambling man, but not particularly good at it. Clever PCs might convince him into freeing the troll over a game of chance or contest of skill. The chieftain is not above cheating, and is quite stubborn. A PC will need to succeed on a DC 28 Diplomacy check to convince Kerhart that crushing the Sons of Grunag is worth the troll's freedom.

Potential Resolutions

If the leaders of the Sons of Grunag feel that they are doomed, they release the seal on the Eisenwyr (Gargantuan advanced half-white dragon wyvern). Only after it has been dispatched can any prisoners be rescued, and all of the remaining Sons gleefully engage in a fight to the death, killing as many of their captives as possible in the hopes of a final sinister boon from their patron.

Befriending a troll is a dubious pleasure, but Gundiyr and Volgihild are appreciative of the PCs efforts if successful. They offer several treasures from their personal hoard (total value equal to APL * 1000 gp) and send the PCs on their way with a blessing protecting them from the worst of the winter cold (cold resistance 5). The fetish only works while the PCs remain in Irrisen, though.

Chieftain Skernid and his bodyguards have a harsh reality facing them. If the PCs succeed, they are rent apart by the same

forces that created them. Failure means they will never be able to rest, a state they will surely blame on the PCs.

Land of the Linnorm Kings – In a Family Way

Plot Hook

As the PCs travel through an area of wild hills in the region, they hear what seems to be the crying of a child. Tracking the sound, they discover a child – a very large child, perhaps only a month or two old, carefully covered by an uprooted bush. A successful Knowledge (nature) check reveals that the baby is a fairly newborn hill giant. While uninjured, the child is clearly upset and likely starving. Any PC capable of tracking can determine the hours-old imprint of bare feet leading down a westward leading trail.

The trail ends at a gruesome sight – a large fire pit holds the blackened corpses of two large humanoids, the giantchild's parents. Signs of a struggle lay strewn around the clearing and nearby cave: broken clubs, churned ground, gory blood spatters.

Background

The giant family only recently moved into the area, shortly before the child's birth. It did not take them long to come into conflict with the nearby village of Skorg. After repeated skirmishes resulting in the deaths of village hunters, the leaders of Skorg organized an attack, carried out earlier in the day.

Returning from fetching water nearby, the mother giant hid her sleeping child after hearing her mate's bellows of rage and sounds of battle. Charging in to help, the two giants were no match for the determined

Thomas Morrison, James MacKenzie, Scott Abercrombie, Jason Lillis

hunting party. After killing the pair, the hunting party burnt their corpses and ransacked their lair.

Potential Resolutions

Unless the PCs are evil, leaving the child to die would be an inexcusable act. Assuming they take the baby with them, three possible resolutions are:

Keep the child. In this case, one of the PCs adopts the child as their own, taking responsibility for raising and taking care of him. Unless the PC has a stronghold with loyal servants, this could be the end of an adventuring career.

Find other hill giants. This could prove somewhat difficult, first in simply finding another giant family, and then in getting close enough to make peaceful intentions known.

Bring the child to Skorg or another village. While justice might be served in having the child raised by the society that killed its parents, getting the residents to agree to raise the child instead of killing it outright could prove to be impossible without resorting to violence or magical compulsion.

Local druids. If there is a local druid circle in the area, they may accept the child, either to find it a more suitable home or raise a guardian of the land.

the northernmost reaches of the Linnorm Kings' lands. After setting up the trade agreements, he spends most of his time collecting profits in the larger city of Trollheim, but he has not heard from some one of his largest suppliers, his hometown of Brogren. He hires the PCs to check out settlement and make sure all is well.

Upon reaching the steading, the PCs hear the sounds of revelry from the mead hall that lies at the center of town. Eerily absent of the normal activities associated with a thriving village, the PCs find the animate bodies of the townsfolk jerkily engaging in mock battles and dances.


Background

Ravger's hometown made the fatal error of killing a favored pet of a local exile, a witch by the name of Haurit (NE female human [Ulfen] necromancer). Long banished into the cold scrub forests, Haurit saw the murder of

her bear as an affront and a chance to strike back at those that made her a pariah. Eagerly using the same abilities that made her outcast in the first place, she struck back at night while the town gathered for a midwinter's celebration in the mead hall.

Potential Resolutions

After ridding Brogren of Haurit and her minions, the steading can be occupied by new settlers in the spring. With his connections to one of the Linnorm Kings, Rayger offers safe passage and a triple his initial offer.

If the PCs are unable to rid Brogren of Haurit, Rayger is disappointed, sending the information to Freyr Darkwine and his Blackravens. Distraught at the loss of his hometown, he pays the PCs half-heartedly and thanks them. 

Land of the Linnorm Kings - Mead Hall of Brogren

Plot Hook

Rayger Yulmaster (N male human expert) is a wealthy fur tradesman that deals with numerous steadings throughout



Crystalhue



Crystalhue

By Crystal "Immora" Frasier

Art by Ashton "N'wah" Sperry

In a preindustrialized society, winter is a time of fear and isolation, when a family might do weeks or months with seeing their closest neighbors. In the northern extremes, it is also a lightless time, casting Golarion's far-flung inhabitants thousands of years back to the Age of Darkness. In such dismal times, a person's survival and happiness are only as strong as their closest relationships. In these shortest of days, the goddess Shelyn brings tidings of community and forgiveness – she brings Crystalhue.

Crystalhue is the annual day of warmth, color, romance, and reconciliation celebrated around Golarion, especially so in its coldest latitudes. According to tradition, the holiday was founded by Shelyn herself,

who, in the Age of Darkness, visited frightened human communities bearing the light of hope and leaving glittering crystal prisms. Her visits brought comfort and healing, and her prisms reminded the suffering masses that the light they need comes from many different colors working together. Remembered annually even in present times, Shelyn's message reminds communities of all they hold precious on the shortest day of the year.

Common Traditions

Communities celebrate Crystalhue differently, depending mostly on local climate, but many themes remain constant. Community is important, and so town squares or other gathering places are swept free

of snow and elaborate bonfires built to bring the warmth of spring three months early. Wealthier communities or those blessed with a powerful mage may even rely on weather magic to steal a genuine spring day. Hung throughout public areas, glass baubles and prisms bathe the area in myriad rainbows and paint the dull landscape in every color. Musicians and artists line the streets, displaying their talents, and during the day's festivities, many artisans choose their apprentices for the coming season. The atmosphere for the day is one of laughter and togetherness, and the air hangs thick with song, holly, and the smell of warm apple tarts and spiced wine.

Bad feelings, like bad cheese, will sour a household, and so it

is important to air both. A day of clemency, Crystalhue often brings individuals together in the spirit of friendship and understanding with each other. Often, this is the last chance to make amends with friends or distant family for many weeks of harsh, biting cold and the lingering chance that winter may remove them forever. Many celebrants believe that insincere apologies and the refusal of a request for forgiveness by another will incur the wrath of the Eternal Rose.

Small gifts are a common sight during the holiday, both as signs of appreciation and as peace offerings. These presents are invariably hand-made, and should be both attractive and practical. Decorated cups, tools, art supplies, and bags are all standard gifts, but the most common is warm clothing: boots, coats, hats, mittens, scarves, and socks of every color and design see the light of day for the first time just before the year's longest night. For many of Golarion's poorest families, their only colorful or fun clothing comes from Crystalhue, and so is an especially loved tradition among the lower classes.

Gathering every candelabra, lamp or lantern, the all-too brief day concludes with a feast and dancing. Traditional dishes vary, but usually include fowl, pumpkins and squashes, berries, rhubarb, and plenty of caraway, cloves and ginger. Lively music from strings and woodwinds invite many to dance with gusto and verve, fighting back the winter chill. As befitting a holiday started by the goddess of love, many young adults pursue romantic affections while Shelyn's devout consecrate long-term relationships with marriage ceremonies.

In homage to Shelyn as well as to show their individuality and

creativity, young women dye colored streaks into their hair. These dyes are hand-prepared from late fall berries, wild mushrooms, and even colorful insects, and for several weeks prior one can occasionally see teenage girls prowling nearby fields in search of the perfect reagents. Colors can range from the usual reds, oranges, and blues to exotic gold, green, and violet. The most elaborate examples include intricate patterns that combine hair color and carefully styling to create short-lived artwork. Married women also participate, but usually limit themselves to a single colored streak.

In contrast, men young and old wear a patchwork jacket, or melaro, usually made from colorful scraps of fabric scavenged and saved over the previous year. A melaro is a personal article, and must be hand-sewn by the wearer or else grant bad luck in love. As a result, the coats run the gamut from garish and misshapen to gorgeous spectacles. A man keeps the same melaro and uses it every year, patching it or adding new fabrics as necessity or whim demands. It is very common for the coat to be broken up when a man dies, and its patches spread among his sons and grandsons.

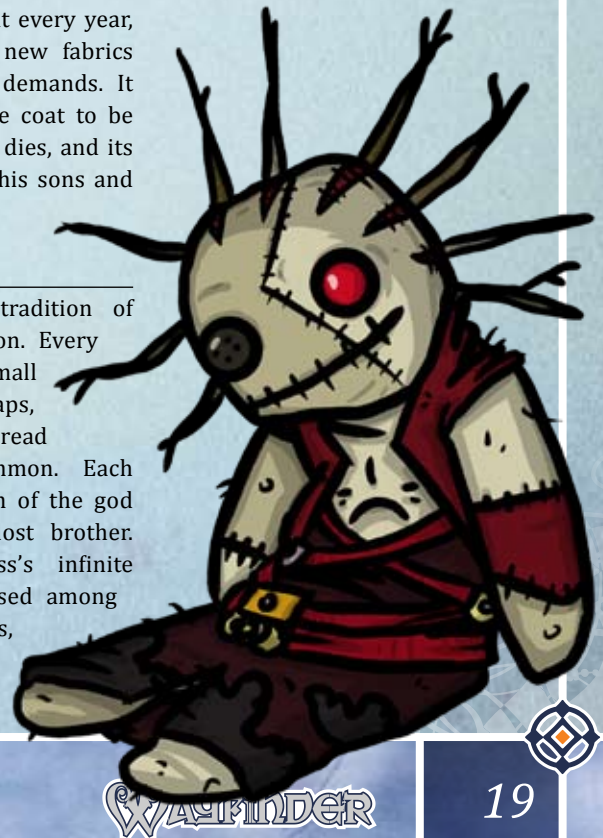
The Zonzon

The most sacred tradition of Crystalhue is the Zonzon. Every community creates a small doll from available scraps, leather and red thread being the most common. Each doll is a representation of the god Zon-kuthon, Shelyn's lost brother. Mirroring the goddess's infinite mercy, the doll is passed among neighbors, friends, and family, who take turns giving it small

gifts, praising it, whispering happy memories, and apologizing for slights committed against coworkers, loved ones, patrons, or servants.

Children, admired for their infinite capacity for compassion, play a vital role. Appointed as the "sibling", a young child must "guide" the doll around and make certain that everyone in the area makes peace with the Zonzon before the festival's end. Doll or not, the sibling is expected to keep the Zonzon happy, fulfilled and warm for the day.

Once the dancing and feasting have finished and the music quiets, locals take the Zonzon out into the woods and leave it in the wilderness. Others may set the manikin adrift on a river or at sea, or tie it to an animal subsequently released into the wild. Depending on their surroundings, the specifics vary, but each community that celebrates Crystalhue believes that the Zonzon will find its way to the Midnight Lord, delivering the sympathy and goodwill his sister has



Crystalhue



MINOR ARTIFACT - SPECTRUM OF GOOD HOPE



Aura strong abjuration; **CL** 18th

Slot —; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

While the original prisms and crystals Shelyn spread during the Age of Darkness were merely metaphors with only minor magical powers, over the interceding millennia they have soaked up the hopes and camaraderie of millions, transforming the few remaining into mystical artifacts.

A *spectrum of good hope* is an elaborate glass or crystal bauble, hanging from a silver chain. It sparkles with color in even the duller light, and holding it instills a sense of peace and generosity. Between sunset and sunrise, or when surrounded by magically darkness, the *spectrum* automatically glows with the power of a *daylight* spell. All humanoids within its light gain a +4 morale bonus to saving throws against mind-affecting effects that rely on negative emotions, as per the *unbreakable heart* spell (see *Pathfinder Chronicles: Gods and Magic*). On the night of the winter solstice, the radius of a *spectrum's* light and magical influence extends to 300 feet.

DESTRUCTION

A *spectrum of good hope* can be shattered by close friends, lovers or siblings who mutually agree that doing so will save their relationship.

inspired in them.

Not every Zonzon finds its way to the dark god's side, however. Many believe that Shelyn annually grants a year of life to a single, random Zonzon. Depending on how it was cared for during Crystalhue, and the nature of its sibling, the new soulbound doll (see *Pathfinder #7*) can bring weal or woe to the community that created it.

The Church's Role

Officially, the church of Shelyn takes no active role in the events of

Crystalhue beyond performing the scores of marriage ceremonies that usually cap the celebrations. The church wants the populace to freely embrace the goodwill of the Eternal Rose, rather than force any doctrine upon the bored or unwilling. The solstice is a day of rest for the acolytes, who are encouraged to spend time with friends and loved ones as equals, rather than leaders.

That said, the church does involve itself heavily in the holiday's preparation. Most sponsdor free

cooking, dye-making or sewing classes several weeks prior to the event to help the inexperienced develop their skills. The more experienced clerics of Shelyn spend their time among the flock, counseling them in the ways of forgiveness and preparing them to make amends on the coming solstice. The celebration is important for fostering a sense of commonality and keeping the populace's spirits high during the lonely months ahead and Shelyn's faithful would be remiss if they did not support that. ☼

Ads

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Kellid Fetishes



Kellid Fetishes

By Ryan Costello, Jr.
Art by Chris "Raven" H.

Non-Kellid Pathfinders that venture into territories like Numeria and the Realms of the Mammoth Lords have nothing but derogatory words to describe the locals. Barbaric. Savage. A common joke is that they are the "other half-orcs". The more civilized cultures say these people, the Kellids, are barely human. They do not see how few differences separate a Kellid from a civilized human.

Kellids are human to the core. They hunger. They are driven to mate. They need to prove themselves. They even play games. What "civilized" humans try to forget is that within every one of them is the potential for Kellid savagery. Any human deprived of food and shelter eventually gets desperate. If they do not fight to eat and find a

place to sleep, they die. This is the root of city-dwellers' hate for the Kellid. They see these savages and fear that this is something they could become.

The majority of the world fails to see the lush history and complex culture that forced the Kellids to hold on to their animal instincts as the rest of the world evolved differently. Their lives are defined by rituals and events. They cling to traditions to stay alive. As time goes on and the modern world changes, Kellids survive by clinging to their base instincts and abiding by the animalistic rules by which they live.

Of Bones, Claws, Feathers, and Teeth

Civilized humans dress more modestly than Kellids. They cover their skin to protect themselves from

the elements, a response to a basic need. Then they decorate themselves with jewelry, dyes, vanities, and other accessories. After the basic needs are met, civilized humans use their clothes to demonstrate social status and self-awareness. They dress up to show they can afford more than just the basics.

Kellids wear very little to prepare their skin for the elements. Seasons change and a tribe can never guarantee they will have enough pelts to keep warm or tents to keep dry. However, even without the basics met, Kellids decorate themselves just like civilized humans. They hang necklaces with bones, claws, feathers and teeth. Animal hides, head and all, are worn as cloaks through all seasons. Kellids wear these fetishes to demonstrate ability and victories. They dress up to show that they have achieved more than just the basics.

Kellid boys and girls are not considered adults until they have undergone the Red Hands ritual, so named because this is the young Kellid's first opportunity to kill. A Kellid child leaves the tribe with whatever they can carry and ventures to survive in the wild as a predator. They return with trophies of their kills which are handed over to apothecaries for inspection. After throwing out any parts belonging to old or diseased creatures, the remaining trophies are made into a fetish with the most significant trophy as the centerpiece.

The Red Hand ritual begins when the Kellid child so chooses and ends when they feel the need to return. This has resulted in impetuous youths running off before they are strong enough to survive and returning with nothing but a few herbivore bones, forever marking them as a weakling.

Kellid Fetishes

Traits?

Several articles in this issue of the *Wayfinder* reference the optional traits rules. More information about traits can be found in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Character Traits Web Enhancement* located at <http://paizo.com/traits>.

Other times, patient teenage Kellids have gone from not being considered adults to being high ranking members of the tribe.

The differences between Kellid children and Kellid adults in the eyes of the tribe are many. Adults gain the right to vote on tribal matters. They join in on hunts and forages. They gain a role in the tribe based on their fetish centerpiece. Finally, they gain the right to marry and bear children.

The Meaning of Fetishes

Kellid fetishes are pivotal to their culture. Everything from their ascension to adulthood, their place in the community, their choice of mate, and how they are remembered in death is tied to the fetishes they make for themselves. The centerpiece of a fetish is judged as the trophy that best defines the skills of the tribe member upon their return from the Red Hand ritual. A bone centerpiece means the tribe member has skilled hands and is well suited for skilled labor like fire building and sewing. A claw centerpiece means the tribe member is clever, well suited for tactical planning or stealthy combat. A feather centerpiece means the tribe member is resourceful, well

suiting for managing camp or child rearing. Finally, a tooth centerpiece means the tribe member is fierce, an ideal hunter or sentry.

Magic Trait

Illiteracy is endemic among the Kellid.

Illiteracy: You do not know how to read and write in any language, not even those you can speak. You automatically fail any Linguistics skill check involving writing. However, you gain a +2 trait bonus on saving throws against spells and effects based on writing, such as glyphs, sigils, and symbols.

This trait can only be taken at 1st level. You lose this trait if you ever learn to read and write.

Racial Trait

The following trait is available only to a Kellid who has passed the Red Hand ritual; a Kellid without this trait is not considered an adult by his people.

Red Hand Fetish (Kellid): Every Kellid adult owns a fetish made of trophies they captured during the Red Hand ritual. Typically a fetish is a necklace, but it can also be a headdress, ornate belt, or other worn item. Note that this bonus is not provided by the fetish – it represents the skills the Kellid used during the Red Hand ritual in acquiring the fetish. Removing the fetish does not negate the bonus, nor does wearing the fetish provide the bonus.

A player can either randomly

determine her character's fetish or, with the GM's approval, choose the type of fetish that best suits her character. The fetishes listed here are examples of creatures associated with their bonus. They can be replaced by similar creatures. For example, wolf bones could be substituted with coyote bones, goblins teeth with kobold teeth, etc.

Random Fetishes

Type of Fetish (1d4)

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1 | Bone Fetish |
| 2 | Claw Fetish |
| 3 | Feather Fetish |
| 4 | Tooth Fetish |

Bone Fetish

Badger: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Sleight of Hand skill checks, and Sleight of hand is a class skill for you.

Gearsman: When fighting constructs, ignore their immunity to death from massive damage.

Rabbit: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Acrobatics skill checks, and Acrobatics is a class skill for you.

Raccoon: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Disable Device skill checks, and Disable Device is a class skill for you.

Wolf: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Stealth skill checks, and Stealth is a class skill for you.

Claw Fetish

Ankheg: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Heal skill checks, and Heal is a class skill for you.

Baboon: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Climb skill checks, and Climb is a

Random Fetishes

Bone Fetish (1d6)

- | | |
|-----|----------|
| 1-2 | Rabbit |
| 3 | Raccoon |
| 4 | Badger |
| 5 | Wolf |
| 6 | Gearsman |

Claw Fetish (1d6)

- | | |
|-----|-----------|
| 1-2 | Baboon |
| 3 | Lion |
| 4 | Ankheg |
| 5 | Dire Bear |
| 6 | Dragon |

Feather Fetish (1d6)

- | | |
|-----|----------------|
| 1-2 | Brown Feathers |
| 3 | Black Feathers |
| 4 | White Feathers |
| 5 | Red Feathers |
| 6 | Multi-Hued |

Tooth Fetish (1d6)

- | | |
|-----|------------|
| 1-2 | Goblin |
| 3 | Gnoll |
| 4 | Hippogriff |
| 5 | Cheetah |
| 6 | Mammoth |

class skill for you.

Dire Bear: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Perception skill checks and Perception is a class skill for you.

Dragon: Choose a type of energy. You gain energy resistance 2 against that energy type.

Lion: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Survival skill checks, and Survival is a class skill for you.

Feather Fetish

Black: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Intimidate skill checks, and Intimidate is a class skill for you.

Brown: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Handle Animal skill checks, and Handle Animal is a class skill for you.

Colorful: You gain either a +1 trait bonus to the DC of any saving throws against pattern spells you cast, or a +2 trait bonus on saving throws against illusion spells or effects. Once this choice is made, it cannot be changed.

Red: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Bluff skill checks, and Bluff is a class skill for you.

White: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Diplomacy skill checks, and Diplomacy is a class skill for you.

Tooth Fetish

Cheetah: When you run or charge, your base speed increases by 5 feet. You lose the benefits of this talent if you are wearing medium or heavy armor or carrying a medium or heavy load.

Gnoll: You gain a +1 trait bonus on attack rolls against Medium creatures.

Goblin: You gain a +1 trait bonus on attack rolls against Small creatures.

Hippogriff: You gain a +1 trait bonus on Fly skill checks, and Fly is a class skill for you.

