

W A Y F I N D E R

A Pathfinder Fanzine Made By Fans for Fans



Five Years of Pathfinder

Volume No. 7: PaizoCon 2012 | Not for Sale



PAIZO FANS
UNITED

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WARRIOR

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This product makes use of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic, and Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat. These rules can be found online as part of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Reference Document at paizo.com/pathfinderRPG/prd.

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FOREWORD

FIVE YEARS OF PATHFINDER

At first I was a little bit peeved that Tim waited until Wayfinder #7 to ask me to write an introduction for this prestigious journal. But then I realized that he had a cunning plan all along: he was reserving the coveted slot celebrating the 10th anniversary of Paizo and 5th anniversary of Pathfinder for me. Cunning man, that Tim!

As many of you are probably aware, I have been in a very nostalgic mood this year. Each month in the Paizo blog, I've covered one year of Paizo history, writing about the important things that happened and how those events brought us where we are today. And as I previewed the contents of Wayfinder #7, my nostalgic mood was heightened: Rise of the Runelords was the first Pathfinder adventure path that I ran in my own home campaign. Reading through these pages, memories of Sevashti (Varisian sorceress), Elena and Marbury Foxglove (rogue and cleric of Cayden Cailean respectively), Elsid (ranger), Karnack (Shoanti barbarian) and Jamek (half-orc druid) came rushing back. The seven of us spent three years of our lives telling the tale of a group of intrepid Sandpoint townfolk saving Varisia from the Runelord Karzoug. It was a hell of a story and one that I will hold dear for the rest of my life.

Now with the Rise of the Runelords Anniversary Edition being released at PaizoCon, it is fitting that these hallowed pages of Wayfinder take inspiration from and pay tribute to the first Pathfinder Adventure Path and the country of

Varisia. As new groups of adventurers are introduced to Sandpoint and hear the first verses of the goblin song, the great community here in Wayfinder and online at paizo.com will be there to help each GM get the most out of our most beloved adventure path. New tales will be told and new friendships will be forged in the crucible of adventure.

It was only five short years ago that Tim assembled fewer than 50 dedicated fans at a hotel in Bellevue and called the gathering PaizoCon. In the years since, Paizo brought the event in-house, taking up residence in Bellevue's Coast Hotel for three years, then bringing it to Redmond for the first time this year. For PaizoCon 2012, close to 500 intrepid souls will spend three days reveling in each other's presence and enjoying the fruits of each other's creativity, gaming, telling stories and enjoying each other's fellowship. It was for these things that Tim created PaizoCon, and it is with this vision that we carry forward his legacy.

So raise a toast to the past and the future! To Paizo, Pathfinder, PaizoCon, and Wayfinder! And to you, our friends and customers, without whom none of this would exist. To paraphrase from the Sandpoint sign—"Welcome to Wayfinder! Please stop to see yourself as we see you!"



Lisa Stevens
CEO
Paizo Publishing LLC



Aspen
Bastlework

Arthfell Forest

Cassimir

WEAL OR WOE: LORE SEEKERS

BY NEIL SPICER

ART BY TODD WESTCOT

The thirst for knowledge afflicts all kinds of creatures, from the divinely enlightened to the monstrously uncivilized. Adventurers who cross their paths may find such scions friendly and helpful, or unscrupulous and deadly.

WEAL: MERSOOLIAN THREE

The faith of Nethys holds no especial prominence in Varisia, but a select few have brought the teachings of the All-Seeing Eye to its shores. Mersoolian Threec represents one such evangelist, tirelessly unearthing the secrets of ancient Thassilon, laying them bare for arcane practitioners to study. From a small shrine in Magnimar, he frequently sells maps, lesser Thassilonian artifacts, and spell scrolls to raise money for expeditions into the hinterlands, the ruins and monuments of the ancient Runelords drawing his interest.

Adventure Hooks

- Adventurers find themselves referred to Mersoolian if they are in the market for or wishing to sell spell scrolls, relics, or information about ancient Thassilon.
- Mersoolian hires the PCs to help him reach an especially distant and dangerous ruin on the Storval Plateau.
- Friends of Mersoolian express concern after failing to hear from him for several days. Fearing recent goblin activity may threaten his latest expedition, they ask the PCs to investigate.

Boon

Mersoolian serves as a recurring contact and purveyor of arcane lore and magic supplies for friendly PCs. Anytime they visit his shrine in Magnimar and successfully impress him with either a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) or Knowledge (history) skill check, Mersoolian grants them a 10% discount on any single spell scroll in his inventory.



MERSOOLIAN THREE

CR 3

XP 800

Male half-elf cleric of Nethys 3/transmuter 1
NG Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +2; Senses low-light vision; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+2 armor, +2 deflection, +2 Dex, +4 shield)

hp 28 (4 HD; 3d8+1d6+8)

Fort +4, **Ref** +4, **Will** +9

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft.

Melee quarterstaff +1 (1d6-1) or dagger +1 (1d4-1/19-20)

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

Special Attacks channel positive energy or negative energy 4/day (DC 12, 2d6 positive energy or DC 11, 1d6 negative energy)

Arcane School Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +4) 6/day—*telekinetic fist* (1d4 bludgeoning)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +6)

At will—*lore keeper* (21)

6/day—*blast rune* (1d6+1 energy damage, 3 rounds)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +6)

2nd—*detect thoughts*^D (DC 15), *hold person* (DC 15), *shatter* (DC 15)

1st—*comprehend languages*^D, *doom* (DC 14), *shield of faith*, *summon monster I*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *guidance*, *resistance*, *read magic*

^D Domain Spell; **Domains** Knowledge, Rune.

Transmuter Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +4)

1st—*alarm*, *expeditious retreat*, *shield*

At will—*arcane mark*, *dancing lights*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*

Opposition Schools Illusion, Necromancy.

TACTICS

Before Combat Each day, Mersoolian uses his physical enhancement ability to improve his Dexterity while preparing spells. If alerted to battle, he casts *expeditious retreat*, *resistance*, *shield*, and *shield of faith* on himself.

During Combat Mersoolian summons additional allies with his scrolls or spells at the beginning of a fight, even using his bonded bracers to cast an additional *summon monster I*, if faced with overwhelming odds. Thereafter, he relies on his superior speed to stay at range, attacking with his *wand of magic missiles*, *telekinetic fist*, or remaining spells. He casts *hold person*, *doom*, or *shatter* to inhibit anyone giving chase, and channels negative energy with his Versatile Channeler feat if surrounded.

Morale When reduced to less than 10 hp, Mersoolian uses his superior foot speed to run, only pausing to place fiery *blast runes* between himself and his pursuers if he can lure them through a narrow hallway. After buying time, he drinks his *potion of cure light wounds* or channels positive energy to heal himself.

Base Statistics Without his spells, Mersoolian's statistics are: **AC** 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12; **Fort** +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +8; **Speed** 30 ft.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 16

Feats Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Knowledge [arcana]), Toughness, Versatile Channeler*

Skills Appraise +7, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +7, Knowledge (history) +10, Knowledge (planes) +10, Knowledge (religion) +8, Linguistics +7,

TETHIQQA SLEEKSCALE **CR 3**

Perception +5, Spellcraft +10; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception
Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Giant, Goblin, Thassilonian
SQ arcane bond (bracers), aura, elf blood, physical enhancement +1
Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds, scroll of hold portal, scroll of summon monster II, scroll of unseen servant, wand of detect secret doors* (21 charges remaining), *wand of magic missile* (42 charges remaining); Other Gear +1 *padded armor, dagger, everburning torch, explorer's outfit, quarterstaff, spellbook* (all prepared spells plus *detect secret doors, erase, feather fall, floating disc, magic missile, magic weapon, and unseen servant*), spell component pouch, wooden holy symbol, 6 gp, 9 sp, 10 cp
 * See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Magic*.

WOE: TETHIQQA SLEEKSCALE

The goblin tribes of Varisia often cast out individual goblins who anger their chieftains or violate tribal customs. These forlorn creatures face certain death in the wilds, rarely able to survive on their own. A lucky few find themselves recruited instead by a clever goblin snake named Tethiqqa Sleekscale. Legends say she too was once an outcast goblin, but a coven of hags cursed and transformed her into a goblin snake, teaching her magic so she could take revenge on those who wronged her. Whether false or true, Tethiqqa certainly grows her power by bringing similar goblins under her sway. Together, they've formed a tribe of misfits—known as the Slitherfeet—under her leadership.

Tethiqqa prides herself on discarding the normal rules of goblin society. She teaches her followers not to shun the written word, exhorting them instead to find and identify runes of power on the monuments of Ancient Thassilon so she can visit them and plumb their secrets. Occasionally, she allies with larger goblin tribes to carry off mutually beneficial raids or drive interlopers from regions she wants to explore.



Adventure Hooks

- Tethiqqa activates a destructive construct within an ancient stronghold once belonging to the Runelord of Wrath. Following its last given order, it marches on nearby towns, believing those who live there to be its ancient enemies.
- When the PCs venture to a Thassionian ruin, they find Tethiqqa and the Slitherfeet jealously guarding its secrets, opposing them at every turn.
- The Slitherfeet abduct a renowned expert on Thassilonian artifacts and the PCs are asked to investigate.

Drawback

Survivors from goblin tribes decimated by the PCs eventually find their way to Tethiqqa, pleading for her aid. Forewarned of the PCs' threat, she soon prepares a pre-emptive strike before they attack the Slitherfeet, as well.

XP 800
 Female goblin snake sorcerer 2
 CE Small aberration
Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +5

DEFENSE
AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)
hp 30 (4 HD; 2d8+2d6+14)
Fort +2, **Ref** +3, **Will** +6

OFFENSE
Speed 30 ft., burrow 5 ft., swim 20 ft.
Melee bite +7 (1d4+6)
Special Attacks goblin breath (DC 13)
Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +5) 6/day—*horrific visage** (1 round, DC 14)
Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 2nd; concentration +5) 1st (5/day)—*hypnotism* (DC 14), *obscuring mist*
 0 (at will)—*acid splash, dancing lights, detect magic, mage hand, read magic*

Bloodline Accursed*
TACTICS

During Combat Tethiqqa casts *hypnotism* on weak-minded opponents to convince them to leave and improve her odds. She follows with an *obscuring mist*, hiding inside while tracking targets by scent to execute attacks with the Lunge feat—either biting her foes or frightening them with her *horrific visage*. Against grouped attackers, she always uses her goblin breath before burrowing underground, moving away, and emerging again to renew her stealthy attack.

Morale Tethiqqa fights to the death.

STATISTICS
Str 18, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 17
Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18 (can't be tripped)

Feats Eschew Materials, Lunge, Skill Focus (Bluff), Toughness
Skills Bluff +10, Escape Artist +7, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +5, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +11, Swim +12, Use Magic Device +7

Languages Common, Goblin
SQ bloodline arcane (counts as a hag for covens, +1 CL to Aid Another actions for fellow casters), snake empathy +9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Goblin Breath (Ex) Once every 1d4 rounds, Tethiqqa can release a disgusting belch as a standard action. Any creature within 5 feet of her must succeed at a DC 13 Fortitude save or be sickened for 1d6 rounds by the stench. Creatures that successfully save cannot be affected by her goblin's breath for 24 hours. Goblin snakes and goblins are immune to this effect. This is a poison effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Snake Empathy (Ex) This ability functions similar to a druid's wild empathy ability, but allows Tethiqqa to verbally communicate with, and be understood by, snakes and serpentine reptiles. The bonus equals Tethiqqa's racial Hit Dice plus her Charisma modifier and a +4 racial bonus.

* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Magic*. *

THE LORE OF GREED

BY NEI L SPICER

MAP BY LIZ "LILITH" COURTS

The promise of material gain and forbidden knowledge seduces many well-intentioned souls—a path to power for some, and an inexorable downfall for others.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

A daring priest of Nethys, named Mersoolian Threce, long combed the countryside of Varisia in search of lost lore and Thassilonian relics. Fascinated with rune magic, he consulted Brodert Quink, the resident sage in Sandpoint, on the most likely, as-yet unexplored sites from ancient Thassilon. Intent on marrying Quink's niece, Lucendi—whom Threce met while studying at the Great Library in Magnimar—he also convinced her to join his next expedition. Together, they discovered a Runelord statue carved in an overgrown hillside near Ravenroost. Clearing away the undergrowth, they also found a hidden vault and soon ventured inside to stake their claim.

The Vault of Greed

The vault itself once served as a collection point for taxes and confiscated goods from the citizens of Shalast, a region of Thassilon ruled by Karzoug, the Runelord of Greed. Servants of Shalast would pass along tribute through special teleportation wells which appraised and sorted each offering into the more secure storehouses of the region's capital. Unknown to anyone, the serpentfolk of Viperwall successfully infiltrated Shalast, hiding in plain sight as reincarnated agents called the Coils of Ydersius. One such group coordinated the collection point at Ravenroost, building a secondary vault below the first to siphon away the secrets of sin magic perfected by the Runelords. However, these agents died out along with rest of Thassilon shortly after the cataclysm of Earthfall, their vaults silent ever since.

It took Mersoolian and Lucendi several days exploring the Thassilonian ruin before discovering the secret vaults below. Thereafter, the priest of Nethys obsessed over the strange tomes cataloged in the serpentfolk library. Lucendi watched with growing concern as the lore in those books changed him. For Mersoolian's studies activated an unusual curse woven through each chapter of a treatise on sin magic, acting as a helm of opposite alignment. Mersoolian's inherent greed claimed his thoughts and he began making plans to murder the rest of the expedition so he could keep the vault's secrets to himself.

The Goblin Raid

Soon after Mersoolian and Lucendi left town, goblins from nearby Thistletop raided Sandpoint. A group of outcasts called the Slitherfeet were supposed to participate, as well. Their leader—a goblin snake named Tethiqqa Sleekscale—held back after encountering Mersoolian's expedition. Equally intrigued by the sites of Ancient Thassilon, Tethiqqa's greed won out over her hatred for Sandpoint. So, instead, she sated her destructive appetite by assaulting the expedition.

In the ensuing chaos, Mersoolian escaped into the recently-opened vault, Lucendi following, and Tethiqqa close behind. Now he and

Lucendi fight to hold the goblins to a stalemate, even as Mersoolian contemplates the best means of murdering his betrothed.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

Sometime after the goblin raid on Sandpoint, Brodert Quink approaches the PCs, requesting their help in finding his niece. He gives them a map of Mersoolian's route into the Ravenroost hills and offers a reward upon her safe return. When the PCs arrive at the expedition's campsite, they find it overrun by Tethiqqa's goblins, but the tiny terrors have fallen into an impasse after trapping Lucendi and Mersoolian in the Thassilonian vault. Winning their way past the goblins is only the first challenge awaiting them, for Mersoolian soon views the PCs as another threat to his find and takes steps to ensure they never leave the ruin alive.

ADVANCEMENT TRACK

Characters should be 2nd level at the start of the adventure and should accumulate enough XPs under the Medium advancement track to reach halfway to 3rd level.

The Thassilonian Ruin

The adventure takes place shortly after the goblins raid Sandpoint. It assumes the PCs acquitted themselves well in the battle, earning some measure of respect and status as local heroes. To get the action underway, read or paraphrase the following:

The citizens of Sandpoint have started reclaiming their lives after a vicious goblin attack left so many townsfolk dead and injured. On the heels of the disastrous Swallowtail Festival, the town's sage—an old man named Brodert Quink—expressed concern for his only niece, an idealistic girl named Lucendi, who apparently joined a group of explorers to search for Thassilonian ruins near the Ravenroost hills. Worried the same goblins may have overrun the expedition, Quink has offered to pay anyone who can assure her safe return.

The adventure assumes the PCs' newfound status as heroes of Sandpoint brings them to Brodert's attention. With Sheriff Belor and the local militia focused on renewing the town's defenses, Quink has had no luck convincing anyone to look for his niece. So, he turns to the town's new heroes, offering 100 gp per PC if they bring Lucendi back.

1. Campsite (CR 3)

The steep footpath levels off as it opens onto a high plateau overlooking the ravine below. A large tent lies pitched to the east across from the western tree line and back against a sharply-slanted cliffside. To the north, a massive, time-worn statue of a figure dressed in ornate robes and holding an open book stands, chiseled from the natural rock of the hillside. A wooden scaffold and ladder stand next to it, while a dark passageway smashed into the rock lies open to its right.

Mersoolian's expedition set camp next to this incredible archaeological find. It took them some effort to clear all the debris and undergrowth masking the statue's presence. Positioned to read



the runes carved on the stone book, the scaffold braces against the statue. A DC 20 Knowledge (history) or Linguistics check deciphers enough of their meaning to recognize the description of a secret vault beyond the smashed doorway. Mersoolian used this knowledge to batter his way into the passage leading to area 3.

Creatures: Tethiqqa's goblins easily overran the expedition, but not before losing several of their own to Mersoolian's guards. Seven of the creatures occupy the campsite with four languishing by the fire, two interrogating a captive guard named Herk Bostil in the nearby tent, and another acting as a sentry from the scaffold next to the statue (at area 2). Charged by Tethiqqa with ensuring no one enters the vault, they attack any intruders.

GOBLINS (6) CR 1/3

XP 135

hp 6; (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Goblin")

TACTICS

During Combat The goblins surround and flank their opponents, counting on their archer (at area 2) to harass any spellcasters or ranged attackers keeping their distance.

Morale The goblins fight until half their number remain, then fall back to area 4 to join and warn Tethiqqa.

HERK BOSTIL CR 1

XP 400

hp 16 (currently 1); (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™: Game Mastery Guide* "Caravan Guard")

Development: If rescued, Herk tells the PCs about the goblin attack. He never saw what became of Mersoolian, but knows Lucendi

escaped into the vault. He himself has never been there, as Mersoolian forbade anyone from disturbing the dig until he and Lucendi examined everything. In his weakened condition, Herk's in no shape to fight and volunteers to stay behind to guard their backs in case more goblins arrive.

2. Scaffold (CR 1/3)

A rickety ladder rises twenty feet to the raised platform of this wooden scaffold. It offers a commanding view of the campsite and ravine below. It also stands close enough to the stone statue to make out strange runes carved in the open book held in its hand.

Creatures: A single goblin hides here. Easily distracted, the PCs stand a good chance of beating the goblin's opposed Perception check to carry off a surprise attack. But he's also well hidden and it requires a DC 20 Perception check to notice him hiding atop the scaffold.

GOBLIN LOOKOUT CR 1/3

XP 135

hp 6; (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Goblin")

3. Ruined Entrance

A pile of rubble lies along the ground just inside this dark passage, apparently smashed free of a stone slab meant to seal the way.

Mersoolian used the information from the statue's rune-carved book to recognize the concealed doorway in the cliffside. Several digging tools lie among the rubble, discarded after breaking through. Past the smashed door, a flight of stairs descends ten feet before reaching a

barred gate. Once locked, it now opens easily. Unless otherwise noted, all passageways and rooms in the ruin are dimly lit, ceilings reach a height of 10 feet, and any doors are made of stone (hardness 8, 60 hp, Break DC 28).

4. Collection Vault (CR 3)

The smell of damp earth fills this forty-foot-wide circular chamber, no doubt caused by the water trickling from the collapsed rocks to the north. Four small alcoves face each other around the room's perimeter, and three circular pits surround a smaller version of the same statue outside the ruin.

In ancient times, the caretakers of the vault would place the confiscated goods and taxes levied against the people of Shalast in the collection wells in the floor. Though their magic has long since faded, each carried a powerful enchantment to act as a *teleportation circle*, periodically forwarding their contents to the Xin-Shalast, the region's capital high in the Kodar Mountains. Each pit measures 10 feet deep. One now acts as a basin for the runoff from the north. Another lies completely empty, while the northernmost pit actually holds a secret door leading deeper into the repository (at areas 4a-4b).

Creatures: Tethiqqa, the undisputed leader of the Slitherfeet goblins, holds this room. She splits her time examining the residual magic of the collection wells while also guarding against Mersoolian and Lucendi's escape. She doesn't take kindly to interruptions and attacks any intruders.

TETHIQQA

CR 3

XP 800

hp 30; see page 3

4a. Teleportation Circle

This well provided an additional purpose beyond simply forwarding its contents to Xin-Shalast. The serpentfolk collectors in their human guises could redirect any confiscated magic items, spell scrolls, and similar treasure placed here to the hidden repository (at area 5) instead.

Treasure: In his initial conflict with Tethiqqa and subsequent haste to flee, Mersoolian dropped his *wand of detect secret doors* (21 charges remaining) in this well. Tethiqqa hasn't yet found it.

4b. Secret Passage

A concealed doorway at the bottom of this collection well opens into a passageway leading north (to area 5). This is the portal Mersoolian and Lucendi discovered, and the same access the serpentfolk agents used to hide their activities. Locating and opening the door requires a DC 20 Perception check.

5. Hidden Repository (CR 3)

This vault forms a long, barred hall extending 60 feet to the north. Four small antechambers with barred entryways line the east and west walls, and an iron door stands set within the bars partitioning the southern entryway from the northern chambers. Several statues of snake-men stand within smaller alcoves, and two larger ones flank an open pool at the far end of the hall.

The collection well (at area 4a) would teleport select gear and stolen lore to these hidden vaults so the serpentfolk could examine them at their leisure. They used the pool to the north as a rudimentary *runewell*, dabbling in sin magic to test various theories on it. The *runewell* has lain dormant for centuries now and cannot reactivate.

Another secret passage leads east. It takes a DC 20 Perception check

to notice it, but only a secret catch in the broken cell to the northeast can open the door. Mersoolian discovered it some time ago, and narrowly avoided its guardian by displaying a serpentfolk amulet he found at the dig site outside the ruin.

Creatures: The statue in the open cell is actually a caryatid column shaped like a serpentfolk warrior. It guards the latch for the secret door in the eastern wall. Its standing orders require it to attack anyone without a serpentfolk amulet such as the one Mersoolian found. Lucendi nearly died at its hands after following Mersoolian into the vault during the goblin attack. He considered letting the column finish her, but decided he might need her assistance in fighting off the goblins should they break through.

Treasure: The caryatid column wields a +1 *longsword* fashioned in the style of ancient Thassilon. This weapon comes free from the shattered stone upon the column's destruction.

CARYATID COLUMN

CR 3

XP 800

hp 36; (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 3* "Caryatid Column")

TACTICS

During Combat The caryatid column attacks anyone crossing the barred threshold closing off the southern portion of the repository, waiting until they come within 20 feet of the *runewell*.

Morale The caryatid column fights until slain.

6. The Winding Coil (CR 4)

A five-foot-wide ledge circles the outer wall this chamber, overlooking a twenty-foot pit below. The ledge rises through several flights of steps, eventually reaching a landing on the southeast side of the room. Next to it, a narrow serpentine statue rises from the pit, gazing down upon the uneven approach.

Trap: The snake-like statue is actually a devious serpentfolk trap. Mersoolian successfully discerned its operation and has since rearmed the trap, also placing an *alarm* spell here to warn him when anyone approaches. When triggered, the snake's head fires three separate grapples at the five-foot squares comprising the north side of the ledge. Each one makes a ranged touch attack, which not only inflicts damage, but also acts as a grappling hook offset with counterweights to pull its victims off the ledge to crash into the far wall, whereupon the grapples rip free and drop those held by them into the pit below.

Creatures: Perhaps worse, a swarm of snakes uses the pit as its den. They aggressively attack anything disturbing them.

GRAPPLE SNAKE TRAP

CR 2

XP 600

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 20; **Disable Device** DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual

Effect Atk +10 melee touch (1d4 plus pull 15 feet) followed by 20-ft.-deep pit drop (2d6 falling damage); multiple targets (all targets in a 15-foot line)

SNAKE SWARM

CR 2

XP 600

hp 16; (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 3* "Snake Swarm")

TACTICS

During Combat The snake swarm moves over anyone falling

into the pit. To escape area attacks, it climbs the walls next to the statue, inadvertently blocking the way south.

Morale The snake swarm fights to the death.

7. Ancient Library (CR 4)

This chamber forms a strange, star-like pattern with its walls. Lined with bookshelves on both its lower and upper stories, a single table and three chairs occupy the middle of the room. Each bookshelf on the lower floor also includes a ladder designed to reach an upper loft and storage area. In addition, a decorative, snake-like pattern of runes dominates the tiled entryway.

Serpentfolk agents used this chamber to study and catalog their stolen sin magic before passing it to Sekamina in the Darklands. Most of the writings have long since turned to dust, but enough lore remains to interest any historian.

Trap: Mersoolian invoked the rune pattern on the floor to safeguard the collected lore of this room. He designed the trap with the aid of a serpentfolk spell scroll translated from his nightly studies. It activates as soon as anyone enters the room, conjuring fiendish vipers directly underfoot.

Treasure: The bookshelves contain a variety of historical lore and theories on arcane magic. Collectively, they're worth 500 gp to the right buyer. Among these books is the same cursed treatise that reversed Mersoolian's alignment, its magic already depleted.

SUMMON MONSTER III TRAP CR 4

XP 1,200

Type magic; Perception DC 28; Disable Device DC 28

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (alarm); Reset none

Effect spell effect (*summon monster III*, summons 1d4+1 fiendish viper snakes, *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Fiendish Creature", "Familiar (Viper)")

8. The Snake's Den (CR 4)

A massive snake-headed statue dominates this irregular-shaped room, overlooking a rune-inscribed circle in the center of the floor. Ten columns of worked stone support the 20-foot ceiling, each one with a man-sized alcove carved into its base. Lit braziers illuminate the room's far corners. A strange menagerie of sculptures meant to depict constrictor snakes crushing multiple victims decorates the east and west walls.

This chamber provided living quarters, a meeting hall, and a ritual summoning chamber for the serpentfolk agents. Mersoolian spent a lot of time here trying to decipher the differences between Thassilonian lore and the traditions of serpentfolk magic.

Creatures: Mersoolian retreated to this chamber after rescuing Lucendi from the caryatid column (at area 5). He's done little, however, to care for her wounds and reacts with feigned relief when the PCs arrive. He works this ruse as long as he can before betraying them to the skeletal champion he awakened from one of the remains of one of the vault's original inhabitants. He keeps this guardian hidden in one of the column alcoves by the room's only exit to cut off retreat. Because Mersoolian worships Nethys, his alignment change had no impact on his faith, leaving his cleric abilities intact—a fact that he uses to his maximum advantage.

MERSOOLIAN THRECE CR 3

XP 800

hp 28; see pg. 2

SKELETAL CHAMPION CR 2

XP 600

hp 17; (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Skeletal Champion")

TACTICS

During Combat The skeletal champion defends Mersoolian to prevent anyone from closing on him. Mersoolian uses it as an undead shield, even channeling negative energy to keep the warrior on its feet.

Morale The skeletal champion fights until Mersoolian commands it to stop.

LUCENDI QUINK CR 1

XP 400

hp 13 (currently 4); (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ GameMastery Guide* "shopkeep")

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Award each PC an additional story award of 100 XP if they successfully rescue Lucendi from the goblins and Mersoolian. With the return of Brodert's niece, he rewards them according to the terms he offered. Thereafter, he and Lucendi remain forever in their debt. Brodert offers his services as a sage whenever they need an expert on Thassilonian lore, and Lucendi may strike up a romantic interest in one of the PCs who so heroically rescued her from certain death. Both help spread the PCs' growing fame. *

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TOLL IN THE ROAD

BY MATT "ASHE RAVENHEART" DROZDOWSKI

ART BY PAIGE CONNELLY

"Stop and pay or we cuts!" a curious voice, both gravelly and high-pitched at the same time cried out in broken Common with the recognizable accent of the Goblin tongue.

Nicolai Tucnelle stopped, staying in the center of the road in case the goblins were actually smart enough to have accomplices on the other side of the path waiting for travelers to back away into their grimy hands. He waited there patiently for a minute. Then another minute. Then yet another, until the sound of them creeping closer through the woods was apparent. The goblins were whispering, but his father's elven heritage lent Nicolai sharper hearing and he was able to make out what they were saying.

"What it doing, Thiggle?"

"Stupid Ferd. We told it stop, so it get gold for us!"

"But no its ever stop for us other times."

"That because it too scared of us! This it stupid. Or we scare so bad it freeze with afraid."

Sweet Desna, I hate the Goblin tongue. Even in their own language, they have no proper grammar, thought Nicolai as they moved closer. From the noises they were making, it seemed like there were only two of them. *Better to be cautious, at least for now.* Two goblins broke from the trees in front of him. One was bigger, almost a head taller than the other goblin, with corded muscles on his arms and carrying a large "horse-chopper" blade. The smaller one was chewing on a pungent root and had a red bandanna pulled down over its left eye, the uncovered right eye sparkling with a keen intelligence that the first goblin lacked. He poked a shorter, rusty blade at Nicolai, leading him to think the dull blade killed more of its victims from infection than actual wounds. In the same gravelly squeak, he returned to the broken common tongue.

"Gots shiny coins, eh? Coins to Thiggle Toll?"

Nicolai stifled a laugh, knowing that the two goblins in front of him still were a danger, and that underestimating the diminutive creatures had led many travelers to their doom.

"Well, gives gold!"

"How do I know you and your murderous band won't just kill me if I give you the gold?"

The larger, dumber goblin snorted with laughter, then turned to his compatriot and spoke in Goblin.

"It stupid, think we not alone. You right, Thiggle. It dumb!"

Thiggle grimaced, swatting the bigger one on the back of the head, "Shut mouth, Ferd! Let it think that!"

Nicolai felt his tension release as they confirmed his suspicions. Two goblins he should be able to handle. With a sudden flourish of his cloak, he bowed before his toll collectors, and then smiled at them.

"But, instead of the few meager coins I have, wouldn't you prefer to be immortalized in song?"

"Innmor—a-what?" spoke Ferd.

"Inmertised, dumb Ferd! It means no-die!" Thiggle glared at Nicolai with his rheumy eye and switched again from its native Goblin, "No eat songs, song-it. Gives us coin!"

"I'll make you a deal then, let me sing you the song and, if you still don't like it at the end, I'll give you my coins as well."

Ferd poked his friend, "I like music, Thiggle! Let it sing, then we kill and eat it and gets gold! Then we can sing song for Chief and Chief un-banish us!"



Barrowood

Nicolai saw that this line of thought intrigued the smaller goblin. Playing like he didn't understand, Nicolai simply smiled more and unharnessed his lute, plucking and tuning the strings. At the sight of the masterpiece instrument, the tiny goblin smiled, nodding greedily at Ferd's plan.

"It sing. If song no good, we take shineys and pretty noise-maker!"

With a gracious bow, Nicolai turned and sat back on a fallen tree. After a few more strums on his lute, he was pleased with the sound of the strings, and began to pluck out a bawdy melody that was easy to mimic and sing along with.

"I tell now a tale of the mighty heroes:

Ferd and Thiggle, strong and crafty they were!

Many a dog was killed, slain were all their foes!

Their traps were pure and their blades were ever sure!

Unjust was their banishment from the tribe

But they proved their strength and returned hefty with bribe!

The Chief could no longer deny their rightful crowns

Crowned princes, married to females in finest gowns!

When tribes attack, they fear to fight this twosome

Knowing that their bloody deaths will be quite gruesome!

I tell now a tale of the mighty heroes:

Ferd and Thiggle, strong and crafty they were!

Many a dog was killed, slain were all their foes!

Their traps were pure and their blades were ever sure!

It has been said they were blessed by their gods,

Under their banner of blood, united with rods,

The terrible duo led their clans to war

Killing and taxing all peoples, near and far!

For they were chosen to lead all their kin

And with their might, all armies fell to their battlin'!

I tell now a tale of the mighty heroes:

Ferd and Thiggle, strong and crafty they were!

Many a dog was killed, slain were all their foes!

Their traps were pure and their blades were ever sure!"

Nicolai paused, letting his fingers play over the lute strings, noticing that the magic woven into the song had the needed effect. The goblins' eyes were glassy with their perceived glory, their minds awash with the fame and riches promised by the clear notes ringing in their ears. As he continued strumming the lute, he rose, turning to head down the road to get a good enough head start before he was no longer near.

Then, a sound broke from the nearby woods, one that caused him to play a false note and he dropped to his knees as the arrows struck home.

* * *

He was still kneeling, staring at the corpses of the goblins, when a hand rested on his shoulder. He turned around to see a pretty elf lass dressed in forest leathers and carrying a longbow. She was looking at him questioningly and he realized she had said something to him while he was staring at the goblins.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"I asked you if you were okay. You're not injured, are you?"

Nicolai shook his head, and looked back at the now dead goblins. The elf offered her hand to him, and he took it, standing back up.

"That was a pretty nice trick, there."

"Where did you come from? And to whom do I owe my life?"

"Shalelu." She checked her bow, making sure the string was still good quality. "I patrol the woods here for goblins and their ilk, protecting the residents that live near here from becoming their prey. I'd been tracking these little buggers for days. Looks like I caught up just in time."

She looked over Nicolai, noticing that he still seemed preoccupied by the two dead goblins a few feet away.

"So, what brings you to traveling an old gypsy path and being accosted by these former 'tax collectors'?"

"Hmm? Oh... I'm just traveling through, and happened upon them. Or they happened upon me. Either way, I'm just wandering around, looking to see the world and what may come next."

"You must be a minstrel. You've got that wagging tongue that waxes poetic every chance it gets."

"That obvious, huh? And I thought the lute and singing gave me away."

Shalelu chuckled, and then slung her bow over her shoulder, satisfied that it was still in good enough shape. Nodding towards the southerly direction that Nicolai had been heading, she then offered a bit of advice.

"If you continue towards the south, you'll eventually wind up near the Mushfens and, west of there, the town of Sandpoint. A good town, and a bard would be welcome for their upcoming Swallowtail Festival."

"Thank you, Shalelu. For the directions and for..." he waved at the goblins "If there's anything I can do for you, let me know."

The elf nodded, grasped Nicolai's hand in farewell, then turned her attention back to the goblin bodies on the ground, removing any bits of treasure they might have and preparing them for a proper burial—both out of honor for the cycle of life and to make sure they didn't raise up as undead. Nicolai shuddered at the thought and then turned south. As he made his way towards Sandpoint, a dark blue butterfly floated into his line of sight. Smiling, he read it as a sign from Desna, and followed the butterfly down the path, his shoulders feeling less heavy than they had in months. Adjusting his haversack, he pulled out his father's penny whistle and played a light traveling tune that sped him along his journey. *



For the august occasion of the 5th Anniversary of Pathfinder®, Ask a Shoanti, the violent advice columnist, has resurfaced from his recent battles to take the time to provide some answers to our burning etiquette questions. A special thanks to the members of the Paizo community who posed some of our questions.

Dear Ask a Shoanti

Under Pathfinder rules, potions are now identified with a Perception check. Now the party barbarian knows more about the potions than I do, even though as the party's wizard I have studied the ancient art of potions for decades and have the actual feat necessary to make them from scratch. How is this right?

Sincere Regards,

--Frustrated with a High Spellcraft

Dear Frustrated

When it comes to potions, learn to follow your nose. One more reason to multi-class to barbarian.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

SWALLOWTAIL FESTIVAL GAMES

BY JOSEPH "DELTHOS" PROZINSKI

ART BY ASHTON "N'WAH" SPERRY

At the start of "Burnt Offerings," the PCs are in the midst of the Swallowtail Festival in the town of Sandpoint. While the introduction mentions an opening speech, lunch, evening dedication ceremony, and a bonfire, surely such a festival must have fun and games! Below are descriptions of several games (and the NPCs that run them) that can be added to your gaming sessions.

THE DEVIL HUNT

Do you have what it takes to bring down the infamous Sandpoint Devil? Take a shot and see.

This event takes place at an archery range set up on the beach by the lighthouse. Two large targets with silhouettes of a monstrous winged horse are set up fifty yards away from a firing line. The bull's-eye on each target is where the horse's heart would be, and there are four concentric circles surrounding the bull's-eye.

To play costs two copper pieces. Using one of the longbows provided, the player fires two arrows at the target, scoring the better of the two. Hitting a bull's-eye wins a small pie. Hitting anything else wins progressively cheaper trinkets for each band outside the bull's-eye, with nothing for a miss. (Making an attack roll against an armor class of 20 hits the bull's-eye, and each band outside it has an AC of two lower than the bull's eye or band inside it.)

This game is being run by Jodar Provolost (CG male human Expert 1/ Ranger 3), an older, balding Varisian man with black hair, a thick black mustache, and a sizeable paunch. He is a mediocre carpenter, but is considered one of the best hunters in Sandpoint. Jodar is friendly, with lots of bad jokes, and particularly likes telling tall tales of his encounters with the Sandpoint Devil. The pies have been provided by

Alma Avertin from Sandpoint Savories.

Sheriff Hemlock has asked Jodar to quietly make note of anyone who scores a bull's-eye, or gets both shots in either of the center two circles, so that he can later approach them about joining the militia. Jodar asks anyone who wins his or her name and then announces quite loudly, "Attention! This brave soul has done Sandpoint a great service and slain the Sandpoint Devil! Here's your pie!"

THE GOBLIN TOSS

Three Goblins have found their way into your house and are tearing it up! Toss them into the fireplace before they can destroy everything.

This game is a simple bean bag toss set up in the middle of Sandpoint's market square. A board with a row of three holes is set up 10 feet from a throwing line. The closest hole is the largest and the farthest hole is the smallest. There are buckets of beanbags sewn to look like goblins by each of the three stations, and each bean bag has a goblin name printed on it.

This event costs one copper piece. The player receives three "goblins," and must try to toss them into a "fireplace". Children aim for the closest hole, women use the middle hole, and adult men use the furthest hole (players must make a ranged attack against AC 10 for the first hole, AC 12 for the second hole, and AC 15 for the third hole. Players do not incur penalties for using an improvised weapon). Making all three shots wins the player a small bag of venison jerky. Making one or two shots nets the player a cheap trinket, and missing all three wins nothing.

This game is run by Daverin Hosk of Goblin Squash Stables. Hosk receives a measure of perverse joy from the idea of tossing goblins into the fire. With his hatred of goblins, nobody is surprised to see this game. Chod Bevuk of the Sandpoint Meat Market has provided the venison jerky for the prize--it's quite tasty, and next to Ameiko's salmon, it is the talk of the event. Daverin Hosk likes to tell the children that the jerky is goblin meat, and many of them believe his story.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SMASH

Who needs a lighthouse without a light? The old lighthouse has become an eyesore. Let's knock it down so we can use the stone to build something new.

This game is set up at the end of Junker's Way next to the lighthouse. It has a table with six square stones stacked on it in a triangular shape, and has a firing line twenty feet from the tables. Using a small catapult, the players must try to knock down the stack of stones.

To play costs two copper pieces. Each player gets three shots. It usually takes all three hits to knock down all the stones, though



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it is possible to knock the stones down with one catapult shot. A successful ranged attack roll against AC 12 counts as one hit. Hitting AC 16 counts as two hits, and hitting AC 20 counts as three hits. The catapults have a range of fifty feet, so there is no range penalty, but players incur a penalty of -4 if they are not proficient with siege weapons. Knocking down all the stones wins a small toy catapult. Anything less wins the player a handful of cheap trinkets. Missing all three shots does not win the player anything.