Mammoth: You gain a +1 trait bonus on attack rolls against Large or larger creatures. ☼



Tales from the Front: Life in Korvosa, part 2



Tales from the Front: Life in Korvosa, part 2

By Ernesto "Montalve" Ramirez
Art by Kay "Kayos" Thomas

I was floating in darkness for an eternity surrounded by nothingness, the smell of incense and alcohol making me dizzy. I moaned in pain and something fresh touched my face, soothing—the pain goes. There are voices and the sound of money changing hands.

"I am sorry, this is not enough."

Clanking sounds dominated the darkness along with an oppressive dry heat. That wasn't what disturbed Natalia. Silver against iron that creates a peculiar ring, and she heard it. She opened her eyes slowly and searched for that distinct sound in the darkness. Filtering out the louder noises wasn't easy, but she had practice, having

grown up in this forge.

"Hey there! Are you alive?"

A woman below looked up at her, banging the pipe works with a dagger frantically to get Natalia's attention. Natalia looked down, noticing the dagger first. She instinctively went for hers, but felt too dizzy to wield it. Natalia then recognized the silhouette's voice.

"Lady Yocasta?" she said, "Customers are not supposed to be inside the workshop!" Natalia began to move. She was crammed between the pipe works where she had fallen asleep... for Torag knows how long. She began to let herself down hesitantly, and Lady Yocasta tried to help until she

was met with an outstretched hand to back away. "I am okay. It's just not easy to sleep there," Natalia lied.

Most people only noticed Yocasta's height and the strength of her sword arm. With eyes as fiery as her short hair, she had been always a good judge of character—something was amiss.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Natalia answered, annoyed.

"I have only gotten good references about the quality of your craftsmanship miss, yet I haven't seen any of it," Lady Yocasta said with casual criticism.

Natalia knew this tone all too well. Lord Lictor Ravencroft, the lady's father, used it often the few times he visited them. She was one of his soldiers, a Hellknight like her father. The dark armor and devil's engraving had made it clear the first day they met. Now, seeing her dressed only in a leather tunic with mail below, it seemed strange to see the Inheritor's symbol hanging from her neck, so strange that Natalia couldn't resist touching the beautiful holy symbol before the woman could stop her. Annoyed, Lady Yocasta stepped back defensively.

"Masterful craftsmanship," said Natalia as she turned around and walked toward her space inside the workshop, a small room cluttered with cogs, metal bands, tubes and metal pieces of different sizes. In the middle of a jumbled mess on the table sat an unfinished crossbow, of undeniable beauty. The original crossbow had been both sturdy and efficient, now it was aesthetical and practical, able to hold extra bolts at the side which could be quickly loaded into the weapon, doubling its rate of fire. "As you can see Lady Yocasta, she is almost ready. Come back tomorrow."

The redheaded Hellknight took the weapon with reverence, testing its weight and trigger. Natalia cringed as the woman touched her unfinished

work and bither tongue before reacting; Maestre Malin would not be happy if the Lady Yocasta complained about her treatment. Natalia's father would also be displeased if he heard about her 'ratty' appearance, her hair was unattended and she hadn't had a clean change of clothes for days. It was only then that Natalia saw her vial of pesh on the table, just between some spare parts. Natalia froze at the thought of Lady Yocasta discovering that, but the Hellknight was still completely fixated on the crossbow. Natalia made her way casually to the table and slipped the bottle into her coat while Lady Yocasta imagined herself aiming the weapon at a living target.

"Magnificent, Crow! All I have heard of you is true. I hope I can test it tomorrow," she said, a pleased smile on her lips.

"Test her," Natalia eyes narrowed as she advanced toward the taller woman.

The Lady's smile faded, giving way to a confused expression "Excuse me?"

Trembling, Natalia took the crossbow and replaced it on her table, cleaning it as if it had been soiled by filthy hands. "I said test her, its your weapon I know... but a weapon like this must be treated as a friend or a lover, not a thing... that is a sure way of having her fail you when you need her most."

The smile returned to the warrior. "You and he have more in common than you'd both think. Heh, sorry, I know it's a delicate business," Yocasta said apologetically, when the artisan turned toward the Hellknight, furious eyes glaring at her. Then Lady Yocasta noticed something and extended her hand toward the girl's face. Natalia was fast, but her drugged reflexes failed to best the Hellknight's diligence; the heavy hand reached her face and turned it to show the left side. There Yocasta saw clearly the white eye and

the burnt skin around it. Yocasta was a fierce woman who certainly had seen her share of wounds in battle, but not on such delicate face. "You were not like this the last time we met, what happened girl?"

Natalia hated pushed her hand away. "An accident," she snipped. "Now go. I have your weapon to finish."

Though suspicious of the girl's words, the Hellknight could do nothing. After all, she lacked jurisdiction, and by law, she was only her commander's bastard. Besides, Yocasta loved mysteries, she would keep an eye on this one for a while, but for now, she would respect Natalia's wishes and move on.

"Finally," Natalia breathed the words with relief as the Hellknight left. Her body trembling, she pulled the pesh vial from her pocket but found something odd inside with it, a harrow card with two crows walking along a path. It was in bad shape, but she remembered it. She had found it yesterday while working along the pipes. Natalia then noticed that there was something written on the back. Natalia began trembling hard, her skin paling as she read the words. "Gaedrem... Gaedrem Lamm," she said in a whisper. He was a monster of a man, to some a boogieman. Someone had information on him... and where Lamm could be found, Yarguin would not be far away.

Her eyes widened as she noticed the time for the meeting. "Sunset? Today or was it yesterday?" She began to rush. She catalogued her gear desperately to make sure she had everything. Yes, she had it all: the scissor blades of her own creation on her belt, the small crossbow and bolts in her backpack, her 'exotic' tools hidden along the belt pouches.

Trembling with desire, she glanced at the pesh vial still in her hand and

considered drinking a few drops, but put it back with what she had left of her will. "No... I need my mind clear," she said, "Even if it hurts."

She arrived to the 3rd of Lancet Street just before sunset. There was no one around and the place looked as if it had been abandoned for a couple weeks. The door was open, so she let herself in.

Once, this place would have been cozy, but now it was a mess. Not too different than her face, she thought. A thick carpet of dust covered everything, except where footprints had brushed the floor clean. There had been a group of people around a table recently. Natalia looked around in desperation hoping against hope to find something. She spent hours waiting for someone to come, but she remained alone. Finally in frustration she kicked a chair sending shooting pains through her foot. Angry, she went to the table and pulled her vial of pesh from her pocket ready to drink it, but when she took it out the card with the crows fell from her coat onto the table. Then she saw it. Written on the table in the dust, highlighted by the card, were three small lines:

Old Fishery.

Westpier 17.

Have Faith.

Natalia felt her hope returning and a smile crossed her face. She left in a hurry knowing the place written on the table. She had been there with her mother many times before to buy fish when she was a child until the owner disappeared in the Jeggare. People said a devilfish had gotten him, but only the gods really knew. In her haste, Natalia did not stop to consider the source of the message, and as soon as she was gone, the words erased themselves as if an invisible hand had passed over the dust. ☼

Drugs of Golarion



Drugs of Golarion

By Hal Maclean

Art by Ashton "N'Wah" Sperry

Drugs and addiction offer wonderful opportunities to tell gripping stories and to build interesting characters. However, they also have the potential to rip a gaming group apart if handled in an insensitive way. Game Masters should think carefully before deciding to introduce addictive drugs into their campaigns. Those who wish to explore these themes can use the rules for addiction and the sample drugs in their article as a starting point.

Aitaif

The azure beans that create this beverage were first discovered in Mwangi by Chelish explorers more than 800 years ago but soon spread to any land with a suitable climate.

When ground up into a powder, and mixed with slightly warm milk, aitaif becomes a startlingly blue and frothy drink. Popular as a morning pick-me-up, aitaif reduces the amount of rest needed to recover from fatigue to four hours (instead of the normal eight). People taking aitaif get hooked unless they make a DC 5 Fortitude save. Aitaif is a mildly addictive drug. Withdrawal begins after 1 day, with two DC 10 Fortitude saves at one day intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal suffer a -2 penalty to Constitution and Intelligence and relapse on a failed DC 10 Will saving throw.

Barrow Yolk

The traisi bird, originally native to Geb but now a blight found in

many countries, lays eggs capable of absorbing some tiny spark of necromantic energy if nesting sufficiently close to a fresh grave. When altered by this energy the normally scarlet streaks found along the lengths of these eggs grow noticeable darker and earn their nickname of barrow eggs. Users must boil barrow eggs and then carefully peel away everything save the yolk. Those who do this incorrectly risk getting nauseated (Fortitude DC 15) for one hour due to the mild poison that permeates the rest of the egg. Barrow yolk renders users all but impervious to pain and deprivation. They gain the equivalent of the Endurance and Diehard feats for eight hours after taking it and then become exhausted. People taking barrow yolk get hooked unless they make a DC 10 Fortitude save. Barrow yolk is an extremely addictive drug. Withdrawal begins after one day, with four DC 12 Fortitude saves at one week intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal are fatigued and opponents automatically confirm critical hits against them. They relapse on a failed DC 10 Will saving throw.

Deadeye

Alchemists believe the formula for this milky liquid was first conceived in ancient Osirion millennia ago but now virtually anyone with the sufficient talent can manufacture it (Craft (alchemy) DC 20). Deadeye takes immediate effect if dropped into the open eye. Long-term users of deadeye eventually lose their original eye color and develop a disturbing grayish sheen instead. Deadeye grants temporary bursts of energy and inspiration. Users get a +2 bonus to all Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma-based checks for

Addictions

Game Masters who want to use addiction in their game can employ the rules below.

Getting Hooked: Users must make a Fortitude save each time they take an addictive substance. When they fail this saving throw they become addicts.

Withdrawal: Once its effects wear off addicts begin to experience a craving for their drug. This craving is represented by some sort of debility. Addicts must make one or more Fortitude saves (at set intervals) in order to shake off the symptoms of withdrawal. Until they make all their saving throws they continue to suffer the effects of withdrawal. Note, since this craving comes due to the absence of a foreign substance rather than its presence; spells such as *neutralize poison* have no effect in mitigating the symptoms of withdrawal.

Relapse: Addicts suffering from withdrawal who get an opportunity to take their drug of choice must make a Will save to avoid doing so. Those who fail this save take whatever steps are necessary to gain access to the drug. However, some drugs exert a greater hold than others and this influences how far addicts are willing to go to get their fix. Addicts automatically make their saving throw if required to do too much. Game Masters should use the four categories of addiction levels below as guides to determine the sorts of things addicts might do if they relapse.

Extreme: Violation of core beliefs, major violence against loved ones

Strong: Degradation, significant crimes, major violence or betrayals

Moderate: Humiliation, petty crime, minor violence or betrayals

Mild: Lies or other deceptions, stealing the drug itself

Note, these examples assume a relatively normal person. Addicts with unusual worldviews (for instance, a casual attitude towards violence but an abhorrence of lying) might prioritize things differently.

Drug Name	Cost	Addiction DC	Withdrawal DC	Relapse DC	Withdrawal Penalties
Aitaif	5 sp	DC 5 Fort	DC 10 Fort	DC 10 Will	-2 Con and Int
Barrow Yolk	5 gp	DC 10 Fort	DC 12 Fort	DC 10 Will	fatigue, auto-confirm crits
Deadeye	1 gp	DC 12 Fort	DC 10 Fort	DC 10/20 Will*	blinded/-5 Perception
Drumbulb	3 sp	DC 8 Fort	DC 10 Fort	DC 16 Will	-2 Perception
Jollygum	8 sp	DC 6 Fort	DC 10 Fort	DC 10 Will	-2 Cha
Wetglass	1 gp	DC 10 Fort	DC 12 Fort	DC 15 Will	-2 Dex, Sickened

*see description

one hour, after which they become dazzled for eight hours. People taking deadeye get hooked unless they make a DC 12 Fortitude save. Deadeye is an extremely addictive drug. Withdrawal begins after three days, with five DC 10 Fortitude saves at one day intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal must make a DC 20 Perception check at the start of each day. Those who fail their check become blind for the remainder of the day while those who succeed suffer a -5 penalty on all Perception checks (except the one to determine if they lose their sight at the start of the next day). Addicts

currently able to see relapse on a failed DC 10 Will saving throw, while blind addicts relapse on a failed DC 20 Will save.

Drumbulb

These specially dried greenish white mushrooms were first popularized in Taldor more than 500 years ago but now sybarites in many lands partake. Users must break the stem of a drumbulb and then, after placing it in one of their ears, gently tap it. This releases puffs of spores that swiftly transport the user to a state of blissful tranquility that makes it difficult for them to take any action. It

also causes the user to experience the pulse of each heart beat as a moment of extraordinary pleasure. Users of drumbulb are staggered but also become immune to all mind-affecting effects for the next four hours. People taking drumbulb get hooked unless they make a DC 8 Fortitude save. Drumbulb is a moderately addictive drug. Withdrawal begins after four days, with two DC 10 Fortitude saves at one week intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal suffer a -2 penalty on all Perception checks and relapse on a failed DC 16 Will saving throw.

Drugs of Golarion



Jollygum

According to the legend, the gnomes brought vingeron seedlings with them when they journeyed to the mortal realm and then planted them throughout the world. Whether based on fact or fable, vingeron trees do produce a sweet orange and purple sap that, if properly boiled, dries into chewable beads. Jollygum retains its consistency and syrupy flavor for hours in even the most determined of mouths. Long-term "chewers" eventually develop dark orange stains on their teeth. Users of jollygum develop a modest talent for empathy which they find quite pleasant. They gain a +1 bonus to Diplomacy checks for six hours. People taking jollygum get hooked unless they make a DC 6 Fortitude save. Jollygum is a mildly addictive drug. Withdrawal begins

after one day, with three DC 10 Fortitude saves at two day intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal suffer -2 penalty to Charisma and relapse on a failed DC 10 Will saving throw.

Wetglass

In the Soddan Lands, not long after the rain began to fall, artisans discovered strange properties in the sand found lining the bottoms of its former lakes and rivers. Glass made from this sand, and only this sand, retained a strangely moist quality by manifesting dark liquid beads on its surface. Though useless for traditional purposes this glass, if shattered and used to make shallow cuts, caused the injured to find delight in even the most mundane of objects or surroundings. Users of wetglass

become fascinated for one hour, and then suffer a -2 penalty to initiative and Perception checks for four hours. Once used to cut a creature a piece of wetglass dries and crumbles into a fine black powder. Users typically obtain a sheet of wetglass and then break it into many smaller chunks. People taking wetglass get hooked unless they make a DC 10 Fortitude save. Wetglass is an extremely addictive drug. Withdrawal begins after one day, with three DC 12 Fortitude saves at two day intervals to overcome withdrawal. Addicts in withdrawal experience tremors and queasiness; they suffer a -2 Penalty to Dexterity and become sickened. They relapse on a failed DC 15 Will saving throw. ✧

REPORTING FROM THE UNDERDARK, THE FEYWILD AND ALL DEMI-PLANES IN-BETWEEN

Every month, our crack team of investigative kobold correspondents share glittering nuggets of knowledge about game mastery, adventure design and all the latest goings-on at Open Design, Paizo and WotC.

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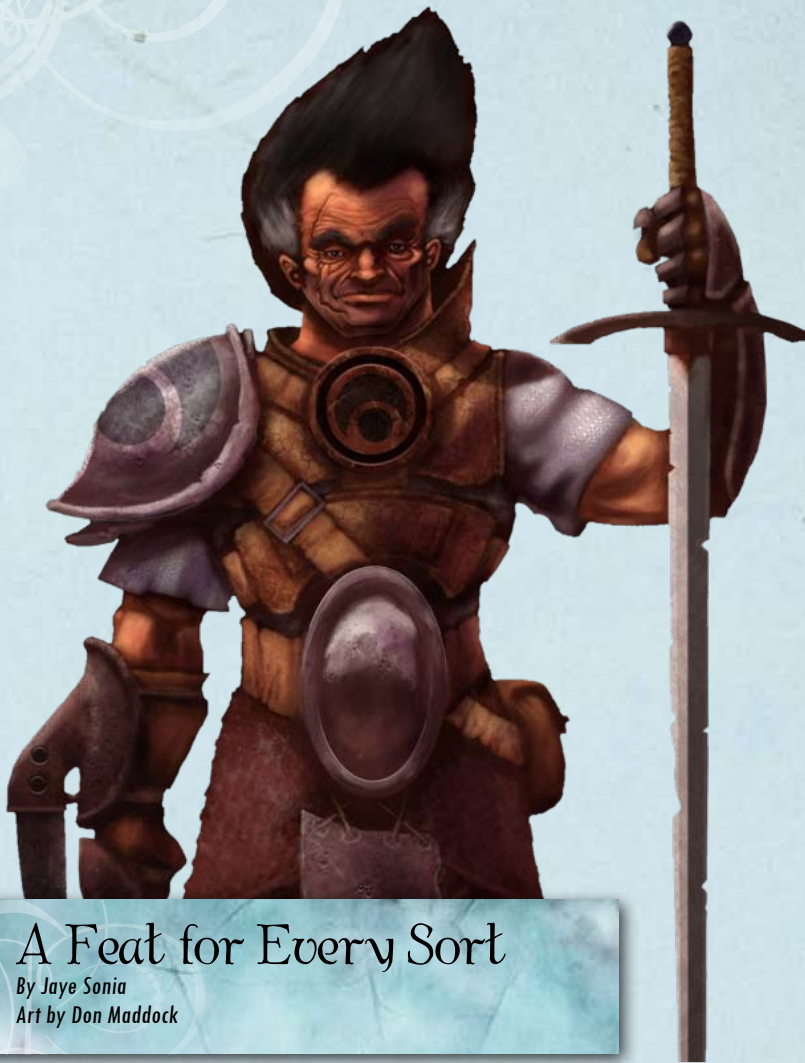
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A Feat for Every Sort



A Feat for Every Sort

By *Jaye Sonia*

Art by *Don Maddock*

Introduced in the Legacy of Fire Player's Guide (pg 28 - 29), achievement feats are special feats that allow players to customize their characters by meeting campaign or class specific benchmarks. For the GM, achievement feats allow them to tailor specific campaign goals with a feat as a reward. Whether the GM wants the PCs to destroy one hundred of the Dead Hand's followers or save 35 peasants from the village of Shantonhawk, he can pepper his campaign with these specialized feats as a tool to reward his players. In addition, a GM may

use some of the class specific achievements feats to reward or entice his players in less specialized campaigns.

Adept of the Flame (Achievement)

You've harnessed the power of your magic and rained down devastation upon your enemies.

Prerequisite: Bloodline class feature. Deal a cumulative total of 1000 points of fire damage to enemies in combat.

Benefit: Add +1 to the DC for all saving throws against spells with the fire descriptor. This bonus stacks

with the bonus from Spell Focus and Greater Spell Focus.

Battle Cleric (Achievement)

As a priest of battle, you have embraced the ways of war and enter into battle without restraint.

Prerequisite: Access to the War domain. Kill or assist in killing at least 50 creatures with a CR equal to or greater than your level.

Benefit: While wearing metal armor you are proficient with and displaying your deity's holy symbol, you gain the benefit of armor training as a fighter of level equal to your cleric level -3. If you have levels in fighter, add your cleric level -3 to determine your level of armor training.

Cathartic Rage (Achievement)

You have taken so much damage while enraged that you have learned to extend the clarity of purpose your rage provides beyond its normal, emotional constraints.

Prerequisite: Wis 13, rage class feature. Take a cumulative total of 500 points of damage while raging.

Benefit: After raging, postpone your fatigue by a number of rounds equal to your Wisdom bonus. During these rounds, you add your Wisdom bonus on attack rolls. You cannot enter a rage during these rounds.

Master of the Open Palmed Defense (Achievement)

You are dedicated to self-perfection, and see unarmed combat as a natural example of that perfection.

Prerequisite: Flurry of blows class feature. Defeat (not necessarily kill) 25 characters with monk levels and a CR equal to or greater than your level in unarmed combat.

A Feat for Every Sort



Benefit: When unencumbered and unarmored, you gain an enhancement bonus to Wisdom equal to half your monk level (or whatever class grants you an AC bonus) for the purpose of determining AC and CMD only.

25 creatures with the aberration type whose CR is equal to or greater than your level.

Benefit: While in animal, elemental, or plant form, you receive a +4 bonus to your Combat Maneuver Defense whenever an opponent tries to grapple you.

Benefit: Add +3 to the DC for all Will saving throws against your bardic performances.

Savior of the People (Achievement)

You have championed the meek, healed the sick, and carried your light into the darkest of places.

Prerequisite: Lay on hands class feature. Use your lay on hands ability to cure a cumulative total of 500 points of damage to non-combatants or to allies outside of combat.

Benefit: When you use your lay on hands class feature, the amount of damage you heal is increased by half.

Unshaken (Achievement)

You have faced fear and overcome it.


Prerequisite: Bravery class feature. Successfully save against 25 fear effects in combat.

Benefit: Your bravery bonus also applies to Will saves against compulsion effects. If you are affected by a compulsion or fear spell or effect and fail your saving throw, you can attempt it again 1 round later at the same DC. You get only this one extra chance to succeed on your saving throw.

Voice of the Magister (Achievement)

You have mastered the ancient art of glossolalia. Your spoken spells resonate with that power.

Prerequisite: You must use a spellbook to prepare spells. Cast 35 different spells that have verbal components.

Benefit: Add +1 to the DC for all saving throws against spells with a verbal component. This bonus stacks with the bonus from Spell Focus and Greater Spell Focus. 

Nimble Fingers (Achievement)

Your ability to palm objects is quick, nimble, and practiced.

Prerequisite: Successfully use Sleight of Hand to lift objects from 50 different targets without their knowledge.

Benefit: When using Sleight of Hand as a move action, you suffer only a -5 penalty to the check.

Normal: When using Sleight of Hand as a move action, you suffer a -20 penalty to the check.

Predator (Achievement)

You have dedicated your life to hunting and killing your favored enemies.

Prerequisite: Favored enemy class feature. Track and kill 100 creatures of types you've selected as your favored enemies.

Benefit: Add your Wisdom bonus (if any) on attack rolls made to confirm a critical hit against creatures of types you've selected as your favored enemies.

Resonant Voice (Achievement)

You have mastered the art of presentation and public speaking, making your performances difficult to ignore.

Prerequisite: Bardic performance class feature. Affect a total of 300 opponents with your bardic performances (fascinate, suggestion, dirge of doom, frightening tune, or deadly performance).

Nature's Wrath (Achievement)

You have actively sought to destroy the abominations of the world and have learned how to anticipate their common physical attacks.

Prerequisite: Wild shape class feature. While in animal, elemental, or plant form, kill or assist in killing

Dear Ask a Shoanti:

I love my new three-bedroom guesthouse on Lake Ocota. Given recent market trends and prevailing interest rates do you think I should go with a variable mortgage or should I lock in for a fixed term?

Sincere Regards,
Mortgaged in the Mwangi

Dear M&M:

Either may be suitable depending on your personal level of risk tolerance for the sustainable future. Regardless, however, in this competitive market, do not neglect to negotiate with your banker. Bring your earthbreaker. We on the Storval plateau have recently seen such excellent rates as "0%", "0% with apology" and "-1% with sniveling and begging". It's time to think strategically and empower your portfolio.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

Sigur and the Wolf



Sigur and the Wolf

By Eoin “vagrant-poet” Brennan
Art by Marc Radle

Sigur trod the snow under foot; it crunched under his heavy winter boots. Screams echoed in his ears even two days later. He shook his head, but it did not help. He trudged onwards, old toothless Rogur’s magic torch in one hand, Hygnar’s great blade in the other, a blade whose flat edge had struck him many times in disdain. Anger burned bloody and hot within him. Again he shook his head, struggling to forget the first victim he discovered, a girl he had once hoped to tumble in the straw with. Her dead, open eyes haunted him as he followed the near invisible trail.

His fist clenched. The boy, become a man in all but name two seasons past,

raised his face to the darkening sky and howled to shake the very heavens. He prayed that the gods looked down upon him, that Gorum smiled at the ferocity of his rage. Battle would soon be met, blood spilt on the fresh snow. He trudged onwards, grinning maniacally at the thought of rivers of steaming, iron-scented justice.

He approached the dark boughs of the wood. Here the murderers of his village would be found. Even now, he imagined their cries of victory, mocking his slow advance, weighed down by hastily donned armor he had taken from the fallen after claiming Hygnar’s blade.

Cold bit at his fingers and toes, but rage kept him warm. The wolves of

the Morr Wood, led by a supernatural white-furred wolf lay beyond, their hellish howls taunting the very gods. Every winter for longer than memory they had attacked the village – now the village lay dead. All but Sigur! He gritted his teeth and strode into the wood, his face dark with purpose.

“Come dogs!” he bellowed. Never a tactful child, his mother often said he was best suited to not much thinking at all. At this, Hygnar and the men would laugh. Rage built within him. “Come, face death, I walk among you!”

Shadows appeared in the darkness surrounding him after a mile. He strode onwards, bellowing insults, sure the wolves would understand. Long legs propelled him forward. He held the unquenchable torch high, spreading its light as far as possible, bellowing his challenge to the universe.

He stopped in a clearing, dark figures now surrounding him. No wolves had been among the dead in the village, but he had smelled their blood, seen the tracks where their fallen had been dragged away. Eyes glinted from the dark, reflecting his torch’s light in a dull red.

He dropped the torch into the snow in front of him and raised Hygnar’s blade high in both hands. Thus prepared, he screamed his challenge at the wolves, “Come! Face me! May you die forever!”

Four great beasts came forward from within the encompassing darkness of the trees, slinking into the dim light at the furthest limits of the sizzling torch’s illumination. They snarled and barked at him, teeth bared. Sigur roared in rage, bellowing wordlessly, and the largest of the wolves took up his challenge, charging to face him, followed swiftly by the others.

Sigur had not been just full of bravado, and at just the right time, he swung his sword down upon the leading wolf with mighty force, biting deeply into its

Sigur and the Wolf



great flank, its momentum slowed and diverted by the force of his blow.

The other were then upon him. The first bit into his thigh drawing hot blood, his mingling with that of the slain wolf, painting the snow for Gorum's pleasure. They were all on him then, biting, snarling, dragging him to the ground. He fell and felt teeth bite him across the back of the neck. His vision swam red with rage as he rose to his feet, sloughing off the beasts as they sought to bring low his mighty frame. He reached behind his head with one hand, swinging his sword wildly with the other to keep the others at bay and grabbed the wolf by the upper jaw still sunk into his neck.

Tearing its teeth from flesh and knotted muscle, he dropped the wolf to the ground and turned as it sought to rise from where it had fallen from his towering shoulders. He brought his blade to bear, yet more blood spraying upon the snow and upon him, mingling with the blood that flowed from his own ravaged neck.

The remaining two circled him more warily now. Seeking to flank him, they leapt in to attack at the same time. He kicked one of the beasts away from him, but the other bit him on the calf trying to trip him. He roared in pain and swung his mighty blade in a desperate rage, dispatching the beast, and then with another swift blow felled the last.

His heaving breaths formed clouds; blood began to slow in its pumping from his wounds. Exhaustion from the battle sought to bring him to his knees. His head lolled, but memories swam into vision, the men, their scornful laugh, he was nothing but a dumb brute to them; the village, now a charnel house of horror; Hygnar and the men, ambushed on the road from the docks, dead and scattered.

He shook his head. There was battle yet to be done. As his vision cleared

he could have sworn he saw three female figures watching him, but when the darkness fully cleared there was nothing but dead wolves and darkened trees and he was still on his feet. His sudden grin was savage.

"I curse you beasts! And the land you walk upon!" Sigur said, vowing to find their leader and exact his punishment upon it.

He strode onwards, never stumbling, the cold finally staunching his wounds though he left a grim trail behind him. He thought nothing of his wounds, driven only by consuming rage. Holding aloft his recovered torch, he approached the heart of the forest thorns cutting at his legs, jabbing through his boots and rending his trousers. Hour by hour the bitter cold claimed him, seeking to lull him into a slumber held at bay only by the sharpness of his rage.

He reached the open centre of the wood past midnight, a sliver of a moon and stars visible above him, the clouds long passed. He stood, his breath forming a thick white mist, cold wrapping him like a blanket. It was almost calm, peaceful.

"Show yourself! Foul dog! A curse upon your every footstep!" His roar shattered the serenity like a thousand fragments of glass. "Face me, so that you may know terror!"

A sickening, inhuman laugh filled the clearing, mocking him. Blood rushed to his face, and ears. Years of mockery taunted him, years of rage. The great beast padded softly, strolling into the clearing.

"Terror!" it barked. "I see only a village boy. You'd have done better to have fled, as your *brave* –" it laced the word with sarcastic venom, "– warriors sought to do."

"Enough lies, white beast," Sigur said, "face me, and I shall paint the snow with you as I did your ilk!"

The air thickened around the beast's

snearing maw, freezing further than just the cold warranted then suddenly condensing and solidifying. It opened great jaws wide as Sigur lurched forward, charging it.

Frigid air washed over him, seeking to flash freeze the very marrow in his bones. He lost valuable momentum as his joints froze and the cold sapped his ability to move with speed. The wolf pounced upon him then, near the size of a stallion, all matted silvery fur and reeking yellowed teeth. It bit his stomach, sharp, unnaturally cold teeth piercing his armor, chilling his blood. As it ducked back, his rage-fueled counterattack was a herculean effort, roaring as he landed a great blow across its back.

It howled in agony, unaccustomed to pain, and barrelled into him, knocking him onto his back, Hygnar's blade landing nearby. The wolf leapt at him, but he rolled sideways, avoiding deadly jaws. He retrieved his blade and turned, swinging upwards as it leapt for him, its jaws wide open. They fell as one carried by the wolf's momentum, and blood sprayed the snow one final time.

Sigur managed to push the beast's body off him as his rage faded, and with it his strength and vision. Darkness seemed to be closing in, perhaps, he thought, the old coot had lied and torch was not magical at all. Again he saw the three women, cowed, approaching him from the trees.

"More ghosts to haunt me no doubt!" he said, his voice weak. He began to cough, fitfully and clenched his fist around Hygnar's blade. "See, father, I am your son, the mighty Sigur. Worthy–," he coughed, blood dribbling down his chin. "Worthy of your name... and of mine..."

There was still a savage smile on his face when a delicate hand closed the eyelids of the warrior's dead eyes. ☼

Thematic Channeling



Thematic Channeling

By Ian "Set" Turner

Art by Matthew "TheTwitchingKing" Stilson

While the channeling of energy always has the same mechanical effects, barring the use of special feats, the deities of Golarion may leave their own distinctive signature on the ability. Any such effects are purely sensory, and even the most graphic effects can be readily identified by someone trained in Heal or Knowledge (religion) as being the result of positive or negative energy channeling, and not some other effect.

Abadar

Positive: A precise yet melodious jingling sound fills the air (associated with keys in some lands, coins in others). Those affected momentarily feel as if they are encompassed and sheltered within some vast structure that towers around them. There is a visible outline like a doorframe around the channeling priest, with warmth and light streaming in from behind him, casting him in shadow.

Undead damaged by this positive effect instead suffer the negative effects below.

Negative: A discordant sound (associated with a jailor's keys, rattling bars, or coins being lost) is heard. Those affected feel trapped, as if the walls are closing in around them (even if they are outdoors). A door is heard to blow open with a cold wind blasting from the direction of the channeling priest. Those affected are filled with a sense of danger combined with a crushing sensation and bitter cold. Those slain by this effect are found cold to the touch, both crushed and apparently mauled by wild animals (symbolically cast forth from the protection of civilization).

An undead healed by such a channeling feels instead sheltered in a grand mausoleum, similar to the effects of a positive energy channeling benefiting a living target.

Asmodeus

Negative: Those affected feel as if they have been bludgeoned with a torrential burst of heat, as if from a blast oven, and those slain by these forces appear charred and burnt. They often bear unburned areas of skin on their wrists and ankles, as if they were manacled at the time they were burned.

To undead benefiting from such a channeling, the heat is invigorating and inspiring, like the rush of warm blood through again-living flesh.

Calistria

Positive: The sweet smell of honey fills the air to those affected. They shiver with the sensation of many hands touching them, followed by a moment of sweet release that causes many to cry out in ecstasy.

Undead damaged by this effect instead feel the pain of loss and the

Thematic Channeling



sting of betrayal as old wounds, both physical and mental, reopen.

Negative: Those affected feel as if insects are crawling all over them and hear a persistent buzzing of many wings. The sensation of dozens of stingers – most commonly felt in the back, nape, and hindquarters – is followed by searing pain, as they feel venom burn through their veins. Those slain by this effect are often swollen nearly to the point of being unrecognizable, as if stung by thousands of bees or wasps. However, there is no actual venom in their system, and the effects subside within hours.

An undead creature benefiting from a negative energy channeling instead feels the sensual rush enjoyed by a living target receiving the benefits of a positive energy channeling.

Caydean Cailean

Positive: The sensation of ale pouring down one's throat is followed by a burst of warmth surging from the belly throughout the body. This 'liquid courage' dulls the senses to the pain of injury and causes wounds to fade away as if all part of a drunken dream. Limbs feel invigorated, and often move suddenly, and there is a sensation that heavy weights (shackles? responsibilities? earthly cares?) have dropped away. Those receiving this form of healing often stagger slightly, and sometimes even belch loudly at the end of the effect (considered a compliment by those of the faith).

Undead creatures damaged by such a channeling instead feel as if they are being drained of their stolen lives, and corporeal undead may begin showing signs of crumbling to dust.



Desna

Positive: All affected hear a gentle music, singing perhaps, so distant that they cannot identify it, more the memory of a song than an actual song. Their vision is filled with suggestions of dancing stars, tiny motes that caper and prance at the very edges of their vision, but are never truly visible. In an instant, a shuddering sigh passes through their bodies, as if they have arrived at some safe destination, followed by a sense of timelessness, as if they are resting in a peaceful haven, and finally a sense of an unexplained anticipation, as if a new journey is just about to begin.

Undead damaged by this effect instead feel the world spinning around them, dizzying, hostile, and uncertain, with a conflicting sense of intense cold punctuated by sharp flashes of fiery pain.

Erastil

Positive: For a moment, all affected feel a surge of strength flowing up from their toes, pulsing through them like a waterfall in reverse, finally erupting from the crown of their heads. Some feel the surge of energy as a sensual thing, primal and animalistic, while others are more likely to describe it as uplifting, familiar somehow, like an old, comfortable memory of home and family.

For undead, the sensation is instead one of overwhelming separation and loss, accompanied by a piercing pain in the very center of their being, as if struck in the heart by a spear.

Gorum

Positive: All present feel the strength of iron flow into them, from their own armor and weapons, if they bear such, but otherwise seeming to come straight from their heart, as if it was pumping molten metal through their body. Instead of pain, this creates a surge of determination, and those affected see the world in an instant through a red haze of excitement, often crying out in exultation and clashing weapons against shields or armor loudly in the heat of the moment.

Undead damaged by this effect instead suffer the negative effects below.

Negative: The cleric sweeps his fist before him, as if striking away invisible foes, and all affected feel a tremendous mailed fist slam into them, often leaving behind visible imprints of a larger-than-human fist, not only armored, but also spiked. Those slain by this effect often have crushed skulls or collapsed ribs, bearing the visible mark of a heavy impact from a spiked fist.

Undead benefiting from this energy instead experience the positive effect above.

Gozreh

Positive: All affected feel as if warm water has buoyed them upwards in a sudden swell, and noticeably rise on their toes for a moment before settling down gently. For a humanoid, the sensation of water rising around them only rises so high as their neck, while they feel a cool, sea-scented breeze upon their face, washing away pain and injury and leaving them feeling clean and dry, purified by the actions of wind and wave.



Undead feel the sensation of a hostile wind angrily pulling and tearing at them, like a living thing with deadly claws. Undead destroyed by this effect are often spun about, as if in some invisible whirlwind, and have thousands of tiny cuts upon any remaining body.

Negative: All affected feel icy water smash thunderously down upon them and feel spun about, as if trapped within a maelstrom. This moment of vertigo is all in their minds, but they may be seen to stagger slightly as it occurs. The stinging sensation of frigid salt water and icy winds seems to suck the very heat from their body, and those slain by this effect remain soaked to the skin, their bodies nearly ice-cold.

Undead benefiting from this effect feel as if the wind and thunder is at their back, buoying them up, and filling them with stolen breath and new life.

Iomedae

Positive: Those affected are filled with a sense of overwhelming rightness of action and belief. This burst of courage that does not come from within, but feels like inspiration from a great leader, exhorting one to ignore injuries and push onwards to glory.

Undead creatures damaged by this channeling experiences a moment of inexplicable shame, followed by a powerful blow, as if swept aside by an enormous shield. Undead slain by this effect are often hurled from their feet and dashed against nearby walls by the force of this effect, literally smashed aside by righteous fury.



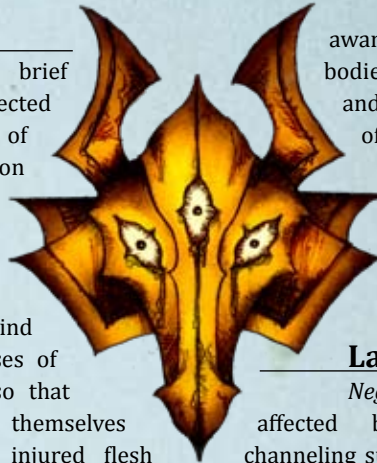
Irori

Positive: For a brief moment, those affected are minutely aware of every single portion of their body, and possess an inhuman clarity of thought. Time seems to slow around them. Their mind controls the processes of blood and breath, so that they are aware of themselves knitting their own injured flesh through some previously unknown understanding of mind over body techniques. Then the moment ends, and they are left with a memory of things they have no ability to fully comprehend, but with wounds having been visibly closed by this burst of supernatural self-awareness.

Undead suffer an equally intimate awareness of how their bodies have failed in all ways, and become aware of their tenuous hold on stolen life crumbling away, moment by moment.

Negative: Those affected become aware of their bodily functions on an intimate level, but everything seems out of control, both their bodies and their minds. As their mind races to envision each part and function, it seems that the imagination runs wild, and new horrible things that can go wrong are conceived of, and immediately begin to happen as organs fail and muscles tear. Those slain by this effect often show signs of multiple organ failure, torn muscles, and bones that have shattered inexplicably under the mere stress of standing erect.

An undead creature benefiting from such a channeling instead become



aware of their deathless bodies as perfected, and in this moment of transcendent understanding, grow even more perfected, as their forms are rebuilt.

Lamashtu

Negative: Those affected by this unkind channeling suffer harm to their reproductive organs, causing excruciating pain and a sense of loss. Those slain by this effect suffer from a grotesque bursting of the effected organs, and usually die screaming.

Undead benefiting from this channeling feel a surge of life growing within them and just as quickly dying: fuel to feed their undead metabolisms. This sensation is quite addictive to some undead, and can even drive them mad, as they attempt to recreate and maintain this sensation of life growing within their dead frames.

Clerics of Lamashtu claim that they can use this power to taint and corrupt the unborn, causing the survivors to be born as monsters, but the veracity of this claim has not been tested.

Nethys

Positive: A surge of pure magical energy washes over those affected from the direction of the channeling cleric, but stops midway through the individual's body (so that one facing the cleric will feel the energies only wash over his facing side, while his back remains untouched). The force flows like electricity over the body, creating a surge of warmth and strength, as well as a tingling sensation that leaves extremities feeling oddly swollen.

Thematic Channeling

New Feat

Some gods allow their clerics to channel both positive and negative energy. These gods are generally neutral and have domain over concepts such as rebirth or duality. A cleric must have a strong will to control such diametrically opposed energies.

Dual Channeling

You can channel both negative and positive energy.

Prerequisites: Cha 13, channel energy class feature, worshiper of Nethys or Pharasma.

Benefit: You can channel negative and positive energy. You must choose which type of energy you are channeling each time you channel energy.

In addition, if you have the ability to spontaneously cast cure or inflict spells, you can now cast either.

Normal: You must choose whether to channel either negative or positive energy when you acquire the ability.

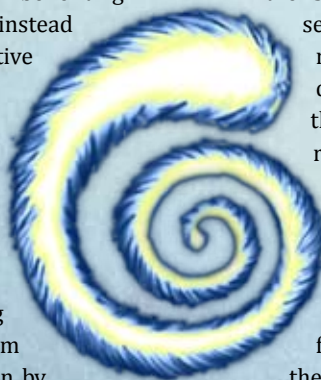
An undead creature damaged by this channeling instead experiences the negative effects below.

Negative: The same surge of energy occurs, only it progresses in an instant from invigorating to overly hot and painful, causing what looks like electrical burns in those affected. Those slain by this effect are charred and burnt, but only on the half of their body that was facing the channeling cleric.

An undead creature benefiting from this channeling instead experiences the positive effects above.

Norgorber

Negative: Those affected feel a sudden sharp pain near their left kidney, as of an assassin's blade, followed by a searing shooting pain, as of venom doing its work. Those slain by this effect have an open wound in their back, and their body shows all



a similar rush of cold and darkness throughout their being (accompanied by a sensation like poison rushing through long-dead veins, for corporeal undead) that restores and invigorates the undead.

Pharasma

Positive: Those affected see a pale grey light emanating from the cleric, while their surroundings fade into grey mist. Calm-faced spirits in the shape of men walk serenely (in an endless moment) from a distant point behind the cleric, and as they reach those affected, flow into them and imbue them with strength and whispered encouragement from beyond, closing their wounds.

Undead damaged instead experience the negative effect below,

as disapproving spirits seem to manifest and attempt to drag them back to the fate they have denied.

Negative: Those affected see the same pale light and dimming of their surroundings, but the spirits appear of threatening demeanor, howling quickly through the air with outstretched claw-like hands. When they reach those affected they tear through them, causing a sensation of pain and loss. Those slain by this channeling often bear unusual wounds, none quite like the other, perhaps somehow sharing the death-wounds of the spiritual entity that appeared to embrace them.

Undead exposed to this channeling instead experience effects similar to those for living targets benefiting from positive energy channeling, the support and comfort of fellow spirits of the dead.

Rovagug

Negative: Those affected feel a sudden rush from beneath them, and then the mashing of tremendous jaws around them. Those slain by this effect are usually mangled and smashed by an unseen jaw, their crushed bodies pierced through by invisible fangs.

Undead beings benefiting from this channeling instead feel the presence of pure destruction incarnate swell within them, allowing them to resist the effects of destruction by dint of sheer bloody-minded will and hatred, and filling them with a terrible resolve to do more violence.

There are rumors, never confirmed, that some victims of this effect lose limbs, or indeed vanish entirely, consumed and taken away bodily to feed the Rough Beast.