This game is run by Aesrick Battlehorn. He has been working on the event's catapult and toy catapults during his spare time all year in preparation for the festival. The small catapult is a work of art. It is 2 feet tall and has been carved in the shape of a stone giant with its arm throwing the stone. He suspects that he'll be able to sell it in Magnimar for a large sum after the festival. Battlehorn has a soft spot for the children, and helps them aim it so that they can win the toy catapults (this negates the -4 penalty). According to many mothers' complaints, "They're just the right size for young boys to shoot an eye out with!" This complaining doesn't stop those same mothers from handing over the two coppers for their sons to play.

DRAGON RACES

There's been talk of starting a dragon farm in Sandpoint. We need to find out which dragons are the fastest so that we have the best stock. Pick yourself a dragon and put it to the test in a race against your friends!

The final game is located in the Sandpoint market square at the beginning of Market Street. There are two thirty-foot-long double-lane tracks set up next to each other with a three-foot wide gap between. Near the starting line, there is a large cage with twelve lizards in it. Each lizard has a set of twig and cloth wings attached to

their backs, and each is painted a different color. Without touching the lizards, the player must goad their lizard down the track.

To play costs one copper piece. Once four people have picked a "dragon", the players must place them in the starting lanes. At the sound of the whistle, the gates are lifted and the players must goad their dragons down the track without touching them. Each person racing makes an initiative check and the race proceeds in initiative order. Making each lizard move five feet requires a successful DC 14 Handle Animal check. On a failure, they do not move, and if the check fails by 10 or more, the lizard moves five feet backwards. The first lizard to cross the finish line wins. The winner gets a large, cheap medal that reads "1st Place Swallowtail Dragon Races" and 2 copper pieces. All other places get nothing.

This game is run by Gressel Tenniwar. Unknown to anyone, he's running it on the orders of Jubrayl Vhiski, who is using it to run a gambling scheme betting on the races. Nine of the twelve lizards were secretly overfed the night before, and are docile and more difficult to move. These nine lizards require a DC 16 Handle Animal check to move them. The other three are quite hungry and haven't eaten in several days. If raw meat is held in front of these three lizards, the Handle Animal check DC is reduced by 2.

Jubrayl and his men know which three are the hungry ones and use this to fix the betting. Jubrayl has also ordered that one of his men should always try to be in each race. Anyone that watches more than 5 races with one of the hungry lizards can make a DC 20 Sense Motive check to notice that some of the lizards seem more motivated than others. Jubrayl and his men will disappear if it looks like anyone has caught onto their scheme. *

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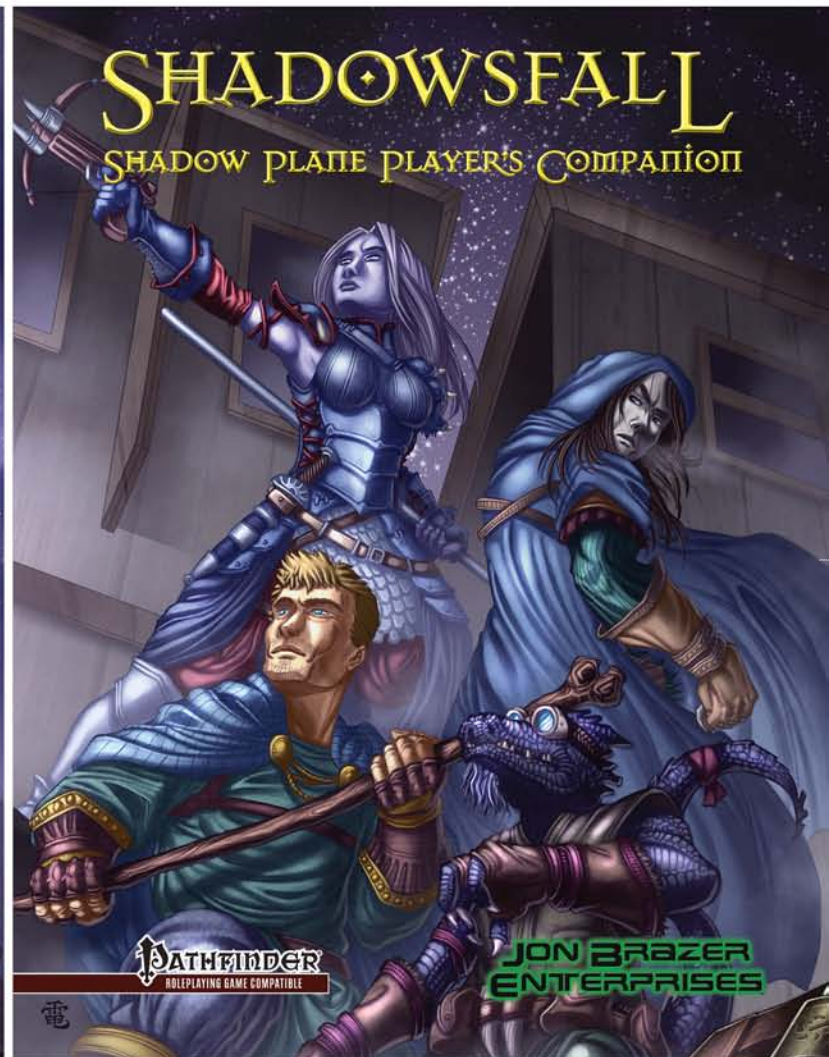
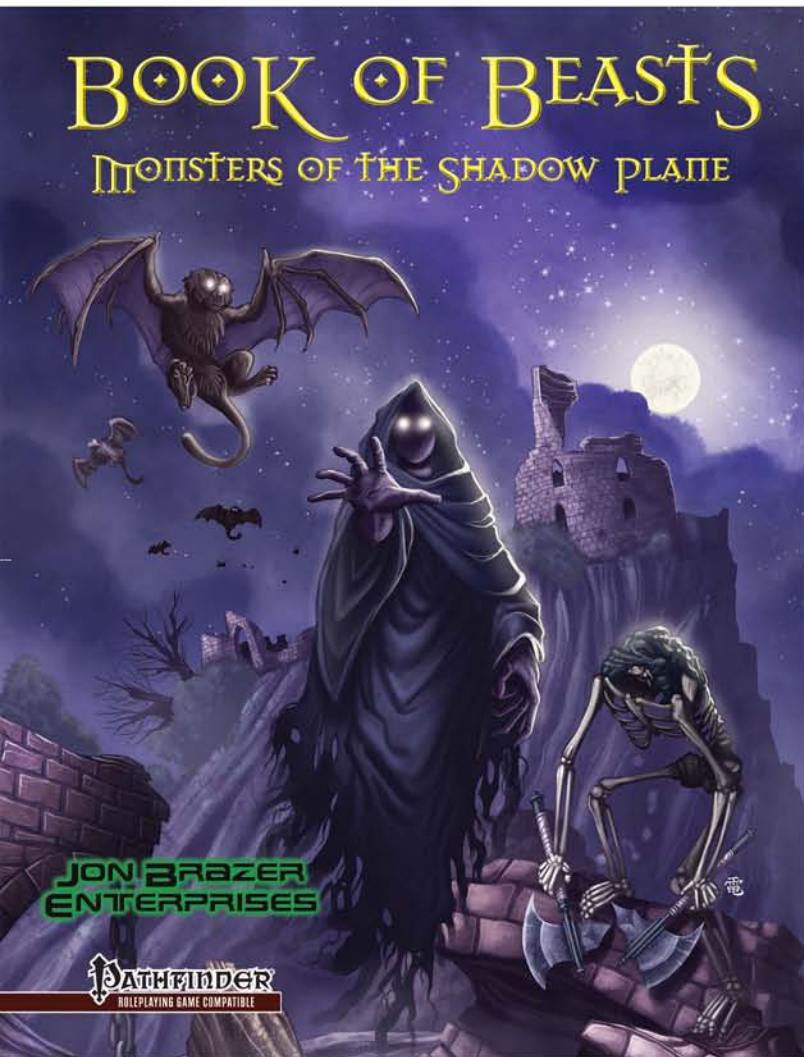
*A darkness is coming.
Mab will soon be here...*

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ITEMS OF GOLARION: GOBLIN MAGIC ITEMS

BY ERIC "BOXHEAD" HINDLEY

ART BY DAVE "THE ELDRITCH MR SHINY" MALLON

So, you needs many powerful items for you goblin heroes of legend (or up-and-comers)? Well, looks no further- we gots nice dogslicers and horsechoppers (magic ones what never, ever, ever break. For real!) Some raggedy cloaks and boots we stole from stupid pointy elves; some nice drinky potions what makes you breathe fire; and only the finest armors, made for gnomes or hairy halfling-monsters, but fixed to goblin shape! Everything every young and hungry goblin warrior needs to makes his name (or steals one)!

Goblins favor weapons with the *bane* or *flaming* property, especially *bane* against horses, dogs, elves, dwarves, gnomes, other goblins, and generally anything else, in that order.

But sometimes, goblins, especially in a goblin campaign, need an extra special touch – a unique item that really lets people know they face only the mightiest of goblins. Or maybe you're looking for something special for a goblin villain or his henchmen. For these times and more look no further...

CRUNCHY-PICKLED-BIRD-SNACK

Aura faint conjuration (healing); **CL** 1st
Slot none; **Price** 500 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This shiny glass jar is full of small brightly-colored birds soaked in delicious brine what you can eat to heal small wounds and maybe even feel better!

When a pickled bird is removed from the jar and eaten as a standard action, the target heals 1d8+1 hit points and can remove one of the following conditions: fatigued, shaken, sickened.

If the eater is not a goblin, he must make a DC 11 Fortitude save or be sickened for 1 minute. This means that a character can eat a bird to remove the sickened condition, only to be sickened by the bird. A newly made jar of Crunchy-pickled-bird-snacks contains 5 birds. Each bird can only be eaten once.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *cure light wounds*; **Cost** 250 gp

FIRE-BOOM-STICK

Aura faint evocation; **CL** 1st
Slot none; **Price** 300 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Is noisy flashy stick what you throw at opponents to set them on fire! Makes noise and brightness too!

This simple stick can be tapped against a surface and then thrown at an opponent within 30 feet as a standard action requiring a ranged touch attack. If it hits, the target is dazzled for 1 round. In addition the target must make a DC 11 Reflex save or catch fire (see *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Core Rulebook* "Catching on Fire"). The Fire-boom-stick can only be used once.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *flare*, *produce flame*; **Cost** 150 gp

SCARY-HORSE-FACE-MASK

Aura faint necromancy; **CL** 1st
Slot head; **Price** 1,200 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This is scary mask what resembles a half-rot horse head what gets worn on the face to scare your foes!

Any goblin that sees this mask must make a DC 11 Will save or become shaken. Once per day, the wearer can take a standard action to use *cause fear* against any single creature, regardless of race.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *cause fear*; **Cost** 600 gp

SHINY-DISTRACTION-BAUBLE

Aura faint enchantment; **CL** 1st
Slot none; **Price** 1,000 gp; **Weight** --

DESCRIPTION

This gorgeous bauble sparkles like the light-oooh, what's that!

A shiny-distraction-bauble can be tossed as a standard action to distract an adjacent foe. The target must make a DC 11 Will save or be flat-footed for 1 round. A shiny-distraction-bauble can be picked up and reused, but cannot affect the same creature more than once per minute.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *daze*; **Cost** 500 gp

STOLEN-HEAD-WORDS

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 3rd
Slot none; **Price** 320 gp; **Weight** --

DESCRIPTION

This bit of paper has words stolen from the head of some person foolish enough to write them down. Sometimes they's even got pictures to shows what's on it!

The words on the scroll can be read (or just looked at) to gain a +4 bonus on a single knowledge check. Each stolen-head-words has a bonus to a single, specific knowledge skill, determined at the time of creation. Stolen-head-words can only be used once.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *fox's cunning*; **Cost** 160 gp *



HOLLOW HEARTS

BY PARIS E. CRENSHAW, III

ART BY ALBERTO ORTIZ LEÓN

Eliminate that which is superfluous, restore that which has been dislocated, separate that which has been united, join that which has been divided and repair the defects of nature.”

Ambroise Paré, c.1510-1590

A metallic tang filled Ceindra's nostrils, so strong she could taste it. The smell of a butcher shop wouldn't have bothered her normally, but by now Ceindra was certain that the blood in Jabbs' shop came from more than just animals. She also knew that Colbrin Jabbs wasn't the real culprit.

The inquisitor edged down the corridor at the back of the shop that led to the abattoir. Her companion moved in the shadows ahead of her. Something about the set of the girl's shoulders and the fall of her silent steps reminded Ceindra of her younger self, but she quickly pushed away thoughts of the past. This wasn't about her. It wasn't even about the girl anymore.

The clatter of metal on wood, followed by a muffled curse from the room ahead, brought Ceindra's thoughts into focus. Shadows slunk

across the nearby wall. Thudding footsteps told her the man was crossing the room. She wished she'd had time to scout ahead, but too many had already died. The locals had taken time to calling the killer "The Surgeon" because of what he'd done to the bodies. Ceindra wasn't going to let him take another victim.

"He's in the corner." Ceindra heard the girl's voice as a whisper in her ear. It was simple magic the rogue had no doubt put to less honest purposes before the inquisitor's arrival.

"Anything else?" Ceindra whispered. The magic carried her own voice up the hall to the girl's ears.

"Tough to say. Too much meat hung up to see it all. I ain't waitin', though." The girl pushed off the wall and disappeared around the corner.

Ceindra started to argue, then muttered her own curse. She reached the end of the hall in three long strides and stepped into the relative brightness of the room beyond. She saw the girl, dagger in hand, creeping up behind the figure of Colbrin Jabbs, who was standing over a woman stretched out on a work table.

With practiced ease, the inquisitor's companion crossed the floor. Her hand rose and aimed the long blade's point at the base of the man's neck. A good strike would pierce the heart and end this quickly. The girl's arm came down swiftly. Colbrin never turned.

Her aim was true, but the blade kept going. Both it and her hand passed all the way through his body. Thrown off balance by the unexpected lack of resistance, she stumbled against the table. The errant blade narrowly missed the unconscious woman and bit deep into the work table's wooden surface.

Ceindra whispered a warning, but it was too late. The air next to



Barrowood

Cheliox

the table rippled. Another Colbrin materialized as the first one faded from view. The new Colbrin grabbed his would-be assassin from behind, one arm around her waist. He pressed a wicked looking knife against her neck with the other. Teeth clenched, he spat words directly into the girl's ear.

"Hello, Kimi! Nice of you to visit. Did you come to invite me out to play?" The man cackled softly. Kimi shuddered at the sound.

"Oh? Does a memory stir? I s'pose it would. I couldn't keep from laughing that night. The bastard looked a sight, staggering around with his guts hanging out. Your goodbyes were touching, though." Jabbs rolled his eyes, but kept the knife at Kimi's throat. "I told you not to try to stop me, that my work is too important. You paid no heed. Your lover was the price you had to pay."

Kimi let out a groan, equal parts rage and grief. She struggled, but the butcher's grasp was too strong.

"Let her go, Jabbs." Ceindra stepped forward. She held out her arm and Quiet Echo, her glaive, appeared in her hand. Blessed by her goddess, the weapon hummed with divine energy.

The man's eyes locked on Ceindra's. "I don't think so, Inquisitor. You've got a very pretty blade, but it's way over there. Mine," he sneered as he pushed the knife's edge against Kimi's throat, "is much closer to doing its job."

"Colbrin, don't!" Ceindra lurched forward. The butcher glared at her.

"Don't you move!" he roared. He lifted Kimi a few inches off the floor. The blade bit into the girl's flesh. A thin rivulet of blood flowed down her neck. She gasped, but not from pain.

"Not...Jabbs." She managed to squeeze the words past the knife at her throat. "Know...that voice." The man squeezed her mid-section. She fought for breath. "Hollin?"

"Shut up! Shut! Up!" His face contorted, shifting from rage to a look of fear then to one of utter hatred. He shook her violently, but kept the knife from cutting too deeply. "Think you're so clever! It's all your fault, you know. You and your stupid ideas. Adventure? Excitement? You're responsible!"

Ceindra grasped her glaive and called on Shelyn's power, sending a bolt of faint white light at Kimi's captor. Her casting was slow, but she couldn't risk getting close enough to touch him. She was lucky the man was too caught up in his own madness to react.

The spell banished the illusion that cloaked his true form. The balding, heavyset man faded away, revealing a tall, thin figure with long arms and legs and brilliant red hair.

Hollin Hebradan's glazed eyes were surrounded by dark circles. He looked frail—far too weak to hold Kimi as he did. Ceindra let the man speak, pretending to listen as she reached out with magically enhanced senses, gathering more clues.

"It was Kimi's idea to go to Elara's. If it hadn't been for her, none of this would've happened. Now, I have to make it go away. I have to excise them. The disease is spreading. It hides in their hearts, but I can see it. I know who has it. It tells me. If I cut it out of all the sick people, I can stop it. He had it all those years ago. He came here and spread it, first. Then he died, and his heart burned. But it was too late. Then, I found the knife that knows. It told me what I had to do. I have to use it to end the sickness, just like the white lizard did. I can't let you stop me, Kimi."

Ceindra saw the way Hollin grasped the handle of the knife with a white-knuckled fierceness, as though he feared letting it go. She saw his eyes darting down and to the left, evidence of an ongoing internal dialogue. Ceindra was certain he wasn't talking to himself. Knowing things weren't going to get better, she didn't wait for them to get any worse.

She reached inward, calling on Shelyn, then grasped her holy glaive. The movement wasn't threatening. Hollin couldn't hear the words she whispered. He didn't even realize what was happening until she reached the end of the spell and shouted, "In the name of Shelyn, I cast thee out!"

The knife flew from Hollin's grasp and across the room, impaling a side of beef. The flesh hissed and spat as though searing on a spit. The knife shook strongly enough to rattle the metal hook on which the beef hung, and a high-pitched keening began to fill the room. Hollin dropped Kimi and collapsed, clapping his hands over his ears.

A female figure suddenly materialized, standing next to the meat in which the knife was buried. She looked much like a half-elf, except for her blue skin, jet black ram's horns, and the snakelike tail which whipped furiously behind her. The fiend gave a shriek of rage, and then disappeared.

Kimi crawled to Hollin and wrapped her arms around his crumpled form. The man's body heaved with great sobs as the daemon's power left him. Emptied of all but the knowledge of what he had done, his cries became a litany of regret. The girl looked up at Ceindra, her eyes brimming with tears.

"If you had been wrong, he would have killed me." Her voice was hard; her jaw, clenched.

"I wasn't." Ceindra replied. "I've been wrong before. I've learned to be sure."

"What now?" This time, Kimi's voice was softer.

"You need to leave. The thing that drove him to this is gone, but these people won't understand. Hollin can still be redeemed, but he'll need help. So will you. Take him to Shelyn's Temple in Oppara. Tell them I sent you."

Kimi paused for a moment, then nodded. "What about you?"

"The one I'm looking for isn't in Falcon's Hollow. This case cost me time. I need to regain the trail."

"Thank you." The phrase caught Ceindra off guard. It was the first time she'd heard Kimi use it. In it she recognized a seed of hope for these lost children of Falcon's Hollow. This had been another of Shelyn's lessons for her. It was one she would not forget.

"You are welcome, Kimi Eavewalker. I hope that we shall meet again." *



Dear Ask a Shoanti,

Bob the bard has been eating way too many beans. That, or drinking a few too many potions of gaseous form, if you get what I'm saying. It has gotten to the point that when we encamp we can't wait for the wandering monsters to arrive just so we have an excuse to use our movement speeds – away from Bob. How should the party handle this?

Sincere Regards,

Gastro-intestinally Concerned in Korsovo

Dear G.I. Concerned,

You will just have to be direct. Tell Bob if you wanted him to cast stinking cloud you would have handed him a scroll. Either he shapes up and replaces the Wind Stance feat, or you'll be blowing all of your summoning spells on air elementals just for the circulation.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

WEAL OR WOE: THE HAG AND THE SEEKER

BY WILL COOPER

ART BY TANYAPORN "YUIKAMI, THE FOOL" SANGSNIT

WEAL: THE TICKWOOD HAG

East of Sandpoint, in the depths of the Tickwood, lies the den of a fearsome hag. Green-skinned, with lank mildewed hair and twisted reaching fingernails, local farmers and woodsmen speak of her in tones of dread. Shunned for her evil looks and doubtless vile magics, only those desperate for healing ever risk a visit to the hag, though her potions and poultices are without peer in the region. These desperate folks are the few who know the reality behind the feared Tickwood Hag. The truth is that she is no hag at all, but a simple country witch, named Melissa, who deliberately created a fearsome reputation to safeguard her privacy. When strangers are close, she uses her disguise hex to appear as a green hag to deter unwanted guests and keep herself safe. Few bandits, goblins, or annoying visitors dare intrude on a powerful hag. This ruse and subsequent life as the Tickwood Hag began when Melissa grew tired of the unwanted attentions of a jealous and persistent lover, and fled into the woods. When he followed, she took a hideous green-skinned guise, convinced him the beautiful Melissa was dead and eaten, and fled cackling. She now lives a contented life surrounded by the quiet of the trees and the friendship of the local fey. Shalelu is one of a few old friends from Sandpoint who call with supplies or request help, and she is also friendly with many of the druids who protect the hinterlands around Sandpoint.

Visitors will likely encounter Melissa as a green hag warning them to stay away, lest she bake their bones into her bread. She only reveals her true self if they are accompanied by Shalelu or another trusted friend, or if they are in clear and obvious need of healing. In her true form, Melissa is young and beautiful with red hair and pale skin. Her garden is full of herbs, and her simple hut smells of savory cooking, baking bread, and cleansing astringent potions. Two cats mill around



her feet—one black, one white: her twin familiars.

Adventure Hooks

- While hunting boars in the Tickwood, a snake bites and severely envenoms a PC. Their local guide suggests seeking out the famed and feared Tickwood Hag for a cure, warning them to approach her carefully.
- The party encounters a pregnant peasant traveling alone in the Tickwood. She begs them to escort her to Melissa for help with the birth, as she is too scared to go to the temple in Sandpoint and face a judgmental priest.

Boon

Characters can purchase potions of *cure light wounds*, *cure moderate wounds*, *enlarge person*, *invisibility*, and *reduce person* from Melissa at cost (that is, half-price) in return for delivering supplies of flour, salt, and spices to her from Sandpoint.

MELISSA

CR 3

XP 800

Female human witch* 4

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** Perception +0

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

hp 21 (4d6+8)

Fort +2, **Ref** +3, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +1 (1d4-1/19-20)

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 4th; concentration +7)

2nd—*hold person* (DC 16), *invisibility*, *steal voice*** (DC 15)

1st—*charm person* (DC 15), *cure light wounds* (2), *ventriloquism*

TACTICS

Before Combat Melissa prefers to avoid combat, either through disguising herself as a hag and intimidating trespassers, or using *charm person*.

During Combat If alone, Melissa uses *hold person* or her *wand of sleep* to disable assailants, then flees under cover of *invisibility* to find fey or mortal allies. When fighting with allies, Melissa concentrates on healing first and disabling enemies second.

Morale If alone, Melissa flees at the first opportunity, using *invisibility* and *ventriloquism* to mislead pursuit. She does not leave injured allies behind and continues to heal them until incapacitated.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 16, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 15
Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

Feats Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Spell Focus (Enchantment), Toughness

Skills Craft (Alchemy) +11, Heal +7, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +10, Spellcraft +10

Languages Common, Elven, Sylvan

SQ Hexes (cauldron, disguise, healing [1d8+4]), witch's familiar (twin cats)

Combat Gear *bracers of armor* +1, *wand of sleep* (32 charges), *potion of cure light wounds* (3), *potion of invisibility*; **Other Gear** simple robes, trinkets and dried herbs worth 200 gp

WOE: THE PENITENT SEEKER

Endlessly searching the woods around Sandpoint for the hag he believes killed his lost love, Gregan is a pitiful sight. Clad in faded black and red rags and a rusted chain shirt, he is muddy and unshaven, having vowed never to know comfort until his poor Melissa is avenged, and hag's blood stains his sword. His weapon is the only carefully-maintained item he possesses.

He has fallen far since his arrival in Sandpoint, freshly arrived from Cheliax to spread the laws of Asmodeus in these heathen lands. Then, resplendent in black and red robes and bright-polished mail, Gregan quickly caught the eye of the beautiful Melissa, and in turn was deeply smitten. Within days he was courting her, within weeks he was planning weddings, homesteads, and children—overruling her protestations and woefully misunderstanding her carefree nature. He thought of settling in Sandpoint, or perhaps taking this enchanting young woman back to his family in Cheliax. In the last weeks of her life, their relationship grew a little strained, but Gregan was persistent. He knew she would see reason and accept that they were destined to be together; he knew it, bone deep, like a promise from Asmodeus. Until, that is, she was cruelly murdered by the Tickwood Hag, leaving his life with nothing but guilt, ashes, and vengeance —vengeance which yet eludes him.

For no reason he can understand, the very forests thwart his hunt—fey voices laugh at him as he becomes lost in impenetrable thickets or travels in endless circles through the trackless wood. The rangers and druids around Sandpoint refuse to help him, even though all should know the peril of leaving a green hag to work her chaos unopposed. Alone and friendless, Gregan still persists in his hunt. Trained as an inquisitor of the Prince of Law's church, he clings to the tenets that hardships and challenges are sent to men to be overcome, and that persistence in the fulfillment of oaths is the very highest calling.

Gregan does not suspect the truth—Melissa is not dead, but hides from him and the world behind a veil of lies. He does not suspect that the fey protect her from him, as does Shalelu, praying that he never discovers the deception. And so, his guilt and his hunt both continue.



- Exhausted and finally near admitting defeat, Gregan travels to Sandpoint to rouse a posse to help him in his hunt, and he begs for the PCs' aid. He has finally found a woodsman prepared to guide him to the hag's den, and is determined to make sure she does not evade justice once again.

Drawback

Traveling with Gregan or interacting with him peacefully draws the ire of the Tickwood fey. This can involve anything from pixie pranks to midnight assaults by redcaps.

GREGAN CR 3

XP 800
Male human inquisitor* 4
LN Medium humanoid (human)
Init +3; Senses Perception +9
AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 16; (armor +4, deflection +2, Dex +1)

hp 22 (4d6+4)
Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee *Hag's End* +8 (1d6+5/19-20/x2)
Ranged shortbow +4 (1d6/x3)
Inquisitor Spells Known (CL 4th; concentration +6)
2nd (2)—*bloodhound**, *confess** (DC 14)
1st (4)—*burst bonds**, *cure light wounds*, *shield of faith*, *tireless pursuit**

TACTICS

Before Combat Gregan casts *shield of faith*.
During Combat Gregan uses his healing judgment to gain fast healing 2. He prefers to target arcane casters with Power Attack and Step Up to eliminate them quickly.
Morale Gregan persists in combat beyond all hope or reason, fighting to the death unless restrained.

Base statistics Without *shield of faith*, Gregan has AC 15.

STATISTICS

Str 18, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 10
Base Atk +3; CMB +7; CMD 18
Feats Combat Reflexes, Power Attack, Seize The Moment***, Step Up
Skills Bluff +7, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (religion) +6, Perception +9, Sense Motive +9, Survival +9

Languages

SQ cunning initiative +2, *detect alignment*, *inquisition*** (persistence), judgments (2/day), monster lore +2, relentless footing** (5/day), solo tactics, stern gaze +2, track +2

Combat Gear chain shirt, *Hag's End* (short sword +1), *potion of cure light wounds* (2) **Other Gear** bedroll, flint and tinder, tattered rags

* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player's Guide*.

** See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate*

Magic.

*** See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Combat*. *

Adventure Hooks

- PCs traveling the Tickwood encounter Gregan, wild-eyed and filthy, ranting about the deceitful woods. He accuses any witch or wizard with them of being "allies of the hag", and attempts to apprehend them for questioning.

DEFYING LOGIC AND FATE

NEW DESNAN SUBDOMAINS & FEATS

BY MARGHERITA "BARDESS" TRAMONTANO

ART BY ELIZABETH "LANTIIS" LINDHAG

Hail, o Light in Darkness, o Maiden of Many Years,
 O Laughter in Sorrow, sweet Warmth in bitter Cold;
 Hail, Thou who Know without Learning, who give Tears
 Of pure Flame, burning through all our sorrows of old;
 Hail our Liberator! With you our wounds will heal
 For to you bow all things imagined and real.
 -Anonymous, Hymn to the Great Dreamer

PARADOX SUBDOMAIN

"Your flame cannot hurt me, stupid girl," laughed the devil. Then its mirth vanished, realizing the fire launched by the beautiful spherewalker was as freezing as starless space.

The greatest freedom of all is freedom from the laws of reality itself.

Associated Domains: Chaos, Luck.

Replacement Power: The following granted power replaces the *touch of chaos* power of the Chaos domain, or the *bit of luck* power of the Luck domain.

Opposites Attract (Su): You can invert the type of damage inflicted by a magical attack into its opposite for one round, if possible. The damage's entity is unchanged, only its type is reversed: electricity becomes acid, fire becomes cold, positive energy becomes negative energy, and so on. The inversion works for only one target. For example, a good cleric could turn the positive energy she channeled into negative energy just for her dhampir friend, thus healing him (it remains positive energy for all others). Alternatively, an inquisitor could make his *flaming burst* sword behave as an icy burst sword, to bypass an efreeti's resistance to fire. If he should attack other creatures in the same round, it would be a *flaming burst* sword for them. You can use this ability as a swift action a number times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

Replacement Domain Spells: 7th- *spell turning*, 8th- *reverse gravity*.

INTUITION SUBDOMAIN

You don't have to study in order to learn. Sometimes, all you have to do is look inside your heart.

Associated Domains: Dream*, Knowledge.

Replacement Power: The following granted power replaces the *dodging danger* power of the Dream domain*, or the *lore keeper* power of the Knowledge domain.

I Just Know (Sp): You can give yourself an insight bonus equal to your cleric level on a single Sense Motive check. If successful, you determine whether a bit of information you heard about a creature is true, and if not, you can roughly figure out the truth of the matter. You need not know the creature well, but must have seen it at least once. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your Wisdom modifier.

Replacement Domain Spells: 1st- *see alignment***, 4th- *discern lies*.

NEW FEATS

Cut the Strands of Fate

You're too unpredictable for divinations.

Prerequisite: Chaotic alignment

Benefit: You become resistant to divination spells which would locate you, scry on you, or read your thoughts. You gain a +4 bonus on saving throws against those spells.

Special: Cut the Strands of Fate may instead be taken as a trait, granting a +2 bonus instead of +4. You may not take both.

Harmony of the Opposites (Metamagic)

Opposite energies coexist in your spells without countering each other.

Prerequisite: Elemental spell.

Benefit: Choose two opposite energy types (fire and cold, acid and electricity, or other). You may replace a spell's normal damage with those two energy types, splitting it in half between them.

Level Increase: +1 (a spell invoking harmony of the opposites uses a spell slot one level higher than the spell's actual level).

Special: You can gain this feat multiple times. Each time you must choose a different couple of opposite energy types.

Synergy of the Opposites

Your adversaries' attempts to counterspell just make your spells stronger.

Prerequisites: Ability to cast spells, caster level 5th.

Benefit: When an opponent attempts to counter a spell you cast, it must make a will save against that spell's DC. If it fails, the counterspell instead reinforces your spell (doubling its damage, duration, or range, your choice).

Wield the Strands of Fate

Just because someone predicted you would, doesn't mean you have to.

Prerequisites: Chaotic alignment, Cut the Strands of Fate, character level 7th

Benefit: When battling an opponent benefiting from any divination effects, or any insight, luck, profane or sacred bonuses, you have a 50% chance of gaining those benefits each round. Your opponent loses the benefits for one round when you gain them.

* See *4 Winds Fantasy Gaming's Book of Divine Magic*.

** See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate*

Combat *



BURDENS OF POWER*

NEW CURSES FOR ORACLES

BY DYLAN "STEELDRACO" BROOKS

ART BY PETER FAIRFAX

Oracles often live burdened lives, infused with power and purpose they didn't choose and cursed by the very magic they wield. In Golarion, the wide variety of possible divine patrons suggests an equally wide variety of curses that burden their servants. Here are four new curses for oracles, from the mistrusted seer who channels fragments of Aroden's prophecies to the holy preacher whose magic draws at his own vitality.

FORSAKEN

You are cursed to go without the benefit of magical aid from your allies. You have spell resistance 10 + your oracle level against beneficial magic cast on you by others. Spells and magic items that you use affect you normally. You cannot voluntarily lower this resistance, and do not gain this benefit against hostile magic. At 1st level, you gain a +2 bonus (profane or sacred, depending on your alignment) on saves against spells and spell-like abilities. This bonus increases by +1 at 5th level and every 5 levels thereafter, to a maximum of +6 at 20th level. At 10th level, add *spell resistance* to your list of spells known.

MISTRUSTED

Your curse causes others to mistrust and shun you, while giving you surprising insight. Magical attempts to examine you frequently lead others astray. Some have theorized that the few oracles that manifest this curse are somehow channeling the power of the dead god Aroden, but that only increases the distrust people have for such charlatans. You cannot use the Diplomacy skill to increase a target's attitude above indifferent. Anyone using the Sense Motive skill against you must make a Will save (DC 12 + half your oracle level) or get the sense that you are hiding something or being deceitful. Anyone attempting to detect your alignment must make the same Will save, or they detect an alignment opposite theirs. Anyone who tries to magically determine if you are lying will believe you to be deceitful if they fail the Will save.

At 4th level, add *augury* to your list of spells known. At 8th level, add *divination* to your list of spells known. At 10th level, add *commune* and *scrying* to your list of spells known. At 14th level, add *greater scrying* to your list of spells known.

STIGMATA

You suffer symbolic wounds when using your oracle abilities. These wounds are a reflection of your mystery or the nature of the powers that have granted you your abilities. An oracle of flames may burn with spiritual fire, while a servant of Rovagug may be flayed

by the power of his deity coursing through him. Immediately after you cast an oracle spell, you take 2 points of nonlethal damage per level of the spell. This damage cannot be reduced, redirected, or negated in any way, but it can be healed normally. Casting an orison causes 1 point of nonlethal damage. You gain a +1 bonus to your caster level for oracle spells and spell-like abilities. At 5th level, you gain a +4 bonus on all saves against spells and abilities with the pain descriptor. At 10th

level, you are immune to pain and bleed effects. At 15th level, you gain damage reduction 5.

This damage reduction can be negated by aligned attacks opposite your own alignment; thus a Neutral Good oracle gains DR 5/evil, and a Lawful Evil oracle would gain DR 5/chaotic or good. True Neutral oracles must choose what type of damage reduction they gain; this choice cannot be changed later.

UNNATURAL

Your oracular nature drives you apart from the natural world. This curse is particularly common among oracles devoted to powers of evil or undeath, such as Lamashtu and Urgathoa, though some oracles strongly associated with civilization also suffer this curse. Animals, fey, and plants always have an initial attitude of hostile toward you, and attack you in preference to other opponents. Everyone within 30 ft. of you suffers a -6 penalty on all Diplomacy, Handle Animal, and Ride checks involving animals, fey, and plants. In some circumstances, however, your unnaturalness can be helpful. Any creature that makes a bite attack against you must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + half your oracle level + your Charisma modifier) or be sickened for 1 round, plus an additional 1 round for every 4 oracle levels you possess. On a successful save, it is only sickened for 1 round. At 10th level, the target is also nauseated for 1 round if it fail its saving throw. *



2

THE DRACOCHYMIST

AN ALCHEMIST ARCHETYPE FOR KOBOLDS

BY WILL "CHEAPY" MCCARDELL

ART BY TODD WESTCOT

DRACOCHYMIST (ALCHEMIST)

Unlike most kobolds, the dracochemist is not merely content with being the ancestor of mighty dragons. The dracochemist instead desires to *become* a dragon. Through the art of alchemy he hopes to achieve this goal, experimenting upon himself to better take after his progenitors.

Draconic Goal: At 1st level, the dracochemist selects one type of dragon as his goal for self-modification. This affects a number of his class abilities. Once chosen, the type of dragon cannot be changed.

Table: Dracochemist Choices for Draconic Goal

| Dragon | Energy | Breath Weapon |
|--------|-------------|----------------|
| Black | Acid | Strafe Bomb |
| Blue | Electricity | Strafe Bomb |
| Green | Acid | Directed Blast |
| Red | Fire | Directed Blast |
| White | Cold | Directed Blast |
| Brass | Fire | Strafe Bomb |
| Bronze | Electricity | Strafe Bomb |
| Copper | Acid | Strafe Bomb |
| Gold | Fire | Directed Blast |
| Silver | Cold | Directed Blast |

Breath Weapon (Su): At 1st level, the dracochemist does not throw bombs like a normal alchemist does. Instead, his bombs take the form of a breath weapon determined by his draconic goal, and his bombs do the same type of damage as his draconic goal (although he does not gain the discovery that normally allows an alchemist to make bombs of this type). The dracochemist draws the components, drinks them, mixes them within his body, and then expels them as a breath weapon. Unlike throwing normal bombs, breath weapon bombs do not provoke attacks of opportunity.

A dracochemist with the directed blast breath weapon can detonate a bomb so that it sprays in a 20-foot cone rather than having a circular area of effect centered on a target. The cone starts at the dracochemist and extends away from him in the direction he chooses. The dracochemist designates one creature in the squares affected by the cone to be the target of the bomb and makes his attack roll against that creature; all other squares in the cone take splash damage.

A dracochemist's Strafe Bomb* works as that

discovery except as described above.

A dracochemist who gained the Strafe Bomb discovery cannot take the Breath Weapon discovery, and a dracochemist who is able to make directed blasts cannot take the Breath Weapon or Strafe Bomb discovery. This ability modifies bombs and replaces brew potion. A dracochemist may later take the Brew Potion feat to regain this class feature, even if he does not meet the prerequisites.

Draconic Resistances (Ex): At 2nd level, the dracochemist gains energy resistance against the type of energy his draconic goal possesses. The amount of energy resistance is equal to his level. This ability replaces poison resistance +2, +4, and +6, poison immunity, and poison use.

Flight (Ex): At 6th level, the dracochemist gains the wings discovery*. These take the form of dragon wings. The dracochemist also gains the Flyby Attack feat even if he does not meet the prerequisites. This ability replaces swift poisoning and the discovery gained at 6th level.

Draconic Mutagen (Su): At 8th level, the dracochemist's mutagen grants him additional powers and abilities. When he uses his mutagen, he gains a +2 size bonus to Strength and Constitution in addition to the other effects of the mutagen. In addition, when using the wings discovery while under the effects of his mutagen, the time spent does not count against the number of minutes per day the dracochemist can use the wings discovery. This ability replaces the discovery gained at 8th level.

Dragonbrew Mutagen (Su): At 12th level, the dracochemist can make two wing attacks while using his wings discovery. These attacks are secondary attacks that deal damage based on the dracochemist's size**. In addition, his natural armor bonus from the mutagen increases by +2. This ability replaces the discovery gained at 12th level.

Dragonform Mutagen (Su): At 18th level, whenever he uses his mutagen, the dracochemist also takes on the form of his draconic goal, as *form of the dragon II*. This ability replaces instant alchemy.