Sarenrae

Positive: The sun shines brightly

(if present), or a sun-like radiance pours from the channeling cleric (at night, indoors, or underground), illuminating nothing but shining only on, and through, those affected. They feel their wounds burn away painlessly in this cleansing light, and are often left with a feeling of renewed purpose.

Undead instead experience this effect as blinding light emanating from the cleric, her holy symbol, and/or her scimitar. The affected undead suffer searing agony as current or ages-old wounds momentarily ignite in flickering phantasmal flames.

Shelyn

Positive: The sound of music rises, a single perfect female voice lifted above a symphony of other voices and unidentifiable instruments. Those affected suddenly feel enraptured, as if fascinated by a bard's performance, or love-struck by the sight of an impossibly beautiful maiden. There is a brief sensation of loss and longing when the effect ends. Those affected feel as if they have been made more beautiful, their 'ugly' wounds brushed away by a painter's brush, although some claim that the 'painter's brush' feels far more like a lover's caress.

To an undead creature affected by this channeling, the sound causes a sensation like heartbreak and profound despair, as if the creature was suddenly a mortal youth, and forced to confront the ugliness of its current state. Undead destroyed by this effect are often drained of any remaining color, left blank and all-but featureless, with physical form cracked and flaking

away, like a decrepit oil painting.

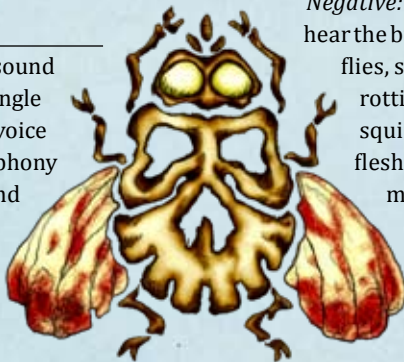
Torag

Positive: Those affected feel as if they've been hammer-struck. They see their wounds disappear, like flaws pounded out of a blade of steel, leaving only smooth unblemished skin behind. The effect is sudden and startling, and leaves behind warm, blushed skin and a slight soreness.

The effect is less pleasant for an undead creature damaged by this effect, as the hammer blows leave great wounds behind, and often burn marks.

Urgathoa

Negative: Those affected hear the buzzing of invisible flies, smell the stench of rotting meat, and feel squirming within their flesh, as if a swarm of maggots tunneled and twisted within them, devouring flesh in their wake. Those slain by this effect corrupt



and putrefy, and a round after the channeling ends their bodies begin to split open and reveal many maggots, which mature almost instantly into flies.

An undead benefitting from this effect also perceives the presence of a thousand tiny lives within themselves, but these lives are quickly extinguished (in the case of incorporeal undead) to sustain the creature, or are incorporated into the physical frame of the undead, as if stitching it up with their own miniscule frames. A corporeal undead who has benefited from this effect many times may appear to be less what it was in life and more a mass of crushed beetles.

Dear Ask a Shoanti:

Now that I have the new Fly skill from the new Pathfinder Core Rules, which customer loyalty program do you most recommend for accumulating reward miles?

Sincere Regards,
Airborne in Andoran

Dear Airborne in Andoran:

I fear that in this instance I may be the wrong person to ask. Historically, I have insisted my opponents fly Shoanti Air but according to the goblinoids I have questioned, they seem to complain most bitterly about the blackout periods. I attempt to reassure them though, now that the Sklar-Quah has plans to evict them permanently from the Cinderlands there will be many more short-haul flights available in their future.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

Zon-Kuthon

Negative: Those affected see the area darkening around them and shadows lengthening in all directions. Within the darkness, there are disturbing flashes of metal glinting and the sounds of clattering chains. The pain comes from the sensation of a dozen razors singing out of the shadows to tear at their flesh, and those slain by this effect are sometimes skinned alive, stretched unnaturally, or even rent asunder.

An undead creature benefitting from this effect becomes unnaturally aware of the pain of those around it, and draws unwholesome refreshment from distantly-remembered suffering. ☞

The Greenhorns, part 2



The Greenhorns, part 2

By Trevor "Tarren Dei" Gulliver, Neil Spicer and Jonathan "Wicht" McNulty
Art by Elizabeth "Lilith" Courts

Akkunhis' Journal

- 16 Sarenith, 4707 AR

I must be growing fond of these greenhorns.

I awoke with a feeling of trepidation. On this morning, the 16th day of the month of Sarenith, we approach the 'Tomb of the Ravenous Queen,' if only to verify what we already know—that it is empty and possibly always was.

I remember the stories from when these pyramids were built, stories of four hundred slaves marching into the desert and none returning. For years, we soldiers whispered of skeletal armies—the remains of the slaves who built these pyramids, murdered by Nellatantha's necromancers to guard its secrets. The Pathfinders and Osirionologists that explored this complex in recent years do not speak

of this army. More lies, perhaps, spread by Nellatantha's advisors to convince us of her power?

The Calistrian woke before I did. How could she not be exhausted? The gnome is chatting to himself as he works. I wonder if he does that on delves too. I may need to cuff him. Only Garret has the good sense to rest while he can.

We begin our descent from the dunes as soon as we have broken camp, leaving our camels and our sleeping gear near half-buried blocks broken off from the raised stone walkways leading to each pyramid. "Let's stick to the sands," suggests Tanglehead. "The walkways are more likely to be trapped and the shifting sands would have long ago triggered any weight-trigger traps." I hesitate, but follow.

No sooner are we in the shadows

of the pyramids than the sands begin to whip around us. With each step we take, more sand joins the grating winds. This the journals do speak of. All those who have chronicled their approach to the 'The Four Consorts' describe vicious sandstorms that arose as they drew close.

"Fall back," I shout over the winds. Garret grins at me, a jibe ready on his tongue but he soon sees what I suspected. The winds drop as soon as we withdraw.

"Again," I say, urging us forward only to find the unnatural forces resisting us once more. This time we push onwards through winds that have gathered strength and spin like a cyclone. The sand scrapes at our flesh. My hide protects me better than the softer skins of my companions. I worry in particular about the Calistrian

Trevor Gulliver Neil Spicer and Jonathan McAnulty

who has left so much flesh exposed. Looking back, I see her shouting at me but cannot hear her voice above the violence of the storm. As I watch, a shard tears a deep gash on her cheek. I am about to order us to fall back, when I read her bloody lips forming the word 'bones.'

The realization reaches me more slowly than it has her. The temple teaches her things other than the art of seduction. She raises the daggers-and-disk symbol of her deity and speaks, but the wind drowns the words out before they can reach our ears. Only her goddess hears them.

I have experienced the divine. Divine energies have washed over me when I served in both the armies and tents of Queen Nellatantha. The healing power of each god or goddess has a different ... flavor. That of Calistria though is beyond compare; her healing power tastes of warm honey. It ripples through the body like the shudder of release.

The storm disperses quickly and I can see what the Calistran knew. The shards of bones litter the sands around us.

After five thousand years, Nellatantha, those who served you serve you still. Your skeletal army is reduced to only a fragment of its former power, but they are loyal to you even in undeath.

The largest pyramid of the complex is, as I suspected before we came, a ruse. Beautiful once on its surface, I am certain, but not a tomb fit for a Queen. The gold and ornament that once decorated it were as superficial as the rouge and coal that decorated the face of the perfumed harlot who, no doubt, took Nellatantha's place in the sarcophagus. Still, the Society will be interested to know how many of its members continue to dwell within the corridors of this pyramid. Dozens of bodiless voices babble in

competition with one another, each telling us the secrets they found on their doomed forays. It is as if, never having had the chance to write their journals, they cannot rest until their words are recorded.

Ashallah's Journal

- 17 Sarenith, 4707 AR

Blast this trap-laden pyramid! Nothing compares to the rigors imposed by the Consort of Eternal Flame, not even the heat of passion under a high sun while lying on the blazing sand of Osirion's desert. It'll be the death of us before we ever find an entrance to Nellatantha's tomb. Even if we do endure the last of these explosive sigils, the Ravenous Queen can still dine upon our perfectly-roasted flesh!

Akkunhis says each of the lesser pyramids contains a secret passage leading to the final resting place of Osirion's ancient queen. I'm sure untold treasure awaits us, if we can find it. But that's not why the minotaur and I have come. Garret and Tanglehead wanted to explore one of the other structures first, but I made the choice to start with the element of fire. After all, Calistria favors me with a blessing to shield flesh from flame. But that boon only lasts so long.

In the last chamber, we disturbed a giant scorpion formed of living flame, seemingly possessed by the spirit of Nellatantha's consort. The creature's tail stung with a fiery poison, incinerating anything its ichor fell upon. Akkunhis cleaved aside the stinger with one mighty blow of his axe. That gave Garret the chance he needed to unleash a flood of water upon it from the magical decanter we brought on our journey across the sands, weakening it long enough for me to drive a scimitar through its head.

With the fiery guardian laid low, we had finally won our way to the secret entrance...only to find it amounted to nothing more than the tiny vents allowing smoke to seep upward from the tomb below. Unfortunately, none of us have the means to become like air so we can force our way down. I uttered enough foul curses over this unexpected impasse to impress even Akkunhis.

It's clear to me now, this Nellatantha enjoys toying with her enemies. The route to her tomb has tested us at every turn, from the hardship of our desert crossing and the bones of her faithless slaves to the ingenious traps of the engineers she seduced into building these interconnected pyramids and the consorts that she transformed to act as her eternal guardians. But I don't believe anything could have prepared her for our determination. Revenge drives Akkunhis to face his former queen. And he has the blessing of a faithful daughter of the Savored Sting. When we finally breach her inner sanctum, she will answer to a higher power. For Calistria is her better in every way. And I'm looking forward to introducing them.

Tanglehead's Journal

- 19 Sarenith

Darling Diary,

I apologize for the shakiness of my handwriting and the inexactness of my spacing but the lighting is poor, the air is dusty and I have just suffered quite a shock.

We entered the last pyramid to higher hopes than I had before. As I commented just yesterday in these pages, the measurements of the entrance to the last structure multiplied by the length of the threshold and then divided by the number of cracks in the frame gave

The Greenhorns, part 2



a very importune number and thus I knew, even before the fire trap and the discovery of the necessity of gaseous transmutation spells, that we would do poorly. Thankfully, the numbers were much better for the earth pyramid, the Consort of EndlessSand, especially when I factored in the square of the height of the blocks used in the door-frame. Garret thought me foolish when I declared that without doubt we would enter into the lower chambers before nightfall, but clearly events have proved my prognostications accurate: once more a triumph of numerology over reality.

The mortar of this final pyramid is most interesting. It has a slightly mint-like taste and a curious reddish color suggestive of coagulated blood. Akkhunis told me that the blood of slaves was mingled with the sand before the stones were laid, but I have my doubts as it seems a terrifically impractical building material. I chipped out a good chunk of the mortar for my collection; once it is rounded and polished it will be the jewel of the lot.

Like all the other pyramids, this one had already been well explored. Nevertheless, I made sure to make a thorough study of the layout of the rooms, especially jotting down some thoughts as to the ratio of blocks going east-west in comparison to those blocks going north-south. Though the rest of my companions were more interested in the two rock golems guarding one of the lower halls (carved, most curiously, from a specimen of granite quarried in the dwarf halls of western Andoran – the veins of copper and feldspar were most indicative), I felt sure that the

angles of the six hallways leading out of the chamber were of greater import.

After the golems were dispatched by a combination of dwarven guile, minotaur brawn and good old fashioned gnomish wit, I endured a sermon of sorts from Ashallah on the need to be more helpful. I must say, I didn't see her distracting the enemy with a particularly clever rejoinder (I told

"WHILE I WAS STUDYING THE PROBLEM, THE OTHERS GRUMBLED."

the one golem that was in the process of pummeling the priestess that its mother was Agate and Ajar!). I insisted then that we take the fourth passage. This was the only logical choice once I realized that the height of each hall was eight feet and the width was four and that the second passage (the only other possible passage worth considering) was built of blocks two thumbs wider than those in the first and the third, which indicated the likelihood of steps going back up to the higher halls.

Naturally, the fourth passage was trapped, but it was easy enough to disable the falling block after I spotted the tell-tale marks along the bricks indicating the presence of the large sandstone death-by-crushing device. Atypical of its more common cousins, the trap was not located at the terminus of the hall, but some fifteen feet from the solid slab of osirite that marked the extreme end of the passage. I concluded that the slab was a doorway, though some calculations made from sounding out the stone indicated it was between five and eight feet thick.

While I was studying the problem, the others grumbled. I ignored them. I was certain that beyond this doorway lay the goal we had been aiming for since we first

embarked on our quest. Finally, just as the priestess was trying to talk the others into going back, it struck me what had to be done. Knowing that discussion was most likely pointless, I instructed them to stand still and then set off the trap that was now behind us. My deductions were correct and the falling of the sandstone was the key for the lifting of the slab of osirite. Furthermore, beyond the now open doorway was a set of stairs going down.

Unfortunately, the reset mechanism for the trap seems to have been damaged (most likely from the conflicting tensions that occurred from the tremendous impact of the stone blocks both upward and downward). Ashallah was quick to point out that my plan had trapped us here unless we could find another exit. Nevertheless, we pressed on a short ways and then made camp in an empty chamber.

As I pen all of this, I realize that I have yet to explain adequately the reason for my trepidation and thus my poor penmanship (and spacing!) tonight. Though we have, without much trouble, found our way past golems and traps, and though we have finally entered into the chambers we have been seeking, all is not well. In my haste to set off the trap, I failed to take into account that my favorite purple socks were in the camp outside and not in my pack. Nevertheless, I shall attempt to soldier on as we continue to explore the mysteries of Osirion and the 'Tomb of the Ravenous Queen.'

So until tomorrow, my dearest and beloved diary, I remain faithfully yours,

*Tanglehead
Mortarmason,
Pathfinder
and Engineer
Extraordinary*

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The Gunslinger



The Gunslinger

By Dain "zylphryx" Nielsen

Art by Jonathan Salazar, Benjamin "Benchak" Bruck and Hugo Solis

While most people view firearms as more of an exotic oddity than anything else, a select few have embraced this odd mesh of technology and alchemy in an effort to master the potential power of these strange devices. As they delve deeper into the workings of their firearms, gunslingers learn the inner workings of their tools, allowing them to fire faster than normal, utilize the environment around them to strike targets others would find impossible to hit, and become increasingly accurate with their weapon of choice.

Gunslingers can be found throughout the known world, though they tend toward larger numbers

in those areas with diminished or a complete lack of magic, as these areas tend to highlight their abilities. At their peak, they wield power unparalleled by any who do not rely upon the ways of magic, but their motivations are far from unified. Some feel the call to defend those who cannot defend themselves, while others use their skills to prey upon the weak or to seize power.

Role: Gunslingers tend to be ranged combatants, though they are not without power in close combat. They are among the most potent combatants on a field that lacks access to magic, and even in confrontations where magic plays a role they are a force to be reckoned with.

Alignment: Gunslingers can be of any alignment. As most gunslingers do tend to take a stand for something, be it for themselves or others, true neutral gunslingers are rare.

Hit Die: d10.

Requirements

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

Base Attack Bonus: +6.

Feats: Deadly Aim, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (Firearm), Improved Initiative.

Skills: Bluff 3 ranks, Craft (Gunsmithing) 5 ranks, Intimidate 3 ranks, Perception 3 ranks.

Class Skills

The gunslinger's class skills (and key ability for each skill) are: Bluff (Cha), Craft (Gunsmithing) (Int), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Local) (Int), Perception (Wis) and Sleight of Hand (Dex).

Skill Ranks at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Gunslingers are proficient with all simple weapons, firearms and light armor.

Bonus Feats: At 1st level, and every two levels thereafter, a gunslinger may select one feat he qualifies for from the following list: Critical Focus, Dodge, Far Shot, Improved Critical, Improved Precise Shot, Improved Vital Strike, Master Craftsman, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus. If a feat requires selection of a specific weapon type, a firearm type must be selected.

Close Quarters: At 1st level, a gunslinger's use of a firearm does not provoke an attack of opportunity.



Gunslinger Class Features

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+1	+1	+0	Bonus Feat, Close Quarters
2nd	+2	+1	+1	+1	Rapid Reload (Firearms)
3rd	+3	+2	+2	+1	Bonus Feat
4th	+4	+2	+2	+1	Ricochet
5th	+5	+3	+3	+2	Bonus Feat
6th	+6	+3	+3	+2	Marksman +1
7th	+7	+4	+4	+2	Bonus Feat
8th	+8	+4	+4	+3	Marksman +2
9th	+9	+5	+5	+3	Bonus Feat
10th	+10	+5	+5	+3	Marksman +3

Class Skills: Bluff (Cha), Craft (Gunsmithing) (Int), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (Local) (Int), Perception (Wis) and Sleight of Hand (Dex).



Rapid Reload (Firearm): At 2nd level, a gunslinger is able to reload firearms at an amazing speed. Flintlock weapons require a move action to reload. Percussion cap weapons can reload a single shot as a swift action. A revolver can be fully loaded as a full round action.

Ricochet: At 4th level, a gunslinger may, as a full round attack, attempt to angle a single shot off a hard surface (stone, metal, brick, etc) to hit an opponent

who has full cover or concealment. In order to accomplish this attack, the gunslinger must either see (via a reflected image) or pinpoint the intended target by sound. The attack is made at a -4 modifier to hit, but the target does not benefit from cover or concealment for the attack.

Marksman: Beginning at 6th level, a gunslinger's accuracy increases. The gunslinger gains a +1 bonus to hit with their firearms within 30 feet (this bonus does stack with

the bonus from the Point Blank Shot feat), and firearm attacks are treated as if they were one range increment closer (to a minimum of short range). At 8th level, this bonus increases to +2 and firearm attacks are treated as if they were two increments closer. At 10th level, this bonus increases to +3 and firearm attacks are treated as if they were three increments closer. This ability extends the maximum range of a firearm.



Then Well~Read Gorilla



Then Well~Read Gorilla

By Joseph "Guy Humual" Scott
Art by Aaron Miller

I gather that from your previous letter you have the impression that I met the great gorilla Mqu'Gro during one of my expeditions into the Mwangi Expanse - a natural assumption as I have met many strange people and creatures on my journeys. Perhaps a savage chance encounter in the jungle would have made for a better story. The sad fact is that Mqu'Gro and I met at a dinner party. Allow me to explain.

It was sometime after my first journal was published. It had been a about a failed expedition. I'd been

asked to speak at several respectable institutions of learning, as well as a few high society dinner parties - that's where the dainty ladies of the court pretend not to want to hear about cannibalism, human sacrifice, and the other macabre things we'd encountered. In any case, the surge of engagements had completely died down and I'd thought my speaking days were behind me, when a fresh wave of thirty or so arrived quite unexpectedly.

My first hint should have been the addresses on the invitations, a

dozen of which had arrived from Cheliax. There's a bit of a cultural embargo imposed on Taldane writing there and - although I'd not spent more than a year in the fatherland my entire life - my book had been banned the Imperial Ministry of Historical Accuracy. Had I bothered to open a few of the letters I might have realized it was nigh impossible for so many to have read my writing and that it wasn't my book they read at all.

I'm told that my publisher's letter of warning arrived only a day after I left, but how was I to know that when I accepted the Thakur of Jalmeray's invitation it was for a book I hadn't even penned. It would be two full weeks before I was aware of the horror of that blasted rag "The Amazing Adventures of Baron Boswic."

I had just stepped off the gangplank into Niswan when reality hit me. A pretty young thing approached me with a book to sign. It was a cheap little paper novel, nothing like the leather bound journal I'd commissioned. Naturally, I thought the young lady was confused but chose not embarrass her or my hosts. She was a daughter of one of the men sent to meet me and I supposed that she humored me, as the presumed author of that tripe.

Before we left the port, my man was able to find a copy of the novel and - bless his soul - two bottles of scotch in a nearby market. Then, in the palanquin our host provided, I was able to read the cursed thing. The poorly aligned typeset, the awful woodcut illustrations, and, there on the cover, my name. I was quite relieved to hear that good taste prevailed and the book was not popular. I confess though that a part of me died when not one

of my companions could name my actual book. It was enough to drive a man to drink, so I opened the first of the scotch.

The journey was about a bottle and a half long. I'd never been to Jalmeray before, and I usually enjoy the sights, sounds, and smells of new locales, but with this infuriating book I found my eyes glued to the page. When we finally came to a stop, we had left the silk bannered streets and entered the courtyard of a great palace. My manservant and I were shown to a room, and I was encouraged to freshen up. I took the opportunity to refill my flask and dip into my medicine bag.

I have acquired a vast collection of oils and powders during my travels, one that would make an alchemist jealous, and with a few careful doses, I was soon good as new. I have invented a recipe that nullifies alcoholic stupor; the only drawback: blackouts. I lose hours of time when I use this medicine. My manservant tells me that I seem fully alert, witty and cognizant, and that he can not tell the difference between me sober or medicated. However, my memory completely shuts down and most of the evening was a loss to me.

The first thing that I do remember was sitting across from a six hundred pound gorilla.

"You were saying Boswic," the great black beast rumbled.

Pausing, as I often do when unsure if I am dealing with a drug-induced hallucination or not, and quickly scanned my surroundings. I was in a cottage, small but well kept and there were many book-lined shelves. The bed looked big enough for a gorilla and the table and chairs were most definitely gorilla sized. Outside somewhere, I could hear the party. If this was a hallucination, the details

were good.