Draconic Ascension (Ex): At 20th level, a dracochemist has succeeded where

countless kobolds have failed before him. His type changes to dragon (instead of his original creature type).

He may use his wings discovery an unlimited number of times per day.

He gains a +4 bonus on all saving throws. Finally, he may always use his breath weapon, even if he has no bombs remaining. If he has no bombs remaining, the damage is half what it would normally be, and he can only use this special breath weapon once every 1d4 rounds. This ability replaces Grand Discovery.



* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Magic*

** See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary*

*Natural Attacks by Size**

KOBOLD SCIENS*

THE KOBOLD BLOODLINE

BY WILL "CHEAPY" MCCARDELL

ART BY REMI "RAMMBOLT" THORESEN

Some sorcerers trace their lineage back to mighty dragons or powerful elemental spirits; others, acts of the gods themselves. Your bloodline, however, traces back to kobolds. Their renowned craftiness is clearly present in you, with thankfully few of their weaknesses.

Class Skill: Stealth

Bonus Spells: *silent image* (3rd), *create pit** (5th), *glyph of warding* (7th), *explosive runes* (9th), *mirage arcana* (11th), *greater glyph of warding* (13th), *mass invisibility* (15th), *form of the dragon III* (17th), *earthquake* (19th)

Bonus Feats: Dodge, Blind-Fight, Learn Ranger Trap**, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Craft [trapmaking]), Weapon Focus, Wind Stance

Bloodline Arcana: You gain darkvision 60 feet and light sensitivity. If you already have darkvision, its range increases by 30 feet. Whenever you cast a spell from the illusion school, you can place a weak trap rune on one square within 30 feet. The next creature to step on this square takes damage equal to the spell's level. This trap rune lasts for 5 rounds, or until triggered. A DC 25 Perception check will notice it, and a DC 20 Disable Device check will disable it.

Bloodline Powers: Magic pulses through dragons so powerfully that even the descendants of their descendants feel it in their veins.

Ambusher (Ex): You may act in a surprise round even if you failed to make a Perception check to notice enemies, though you are considered flat-footed until you act. Additionally, you gain a bonus to Stealth checks equal to half your sorcerer level (minimum +1).

Crafty Traps (Su): At 3rd level, you learn the ins and outs of traps. Crafty traps can take one of two forms: trapfinding or traps. If you

select trapfinding, Disable Device is a class skill for you. Add 1/2 your sorcerer level to Perception skill checks made to locate traps and to Disable Device skill checks (minimum +1). You can use Disable Device to disarm magic traps.

If you select traps, you gain the trap ability of a ranger with the trapper archetype, with the following exceptions: At 3rd level, you learn how to create a snare trap. At 6th level, and every 3 levels thereafter, you learn an additional ranger trap of your choice, chosen from the ranger trap list. Your traps are always considered magical. The DCs for Perception checks to notice the trap, Disable Device checks to disable it, and for saving throws to avoid it are equal to 10 + 1/2 your sorcerer level + your Charisma bonus. Your effective ranger level is equal to your sorcerer level. See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Magic™* for more information on ranger traps.

Kobold Gang (Su): At 9th level, you can duplicate the effects of a *silver horn of Valhalla*. This ability requires 10 consecutive full-round actions, and summons kobold rogues and fighters (in equal amounts)

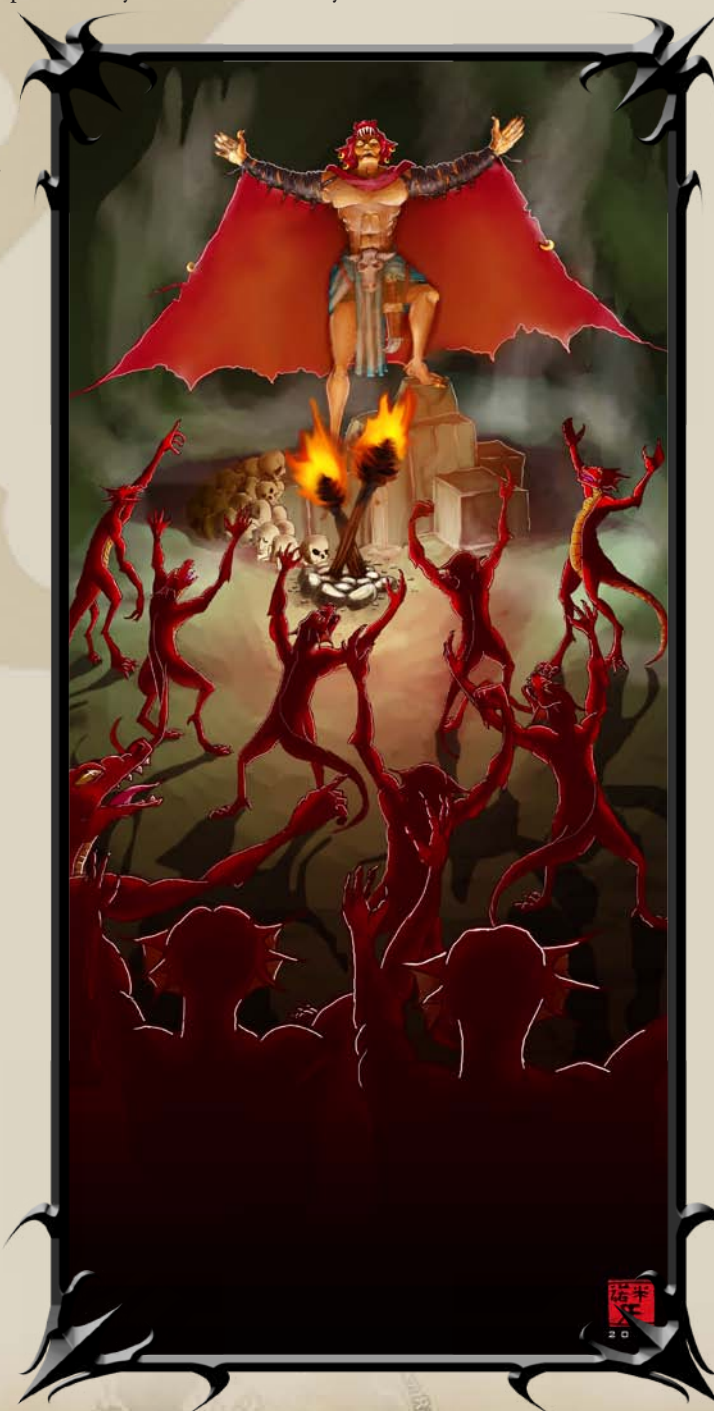
instead of human barbarians. They last until slain or until 10 minutes have elapsed. At 15th level, this counts as a *brass horn of Valhalla*. You may use this ability once per day at 9th level, and one additional time per day every 5 levels thereafter.

Kobold Warlord (Ex): At 15th level, kobolds look to you as a living god. You gain a +4 bonus to all Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, and Sense Motive checks against kobolds. In addition, you gain followers as per the Leadership feat. Your leadership score is equal to your sorcerer level + your Charisma modifier +2. All of your followers must be kobolds. You do not gain a cohort. These followers are in addition to any followers granted by the Leadership feat.

Cunning Incarnate (Su): At 20th level, the tricks and talents of your kobold ancestors comes to full bear. You gain a +4 bonus to Intelligence and Wisdom. Additionally, you can make and set a trap with a CR of 5 or less as a full-round action. You do not need the resources on hand and spend no gold. You must designate an area within 120 feet to set the trap, and you must have line of sight to this area. You can set a number of traps per day equal to 3 + your Charisma modifier.

Feats or spells marked with an asterisk (*) can be found in *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player's Guide*.

Feats or spells marked with two asterisks (**) can be found in *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Magic*. *



EPILLOGUE

BY JESS "LUNALYNX PFC" CARSON

ART BY ANGELA "LADYFIREFLY" CONANT

Heat radiated from the welt rising on Relthor's cheek. He'd heard the slap before the pain caught up.

"I didn't mean to call you old," he said.

Tirna's eyes—little more than blue slits—glared at the half-elf. The jingling of the silver bells around her ankle hung in the air. She was dressed in her flowing crimson skirt and black, bell-sleeve blouse, perfectly cropped to expose her still-toned midriff. Her fury enhanced her already striking beauty.

At half a foot taller, Relthor towered over her. Still, he inhaled deeply and shifted back, putting a few steps between them. Tirna responded by throwing her shoe at him.

The afternoon sun shone on the dark hickory wood floor, but the house felt cold. Relthor was fully dressed in traditional Varisian wedding attire—black trousers with red whorls, white shirt, and his kapenia—yet he felt naked under her glare. On the opposite side of the room he glimpsed their refectory in a mirror. It reminded him of a scene from 'The Tailor and his Sister.' The story was a comedy, but Relthor knew better than to laugh. With the exception of him, no one in Sandpoint knew how deadly Tirna could be when angry.

"Say something, Tirna. Anything," he pleaded. "Don't just stand there."

"I never imagined you a coward." Her words stung worse than the slap.

"Why..."

"...call you that?" She sighed as she stepped toward him. "It's the only word that fits. You, Relthor, 'Hero of Sandpoint', are acting like a spoiled whelp." Clinking bracelets accentuated each word as she poked the center of his chest. "Though, perhaps I'm wrong. Please explain the phrases 'not meant to be Nita's husband,' 'biggest mistake I made,' and 'my sword's rusty from lack of use' to me."

His heart pounded in his chest. Fire spread across his cheeks, reddening even the tips of his pointed ears. He forced his arms down and stretched.

"Sure it sounds bad when you say it...like that. But how does that make me spineless?"

"Do I need to spell it out for you?"

He rubbed the back of his neck, pausing at the hairline. He pulled at his short blonde hair.

"I still can't believe Nita talked me into cutting it."

"Don't change the subject. If you were planning to run out on your wedding day then you should've refused her proposal."

Relthor's lips tightened and he swallowed hard. "If you weren't my best friend, we'd have words. I asked you to be my best man because you know me better than anyone. I meant I still had a thirst for adventure. Something I thought you'd understand."

"Then help me understand," Tirna said. "All I see is a half-elf who got drunk with my husband and chased the other rowdy patrons from the Dragon."

His head pounded as he tried to find the words. "Last night reminded me I need the thrill that comes from seeing what's over the next hill, raiding another tomb. I won't be able to get that here."

He glanced around the room, his hand twitching. "Look at all this junk you and Julian have collected. Did you ever think it's because you settled down too early? If we have the money to do whatever we want, how'd we end up back at Sandpoint?"

"Because it's what we wanted. And these scraps," she patted a couch cushion, "are from every place we ever visited; something from our past to comfort our future."

"That's my point," he strode to the wall and pulled down a delicate curved blade. "This is who we are, this is what we do. How do I become just a husband?" He clutched the blade and swung it over his head.

Tirna crossed the length of the room before Relthor had finished the motion and caught the weapon's hilt. "You know better than to touch that! We swore never again... Or did you forget about the Runeforge." Her voice became a whisper. "About Mhar Massif?"

The words hung in the air. Relthor's emerald eyes trembled. He closed them and thrust the blade into her hands. "How could I forget?"

He walked past her, his jaw set, and flung himself onto the couch, sending a small cloud of dust into the streaming light. He balled his hands into fists, glaring at Tirna. Her eyes widened. She returned the weapon to its place.

"You never did want to talk about that day."

"Tirna, stop. Please," he begged.

His fingers traced the line running from his left eye to his upper lip. Sweat beaded on Relthor's brow.

A patient smile crossed her lips. "Even tides ebb with time."

Relthor's breathing quickened. He recoiled from her touch as her cool hands brushed his shoulder. "I can't settle down... I need more time... why does my head feel like it's going to explode? I can't just turn my back on their memory! I need to protect the rest of the world. Not sit around here."

"Sitting? I've never known Nita to sit a day in my life."

"And she won't," he snapped. "What can I do? It's dangerous out there. I couldn't keep Euridius and Nicolai safe, how am I going to keep her safe? How can I live with myself if something happens to her?"



Relthor's mouth hung open. Realization flashed in his eyes before his hands clapped over his face.

"Now we see the heart of it. Sometimes you're easier to read than the Harrow."

Tears flowed down Relthor's face. With each tremulous gasp, the fear evaporated. "I thought if I could just go out one more time--one more big adventure-- I'd quell the quaking inside. Getting married was so easy for you and Julian. How did you do it?"

"Would you like me to lie and say that marriage is a far more satisfying adventure?"

"No. Maybe. I don't know."

"Well it's not the same as saving a town, but it has its own rewards." She pointed to the scar running across her stomach. "It's less disfiguring that's for sure. You think my wedding... Relthor, can you keep one more secret?"

His brow furrowed. "You have to ask?"

"You remember walking in to get me that afternoon, when you found me sitting and staring out the window?" She licked her lips and exhaled. "I was planning on running. I was terrified. If it wasn't for you holding my hand and telling me how you knew Julian and I would end up together the moment he saved me from that merchant... well, I'd probably be halfway to Alkenstar by now."

Relthor sighed. "So is it worth it? You always said fear guides us to keep our bodies intact. If I'm more scared of this than anything, why do it? Why not go back to being a sellsword?"

"Because you aren't a coward, and I've never known you to take the easy path."

"How's risking my life every day easy?"

Tirna sat down next to him and took his hand. "Because there's a certain comfort in death. If we'd failed, we wouldn't have been there to see the results. The Lady of Graves could hardly blame us for

trying our best. We'd be off to our eternal reward while the rest of the world dealt with our mess. We'd never have to see those we let down."

Relthor tried to speak, but his tongue caught on the roof of his mouth. There was nothing to argue.

"Living," she continued. "That's the frightening part. Knowing that the person you disappoint is still there in the morning, waiting for you to fix it. Understanding that your life's no longer just your own—that it matters to someone if you live or die. It makes you fight harder to see each sunset and sunrise."

"What if I let her down?"

"You will from time to time. But each failure brings new opportunity for success. That's living. It won't be perfect; you'll hurt her feelings and fight. If you get lucky, there'll be no deaths. But I've seen Nita wield a frying pan."

In his mind, Relthor saw Nita, red hair tied back from her face, swinging her pan from fire to table and back. She maneuvered the heavy skillet as if it weighed nothing. He smiled. "One of the things I love about her."

"Love. Can't ask for a more dangerous pursuit. Speaking of," Tirna reached under the sofa and handed Relthor a mahogany box. "Julian and I thought you two might enjoy this tonight."

Inside, two vials glinted in the waning sunlight. Relthor's eyebrows arched.

"Calistria's Kiss." A wicked grin spread across Tirna's face. "Julian got them for our honeymoon, too. You and Nita are in for quite a night."

Relthor leaned back on the comfortable cushions. "Well, then, you'd better finish getting me ready. Hate to be late to my own wedding, and you're not getting any younger."

He threw his hands up to deflect the pillow before it crashed into his face. *

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THE JINX

PART ONE OF TWO

BY DAWN "DARK SASHA" FISCHER

ART BY TANYAPORN "YUIKAMI, THE FOOL" SANGSNIT

Tintisie crouched, trembling, in the tall, ripe wheat. A sudden wind rattled the golden stalks above her head. Sticky clay mud covered the bottoms of her feet, smeared her skin and splattered her sweat-stained, tattered sack-cloth dress. Straw stuck in her matted hair. Though tiny, she curled into a fetal position to become even smaller. She clasped her hand over her mouth to stifle her gasps as she caught her breath. She could hear a dog sniffing and rustling through the grain.

"Blue has my scent! I can't outrun a dog." She squeezed her eyes shut as she pictured the massive hunting dog in her mind. "Calm. Deep breaths. Don't panic. Think." Blue's sniffing sounded closer.

"It will find me soon! What to do? I can't run. It will hear. It will see, just like last time. Just like..." She heard footsteps crunching through the field behind the dog. She froze. Her hunter might have been just a few yards away, but she couldn't turn to see him. She held herself motionless and listened to his breathing. Then she smelled it, the fetid stench of a moonshine still's rancid, fermenting innards.

"Yellow-Teeth. It just had to be you." Thoughts of the serf foreman filled her with disgust and loathing.

"Come on, Blue," the man called out. "Damn rain is coming, by the look of those clouds. We can't waste any more time searching for that Slip. We got to get this grain harvested before it's too late or there will be Hell to pay."

She heard a second man, farther away, laughing as he shouted, "If that Slip is still in this field when we send the harvester over, it will find her."

Yellow-Teeth roared with laughter, "Yeah!" He shouted. "Hear that, Little Bird? The harvester's gonna cut you into dog food. Best come out now!"

Yellow-Teeth impatiently turned and moved back to join the other men somewhere to his right. "Bah! She's nothing but trouble. Get them oxen moving!"

More laughter sounded from behind her. Someone clicked his tongue. She heard the stomping of oxen, followed by the whirring of scythe-like blades and creaking wheels. The harvester cut a wide swath through the field, mowing the grain a bare few inches above the ground and shunting the heavy ripe stalks into the collector behind.

Tintisie hesitated. "I have to run. But the dog—did it go with Yellow-Teeth? I didn't hear it move off when Yellow-Teeth called it." She strained her ears to hear the animal, but couldn't hear anything else over the racket of the harvester.

Familiar feelings began to well up inside her: helplessness, fear, frustration, and pain. The memories had once held her in an icy grip. Now they just roiled inside her—particularly the incident that had driven her to this escape attempt.

"I said take the bird!" The man with yellow-stained, crusted teeth, his breath smelling of cheap alcohol, shoved a still-living

dove into her hand. "Thrust the knife into it. Make it bleed upon Asmodeus's altar!" She whimpered and shook her head. Inside she cried for her goddess. "SMACK!" Yellow-Teeth hit her so hard that the knife, intended to sacrifice the dove, flew out of her hand. It struck Yellow-Teeth on his forearm where it stuck, shuddering with force. Yellow-Teeth grimaced in pain, pulled out the knife, and gestured with it. "You little JINX! Next time it's you we sacrifice. You will be the bird, Little Bird."

"No time for that now." Fear still held her, but fury had begun to grow within her. "Sarenrae, I remained faithful to you. I asked you for help time and time again. All I received was bad luck: to me, to those around me. If they are right and I am a jinx, please, Sarenrae, if you can hear me, please take my bad luck away and give it to them. They have beaten me, tortured me, forced me to do foul things, left me cold and hungry, and turned my friends against me. Stop punishing me! Punish them, instead!" A deadly quiet settled over her and she looked up to see the sun turning red as it prepared to descend upon the horizon. Her mouth set in determination. Her jaw ached. She pictured Yellow-Teeth's sneering face. "Bring bad luck to them all!"

The ground shook as the oxen came into view a few yards away, pulling the harvester behind them by a leather harness. Suddenly, one of the leather straps snapped, whipped back, and hit one of the oxen then wrapped around the others' legs. Both beasts bellowed in pain and confusion and bolted in blind panic, dragging the harvester with them. The startled men atop it hung on for dear life.

"Blue!" Shouted Yellow-Teeth as he pointed. "The ox!"

Not ten feet away from Tintisie, the grain stalks exploded, and a dog several times her weight and size bounded away. The dog sprinted towards the oxen pair, barking up a storm.

"The vile beast was still there, waiting for me to run."

She rose from her position and glanced about the field. She could barely see what was happening through the thick stalks of grain. The

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dog's barking, the shouts of men and the bellowing of oxen were all receding. "They've got a bigger problem than finding me, now. Go! Go now!" She bit her lower lip, sucked in a deep breath and dashed towards the creek at the opposite end of the field. Her adrenaline-fueled legs pumped as she crashed through the uncut grain. Her dirty-blond hair flowed behind her.

She reached the shadowed ravine, just as the sun's light faded. The darkened water at the bottom was swollen, its current swiftened by recent rains. She dove in.

"No more tracks. No more scent for them to follow."

The water was cold, but the promise of freedom made it bearable. It swept her downstream, swallowing her in the fast current and carrying her far away from her tormenters.

"Could it be that Sarenrae heard my prayer and finally graced me with a bit of the famous halfling luck?" At that instant a broken branch carried by the swollen stream suddenly swung into view.

"No, she didn't hear, and you are still a jinx. Tintisie the Jinx..."

Sudden pain interrupted her thought, and then she lost consciousness.

* * *

Sounds.
Flashes of light.
Voices.

"I think she is going to make it. She is breathing. Praise Cayden Cailean." It was a man's voice—and kind.

"We'd better get moving if we are to reach the slave enclosure by the time this storm hits. The storm will hide our actions. Best leave that one, I think. We'd have to carry her. She'll only slow us down." This second voice was higher-pitched, perhaps younger.

"What!?" The kind voice turned incredulous. "Just look at her! Scars on her back and wrists, dressed in rags and thin as a reed. She must be one of the slaves we came here to set free. What kind of men would we be if we left her here? I am not going to do it, Banner."

Tintisie felt gentle hands bandaging her brow.

"You'll leave her here if you know what's good for the mission," the one called Banner said flatly. "The other halfling slaves all say she's a jinx. They insisted she not come when I prepared them for this escape.

She's going to get us all caught, Reith. It isn't worth the risk."

Strong hands slid under her and cradled her like a child. "I'm not leaving her. I'll carry her. She's so tiny and thin. She can't weigh more than twenty pounds."

Tintisie's eyes popped open. She saw the human male holding her pull a cloak from his backpack. He wrapped her in it and tied it sideways like a harness across his middle—the way women carry their babes. She caught a glimpse of a symbol hung from a chain around the man's neck. It resembled a beer stein. It vanished in a blink of the eye as the man muttered something under his breath.

Tintisie felt warm and safe as she nestled in the cloak sling. She recalled a happier time long ago when she was back in her village and wrapped in her Momma's belly sling. She opened her eyes again and saw a blond-haired halfling male staring at her.

"Hullo little Jinx. I'm Banner and that there is Reith of Andoran," he said. He had the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. They were kind, despite the harshness of his earlier words. "What's your name?"

* * *

To be concluded in
Wayfinder #8! *



XIN'S LEGACY

BY MATT "ENDERRIN" RUPPRECHT

ART BY RUSSELL AKRED

Varisia is littered with the remains of ancient Thassilon. 10,000 years ago the Runelords built magnificent monuments to their authority, architectural wonders to encourage commerce, and grand fortifications against their rivals. Constructed with magic, many of these colossal structures have weathered the eons. However, hidden away in forgotten valleys and deep forests are smaller Thassilonian oddities, equally well preserved, many with seemingly no function or purpose, and all waiting to be rediscovered. The Pathfinders, private collectors, and religious groups seek to catalog such sites hoping to find lost magic or antique treasures. This article presents a handful of these lost mysteries but leaves their actual function and location down to the GM.

THE SIHEDRON CIPHER

From a distance this tree-shaped apparatus looks like a complex astrolabe with many additional arms and components. Standing nearly ten feet tall and firmly bonded to its stone base, the apparatus is impervious to physical and magical damage. Up close, the device is made up of thousands of pieces - some as large as a shield and others as small as a thumbnail. These pieces are made from bone, stone or an untarnished blue metal - all inlaid with Thassilonian runes. The larger pieces move, twist, and turn on joints, creating channels and guides for the smaller pieces to move about the structure, creating an almost infinite combination of configurations.

TRIBUTE NAILS

Three waist-high bronze pillars stand in a line on top of a solid stone block twenty feet in diameter. The whole area is free of mold and vegetation. The pillars are covered in Thassilonian runes, and have slightly concave bowl-like tops similar to those used in modern cities as grain exchanges. If valuable items are placed upon all three pillars, a programmed illusion activates: the image of a Runelord or local governor appears and motions as if to acknowledge the tribute or tax being paid by the loyal citizen, before disappearing along with the items.

OBELISK OF WRATH

A clearing reveals a bowl-shaped depression of white dust with an obelisk at its center. The obelisk is roughly twelve feet tall, made from sandstone, and clearly displays Thassilonian runes for anger, love, destruction, and birth. No signs of erosion dull the sandstone, but the bottom half is stained and caked with dried blood. A large pile of sun-bleached skulls is piled against the obelisk, and several other skulls lie in the clearing. The skulls range in size from small animals to giants, and include the skulls of two dragons. Upon closer inspection the floor of the depression is covered with a thick lair of crushed bone fragments. Once per year, tribes of hill giants come to the clearing to make an offering of skulls, a tradition they have observed for a thousand generations.

THE GROVE OF RUNE-OAKS

Seven ancient oaks stand in a tight circle with their great boughs nearly touching and their branches intertwining. By no means the largest oaks to be found in Varisia, these seven trees are likely the most mysterious. Each tree has stone-hard, petrified bark split to reveal silvery-white living wood underneath. The trees' leaves unfurl in the spring, and fall to the ground in autumn like any other tree. Each tree is marked with two large glowing blue runes, the first representing one of Xin's virtues of rule and the second its corrupted form used by

the Runelords: hospitality and greed, fidelity and lust, humility and pride, discipline and gluttony, diligence and envy, kindness and wrath, and industriousness and sloth. Birds and animals nest in the grove, oblivious to its nature.

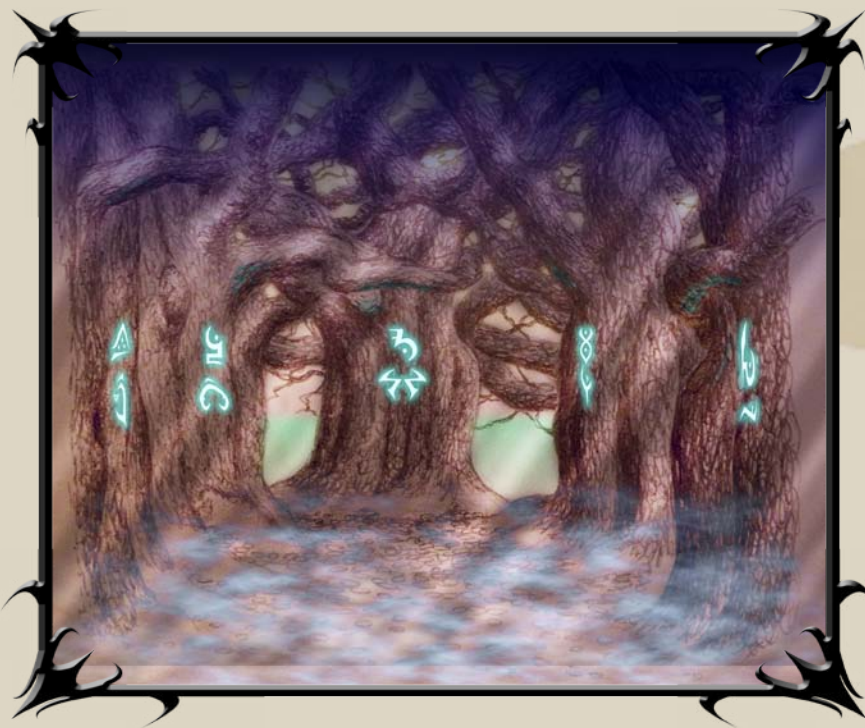
THE PEACOCK PILLARS

Sixteen columns of red, green, and gold-flecked marble two feet in diameter form a square, each standing a hand-span apart. They rise up ten feet before each is capped with a flat plate of iron. The swirls and patterns of the marble have been magically manipulated to

form the image of thousands of interlinked peacock feathers. The iron plates have a thick glaze of frost and are freezing cold to the touch, which causes condensation to form on the upper reaches of each pillar causing it to be slick and wet. Music in the vicinity of the pillars causes the "eye" on each peacock feather to blink.

THE DEAD GROUND

This domed structure seems to have been hewn from the very bedrock of the hill it stands upon. Its smooth grey surface is free of dirt and vegetation. On three sides, giant-sized sweeping archways admit visitors and light to the inside of the dome, which resembles an amphitheater; smooth, bowl-like and uninterrupted by pillars or other architectural features. Magic simply ceases to function within the dome and divine spellcasters feel disconnected from their gods. *



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PRESTIGIOUS*

THE FILI

BY JOSEPH "GUY HUMUAL" SCOTT

ART BY JESSICA DOOR

The wilds of Varisia are home to some of the inner sea's largest sections of untamed wilderness and hold many forgotten Thassilonian ruins, yet the region is also home to growing independent cultures and civilization. This unique environment has led to the rise of the fili, a mix of poet and priest of nature. These bardic priests are as at home in the wilds as in the city, as capable of summoning nature's wrath as sharing their arcane gifts, and they stand as keepers of the old ways and harbingers of literature and civilization.

Role: The fili is a versatile spellcaster, with vast knowledge that lends itself well to a support role.

Hit Dice: d8

REQUIREMENTS

Alignment: Any neutral

Skills: Handle Animal 6 ranks, Knowledge (nature) 6 ranks, Perform (oratory) 6 ranks, Survival 6 ranks

Spellcasting: Able to cast 1st-level arcane and 2nd-level divine spells

Special: Bardic performance class feature, Wild Empathy class ability

CLASS SKILLS

The fili's class skills are Craft (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Fly (Dex), Handle Animal (Cha), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (geography) (Int), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Perception (Wis), Perform (Cha), Profession (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int), and Survival (Wis).

Skill Ranks Each Level: 4+Int modifier

CLASS FEATURES

All of the following are class features of the fili prestige class.

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

Spells per Day: When a new fili level is gained, the character gains new spells per day as if she had also gained a level in any one arcane spellcasting class she belonged to before she added the prestige class and any one divine spellcasting class she belonged to previously. If a character had more than one arcane spellcasting class or more than one divine spellcasting class before she became a fili, she must decide to which class she adds each level of fili for the purpose of determining spells per day.

Empathy and Knowledge (Ex): A fili treats her fili levels as bard levels for the purpose of Bardic Knowledge. She treats her fili levels as druid or ranger levels for the purpose of Wild Empathy.

Bardic Performance: At 4th level, a fili gains this ability, which functions like the bard class feature of the same name, except that the fili's effective bard level is 3 lower than her class level. Levels in this class stack with levels in any other class that grants a similar ability to determine her effective bard level. For example, a bard 2/druid 4/fili 7 has an effective bard level of 6. She can use her bardic performance a number of rounds equal to 14 + her Charisma modifier. She gains new bardic performances as a 6th level bard (of her archetype, if any). When a new fili level is gained and her effective bardic level increases to 7, she can start a bardic performance as a move action instead of a standard action, just like a 7th level bard.

Talk with the Animals

(Ex): At 2nd level, a fili's language-dependent bardic performances target animals as though they shared a language.

Song of the Wild (Su):

At 10th level, a fili may cast divine spells with a casting time of a standard action as well as start or change a bardic performance as a single standard action. *



| Level | Base | | | | Special | Spells per level |
|-------|--------------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------------------|---|
| | Attack Bonus | Fort Save | Ref Save | Will Save | | |
| 1st | +0 | +0 | +1 | +1 | Empathy and knowledge | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 2nd | +1 | +1 | +1 | +1 | Talk with the animals | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 3rd | +2 | +1 | +2 | +2 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 4th | +3 | +1 | +2 | +2 | Bardic performance | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 5th | +3 | +2 | +3 | +3 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 6th | +4 | +2 | +3 | +3 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 7th | +5 | +2 | +4 | +4 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 8th | +6 | +3 | +4 | +4 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 9th | +6 | +3 | +5 | +5 | | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |
| 10th | +7 | +3 | +5 | +5 | Song of the wild | +1 level of existing arcane spellcasting class/+1 level of existing divine spellcasting class |

ADVENTURING TO DEATH

BY MORGAN "OCEANSHIELDWOLF" BOEHRINGER AND JIM "ELGHINN LIGHTBRINGER" WETTSTEIN

ART BY SILVIA "CRESCENTMOON" GONZALEZ

BONE WITCH (ARCHETYPE)

Bone witches are often mistaken for gravewalkers, for they use similar methods, but the fearful presence of their skeletal familiar usually dispels such notions. Through her uncommon link with her skeletal companion, the bone witch's increasing affinity to the energies of unlife leads ultimately to her transformation into a skeletal creature of the undead, albeit one with a fierce will and determination. Whether found meditating in deep dungeons or scouring the land for powerful secrets and arcane treatises on undead lore, her unmistakable appearance and desire for knowledge over physical sustenance make her a hardy adventuring choice.

Patron: A bone witch cannot choose Ancestors*, Healing*, or Light* as her patron.

Boneform (Su): Beginning at 1st level, the bone witch begins her long transformation into unlife. Her physical appearance becomes gaunt and her skin turns pale, giving her a deathly look. She does not need to sleep, though she must still follow all rules for resting and regaining spells. The bone witch also gains a +1 profane bonus on saves against mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sleep, stun and any effects that require a Fortitude save.

At 4th level, a bone witch gains darkvision 60 feet, a +2 bonus on saves against cold-based spells and effects, and a +1 natural armor bonus. The bone witch also no longer needs to eat or drink.

At 8th level, the bone witch gains channel resistance +2, DR 5/bludgeoning, her save bonus against cold-based spells and effects increases to +4, and her natural armor bonus increases to +2. Her profane bonus on saves against mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sleep, stun and any effects that require a Fortitude save increases to +2.

At 12th level, the bone witch gains cold immunity, a +2 profane bonus to Dexterity, and her channel resistance increases to +4.

At 16th level, the bone witch gains a +2 profane bonus to Strength, and lifesense 60 feet. Her profane bonus on saves against mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, sleep, stun and any effects that require a Fortitude save increases to +3.

At 20th level, the bone witch's completes her transformation into a creature of unlife. She turns into an animate skeleton and gains the undead type (instead of her former type).

Boneform replaces the witch's hex at 1st, 4th, 8th, 12th, 16th, and 20th level.

Skeletal Familiar (Ex): The witch's familiar gains the skeleton template at 1st level, except that it retains its intelligence. The familiar is undead (instead of a magical beast) and its natural armor bonus changes based on its size (+0 if Tiny, +1 if Small, +2 if Medium). It gains DR 5/bludgeoning, immunity to cold, claw attacks (if applicable), +2 Dexterity bonus, and Improved Initiative as a bonus feat. In addition, upon reaching 3rd level, the familiar gains the following ability:

Chill Aura (Su): The skeletal familiar radiates an aura of unearthly cold. Creatures adjacent to the skeletal familiar feel a chill radiating from the familiar. Anyone that touches the skeletal familiar or strikes it with an unarmed strike or natural weapons takes 1d6 points of cold damage. The familiar's master is immune to this damage.

Skeletal familiar otherwise functions as and replaces witch's familiar at 1st level.

Unlife Essence (Su): Beginning at 2nd level, due to her unnatural affinity toward undead creatures, a bone witch detects as an undead creature with *detect undead*, though spells that reveal a creature's true form, such as true seeing, do not reveal the bone witch as an undead. In addition, the bone witch gains negative energy affinity and can use detect undead at will, as a spell-like ability. This ability replaces the witch's hex at 2nd level.

Familiars: The following familiars complement the bone witch archetype: bat, cat, donkey rat*, fox*, goat*, hawk, king crab*, lizard, monkey, owl, pig*, rat, raven, thrush*, toad, turtle*, viper and weasel.

Patrons: The following patrons complement the bone witch archetype: death*, occult*, plague, spirits*, or unlife patron.

Hexes: The following hexes complement the bone witch: beast of ill-omen*, cackle, flight, nails*, scar*, and ward.

Major Hexes: The following major hexes complement the bone witch: agony, beast eye*, hag's eye, hoarfrost*, and retribution.

Grand Hexes: The following grand hex complements the bone witch: death curse, dire prophecy*, and summon spirit*.

* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Magic*. *

NEW PATRON

The following new patron may be chosen by other witches, and complements the bone witch archetype.

Unlife: 2nd—*false life*, 4th—*command undead*, 6th—*greater false life**, 8th—*animate dead*, 10th—*major curse**, 12th—*create undead*, 14th—*control undead*, 16th—*create greater undead*, 18th—*cursed earth**.



PYROMANIA: FEATS FOR FIRE STARTERS

BY RYAN COSTELLO, JR.

ART BY FRANK "RULOC" HESSEFORT

Fire is the best. It's hot, it burns, it's bright, it hurts, it spreads, it scars, it cooks meat, and it scares horses. Where would goblinkind be without the discovery of fire? Fire is not a physical necessity—goblins can see in the dark—it is a cultural attachment. They love the spectacle of fire: it's how little green monsters—the runts of the world—can have their fiery fun and bring down huge buildings, larger creatures, and even entire cities. When a goblin named Arflaf whacked a troll in the mossy bits with a flaming club, he became an instant hero. His walloped remains were mounted in the middle of his village. Years later, after his tribe died of filth fever and his corpse was picked clean by scavengers, Arflaf's legend remained.

Experimental combat researchers caught wind of goblin fire tactics. Professor Gauvinterriweir was the first academic to look past the goblin reputation as gut fighters and study their battle style in controlled environments. Gauvinterriweir discovered that goblins, however unknowingly, had crafted new combat techniques based on the optimal use of fire. He studied every muscle twitch and emotional reaction until he was out of subjects. From this research, he catalogued a multitude of new attacks based on fighting with fire.

The following feats provide options to represent characters who have learned from their encounters with fire or learned to optimally use fire in combat. This includes feats of the pyromania type and the wildfire style feat. For more information on style feats, see *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Ultimate Combat*.

PYROMANIA FEATS

Pyromania feats represent your expertise with fire, typically granting a special attack or additional effect when wielding enflamed weapons.

Enflamed: Nonmagical weapons that have the enflamed condition have been set on fire. Giving a weapon (including as much ammunition as a character can hold) the enflamed condition is a full round action that requires a DC 10 Craft (alchemy) or Survival skill check and requires mundane ingredients that cost less than 1 gp. This action does not provoke attacks of opportunity. An enflamed weapon deals an extra 1 point of fire damage. The duration of the enflamed condition depends on the property of the weapon. Wooden weapons are enflamed for 1d4+1 rounds, otherwise a weapon is enflamed until the end of the next round. After the duration ends, an enflamed weapon gains the broken condition.

Blaze of Glory (Combat, Pyromania)

Your enflamed weapon explodes against the target of your attack.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 5 ranks, Firestarter, base attack bonus +6.

Benefit: As a standard action, you can make a single melee attack with an enflamed weapon. On a successful hit, the weapon deals an additional 3d6 fire damage and is destroyed.

Blazing Attack (Combat, Pyromania)

You know where fire burns the hottest.

Prerequisite: Wis 13, base attack bonus +5.

Benefit: When making an attack that deals fire damage, including the alchemist bomb ability, enflamed weapons, *flaming* weapons, or weapon-like spells with the fire descriptor such as *scorching ray*, you gain a +1 bonus to hit. This bonus increases to +2 when your base attack bonus reaches +10, and +3 when your base attack bonus reaches +15.

Blistering Embers (Combat, Pyromania)

Even when your enflamed weapon no longer burns, it is still hot.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 3 ranks, Firestarter

Benefit: While attacking with a weapon that gained the broken condition in the last minute from being enflamed, you deal half the extra damage provided by the Firestarter feat.

Burn Notice (Combat, Pyromania)

The way in which you wield fire threatens your opponents more than words.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 1 ranks, Firestarter.

Benefit: You gain a +2 circumstance bonus on Intimidate checks made to demoralize while wielding an enflamed or *flaming* weapon.

Burn Vision (Combat, Pyromania)

There are additional benefits to brandishing an enflamed weapon in your opponent's face.

Prerequisite: Int 13, Combat Expertise, Improved Dirty Trick.

Benefit: When performing a dirty trick combat maneuver to blind a target, you gain a +2 bonus if you wield a fire source, such as a torch or enflamed weapon.

Fast Firestarter (Combat, Pyromania)

When there is no time to wait for a fire to catch, you don't have to.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 10 ranks, Firestarter.

Benefit: You can give a weapon the enflamed condition as a swift action rather than a move action.

Normal: Giving a weapon the enflamed condition is a full-round action.

Feed the Fire (Pyromania)

You can feed your enflamed weapons the oxygen they need to burn longer.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 5 ranks, Firestarter.

Benefit: You can extend the duration of an enflamed weapon by 1 round as a swift action with a successful DC 15 Craft (alchemy) or Survival check.

Fire Eater (Combat, Pyromania)

You can turn a small mouthful of fire into an explosion of fire breath.

Prerequisite: Cha 9 or less, Craft (alchemy) or Survival 10 ranks, Firestarter, Once Burned.

Benefit: As a standard action, you can put an enflamed light weapon into your mouth and spit out a small ball of fire. You take 1d6 points of fire damage and deal fire damage equal to the damage provided by your Firestarter feat to all creatures and objects in a 15-foot cone. A

successful Reflex save (DC 10 + the number of pyromania feats you have) halves the damage.

Firestarter (Combat, Pyromania)

You know how to set anything on fire no matter where you are.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 1 rank.

Benefit: You can give a weapon the enflamed condition as a move action. Enflamed weapons you wield deal an amount of extra fire damage equal to the number of pyromania feats you possess.

Normal: Giving a weapon the enflamed condition is a full-round action. Enflamed weapons deal an extra 1 fire damage.

Flaming Fence (Combat, Pyromania)

You kick up logs and start small fires to protect yourself from those around you.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 5 ranks, Firestarter.

Benefit: As a standard action, you can designate up to three spaces within your reach. Until the beginning of your next turn, these spaces are considered difficult terrain and any creature ending its turn occupying one of these spaces takes fire damage equal to the damage provided by your Firestarter feat.

Forever Burned

Your repeated burns healed into scar tissue that feels no pain.

Prerequisite: Cha 9 or lower, Once Burned, Twice Burned.

Benefit: You gain fire resistance 5. Your damage reduction improves to DR 2/— and your natural armor bonus increases by +1.

Once Burned

Your experiences with fire taught you not to let it burn you again.

Prerequisite: Cha 9 or lower.

Benefit: You gain a +1 bonus on Reflex saving throws against attacks that normally deals half damage on a successful save. This bonus increases to +3 if the attack deals fire damage.

Pyromantic Spell (Metamagic, Pyromania)

No one understands fire like a spellcaster.

Benefit: Substitute all energy damage dealt by a pyromantic spell with fire damage. A pyromantic spell does not use a higher-level spell slot than the spell's actual level.

Scorching Critical (Critical, Pyromania)

Your deadliest blows burn deadliest as well.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 6 ranks, Critical Focus, Firestarter, base attack bonus +9.

Benefit: When you confirm a critical hit with an enflamed weapon, multiply the extra fire damage you deal as well.

Normal: You do not multiply extra energy damage on a critical hit.

Smoke Trail (Combat, Pyromania)

When you run, you excite the flames of your enflamed weapons.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 5 ranks, Firestarter.

Benefit: When charging or running while wielding an enflamed weapon, the spaces you move through provide concealment until the beginning of your next round.

Twice Burned

Fire has found a way to leave a deeper impression on you.

Prerequisite: Cha 9 or lower, Once Burned.

Benefit: The scar tissue from your burns grants you DR 1/—.

Wildfire Style (Combat, Pyromania, Style)

You fight your enemies as a fire fights a forest.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 1 ranks, Improved Unarmed Strike, base attack bonus +2 or monk level 1st.

Benefit: You can make unarmed strike while wielding a torch. While using this style, you count enflamed light weapons as torches and your unarmed strikes are considered enflamed while you wield a torch.

Wildfire Touch (Combat, Pyromania, Style)

Your fire burns at the slightest touch.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 3 ranks, Improved Unarmed Strike, Wildfire Style, base attack bonus +5 or monk level 5th.

Benefit: While using wildfire style, you can make a touch attack to deal the bonus fire damage from your enflamed unarmed strikes.

Wildfire Wrath (Combat, Pyromania, Style)

The fire of your attacks spreads.

Prerequisite: Craft (alchemy) or Survival 5 ranks, Improved Unarmed Strike, Wildfire Style, base attack bonus +8 or monk level 7th.

Benefit: While using wildfire style, targets hit with your attacks that deal fire damage must make a successful Reflex save (DC 10 + the number of pyromania feats you have) or catch fire. *



OF MAGIC AND METTLE

NEW MAGUS ARCANA AND THE EXTEMPRESARIO ARCHETYPE

BY SARAH "AMBROSIA SLAAD" COUNTS

ART BY KATEY "JYU1CH1" NEVE

There are some who maintain that knowledge seeks to be free, and magical knowledge doubly so.

As humanoids expand exploration and trade across the Inner Sea (and beyond), they discover and rediscover new ways in which life and magic shape one another.

NEW MAGUS ARCANA

Extemporaneous Metamagic

(Su): Choose a single metamagic feat that uses a spell slot one level higher than the spell's actual level, such as *Enlarge Spell* or *Merciful Spell*. The magus can cast one spell per day as if it were modified by that metamagic feat without preparing it ahead of time. This does not increase the casting time or the level of the spell. A magus can take this arcana more than once, each time selecting a different metamagic feat. The magus must meet all requirements of the metamagic feat.

At 6th level a magus that selects this arcana can choose a single metamagic feat that uses a spell slot up to two levels higher than the spell's actual level, such as *Persistent Spell* or *Sickenning Spell*. At 12th level a magus that selects this arcana can choose a single metamagic feat that uses a spell slot up to three levels higher than the spell's actual level, such as *Widen Spell* or *Dazing Spell*.

Philosopher's Alloy (Su): When the magus enhances her weapon using her arcane pool, she may spend 1 additional point from her arcane pool to duplicate the qualities of either cold iron or silver. This infusion does not modify the weapon's hardness, its hit points, or its weight, but the weapon is considered to be made of the special material for purposes of bypassing damage reduction. Only a single metal type may be infused at one time. At 9th level, the infusion may instead duplicate the abilities of adamantine for purposes of bypassing damage reduction, and for bypassing hardness less than 20

when sundering weapons or attacking objects.

Rending the Shroud (Su): Whenever the magus makes a successful melee attack, she may spend 1 point from her arcane pool as a swift action to reduce her target's spell resistance with no save allowed. The target's spell resistance is reduced by the magus's Intelligence modifier for a number of rounds equal to ½ her magus level. Multiple uses of *rending the shroud* do not lower the target's spell resistance further, but do reset the duration to ½ the magus's level.

Unseelie Hunter (Su): Whenever the magus enhances her weapon using her arcane pool, she may spend 1 additional point from her arcane pool to temporarily infuse that weapon with aetherplasm, causing it to shed light. When the magus hits with the infused weapon the target is affected as if by a *faerie fire* spell. At 6th level, when the magus hits with the infused weapon, the magus can choose to spend 1 additional pool point to instead effect the target as if by a *glitterdust* spell.

EXTEMPRESARIO (MAGUS ARCHETYPE)

Extempresarios derive their raw arcane might from the magic inherent in their blood, but that might is forged and tempered by martial discipline as much as any other magus. While many sages believe that the extempresario path originated with ancient immigrants from the First World and was first adapted for elite agents of Thassilon, it has since proliferated and been adapted across multiple bloodlines and cultures.

Force of Personality: Whenever an extempresario uses a standard magus or magus archetype class ability that calls for her Intelligence bonus (such as arcane pool and spell combat, and magus arcana such as *arcane accuracy*, *hasted assault*, and *rending the shroud*), the extempresario instead uses her

Charisma bonus. This replaces the magus spellbook ability.

Spells: An extempresario casts arcane spells drawn from the standard magus spell list. She can cast any spell she knows without preparing it ahead of time. To learn or cast a spell, an extempresario must have a Charisma score equal to at least 10 + the spell level. The Difficulty

Class for a saving throw against an extempresario's spell is 10 + the spell level + the extempresario's Charisma modifier.



Like other spellcasters, an extempresario can cast only a certain number of spells of each spell level per day. Her base daily spell allotment is identical to the standard magus, and she receives bonus spells per day if she has a high Charisma score (*Table 1-3, Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Core Rulebook*).

The extempresario's selection of spells is extremely limited. An extempresario begins the class knowing four 0-level spells and two 1st level spells of her choice from the standard magus spell list. At each new extempresario level, she gains one or more new spells as a bard of the same level (*Table 3-3, Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Core Rulebook*). (Unlike spells per day, the number of spells an extempresario knows is not affected by her Charisma score. The numbers on Table 3-3 are fixed.)

Upon reaching 5th level, and at every third extempresario level thereafter (8th, 11th, and so on), an extempresario can choose to learn a new spell in place of one she already knows. In effect, the extempresario "loses" the old spell in exchange for the new one. The new spell's level must be the same or lower as that of the spell being exchanged, and it must be at least one level lower than the highest-level extempresario spell she can cast. An extempresario may swap only a single spell at any given level and must choose whether or not to swap the spell at the same time that she gains new spells known for the level.

An extempresario need not prepare her spells in advance. She can cast any extempresario spell she knows at any time, assuming she has not yet used up her allotment of extempresario spells per day for the spell's level. Unless specified otherwise, an extempresario applies metamagic feats to her spells in the same manner as other spontaneous arcane casters, such as the bard and sorcerer. This replaces the standard magus spellcasting ability.

Cantrips: Like a standard magus, an extempresario learns a number of cantrips, or 0-level spells. These spells are cast like any other extempresario spell, but they do not consume any slots and may

be used again. This replaces the standard magus cantrips ability.

Spell Reserves (Su): At 4th level, the extempresario may use a swift action to prepare an extempresario spell that she knows as a reserve spell by expending a number of points from her arcane pool equal to the spell's level (minimum 1). Casting a reserve spell does not count against the extempresario's spells per day. The extempresario may also apply any applicable metamagic arcana—such as *extemporaneous metamagic*, *silent spell*, *still spell*, or similar arcana that duplicates the effect of a metamagic feat—that she knows to this spell by expending an additional number of points from her arcane pool equal to the sum of the spell's modified spell level from each metamagic arcana plus 1 point per metamagic arcana added. She cannot spend more additional points from her arcane pool on spell reserves than ½ her extempresario level. She may retain any prepared reserve spells indefinitely, but the arcane pool points spent count against her daily limit until either the reserve spell is cast or the extempresario next rests. This replaces spell recall.

Knowledge Pool (Su): At 7th level, when an extempresario rests, she can expend a number of points from her arcane pool up to her Charisma bonus to temporarily add additional spells known, chosen from the standard magus spell list. Adding a spell to the extempresario's spells known for the day costs a number of points from her arcane pool equal to the spell level. For each point expended, she gains 1 spell level worth of spells. For example, if she spends 4 points, she may choose two 2nd level spells, or one 1st level and one 3rd level spell. She cannot use knowledge pool to gain a higher level spell than she can cast. A cantrip is treated as 1 spell level.

She treats these temporary spells as if they were spells she normally knows, retaining them until she next rests, when they are forgotten. She casts these temporary spells as any other spell known, including casting them using her spell reserves ability. However, she may not expend additional points to add metamagic arcana effects to these temporarily known spells. This replaces the standard knowledge pool.

Improved Spell Reserves (Su): At 11th level, the extempresario's ability to recall spells using her arcane pool becomes more efficient. Whenever she prepares a spell with spell reserves, she expends a number of points from her arcane pool equal to ½ the spell's total level (minimum 1), including any extra effective spell levels added by each metamagic arcana. The extempresario still adds 1 additional arcane point per every metamagic arcana added. This replaces improved spell recall. *



Dear Ask a Shoanti

The party pyromancer keeps including me in the area of effect of his fireballs. He says its acceptable collateral damage with a net benefit to our collective strategic goal. Should I say something or be a team player?

Sincere Regards,

Crispy in Kortos

Dear Crispy in Kortos

Absolutely buck up and support the team. Don't whine, do your part. Let us not speak of this again. Oh, and remember to include the pyromancer in your next greater cleave.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti



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AN HONEST TRADE

BY EWAN 'OTYUGH OVERLORD' CUMMINS

ART BY REMI "RAMMBOLT" THORESEN

Salvaged goods cluttered the little room: rusted shears, chipped pots, tarnished silverware, and stained clothes. The ring of garlic hanging on the wall almost masked the smell of stagnant water that clung to everything, including my host.

Stoneguts frowned up at me from his stool. Even in the dim light I could pick out the familiar creases in his face. "Arabella, are you sure your new bosses at the thieves' guild won't mind you mixing with honest tradesmen?" The words *thieves' guild* came out of his mouth with the disgust most people felt for overflowing sewers.

I sighed. "I don't like working for the Society. But I'm not stealing from anybody. I'm a messenger. That's respectable." Seeing his grimace, I tried again. "Well... it's legal."

He groaned—it sounded like masonry cracking in winter. "Just because something is legal doesn't make it right. Didn't I teach you that, girl?"

"I'm not a girl anymore," I snapped back in Dwarven. Returning to the Common Tongue, I added, "You also taught me to avoid trouble with the law, yet now you're involved with this silly scheme to organize the sewer jacks."

He snorted before gulping the last of his wine—horrible stuff that stank of pine resin. "You just joined the only sanctioned guild in town. Was that silly? A guild means power." His expression softened, "Little ape, I could use your help."

"I'd like to help. But you can't fight both the law and the gangs. I heard you had a run in with Lotho—"

"Don't worry about my troubles, Arabella. I see how it is. You've got a new trade that pays better than mucking drains." He stuffed his feet into hobnailed boots and headed for the door. "Don't follow me. Your old friends won't like that new cape of yours." He was right; Cerulean Society colors wouldn't win me favor with the workers in Old Korvosa. I doffed my sky blue cloak.

He hadn't noticed me tailing him. I felt a flush of pride. Stoneguts could see in pitch black and he could hear well enough to count rats in a drainpipe by the sound of their feet. Hiding from him was no easy feat.

I waited for him to come out of the tavern. The light in the window blinked out, and a moment later, the back door slammed. Cursing, I ran around the side and stopped just short of being seen by the three big goons holding Stoneguts, one with his boot pressed against the dwarf's face. A fourth bullyboy gripped the back door handle.

Lotho the Cat-Killer, robed and oiled like a harlot with delusions of gentility, strode the mouth of the alley to stand over Stoneguts. The hulking Varisian cradled a yapping lapdog, the sort favored by expensive doxies. He handed his pet to a thug, and bent close to Stoneguts. "Alright, you solly, give me the sheepskin."

The back door rattled, but the bravo held it fast.

I drew my knife, but waited.

Stoneguts tried to bite through the sole of the thug's boot.

Lotho yanked a scroll from Stoneguts' tunic and squinted at it in the moonlight. Gold teeth flash as he grinned and tucked the vellum into his fur-trimmed robes.

"If you want it back before I send it to the Hellknights, tell your dung-smearing mates I own them. I give you till daybreak to swear fealty."

*

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After the gangsters left, I helped Stoneguts back to his room and dressed his wounds. While I wound a strip of linen around his bald head, I questioned him. "What was on the parchment Lotho took from you?"

"Our charter. By-laws, officers..."

"You wrote it down? That's crazy!"

He glared at me from under the bandage. "Of course we wrote it down! It's a charter. When the laws are changed, we can publish it. For now, it's a bond among us."

"The only bond among you fools will be the rope they use to hang you all, if the Order of the Nail sees that scroll. Damn! Hellknights."

He rolled out of bed. "I'm going to get it back."

I shook my head. "No, you're hurt. I'll do it."

*

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I was somewhere underneath the old gristmill occupied by Lotho's crew when I finally turned the lantern screw to brighten my light. I examined the stonework, searching for familiar features. Thick layers of niter clung to the lower edges of the damp walls. I bent close. Not natural deposits: otyugh spoor.

"Lotho send you?" The gurgling voice could never be mistaken for something human.

I turned round to face a massive, three-legged heap of slimy brown flesh. Two ropy arms bristled with spines. Two big eyes, one set over the other, stared at me from the end of a long stalk that protruded above a broad, toothy maw.

I kept my hands still, no sudden movements that might alarm the monster. "Yes, Lotho sent me down here to—"

"You food!" It lumbered toward me, tentacles wriggling and mouth opened wide.

"Wait! No, I am not food! Lotho will be cross with you if you eat me. No more snacks."

"But Lotho drops you." It wagged a long arm toward a wooden panel set into the low stone ceiling.

"Just let me go up through that door and I'll bring you all the food you like. What's your favorite thing to eat?"

"Fish heads. You got?"

It was very close now. Its fetid breath would have floored anyone not used to the sewers. It patted me with its gripping fronds, feeling through my tabard and the high cuffs of my boots.

"Hungry."

I repressed a shudder at its touch. "Just let me fetch them."

The otyugh retreated into the gloom.

My boots scraped and slipped on the masonry as I climbed up the wall and pushed open the heavy wooden panel, just the way I'd climbed up chutes to remove stuck grates when I had worked with Stoneguts. "Little ape, indeed", I whispered.

Quick as a jack-in-the-box, I popped my head up for a peek. I saw four walls lined with barrels and crates, one door, a high-raftered ceiling, and enough floor space to park two carriages side by side. The

aroma of sweet sap rose from a bucket at the edge of the trap door.

I pulled myself through the hatch and crept to the corner near the door's hinges. I rested there, breathing the clean, pine-scented air.

It was a welcome change from the foul odors of the Vaults. I pressed an ear to the door. The hollow click of boot heels on floorboards came and went, somewhere nearby another door clattered shut.

I left the storeroom and sneaked down the hall. Through a grimy interior window, I spied jumbled gears the size of wagon wheels and a broken millstone.

At the end of the long hall I came to a locked door. Some quick work with my picks and I was inside what looked like an office. My nose wrinkled at the musky stink of cologne and hair oil gone stale. Five cat skins tacked to the back wall left little doubt as to whose office I had entered. Ransacking Lotho's desk and cabinet, I found the charter and enough medicine to stock an apothecary's shop. Lotho evidently believed the rumors of plague circulating around town. I grabbed some tinctures and dried herbs before hurrying back to the storeroom.

I had just crossed the threshold when Lotho leaped from behind the door and threw me to the floor. He kicked me hard in the ribs with his gleaming jackboots, the height of fashion for Korvosan footwear.

"Where are you going, little kitten?" He stooped over me, seized my hair and jerked my head back at a painful angle. "I've got a rule. You take something from me, I take something from you."

"I work for the Cerulean Society!"

"Not likely. They don't operate directly around here."

I yanked my knife from the sheath, but Lotho grabbed my arm and twisted until I dropped the blade. He stamped his heel into my back. I spat crimson onto the rough boards.

Grabbing the planks so tightly they drove splinters into my fingertips, I pulled myself towards the hatch. Lotho straddled me. His fists hammered my ribs. With a last, desperate lunge, I heaved the trapdoor open; in a tangle, we both tumbled into the sewer.

He was on his feet before I could stand. I saw the flash of a knife in his right fist.

"Fish heads!" I coughed. "All you can eat!"

Lotho had just enough time to give me a puzzled look before the tentacles wrapped around his chest and arms. I snatched the charter from the floor and ran.

* * *

Stoneguts and I limped out the next evening to dump buckets of stinking fish heads down a manhole on Endrin Isle.

"I'm leaving the Society."

"Back to cleaning drains, Arabella?"

I smiled. "Well, at least it's an honest trade."

*





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PRINCESS URGATHOA

BY KEVIN ANDREW MURPHY

ART BY ASHTON "N'WAH" SPERRY

This song is popular throughout the taverns of the Inner Sea Region, especially during times of plague or sickness (such as the "Blood Veil" plague that has recently appeared in Korvosa). Known as a "whistling past the graveyard song", it's a song for the living to mock the dead and prove they do not fear them. Perversely, the song is also popular among undead bards, who consider it an unofficial hymn to the Goddess Urgathoa.

(Historic Note: This song is sung to the tune of "Miss Bailey's Ghost," a humorous ghost song dating to the 16th century. The original lyrics would also be suitable for any Golarion game by just switching "Halifax" to "Cheliox" and keeping the rest as written.)

*One evening very long ago a princess died of asthma
And found herself queued up with shades in line to see Pharasma.
The princess sniffed indignantly, "I'm not some protozoa!
I don't know who this goddess is, but I am Urgathoa!"*

Chorus: *Urgathoa, she's not some
protozoa! Urgathoa, the
Princess Urgathoa!*

*Pharasma said, "Please wait your turn, celestial or infernal.
While I will surely get to you, your wait may seem eternal."
The princess laughed, "I'm out of here!" jumped on an extinct moa
And headed for the land above. "So long!" cried Urgathoa.*

Chorus: *Urgathoa, she rides a giant moa! Urgathoa, the Princess
Urgathoa!*

*"I'm sorry, dear," Pharasma said, "You simply can't be leaving.
What's done is done, and dead is dead, and folk are not done grieving."
The willful princess then replied, "Ooh look! A feather boa!"
And grabbed a dead plumed serpent, put it on—That's Urgathoa!*

Chorus: *Urgathoa, she wears a feather boa! Urgathoa, the Princess
Urgathoa!*

*She spurred the axebeak with her heels, then with the dead couatl.
The moa took off like a spear launched out of an atlatl.
And where they landed in the world? Someone swore, "Croatoa!
Our colony has died!" he cried. "I blame you, Urgathoa!"*

Chorus: *Urgathoa, the plague of Croatoa! Urgathoa, the undead
Urgathoa!*

*So that explains how undeath came and why we now have sickness,
And also it explains, I think, where undead get their quickness.
So if you die and you find death to be as sour as quinces
Just follow the example of the jolly pallid princess!*

Chorus: *Urgathoa, our Princess Urgathoa! Urgathoa, our Goddess
Urgathoa! **



CHOPPER'S ISLE

A RISE OF THE RUNELORDS SIDE-TREK ADVENTURE FOR FOUR 3RD-LEVEL CHARACTERS

By James B. Cline (with Thomas Baumbach)

Maps by Crystal Frasier

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

When the runewell below Sandpoint flared to life years ago, among the innocents tainted by the surge of wrath was Jervas Stoot, a timid artist known for intricate bird carvings. When the magic of the runewell woke Jervas in the night, decades of repressed childhood abuse consumed him, turning his thoughts to exacting a horrible revenge against those who had wronged him. The murders that followed came to be known as the work of the Chopper for the horrific way in which the victims were found: carved to bits.

Not even Jervas Stoot could remember what wrong Das Korvut had done him, but whenever the artist saw the blacksmith, the suppressed

wrath roiled anew. When Jervas came upon Madellin and Simon in the street outside the Korvut home, they weren't his intended victims, but in a flash of malicious brilliance, Jervas saw the agony he could inflict on Das by taking his wife and child.

Just as the bird hides within the wood, waiting for Jervas's skilled hand to draw it forth, the Chopper saw the potential for murder and mayhem in young Simon. After dispatching Madellin in front of the boy, Jervas took Simon under his wing, forcing him to cut bird shapes into his own flesh as well as that of the murder victims. The boy soon succumbed to insanity, becoming a willing assistant to the Chopper's crimes.

Jervas was eventually caught, after a telling battle in the streets and at his home atop the isle overlooking Sandpoint. The remnants of twenty-five victims were found in the house, but no sign of Simon, nor evidence of his involvement, was ever found. In the aftermath of what later became known as the Late Unpleasantness, the house was burned to the ground, and the stairs to the isle demolished.

Chopper's Isle, as it is now called, has remained uninhabited in the five years since that dreadful time. For most, the Late Unpleasantness is an unpleasant memory, best left on the deserted isle and in the fading past.

For Das Korvut, the Isle is a painful reminder of all he lost: his wife, Madellin, his son, Simon, and his vigor for life, for in the face of losing his family, Das became an angry, abusive drunk, clinging in isolation to a memory of love and community.

Das blames everyone for his loss these days: for not scouring the city and coast for any sign of his son; for not stopping Chopper sooner; for most any infraction. Das despises adventurers especially, simply for not being around when needed. Haunted by memories of his dead wife and the ghost of his missing child, neighbors politely whisper of Das's screams in the deep night, a cry for salvation, redemption, or deliverance.

But, during one of Das's public nightmares, when a boy is seen outside Das's house, flitting through the shadows and disappearing from sight, the angry smith demands an investigation of the Isle, even turning to Sandpoint's local heroes to get it.

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

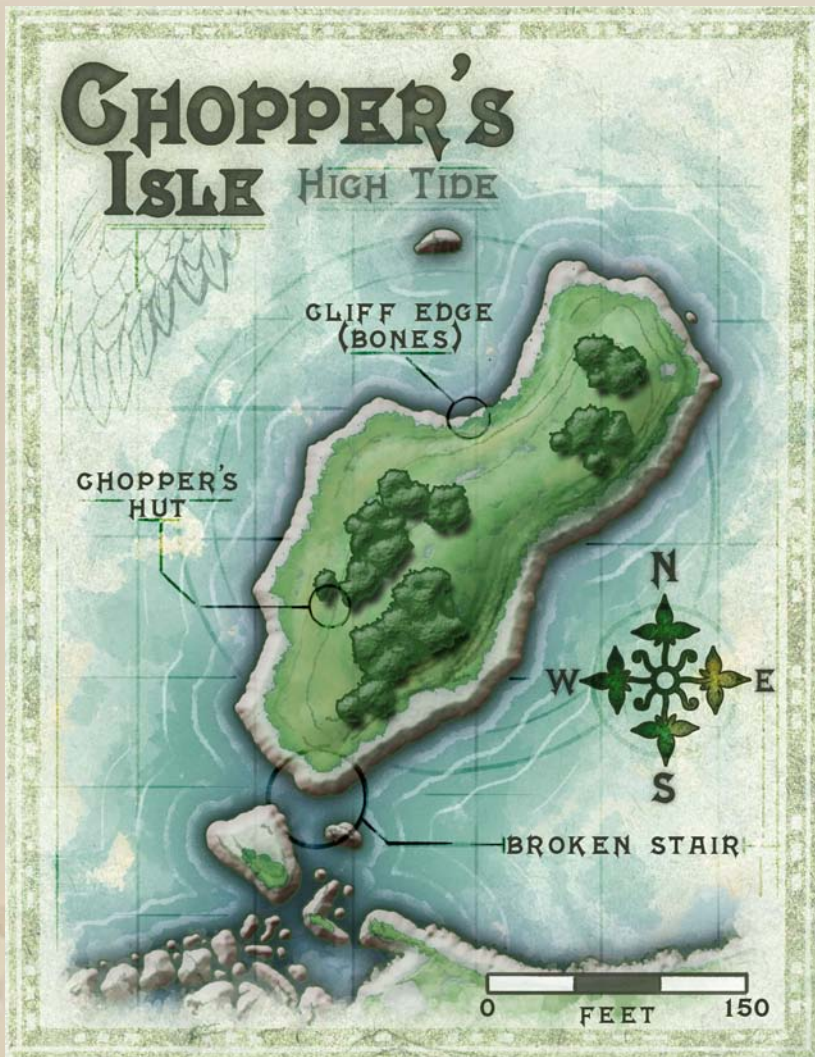
Whether naturally curious or persuaded by Das, the adventurers start with Sandpoint at their backs, with nosy citizens looking on from the cliff above Junkers Way. The Isle, undisturbed for five years, holds clues to the awakening of nefarious magic in the area, the presence of the Sandpoint Devil, and the haunt of Simon, protégé of the Chopper.

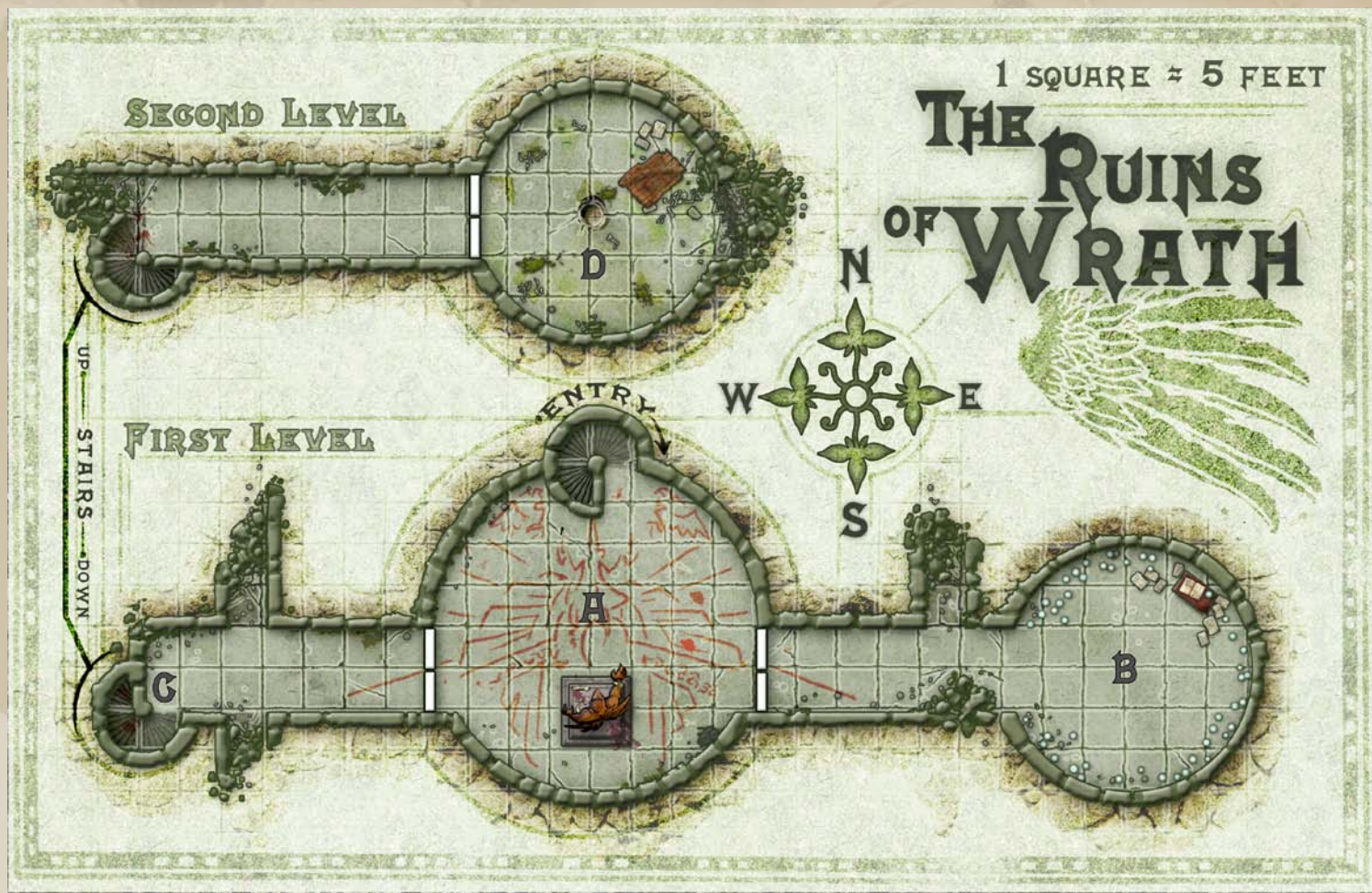
SECTION I: CHOPPER'S ISLE

A true island at high tide, Chopper's Isle is a craggy cliff that at its closest point is about 80 feet away from Junkers Edge. The 120-foot cliff face has been rounded off by erosion over the years making climbing it difficult (Climb DC 15), but the site where the wooden stairs once climbed up the side provides ready hand-holds (Climb DC 10), though it is still a dangerous proposition, given the height of the cliff.

The Clifftop

The surface of Chopper's Isle is roughly two acres of land that is unfit for farming. Heavy moss sags from





the branches of old oak trees. Nearly every tree has limbs that have been carved in the shape of hawks, eagles, and vultures; a few long dead trees have been shaved down leaving only delicately carved cranes that seems to have aged well enough over the past five years. There are few significant landmarks on the island aside from the remains of Chopper's house.

Need a Hook?

If you need to give your players a push to get them to explore the Isle, have Das Korvut be the catalyst. At any time after the heroes explore the Catacombs of Wrath, Das entreats the party to investigate Chopper's Isle for any sign of his son, lost five years ago during the Late Unpleasantness and assumed to be a victim of the Chopper. He offers no reward, but until the party agrees he withholds his blacksmithing services and spends an inordinate amount of time decrying the usefulness of adventurers.

A DC 12 Perception check reveals some strange claw marks in the hard earth that lead to a cliff edge, where a cache of bones, mostly animal, but some human and goblin, is nestled in a pile of rocks. A DC 10 Heal check reveals that the bones have been gnawed on by a toothy, mawed creature with a strong jaw and the remains appear at least a month old. The tracks are from the Sandpoint Devil who once a month returns to this island with its kills on the full moon. A DC 15 Survival check reveals the tracks are from a three-clawed quadruped of Large

size that can probably fly. After a successful Survival check, a DC 18 Knowledge (local) check will tie the description of the creature with what is known of the Sandpoint Devil.

The Burned House (CR 3)

The burned-out remnants of this once quaint cottage sag beneath a growing tangle of weeds and vines, the charred timbers and collapsed slate roof show signs of having once been intricately decorated in pastoral scenes of birds in flight. You can even make out a ruined pigeon coop amidst the detritus.

The remains of Jervas's house are precarious, with fire-damaged timbers now overgrown with briars and vines, creating a pitfall for the unwary (treat as a camouflaged pit trap). A DC 10 Perception check reveals the outline of a stone slab under some of the loose debris. The slab served as a hatchway, leading to the ruins below the house. A DC 15 Perception check to search the rubble yields a set of masterwork artisan's tools for wood carving, worth 100 gp.

CAMOUFLAGED PIT TRAP CR 3

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 20

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual

Effect 30-ft.-deep pit (3d6 falling damage); **DC** 20 Reflex avoids; multiple targets (all targets in a 10-ft.-square area)

SECTION II: THE RUINS OF WRATH

The ruins were once part of the catacombs beneath Sandpoint, but the connecting tunnels have long since collapsed. A DC 15

Knowledge (dungeoneering) or Knowledge (engineering) check reveals the architecture is the same as that found in the Catacombs of Wrath. The Chopper decorated the walls of these ruins with drawings of deadly and monstrous birds and hangings of feathers, beads, and bones.

A. Main Chamber (CR 4)

A steep and winding staircase leads down into a dark antechamber, with walls of hewn stone decorated haphazardly in primitive paintings of vicious birds. Two stone doors, each bearing a strange symbol that resembles a seven-pointed star, stand closed on the eastern and western walls. The room is dominated by a looming, man-shaped wooden statue, with legs and talons of a giant eagle, two sets of eagle wings, a twisted, gem-studded avian head, and a snake in place of genitals.

A DC 25 Knowledge (religion) or Knowledge (planes) check reveals the statue is of Pazuzu, the abyssal lord of flying creatures. The onyx gems in the statue's eyes are worth 20 gp each.

Creatures: Hiding in the shadows of this room is the spirit of Das's son, Simon. A DC 12 Perception check is enough to hear alternating whispered sobs and laughter. It is entirely possible the party will move on from this room without meeting Simon; the spirit keeps out of sight with superior Stealth checks and invisibility. Simon doesn't attack the PCs until they attempt to remove his physical remains (see area D) or when he is attacked.

Even if the spirit is destroyed, until the child's remains are returned to his father, the manifestation reforms after one hour.

SIMON KORVUT, WHISPERING SPIRIT CR 4

XP 1,200

Variant attic whisperer (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 2* "attic whisperer")

hp 45

Spell-like Abilities (CL 6th)

3/day—*ghost sound* (DC 13), *invisibility* (DC 16), *minor image* (DC 15)

B. The Offerings Room

This room is a ghastly scene. The entire wall is covered in small alcoves; half are filled with numerous pairs of preserved eyeballs and humanoid tongues, remarkably preserved. In one corner of the room there is a pedestal with a dusty tome filled with pictures of bird demons. Scattered about the pedestal are similar unbound writings.

The books were Stoot's attempt to understand his visions and dreams; they contain a number of passages detailing Pazuzu and his minions. If they have not already done so, the party can identify Pazuzu and the Sandpoint Devil with additional Knowledge (religion), (planes), and (local) checks, respectively.

C. Haunted Stair (CR 4)

This spiraling stair winds both upstairs and down. However, the first character to enter the stairway triggers a haunt.

At the edge of the shadows you see a man wearing a hooded cloak of feathers, mumbling and knocking his head against the blood-smeared wall. He turns to you, showing hollow, bloody eye sockets, blood dripping from his mouth. He pulls a small knife out from under his bird feather cloak and charges!

There is a rusty knife lying on a step, one of the Chopper's carving tools. Only the first character entering the stairway encounters the haunting presence of the mass murderer.

REMNANT OF THE CHOPPER

CR 4

XP 1,200

CE haunt (5 ft. by 20 ft. section of stairs)

Caster Level 4th

Notice Perception DC 13 (to notice the knife both on the floor and in the haunt's hand)

hp 8; **Trigger** proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect As the Chopper lunges at the haunted PC, she must make a DC 16 Will save to shake off the vision and regain her senses. If she fails, the Chopper lays into her and begins carving vicious bird forms into her skin. Observers see the haunted PC jerk and thrash as if she were being stabbed, then suddenly deep red wounds in bird shapes appear on her flesh. The haunted PC takes 4d6 points of damage from the assault (Fortitude DC 16 half) and must make a DC 16 Reflex save or fall 10 feet down the stairs, suffering 1d6 nonlethal falling damage.

If descending, the stair continues down 80 ft. to sea level, where the stairway has collapsed and seawater gently laps at the bottom step. If ascending, the stair extends 10 ft. up to another level of the ruins.

D. Simon's Prison

The air wafts with the heady scent of mildew and rot in this dingy room. Tiny bone carvings of horrific winged creatures lay scattered about room. A moldy blanket in one corner indicates this room was once inhabited. Leathery papers lay scattered amidst the rubble and shards of bone. In the center of the room is a small hole in the floor.

If the party hasn't yet encountered Simon's whispering spirit, he follows the party to this room. He takes no action until someone disturbs the blankets that were once his bed. Beneath the blankets, Simon's skeletal remains lay curled in the fetal position. A successful DC 12 Perception check finds a tattered and moldy stuffed hound doll, similar in color to Das Korvut's dogs.

In the floor in the center of this room is a hole, 2 ft. in diameter. Peering down through the hole, the party can see the statue of Pazuzu in the main chamber below. The papers contain more insane writings and sketches in worship of Pazuzu. One of the papers is actually a magic scroll that, if used, will summon a winged fiendish constrictor snake (treat as *summon monster III*).

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

In order to put the spirits in these ruins to rest, the party must properly bury Simon's remains. Presenting him with either the body or the stuffed toy will put Das's haunting nightmares to rest. Das's general attitude toward life hardly lightens up, but as a reward he offers each player a masterwork weapon of their choice.