"I'm sorry," I said, always the best thing to mutter when one is confused or drunk, "your name, I'm not sure I..."

"It's Mqu'Gro," the gorilla sighed, thankfully assuming that I had difficulty pronouncing his name, "It's not that hard. Mqu'Gro. Now about this boat: you're sure that your crew won't mind me coming aboard?"

"Of course not!" I laughed, secretly trying to remember what we had been talking about, "you wouldn't be the strangest thing I've brought aboard ship. Certainly not the most dangerous. Why?"

"I've wanted to see the world for some time," Mqu'Gro said, "that's why I left the jungle. Kharswan has been a fine host but this room has been like a prison. He controls whom I see and when it is safe for me to go outside. I have good food to eat and fine books to read but I need more out of life. I need to see things with my eyes and touch things with my hands. I need to feel the wind blow through my fur, to feel danger and excitement, to fear death. I need to live Boswic. Too long have I been trapped here. I would have thought you, of all people, would understand that."

I stood and slowly walked about the room. I had many questions, but with the black outs I could not ask them without the danger of repeating myself. I scanned the books on the shelves. It appeared a respectable collection.

"An impassioned speech," I said, stalling for time, "I can relate... well except for that bit about the fur..." Suddenly I spied a well-worn copy of that cursed booklet tucked - almost hidden - amongst the books. I pulled it out and held it high, "I may take you Mqu'Gro, you seem well mannered and well-read. But let me test you:

what did you think of this book?"

"Well," the gorilla said scratching his nose, "to be honest, I thought your first book was better."

And that is how Mqu'Gro joined my crew.

Please stay in touch,
Boswic C. Hamptin -



Dear Ask a Shoanti:

I absolutely hate battling invisible opponents and rolling for the dreaded percentage miss chance. Our party cleric won't prepare *invisibility purge* and the wizard has once again neglected to add *see invisibility* to his spellbook. I can't take the Blind-fight feat until next level. In the meantime, do you have any tips for going toe-to-toe with enemies that I can't see? On our current module, they're everywhere!

Sincere Regards,
Fighting Blind

Dear Fighting Blind:

Yes, um yes, those pesky "invisible" opponents can be a real problem. Just stay calm - I totally believe you - they're all around you. I get it.

What you need to do is remain perfectly still and I'll send some of my good friends in white coats to come help you. They'll know just what to do about your "invisible" foes. They have a special "magic" jacket with invisible foe-fighting sleeves.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

P.S. I also really like your +I *tin foil hat*.

Fatal Assumption



Fatal Assumption

By Dave "The Eldritch Mr Shiny" Mallon

Art by Brandon Pinkney

The sun's angry red rays beat down, baking the surface of the saline mud into a hard, gray crust.

A man knelt on the hard-baked ground, a hulking form against the stark landscape. Each breath he took seemed to wrack his body with tremors.

Riin Vai watched the man struggle. She had been waiting for him to die for hours. As the man slumped to the ground, Riin began her descent from her vantage point.

She hadn't eaten in weeks. Some fresh meat would do her good. Riin smiled, exposing white teeth filed to sharp points.

She reached the man's prone form, marveling at the sheer quantity of meat that he would provide. The man was massive, easily half again her height, muscles like boulders straining against skin the color of old plaster. His clothes were of real cloth—a city dweller, definitely. She bent down, drawing her knife.

He reached out and grasped

her wrist.

"Help..."

Impossibly, he began to stand, shakily at first, then more steadily.

The expression of shock on Riin's face was quickly replaced with feigned concern.

"Come with me."

The man nodded.

Riin moved quickly across the salt flats. Surprisingly, the man had little difficulty keeping pace. Once past the plain of hard-baked mud, the pair began their ascent of the jagged red stone of the mesa that surrounded the salt plain on three sides.

They reached the mesa's flat, dusty surface just as the red sun was beginning to sink beneath the horizon's brown, shifting line. Riin turned to face the massive man.

"We have arrived." She grinned inwardly, almost able to taste the city-dweller's unspoiled flesh.

"I must make sure no one is watching us." Riin nearly cringed at the flimsy excuse. She hadn't done this in a while.

The strange man merely nodded again. Riin climbed over the mesa's edge.

Her route was circuitous at first, then, as she drew out of sight of the oblivious newcomer, she began to climb back toward her starting point. In short order, she had crept to just below the edge of the mesa, not two yards from where the man stood.

Riin made her move. She launched herself at the man, knife outstretched, silent as a shadow.

Quick as an adder, the man spun, snatching Riin out of the air. She felt her leg snap like a twig under the man's powerful grip. Riin lay upon the ground, helpless, as she watched the look on his face change from that of a compliant victim to that of a predator. She had made a fatal assumption.

The man reached down, grasping her throat with one of his massive, iron-skinned hands.

As he crushed the life from Riin's body, he grinned horribly. His teeth were filed into arrowheads of black obsidian. ❖



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The Breaking of Forstor Nagar

City of Grinding Ice

A *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game* compatible patronage project

Project Lead and Cartography: Jonathan Roberts (*Halls of the Mountain King*, *Adventures in the Hyborian Age*)

Designer: Ben McFarland (ENnie award winning designer, *Tales of Zobeck*)

Editor: Mark Moreland (*Pathfinder Wiki*)

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Interior Artist: Tyler Bartley

Savage battlecries and screams of pain echo through the streets and off the raw sheer walls that make up the carved stronghold of *Forstor Nagar*. The cannibalistic troops of *The Hungering Legion* have breached the gates, and the defenders have been routed.

Trapped in the heart of *Forstor Nagar*, the ambassador from *Ithulandis*, *the City of Adventure*, must be rescued. But the redoubt is cut from the living ice of the *Forstorheim glacier*, and enemies rip the very life from the inhabitants. Only scant hours remain before the alleys are slick with a crimson slush.

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New Race: The Svartalfar



New Race



The Svartalfar

By David Fryer

Art by Dave Mallon

Svartalfar are the descendents of fey who left the First World long ago and settled on the Plane of Shadow. By bonds of oath and bonds of blood, they became servants of the dark god Zon-Kuthon. On Golarion, they are most commonly seen in Nidal, although they can be found anywhere the dark god's work

is being done. Often they take the role of the leaders or protectors of cults dedicate to Zon-Kuthon. Other times they use their darkly seductive natures to torment others, preferring to inflict spiritual pain over physical. They are often blamed for bringing nightmares or tragedy, even if they had no role in the events.

Physical Description: Svartalfar appear human in form, except for ears which are pointed like an elf's. Their skin is very pale, to the point of almost being white. Their hair color ranges from a dark blonde to bone white and both males and females wear it long and loosely bound. In addition to looking human, svartalfar have similar builds and life spans.

The most alien thing about the svartalfar is their eyes, which are solid black. They decorate their torsos and upper arms with geometric tattoos. These tattoos hold spiritual and tribal significance to the svartalfar. It is said that you can read a svartalfar's entire life story in his tattoos.

Among their own kind, svartalfar wear dark colored clothing that show off their tattoos. For males this means that they wear only dark colored breeches and black leather boots. Females usually dress in a similar fashion, but add a halter top to the ensemble. Among other races they always add a long sleeved tunic and a hooded cloak to avoid outsiders seeing their tattoos.

Society: Most svartalfar live in small tribes of interconnected families. They are very loyal to their families and to their god, but wary of all others.



Svartalfar Racial Traits

+2 Dexterity, +2 Charisma, -2 Constitution: Svartalfar are fast and darkly seductive, but they are more frail than most other races.

Medium: Svartalfar are Medium creatures and have no bonuses or penalties for their size.

Normal Speed: Svartalfar have a base speed of 30 feet.

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

Fey Type: Svartalfar are fey for the purposes of any effect related to creature type.

Shadowblend: Svartalfar have an innate connection to the Plane of Shadow. Anytime they are in dim lighting conditions, they have total concealment rather than partial concealment.

Light Sensitivity: Svartalfar are dazzled by bright sunlight or within the radius of a daylight spell.

Shadow Magic: Svartalfar get a +2 racial bonus on saving throws against shadow spells and effects. Svartalfar add +1 to the DC of any saving throws against shadow spells that they cast.

Weapon Familiarity: Svartalfar treat the spiked chain as a martial weapon.

Languages: Svartalfar begin play speaking Common and Sylvan. Svartalfar with high Intelligence scores can choose any language they want (except secret languages).

The svartalifar claim that they fled the First World to escape some as yet unnamed persecution. They thus look on all other races as either potential tormentors or likely to standby while the svartalifar are tormented.

Despite that, svartalifar can form intensely strong relationships with individuals of other races. If someone succeeds in convincing a Svartalifar that they are trustworthy then they will have earned a friend for life. It is said that you know that you have earned a svartalifar's trust if he shows you his tattoos.

Many are shocked to discover that svartalifar have a great love of beauty in all things. They decorate their homes and other structures with art and other items gathered from throughout the world. Some scholars speculate that this is due to some unknown influence by Sheyln, the goddess of beauty and Zon-Kuthon's sister.

Alignment and Religion: Among their own people, svartalifar have a very strict hierarchy and code of conduct. Everyone knows their place and how they work to advance the society as a whole. Their entire society is a meritocracy. A svartalifar moves up or down in society based entirely on his own merits. Despite the fact that most svartalifar worship Zon-Kuthon exclusively, on the whole the race is lawful neutral. There are a few scattered cults dedicated to the worship of Sheyln among the svartalifar. These cultists are usually tolerated because they are still worshiping a member of the dark god's family.

Adventurers: Most svartalifar who become adventurers are outcasts from their society. They are those who either failed to make it in society, or who felt stifled or uncomfortable in their rigid society. More recently however, many younger svartalifar

have begun to become adventurers to prove themselves in society. While still rare, it is becoming more common to find svartalifar wandering the world in search of adventure.

Male Names: Akonamu, Belat, Ceteztir, Edool, Etuto, Kofan, Narex, Oxerem, Toridoax, Xamavood

Female Names: Azonen, Dazxa, Emila, Feti, Iluca, Irilara, Nifa, Soratire, Soxiy, Vene

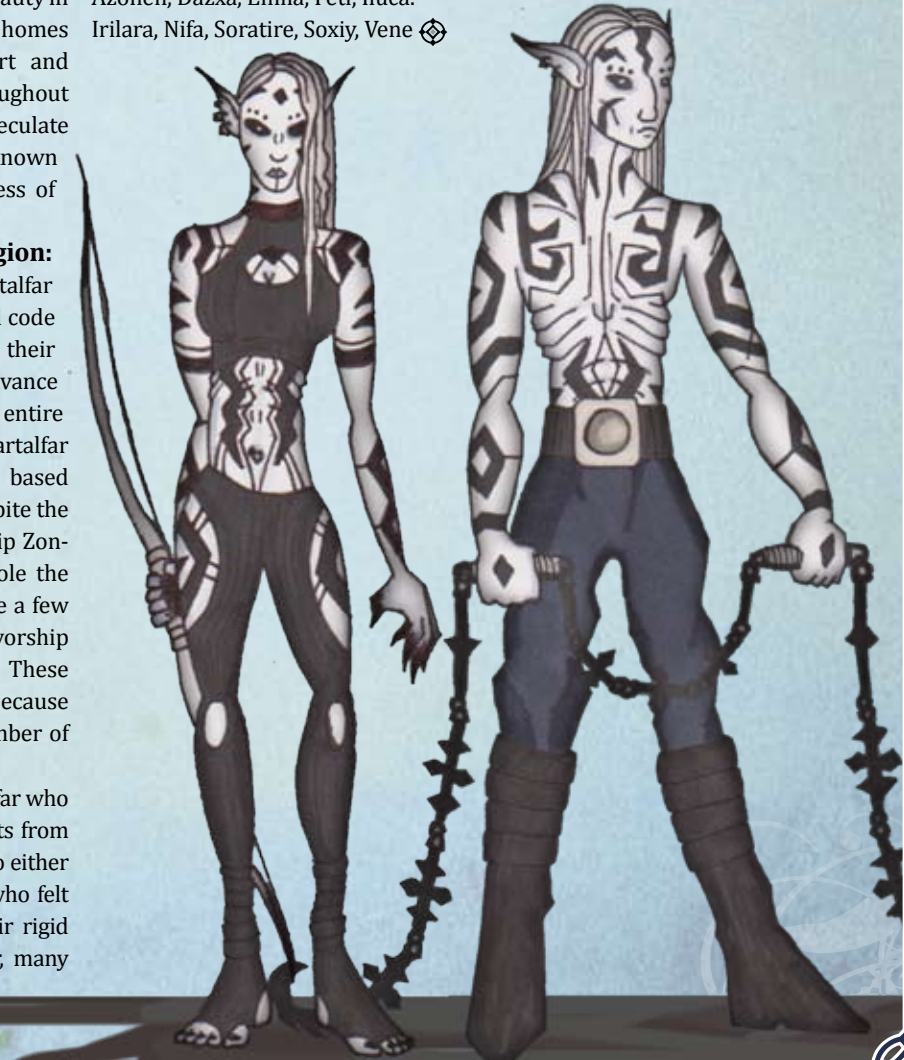
Racial Feat

Tantric Agony

You twist the beguiling nature of your fey heritage, intertwining pleasure and pain like sinewy dancers. Your precision attacks leave an opponent's knees quivering in ecstasy.

Prerequisites: Dex 15, Cha 13, Svartalifar, ability to inflict sneak attack damage

Benefit: When making a sneak attack as a standard action, you may sacrifice one die of sneak attack damage to instead leave your target dazzled for 1d6 rounds. Creatures that are immune to mind-affecting effects or sneak attack damage are not susceptible to Tantric Agony.



The Dawnfly



The Dawnfly

By Scott "daClench" Gable

Art by Crystal Frasier and Michael Jaecks

It is said when the day is shortest, that the Dawnflower is at her weakest. It is said this is the day that the Rough Beast anticipates most in the entire year.

In the shadows of morning, the beast comes loose to terrorize the world. From underneath, it erupts! The land comes alive with gnashing teeth and lashing tongues, each grasping first for those most vicious of children and dragging them kicking and screaming to be

imprisoned in its belly for all eternity!

Those children are forever lost, but if you believe hard enough, if you have faith, if you've been good the whole year through, the Dawnflower will speed to your aid, and throw down the beast once more in all her brilliant, burning glory.

But only if you're good.

— a common old wives' tale told in rural Avistan, when counting down the winter solstice

The old tale seems spun explicitly for the purposes of both entertaining the children during the dark, cold days of year's end and scaring them into behaving. However, while more commonly accepted to be a fictionalized account of the mythic conflict between Sarenrae and Rovagug, many scholars collect countless variations of the tale and believe the its origins to be stranger and far more ominous.

The Millennium Polyp

Most modern versions are similar to the above, spotlighting Sarenrae and Rovagug. Earlier versions, however, place surrogates in those roles: that of the Dawnfly and the Shuddering Maw. The tragic truth of this fable is far more lopsided. Though the Dawnfly has been cast in opposition to the irrepressible aggression of Rovagug, in truth it is only another form of the dualistic Spawn of Rovagug known as Degmadu.

Degmadu, the Shuddering Maw, is widely whispered within the Darklands—even in the deepest vaults of Orv—where the beast has become a rare but very real threat. However, subterranean denizens only ever witness the one face of this writhing beast.

For whatever reason, Degmadu very rarely appears on the surface, and the few extant accounts place this event upon the winter solstice at irregular points in history, giving it the epithet "The Millennium Polyp." Its last recorded appearance was on the Solstice sometime in the early 3700's, but accounts of the exact year vary.

Lore

The Shuddering Maw is said to be "all mouth." Akin to a vibrating funnel of stony teeth and feathered, cable-like tongues—it appears as a

writhing whirlwind of stone confined to the earth, living to destroy and swallow all in its path.

On the surface, however, its behavior changes drastically. On the dawn of the winter solstice, the beast bundles all of its energy and erupts in a vibrating column of blinding light as the Dawnfly. This insidiously glorious creature appears similar to a massive wasp of articulated glass and chitin, containing a roiling smoke. Its six wings constantly vibrate, laying low the countryside and disorienting witnesses with waves of sound as the sun boils across its back in a blinding corona of light.

By the time the sun falls, however, the Dawnfly has expended all its energies and must return its vital essence to the earth, leaving behind a stunning and fragile husk. Valued above all by both cultists and scholars, these rare and mysterious living-glass husks are largely responsible for what little is known about the Degmadu.

To any survivors, it may have seemed as if the forces of Sarenrae descended into devastating battle to vanquish the fell beast of Rovagug before disappearing back into the clouds. Thus, the fable that brought us here was born. Though many a cultist would rave to unhearing ears, few scholars are ready to vanquish the hopes of children for something as petty as truth, and the truth remains silent to the masses of believers. Now we inadvertently celebrate this horrid beast as the Dawnfly as it stands poised to assault the heavens during the single day that it exists.

Degmadu **CR 22**

XP 615,000

CE Colossal magical beast (earth, kaiju)

Init +6; **Senses** blind, blindsight 120 ft., tremorsense 120 ft.; **Perception** +29

Aura frightful presence (300 ft., Will DC 27), sounding sea (30 ft., Fort DC 35)

DEFENSES

AC 34, touch 4, flat-footed 32 (+2 Dex, +30 natural, -8 size)

hp 465 (30d10+300); regeneration 15

Fort +29, **Ref** +19, **Will** +13

DR 15/good; **Immune** ability damage, bleed, disease, energy drain, gaze attacks, mind-affecting effects, paralysis, petrification, poison, polymorph, visual effects; **Resist** acid 20, electricity 20, fire 20; **SR** 30

OFFENSE

Speed burrow 60 ft.; earth glide

Melee

8 tongues +38 (2d8+16/19-20 plus grab)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (60 ft. with tongues)

Special Attacks resonance, swallow whole (6d8+24 plus 6d6 sonic, AC 25, 46 hp)

STATISTICS

Str 42, **Dex** 14, **Con** 30, **Int** 3, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +30; **CMB** +54 (+56 to bull rush and overrun, +58 to sunder); **CMD** 66 (68 vs. bull rush and overrun, 70 vs. sunder)

Feats Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Great Cleave, Greater Sunder, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (tongue), Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack

Skills Climb +16, Perception +29, Stealth +12, Swim +16;

Racial Modifiers +8 Perception, +8 Stealth

Languages Aklo (cannot speak)

SQ earthbound, from beneath, release to the sky, resonance, sounding sea

ECOLOGY

Environment any underground

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Earthbound (Ex) Degmadu is confined to the earth and cannot leave it.

However, it can move freely within it using earth glide. Degmadu has been known to attack from cavern walls and ceilings, unaffected by gravity.

Earth Glide (Ex) When Degmadu burrows, it can pass through stone, dirt, or almost any other sort of earth except metal as easily as a fish swims through water. If protected against fire damage, it can even glide through lava. Its burrowing leaves behind no tunnel or hole, nor does it create any ripple or other sign of its presence. A *move earth* spell cast on an area containing Degmadu flings it back 60 feet, stunning the creature for 1 round unless it succeeds on a DC 25 Fortitude save.

From Beneath (Ex) During any turn that Degmadu is adjacent with another creature (even through solid stone), it may attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. This functions as the grab ability, and subsequently, grabbed targets will be subject to the swallow hole ability.

Regeneration (Ex) No form of attack can suppress Degmadu's regeneration—it regenerates even if disintegrated or slain by a death effect. If Degmadu fails a save against an effect that would kill it instantly, it rises from death 3 rounds later with 1 hit point if no further damage is inflicted upon its remains. It can be banished or otherwise transported as a means to save a region, but the method to truly kill it has yet to be discovered.

Release to the Sky (Ex) During the winter solstice, once Degmadu has been on the surface for at least three consecutive rounds, it can transform into the Dawnfly as a full-round action. Upon initiation, an explosion of sound erupts from Degmadu with a 600 ft. radius centered on Degmadu (6d6 sonic damage, and

The Dawnfly



pushed back 20 feet and knocked prone; Reflex DC 35 for half). This ability is Constitution-based.

At the beginning of Degmadu's next turn, it erupts from the ground as the Dawnfly, leaving the remains of its old body behind to crumble back into dust within 10 rounds. The Dawnfly cannot fly for its first two rounds while its wings harden; however, it can hover and attack.

Resonance (Ex) All sunder attempts made by Degmadu within the sounding sea ignore hardness.

Sounding Sea (Ex) Degmadu emits sonic waves in all directions as a 30 foot aura. All creatures within range

are deafened and must succeed a Fortitude save or have their movement halved. Any creature that fails its save is also deafened for 6d8 hours after leaving the effect's range. Degmadu can start or stop the sounding sea as a free action. This ability is Constitution-based.