After clearing the Isle of its lingering evil, the PCs may be interested in purchasing the land for their own uses. The Sandpoint Mercantile League is eager to sell the property, haunts or otherwise, for 2,000 gp. A bit of bargaining and a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check can lower this price to 1,000 gp. *

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of Thieves



ENEMY OF MY ENEMY

BY ROBERT "MALIKJOKER" GRESHAM

ART BY CARLOS "CELURIAN" TORREBLANCA

The clientele of the Crested Falcon was a who's who of Korvosa's wealthiest and most influential citizens. The restaurant featured a long front patio with two-person tables draped with white linen, and adorned with exotic orchids and platinum dinnerware. A waist-high iron fence created a comfortable barrier from the streets where star-watchers gathered to glimpse royalty.

Purvis Wade sat alone, eating a plate of soft-boiled Alikan oysters and enjoying a glass of mint-green Vudran absinthe. He wore a black dinner jacket with matching neck scarf, black knee breeches tucked into shined boots, and a crisp white shirt tailored earlier that day in Gold Market. He had a fresh shave and neatly trimmed black hair. Wade's icy blue eyes scanned the patio for signs of his contact or if he'd been tailed. Satisfied, he returned to his oysters.

After a few minutes, a woman in a scarlet gown entered the patio from the restaurant. Straight, platinum hair hung to her bare shoulders, and a string of onyx glinted at her neck. Her form-fitting dress barely contained her creamy, milk-white bosom. Looking over at Wade, she smiled slightly, revealing perfect teeth behind crimson-painted lips. She took a seat across from him, and placed her handbag on the table.

"The canals are warm in spring-time." She spoke Taldane in a husky voice with a heavy Chelish accent. "But their waters always treacherous," he replied.

"You must be Wade. Your reputation precedes you. My name is Ophelia Blossoms."

"That name's a handful. Please, call me Purvis."

A waiter approached and placed a menu before Ophelia. He flashed a wolfish grin and spoke in rapid Varisian. She replied just as quickly. The waiter nodded, and rushed off to the kitchen.

Wade downed an oyster with a spoonful of ginger lime relish.

"Having dinner with a woman as ravishing as you is a bonus to this mission," Wade said. "I'll have to thank Sir Rell when I return to Lion's Blades Headquarters. Speaking of ol' purple eyes, he's still rather sore at that assassination attempt; spent almost two months with the clerics recuperating. Now that you've tracked down his would-be killer I can find out who hired him."

Ophelia removed a black cigar from a platinum case, lit it with a tinder-twig, and exhaled a thick ring of pungent smoke, letting it linger in the air before them.

"He's dangerous Purvis. He's a cannibal as well as a killer."

"Well he's in for a treat. My Taldan flesh will taste infinitely better than this," Wade held up another spoonful of oyster. "Isn't the Crested Falcon supposed to be the finest restaurant in Korvosa? This is on par with the lowest tavern swill in Oppara."

Ophelia smiled.

"Don't let the cook hear you say that. We'll be thrown out and barred from returning."

"At least he thinks like a Taldan."

The waiter returned with a silver tray holding a dark green bottle with Vudran lettering on the label, two six ounce crystal glasses, and a sugar bowl. The second, water-filled glass had a long spoon sticking out of it. The waiter poured green liquid from the bottle into the empty glass and began stirring it with the long spoon. He then dipped the spoon into the sugar bowl coating it white. He lit the spoon on fire, caramelizing the sugar, and when the flame died he stirred the drink adding a splash of water. He grinned, quite pleased with himself, bowed, and then strode off to another table. Wade and Ophelia clinked glasses and both took long drinks.

"Your killer, he lives in the Shingles. That part of town is always changing so it's impossible to find his exact location," Ophelia said.

"What's his name?" Wade said, impatience creeping into his voice.

Ophelia leaned in close, her lips brushing against Wade's as she whispered, "He goes by Jaleel. You can find him skulking around Twitcher's rooftop tavern." She kissed Wade, the warmth of her lips lingering.

"This next part is for my cover. It's been a pleasure Purvis."

Ophelia stood abruptly and slapped Wade hard across the face. She cursed in Varisian and stormed off. The waiter stared shocked. Wade shrugged, tossing his napkin over his plate and pushing aside the oysters.

"Well, I won't need these."

* * *

Impromptu shacks, tents, and lean-tos covering Old Korvosa's rooftops comprised the neighborhood known as the Shingles.

The city's poorest and most desperate made up the majority of the residents, though chokers, pseudodragons, and man-sized shingle spiders lurked in the shadows as well. Twitcher's remained one of the few permanent locales in the ever-shifting district.

Purvis Wade pushed through mismatched saloon-style doors and strolled into the tavern. Half-a-dozen patrons occupied the establishment, three of them halflings sitting around a broken table. A middle-aged Korvosan man with silver streaks



in his black beard tended bar across from a leathery-skinned half-elf woman with teased-up red hair. A figure in a blue cloak with the hood concealing his face sat alone in the far right corner drinking from a wooden mug. One of the halflings played a raucous tune on a clarinet. The music stopped and the patrons glared at Wade as he entered.

Strolling to the bar, Wade gestured to the barkeep. "Maheto Vodka, shaken hard over ice."

Scowling, the bartender placed a mug full of fish-smelling karale in front of him instead.

"Two silver shields."

"How's a platinum crown sound? It's yours if you can tell me where Jaleel is."

Furniture crashed behind Wade. He whirled round to see the cloaked man in the corner darting for the exit. Wade slapped a platinum coin on the counter and rushed after him.

Ahead, the man leapt across a narrow rooftop and continued sprinting. Wade followed and jumped, landing awkwardly on a pile of rubble and broken glass. Palms out, he fell forward, cutting both hands. He shook the glass off and pulled himself up. The cloaked man was now another rooftop away. A partially collapsed brick wall — a holdover from a former structure — stood like a sentry, barring passage to the rooftop beyond. Without pausing, the man sprang into the air, halfway up the wall's height, grabbed hold of the ledge, and propelled himself over, landing and rolling to his feet. Wade looked on impressed, and then whispered

"Chimera." His boots pulsed

with azure light and his pace doubled. He vaulted high towards the collapsed wall, grabbing the top ledge with ease. As he pulled himself over, bricks broke free, crashing down to the streets.

Still only one building ahead, the fugitive ran to a broken chimney and dove into the top headfirst. He exited through a fireplace one floor lower, landing on his hands and somersaulting to his feet. Wade spotted an improvised skylight made from a sheet of blue glass. He leapt for the window and crashed through it, falling on top of the fleeing man. Shards rained down around them. As he landed, a sharp pain shot through Wade's side and he felt something pop inside him. Ignoring the injury,



fleeing man. Shards rained down around them. As he landed, a sharp pain shot through Wade's side and he felt something pop inside him. Ignoring the injury,

Wade rolled to his feet and grabbed the man by his cloak clasp.

"Tell me who you work for, and I'll find you a priest," Wade said, spitting blood.

Trying to speak caused the man to cough up crimson of his own.

"Who sent you?" Wade shouted.

"...Bra..." He coughed up more blood, "Rhüel..."

Wade felt as if cold water had just been dumped on his head. That couldn't be possible.

Suddenly a gold chain around the man's neck began writhing. It dissolved into a cloud of fragrant incense, bubbling and engulfing the man's head. Wade stepped back and drew a blackthorn wand from his belt holster.

The cloud roiled then reshaped, forming into a four-foot long, hooded, hissing snake. Demonic horns protruded from its head. It stared at Wade with intelligent, glowing red eyes. As it formed, the snake coiled around the helpless man's throat. It constricted, snapping his neck. The serpent hissed at Wade, daring him to act.

Wade took another step backwards. He slowly raised his wand, feeling its magic. The snake hissed again, but then disengaged from its victim and darted away, disappearing through a fist sized hole in the floor. Wade returned to the blue-cloaked man and checked him for signs of life. There were none.

Warm blood soaked Wade's side. Running his fingers over his ribs, he felt the jagged ends of broken bones that had ripped through his flesh. Wincing, he pushed the pain from his mind and returned to the dead assassin. Searching through the cloak he discovered a figurine tucked into an inside pocket. He held it up to the sunlight to see. The figure it depicted was vaguely human, but with aquatic features and twisted limbs. The statuette's sinisterly carved eyes seemed to stare back at Wade.

Shuddering, Wade returned the statuette to the pocket. After seeing the assassin's necklace come to life, he wasn't taking any chances. He'd take it back to Llewellyn in Oppara. That old elf might have a clue to what that carving was. *



Dear Ask a Shoanti

I have recently been swallowed whole, as per the monster ability. Do you have a recommendation for a cutting utensil for immediate egress? I would be grateful for your earliest reply.

Sincere Regards,

--Sudden Connoisseur of Stomach Juices

Dear Sudden Connoisseur

Please pardon my delay in responding, I was recently delayed by a mix-up with my baggage at the Absalom airport. I got the wrong earth breaker and I was forced to express my disapproval with an extended violent rampage in support of a customer service upgrade.

In any event, a light slashing weapon typically works best, preferably masterwork, and ideally enhanced with the appropriate bane type. In the meantime, I hope you have been able to appreciate what an opportunity being swallowed whole can be. I have yet to encounter the monster whose armor class wasn't lower on the inside.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

BESTIARY

By JOHN "JOHN BENBO" BENNETT, WILL COOPER, SARAH "AMBROSIA SLAAD" COUNTS, RICH "REBIS OUROBOROS" CROTTY, GUY "ULGULANOTH" FOX, WOJCIECH "DREJK" GRUCHALA, SCOTT "CURAIGH" JANKE, DUSTIN JAMES NELSON, LIZ "HEROSBACKPACK" SMITH, RUSS TAYLOR

ART BY RUSSELL AKRED, TYLER CLARK, LIZ "LILITH" COURTS, WILLIAM DODDS, PETER FAIRFAX, DANILLE GAUVIN, SILVIA "CRESCENTMOON" GONZALEZ, ALBERTO ORTIZ LEÓN, STEPHEN MCANDREWS, DUSTIN JAMES NELSON, KARLA YANIN SALAS OROZCO, CODY RAGSDALE, ASHTON "N'WAH" SPERRY, MATTHEW "THE TWITCHING KING" STINSON, CARLOS "CELURIAN" TORREBLANCA, TODD WESTCOT

AEON, CAEN

This creature appears to be a sphere floating a few feet over the ground, composed of liquid fire mixed with unmelting ice shards. Both elements sprout arm-like tendrils extending from the creature's core. Its central body is misty and steamy and crackles silently with static energy which invariably gravitates towards the creature's front, briefly forming the semblance of a simplified face.

CAEN AEON

CR 10
XP 9,600

N Medium outsider (aeon, cold, extraplanar, fire)

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., sense heat; Perception +17

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 18, flat-footed 18 (+2 deflection, +6 Dex, +6 natural)

hp 125 (10d10+70); fast healing 5

Fort +11, **Ref** +13, **Will** +11

Defensive Abilities absorb lightning;

Immune cold, critical hits, fire, poison;

SR 21

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., fly 50 ft. (good)

Melee fiery touch +13 touch (5d6 fire), icy touch +13 touch (5d6 cold)

Ranged icy flame ray +16 touch (5d6 cold plus 5d6 fire damage)

Special Attacks freezing flame, lightning leap

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +14)

 At-will – *jolt**, *ray of cold*, *spark***

 3/day – **summon monster V** (fire, ice or lightning elementals only)

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 22, **Con** 22, **Int** 14, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 31 (can't be tripped)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Point-Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Toughness

Skills Fly +20, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (arcana) +20, Knowledge (nature) +20, Knowledge (planes) +20, Perception +17, Spellcraft +15, Stealth +19

Languages envisaging

SQ extension of all, no breath, void form

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary, pair or trio

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

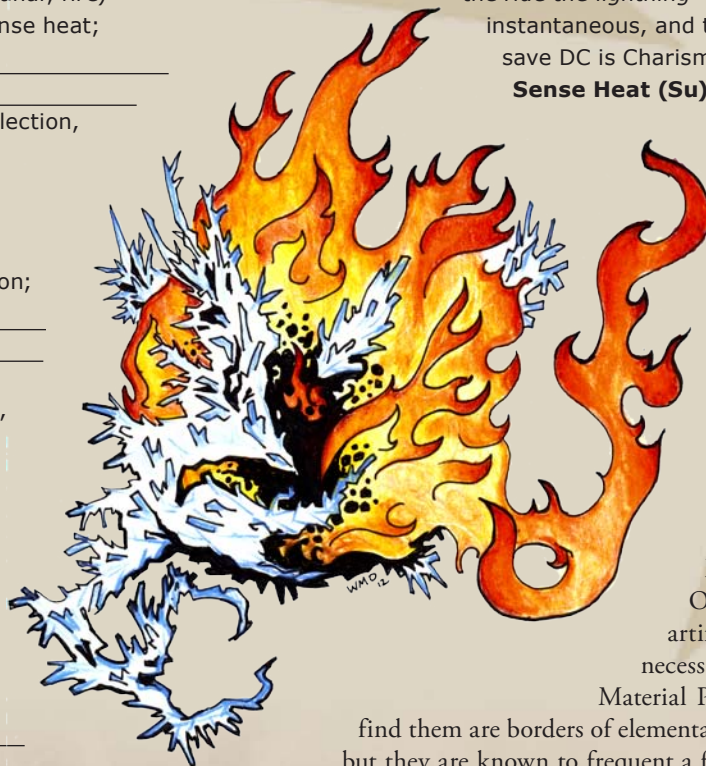
Absorb Lightning (Ex): As a standard action, a caen can transform itself into a lightning-absorbing vortex. In this state the caen gains the incorporeal subtype, incorporeal special quality, immunity to electricity, and the ability to heal 1 point of damage for each 3 points of electricity damage the attack would otherwise deal. A caen must spend a standard action each round to continue this ability.

Freezing Flame (Su): Any creature struck with both fiery touch and icy touch in the same round has to make a DC 18 Reflex saving throw or becomes entangled with burning ice for 1d4 rounds. While entangled the victim suffers 1d6 points of fire damage and 1d6 points of cold damage each turn. An entangled creature can take a full-round action to free itself from the flaming ice with a Strength check or Escape Artist check against the saving throw DC. The saving throw DC is Strength-based.

Icy Flame Ray (Su): A caen can fire a ray of energy dealing half cold and half fire damage. A creature struck by it has to make a DC 18 Reflex save or is entangled with burning ice as per freezing flame ability.

Lightning Leap (Sp): As a standard action three times per day, a caen can transform into a bolt of lightning similar to the *ride the lightning*** spell, except the duration is instantaneous, and the Reflex save DC is 19. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Sense Heat (Su): A caen detects the presence of fire, all effects with the cold or fire descriptors and all creatures with the cold or fire subtypes within 60 feet as if using blindsense.



Caens are aeonic guardians of energy-duality of fire and ice, and the raw power that is released when the oppositions clash. Mortal races rarely meet them since they focus their efforts on disruptions of balance between heat and cold on a cosmic scale.

Only a rare cataclysm, natural or artificial, creates a power imbalance necessary to draw their attention to the Material Plane. The most reliable places to

find them are borders of elemental planes and elemental incursions, but they are known to frequent a few planetary bodies in Golarion's solar system where the heat of solar radiation clashes with the cold

of interplanetary void, such as Aballon, the Horse, and Triaxus, the Wanderer. According to some sources, caens can be found in places where glaciers are melted by volcanoes. At least one unconfirmed story tells of a secret valley hidden somewhere in Irrisen where multiple dormant caens are submerged in volcanic springs bound by Baba Yaga's potent hexes, devouring all the power that could break the eternal winter holding that land in its cruel grasp.

A caen stands six feet tall and weighs around 150 pounds.

*See Ultimate Magic Supplement: Ultimate Cantrips.

** See Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player's Guide. *

BODMIN

The size of a panther, this grayish green feline creature seems to create fog with each soundless step it makes.



BODMIN CR 3

XP 800
N Medium magical beast
Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., fog vision, low-light vision, scent; Perception +5

DEFENSE
AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+4 Dex, +2 natural)
hp 30 (4d10+8)
Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +2

OFFENSE
Speed 40 ft.
Melee bite +8 (1d6+3 plus grab), 2 claws +8 (1d3+3)
Special Attacks pounce, rake (2 claws +8, 1d3+3)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +0)
 At will—*obscuring mist*

STATISTICS
Str 16, **Dex** 19, **Con** 15, **Int** 5, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 6
Base Atk +4; **CMB** +7 (+11 grapple); **CMD** 21 (25 vs. trip)
Feats Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Finesse
Skills Acrobatics +8, Perception +5, Stealth +11 (+15 in swamps), Swim +7; **Racial Modifiers** +4 on Stealth in swamps
Languages Sylvan (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY
Environment any swamp
Organization solitary or pair
Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fog Vision (Su): A bodmin can ignore concealment from misty or foggy conditions (such as those created by *obscuring mist*).

Sometimes referred to as “phantom cats”, bodmins stalk fens and marshes just outside of Sandpoint, using their magical abilities to confuse their prey before pouncing and dragging off the weakest of the group. Although they prefer small game and the occasional stray sheep, bodmins will eat almost anything they can catch and are fiercely territorial. Males can be identified by their short, beard-like manes. Bodmins possess a feral intelligence and avoid more powerful creatures with the exception of boggards, who actively hunt bodmins because they believe that bodmins bring ill-fortune; the two creatures will attack each other almost on sight.

A bodmin is 4-1/2 feet long and weighs 140 pounds. *

BUGBEARS

Across Golarion, the bugbear race has adapted, changing in form to suit the environs, but still retaining a cruel and violent nature.

Bugbear, Ginch

This blue-scaled bugbear extends its webbed hand towards you, seeking to drag you from your boat into the waters below.

GINCH CR 3

XP 800
CE Medium humanoid (aquatic, goblinoid)
Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +5

DEFENSE
AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+1 Dex, +5 natural)
hp 22 (4d8+4)
Fort +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** +1

OFFENSE
Speed 20 ft., swim 40 ft.
Melee ranseur +6 (2d4+4/x3)
Ranged needle +4 (1d3+1 plus poison)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with ranseur)
Special Attack needle
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 4th, concentration +3)
 3/day—*beast shape I*

STATISTICS
Str 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 9
Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17
Feats Improved Initiative, Intimidating Prowess
Skills Intimidate +8, Perception +6, Stealth +11, Swim +11;
Racial Modifiers +4 Intimidate, +4 Stealth
Languages Common, Goblin
SQ amphibious, needles, stalker

ECOLOGY
Environment temperate and warm coastlines, lakes, and oceanic
Organization solitary, pair, or gang (3-6)
Treasure NPC gear (ranseur, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES
Needles (Ex): As a standard action, a ginch can fire a poisonous needle from its mouth up to 30 ft. away. Any creature injured by the needle is dosed with the poison. Creatures that are already shaken become frightened, and frightened creatures

become panicked instead. This poison is a mind-affecting fear effect, and the save DC is Constitution-based.

Ginch Poison (Ex) Needle—injury; save Fort DC 13; frequency 1/round for 4 rounds; effect shaken 1 round; cure 1 save.

Ginches prey on seaside settlements, where they enjoy taking the form of large subsurface fish to lure greedy fishermen to their dooms. In groups, they divide into teams for their favorite game, with each team captain wielding a mancatcher. The offensive team attempts to drag the prey across a designated goal line, while the defensive team's tries to steal the victim. Whoever scores the most points before the quarry drowns wins. Ginches are covered in dark blue scales with webbed fingers and toes. A ridge of spines runs from the top of their heads down their backs.

Bugbear, Doprak

This subterranean bugbear emerges suddenly from the shadows, its jet-black fur concealing it perfectly until the last moment.

DOPRAK CR 4

XP 1,200
CE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)
Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 19; touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+2 armor, +2 Dex, +3 natural, +1 shield, +1 dodge)

hp 32 (5d8+5)

Fort +2, **Ref** +6, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longsword +7 (1d8+4/19-20)

Ranged light crossbow +5 (1d8/19-20)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th, concentration +4)

3/day—*silent image* (DC 10)

1/day—*deeper darkness*

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 20

Feats Dodge, Intimidating Prowess, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Intimidate +12, Perception +9, Stealth +11; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Intimidate, +4 Stealth

Languages Common, Goblin

SQ stalker

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate and warm underground

Organization solitary, pair, gang (3-6), or warband (7-12 plus 2 warriors of 1st level and 1 chieftain of 3rd-5th level)

Treasure NPC gear (leather armor, light wooden shield, light crossbow, longsword, other treasure)

Dopraks, or deep bugbears, live in the Darklands, often finding employment as scouts, infiltrators, or assassins for drow and duergar. Even more martial-minded than their kin, dopraks sometimes

form small mercenary companies under a brutally dominant leader. Dopraks are thickly muscled, their furry hides ranging dark gray to black in color.

Bugbear, Vogatemtu

This red-furred bugbear howls in fury, as flames burst forth from his hands toward you.

VOGATEMTU CR 4

XP 1200

CE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 19; touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 32 (5d8+5)

Fort +2, **Ref** +6, **Will** +1; **Resist** fire 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +6 (1d6+4)

Ranged javelin +5 (1d6+3)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 5th, concentration +4)

At will—*flare* (DC 9)

3/day—*burning hands* (DC 10)

1/day—*flaming sphere* (DC 11)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 9

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats Combat Casting, Intimidating

Prowess, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Intimidate +10, Perception +9, Stealth +12; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Intimidate, +4 Stealth

Languages Common, Goblin

SQ stalker

ECOLOGY

Environment warm forests and mountains

Organization solitary, pair, gang (3-6), or warband (7-12 plus 2 warriors of 1st level and 1 chieftain of 3rd-5th level)

Treasure NPC gear (hide armor, club, javelin, other treasure)

Vogatemtus live in jungles near volcanoes. Legend claims that they originated from bugbear slaves bred with creatures from the Plane of Fire. A vogatemtus's natural predilection for fire and reddish fur lend truth to the tale. More tribal than other bugbears, vogatemtus see the sowing of terror and destruction as a group activity, with each vogatemtu competing to outdo the others in brutality. *

DENIZENS OF SCARWALL

The curse of Castle Scarwall brought all manner of exotic creatures to its blighted grounds. Presented below is a new undead menace that dwells in the courtyard of Castle Scarwall, and perhaps elsewhere in Golarion. The skeletal minotaur



guards and four-armed gargoyles of Castle Scarwall have also been updated, with unique abilities reflecting the singular nature of their lair.

CHARNEL PIT

Writhing spectral bodies fill this pit, their arms outstretched and their voices pleading in agony.

CHARNEL PIT CR 13

XP 25,600

CE Large undead (incorporeal)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+3 deflection, +1 Dex, -1 size)

hp 136 (16d8+64)

Fort +8, **Ref** +6, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, incorporeal;

Immune cold, undead traits; **Resist** positive energy 10

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (perfect, see text)

Melee slam +13 incorporeal touch (2d6 plus 2d6 negative energy and grab)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks constrict (2d6 plus energy drain), dread compulsion (DC 21), energy drain (2 levels, DC 21)

STATISTICS

Str —, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** 4, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 17

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +14 (+22 grapple); **CMD** 31 (33 vs. grapple)

Feats Blind-Fight, Defensive Combat Training, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Iron Will, Lunge, Toughness, Weapon Focus (slam), Whirlwind Attack^B

Skills Fly +7, Perception +19

Languages Common (cannot speak coherently)

SQ able grappler, earthbound, unliving pit (DC 21)

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Able Grappler (Ex) A charnel pit can grapple despite being incorporeal. It never gains the grappled condition itself. A charnel pit qualifies for the Greater Grapple and Improved Grapple feats even though it lacks Improved Unarmed Strike. It can maintain any number of grapples as a standard action by making a single combat maneuver check and applying the result against all creatures it is grappling. This check can only be used to damage or pin.

Dread Compulsion (Su) A charnel pit's moaning drives living creatures mad. As a full-round action, it compels creatures in a 60-ft. spread to move towards it and jump inside (Will DC 21 negates). This lasts 1 round and is a sonic, mind-affecting, compulsion effect. The save DC is Charisma-based. Creatures who cannot hear the charnel pit are unaffected.

Earthbound (Su) When outside of a solid object, a charnel pit can only take move actions.

Energy Drain (Su) A charnel pit's energy drain triggers only once per round against any given creature, even if it constricts a creature more than once.

Resist Positive Energy (Su) A charnel pit reduces the damage of any positive energy attacks (including channeled energy and lay on hands) by 10 points, similar to energy resistance.

Unliving Pit (Su) When fully inside a solid object and adjacent to the ground, the space of a charnel pit becomes an extradimensional 10-foot deep pit filled with screaming incorporeal forms. Any creature within reach of the opening can attack the charnel pit, though it benefits from cover. The pit can hold four Small or Medium creatures or 1 Large creature. If the charnel pit flows under a creature, it falls in unless it succeeds at a DC 21 Reflex save. This save DC is Charisma-based. A creature that avoids the pit moves to the nearest open space. Falling into the pit causes no damage, but the charnel pit receives a combat maneuver check to grapple the creature as a free action. A charnel pit can pull a grappled creature into its pit (or eject it without causing further harm) with a successful combat maneuver check. A charnel pit cannot move from its space while a creature is trapped within it. The pit can only form on horizontal surfaces thick enough to contain it. If the charnel pit is slain or its extradimensional space closed, any creatures inside it are ejected without further harm and land prone in the nearest open space.

Charnel pits rise from the spirits of the dead at sites of terrible slaughter or mass graves, in particular at battlefields where the still living were interred with the newly dead. A charnel pit outside of the ground appears as a cloud of dark mist with nebulous hints of faces. Once it slips into the ground, the charnel pit merges with the earth, opening into a space filled with angry spirits. These spirits claw at the living, dragging them inside to be drained of life and trapped as one of the pit's damned souls.

At Castle Scarwall (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path #11: Skeletons of Scarwall*), a charnel pit formed within the courtyard where a legion of orcs was destroyed by the undead raised by Mandraivus's curse. The skeletal defenders of the castle erupted from the courtyard beneath the legion and dragged them under the ground to



die in agony. Encountered at area 9 in Castle Scarwall, its spirits are a mixture of orc and human.

GARGYOLE BRUTE

Seemingly carved from dark gray stone, this creature resembles an immense, four-armed demon.

GARGOYLE BRUTE CR 7

XP 3,200

CE Large monstrous humanoid (earth)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +14

DEFENSE**AC** 18, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+2 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size)**hp** 84 (8d10+40)**Fort** +7, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7**DR** 10/magic**OFFENSE****Speed** 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)**Melee** 4 claws +12 (1d6+4), bite +11 (1d8+4), gore +11 (1d8+4)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** multi-armed, swoop**STATISTICS****Str** 19, **Dex** 14, **Con** 20, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 7**Base Atk** +8; **CMB** +13 (+17 grapple); **CMD** 25**Feats** Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (claw)**Skills** Fly +11, Perception +14, Stealth +15 (+21 in stony environs); **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception, +6 Stealth (+12 in stony environs)**Languages** Common, Terran**SQ** freeze**ECOLOGY****Environment** any**Organization** solitary, pair, or wing (3-12)**Treasure** standard**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Freeze (Ex)** A gargoyle brute can hold itself so still it appears to be a statue. A gargoyle brute that uses freeze can take 20 on its Stealth check to hide in plain sight as a stone statue.**Multi-Armed (Ex)** A gargoyle brute's extra arms give it a +4 bonus on combat maneuver checks made to grapple.**Swoop (Ex)** A gargoyle brute can make a combat maneuver check to grapple a Medium or smaller opponent. If it succeeds, it grabs the creature and can continue its movement, as long as the creature is under its light load limit of 232 pounds. The gargoyle brute does not provoke attacks of opportunity from the target of its swoop attack, including for its movement.

creatures, then flying away to drop them to their deaths. When fighting creatures they can't lift, they often grapple to restrain more dangerous foes so their brethren can rip them to bits.

SCARWALL GUARD

This skeletal minotaur wears the remnants of chain armor. Black tendrils of fog cling to its old dry bones.

SCARWALL GUARD**CR 6****XP** 2,400

CE Large undead

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +19**DEFENSE****AC** 20, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +4 natural, -1 size)**hp** 65 (10d8+20); fast healing 5**Fort** +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +9**Defensive Abilities** black shroud, natural cunning, channel resistance +4; **DR** 5/bludgeoning; **Immune** cold, undead traits**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** mwk greataxe +13/+8 (3d6+7/X3), gore +6 (1d8+2)**Ranged** mwk heavy crossbow +10 (2d8/19-20)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** powerful charge (gore +13, 2d8+7)**STATISTICS****Str** 21, **Dex** 16, **Con** —, **Int** 7, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 15**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +13 (+15 bull rush); **CMD** 26 (28 vs. bull rush)**Feats** Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative^B, Improved Natural Attack (gore), Power Attack, Rapid Reload, Weapon Focus (greataxe)**Skills** Intimidate +15, Perception +19; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Perception**Languages** Giant**Gear** masterwork chain shirt, masterwork greataxe, masterwork heavy crossbow with 20 bolts**ECOLOGY****Environment** any
(Scarwall Castle)**Organization** solitary, pair, or band (3-12)**Treasure** none (gear only)**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Black Shroud (Su)**

Clinging darkness surrounds a Scarwall guard. While protected by its shroud, a Scarwall guard gains concealment and fast healing 5. If a Scarwall guard is destroyed, the shroud explodes in a 20-ft. burst of necromantic energy, dealing 5d6 points of negative energy damage to living creatures (Will DC 17 half) and healing a like amount of damage to undead. The save DC is Charisma-based. If a



Gargoyle brutes are larger, four-armed versions of their smaller brethren. A number have come to roost in Castle Scarwall, drawn by its evil. Gargoyle brutes delight in swooping down to grab smaller



Scarwall guard takes damage from positive energy, its black shroud is suppressed for 1d4 rounds.

Natural Cunning (Ex) Scarwall guards retain the natural cunning of the minotaur. They are immune to *maze* spells and never become lost. Further, they are never caught flat-footed.

The skeletal remains of Kazavon's elite minotaur guards, the Scarwall guards arose in the aftermath of Mandraivus's curse. They patrol the castle with undying patience, their only desire to eradicate all intruders. *

DRAGON, SIN (PRIDE)

Long ago in ancient Thassilon, the runelords enslaved angels, dragons, and giants through twisted sin magic. Seduced through greed, lust, or envy, these servants accepted runes engraved on their flesh and thereby gained great power. They unflinchingly found that the runes sank deep barbs into their will, binding them to their new masters' will. A sin dragon is an ancient servant of a runelord, deeply etched runes twisting along its scales from head to tail. Rune magic linked deeply with their arcane essence, and the dragons grew in might, and were mastered. Though the Thassilonian Empire eventually waned, many of these servants continued to lair within the runelords' hidden strongholds.

One runelord held power above all others—Xanderghul, the Satrap of Cyrusian and the Runelord of Pride. He cloaked his domain with a veil of illusion, behind which his enemies feared to tread. Dragons who accepted Xanderghul's runes gained great power to affect the perceptions of others, and to summon armies from the shadows.

CREATING A SIN DRAGON (PRIDE)

"Sin dragon (pride)" is an acquired template that can be added to any evil true dragon of Very Old age or older (the base creature). A sin dragon (pride) retains all the base creature's statistics and special abilities, except as noted here.

CR: Same as the base creature's +2.

Alignment: Any evil.

Defensive Abilities: A sin dragon (pride) gains the rune ward ability. In addition it gains a deflection bonus to AC equal to half its Charisma modifier (minimum +1).

Rune Ward (Su): A sin dragon (pride) has runes etched deep into its scales. These runes preserve the sin dragon from harm. The rune ward has a maximum number of hit points equal to twice the sin dragon's Hit Dice, but starts at half this amount. Whenever a sin dragon would be reduced below 1 hit point, all damage in excess of that which would reduce it to 1 hit point is instead dealt to its rune ward. If this damage reduces the rune ward to fewer than 0 hit points, the sin dragon is destroyed.

Attacks: A sin dragon (pride) gains a damage bonus to all of its natural attacks equal to half its Charisma bonus (minimum +1).

Special Abilities: A sin dragon (pride) gains the following abilities.

Empower Illusion (Su): A sin dragon (pride) can spend hit points from its rune ward to empower an illusion spell it casts. For a cost of one hit point per spell level, the illusion becomes extended (as the metamagic feat), and is more resistant to arcane discovery. An observer looking at an empowered illusion while using *true seeing* or similar effects has a 50% chance to perceive the illusion as real.

Sin Eater (Su): A sin dragon (pride) can consume the souls of prideful mortals. This requires an elaborate sacrifice in the presence

of a runewell. At the conclusion of the ritual the victim is slain and the sin dragon consumes the soul to empower its rune ward. Typically the rune ward gains one hit point for each of the victim's Hit Dice. Exceptionally arrogant victims yield more, up to five hit points per Hit Dice for a sacrifice possessing overweening pride in their own abilities.

Rune Magic (Su): A sin dragon (pride) retains the base creature's caster level, and adds +2 to the DC of any spells it casts from the illusion school. It loses the base creature's spell like abilities, adding the following spell like abilities based on its age category, usable once each day. The save DCs are Intelligence-based.

Very Old: *mirage arcana*, *programmed image*

Ancient: *greater shadow conjuration*, *project image*

Wyrm: *greater shadow evocation*, *screen*

Great Wyrm: *weird*

Ability Scores: Str +4, Con +4, Int +4, Cha +4.

XERDIGRIS, ANCIENT SIN DRAGON OF PRIDE

Etched runes twist down this dragon's spine, drawn deeply into its scales. It looks around with an arrogant stare, contempt in every motion of its great green head.

XERDIGRIS

CR 19

XP 204,800

Ancient green sin (pride) dragon

LE Gargantuan dragon (air)

Init -1; **Senses** dragon senses; Perception +35

Aura frightful presence (300 ft., DC 28)

DEFENSE

AC 43, touch 8, flat-footed 43 (+3 deflection, -1 Dex, +31 natural, +4 shield, -4 size)

hp 356 (23d12+204)

Fort +22, **Ref** +12, **Will** +20

Defensive Abilities rune ward (11 hp); **DR** 15/magic; **Immune** acid, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 28

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +33 (4d6+24/19-20), 2 claws +33 (2d8+17/19-20), 2 wings +31 (2d6+10), tail slap +31 (2d8+24)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (60-ft. cone, DC 30, 20d6 acid), crush (Medium creatures, DC 30, 4d6+24), miasma, tail sweep

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 23rd; concentration +30)

1/day—*greater shadow conjuration* (DC 26), *mirage arcana* (DC 24), *programmed image* (DC 25), *project image* (DC 26)

Spells Known (CL 13th; concentration +20)

6th (5/day)—*disintegrate* (DC 23), *true seeing*

5th (7/day)—*polymorph*, *summon monster V*, *teleport*

4th (7/day)—*dimension door*, *ice storm*, *scrying* (DC 21), *stoneskin*

3rd (8/day)—*dispel magic*, *displacement*, *fireball* (DC 20), *haste*

2nd (8/day)—*alter self*, *detect thoughts* (DC 19), *locate object*, *mirror image*, *see invisibility*

1st (8/day)—*magic missile*, *shield*, *silent image* (DC 20), *summon monster I*, *ventriloquism* (DC 20)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 19), *mage hand*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 17)

TACTICS

Before Combat Xerdigris prefers to fight behind expendable

minions. If none of his mortal servants are present he summons 1d3 shadow Xill using *greater shadow conjuration*. Given enough warning, Xerdigris prepares for combat with *mirror image* and *shield*, and takes to the air.

During Combat Xerdigris breathes acid from the air, interspersed with spells such as *ice storm* and *fireball*, to weaken his enemies. If his enemies scatter as he expects, he chooses one target to descend on and crush, before attacking in melee. Xerdigris is an intelligent opponent and enjoys disrupting his enemies' tactics, using *true seeing*, *dispel magic*, and illusion spells as the situation demands.

Morale If reduced to 100 hit points, Xerdigris flees, using *dimension door*, flight, and *teleport* as needed to escape and consider his revenge.

STATISTICS

Str 39, **Dex** 8, **Con** 29, **Int** 24, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 24

Base Atk +23; **CMB** +41; **CMD** 53 (57 vs. trip)

Feats Alertness, Bleeding Critical, Cleave, Critical Focus, Flyby Attack, Great Cleave, Improved Critical (bite, claws), Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +33, Fly +11, Knowledge (arcana, local, nature, planes) +33, Perception +35, Sense Motive +35, Spellcraft +33, Stealth +13, Survival +31, Swim +48, Use Magic Device +33

Languages Abyssal, Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Elven, Giant, Sylvan, Thassilonian

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Camouflage (Ex) An old or older green dragon can use Stealth to hide in any sort of natural terrain, even if the terrain does not grant cover or concealment.

Empower Illusion (Su) See template.

Miasma (Su) An ancient or older green dragon can use its breath weapon to create a cloud of acid as a standard action that deals damage to any creature inside it. The cloud moves with the dragon and has a radius of 20 feet. When it's created, anyone inside this area takes an amount of damage equal to half the dragon's breath weapon, with a Reflex save for half damage. The number of damage dice rolled is halved each round until the result would be less than 1d6. Any creature that starts its turn inside the cloud takes damage, but can make a Reflex save for half. A strong wind, such as that created by a gust of wind, disperses the cloud in 1 round.

Rune Magic (Su) See template.

Rune Ward (Su) See template.

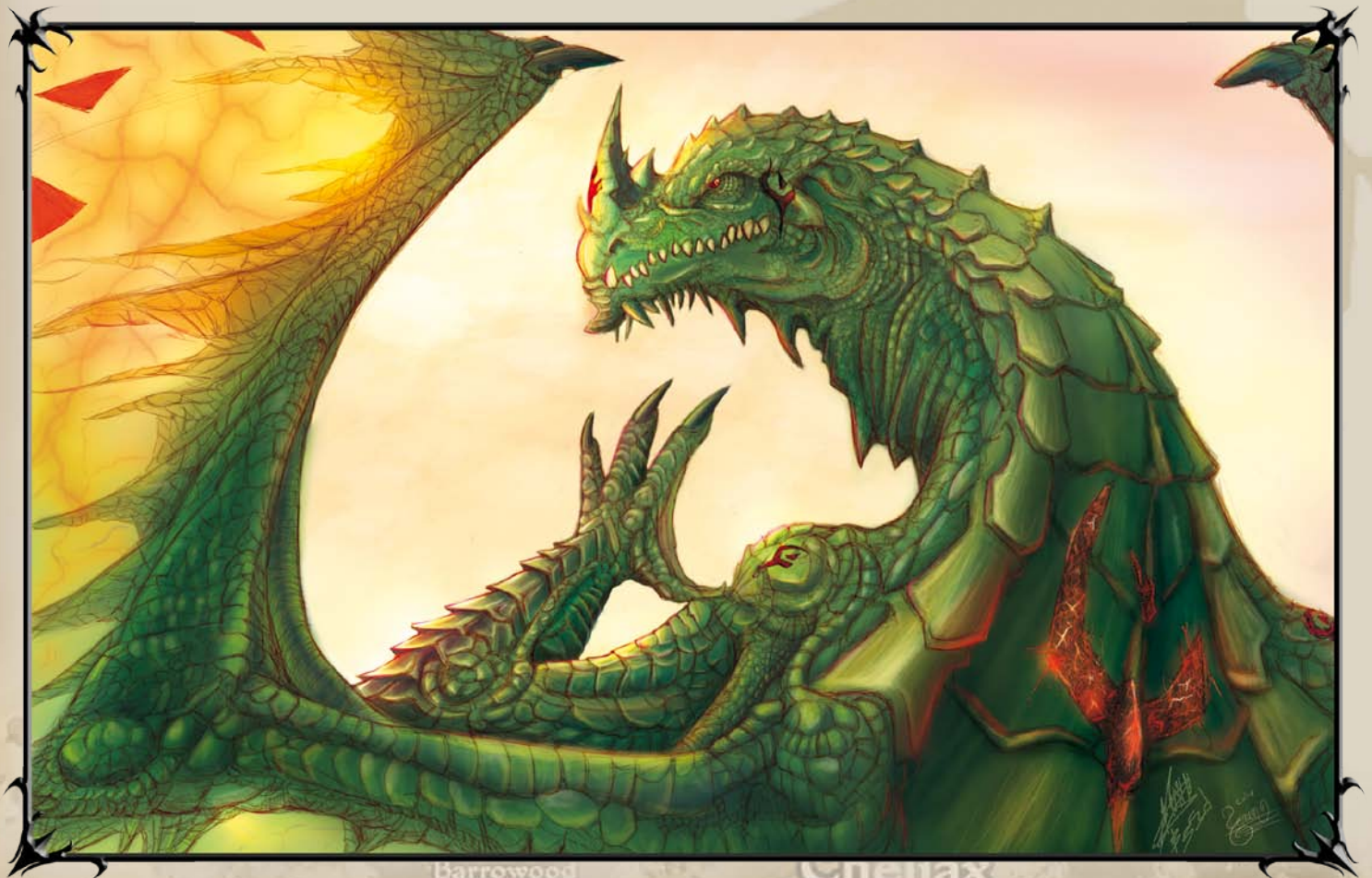
Sin Eater (Su) See template.