The Dawnfly CR 25

XP 1,640,000

CE Colossal magical beast (earth, kaiju)

Init +16; **Senses** blindsight 120 ft., darkvision 60 ft., tremorsense 120 ft.; Perception +29

Aura doom's shadow (30 ft., Fort DC 39), frightful presence (300 ft., Will DC 31), sounding sea (60 ft., Fort DC 39)

DEFENSES

AC 39, touch 14, flat-footed 27 (+12 Dex, +25 natural, -8 size)

hp 589 (38d10+380); regeneration 25

Fort +33, **Ref** +35, **Will** +17

DR 15/epic and good; **Immune** ability damage, bleed, disease, energy drain, mind-affecting effects, paralysis, petrification, poison, polymorph, sonic; **Resist** acid 10, electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 36

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 90 ft. (perfect)

Melee

Bite +40 (2d8+10 plus 2d8 sonic), 4 claws +40 (4d6+10/19-20 plus 2d8 sonic) and tail +35 (2d8+5/19-20 plus 2d8 sonic)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 30 ft. (60 ft. with tail)

Special Attacks Awesome Blow, resonance

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 35, **Con** 30, **Int** 3, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +38; **CMB** +56 (+58 to bull rush and sunder); **CMD** 78 (80 vs. bull rush and sunder)

Feats Awesome Blow, Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Hover, Improved

Bull Rush, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Critical (tail), Improved Initiative, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Snatch, Wingover

Skills Climb +10, Fly +31, Perception +29, Stealth +22, Swim +10; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Fly, +8 Perception, +8 Stealth

Languages Aklo (cannot speak)

SQ earth's embrace, resonance, sounding sea

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Doom's Shadow (Su) The Dawnfly casts its shadow as a 30 foot aura. All creatures within range are simultaneously dazzled by its corona and subjected to destructive, high-frequency sound (2d6 sonic damage plus an additional 1d6 sonic damage for each consecutive round within aura; Fort DC 39). This ability is Constitution-based.

Earth's Embrace (Ex) As a full-round action, the Dawnfly plunges its tail deep into the earth and quietly relinquishes its essence back into the earth to squirm away and re-grow into Degmadu.

Regeneration (Ex) No form of attack can suppress the Dawnfly's regeneration—it regenerates even if disintegrated or slain by a death effect. If the Dawnfly fails a save against an effect that would kill it instantly, it rises from death 3 rounds later with 1 hit point if no further damage is inflicted upon its remains. It can be banished or otherwise transported as a means to save a region, but the method to truly kill it has yet to be discovered.

Resonance (Ex) As above.

Sounding Sea (Ex) As above, but the range is now 60 feet.

Dear Ask a Shoanti:

With Bestiary II slated to come out next year, what do you think will be the hot new monster to kill for 4710?

Sincere Regards,
XP Junkie

Dear XP Junkie:

Kayne the Kobold: Just a second ask a Shoanti, I'm glad you're back in Wayfinder and I'm really happy for you. And I'm-ma gonna let you finish. But Anne Landers is the best advice columnist of all time. All time!!!

Ask a Shoanti: Damn it Kayne! That's it. I'm going into a rage just so I can kill you "Higher, Faster, Stronger." Advice columnist, Ask a Shoanti, returns to Wayfinder to assist our gentle readers. . .

Rise Monsters Rise!

Whether created from a magical cataclysm, ripped from a peaceful rest in an otherworldly home, or raised to maturity by loving cultists, kaiju are a truly unique breed of creature, comparable to the mightiest of dragons. Except, while dragons have reasoning and wit, kaiju have sheer size and violence. Kaiju are unreasoning engines of aggression, an unbridled fusion of nature and magic, and of inestimable variety.

Kaiju are to magical beasts what magical beasts are to animals. As such, they typically have forms that have a basis in nature or at least a conglomeration of natural features. Some, however, may exist merely as sentient clouds of smoke, or massive pulsing pools of slime.

Great power imbues the bodies of all kaiju, granting many extraordinary and supernatural special abilities. Spell-like abilities and spellcasting are rare for a kaiju, but not unknown among the more sentient and sane individuals. Each is laden with immunities and has some form of regeneration. They are noted for their limited intelligence, unlimited bulk, and unstoppable fury.

Creating a Kaiju

“Kaiju” is an inherited or acquired template that can be added to any living, corporeal creature with a Con score of 6 or more (referred to hereafter as the base creature). A kaiju retains all the base creature’s statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature +3 (minimum 4).

Size: A typical kaiju increases two categories in size from the base creature (maximum Colossal).

Type: Any base creature of the animal type that possesses the kaiju subtype becomes a magical beast (recalculate HD, saving throws and BAB). Most creatures that might be considered

kaiju are magical beasts already however, and require little adjustment to redesign as a kaiju. However, some kaiju do not fit into the magical beast mold, such as aberration or ooze kaiju. For these, keep the HD, BAB, saves, and skill points of the base type, and combine the kaiju traits with the base type traits, choosing the most advantageous option.

Kaiju Subtype: A kaiju possesses the following traits (unless otherwise noted in a creature’s entry).

Darkvision 60 ft. and low-light vision.

Immunity to ability damage, bleed, disease, energy drain, paralysis, petrification, poison and polymorph.

Frightful presence.

Regeneration (see specific kaiju entry).

Proficient with natural weapons only.

Proficient with no armor.

Kaiju breathe, eat, and sleep.

Special Abilities: A kaiju gains one new standard monster ability or spell-like


ability for every three HD of the base creature (minimum 1). Kaiju have a caster level equal to half of their HD (minimum 1).

Kaiju in Golarion

The most infamous kaiju in Golarion are the Spawn of Rovagug, but these may not be the only ones.

Earthquakes deep in the Inner Sea may have just uncovered long dormant eggs, hitchhikers on the Starstone from shores far and dark. As these kaiju young hatch, they emerge to terrorize the shipping routes and coastal lands.

The protean Chorus of Razored Discord has given temporary life to a portion of the Maelstrom, just to see what would happen. The resulting ever-changing kaiju has just breached the Material Plane.

Strange rumors speak that Sarenrae may have already planted the seed with her chosen for the breeding or construction of her own kaiju to combat the Spawn of Rovagug. 



Darkmoon Vale Campaign Traits



Darkmoon Vale Campaign Traits

By Mark "arazyr" Becker

Art by Juan Diego Dianderas

Campaign traits were originally developed for use with the Adventure Paths, but there is no reason they can't be used for other sorts of campaigns. If you are creating your own adventures, then you are on your own as far as campaign traits are concerned. If you are using published modules, especially a series of adventures, then having some prewritten campaign traits could be useful.

The mini campaign arc formed by the modules, D0: "Hollow's Last Hope", D1: "Crown of the Kobold King", D1.5: "Revenge of the Kobold King" and D4: "Hungry Are The Dead" is a prime candidate for using Campaign Traits. It shares some characteristics with the Paizo Adventure Paths:

- They are a series of interconnected adventures.

- It has an overarching storyline that drives the events of the modules (even if it barely touched upon in the first adventure – see sidebar for more ideas for connecting it more strongly).
- It has a mechanism for bringing the characters together, even if they were previously unfamiliar with each other.
- There are a number of plot points that can be used as hooks for the characters, to tie them into the story.

All of the following traits revolve around elements that are important to the Falcon's Hollow mini-campaign. You can look at these traits to get a general, spoiler-free idea about

the types of foes and problems your character might face at some point during the campaign—this is by design. Knowing that there are going to be elements such as kobolds, werewolves and ancient dwarven ruins should help you build a character that fits more organically in the campaign you are about to join. The following traits are geared toward your character finding him- or herself in Falcon's Hollow as a disease outbreak has just begun.

Bad Day in Town: You live somewhere in Darkmoon Vale and had to come in to Falcon's Hollow recently to purchase supplies, sell goods, hire some help, or some other mundane reason. You'd been in town for a couple of days before you heard about the sickness going around, and found yourself beginning to cough. Catching this disease steeled your resolve. You begin play infected with blackscour taint; assume you have

Darkmoon Vale Campaign Traits

only had to make one saving throw so far and failed, thus beginning with 1 point of Constitution damage. You gain a +1 trait bonus to Will saving throws, which increases to +3 as long as you are infected by blackscour taint.

Company Lumberjack: You have been logging in the Darkmoon Wood for a few years now, and whether you were born there or not, Falcon's Hollow has become as close to home as any place you could name. You frequently come into town for supplies, but this time there is something different. The town has never been what you would describe as friendly, but people are even less outgoing than normal. You have heard some rumors about people getting sick lately, but the coughing is more widespread than you would have expected. Your years as a lumberjack may not help with what is going around, but it has given you a great deal of experience with an axe. You deal an extra 1 point of damage when using any sort of axe.

Infected Family Member: You have always been very hardy, but one or more members of your family have recently fallen ill. You have seen—and heard—a number of other people around town with similar symptoms – hacking coughs that eventually produce blood if not treated. No real cure has been found, but most of the people in town have been turning to Laurel, proprietor of Roots and Remedies, for poultices and spiced teas they say seem to help. Fortunately, you have always been very healthy; you get a +1 trait bonus to Fortitude saving throws.

Family Hero (dwarf only): Your family tells stories of the great dwarven hero, Druingar Glintaxe. He was an ancestor of yours, and you have traced the route of his final quest along a winding path across Avistan

to one an ancient dwarven monastery near the Five Kings Mountains, just north of Darkmoon Wood. You arrived in Falcon's Hollow, the closest settlement to the mountains, just as some sort of outbreak has taken hold. The journey was long, but you used the time to study about the history and current affairs of the region. You get a +1 trait bonus to all Knowledge (h i s t o r y) , Knowledge (local) and Knowledge (religion) checks.

Pathfinder Recruit: You were discovered at an early age by an agent of the Pathfinder Society due to your natural talent with a critical adventuring skill. The local Pathfinder Venture Captain sent you to investigate rumors of ancient Azlanti ruins in Darkmoon Wood. Pick one of the following skills: Disable Device, Diplomacy, Handle Animal, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Spellcraft, or Stealth. You gain a +1 trait bonus in that skill, and that skill is always considered a class skill for you.

Scion of the Light: Your family can trace its genealogy back to a notable hero of the Shining Crusade. While not all of your ancestors lived up to the progenitor's legacy, you show great potential. Your patron, a religious figure with ties to the Crusaders of Lastwall, sent you to Darkmoon Vale after receiving visions of a great evil in service to the Whispering Tyrant taking refuge

Connecting the Modules

If you plan to play in any of the "Falcon's Hollow" modules, don't read any further!

The events of "Hollow's Last Hope" aren't connected very well to the overall storyline behind the rest of the modules; that is, the story of Drazmorg invading the dungeons underneath Droskar's Crucible and forcing the Truescale kobolds up out of their former home. The module (D0) itself has a suggestion for running it as a prelude to D1, which is to remove the disease storyline entirely, and just uses its encounters as things the PCs run into on their way to save the children captured by the kobolds.

An alternate solution would be to say that the blackscour fungus was something that the kobolds brought up with them from underground and planted in the town's well, whether intentionally or not. A kobold carrying a vial of blackscour could have fallen into the well. Alternatively, seeing such a large population of humans so close, they may have tainted the well on purpose, in an attempt to kill off the human menaces (not realizing that it would not kill everyone in town).

in the area. You are to do whatever you can to ensure its plans are foiled. To this end, you received a special blessing: any time you rest to heal, you recover an additional number of hit points equal to your Constitution bonus. This additional healing is not increased by resting for an entire day, nor with a successful Heal check.

Werewolf Hunter: You spent a great deal of your life hunting lycanthropes. You may have lost a loved one to a werewolf attack, or you survived an attack by one yourself, and you have sworn to prevent this from happening to anyone else. To that end, you procured a silvered weapon. You came to Falcon's Hollow to pick up this weapon from a local smith just as the town seems to be coming down with some sort of plague. Choose one weapon (not a double weapon) with which you are proficient; you start play with an alchemically silvered version of this weapon. ☞

What Comes Back



What Comes Back

By Thomas "Aurelius" Morrison
Art by Kendall R. Hart

“Ausk!”

It was his father, Kaunikrad, son of Graukrad, chief of the Blooded Iron, roaring in anger.

“Ausk, you hit her now!”

Despite the dark of the moonless night, ten-year-old Ausk could clearly see his mother’s bruised and bloodied face, eyes puffy from pent-up tears that would have spelled her doom. The half-orc looked at

his father, uncomprehending. The rest of the tribe, clad mostly in black leather, jeered and howled, the cold autumn air of Belkzen making their breath steam.

Ausk’s father backhanded Yala on the side of her head. Although the Kellid was tall and big-boned for a human, the orc’s heavy blow sent her reeling. She fought hard to remain on her feet, unsteady because of her fever, her exhaustion,

and her punishment for being weak. Ausk knew what would happen to her if she fell. It had happened before. Ausk saw that his mother’s unhealed scars had re-opened, oozing red blood over black.

Kaunikrad grimaced at Ausk, baring his yellow, oversized canines. “Ausk, you hit her now! Show the tribe you are not weak, not a human-lover!”

Ausk remained still, his big brown

Thomas Morrison

eyes seeing everything, his young mind understanding nothing.

“Do what your father says, Ausk,” Yala croaked past swollen, split lips.

Ausk’s father flew into a rage. “I do not need you to give orders to my son! I am the male!” From her prolonged illness and the recent series of fistfights she’d had with the tribe’s other females, Yala had wasted away to less than half the weight of the 260-pound orc who began to throttle her with one hand and beat her with the other. The whole tribe cheered and stomped their feet – males, females, and children alike.

All except Ausk. His doe eyes saw his mother try hard to stand up to the punishment. He saw his mother weaken. He saw his mother grow limp. He saw his father continue to beat his mother. He saw her lolling mouth ooze bloody spittle –

“Father!” Ausk shouted desperately. “I will beat her now!”

Ausk’s father stopped in mid-punch and grinned to the quieting crowd. Holding her up by her thick red-brown hair, he finally let air enter her throat in hoarse, whooping gasps.

Kaunikrad’s beaming face turned to Ausk. “Beat her!” he said, casually releasing his grasp on his semi-conscious captive.

Ausk lunged forward before his mother’s knees could buckle. Only a head shorter than Yala, Ausk nevertheless was stocky enough to bear-hug her – shocked at how hot her fevered skin was – and lift her up, twirling around with a wild cry. His grip was not so tight as to restrict her ragged breathing and his slaps were to her buttocks and thighs – satisfyingly loud for the crowd but away from the bruised and torn skin of her arms, face, chest, and back.

Ausk was barely 120 pounds himself – a stocky child, still four summers shy of warriorhood. After a minute or two, his legs and shoulders grew weary. To the whoops and cheers of the tribe, Ausk continued his charade as long as he could without showing his fatigue.

When he set his mother down, however, she still couldn’t stand.

Yala tried to steady herself by hanging onto her son’s shoulders. As she fell backwards, her grip pulled Ausk onto her.

They would come for her now, Ausk knew. They would come for her with the hooked knives and the thorny switches. Ausk desperately tried to pull her up by her arms, but the crowd saw. Egged on by the sadistic Woiak, they howled for a bleeding.

“Weak blood out! Strong blood stay! Weak blood out! Strong blood stay!”

Cruel hands grabbed her. Angry hands grabbed Ausk, but slipped. Ausk landed back on top of his mother, his eyes inches from hers.

“I love you, Ausk,” she half-whispered, half-mouthed.

“I love you, too, Mama,” he whimpered.

Then the angry hands grabbed Ausk again, harder, lifting the child in the air until he was eye-to-eye with his bellowing father. “What did you say? Tell me now, half-blood! Which half are you? The strong half? Or the human-loving weak half!”

As the whistle of a switch and his mother’s pitiful sob reached Ausk’s ears, the half-orc boy burst into tears.

“No!” Kaunikrad screamed, shaking the boy hard. “NOOOO!”

The large male in front of Woiak

stood forth from the crowd, his battle scars and oft-mended chain shirt attesting to his prowess and eagerness for combat. The warrior placed the tip of his darkly flashing greatsword in the dirt and spat.

“How can you claim to be a mighty warrior when such weakness springs from your loins?”

The chieftain dropped Ausk brusquely and squared off against his challenger, but a one-eared female in the crowd behind Woiak called out,

“Maybe your weak loins are the reason you took a weak human as your mate!”

Another scar-faced male beside Woiak stepped forward, as broad-shouldered as the first, but short enough to wear a captured Lastwall breastplate, its engraved image of a sword in a mountain crudely defaced. Planting the butt of his notched, rune-covered greataxe in the dirt, the warrior snarled and spat. “Weak mate, weak son, weak father, *weak leader!*”

Kaunikrad’s serpent-tongued spear hissed. Suddenly raging, snarling bodies were spinning, slashing, falling. Moments later, Ausk’s die-hard father, bloody and panting, stood alone. The chieftain glared at the crowd for a moment, but his hollow eyes and gaping wounds belied his challenge.

Panting and bleeding heavily, Kaunikrad roared, “He...is not... my son! To prove it, I will kill...the whore...who bore him!” With his blood-drenched iron spear still writhing with the ecstasy of its latest kills, Ausk’s father wearily trudged to where Yala lay, entering the center of the crowd. He bent and thrust. When the chieftain returned, he stood over

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What Comes Back



the two warriors' corpses and faced the assembled tribe.

"As is my right by conquest -" he coughed and spat blood, "I now take as my mates all menstruating females belonging to these two filth-hides!" His breath ragged, Kaunikrad's kicks rocked the heavy, armored bodies only a little. As the she-orcs stripped the warriors' corpses for their new master, the chieftain looked at Woiak, the tribe's only remaining healer.

Surrounded by his loyal warriors, Woiak closed his one eye and turned his bald, scarred head, the spiked iron chain draped over his shoulders like a chasuble tinkling slightly.

Kaunikrad turned and stumbled past Ausk without a glance, coughing and trailing blood. Clustering around Woiak, the remaining males of the tribe followed him, murmuring and fingering their weapons.

The children and females drove Ausk out, their sticks and rocks stinging his skin, their kicks and punches weakening his feet, their eyes and mouths hating his soul. Just as Ausk felt he was about to fall, images of his mother's first Bleeding flashed in his mind. The helplessness he felt suddenly became a rage. Ausk snatched a rock and threw it back, catching a surprised older child in

the snout hard enough to down him. The crowd backed off a bit but kept hurling sticks, rocks, and insults.

"Weak blood out! Human-lover Ausk! Half-blood Ausk! Cry-boy Ausk! ..."

"Ausk, Ausk!"
The hand on his shoulder shook him.

Sixteen-year-old Ausk woke with a start. The half-orc barbarian was beside the Temple of Iomedae in Firrine. Marko and Adrian were standing by him, smiling in the light of the false dawn.

"I have a present for you," Marko said, holding forth a exquisitely crafted greatsword. "It's from Father Diocletian."

Ausk gingerly accepted the rich gift. The double-edged weapon, made of fine Vudrani steel, boasted an engraved blood rill. One side read, "Valor without justice begets no peace"; the other, "Righteousness is the source of all strength and honor".

"Congratulations, Ausk," Adrian said. "Is it your birthday?"

"No..."

Marko gathered the rest of his squad: Waran, Chiyar, Roland, and Vivian. Everyone had his mount and gear ready, as ordered. "Mission brief! At sunrise, the main force will ride into Belkzen to engage Chief

Woiak's cultists of the Midnight Lord massing near the border. This will enable a reconnaissance team to proceed via Gallowspire to Scarwall to investigate reports of other cultist activity. Our squad will escort the team to Gallowspire as if on our monthly patrol. Once we return here, we will augment the remain-behind element to hold the fort and secure the border from bandits and retaliatory raids. Any questions?"

"Yes," replied Adrian, as usual.

Marko gave him the usual reply. "No answer yet."

"The Last Azlanti is dead. The Whispering Tyrant lives. I may be just a ranger, but that shield-shard can't keep him weak forever."

"Once created, an artifact's power remains, regardless," Waran, the wizard, retorted dogmatically.

Adrian shot back, "His taint despoils all of Virlych, but in 1,500 years he can't overcome a broken fragment *in his hand*?"

The wizard snorted contemptuously. What did this superstitious outdoorsman know of the arcane?

Marko silenced them. "We'll be careful, as always. Complacency kills."

Ausk sheathed his new greatsword. He was ready. ♠

PATHLOSERS

by Jason Kirckoff



A Matter of Blood



A Matter of Blood

By Paris Crenshaw, Eric “Epic Meepo” Morton, Neil Spicer, and Larry “Larcifer” Wilhelm

Art by Claudia Burgos, Jennifer C. Coots, Crystal Frasier, Westly LaFleur, Eric Merced, and Carlos Torreblanca

Of all the paths an adventurer may tread, that of the sorcerer is perhaps the least understood. While a fighter may practice with a blade, a cleric may pray for the touch of the divine, and a wizard may study ancient arcane geometries, the sorcerer’s power must first come from within. It is her birthright. It is in his blood. A sorcerer’s bloodline is the core of their being and the essence of something that they may yet become—whether desired or not.

Some have said there are more bloodlines than there are stars in the sky and some bloodlines even begin in the spaces between those stars. Whatever the origin of this mysterious power—ancient bonds forged with strange beings from

outside our reality or with the fell dragons known as linnorms, some inexplicable connection between magic and the powers of the mind, or even the taint left by interaction with mortal races now lost to history—the sorcerer must tread carefully in his study of their own powers. While the reward for such delving may be great, indeed, one must face the risk of losing oneself in the process.

Haunted

For generations, a being of pure thought shared a symbiotic relationship with members of your family, inhabiting their physical bodies. This entity now lurks in the back of your mind, though its alien presence occasionally leaks into the outside world.

Class Skill: Knowledge (history).

Bonus Spells: *silent image* (3rd), *hypnotic pattern* (5th), *illusory script* (7th), *phantasmal killer* (9th), *nightmare* (11th), *contingency* (13th), *insanity* (15th), *demand* (17th), *weird* (19th).

Bonus Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Improved Iron Will, Iron Will, Quick Draw, Quicken Spell, Skill Focus (Knowledge [history]).

Bloodline Arcana: Whenever you cast a spell of the phantasm subschool, increase the spell’s DC by +2. Also, whenever you cast a non-phantasm spell with a duration listed as “concentration,” increase the spell’s DC by +2.

Bloodline Powers: A second mind inhabits your body, filling your brain with more and greater thoughts than it could ever produce of its own accord.

Deadly Intent (Sp): Starting at 1st level, you can wield your thoughts as though they were physical weapons. Doing so is a standard action, targeting a creature within 30 feet as a ranged touch attack. If you hit, your thoughts deal 1d6 points of damage +1 per two sorcerer levels you possess. This attack is a mind-affecting effect. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier.

Mind Over Matter (Su): At 3rd level, you gain a +2 bonus on concentration checks. This bonus increases to +4 at 9th level.

Spell-Like Thoughts (Su): At 9th level, you can cast a spell without using its normal verbal and somatic components, as though using the Silent Spell and Still Spell metamagic feats (even if you don’t have those feats). This does not increase the casting time or effective level of the modified spell. At 9th level, you can

A Matter of Blood



use this ability once per day. At 17th level, you can use this ability twice per day. At 20th level, you can use this ability three times per day.

Two Minds (Su): At 15th level, you gain the slippery mind advanced rogue talent as a supernatural ability. Also, once per day as a standard action, you can use a *time stop* effect, as per the spell with a caster level equal to your sorcerer level. This *time stop* effect always lasts for the minimum possible duration, and during that time, you can perform only purely

mental actions. You can use this *time stop* ability two additional times per day at 20th level.

Better than One (Su): At 20th level, your consciousness transcends your physical body. If you die, you immediately are subjected to a *reincarnation* effect (as per the spell cast by a druid of your sorcerer level) one hour after your death. This ability may only be triggered once per week. This effect always returns you to life as a member of your original race. You may instead choose not to

return to life.

Linnorm

Unlike sorcerers with the blood of metallic or chromatic dragons flowing in their veins, you carry within you the power of Golarion's original dragons, the linnorms. Perhaps an ancestor overcame a linnorm's death curse or even became an ally of these dangerous creatures. Whatever the reason, their strength lies within you, ready to manifest as you develop your power as a sorcerer.

Class Skill: Perception.

Bonus Spells: *mage armor* (3rd), *see invisibility* (5th), *arcane sight* (7th), *bestow curse* (9th), *spell resistance* (11th), *true seeing* (13th), *greater arcane sight* (15th), *form of the dragon III* (17th), *foresight* (19th).

Bonus Feats: Blind-Fight, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Skill Focus (Fly), Skill Focus (Knowledge), Toughness.

Bloodline Arcana: You curse those who harm you, just as a linnorm bestows a terrible curse on those who slay them. When an opponent damages you in combat, they must make a Will save or gain vulnerability to your energy type for a number of rounds equal to 1/2 your sorcerer level (minimum 1). The DC of the save is equal to 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier. An opponent who succeeds at his saving throw is immune to your curse ability for 24 hours.

Bloodline Powers: You are infused with the power of the linnorms. Their power manifests in a number of ways. At 1st level, you must select one of the linnorm types below. This choice cannot be changed. A number of your abilities grant resistances and deal damage based on your linnorm type, as noted on the following table.

Linnorm Senses: Starting at 1st



Paris Crenshaw, Eric Morton, Neil Spicer and Larry Wilhelm

Linnorm Bloodline Powers

Type	Energy Type	Breath Weapon (Secondary effect)
Crag	Fire	60-foot line of magma (1d6 fire damage for 2 rounds)
Ice	Cold	30-foot cone of freezing ooze (1d4 cold damage and motionless for 2 rounds)
Tarn	Acid	60-foot line of acid (1d6 Str damage)

level, you possess the amazing senses of these primal hunters. You gain keen senses, granting you a +2 racial bonus to Perception checks. You also gain darkvision to a range of 60 ft., and the Scent ability. At 5th level, your senses become more acute, increasing your racial bonus to Perception to +4 and your darkvision increases to a range of 90 feet. At 7th level, your racial bonus increases to +6 and your darkvision increases to 120 feet. At 11th level, your racial bonus increases to +8, and you gain the blindsense ability.

Linnorm Resistances (Ex): At 3rd level, you gain resistance 5 against your energy type and a +1 natural armor bonus. At 9th level, your energy resistance increases to 10 and natural armor bonus increases to +2. At 15th level, your natural armor bonus increases to +4.

Breath Weapon (Su): At 9th level, you gain a breath weapon. This breath weapon deals 1d6 points of damage of the type possessed by your linnorm lineage per sorcerer level and has a secondary effect depending on your linnorm lineage. Those caught in the area of the breath receive a Reflex save for half damage. The DC for all saves or checks associated with your breath weapon is equal to 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier. At 9th level, you can use this ability once per day. At 17th level, you can use this ability twice per day. At 20th level, you can use this ability three times per day.

A crag linnorm sorcerer's breath weapon is a line of magma that deals fire damage. Those who take damage on the first round take an additional 1d6 fire damage per round for 2

more rounds. The magma created by this breath weapon hardens to a thin layer of stone that degrades to a fine powder over several hours. A successful Reflex save negates the damage and prevents damage in subsequent rounds.

An ice linnorm sorcerer's breath weapon is a cone of freezing, viscous ooze that deals cold damage. Those who take damage on the first round are frozen in the ice for 2 rounds. They are held motionless and suffer 1d6 cold damage each round they are frozen. Breaking free of the ice requires a Strength check, Escape Artist check or combat maneuver check. Another creature can free a frozen target by tearing away the ice (a full-round action) or dealing at least 10 points of fire damage to the frozen target. Creatures with the fire subtype cannot be frozen in place by this breath weapon.

A tarn linnorm sorcerer's breath weapon is a line of acid that also releases toxic fumes upon contact with organic matter. Those who take damage from the acid must make a Fortitude save on the following round or take 1d6 Strength damage.

Linnorms' Favor (Ex): At 15th level, you gain a fly speed of 100 ft. (average). You also gain the benefit of the favor bestowed upon linnorms by their mysterious benefactor.

This favor grants you regeneration 5, which improves to regeneration 7 at 17th level and regeneration 10 at 20th level. You also gain the linnorm's full *death curse* ability. If an opponent kills you in combat, he must make a Will save or permanently gain vulnerability to your energy type. The DC of the save is equal to 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer



A Matter of Blood



level + your Charisma modifier.

Wyrm of the North (Su): At 20th level, your linnorm heritage becomes manifest. You gain immunity to curse effects, paralysis, poison, sleep and damage of your energy type. You also gain constant *true seeing* as per the spell effect.

Ophidian

You have the cold blood of a snake coursing through your veins. Generations ago a mysterious serpentfolk spread its filth into your lineage. You might sometimes have urges to evil, but your destiny (and alignment) is up to you.

Class Skill: Escape Artist.

Bonus Spells: *hypnotism* (3rd), *suggestion* (5th), *beast shape I* (7th; Medium constrictor or Small viper only), *poison* (9th), *beast shape III* (11th; Huge constrictor only), *mass suggestion* (13th), *grasping hand* (15th; form of a constricting snake), *demand* (17th), *crushing hand* (19th; form of a constricting snake).

Bonus Feats: Deceitful, Dodge, Extend Spell, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill Focus: Bluff.

Bloodline Arcana: Whenever you cast a spell of the compulsion subschool, increase the spell's DC by +2.

Bloodline Powers: The intelligent serpentine creatures that influenced your family ages past pulses strongly in your veins. A number of distinct powers are yours to command as you gain levels in the sorcerer class with this bloodline.

Fangs of the Serpent (Ex): Starting at 1st level, you can grow fangs as a free action. These fangs are treated as natural weapons, allowing you to make a melee touch attack. This attack deals 1d6 points of damage plus your strength modifier (1d4 if

you are Small). At 5th level the fangs are considered a magic weapon for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction. At 7th level the damage increases by one step to 1d8 points of damage (1d6 if you are Small). At 11th level the bite becomes poisonous dealing 1d3 points of Strength damage if the target fails their Fortitude save. The DC to resist the poison equals 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level+ your Charisma modifier. A creature that successfully saves is immune to the poison for 24 hours. This is a supernatural ability. You can use the fangs for a number of rounds per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier.

Serpent Resistances (Ex): At 3rd level, you gain a +1 bonus to your natural armor class, and a +2 bonus on saving throws made against poison. At 9th level the natural armor bonus increases to a +2, and your bonus on poison saving throws increases to +4.

Sticks to Snakes (Su): At 9th level, you can cause a swarm of snakes to transform from wooden objects to constrict and bite at your foes. These snakes spring into existence in a 20-foot-radius burst.

Anyone in this area takes 1d6 points of piercing damage per sorcerer level. Those caught in the area receive a Reflex save for half damage. Those who fail the save are unable to move for 1 round. The DC of this save is equal to 10+1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier. The snakes disappear after 1 round. The snakes must slither into existence from natural

wooden objects. At 9th level, you can use this once per day. At 17th level, you can use this ability twice per day. At 20th level, you can use this ability three times per day. This power has a range of 60 feet.

Hypnotic Stare (Sp): At 15th level, all spells cast from the enchantment school of magic gain a +2 bonus to overcome a creature's spell resistance. In addition, once per day, you may force your opponent (or opponents) to roll twice when making a saving throw against any spell you cast from the enchantment school of magic. The opponent(s) must take the lower of the two rolls.



Paris Crenshaw, Eric Morton, Neil Spicer and Larry Wilhelm



Coils of Iron (Ex): At 20th level, your form becomes infused with thick scales. You gain immunity to poisons and DR 5/—. Furthermore, you are considered to be one size category larger for the purpose of all grappling checks. Upon any successful grapple attempts you gain the constrict special ability. The constrict damage is 2d8+6.

Psionic

At some point in your family's history, one of your relatives manifested psionic abilities or suffered a major psychic trauma. Though you failed to inherit psionic abilities yourself, some spark of mental mastery still enhances your arcane talent.

Class Skill: Sense Motive.

Bonus Spells: *hypnotism* (3rd), *detect thoughts* (5th), *clairaudience/clairvoyance* (7th), *modify memory*

(9th), *telekinesis* (11th), *mass suggestion* (13th), *insanity* (15th), *mind blank* (17th), *dominate monster* (19th).

Bonus

Alertness, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Persuasive, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Still Spell.

Feats:

Dodge, Iron Will, Persuasive, Quicken Spell, Silent Spell, Still Spell.

Bloodline Arcana:

Whenever you cast a spell of the compulsion subschool, increase the spell's DC by +2.

Bloodline Powers:

Your magic benefits from the latent psionic energy of your mind, growing more potent as you gain levels.

Hand of the Psion (Su): At 1st level, you can cause a melee weapon to fly from your grasp and strike a foe before instantly returning. As a standard action, you can make a single attack using a melee weapon at a range of 30 feet. This attack is treated as a ranged attack with a thrown weapon, except that you add your Charisma modifier to the attack roll instead of your Dexterity modifier (damage still relies on Strength). This ability cannot be used to perform a combat maneuver. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier.

Mental Resistance (Ex): At 3rd level, you gain a +2 bonus on saving throws against enchantments and illusions. At 9th level, your bonus on saving throws against enchantments and illusions increases to +4.

Psychic Blast (Sp):

At 9th level, you can unleash a psychic blast of mental energy once per day. This 30-foot cone-shaped burst does 1d6 points of nonlethal

damage for every 2 sorcerer levels (maximum 10d6) and stuns creatures in its path for 1 round. Those caught in the area of your blast receive a Will save. A successful save negates the stunned effect and reduces the damage by half. The DC of this save is equal to 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier. At 9th level, you can use this ability once per day. At 17th level, you can use this ability twice per day. At 20th level, you can use this ability three times per day.

Willful Magic (Ex): At 15th level, you can increase the potency of your spells through sheer force of will, allowing you to reroll any caster level check to overcome spell resistance. You must decide to use this ability before the results are revealed by the GM. You must take the second result even if it is worse. You can use this ability at will.

Transcendent Mind (Su): At 20th level, you gain immunity to all mind-affecting effects and the ability to communicate telepathically with any creature within 100 feet that has a language. Once per day, you can cast *astral projection* as a spell-like ability using your sorcerer level as your caster level. ☞





Words from Many Roads

By Russell 'Sorichel Minoi Mousefeet' Estes
Art by Jason Kirckof

In all the ages of Avistan and beyond, few have dared the perhaps impossible feat of chronicling the mad vivacity of gnome life. Even among gnomes, few care to put their experiences to paper, too enrapt in the next motion, color, or breath of living. As such, even among Golarion's greatest centers of scholarship, gnome literature holds the status of dubious myth. Few academics believe any significant works exist and most consider the race's mercurial nature unsuited to such a serious art. In general, such preconceptions hold true—the vast majority of gnomes care far more for the activities of life than whittling

away days recording what is, was, or might yet be.

Yet, while such applies to many efforts of gnome prose, the swift lines and written music of gnome poetry proves a considerably different matter.

For decades, the quixotic poetry of Cheliox-born gnome poet Sorichel Minoi Mousefeet has risen to the top among the works of his peers, even trickling into the humanocentric folios of southern Avistan and winning him a burgeoning favorable repute throughout the Inner Sea region. Less abstract in content and tone than many of his kind—whose works tend toward wild lists of made-

up colors, imaginary sounds, and impossible similes—Mousefeet draws inspiration both from the styles and efforts of his contemporaries among the taller races and from his own people. Rather than choosing his own experiences and exertions as topics, the somber poet draws from the ways and histories of his people as a whole. Thus he reveals an unprecedented glimpse into gnome life.

Collected here are a half-dozen of poet S. M. Mousefeet's best known works, painting a vivid picture of gnome experiences across Golarion, all from a vantage point not four feet off the ground.

Words from Many Roads

Sothic's Travels

From one world
 To this
 I have traveled far,
 From secluded hills
 To cities of stone.
 I have seen the lush cities of Thom
 With its many rivers,
 Inviting as they were
 My feet I could not sway,
 They took me south
 And on to Brastlework
 To dine with the King.
 We spoke of many things
 And again I was invited,
 But my heart wanted more.
 Too many wonders in this world
 Nothing a King could buy,
 So I departed,
 To see the great markets of
 Katapesh
 And gathered many trinkets
 To the south I dare not go,
 Evil lingers there and waits.
 Many adventures to be had
 And my paths I will find.

The Lonely Isle

In Katapesh,
 I came upon a scroll ages old.
 It told of a city
 Just as old,
 On an island it lies
 In the Heart of Darkness.
 There are wonders to behold
 With evil spirits
 Who guard it well,
 The city that was never found,
 To find my wretched brothers
 What fame! What glory!
 Bah,
 A fool's tale and nothing more,
 But fools make the bravest of
 warriors.
 To be sure I'll keep it,
 Tis a mere trinket I assure you.

The King of Gnomes

Within these walls
 I sit upon my throne,
 Within these walls
 I feel no warmth,
 A child of the wood,
 I long for sun
 And grass beneath my feet.
 Yet, I rule these people
 Responsibility and a curse,
 Perhaps when I'm done
 I'll return to the earth.

The Workshop

This world is strange
 Many a thing to play with/tinker,
 I've much to do
 Be it collect/study/fix/meddle,
 The things I do to keep me here,
 Tis better to work
 Than become Lonely.

Where We Began

In the hills,
 In the forests,
 We came to play
 And not to run,
 Here we find peace
 Here we find quiet.
 Some of our brothers,
 Founded cities of stone,
 But here is simple,
 And simplicity suits us fine.

The Lonely Ones

Oh, little people of the wood,
 With faces so innocent
 Yet, grins so disturbing,
 To be out of this world,
 And alien to this one.
 You came out of curiosity,
 To a world of Anguish,
 With many a life lost,
 You huddled together
 And made it through.
 Ah, but little ones,

More Golarion Poetry

Far Wanderer

by Dave Mallon

Through the iron doors of
 Celadrim,
 Into the lightless depths of
 earthen heart
 To seek the eldritch things that lie
 within
 The night-bound wells of Under-
 dark.
 The stone wrapped 'round these
 paths of gloom
 Inside hard-hearted ebon vaults,
 O, to press on would mean but
 doom;
 But still I wander through these
 halls.
 Down, down through Istrandar,
 And the starkest realms of Far
 Abyss;
 To glimpse the foulest pits of Nar,
 And the mold'ring ruins of once-
 fair Dis.
 Oh I had traveled far below to
 seek what I'd now found,
 But never shall I e'er again travel
 high above the ground.

This world stays a challenge,
 So busy yourself and tinker with its
 gifts
 And you will belong.
 Some of you though sought shadow,
 And chose to bend body
 And warp mind.
 To you the Darkness calls
 From the Jungle,
 You found your home.
 Legends tell us
 That deep in the Jungle,
 We'll find your city,
 Ah, but legends I'm sure.
 To us you are Spriggans,
 But to your brothers
 You are the Lonely Ones. ☞

New Race: The Abirai



New Race



The Abirai

By Dave "The Eldritch Mr. Shiny" Mallon
Art by Larissa "Lynora" McPherson

The abirai (singular abirus) are a strange race of humanoids that inhabit a few small villages in the deepest jungles of the Mwangi Expanse. Imitating the mannerisms of the jungle creatures around them, abirai can be fierce enemies to those that encroach on their ancestral grounds. Travelers lost in the arboreal mazes of the Mwangi usually only see the efforts of the abirus, keeping the more dangerous predators away from those unable to defend themselves.

Physical Description: Abirai resemble elves with their stark,

angular features but lack the effortless grace that is a hallmark of that race. Instead of hair, an abirus has soft, leathery quills, patterned in hues similar to that of eagles, kites, and other birds of prey. Tall and gaunt, males often tower to seven and a half feet tall, with females only slightly shorter, and generally weigh around 140 pounds. With their multidirectional joints, they tend to move in fashions that boggle the unobservant and can often switch directions at a moment's notice.

Society: Abirai have a tribal society, inhabiting a few small villages in deep tropical jungles. Each tribe comprises an average of forty members, ruled by a chieftain, males and females equally earning this distinction. Abirai society is a meritocratic one, each abirus earning their place by deeds and actions, rather than empty promises. Abirai practice little to no agriculture or herding, instead relying on the jungle's bounty to keep them fed. Abirai do engage in a form of aquaculture, keeping eel, fish and snails in wicker-bound morasses.

Abirai children are nameless until they come of age, usually around twelve years old, after which they are



Abirai Racial Traits

+2 Constitution, +6 Dexterity, -2 Intelligence, -4 Wisdom: Abirai have incredibly flexible limbs and are well-adapted to their jungle homes. However, their intellects are mediocre, and they can be naïve and lacking in common sense. Not uncommonly, a lone abirus warrior rushes into battle against multiple enemies without hesitation, an act often resulting in death or great injury, but praises from their fellow abirai.

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

Fleet: Abirai have a base speed of 40 feet.

Arboreal: Abirai are uniquely suited to life in the deep jungle, and receive a +5 racial bonus on Climb checks. In addition, abirai do not receive any penalties imposed by climbing at an accelerated rate of speed.

Darkvision: Abirai can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

Double-jointed: Because of the extra, two-way joint in each of their limbs, abirai receive a +2 racial bonus on Acrobatics and Escape Artist checks.

Dyslexia: Abirai have extreme difficulty comprehending written languages. They receive a -2 penalty on Linguistics, Spellcraft, and Use Magic Device checks involving written languages.

Languages: Abirai begin play speaking Abirai, their racial language. Abirai with high intelligence scores can choose any of the following languages: Common, Gnome, Sylvan, and Terran.

cast out of their homes to complete their first solo hunt and return. An elaborate ceremony and feast follows, the new adult abirai “taking” the name of their kill (or find).

Relations: Average abirai can be inept with new cultures, but are sticklers about proper social protocols and can pick up behavioral cues with surprising speed. Once over their initial distrust of outsiders, abirai make friends easily.

Alignment and Religion: Truly evil abirai are societal pariahs, often cast out before their attitudes can pervade an abirai tribe. Abirai do not care for strict rules, particularly those that seem whimsical and without basis in the natural world. Abirai tend to stay far from cities as a result, associating the stone structures of large urban areas as terrifying edifices of law. As befitting their rural society, abirai believe deeply that the world is a living thing, and many feel comfortable following the path of a druid and similar deities. Erastil and Gozreh share a dual shrine in many abirai villages, with smaller local demigods and ancestral totems rounding out the rest of common worship.

Adventurers: Like the climbing vines that tenaciously cling to everything in the jungle, an abirus sometimes takes up the mantle of traveler, ranging far from the lands they once called home. Their dexterous hands and speed make them excellent scouts, or for those few that choose an urban lifestyle, burglars.

Names: Abirai make no distinction between male or female names. Amber Talon, Blue Deer, Dying Hawk, Gray Eel, Old Leopard, Red Cobra, Silver Kite, Sky Fire, White Moon. ☼



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New Monster: Asashim



Angel, Asashim

By Dave "The Eldritch Mr. Shiny" Mallon
Art by Gavin "Gavgoyle" Smith



This feathered warrior towers over even the tallest of men. Great wings close around its muscled body and powerful arms wield an enormous, gleaming sword.