Trackless Step (Ex) An adult or older green dragon does not leave a trail in natural surroundings and cannot be tracked. A green dragon can choose to leave a trail, if it so desires.

Water Breathing (Ex) A green dragon can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use its breath weapon, spells, and other abilities while submerged.

Woodland Stride (Ex) A very young or older green dragon can move through any sort of foliage at full speed without taking damage or suffering impairment. Areas of foliage that have been magically manipulated affect it normally.

In ages past in Thassilon, the green dragon Xerdigris became arrogant beyond all reason, and bound himself to Xanderghul, the Runelord of Pride. Seeking perfection, he withdrew into a self-created paradise of beautiful illusions, only roused from his lair by Xanderghul



himself for the most important of tasks. Recently awakened after a sleep of ages, the sin dragon seeks to recreate the perfect realm of Cyrasian. He first requires prideful sacrifices for the runewell, to fuel his rune magic.

Xerdigris' lair is always enhanced with a casting of *mirage arcana*, taking the form of a spectacular palace garden of bygone Thassilon. The mirage covers numerous traps and areas of difficult ground, carefully prepared for ambush by his cowed servants and summoned slaves. *

FEAR SOME CRITTERS OF DARKMOON VALE

From the depths of the Darkmoon Wood to the slopes of Droskar's Crag, strange creatures lurk just beyond the typical traveler's sight. What was that? Did...did that boulder have a mouth?

AXE HANDLE HOUND

This unbelievable thin canine has a head shaped like a lumberjack's axe. Charging forward, its head cleaves the air as it leaps to attack.

AXE HANDLE HOUND CR 1

XP 400

N Small magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)

hp 15 (2d10+4)

Fort +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +4 (1d6+1)

Special Attack sudden charge

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 15, **Int** 3, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 14 (18 vs. trip)

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +6

(+14 jumping),
Stealth +10,
Survival +2 (+6
scent tracking);

Racial Modifiers

+4 Acrobatics
when jumping,
+4 Survival with
tracking by scent

ECOLOGY

Environment any
forest

Organization

solitary, pair, or
pack (3-12)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Sudden Charge

(Ex): When making a



AD'12

Arthfell
Forest

charge attack, an axe handle hound makes a single bite attack. If successful, it may also attempt to trip its opponent as a free action without provoking and attack of opportunity. If the attack fails, the axe handle hound cannot be tripped in return.

Axe handle hounds are the bane of cutyards throughout Darkmoon Wood. Nocturnal prowlers, they sneak into lumber camps after nightfall looking for axe and pick handles, which they voraciously devour. The hounds' diet consists entirely of clean, worked wood — staves, polearm hafts, shovels, picks and axes, anything that has salt sweat left on the handles after having been used repeatedly.

They make for excellent pets; however, the cost of feeding them can be exorbitant.

The skull of a dead axe handle hound can be used for a bone battleaxe (see 'Primitive Armor and Weapons' from Chapter 3 of the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat*).

NEEDLER

Resembling an elf with angular features and elongated limbs, this creature—appearing to be made almost entirely of dark wood—has emerald green eyes, and long green spines growing from its head, forearms, and lower legs.



NEEDLER CR 1/2

XP 200

Needler ranger 1

N Medium plant

Init +2; **Sense** low-light vision; Perception +8

DEFENSE

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

hp 13 (1d10+3)

Fort +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities plant traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee sickle +4 (1d6) or needles +4 (1d4/19-20)

Ranged needles +4 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks favored enemy (elf +2), needles

STATISTICS**Str 11, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 6****Base Atk +1; CMB +1; CMD 14****Feats** Weapon Finesse**Skills** Acrobatics +4, Climb +6, Knowledge (nature) +4, Perception +6, Stealth +9 (+17 in forests), Survival +6; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Climb, +2 Stealth (+10 in forests)**Languages** Elven (cannot speak), Needler**SQ** track, warden, wild empathy -1 (+3 with undomesticated animals)**ECOLOGY****Environment** any forest**Organization** solitary, pair, or gang (3-5)**Treasure** NPC gear (sickle, other treasure)**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Needles (Ex):** Aptly named, needlers are covered with thorns they can use in combat as daggers. Though they regrow rapidly, needlers can only throw a number of needles each day equal to their Hit Dice multiplied by their Constitution score.**Warden (Ex):** Needlers gain wild empathy as a druid of their Hit Dice. With undomesticated animals, needlers enjoy a +4 racial bonus to all wild empathy checks, and require only 1 round to perform a wild empathy check.

Needlers are highly mobile, intelligent plants possessed with an all-consuming hatred of all elves. None know whether this is because elves occasionally hunt needlers to produce bark armor, or whether there is a deeper, more sinister connection between the two races.

Needlers possess the woodcraft of the Nirmathi irregulars, and are skilled trackers and silent stalkers. They do not speak, but communicate with others of their kind by hand gestures.

Needler Characters

Needlers are defined by their class levels—they do not possess racial Hit Dice. Needlers have the following racial traits.

+2 Dexterity, +2 Wisdom, -2 Charisma: Needlers are nimble and perceptive, but silent and disturbing.

Low-light vision: Needlers can see twice as far as humans in conditions of dim light.

Armor: Needlers have skin of darkwood, granting them a +3 natural armor bonus. They cannot wear armor, but their skin can be enhanced.

Skilled: Needlers have a +2 racial bonus on Climb and Stealth checks.

Needles: See above.

Warden: See above.

Languages: Needler cannot speak, but understand Elven and possess their own language of hand-signals and body language. Needlers with high Intelligence scores can choose any of the following languages: Common, Draconic, Gnome, Goblin, and Sylvan.

**HOOP SNAKE**

This dusty brown and gray snake is curled into a ring and has large scales on its underbelly which help to propel it forward.

HOOP SNAKE**CR 1****XP 400****N** Small animal**Init +6; Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +11**DEFENSE****AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 14** (+2 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)**hp 13** (2d8+4)**Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3****OFFENSE****Speed** 60 ft.**Melee** bite +4 (1d6 plus poison)**STATISTICS****Str 11, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 1, Wis 17, Cha 6****Base Atk +1; CMB +0; CMD 12** (cannot be tripped)**Feats** Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse^B**Skills** Acrobatics +14, Perception +11, Stealth +10; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Acrobatics, +4 Perception, +4 Stealth**ECOLOGY****Environment** any forest**Organization** solitary, pair, or nest (3-60)**Treasure** none**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Poison (Ex): Bite—injury; *save* Fort DC 13; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Constitution damage; *cure* 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based and includes a +4 racial bonus.

A well-known menace in the Darkmoon Vale area, this snake has a habit of tucking its tail in its mouth and rolling at incredible speeds while single-mindedly pursuing prey, racing forward and leaping at the last second to strike with its venomous fangs. If it misses, it quickly retreats, only to return again and again until either it, or its prey, is dead.

SLIDE-ROCK BOLTER

This horrific beast is almost all head, with dark seething eyes and an enormous mouth filled with razor sharp teeth. A muscular forked tail appears to be its only visible appendage.

SLIDE-ROCK BOLTER**CR 6****XP 2,400****N** Huge magical beast**Init +6; Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent, tremorsense 120 ft.; Perception +13**DEFENSE****AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 18** (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural, -2 size)**hp 52** (5d10+25)**Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +4****OFFENSE****Speed** 50 ft., climb 20 ft.**Melee** bite +11 (2d8+10/19-20)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** savage bite, swallow whole (1d8+7 bludgeoning)

damage plus 1d8 acid damage, AC 15, 5 hp)

STATISTICS

Str 21, Dex 15, Con 20, Int 4, Wis 16, Cha 6
Base Atk +5; CMB +12; CMD 25 (cannot be tripped)
Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility^B, Spring Attack^B,
Weapon Focus (bite)
Skills Acrobatics +6 (+22 to jump), Climb +17, Perception +9
(+13 in rocky terrain), Stealth -6 (+2 in rocky terrain); **Racial
Modifiers** +8 Acrobatics to jump, +4 Perception in rocky
terrain, +8 Stealth in rocky terrain

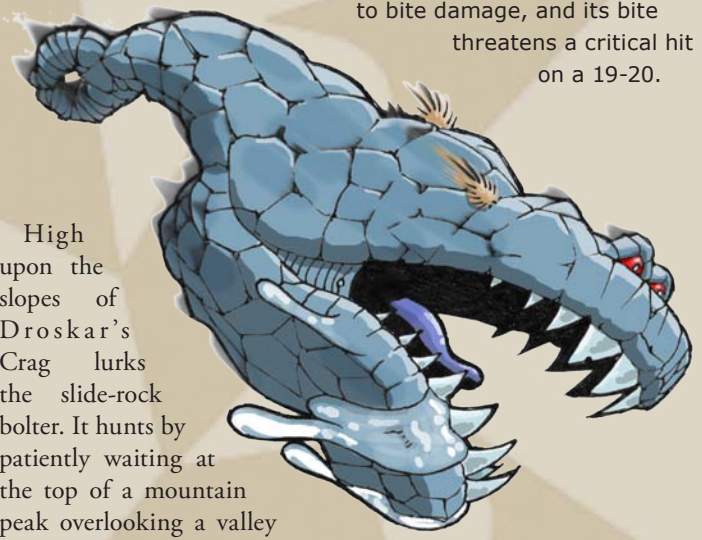
ECOLOGY

Environment temperate hills or mountains
Organization solitary or mated pair
Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Savage Bite (Ex): A slide-rock bolter's bite is particularly dangerous. It adds twice its Strength bonus to bite damage, and its bite threatens a critical hit on a 19-20.

High upon the slopes of Droskar's Crag lurks the slide-rock bolter. It hunts by patiently waiting at the top of a mountain peak overlooking a valley or gorge, hanging from its prehensile forked tail. Once a potential victim is detected, it releases its grip, races down the mountainside, swallows the victim whole, and then races up the opposite peak to grab hold and wait for another delectable morsel to stroll below. Nimble when tobogganing downhill, a slide-rock bolter can perform truly amazing leaps to surprise its victims, despite its size.



STATISTICS

Str 13, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 1, Wis 16, Cha 2
Base Atk +1; CMB +1; CMD 14 (16 vs. trip)
Feats Point-Blank Shot^B, Weapon Finesse
Skills Perception +7, Stealth +11

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate forest
Organization solitary
Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clay Pellet (Ex): Tripoderos create sun-dried balls of clay which they store in their cheeks which they can fire as a standard action. This attack has a 30 ft. range increment.

Tripoderos are flightless birds which spit dried, clay pellets to strike small creatures and humanoids in order to feast upon them. They are small and stealthy, hugging the ground and moving through brush until they sense prey. When attacking, they extend their legs, rising up above any grass or shrubs to spit pellets at any prey nearby, then darting in to plunge their beaks into their victim, tearing off and consuming gobbets of fresh, bloody flesh. *



TRIPODERO

This odd-looking three legged bird is all bent legs and straight beak. As its dark eyes consider you warily, there is a puffing noise, and something strikes you in the head.

TRIPODERO CR 1

XP 400
N Small animal
Init +3; Senses low-light vision; Perception +7
DEFENSE
AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size)
hp 11 (2d8+2)
Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +3
OFFENSE
Speed 40 ft.
Melee bite +5 (1d4+1)
Ranged clay pellet +5 (1d3+1)
Special Attacks clay pellet

THE FLAMESHAPED

Many ages ago, the Runelords of Thassilon wielded mighty arcane powers in their wars and intrigues against each other and the rest of the world. One ruler in particular, Alaznist of Bakrakhhan, the Runelord of Wrath, delighted in creating armies of powerful creatures to serve her lust for bloodshed. In early experiments, she mingled mortal animals with denizens of the Plane of Fire and created the flameshaped. Once the favored shock troops of the Runelord of Wrath, several breeding troupes escaped the eventual fall of Thassilon; their inbred rage and brutal strength burns undimmed by the passing of ages. The flameshaped today live in small tribes of mixed heritage. Alaznist created some with hands to wield weapons, and they now take up tools. Others, bred to be tacticians, teach and lead the flameshaped tribes, keeping their culture and crafts alive through generations.

FLAMESHAPED SKIMMERS

Buzzing low overhead, this large burning dragonfly flares streamers of red-gold flame from its rune-scarred gossamer wings.

FLAMESHAPED SKIMMER CR 3

XP 800

CE Tiny outsider (native)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

Aura kindle rage (20 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 12 (+4 Dex, +2 size)

hp 26 (4d10+4)

Fort +2, **Ref** +8, **Will** +5

Resist fire 10

Weakness vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 30 ft. (perfect)

Melee bite +10 (1d3-2)

Special Attacks breath weapon (20 ft. cone, 3d6 fire damage, Reflex DC 13 for half, usable every 1d4 rounds)

STATISTICS

Str 6, **Dex** 18, **Con** 12, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 14

Feats Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Appraise +9, Bluff +8, Fly +23, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (engineering) +9, Perception +9, Sense Motive +8, Stealth +19

Languages Abyssal, Common, Ignan

SQ death throes

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate

Organization solitary, pair, or flight (3-8)

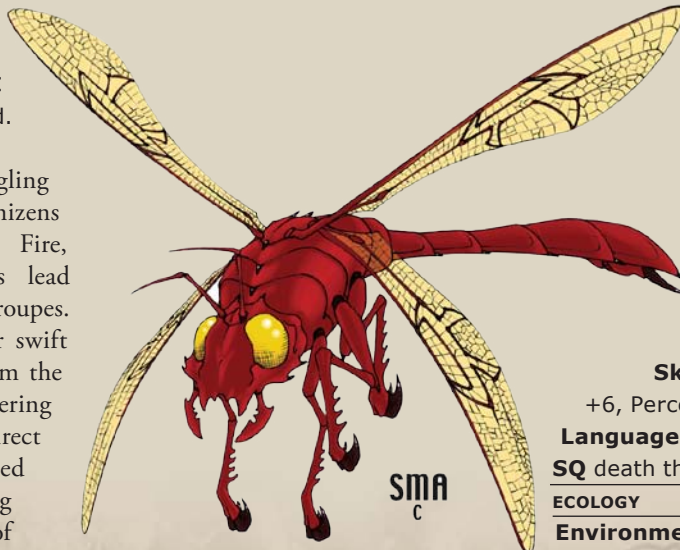
Treasure standard treasure (bronze rings and gems)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Kindle Rage (Ex) The fiery patterns and harmonic humming of the Flameshaped Skimmer's wings kindles rage in its companions. Allies within 20 ft. gain a +1 morale bonus on attack and damage rolls, and a -1 penalty to AC. This is a mind-affecting effect.

Death Throes (Su) When killed, goutts of tar-like blood scatter into the air, igniting in a shower of flame. All creatures in a 10 ft. radius take 2d6 fire damage (Reflex DC 13 halves). The save DC is Constitution-based.

The result of mingling dragonflies with denizens of the Plane of Fire, flameshaped skimmers lead the small surviving troupes. When in motion, their swift darting flight gives them the appearance of flickering airborne flames. They direct the powerful flameshaped brutes in battle, inspiring their cohorts to feats of great wrath.



SMA
c

FLAMESHAPED BRUTES

Flames rise fitfully from the smoldering red hide of this hulking ape-like figure as it lopes forward in a fearsome charge.



SMA
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FLAMESHAPED BRUTE CR 4

XP 1,200

CE Medium outsider (native)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 42 (5d10+15)

Fort +7, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities ferocity; **Resist** fire 10

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee bronze warhammer +7 (1d8+3/x3)

Special Attacks burning blood

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 18

Feats Dodge, Mobility, Power Attack

Skills Acrobatics +7, Climb +8, Knowledge (planes) +6, Perception +9

Languages Ignan

SQ death throes

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate

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

Treasure standard treasure (bronze warhammer, bronze chain shirt, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Burning Blood (Su) The blood of the Flameshaped is thick black tar which burns like alchemist's fire on contact with air. Injured, they gleefully use it to coat their bronze weapons. When reduced to less than half their hit points, Flameshaped Brutes gain the burn quality (1d6, DC 15). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Death Throes (Su) When killed, gouts of tar-like blood scatter into the air, igniting in a shower of flame. All creatures in a 10 ft. radius take 2d6 fire damage (Reflex DC 15 halves). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Hunched and smoldering, these red-skinned figures descend from apes melded with beings from the Plane of Fire. They wield crude bronze weapons and wear armor studded with uncut gems. *

HAUNTING LEGENDS

(Inspired by the haunts in *Pathfinder #2 -- Rise of the Runelords Chapter 2: "The Skinsaw Murders"*)

Not all haunts manifest in houses and halls. Some outdoor events spark emotional reactions so deeply that the trauma is imprinted upon the land itself. Particularly strong occurrences in accessible or popular locations often give rise to legends in their own right. Three of those haunts are detailed here, along with brief summaries of the folktales that spawned from them.

LOVE LIES DROWNING

Two young people fell in love once, as has happened since time immemorial, and they ran away together rather than fulfill their arranged marriages. However, the lovers were pursued by the father of the youngest. When he caught them, his child was forced to watch the enraged father drown their lover in a nearby pool of water. Some say that lover's last cries for help still echo from that pool on still, moonless nights.

LOVE LIES DROWNING

CR 5

XP 1,600

N persistent haunt (10 ft. diameter pool)

Caster Level 5th

Notice Perception DC 16 (to hear water splashing)

hp 22; Trigger proximity; **Reset** 1 day

Effect When the haunt is triggered, a slim arm rises from the center of the pool, grasping for help. Those affected by the haunt feel hands tightly gripping them as they are targeted by an *enthrall* spell (save DC 13) to stand in place and remain watching until the arm gradually slides back underwater.

Destruction The bones of a young man must be retrieved from the silt at the bottom of the pool and given a proper burial.

DEVOURING HUNGER

Three women were coming back from market once, when they heard a voice whispering from behind a wall, "First I eat your arms, then I eat your legs, then I eat your body, then I eat your head." None of them stopped to find out what it was, and they simply ran for their lives. When they reached their home village, they told a single guard of the encounter, but his search discovered nothing but a scattering of seemingly fresh blood.



DEVOURING HUNGER**CR 6**

XP 2,400

CE haunt (15 ft. of wall and the 5 ft. wide path beside it)

Caster Level 6th**Notice** Perception DC 18 (to taste blood in their mouth)**hp** 27; **Trigger** proximity (to the wall); **Reset** 1 day**Effect** When this haunt is triggered, a voice whispers harshly, "First I eat your arms, then I eat your legs, then I eat your body, and then I eat your head." All creatures beside the wall are targeted with a *bestow curse* spell (save DC 14) causing a -4 penalty on attack rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks from the agony of tiny teeth biting them all over.**Destruction** A chicken must be slaughtered, and its blood splashed against the wall every day for a month.**NIGHT FIDDLER**

There was once a bard who tried to keep a demon at bay by making it dance until it dropped from exhaustion. He played his violin all day long and throughout the night, but the demon persevered. The bard increased the tempo faster and faster still, until he discovered that he was enspelling innocent onlookers into joining the performance...which the demon consumed in his stead. Finally, when the bard could play no more, the demon absconded to its fiendish home, taking the violinist and all the remaining dancers. It is said the violin yet remains, and those who listen intently can faintly hear the damned bard, still bowing the strings for the dance.

NIGHT FIDDLER**CR 10**

XP 4,800

NE haunt (10 ft. by 20 ft. stretch of clearing)

Caster Level 10th**Notice** Perception DC 20 (to hear faint violin music)**hp** 45; **Trigger** touch (the violin); **Reset** 1 day**Effect** An antique masterwork violin lies propped against an equally ancient tree. When this haunt is triggered, a tall gaunt musician appears in the same place under the tree, and begins playing a wild dance tune summoning a host of frenzied and exhausted phantom dancers. Those affected by the haunt join the dancers in their revelry, and are targeted by a *waves of exhaustion* spell (save DC 20) as if they have been dancing all night.**Destruction** A sacred tune must be played in full on the violin (Perform (string instruments), DC 20), without the musician becoming ensnared in the dance at any point during the performance. ***KELD PISKIES****KELD PISKIES**

Four dragonfly wings sprout from the back of this tiny humanoid. Flashes of silver and gold sparkle from the feathery antennae, braided hair and bright eyes.

KELD PISKIES**CR 3**

XP 800

NG Tiny fey

Init +6; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +8**DEFENSE****AC** 17, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural, +2 size)**hp** 16 (3d6+6)**Fort** +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5**DR** 10/cold iron**OFFENSE****Speed** 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)**Melee** rapier +4 (1d3+1/18-20), antennae +5 touch (leaden)**Space** 2 1/2 ft.; Reach 0 ft.**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 8th; concentration +11)At will – *invisibility*1/day – *dancing lights, dispel magic, keen weapon, lesser confusion* (DC 14)**STATISTICS****Str** 13, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 12**Feats** Improved Initiative, Master Craftsman^B (Craft [alchemy]), Weapon Focus (antennae)**Skills** Acrobatics +8, Craft (alchemy) +16, Craft (any two others) +9, Fly +16, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +8, Stealth +16, Use Magic Device +13; **Racial Modifiers** +5 Craft (alchemy), +4 Use Magic Device**Languages** Common, Sylvan**SQ** philosopher's touch**ECOLOGY****Environment** temperate forests**Organization** solitary, gang (2-4), or tribe (6-11)**Treasure** standard (rapier, other treasure)**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Leaden (Su)** A keld piskie's antennae can cause any metal object they touch to transmute into a worthless metal. The object touched takes one quarter of its maximum hp in damage. A second hit is enough for the item to gain the broken

condition. This broken condition lasts for 1d6 rounds before the metal returns to its natural form. A keld piskie never provokes attacks of opportunity by attempting to strike a weapon with its antennae. Against creatures made of metal, keld piskie antennae deal 1d6+1 points of damage. An attended object, any magic object, or a metal creature can attempt a DC 15 Reflex save to negate this effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Philosopher's Touch (Su) Once per month, the keld piskie may transmute iron and lead into silver or gold. In an hour long ritual, a keld piskie may transmute up to 3 pounds of iron into silver (worth 150 gp) or 1 pound of lead into gold (worth 50 gp).

Smaller than its cousins, the keld piskie also differs in its ability to work metals many fey avoid. Because of this, they have become craftsmen of renown and their work is sought after by fey of all types. They spend their days working motifs of beasts and plants into fine jewelry, beautiful sculptures, or even weapons or armor.

The rumor of a keld piskie's grave becoming a philosopher's stone is false, though they certainly have some connection with the artifact's origins.

SPIKED FEY

A dead tree streaked with multicolored fairy blood sits in the vale. Three sprite-like creatures are pinned here, their exsanguinated bodies turned to gnarled wood. -- Jason Buhlman and F. Wesley Schneider.

SPIKED FEY CR 2

XP 600
 NE haunt (10 ft. around the base of the tree)
Caster Level 2nd
Notice Perception DC 18 (to notice the spikes pounded into wood)
hp 4; Weakness The spiked fey can be harmed with cold iron;
Trigger touching the spike, **Reset** 1 hour
Effect Triggering the haunt causes cries of sprites being nailed to the tree and their multi-colored blood to spray across the area. All creatures in the area of the blood spray become confused as if affected by the *confusion* spell (save DC 14).
Destruction Removing the iron spike from the tree and replacing it with a piece of silver or gold.

*Gamemastery Module D0: Hollows Last Hope inspired this monster and haunt. In our PBP we spent many pages on what turned out to be a three sentence random encounter. It also turned into one of the most colorful and my favorite moments in the first year. -- Scott "Curaigh" Janke **

MITE, BLIZZARD

(A monster appropriate for *Pathfinder Module W3: Flight of the Red Raven*)

This feral two-foot-tall humanoid monstrosity is covered in a thin crackling rime. Its freakishly oversized head is fixed with an unsettling ear-to-ear grin. It is so spectacularly ugly, by comparison, it makes the average wretched mite appear almost handsome.

BLIZZARD MITE CR 4

XP 1,200
 CE Small fey (cold)
Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE
AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 11 (+4 Dex, +1 size)
hp 27 (6d6+6)
Fort +3, **Ref** +9, **Will** +8
DR 5/cold iron; **Immune** cold; **Resist** electricity 10
Weaknesses light sensitivity, vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE
Speed 20 ft., fly 20 ft. (poor)
Melee *icicle dagger* +9 (1d3+2 plus 1d6 cold/19-20) or dagger +8 (1d3+1/19-20) or bite +8 (1d2+1)
Ranged dart +8 (1d3+1)
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +4)
 At will—*create water, frostbite*, icicle dagger**
 3/day—*fog cloud, rage*
 1/day—*sleet storm, call lightning* (DC 11)

STATISTICS
Str 12, **Dex** 19, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 7
Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17
Feats Agile Maneuvers, Combat Reflexes, Weapon Finesse
Skills Craft (traps) +13, Fly +11, Intimidate +4, Perception +12, Spellcraft +6, Stealth +13 (+17 in snow); Racial Modifiers +4 Craft (traps), +4 Stealth (in snow)

Languages Aklo
SQ blizzard adaptation, pyrophobia, vermin empathy +8

ECOLOGY
Environment cold forests, hills, and mountains
Organization solitary, band (2-8) or mob (9-20 plus 1 chieftain of 2nd-4th level and 2-6 giant vermin)
Treasure standard (dagger, 6 darts, spider silk rope, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES
Blizzard Adaptation (Ex) Blizzard mites never suffer any visibility, movement (including knockdown), or other penalties for fog, blizzard, rain, ice, or strong winds—whether natural or magical—and never need to make skill checks to move or remain standing from these conditions.

Pyrophobia (Ex) If a blizzard mite suffers any fire damage, it must make a successful Will save (DC 10 + damage taken) or become frightened for 1d6 rounds. If successful, they still are shaken for 1 round.

Vermin Empathy (Ex) This ability functions as a druid's wild empathy, save that blizzard mites can only use this ability on vermin. A blizzard mite gains a +4 racial bonus on this check. Vermin are normally mindless, but this empathic communication imparts on them a modicum of implanted intelligence, allowing blizzard mites to train Medium vermin and use them as mounts. Vermin empathy treats swarms as if they were one creature possessing a single mind—a blizzard mite can thus use this ability to influence and direct the actions of swarms with relative ease.

* See *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic*.

Many humanoids ignorantly mistake the blizzard mite for a feral and particularly hideous specimen of common mite, only to find that these demented frost-rimed fey are much more powerful, malicious, and violent. Inherently evil, blizzard mites stalk the frozen lands of

the world, always eager and ready to cause mischief and mayhem to all they encounter.

Blizzard mites, like normal mites, are readily offended by any comment or observation (real or imagined) about their appearance. When a blizzard mite takes offense for any reason, he will immediately attack the offending individual and companions, usually in a blind rage. Blizzard mites are unlikely to finish off their victims; rather they prefer to tie them up and leave them in the wilderness to die of exposure. They don't mind if their victims survive, for they know such survivors most often live the rest of their lives in fear of frosty reprisal. There are always a foolhardy few who return seeking revenge, which the blizzard mites find irresistible, as the prospect feeds both their overinflated sense of self-worth and their constant cravings for inflicting misery.

Blizzard mites are immune to the worst of cold weather and rather resistant to electricity. They love finding violent storms, especially when they can attack humanoids in such weather. Their innate ability to manipulate such weather only provokes them to use such tactics whenever possible. Nocturnal by habit, they dislike daytime and bright light, and most fear the sun. They relish frigid fresh air, freezing streams, and cold pristine nature. They find underground settings unbearably still and stifling. The greatest terror of all blizzard mites is fire; they fear it above all else and are reluctant to even attack creatures carrying flaming torches unless the numbers and terrain are clearly advantageous. Blizzard mites will not tolerate fire being used near their homes. Creatures who start fires within the territory of blizzard mites will likely find themselves ambushed by an overwhelming force.

*

RUNESPINNER

*G*em-like eyes glitter with mindless hunger as metallic legs skitter on the floor, driving forward a bulbous abdomen of warped, rune-pocked flesh.

RUNESPINNER CR 2

XP 600

N Small vermin

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 13 (+1 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 19 (3d8+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +2, **Will** +1

Immune mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.

Melee bite +4 (1d4+1), 2 claws +4 (1d3+1)

Special Attacks energized web (+4 ranged, DC 13, 3 hp), shearing bite

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** -, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 13 (25 vs. trip)

Skills Climb +9

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate

Organization solitary, pair, or nest (5-8)

Treasure standard (raw metal and gemstones)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Shearing Bite (Ex): Runespinner fangs were made to disassemble the flawed constructs of the Runelords, and can shear with ease through common metals. If a runespinner hits with all three natural attacks it has a chance to rip and tear any non-magical armor worn by the target. Such armor gains the broken condition unless the target makes a Reflex save (DC 13). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Energized Web (Su): Glowing runes incised into the runespinner's abdomen feed energy into its spinnerets, sparking through its webs. Creatures caught in the web of a runespinner take 1d4 electricity damage per turn.

Early experiments in flesh shaping, Runespinner are metal-fused spider servitors created to recycle the Runelords' failed experiments and broken mechanisms.

Fearsome



mandibles, designed to shear through flawed flesh and rune-forged steel alike, glint with fragments of adamantine. Runespinner crawl fully formed from the Runewells, imbued with a mindless urge to shred and consume any flesh or metal that is not protected by the runes of their creators. They return this waste matter, held within their swollen abdomens, as raw feedstock to the wells.

Nests of the creatures lie dormant and waiting in Thassalonian ruins. The heat and movement of unwary treasure hunters is often enough to return them to life, and any creature or mechanism of the modern age is prey to their instinctive and deadly hungers. *

SKINDANCER

This lithe humanoid has bilaterally-patterned stripes and spots across her hairless skin. She scrutinizes you with large dark eyes, her face an impassive mask.

SKINDANCER CR 1/2

XP 200

Skindancer ranger 1

N Medium humanoid (coleoidean, shapeshifter)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +4

DEFENSE

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

hp 11 (1d10+1)

Fort +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

Defensive Abilities deadly flesh, toxic ancestry

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee rapier +4 (1d6+1/18–20)

Ranged shortbow +4 (1d6/3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (aberrations +2)

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 17, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Bluff +3, Disguise +5 (+15 while using change shape ability), Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Perception +4, Stealth +7, Survival +4; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Bluff, +2 Disguise

Languages Aklo, Common

SQ change shape (Medium humanoid; *alter self*), track +1, wild empathy +2

ECOLOGY

Environment any temperate, underground, or urban

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

Treasure NPC gear (studded leather armor, shortbow with 20 arrows, rapier, other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Change Shape (Su) At will, skindancers can assume the appearance of a Medium humanoid as per *alter self*, but do not gain any additional senses, movement abilities, or bonuses to attributes. This ability does not alter gear. The uncomfortable transformation takes 5 rounds to complete, during which the skindancer is considered staggered. A skindancer remains in an assumed form even while unconscious, but reverts to its natural form 6d4+12 hours after death.

Deadly Flesh (Ex): Each round that a living creature consumes a skindancer’s muscle tissue or fat, it must make a Fortitude save or become poisoned (most animals instinctively recognize the scent and taste). Creatures that do not ingest the skindancer’s flesh are not at risk.

Poison (Ex) Flesh—ingested; *save* Fort DC 10 + 1/2 the skindancer’s Hit Dice + the skindancer’s Constitution modifier; *frequency* 1/round for 3 rounds; *initial*

effect unconsciousness for 1 minute; *secondary effect* 1d2 Wis; *cure* 1 save.

Toxic Ancestry (Ex): Skindancers receive a +4 racial bonus on Fortitude saving throws against spore-based effects, including ones that are non-hostile or beneficial. They also receive a +4 racial bonus to resist fungal-based diseases, infestations, and poisons. Skindancers cannot voluntarily lower this resistance if they so desire. Skindancers are completely immune to russet mold.

Skindancers thrive in most environments, but prefer coastal settlements, passing as members of other humanoids’ societies. Individualistic, passionate, and curious, they seek unique experiences, art, and culture. Highly gregarious, they take great caution to conceal their true appearances and abilities. Too often, misplaced trust can turn to misunderstanding, fear, and violence. Skindancers remain fiercely protective of their adopted communities, and treasure the rare, unguarded moments socializing with kin.

Little remains of their ancient traditions, lost millenia ago in the hasty perilous flight from their homeworld. It is whispered that many were abducted to Golarion late in the waning of Thassilon as a countermeasure to infiltration by aboleth agents. After Earthfall, the survivors emigrated throughout the Inner Sea.

In their natural form, they are wiry, androgynous humanoids, averaging 5-1/2 feet tall and between 130-150 lbs.; they typically live up to two centuries. Naturally hairless, they retain the skin patterning and eyes of their cuttlefish forebears, with streamlined ears and nose. Children frequently possess at least partial human ancestry, remaining locked in the mother’s natural form until shapeshifting emerges during adolescence.

Skindancers consider faceless stalkers (and their aboleth masters) anathema. They maintain a bitter, undying hatred for the denizens of Leng and intellect devourers for innumerable horrors and predations.

Skindancer Characters

Skindancers have no racial Hit Dice, gaining their capabilities from class levels. All skindancers have the following racial traits.

+2 Dexterity, +2 Wisdom, -2 Constitution: Perceptive and graceful, skindancers retain some frailty from their ancient aquatic ancestry.

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

Normal Speed: Skindancers have a racial base land speed of 30 feet.

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

Change Shape (Su): See above.

Deadly Flesh (Ex): See above.

Mental Resistance: Skindancers receive a +2 racial bonus to Will saves.

Toxic Ancestry (Ex): See above.

Infiltrator: Skindancers receive a +2 racial bonus to Disguise and Bluff skill checks.

Languages: Skindancers speak Common and Aklo. Skindancers with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following bonus languages: Aquan, Elven, Goblin, Undercommon, Vegepygmy, and any regional tongues. *



FROM THE FIELD*

RUNE MAGIC

BY THOMAS 'KILREX' LEBLANC

ART BY DAVE "THE ELDRITCH MR SHINY" MALLON

Venture-Captain Valsin,

At your command I have kept my research secret for five long years, but have at last compiled the report on rune magic you assigned to me. I am confident you will find the breadth of investigation satisfactory.

TATTOO MAGIC

My research began with Varisian tattoos. Ancient versions were similar in design to the runes depicting each school of Thassilonian Magic. I found mention of a well-preserved corpse bearing archaic tattoos in an unpublished addendum to the Pathfinder Chronicles. The description is as follows: "Even though desiccation has deformed the corpse, the tattoos appear to be from the rune magic school of Pride. The tattoo was modified to include the schools of Greed and Sloth in the background." Further research has led me to the recreation of enhanced rune school tattoos.

Rune School Tattoo

Your Varisian tattoo is enhanced using techniques based on Thassilonian Magic. The tattoo is modified to include runes from opposition schools and provide protection from those schools, and boost your natural magical ability.

Prerequisite: Varisian Tattoo

Benefit: Your Varisian tattoo is modified to provide a +1 bonus on saving throws to spells and spell-like abilities from its opposition schools. Additionally, you gain a spell-like ability of a single 0-level spell from the divination or universal schools on the Sorcerer/Wizard spell list, usable up to three times per day. The following list of Varisian tattoos (their name, and Thassilonian Magic school) shows the opposition schools for each:

Abjuration (avidais, Envy): evocation, necromancy

Conjuration (idolis, Sloth): evocation, illusion

Enchantment (carnasia, Lust): necromancy, transmutation

Evocation (ragario, Wrath): abjuration, conjuration

Illusion (vangloris, Pride): conjuration, transmutation

Necromancy (voratalo, Gluttony): abjuration, enchantment

Transmutation (avararia, Greed): enchantment, illusion

RUNE WEAPONS

There are references to societies of magi and wizards fighting duels for honor and rank. They have developed runes for their weapons to give themselves an edge. The recent trend of Chelaxian nobles, turning to duels to settle matters of pride, has been an excellent source of information.

Runic Weapon

You can enhance your weapon using arcane runes to provide an extra edge in combat.

Prerequisite: Arcane bond with a weapon or spell combat class

feature.

Benefit: You may select a single weapon rune to draw on your weapon. This rune may be changed whenever you prepare spells. Your weapon gives off a faint aura based on the rune selected.

Special: You can only enhance your weapon with a rune if you know the prerequisite spell.

Weapon Runes

The following is a sample list of runes (and the aura/prerequisite spell) and the bonus provided:

Ferocity (necromancy/ghoul touch): If the weapon makes a critical hit, the creature is staggered for one round and the rune is removed.

Fist (evocation/gust of wind): If the weapon makes a critical hit, the creature is pushed 10 feet directly away and the rune is removed.

Hardy (conjuration/mage armor): +2 enhancement bonus to concentration checks to prevent losing a spell due to damage.

Prepared (divination/true strike): +2 enhancement bonus to attempt a dueling parry.

Protection (abjuration/dispel magic): You may attempt a counterspell as an attack of opportunity by making a dispel check. The rune is removed after the attempt.

CALLIGRAPHY

In Tian Xia, master craftsmen often create magical items using calligraphy. The calligrapher believes properly drawing symbols unlocks mystical powers. After meditating for hours or days to focus his mind, a calligrapher will suddenly execute a series of fluid gestures to create a masterpiece.

Fluid Stroke

Your art with an iron brush has been perfected by melding thought to action.

Prerequisite: Proficient with iron brush, 7 ranks in Craft (calligraphy), Master Craftsman

Benefit: You gain a +2 insight bonus to feint with an iron brush. Additionally, you gain a +2 bonus on Craft (calligraphy) checks to create magic items.