Angel, Asashim CR 11

XP 12,800

NG Large outsider (angel, extraplanar, good)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +22

Aura protective aura

DEFENSES

AC 25, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+7 Dex, 9 natural, -1 size)

hp 147 (14d10+70)

Fort +9, **Ref** +16, **Will** +13; +4 vs poison

DR 10/evil; **Immune** acid, cold, petrification; **Resist** electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 100 ft. (good)

Melee

Huge mwk greatsword +21/+16/+11 (4d6+10/19-20)

2 claws +20 (1d8+7)

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

Special Attacks Cleave, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Vital Strike

Spell-like abilities (CL 12th)

Constant – *true seeing*

At will – *bles*, *bane* (DC 22), *command* (DC 22), *consecrate*, *protection from evil* 3/day – *flame strike* (DC 26), *hallow* (DC 26), *magic circle against evil*

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 24, **Con** 20, **Int** 20, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 39

Feats Cleave, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Hover, Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Vital Strike

Skills Acrobatics +21, Bluff +4, Climb +21, Craft +5, Diplomacy +18, Disguise +4, Escape Artist +7, Fly +23, Heal +18, Intimidate +18, Perception

+21, Perform +4, Sense Motive +21, Stealth +3, Survival +4, Swim +7, Knowledge (planes) +22, Knowledge (religion) +19, Spellcraft +19

Languages Abyssal, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; truespeech

SQ lay on hands 7/day (3d6)

ECOLOGY

Environment any good-aligned plane

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Powerful Build (Ex) Due to its powerful musculature, an asashim may use weapons of up to one size category larger without penalty.

The asashim are a tightly knit group of free thinking celestial warriors, a self-contained unit that will throw in their lot with any party they deem the most righteous. On occasion, they have accepted payment for their services, most often in the form of esoteric knowledge or powerful magic, which

has led to their nickname in some circles as "Heaven's Sellswords." There are always two hundred asashim at any one time, and if any die, more appear from some unseen source to keep the number consistent and maintain the illusion of a legion of immortal warriors.

Asashim resemble 9-foot-tall humanoids with finely scaled ivory skin and two pairs of violet-feathered wings sprouting from their backs. The asashim appear human from the waist up, but have the legs of some sort of ivory dragon or bird, which have long, golden claws and tufts of dark violet feathers. The arms of a member of the asashim also have clawed hands and tufts of feathers. The face of one of the asashim resembles that of a slightly feral-looking human with glowing magenta eyes and a shock of dark feathers for hair. All asashim carry a massive greatsword, and wear nothing but a red kilt or loincloth and a thick red leather belt and scabbard. ☞

New Monster: Grave Guard

Grave Guard

By Dave "The Eldritch Mr. Shiny" Mallon
Art by Danny "Gworeth" Krog

This skeletal creature possesses blades grafted onto its forearms, and many of the bones seem reinforced with metal and additional material.

Grave Guard CR 4

XP 1,200

LN Medium undead

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.;
Perception +10

DEFENSES

AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+1
Dex, +6 natural)

hp 42 (5d8+20)

Fort +1, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2

DR 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** cold,
undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee

mwk bastard sword +6 (1d10+4/19-
20) and mwk bastard sword +6
(1d10+2/19-20)

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** –, **Int** 6, **Wis** 6,
Cha 14

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 18

Feats Exotic Weapon Proficiency
(bastard sword), Toughness (2)

Skills Climb +4, Intimidate +10,
Perception +6, Stealth +1

Languages Cannot speak, but
understand the languages spoken by
their creator

ECOLOGY

Environment any ruins or urban

Organization solitary or contingent
(1d4+1)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ambidextrous (Ex) A grave guard
functions as if using the Two-Weapon
Fighting feat when using its two
bonded weapons. In addition, its
bonded weapons function as light

weapons for the purposes of this
ability.

Created by clerics worshiping
deities with the Death domain,
grave guards serve as protectors of
libraries, mortuaries, temples and
tombs of the honored dead. While
not mindless, grave guards have
very limited intelligence, prone
to forgetfulness, misdirection and
misinterpretation. Grave guards
follow their orders to the letter,
regardless of their creator's intent,
leading to the frustration of many

an aspiring necromancer.

Unlike other skeletal undead,
grave guards attack only if provoked
or unable to dissuade intruders
with a show of force. When one
attacks, it launches itself in a frenzy
when its opponent is dead or has
fled the scene.

A cleric of at least 12th level can
use *create undead* to construct a
grave guard, choosing the weapons
that the guard wields for the rest of
its existence. ☞



Taste of Golarion

**Curried Salmon**

The driving rain delayed my progress through that wild coastline that the Varisians claim as their own. With Magnimar long behind me, and only the promise of a warm meal ahead in Sandpoint, I coaxed the dappled mare through the muddy road, trying to ignore the icy drops that seemed to wind their way through my cloak's hood to drip down my back. At long last, I found myself among the small town, one stop on the way to my destination. The lure of a heady, woody perfume drew me into a brightly light tavern, the sound of laughter and the warm of a raging hearth the balm to my weary bones. The proprietor, a tattooed woman with a warm smile, immediately set to making sure that I had a hot meal by the fire, with plenty of the warmed spiced wine. She felt the need to apologize that the salmon was not as it should, that is to say, lovingly smoked over the herbs and juniper that had drawn me like a moth to flame. Before I succumbed to enforced slumber, I recall having enough presence of mind to make notes on the dish I was served.

- 4 6 oz. salmon fillets, skinned (optional)
- 1 tbsp Madras curry powder
- 1 tsp black pepper, coarsely ground
- 1 tsp red wine vinegar
- 1 tsp brown sugar
- ½ tsp kosher salt
- Vegetable oil

Preheat your oven to 500°F and place a heavy cast iron skillet on the uppermost rack. While the oven heats up, combine the spices, vinegar and 2 tbsp of vegetable oil in a small bowl and combine thoroughly. Rub the spice mixture over both sides of the salmon, reserving any remaining mixture. Let the salmon warm up for at least five minutes, then remove the skillet from the oven and place on the stove over medium heat. Add one tablespoon of oil to the skillet (be careful, it will spatter), moving the oil around the skillet. Place the fillets skin side up and let

Taste of Golarion

By Liz "Lilith" Courts, Jonathan "Wicht" McAnulty,
and Dain "zylphryx" Nielsen

Art by Crystal "immora" Frasier; Photos by Liz "Lilith" Courts

Absalom Fig Tart

- 2 pints fresh figs, stemmed and quartered
- ½ cup honey
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1 tbsp butter, cut into pieces
- 1 pie crust, rolled out to ¼" thick
- 1 egg white, beaten
- Raw sugar for sprinkling
- Cornmeal for dusting

Preheat your oven to 425°F. Mix the honey and lemon juice together. Lightly sprinkle cornmeal a baking sheet, placing the rolled pie crust directly onto the baking sheet. Brush the honey mixture over the surface of the crust. Lay out the quartered figs in a pinwheel fashion, starting in the center and leaving a three-inch wide border. Drizzle any leftover honey mixture over the figs and then place the dabs of butter around the top of the figs. Starting at the base of tart, at the 6 o' clock position, fold up the edges of the tart around the filling, leaving an opening at the top. Brush the egg white over the tart in a thin layer, then sprinkle with the raw sugar. Bake until golden brown, about 15 to 20 minutes. Let cool at least half an hour before slicing.

Serves 4 to 6.

Taste of Golarion

The Rise and Thal

This dish is briefly described in a description of food and drink of the Katapesh marketplace in the back of "The Jackal's Price." The description included limes, olives and rice. Not much to go on, so I did a little research, mainly on spices, and fiddled around a bit. The end result is pretty tasty – I actually made this for one of my gaming groups as a side dish for the communal game night dinner and folks loved it. Alas, there were no leftovers for me to take home.

– Dain

cook for at least thirty seconds, or until the fish releases from the pan (no more than 1 minute). Flip the fillets and cook for another thirty seconds to one minute. Baste any remaining spice mixture on the top of the fish, thinning out if necessary with additional oil and finish in the oven. Cook for ten minutes, or until the internal temperature reads 140°F and the flesh is opaque. Serve with boiled or steamed baby potatoes.

Serves 4.

Katapesh Thal

Many ingredients familiar to our sturdy, northern palette, especially vegetables and root starches, are rare luxuries in exotic Katapesh. Instead, most of the common populace relies upon olives and rice, the region's two most prolific food crops. But what the eastern coasts of Garrund lack in local vegetables, it more than makes up for in flavorful citrus and spices that flow like water. Local dishes like Thal serve primarily as delivery systems for these overwhelming and easily-available flavors.

- ½ cup black olives, roughly chopped
- ½ cup Spanish olives, roughly chopped
- ½ cup kalamata olives, roughly chopped
- ½ tsp ground coriander
- ¼ tsp kosher salt
- 2 tsp fresh thyme, chopped
- 1/8 cup fresh mint, chopped
- Juice from 2 medium limes
- ½ cup basmati rice

Place the coriander, lime juice, mint, olives, salt, and thyme in a bowl. Mix thoroughly, adjusting the spices to taste. Allow the mix to marinate overnight.

Cook the rice according to the instructions, adding the olive mixture to the cooked rice. Serve chilled or warm.

Serves 8

Lost Coast Pumpkin Soup

In the fall and winter, Varisian pumpkins are used to make a variety of aromatic dishes. These large vegetables keep well through the winter, are easily prepared and complimented by a variety of spices. This soup is a favorite of the Varisian people with each clan or household having a different variation on the dish. Along the coast, it is common for pumpkin soup to contain seafood. The following recipe, along with its variants, can be found anywhere between Magnimar and Windsong Abbey.

- 3 tbsp olive oil
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 medium onion, finely diced
- 2 lbs assorted seafood, chopped*
- 8 cups chicken or vegetable broth
- 4 cups prepared pumpkin OR 29 oz. can of pumpkin puree**
- ¼ tsp cumin
- ¼ tsp paprika***
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup heavy whipping cream, whipped
- Paprika to garnish

Heat the oil in a 4 quart pot to medium heat. Add garlic and onions, sautéing until the onions are translucent, being careful not to burn or caramelize. Add half of the broth, stir thoroughly, and then stir in the pumpkin until the mixture is smooth. Add any fish to the soup at this point if you are using any. Slowly stir in the remaining broth, adding more water if necessary until the soup reaches the desired consistency. Add the cumin and paprika and reduce the heat until simmering. Cover and let cook for ten minutes. Add the rest of the seafood, then allow to simmer for another ten minutes. Season to taste with the cumin, pepper, and salt.

Serve with a spoonful of the whipped cream and a sprinkling of the paprika.

Serves 8

* Scallops and shrimp are recommended.

** Pumpkin is a vegetable that can be readily obtained canned, usually having a more robust flavor than home-prepared pumpkin. Preparing a pumpkin for this soup at home is easy. Remove the seed and stems from a pumpkin, then chop. Boil or steam until the flesh is soft. Remove the flesh from the rind, pureeing or mashing for use in dishes. Pumpkin prepared this way does not last long and should be quickly.

*** It's worth finding smoked paprika if you can – it will add a subtle flavor to many dishes paprika is used in.



Sargavan Scones


Cousin, how fares it in Westcrown? Really, I think you should quit that backwater and join me in Eleder. I know you have a great fear of bugs, but really, after the first time you see one eat your favored pet, your perspective changes. I have made myself a great living here in Sargava, a plantation owner, can you believe it? Far from the pimple-faced popinjay trying to sing when my voice changed, eh? As I know you're fond of collecting recipes, I'm sending this one to you, along with a pound of dried anarosh, the fruit that I grow here – you really must try it fresh, there is no comparison! That aged cheese you sent me last time goes wonderfully with it. May this letter find you in good fortune. – Apici

- 3 ¼ cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tbsp plus 1 tsp baking powder
- ½ tsp salt
- 2 tbsp sugar
- 1 tbsp dried basil
- 4 oz (1 stick) cold butter, cut into pieces
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese*
- 1 cup diced ham
- 1 cup diced pineapple, drained thoroughly and juice reserved
- ¼ cup shallots, minced
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg

Preheat your oven to 400°F. In a large bowl, sift together the baking powder, flour and salt. Stir in the basil and sugar. Add the butter to the flour, breaking the butter into smaller pieces with your fingertips until the mixture is coarse**. Stir in the cheese, ham, pineapple and shallots, tossing lightly to coat them in the flour mixture. In a smaller bowl, beat the egg and milk together until combined, then pour into the flour. With a fork, stir the mixture until it just comes together (dough will be sticky). Lightly dust the countertop with flour, turning out the dough from the bowl. Sprinkle flour on your hands and fold the dough over itself four times, giving it a quarter turn each time. With your fingertips, press out the dough into a 9-inch circle and place it onto a baking sheet. With a dull knife or bench scraper, cut the dough into eight wedges (do not separate). Bake for 40 to 45 minutes, or until a toothpick pierced in the center comes out clean. Let cool for fifteen minutes and cut into wedges. Serve warm or cooled.

Makes 8

* A mixture of sharp and white cheddar works well. Fresher cheeses, like mozzarella, will make the dough too wet.

** You can use a food processor to break up the butter, but the bowl and blade should be chilled beforehand. Work quickly, using the pulse setting, until the mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. 

Linguistics Check

By Thomas Baumbach

How dedicated a Paizonian are you? Test your wits against this issue's punishing puzzle and find out!

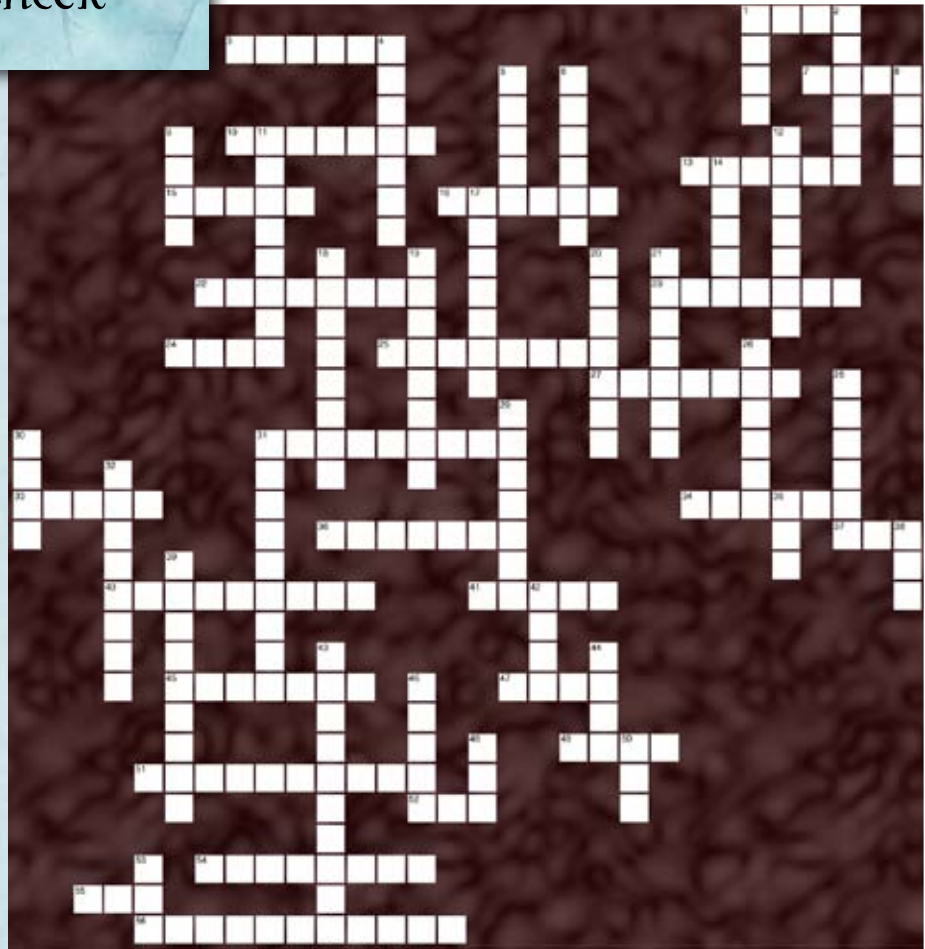
Across

1. Salamander Ability
3. *Pathfinder #1* author
7. Evil elf; rhymes with "bow"
10. Absalom's Tuesday
13. Seoni's bloodline
15. ___ Consortium
16. The Red Planet
22. Patron of Spring
23. City at the Center of the World
24. Iconic druid
25. The original dragons
27. Bardic skill
31. *Council of Thieves* city
33. Iconic monk
34. Mwangi terrain
36. A Hellknight in training
37. Archlords of ___
40. Desna's weapon
41. Ranger's favored ___
45. *Pathfinder #7: Edge of*

47. Erik ___ Day
49. Addictive cactus sap
51. Goblin bard
52. Spritely sorcerer bloodline
54. Wizard's helper
55. Iconic bard
56. Martial neckwear (2 words)

Down

1. Melch the ___
2. Thrice-Damned House
4. Varisian wanderers
5. Iconic hottie
6. Golarion's Tarot



8. Darkmoon Vale lupine
9. Shoanti skull-shield
11. Language of Osirion
12. Selyiel's race (hyph.)
14. What giants throw
17. First winter month
18. Seelah's homeland
19. The Savored Sting
20. Magnimar's bridge to nowhere
21. Iconic fighter
26. The Last Azlanti
28. Less than frightened
29. Eagle Knight homeland
30. ___ of the *Runelords*
31. Magic compass
32. Deific demon lord
35. Domain of the Dead
38. Tian ___
39. Amiri's class
40. *Pathfinder #15: The*
- Armageddon* ___
43. *Pathfinders'* publication
44. Kuthona holiday, Night of the ___
46. Iconic ranger's race
48. Ancient dwarven Quest for ___
50. Thassilonian Magic
53. *Pathfinder RPG's* grapple mechanic

Key

31. wayfinder
32. Lamashtu
35. Geb
38. Xia
39. barbarian
40. *Echo*
43. chronicles
44. Pale
46. dwarf
48. Sky
50. Sin
53. CMB

11. Osiriani
12. half-elf
14. rocks
17. Kuthona
18. Katapesh
19. Calistra
20. Irespan
21. Valeros
26. Arden
28. shaken
29. Andoran
30. Rise

52. Fey
54. familiar
55. Lem
56. Bladed Scarf
1. Hump
2. Thrupe
4. Shoanti
5. Seoni
6. Harrow
8. Wolf
9. Klar

27. Perform
31. Westcrown
33. Sajan
34. jungle
36. armiger
37. Nex
40. starknife
41. enemy
45. *Anarchy*
47. Mona
49. Pesh
51. warchanter

1. heat
3. Jacobs
7. drow
10. Toilday
13. arcane
15. Aspis
16. Akton
22. Pharasman
23. Absalom
24. Lini
25. Innorm

ACROSS

Burnt Offerings: The Stage Play



Burnt Offerings: The Stage Play

By Tom Beckett

Art by Sarah Feather; Photos by Tom Beckett

ABSTALAR

Ah, Finn. Finn?

FINN

Just Finn.

ABSTALAR

Ah, I see. Well, Finn, glad to meet you. I hope I see you up at the cathedral every Solday.

FINN

Yes, uhm, well.

ABSTALAR

Go ahead. Do you have a question of faith?

FINN

Well, no. But aren't you a little young...

Burnt Offerings: The Stage Play



BETHENA

Finn! Don't bother with him, Father, he's just an ignorant table washer, who should be minding his own business.

ABSTALAR

No, I don't mind. Really. I often pray to Desna, asking her that same question. I really can't say. I merely bless Desna for my good fortune and pray that she will give me the strength and vision to guide the faithful. Anyway, I must go. Thank you both. (He exits)



Burnt Offerings: The Stage Play



BETHENA

Thank you, Father. You ignorant troll-brain. Don't you ever think before you do?
(BETHENA exits into the tavern. MILOSH enters from DR.)

FINN

Well, I...

AMEIKO

Finn. Finn. Finn. Haven't you learned not to argue with halflings?

MILOSH

Hey! Ameiko!

AMEIKO

Milosh! You're missing the festival. They all went to open up the temple Where have you been?

MILOSH

Uh... I've been... walking.

AMEIKO

Hey, cheer up. It's Swallowtail.
(she crosses over and slugs him on the shoulder.)

MILOSH

Ow! Remind me never to go hand to hand with you.

Burnt Offerings: The Stage Play



AMEIKO

Don't worry about it, handsome. A couple of years on the road exploring the back roads of Varisia and, with any luck, you'll be half as good as me. (MILOSH laughs) Your dad was just here. (MILOSH stops laughing and scowls) You should have seen him. "You will have fun. Any of you cutthroats having too much fun will face my steel." (FINN laughs, MILOSH doesn't.) Ah, lighten up, Milosh.

FINN

Hey Milosh, how did the test go? (MILOSH's mood goes dark) Did you get into the garrison?

AMEIKO

Finn.

FINN

You're going to be working with your dad?

MILOSH

I didn't make it. Gabe got it.



AMEIKO

Milosh...

MILOSH

There was only one slot this year.

FINN

But you're twice the swordsman as Gabe or even Ameiko's brother, Tsuto.

MILOSH

My dad, excuse me, SHERIFF Hemlock, doesn't think I'm ready.


AMEIKO

Don't worry about it. We all know...

MILOSH

Don't worry about it? Don't worry about it? That's easy for you to say. You're no older than me and your dad gives you a tavern.

AMEIKO

Milosh Hemlock! My daddy didn't give me a thing. This was my mother's family's tavern and you know it. 



Gorillas Love it!



Shouldn't You?

Wayfinder #3 Arrives June 2010

Aaron Miller '10



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Art by Carlos "Celurian" Toreblanca

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