RUNE-CARVED CONSTRUCT

The war between Nex and Geb lasted over a millennium and left many of ruins to explore. I found depictions of shattered golems and other constructs bearing runes. Below is a new rune carving that Pathfinders have confirmed.

RUNE OF MIRRORS

Aura moderate illusion; **CL** 6th

Slot rune; **Price** 19,200 gp

DESCRIPTION

This rune is triggered when the bearer is hit by a melee attack, ranged attack, or spell. This rune creates 1d4+2 of illusory doubles as per the spell mirror image. Useable once per day.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Inscribe Rune, *mirror image*; **Cost** 9,600 gp, 720 XP

Thus concludes my report. Hopefully my silence has redeemed me since my performance in Isger, and you will find you can trust me once again.

Respectfully,

Arlus Farswin *

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JUST DESERTS: RETURN TO OLD KORVOSA

THE CONTINUED ADVENTURES OF ORRIN D'VAUL, PATRFINDER

BY JEFF "SHADOWBORN" LEE

ART BY JAMES KEEGAN

Two men crouched in the shadows of a fetid alley. One held a candle while the other worked on the lock of a door.

"Are you almost done?" asked the candle bearer.

"I would be, if you'd hold that damn light steady. D'Vaul, why don't you magic the door open?" He paused to wipe sweat from his forehead.

"You're the 'box man,' Vancaskerkin. As you say, you're better at this than I am. I'll save my spells for dire need. Carry on," he replied with a grin.

"Yer still a pain in my ass. Why'd you volunteer? You knew where you'd end up and who you'd be partnered with."

"For a feather in my hat of this magnitude, I'll endure another visit to Korvosa and the tedium of your company."

"Great," Alvan Vancaskerkin muttered. The lock clicked open. "There." He turned the handle and eased the door open a crack.

Orrin D'Vaul stood and peered into the room, using the sharp vision inherited from his elven father. He motioned for Vancaskerkin to proceed. The thief slipped inside. D'Vaul followed.

They stood in a great warehouse, a single room two stories high and piled with crates. A staircase to their left led up to a manager's office. Soft light glowed from windows overlooking the warehouse floor.

"My turn," D'Vaul said. He murmured a few sing-song words and moved his hand up and forward in a spiral toward the window while releasing a pinch of sand into the air. A moment later they heard one thump, then a second.

"I'll go tidy up. You find our prize," he said, handing the candle to Vancaskerkin.

D'Vaul's long legs took the steps two at a time with nary a creak from the aged wood. Inside—as he'd expected—two watchmen slumped over a small table, sleeping soundly. He glanced at the cards still clutched by one of the snoring brutes.

"A shame. That was a good hand." He bound and gagged the slumbering men before returning to the warehouse floor. He found Vancaskerkin standing, looking frustrated, at an intersection in the maze of crates.

"Whatever is the matter, partner?" D'Vaul asked as he sauntered over.

"I don't think it's here. None of these crates are tall enough to hold it."

D'Vaul's gaze searched the stacks. He wandered a few rows before he found what he was looking for, then caught Vancaskerkin's attention with a hiss and a wave.

"Alvan, here's a question: Let's say you buy a fine new cabinet. You

get it home and discover it is too tall to fit through the door. What do you do?"

Vancaskerkin made a rude noise. "That's easy. Carry it through on its side."

D'Vaul waited, smiling.

"What does that have to do with...? Oh. Oh!"

D'Vaul pointed to a stack. Its base consisted of a single crate, about fifteen feet long. Vancaskerkin frowned.

"Calistria's teats! It'll take us all night to move these."

"Don't take her name in vain," hissed D'Vaul. "Her eyes may be on us. Leave it to me."

D'Vaul drew a handful of soil from a pouch at his belt, spreading it across the floor and intoning more arcane syllables. Floorboards splintered as the rumbling earth rose through the floor and formed a roughly humanoid shape some ten feet tall. D'Vaul growled at the elemental in a strange tongue and gestured at the crates. It began pulling them down and stacking them elsewhere.

"There. That wasn't so hard." D'Vaul turned back to his partner with a grin, which Vancaskerkin did not return.

"This where you tell me how I'd never succeed without your big brain and fancy magic?" At this, the half-elf's face frowned. He solemnly laid a hand on the other man's shoulder.



"Not at all. You located the warehouse, avoided watch patrols, scouted the place and knew where the guards were positioned. Your participation was integral to our success."

Alvan looked puzzled.

"Why are you being so nice? I know you don't like me. And I doubt you've forgiven me for abandoning you to the guards last time we

were here.”

“You were simply redressing a grievance. I give you too little credit for your abilities. We’re not friends, but we should not be enemies.”

“Yeah, I guess yer right, Orrin. Thanks.”

“Don’t get sentimental. You’re still a lackluster companion. Speaking of, our friend has finished.”

The elemental, task completed, loomed over them. Vancaskerkin produced a crowbar and levered the lid open. Nails screeched as they worked loose, but the sound was suddenly drowned out by a loud, bell-like clanging.

“Magical alarm! Quickly, get it open!” D’Vaul yelled.

Alvan pried the lid off. Peering in, the two Pathfinders saw their prize: a grim construction of bloodstained wood and steel. Its great steel blade was affixed to a base carved to look like a snarling demon. Here, in Korvosa, lay one of the Final Blades, the dread, soul-eating engines of execution so feared by the people of Galt and by any who dared enter that land of sanguinary revolution. Somehow it had found its way into the hands of a madman, the self-proclaimed emperor of the island of Old Korvosa, quarantined during the blood veil plague. It was theirs for the taking, unless the alarm summoned nearby patrols.

D’Vaul grumbled more commands to the elemental. It placed the lid back on the crate and hefted the box. Stepping into the hole from whence it came, the elemental slid out of sight and the sound of the alarm was muffled by soil.

“The summoning will last long enough for it to reach our ship on the river,” Orrin explained. “In the meantime, we need a route that keeps us off the streets. Wasn’t there a sewer grate further up the alley?”

“Yeah,” Alvan replied. “But do we have to? I mean, we don’t have the goods on us. If we just act casual—”

“I’ve no desire to run into the guards, empty-handed or not. You’ll recall things didn’t go so well for me the last time. With my luck, someone would recognize me.”

Alvan ran a hand over his pock-marked face, a remnant of the blood veil and a reminder of his own time in Korvosa.

“All right. We’ll take the sewer.”

D’Vaul led the way out to the alley. “I used them as an escape route the first time. I’m not thrilled to go down there again, but it’s a direct path to the river.”

As Vancaskerkin pried up the grate, D’Vaul rooted through his pack. He produced a sunrod and struck it against the cobbles. He handed it to Vancaskerkin, and they descended. The tunnel beneath was broad, arching eight feet overhead. Down the center flowed a trench of rancid water. They walked for two hundred yards before pausing at an intersection.

“We should continue forward,” D’Vaul murmured, “and bear left when we can.”

“Are you sure?” asked Vancaskerkin, his voice echoing.

“Quiet!” D’Vaul hissed. “We’re not alone. These sewers are crawling with wererats...and worse.” As if summoned by the thought, a rumbling echo erupted in the tunnels then resolved into a recognizable word.

“YUUUUMMMM!”

The two men locked wide-eyed gazes, then spoke as one. “Run!”

They fled through the tunnel, spurred on by the sound of splashing too close behind them. At the next intersection, D’Vaul zagged left, crossing the sewer trench in an agile leap. Vancaskerkin stumbled, splashing through the noxious water and scrambling onto the ledge. From close behind, a refrain continued to echo through the tunnels.

“YUM, YUM, YUM, YUMMMM!”

Alvan looked back, sunrod raised.

Surging after them was a mountain of lumpy flesh, galloping at an awkward gait on three trunk-like legs. A great, toothy maw dominated its body. Bloodshot eyes, stacked on a flexible stalk atop the body, fixed upon him, and two barbed tentacles groped forward. Alvan ran on, shrieking.

D’Vaul’s longer stride gave him a lead. He was already at the top of the next ladder, pulling himself through to the street above when Vancaskerkin hit the bottom rungs and began to climb. He was halfway up when a tentacle snaked out of the dark, grabbing his left leg. Panicked, Alvan dropped the sunrod and clutched the rungs with both hands.

“D’Vaul, help me!”

“I think not.” The cold, calm voice issued from D’Vaul’s silhouette above. “I told you Calistria’s eyes might be upon us tonight. Consider this retribution, and a fitting end to our second outing in Korvosa.”

“By all the gods, D’Vaul! Please!” he begged.

Then he was yanked from the ladder, screaming.

“Goodbye, Alvan Vancaskerkin.” D’Vaul slid the manhole cover back in place.

*

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Orrin D’Vaul stood in the street, listening to the muffled screams. When they faded, he pried up the manhole cover again. A hysterical whimpering echoed up from below. Smiling, he climbed down.

The otyugh stood a short distance from the ladder. It held Vancaskerkin aloft by his ankles and ran its enormous purple-black tongue from the man’s now-soaked black hair to the soles of his boots. Alvan gibbered. The creature used its other tentacle to pluck off his boots, then stuck both his bare feet into its great maw and began to gently suck on them—as gently as an otyugh could, anyway. Vancaskerkin’s response was a keening squeal, more animal than human.

“I told you those feet would be to your liking,” D’Vaul said. “If they taste anything like they smell, an otyugh should consider them a great delicacy.”

The monster’s eyestalk swung round to regard the half-elf. It popped Alvan’s feet out of its mouth to reply.

“HEY, LITTLE GUY! ME DO GOOD, YES? JUST LIKE YOU SAID. NO EATING, ONLY TASTING.”

“Yes, Big Guy, you did very well. Now be a good fellow and put poor Alvan down so we can fetch your reward and be on our way.”

The otyugh turned the man right side up and deposited him next to D’Vaul. It even fetched his boots for him. Alvan stood there, dripping with saliva and shaking with fear. He turned wide eyes on D’Vaul.

“Oh come now, Alvan. You didn’t expect a reprisal? What I said before was true. I used the sewers to avoid detection after I escaped my cell. Along the way, I ran into Big Guy, here. Turns out otyughs are fairly intelligent things. They can be reasoned with, at least. We actually became friends of a sort.”

“FRIENDS!” The otyugh bellowed in agreement.

“I decided he could help me avenge myself in a fitting manner. I worked out the details while you did the legwork on the warehouse. Now we are even,” D’Vaul said. Then, he fixed his gaze on the other man and his voice grew cold, once more. “Cross me again, however, and you will be repaid in kind. Understood?”

Alvan simply nodded.

“Excellent! I’m glad we have an understanding. Now, there’s a wheelbarrow full of horse manure above. Dump it down here for the Big Guy. Then, we’ll be off to the ship and on our way to Absalom. All’s well, and everyone receives their just deserts.” *

ROLING RANNICK

BY MICHAEL 'MICHAELANE' LANE

ART BY DARRAN "HAUNTED JESTER" CALDEMEYER

MAP BY LIZ "LILITH" COURTS

One of the highlights of *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* has the PCs seizing Fort Rannick and commanding it for a time, building it up to a secure base of operations. The original adventure suggests that Mayor Shreed of Magnimar offer stewardship of Fort Rannick, but these additional encounters could have the PCs gain stewardship of the surrounding area, utilizing the kingdom building and expedition rules introduced in *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #31: "Stolen Land."*

EXPLORING THE HOOK'S SHADOW

QUESTS

Companion: A druid arrives at Fort Rannick, offering to clear the Kreegwood and keep the ogres from reestablishing a foothold in the forest. He has heard rocs nest in the Wyvern Mountains and requests an egg to raise as a companion in exchange.

Pie! Olam Keecher is worried. Something burrows in the Shimmerglens west of Pendaka and it must be bothering his turtles because he hasn't been able to find a single egg in the last week. He offers free cranberry turtle egg pies for Fort Rannick for a year if the commanders can figure out what is bothering his turtles.

can negotiate a truce between their kingdom and the wyverns of the Wyvern Mountains.

WYVERN

CR 6

XP 2,400

Wyvern (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary "Wyvern"*)

hp 73

B. Head Games (Standard; CR 10)

A massive Thassilonian statue of Runelord Karzoug would look down on Storval's Deep if its head had not been knocked off in some forgotten cataclysm. Instead, the hollow head of the statue has come to rest against the side of a cliff. A huge vein of red crystals spills from

a cleft in the cliff, a deposit of rubies missed when the Runelord's forces mined the area ages ago. Splinters of gemstones lie scattered throughout the area, crushed by some great force.

Creatures: A family of four rock trolls makes their home inside the statue's head. They feed on giant gars, deer, and the occasional wyvern brought down with a thrown stone. They have uncovered the rubies and use them to supplement their diet.

ROCK TROLLS (4)

CR 6

XP 2,400 EACH

Rock Troll (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 2 "Troll, Rock"*)

hp 80 each

Treasure: The vein of rubies could be developed into a productive source of gems if a proper mine is developed.

C. Roc Nest (Standard; CR 11)

High above the Storval Deep, craggy peaks offer a secluded perch for those able to reach the heights. Here, a ledge holds a massive nest of tree branches and swamp reeds.

Creatures: Two mated rocs watch over a nest on the ledge, raising a clutch of three eggs. The pair takes turns hunting and guarding the nest, but the absent parent returns within 1d6+4 rounds to calls for assistance from its mate.

ROCS (2)

CR 9

XP 6,400 EACH

Roc (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary "Roc"*)

hp 120 each

D. Fish Farm (Standard; CR 9)

At the edge of Lake Coal, a spur of rocky land with tufts of tall grass wraps into the lake, nearly creating a small pond. The spur protects this inlet from the fierce winds blowing down off the Wyvern Mountains.

Creatures: Only a handful of scraggs live in Lake Coal, but here one of them has built a home guarded by a pair of giant gars. Observant characters (DC 25 Perception) may notice an underwater wall of large lake rocks built in the small gap. The scrag mostly lives off giant gar in the lake, but catches the occasional trapper or ogre venturing too close.

SCRAG

CR 5

XP 1,600

Troll (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary "Troll"*)

hp 63

GIANT GARS (2)

CR 6

XP 2,400 EACH

Giant Gar (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 2 "Gar, Giant"*)

hp 73 each

E. Hook Mountain Clanhold (Standard)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details on the Hook Mountain Clanhold. Once the characters have cleared out the caves, this location makes an excellent defensive fallback point, increasing their kingdom's Stability by 1.

F. Fort Rannick (Landmark)

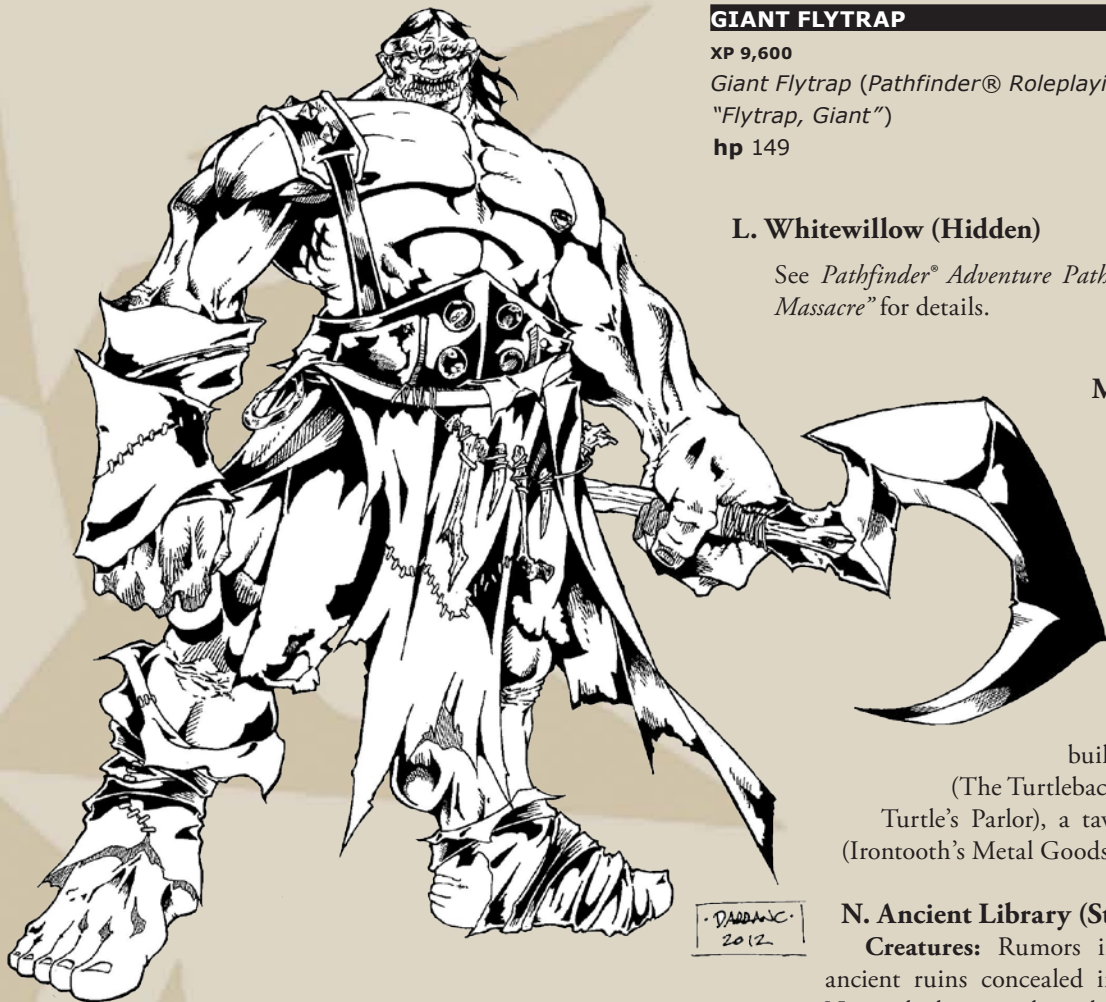
See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details on this fort. Fort Rannick counts as a fortress (*Wayfinder #5, "Realm Building"*).

G. Skull's Crossing (Landmark)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details. The ogres have done considerable damage to Skull's Crossing. Claiming the hex and repairing the damage (BP 4), bolsters their kingdom's morale, increasing Loyalty by 1.

H. Bitter Hollow (Landmark)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"*



for details. If the PCs claim Bitter Hollow, they can place the following buildings for free: a tradesman (the Gator's Nest) and 4 houses.

I. Graul Homestead (Standard)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details. While some groups may (understandably) simply wish to raze the Graul Homestead, if claimed, it offers one house and one stable.

J. Fey Spies (Hidden; CR 10)

A tangle of willow trees blankets a dark pool not far from the Skull River. A DC 25 Perception check is necessary to notice the bleached bones of redcap victims from beneath one of the willow trees while exploring this hex.

Creatures: A gang of redcaps, finding the Graul's absent, has built a camp in the eastern Ashwood planning to establish a larger enclave

in the Kreegwood where they can prey on Turtleback Ferry.

REDCAPS (4)

CR 6

XP 2,400 EACH

Redcap (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 2 "Redcap"*)
hp 60 each

K. We're Caught in a Trap (CR 10; Standard)

Creatures: Long before darkness enveloped the Shimmerglens, hunters avoided the swamps because of fey and other more mundane dangers such as this giant flytrap hiding itself in a tangle of vegetation overlooking a clear pool filled with fish.

GIANT FLYTRAP

CR 10

XP 9,600

Giant Flytrap (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary "Flytrap, Giant"*)
hp 149

L. Whitewillow (Hidden)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details.

M. Turtleback Ferry (Landmark)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details. If Mayor Shreed grants the PCs stewardship of Turtleback Ferry or they claim the town, they can place the following buildings for free: a tradesman (The Turtleback General Store), an inn (The Turtle's Parlor), a tavern (Bottoms Up), a smith (Irontooth's Metal Goods), and 15 houses.

N. Ancient Library (Standard; CR 10)

Creatures: Rumors in Turtleback Ferry tell of ancient ruins concealed in the Ashwood east of the town. Not only humans have heard these tales. The young green dragon Drunavox has come to the western Ashwood and lairs in an ancient Thassilonian library where she devours ancient histories surviving the passage of time. A hangman tree guards the entrance to her lair and two assassin vines protect the approaches to the ruin.

DRUNAVOX

CR 8

XP 4,800

Young green dragon (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary "Dragon, Chromatic Dragon, Green, Young Green Dragon"*)
hp 85

HANGMAN TREE

CR 7

XP 3,200

Hangman Tree (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary 2 "Hangman Tree"*)
hp 84

**ASSASSIN VINES (2)****CR 3**

XP 800 EACH

Assassin Vine (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Assassin Vine")

hp 30 each

O. Hero's Grave (Standard; CR 9)

Creatures: Long before the corruption of Whitewillow, a great paladin of old fell to a witch serving Karzoug. A spirit naga now lives here, drawn by the dark energies still found in the surrounding swamplands.

SPIRIT NAGA**CR 9**

XP 6,400

Spirit Naga (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Naga, Spirit")

hp 95

P. Ol' Ironjaw (Standard; CR 9)

Creatures: A legend among the fisherman of Claybottom Lake, Ol' Ironjaw is an enormous giant snapping turtle residing in a hole on the western shore.

OL' IRONJAW**CR 9**

XP 6,400

Giant snapping turtle (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* 2 "Turtle, Giant Snapping")

hp 115

Q. Wood Giant Wardens (Standard; CR 10)

Creatures: Clans of wood giants dwell deep within the Sanos Forest, the eastern reaches claimed as their territory. An outpost built near the Shimmerglens, full of wood giants, stands ready to respond to any threats posed by Myriana in Whitewillow (area L). Characters clearing woodlands in the Sanos could run afoul of these giants if they are not careful.

WOOD GIANTS (4)**CR 6**

XP 2,400 EACH

Wood Giant (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* 2 "Giant, Wood")

hp 67 each

R. Bulette Burrows (Standard; CR 9)

Creatures: Two bulettes recently awakened and currently consume all they can find in the Shimmerglens along the southwest shores of Claybottom Lake. Travelers in the area find enormous mounds of the swamp driven up by something burrowing under the land.

BULLETES (2)**CR 7**

XP 3,200 EACH

Bulette (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Bestiary* "Bulette")

hp 84 each

S. Pendaka (Landmark)

See *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ #3: "The Hook Mountain Massacre"* for details. If the PCs claim Pendaka, they can place the following buildings for free: a combination inn/tradesman (The Walleed Wife), and 5 houses. *

SHADOWFALL LEGENDS

HEROES THAT FIGHT THE DARK SIDE



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PRESTIGIOUS: RIDERS ON THE STORM

BY ROBERT "SNORTER" FEATHER

ART BY CHRIS LEAPER

Inspired by events in the *Pathfinder® Adventure Path™ Curse of the Crimson Throne*, especially *Chapter 5: Skeletons of Scarwall*.

The original Hellknight was written several years ago, for the '3.5 edition'. Since then, it has been updated, but still retains its roots, as a prestige class suited for the heavily armored Fighter class.

This is a mounted variant of that prestige class, to appeal to equally heavily armored Cavaliers, who rely on the abilities of their bonded mount for much of their flavor, plus those Fighters who have chosen to focus on mounted feats.

HELLRIDER

Hit Die: d10.

Requirements

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

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Skills: Handle Animal 3 ranks, Intimidate 2 ranks, Knowledge (religion) 1 rank, Ride 5 ranks.

Armor Proficiency: Must be proficient with heavy armor.

Alignment: Any lawful.

Special: You must slay a devil with HD greater than your own. This victory must be witnessed by an existing Hellknight or Hellrider.

Class Skills

The Hellrider's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Intimidate (Cha), Handle Animal (Cha), Knowledge (local) (Int), Perception (Wis), Ride (Dex), and Sense Motive (Wis).

Skill Ranks at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are all class features of the Hellrider.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Hellriders gain no proficiency

Hellrider

| Level | Base | | | | Special |
|-------|--------------|-----------|----------|-----------|--|
| | Attack Bonus | Fort Save | Ref Save | Will Save | |
| 1st | +1 | +1 | +0 | +0 | Aura of law, mount, order, smite chaos 1/day |
| 2nd | +2 | +1 | +1 | +1 | Detect chaos, Hellknight armor 1 |
| 3rd | +3 | +2 | +1 | +1 | Discern lies, discipline 1 |
| 4th | +4 | +2 | +1 | +1 | Force of will 1, smite chaos 2/day |
| 5th | +5 | +3 | +2 | +2 | Hellknight armor 2, tactician |
| 6th | +6 | +3 | +2 | +2 | Discipline 2, mighty charge |
| 7th | +7 | +4 | +2 | +2 | Smite chaos 3/day |
| 8th | +8 | +4 | +3 | +3 | Force of will 2, lawbringer |
| 9th | +9 | +5 | +3 | +3 | Discipline 3, infernal armor |
| 10th | +10 | +5 | +3 | +3 | Hell's knight, smite chaos 4/day |

with any weapon or armor.

Aura of Law (Ex): The power of a Hellrider's aura of law (see the detect law spell) equals his total character level.

Mount (Ex): A Hellrider gains a loyal steed, functioning as a druid's animal companion, using the Hellrider's level as his effective druid level. If the Hellrider has levels in another class granting a bonded mount (such as Cavalier or Samurai), these levels stack when calculating the mount's effective level. The creature must be one that he is capable of riding and suitable as a mount. A Medium cavalier can select a camel or a horse. A Small cavalier can select a pony or wolf, but can also select a boar or a dog if his total levels in classes with the Mount ability equal 4 or more. The GM might approve other animals as suitable mounts.

A Hellrider suffers no armor check penalties on Ride checks while riding this mount. The mount is always considered combat trained and begins play with Light Armor Proficiency as a bonus feat. A Hellrider's mount does not gain the share spells special ability.

A Hellrider's bond with his mount is strong. Should a Hellrider's mount die, the Hellrider may find another mount to serve him after 1 week of mourning. This new mount does not gain the link, evasion, devotion, or improved evasion special abilities until the next time the Hellrider gains a level.

Order: The character must choose one Hellknight order to join. Details for each order can be found in the "Chapter 5 – Factions" of the *Pathfinder® Campaign Setting™ Inner Sea World Guide*.

Hellknight orders are actual, in-game organizations, unlike the orders gained from the Cavalier or Samurai class, which represent philosophical ideals (albeit, ones served by worldly organizations). Thus, it is possible for a Hellrider, with an existing idealistic order, to retain his loyalty to his original order, and his secular Hellknight order, benefitting from the abilities of both, as long as the edicts of both are adhered to.

The special entry requirements and focused training of this class serve to weed out all but the most serious applicants, negating the need to undergo a period of re-dedication. The successful entrant does not forfeit the abilities of an old order, nor wait until a level is gained to gain the benefits of the new order.

Smite Chaos (Su): This ability functions as the paladin's smite evil ability, but against chaotic-aligned creatures. This ability is twice as effective against outsiders with the chaotic subtype, chaotic-aligned aberrations, and fey.

Detect Chaos (Su): This ability functions like a paladin's *detect evil* ability, save that it detects chaos.

Hellrider Armor (Ex): At 2nd level, a Hellrider earns the right to wear Hellknight armor (see below). While wearing this armor, the Hellrider reduces the armor check penalty by 1, and increases the

maximum Dexterity bonus allowed by 1. He does not gain the Hellknight ability to move at full speed when dismounted. At 5th level, these adjustments increase to 2.

These distinctive suits of armor are a special type of masterwork full plate that, when worn by a character with levels in the Hellknight or Hellrider prestige classes, grants additional effects.

Discern Lies (Sp): At 3rd level, a Hellrider can use *discern lies* as a spell-like ability a number of times per day equal to 3 plus his Charisma modifier. His caster level equals his total character level.

Disciplines: A 3rd-level Hellrider gains access to his first discipline, associated with his specific order. At 6th level, the Hellrider gains a second discipline, from those specified as available to “any order.” At 9th level, the Hellrider gains his third discipline, a free choice of any, with the exception of Pentamic Faith. When applicable, the save DC to resist a discipline’s effect is equal to DC 10 + the Hellrider’s level + the Hellrider’s Charisma modifier. The Hellrider can use each discipline a number of times per day equal to the total number of disciplines he has access to, so once per day at 3rd level, twice each at 6th level, three times each at 9th level.

The Disciplines are described in “Chapter 6 – Adventuring” of the *Pathfinder® Campaign Setting™ Inner Sea World Guide*.

Force of Will (Ex): At 4th level, the Hellrider gains a +2 bonus on Will saves against spells with one of the following descriptors: charm, compulsion, glamor, fear, figment, pattern, or phantasm. At 8th level, the Hellrider chooses another descriptor to gain a +2 bonus on his Will save against, and the bonus provided by his first selection increases to +4.

Tactician (Ex): At 5th level, a Hellrider receives a teamwork feat as a bonus feat. He must meet the prerequisites for this feat. As a standard action, the Hellrider can grant this feat to all allies within 30 feet who can see and hear him. Allies retain the use of this bonus feat for 3 rounds, +1 round/2 Hellrider levels. Allies do not need to meet the prerequisites of these bonus feats. The Hellrider can use this ability



once/day at 5th level, twice/day at 10th level.

If the Hellrider already possesses this ability via another class, he gains the Greater Tactician ability as a 9th level cavalier instead. If he already possesses Greater Tactician via another class, he gains the Master Tactician ability as a 17th level cavalier instead (see ‘Cavalier’ class features in Chapter 2 of the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player’s Guide*). Levels of Hellrider stack with the other

class when determining duration and uses per day.

Mighty Charge (Ex): At 6th level, a Hellrider makes devastating charge attacks while mounted. Double the threat range of any weapons wielded during a charge while mounted. This increase does not stack with other effects that increase the threat range of the weapon. In addition, the Hellrider can make a free bull rush, disarm, sunder, or trip combat maneuver if his charge attack is successful. This free combat maneuver does not provoke an attack of opportunity.

If the character already possesses Mighty Charge from another source, they instead gain a +2 competence bonus to the CMB of the free maneuvers gained by use of this ability.

Lawbringer (Ex): At 8th level, a Hellrider’s attacks are treated as lawful for overcoming damage reduction.

Infernal Armor (Su): As long as he wears Hellknight armor, a 9th-level Hellrider gains a +2 bonus on all Charisma-related checks made while interacting with nongood lawful creatures. In addition, he gains the ability to see perfectly in darkness of any kind, resistance to fire 30, and resistance to acid 10 and cold 10.

Hell’s Knight (Su): At 10th level, a Hellrider can grant a weapon he wields or touches the *axiomatic, flaming burst*, or *unholy weapon* quality. This weapon maintains this new quality as long as the Hellrider remains within 100 feet of the weapon—a Hellrider may maintain only a single weapon’s granted quality at a time. The Hellrider also becomes immune to fire while wearing Hellknight armor. *

Hellrider Armor

| Armor | Price | Armor Bonus | Maximum Dex Bonus | Armor Check Penalty (ACP) | Arcane Spell Failure Chance | Speed (30 ft.) | Speed (20 ft.) | Weight |
|----------------------|----------|-------------|-------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|---------|
| Hellrider full plate | 2,000 gp | +9 | +1 | -5 | 35% | 20 ft. ¹ | 15 ft. ¹ | 50 lbs. |

¹ When running in heavy armor, you move only triple your speed, not quadruple.

WEAL OR WOE: RIVALRIES IN ARMS

By CALEB T. GORDAN

Art by WADE K. NOLEN

Renowned throughout the Inner Sea for multiple, famous schools of fighting, Korvosa is home to fierce rivalries between those schools. Few are more intense and potentially deadly than the rivalry between the Menelaus School and the Soucy School.

WEAL: HECTOR MENELAUS

A retired military officer and weapons trainer, Hector teaches a style that has been handed down to him through generations of family tradition. The style of using a shield with either sword or spear may be considered antiquated by some, but his graduates are sought after by both the Sable Company and the city guard. His business has been hurt by the Soucy school, which has not only stolen clients but made repeated attempts at minor sabotage. Well into his fifth decade, Hector yet retains enough health and strength to eventually see his only son reach maturity and assume the family trade...provided that Vivien Soucy doesn't put him out of business first.

Adventure Hooks

- The party may need to hire some mercenaries to help clear a dungeon or to provide additional protection while traveling the wilderness. The party could be referred to Hector, who encourages his students to find proper experience as part of their training.
- Hector special-ordered some training equipment and weapons that never arrived, and he hires the party to investigate.
- Panos, Hector's son, has gone missing after he went out to play. While the city guard has promised to look into it, Hector asks the party to help him, feeling that they will be more effective and expedient toward safely returning him.

Boon

After the party gains Hector's trust and friendship, he will allow them to use his training school, even taking time to train them

himself. This will allow each PC to retrain a combat feat once. He is also a great source of knowledge on both the city and dungeons within Varisia. He can provide a +2 to any Knowledge (local) or Knowledge (dungeoneering) skill check made within his training school.

HECTOR MENELAUS

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male human fighter (phalanx soldier*) 8

LG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 20 (+6 armor, +4 shield, +1 Dex)

hp 52 (8d10)

Fort +6, **Ref** +3, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 *bashing heavy steel shield* bash +13/+8 (1d8+5/20/x2) or +1 *bashing heavy steel shield* +10/+5 (1d8+11/20/x2) [power attack] or masterwork spear +11/+6 (1d8+2/20/x3) or masterwork spear +8/+3 (1d8+8/20/x2) [power attack]

Special Attacks phalanx fighting*, ready pike* +1 (1/day)

TACTICS

During Combat Hector first focuses on those foes he perceives

as the most dangerous. He prefers to make his attacks with his shield, taking maximum advantage of the free bull rush maneuver attempts granted by the Shield Slam feat. If he knocks a foe prone, he attacks them with his spear. When attacking with shield or spear, he uses Power Attack when such attacks are likely to be successful. Hector's advanced age prevents him from using the Two-Weapon Feat, unless he is able to down a *potion of cat's grace* first.

Morale Hector is prideful but not reckless. If he is fighting in his school or defending innocents, he will fight to the death. Otherwise, he will attempt to flee once he reaches 12 hp.

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 12, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +8; **CMB** +10 (+12 bull rush); **CMD** 21 (25 vs. bull rush; 23 vs. drag, overrun, trample, or trip)

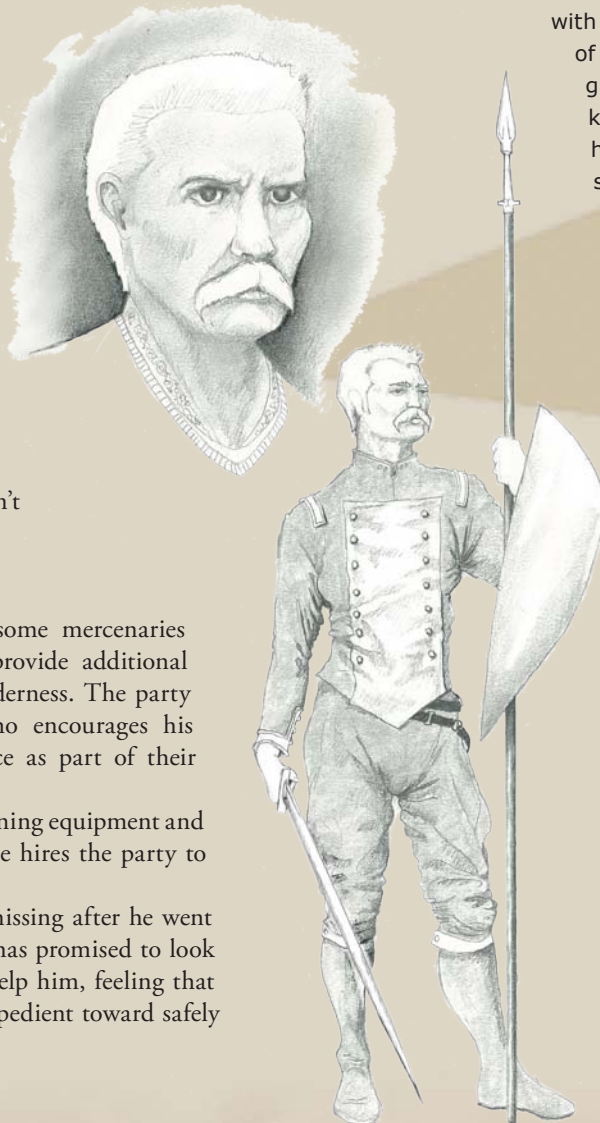
Feats Greater Weapon Focus (heavy shield), Improved Bull Rush, Improved Shield Bash, Power Attack, Saving Shield*, Shield Focus, Shield Slam, Two-Weapon Fighting^B, Weapon Focus (heavy shield), Weapon Specialization (heavy shield)

Skills Intimidate +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +10, Perception +4, Profession (combat instructor) +12, Survival +6

Languages Common, Orc

SQ deft shield* -1, stand firm* +2

Combat Gear +1 *bashing heavy steel shield*, *cloak of resistance* +1, masterwork



breastplate, masterwork spear, *potion of bull's strength*, *potion of cat's grace*, 2 *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of shield of faith*;

Other Gear training armor, training dummies, training shields, and training weapons (various wood swords, spears, and polearms) for up to 30 people, 450 gp.

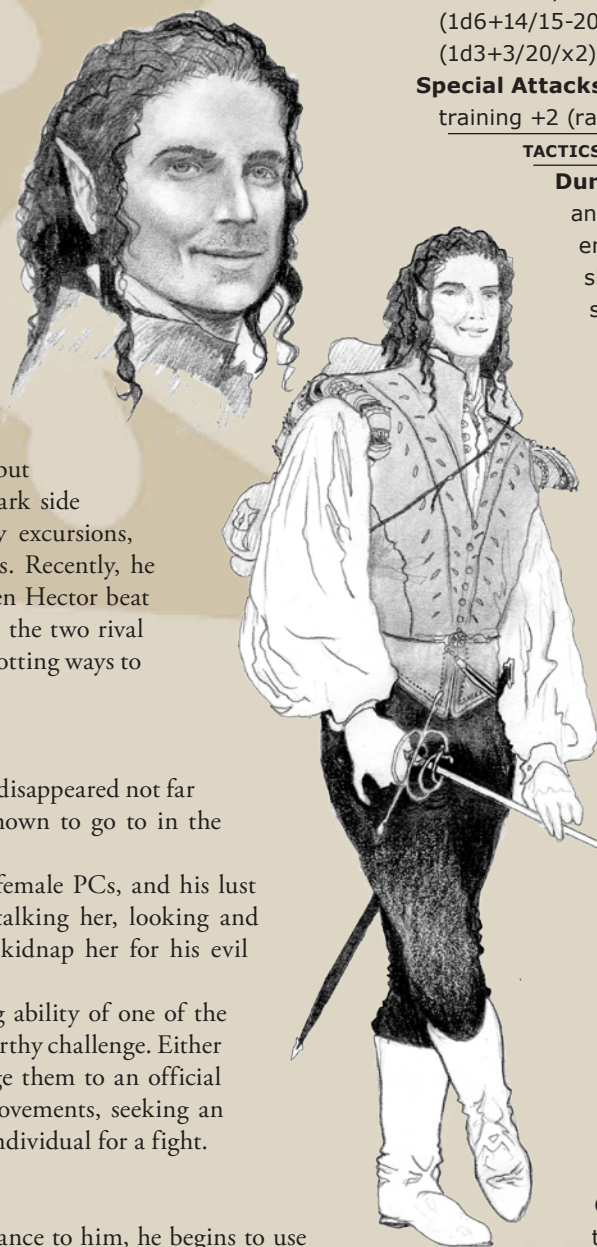
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Advanced Age Hector is 54 years old, and his stats have been adjusted because of this. He learned Two-Weapon Fighting at a young age, but his current Dexterity does not allow him to use it.

* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player's Guide*.

WOE: VIVIEN SOUCY

Vivien is known not only for his fencing school, but also for his tales of adventure. Most of his stories are false, however. While many of his students believe that he was a great adventuring hero before he opened his school, the truth is that he is both a criminal and a murderer. His real name is Simon Garcon, but he hasn't used it in many years. He narrowly escaped Brevoy after a murdered young woman was discovered in his home, eventually settling in Korvosa because it appealed to his finer tastes in food, women, and adventure. To most Korvosans, he maintains the appearance of a model citizen, but he gives free rein to his secret dark side that he unleashes during nightly excursions, prowling through the city's alleys. Recently, he suffered a humiliating defeat when Hector beat him in a sparring match between the two rival schools. Ever since, he has been plotting ways to ruin the old weaponmaster.



Adventure Hooks

- A beautiful young woman disappeared not far from the tavern Vivien is known to go to in the evenings.
- Vivien fancies one of the female PCs, and his lust grows to where he begins stalking her, looking and waiting for a good time to kidnap her for his evil purposes.
- Vivien notices the fighting ability of one of the PCs and decides they are a worthy challenge. Either he finds a reason to challenge them to an official duel, or he shadows their movements, seeking an opportunity alone with the individual for a fight.

Drawback

After the party becomes a nuisance to him, he begins to use his influence to spread rumors and lies about the party. At first the innuendos are minor and do little lasting harm, but they become bigger and more problematic as the PCs become greater

hindrances and viable threats. These lies could cause issues with some tavern owners and merchants, who will start by raising their prices by as much as 10%, eventually leading to a complete refusal of goods and services.

VIVIEN SOUCY

CR 8

XP 4,800

Male half-elf fighter (weapon master*) 9

LE Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +5; Senses low-light vision; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+7 armor, +1 Dex)

hp 77 (9d10+18)

Fort +8, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4; +2 against enchantment

Defensive Abilities mirror move* (+2 AC vs. rapiers); **Immune** sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +1 rapier +17/+12 (1d6+8/15-20/x2) or +1 rapier +14/+9 (1d6+14/15-20/x2) [power attack] or unarmed strike +12/+7 (1d3+3/20/x2)

Special Attacks reliable strike* (rapier) [1/day], weapon training +2 (rapier)

TACTICS

During Combat Vivien starts with Dazzling Display and then attacks the nearest demoralized foe. He enjoys harming the weak and laughs at those who show signs of pain. If someone proves to be a strong and worthy foe, he focuses on them, doing everything he can to quickly take them down.

Morale If Vivien drops below 25 hp, he will start fighting defensively. If he is reduced to 12 hp or lower, he uses total defense and withdraw actions to try and escape.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 23 (25 vs. disarm or sunder)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Critical Focus, Dazzling Display (rapier), Greater Weapon Focus (rapier), Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Shatter Defenses (rapier), Skill Focus (Intimidate) B, Weapon Focus (rapier), Weapon Specialization (rapier)

Skills Climb +4, Intimidate +15, Perception +6, Profession (combat instructor) +13, Ride +2, Swim +4

Languages Common, Elven

SQ elf blood, weapon guard* +2 (rapier)

Combat Gear +1 breastplate, +1 rapier;

Other Gear hat of disguise, training dummies, training swords, 6,030 gp.

* See *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game™ Advanced Player's Guide*. *

BATTLE-BANNERS OF LESSER WEST PODUNK

CHAPTER ONE: BLOOD & GIGGLES

BY CLINTON J. BOOMER

ART BY PAIGE CONNELLY

Old Wishtwister Shadibriri was having himself a truly lovely day, indeed.

The morning woods were filled with arrows and howls, with smoke and screams and sweat and sobs, with the dead and the damned and the doomed and the dying, with the clash of sharp steel on wet-painted wood and the shrieks of tattooed flesh cut to ribbons by unexpected betrayer's-blades.

They were filled, across hill and dale and back-a-yonder, with young men chasing after hot, red glory; with old men weeping over festering, ancient vengeance & ugly new wounds; and with cool, freshly-made corpses already growing fly-blown in the damp heat of a hazy, aching dawn in early summer.

They were filled, in short, with delight and reward...and opportunity.

In fact, as he strode down the mud, blood and nightsoil path that cut between the warring camps, steam rising 'round his priestly-garbed glamor with the scent of the youthful day slick in his twitching nostrils, the ageless demon called the Wishtwister began to fairly skip as he sang out along with the little girl who pranced beside him:

"One and two! Black and blue!"

"Three and four! Gone to war!"

"Five and six! Bones and sticks!"

"Seven! Seven! Gone to heaven!"

"Eight! Eight! Burn the gate!"

"Nine and ten, and ten-

and-ten, 'round and 'round and 'round again!!"

"HAI!"

With a shriek, each of them spun in place, dancing, and jumped once; then the girl gleefully dropped a single glass vial over her shoulder - into the middle of the trail, where it landed with a dull plop.

The pair stopped & stooped for a moment, bent at the waist, to consider the tiny prize: a crystalline, bluish hue suffused through the liquid within caught the sunlight, dim like a candle. The Wishtwister idly calculated its value at somewhere or somewhat equal to the pay for nine full years of honest, hard, back-breaking labor by any single member of the little girl's family—perhaps, he mused, the very same number of years possessed by the girl, herself.

Shadibriri had not yet asked how old she was. Or her name, for that matter.

She looked to him. "What's inside it, Bishop, sir?"

"Eh? Oh. Magic."

The Wishtwister's attention was drawn then, for an instant, by another bit of mischief: some hundred yards down the road, a wounded man of perhaps fifteen summers staggered from the tree-line toward a similar prize sparkling in the shifting shadows of the goat-path. A mere hair's-breadth from his salvation he was cut down by arrow-fire from some unseen sniper.

Shadabriri chuckled.

"What magic?"

"Hmm-what? There? Distilled here inside, a potion of aiding—for the shrugging off of wounds! It will make a man brave, and his arm strong; his fear will shrink to a tiny thing, far in the distance, and his pain will be forgotten. With a drop of this sparking on his tongue, even a fellow sunk deep upon his deathbed might spring to his feet and fight like a bear in rut."

"A medicine, Bishop?"

"Oh, no, no-no. It is a compulsion of the mind, only, and quite temporary—lasting mere moments."

The girl nodded and, unbidden, reached into the clanking leather satchel that hung from the Wishtwister's arm. She pulled forth another vial.

"And in this one?"

"Whiskey, mixed with a kiss of cherry-juice. Very similar stuff, though vastly cheaper."

She tugged forth another from the satchel's seemingly endless contents, and he smiled with delighted pleasure at her uncouth impropriety.

"And this?"

"That? Ah, poison—and most dreadfully painful."

The girl gasped, and then a sly smile spread across her face.

The Wishtwister did not bother to hide his grin. "Ah, indeed! My thoughts, exactly, and such fun! But before we set it down for someone to find, let us walk another few paces, shall we? Oh, for-a and-a ... One and two, black and blue!"

"Three and four! Gone to war!"



Barrowood

Cheliox

And away they danced.

Their merry, nonsense song preceded the pair along the path as they wove deeper into the woods, wracked as it was with other, more brutal sounds this day—sounds of struggle, and suffering, and sorrow.

Yes, it was a deeply fine day to be walking to and fro on the earth.

The night before had been less auspicious. But there had been some mad and giggling promise in the storm-clouds skulking above when the Wishtwister arrived at the little town he had come to name “Lesser West Podunk.” The old fiend had learned to trust those little auguries and omens, even as the ages through which he had developed those instincts slowly faded into a confusion of sharp fractures and slick half-memories.

His traveling companion, the wandering west-born sellsword called Durnaur of the Legion-Serpent, had repeated the name of the town several times along the way. It was little more than a wide spot where a few dirt roads met, a good nine days’ travel from anything approaching actual civilization. Wishtwister Shadibriri had staunchly refused to memorize it.

The town had lived up to its new nickname, at least. It was formed of only two permanent structures, neither ever dreaming to rise above a single story. One building doubled as both a low-rent tavern and the cheapest sort of brothel; the other, a sagging sheriff’s barracks, was marred by some obscene graffiti, which had been poorly painted over and denoted the extent of law and order in the region.

These near-feral borderlands on the far western edge of Galt, some one-hundred and eighty miles from either golden-paged Isarn or the grey-bladed gardens of Litran and more than a hundred miles upstream from the dissident print-shops of Woodsedge, were ruled over by a hodge-podge of miscreants: close-knit clans of backwoods hillfolk tracing their hot Kellid blood back to the age of Iobaria, a few impoverished lines of well-armed farmer-veterans late of Chairman Rane’s suicidal conscription-scheme, some marked men no longer welcome in even the most brackish of the northern Riverlands port-cities. Even worse than these were the few well-intentioned, ill-informed souls loyal to Local Governor Greythornne, Citizen in High Standing of the Revolutionary Council, who ruled in name only.

The only thing that united all of these so-called leaders was a shared hatred of Chelaxians.

Not too far north lay the River Kingdoms. Beyond that, Numeria. And beyond that...well, just Mendev, and then the icy end of the world. Then, beyond the pole, the perfumed and tear-streaked silks of distant Tian Xia trickled down the backside of the globe. South were rolling fields, some fallow and some fruitful, all contested—many changed owners through marriage but most by murder. And further south, Taldor, and then the Inner Sea and a few isolated places where abject, sociopathic barbarism was, on occasion, the exception rather than the norm. And west, of course, across the surging Sellen, glimmered the gold-green glory of Kyonin and the shining, crystal towers wherein none born of the mud here would ever find any home or welcome.

But here...here there were games to be had.

It was to be a peace-festival. A foolish scheme set into motion by an arrogant, insufferably educated, unutterably and willfully ignorant man, who sought to put right, at last, grudges older than the Even-Tongued Conquest.

By his edict, there was to be a general airing of grievances, followed by a debate and some rounds of arbitration, and then a formal declaration of truce. After that, perhaps, an honor-duel or two to set things aright and then the breaking of bread on this, the final Fireday and Starday of Desnus...and finally, a lovely Sunday for trade and a merry feast.

It was going to be a disaster. Then, a horror-show, and then—finally—a blood-bath.

If the Wishtwister had anything to say about it, it would be a great and jagged blade thrust into the very heart of reality, as well. With a few damnations thrown in, to boot...as was his preference.

Such is the curse of Galt, it seems: interference and the imposition of experimental edicts by sagely and stalwart men upon illiterate and underfed masses, leading forever to screams and terror and carnage.

Good intentions and all of that.

Word had gone out for weeks, reaching twenty-odd miles in every direction, calling for a general holiday and brief freedom from indentured or bonded servitude. Musicians, poets and other men of letters had been summoned, as had pious men of any virtuous and patriotic faith. And with them traders and craftsmen, tinkers and players were invited to attend.

The good governor, called Absentee-Master Short-Stride the Tax-Fat by those of his constituents who were most angrily aware that they were, in fact, technically governed, should have been exceptionally nervous when the only vendor to answer his call was a grim weaponsmith, loaded down with arms and armor as if for a war. And his alarm should only have increased when the only preacher to arrive was a swaggering, smiling fellow in a wide-brimmed black hat, sharing the road with a hired sword and carting clanking casks of sweet spirits and a few cheap curiosities.... *



Dear Ask a Shoanti

I live in a little cottage in the woods, built over one of the many Seals of Tar-Baphon. Every night, voices whisper to me to open the Seal. What should I do?

Sincere Regards,
--Shanda Sage

Dear Shanda Sage

What an intolerable situation. You have endured that constant chattering for far too long! I would immediately rip out the floorboards and let that seal out. Next, knock that seal over the head; you deserve a good meal. Finally, I would track down this seal-keeper, Tar-Baphon was it? Planting seals under other people’s cottages and disrupting their hard-earned sleep is an unacceptable behavior. Give him a piece of your mind – then give him an even bigger piece of your klar.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

* * *
The full tale of the Wishtwister’s misdeeds in Lesser West Podunk will be available soon - and for free!

IN THE MEANTIME, CATCH UP WITH HIS EARLIER EXPLOITS IN THE SHORT TALE ‘WISHING DAY,’ AS SEEN IN VOLUME 1 OF THE PATHFINDER CHRONICLER ANTHOLOGY, AVAILABLE ONLINE HERE:

<http://www.pathfinderchronicler.net/?p=2293>

HEIRS OF THASSILON:

"RISE OF THE RUNELORDS" AS AN EVIL CAMPAIGN

BY GARY MCBRIDE

ART BY TYLER CLARK

WARNING: Spoilers ahead...

If you've been gaming for any length of time, you've saved the world not just once, but countless times. There is nothing wrong with that, but it can be fun to occasionally turn our back on rescuing civilization, instead taking a turn as the dark lord eager to dominate it. From this root, the best sort of evil campaigns are born. Now let's take it a step further—could you play *Rise of the Runelords*, Paizo's first Pathfinder adventure path, as the bad guys?

At first blush, *Rise of the Runelords* seems ill-suited for villainous PCs. The campaign is focused on one rescue after another, culminating in saving all of Varisia from Karzoug the Claimer and the Leng Device. But what if the PCs true goals were to claim the mantle of Runelord for themselves—to build within Varisia a new Thassilonian Empire? No longer a rescue mission, you have a campaign rich in potential for Team Evil!

The most important element in any long running villainous campaign is finding a way to unite the PCs so that the campaign does not fall to petty back-biting. Perhaps the PCs are all members of a cult of Asmodeus or Zon-Kuthon? Or perhaps each of them was born with a strange runic birthmark? If you don't have seven PCs, perhaps introduce a few NPCs to round out



Dear Ask a Shoanti

Recently my sister "won" a lottery to participate in a televised reality series to fight to the death against other contestants for the amusement of our capital. What ever should I do?

Sincere Regards,

A 'Hungry' Katniss

Dear Hungry Katniss

I am very happy for you. First, you should immediately volunteer to take your sister's place. Next, pick up a few levels of archery. Finally, max out the ratings by shooting at the judges. Be sure to schedule time for an improbable love triangle while setting the stage for a nation-wide insurrection. Oh, and watch out for poisoned berries.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

their number. Their destiny is to become Runelords! Karzoug is not the Runelord who will rise. You are!

BURNT OFFERINGS

The story begins with a book. A sagacious PC, perhaps a wizard or a cleric, discovers an ancient, tattered tome: *The Book of the Sihedron*. This tome—worn though it may be—speaks of a time when Varisia was once the capital of the world. It records the history of Old Thassilon and hints darkly that this ancient empire, though all but forgotten, may rise again from the depths of time. Who has will enough or might enough to see this dark deed done?

The opening is otherwise unchanged. The PCs are in town for the Swallowtail Festival when the goblins attack. They defend the town from these pint-sized terrors and, for a time, are hailed as local heroes; however, this heroism is only a facade. These villains have come to Sandpoint not to save it, but to learn the secrets of fallen Thassilon. Rumor has it that the Old Light is actually a Thassilonian artifact. In the *Catacombs of Wrath*, their suspicions are confirmed. This was once a center of Thassilonian power! It is key to discovering the secrets of the past and rebuilding a new empire.

At Thistletop, the mission changes. To complete their ambitions, the PCs must eliminate rivals and acquire minions. By destroying Nualia and her devotees, they can take over the Birdcruncher tribe. Gogmurt—cowed by their defeat of Ripnugget—becomes their fawning toady. Thistletop is theirs! Now they have a base of operations and the Sihedron medallion. They have taken their first steps towards becoming the Heirs of Thassilon. But this is only the beginning...

SKINSAW MURDERS

The PCs get involved in investigating the murders, not out of any charity, but because of the seven-pointed star Aldern Foxglove leaves on his victims. The murder investigation goes as written, but instead of finding a cult dedicated to murder, the Brothers of the Seven are alternatively a secret society dedicated to one purpose—seeing that the secrets of Thassilon remain forever buried. Aldern was not a member of the Brothers—he was fleeing them. They ransacked his townhouse not to hide a connection, but to see what the monster Aldern knew. Alas, that they missed his hidden cache.

In Magnimar, the PCs play a dangerous game with a secret society dedicated to stopping their purpose. The noble Justice Ironbriar, a NG elven cleric of Sarenrae, seeks to once and for all expunge Thassilon's cursed memory. They do not serve a lamia matriarch; instead, the angel on the clocktower is actually an angel—a movanic deva to be precise. By defeating the angel Xanesha, they will have broken the heroic Brothers of the Seven and be free to further pursue their dire investigations.

THE HOOK MOUNTAIN MASSACRE

Shalelu has always suspected that the PCs are not the heroes they pretend to be, and she is now certain that they must be stopped. The PCs are not agents of the Lord-Mayor of Magnimar; instead, amongst the angel's possessions, they have found the location of another Thassilonian artifact beneath Fort Rannick. They must travel to the Fort, which has recently become the stronghold of another angel—Lucretia, sister of Xanesha. They must cow the local ogres into their service, culminating in the savage battle of Fort Rannick and the destruction of its defenders—including Shalelu, who has brought elven allies to stop the PCs.

The degenerate Kreegs are not enemies but allies, albeit dangerous and unpredictable ones. They will, after the battle is won, eventually betray the PCs, hoping to become the uncontested masters of the Kreegswood and the fort. The PCs must then teach the inbred ogres the cost of crossing them. If the leaders of the family can be annihilated, the underlings could be salvaged as minions.

Now the PCs have a stronghold. Fort Rannick is the perfect place to launch their investigation of the nearby Skull's Crossing. They must destroy Barl Breakbones, the noble NG stone giant shaman who guards the Thassilonian ruin. They learn much about the stone giants from his defeat: in particular, that stone giants guard further Thassilonian secrets—an ancient library that once housed the Tome of the Sihedron! The PCs frame the people of Sandpoint for the murder of Barl, using the stone giants' distrust of the humans to start a war between these noble defenders of the earth and the town.

FORTRESS OF THE STONE GIANTS

Once the PCs start the war, they may very well return to the small town to help defend its walls. After all, if they can maximize the casualties of the stone giants, their fortress of Jorgenfist will be all the more vulnerable. The PCs even have a chance to slay their first dragon, the copper dragon Longtooth who accompanies the stone giant strike force. With the death of Longtooth and Teraktinus, the stone giant ranger and defender of the land, the stone giant forces are decreased, and the raid is an abject failure. Or perhaps our villains let Sandpoint burn. It's their choice—although then the stone giants will receive reinforcements after the raid. Either way, Jorgenfist is now within the PCs' grasp!

The PCs raid Jorgenfist, capitol of the neutral stone giants. It is full of creatures of primal power: rocs, mammoths and dire bears. They must also slay Conna the Wise; good Galemir, the stone giant general; Econtredor and Sulaminga, copper dragon children of Longtooth; the lamassu who defend the sacred cavern (B13); and finally, Mokmurian the Guardian—a great wizard of the stone giants who has pledged his life to ensuring that Thassilon

remains a memory. Only then can they raid the ancient library of Thassilonian lore. They are so close! Thassilon will rise again!

SINS OF THE SAVIORS

This adventure is relatively unchanged. After discovering the library, they learn the location of the Runeforge and realize that by using this ancient artifact, they can slay the last living Runelord and take his place. The fact that the Runeforge is guarded by evil is of no matter. No one must stand in the way of their ascension!

The first act concerning the Scribbler is probably best skipped. His rhyme can be found instead within the Thassilonian library. To make up for the lost experience points, either expand the journey to Mount Xin, or have a last desperate attempt by the forces of good to stop them. A flight of archons tries to hamper our band of villains, but they are swept aside. The PCs assault the rune-forged, and after much battle, claim what they require to slay Karzoug—a dominant rune-forged weapon. With this, they can slay Karzoug and claim his Soul Lens.

SPIRES OF XIN-SHALAST

Karzoug is a fool! In his own dominion, he has allowed the inhuman Denizens of Leng to build the Leng Device. These abominations seek to corrupt his return and turn it instead into a transfiguration of the monstrous and enigmatic Mhar. The PCs must traverse the dangerous ancient city of Xin-Shalast and climb its highest peak to the Pinnacle of Avarice. Destroy the Leng Device! Seize the Soul Lens! And once and for all, destroy Karzoug the Claimer to become the first mortals truly worthy of the title Runelords in ten thousand years!

Now rises a new Thassilon—Varisia shall become your plaything. *

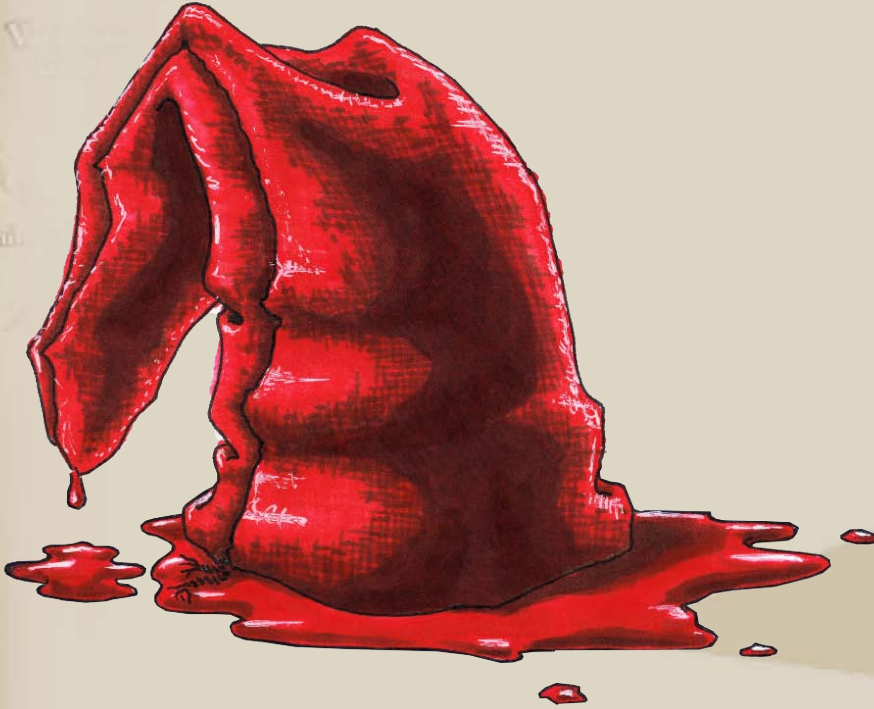


WORDS FROM MANY
ROADS

THE ROAD HOME

BY RUSSELL "SORICEL MINOI MOUSEFEET" ESTES

ART BY JESSICA DOOR



Holidays are special times when we travelers go back home, and anniversaries are no different. Everyone should celebrate where they come from and where their adventures began. Soricel collects many a story from the pubs and markets across the Inner Sea, bringing them to you. So read on, fellow Wayfinders, and may this trip be a trip home.

BLOOD PIG

The game,
Begins,
My tiny bundle,
So naked
And pink.
Run, my dear,
Best not
Get caught,
For it's off
To the pits,

Where only
The king,
Keeps score.

SOUL BOUND DOLL

My poor
Child,
Too soon
You left me,
But I'll bring you
Back, you'll see.

Oh yes!
You'll look just
Like her,
Bound in porcelain
And silk,
With golden hair,
And skin like milk,
So I'll spend it

All,
Every piece
Of gold,
To build my doll,
To love, and hold.

DREAM SPIDER

Little spider,
Why do you sit?
On my rafter,
Come to me,
'Tis a vision that I'm after.

BLOOD VEIL

Oh
My love!
How I wished
You mine,
Such a sweet
Bride,
You would have
Made,
But, alas,
There will be
No vows to swear,
For it is
A veil of red, that you wear.

SKINSAW

Do it,
Hurt them,
Make them pay,
They're the ones,
Who took it all away,
You can never
Go back,
To your life
Of old,
So might as well
Do as you're told.

RED CAP

Blood,
Soaked in blood,
What do you think
About that?
My pretty
Red hat.
I do it
All
For you.
Oh! When I run,
My enemies through. *

FAN GALLERY

ART BY CHRIS HAGNER, CHARLES "YO COLLIE" HERNANDEZ, FRANK "RULOC" HESSEFORT, STEPHEN "MUNKEN DRONKEY" MCANDREWS, ALEX "CANADA GUY" MOORE, RON "NEKOTENSHI" REYES, NICKOLAS RUSSELL, FRÉDÉRIC "R-KELLEG" SIMONS



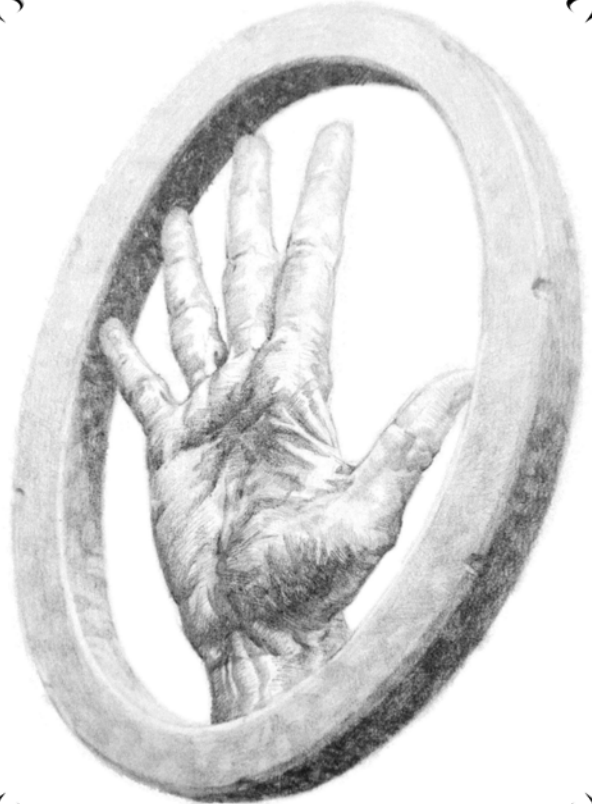
WOODEN BARISIAN HARROW DECK
FRÉDÉRIC "R-KELLEG" SIMONS



DARSK
NICKOLAS RUSSELL

The Ghost of Glintaxe

STEPHEN "MUNKENDRONKEY" MCANDREWS

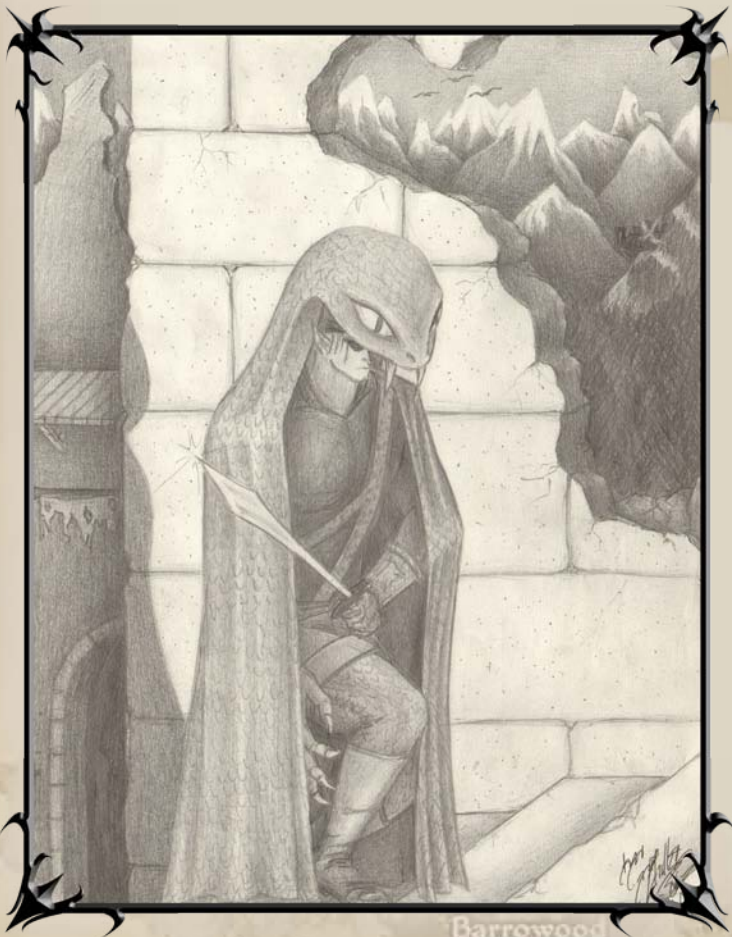


Hand of Ironi

NICKOLAS RUSSELL

The Great Serpent Fin

CHARLES "YO COLLIE" HERNANDEZ



Barrowood



Larzenth,
the dapper elven rogue

NICKOLAS RUSSELL

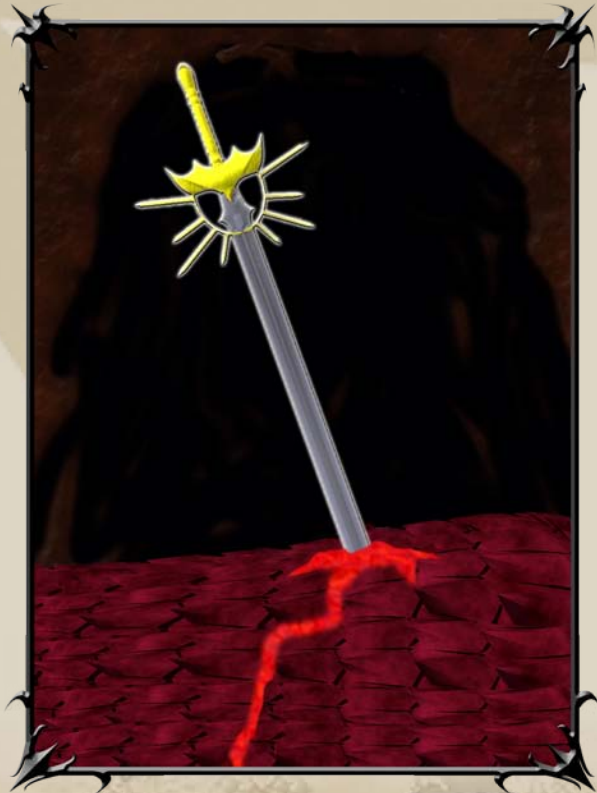
ASMODEUS
Medallion

CHRIS HAGNER



Sword in
Dragon

CHRIS HAGNER





Arharlu's Influence

NICKOLAS RUSSELL

Throin,
dwarven witch, with his earth
elemental

NICKOLAS RUSSELL



Barrowood

Onelias



Alton Elszar
ALEX "CANADA GUY" MOORE



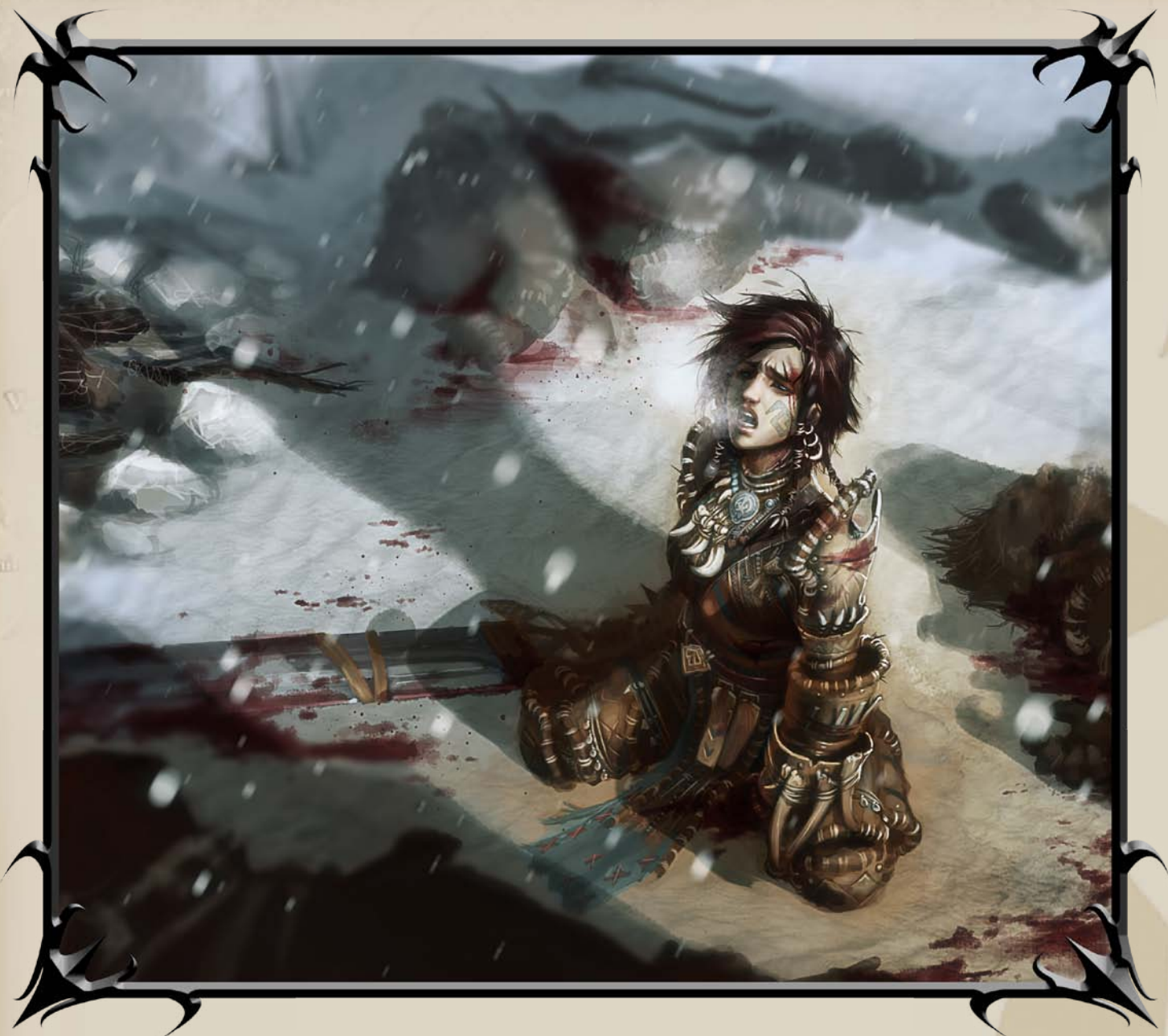
Symbol of Gorum
CHRIS HAGNER



Lucian Silverleaf
RON "NEKOTENSHI" REYES

Celwy

Magnu



Raging Blood

FRANK "RULOC" HESSEFORT

THE LURE OF GREED*

PREGENERATED CHARACTERS

BY NEIL SPICER

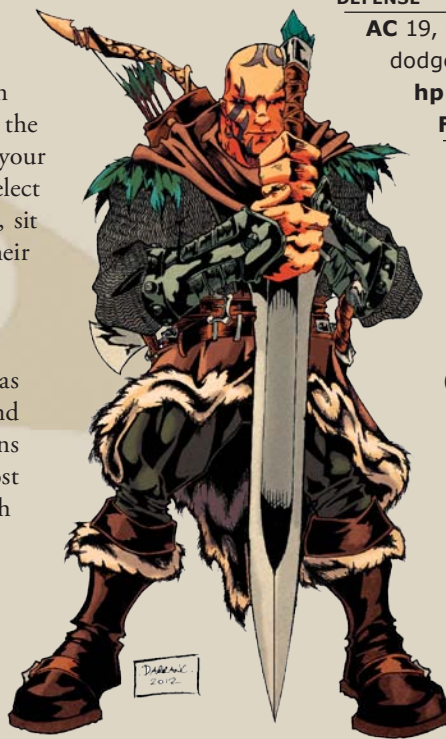
ART BY DARRAN "HAUNTED JESTER" CALDEMEYER, SILVIA "CRESCENTMOON" GONZALEZ, DAVID "THEELDRITCHMRSHINY" MALLON, STEPHEN "MUNKENDRONKEY" MCANDREWS, ALEX "CANADA GUY" MOORE, NICKOLAS RUSSELL, AND TANYAPORN "YUIKAMI THEFOOL" SANGSNIT

The following pregenerated characters should speed and enhance the game play for "The Lure of Greed" adventure. Each write-up comes carefully balanced for the game challenges ahead. They also support one another as a well-rounded party with interwoven abilities and skills designed to complement each other. In addition, they include detailed backstories to round out their motivations and give them compelling reasons for participating in the adventure. To use these characters, allow your players to read through this material and select the character they'd most like to play. Then, sit back, encourage your players to roleplay their personalities, and enjoy the show.

Garidan Nightstorm

Garidan only recently arrived in Sandpoint as part of a sojourn to see the ancient homeland of his people. Weeks ago, he left the mountains to visit the lands the Shoanti barbarians lost to invading foreigners long ago. Though he personally bears the Southlanders no continued ill will, he also knows many among his kind aren't as forgiving. His specific tribe, the *Shundar-Quah* (or Spire Clan), has done much to persuade their brothers to cease warring against the Southlanders. And, as their representative, Garidan makes it his duty to maintain the peace.

Originally, Garidan's journey took him to Riddleport, a town full of pirates and thieves. Visiting there did little to put his traditional enemies in a favorable light, but he pressed on. Since visiting Sandpoint, he's found a friendlier, albeit smaller, outpost. He recently helped repel a surprise goblin attack on their Swallowtail Festival. And, the local sheriff—a reformed Shoanti named Belor Hemlock, whom he greatly respects—recruited him into the town guard after witnessing Garidan's skill and bravery during the battle. While Hemlock ventures south to seek reinforcements for Sandpoint's defenses, he's asked Garidan to keep an eye on things, both to boost everyone's morale and to give them a greater sense of security while he's away.



GARIDAN NIGHTSTORM

Male human (Shoanti) barbarian 1/fighter 1

CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 22 (2 HD; 1d12+1d10+5)

Fort +7, **Ref** +2, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee mwk greatsword +7 (2d6+4/19–20) or throwing axe +5 (1d6+3) or dagger +5 (1d4+3/19–20)

Ranged composite longbow +4 (1d8+3/x3) or throwing axe +4 (1d6+3) or dagger +4 (1d4+3/19–20)

Special Attacks rage (6 rounds/day)

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18

Feats Dodge, Totem Spirit (*Shundar-Quah*)*, Weapon Focus (greatsword)

Skills Acrobatics +2, Climb +2, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (nature) +4, Perception +6, Survival +4, Swim +2

Languages Common, Shoanti

SQ fast movement, indomitable faith

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*;

Other Gear backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, chainmail, composite longbow with 20 arrows, dagger, flint and steel, masterwork greatsword, throwing axe, trail rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 24 gp, 12 sp, 8 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Indomitable Faith (Ex) Garidan was born in a region where his faith was unpopular, but he never abandoned it. His constant struggle to maintain his own faith has bolstered his drive, gaining him a +1 trait bonus on Will saves as a result.

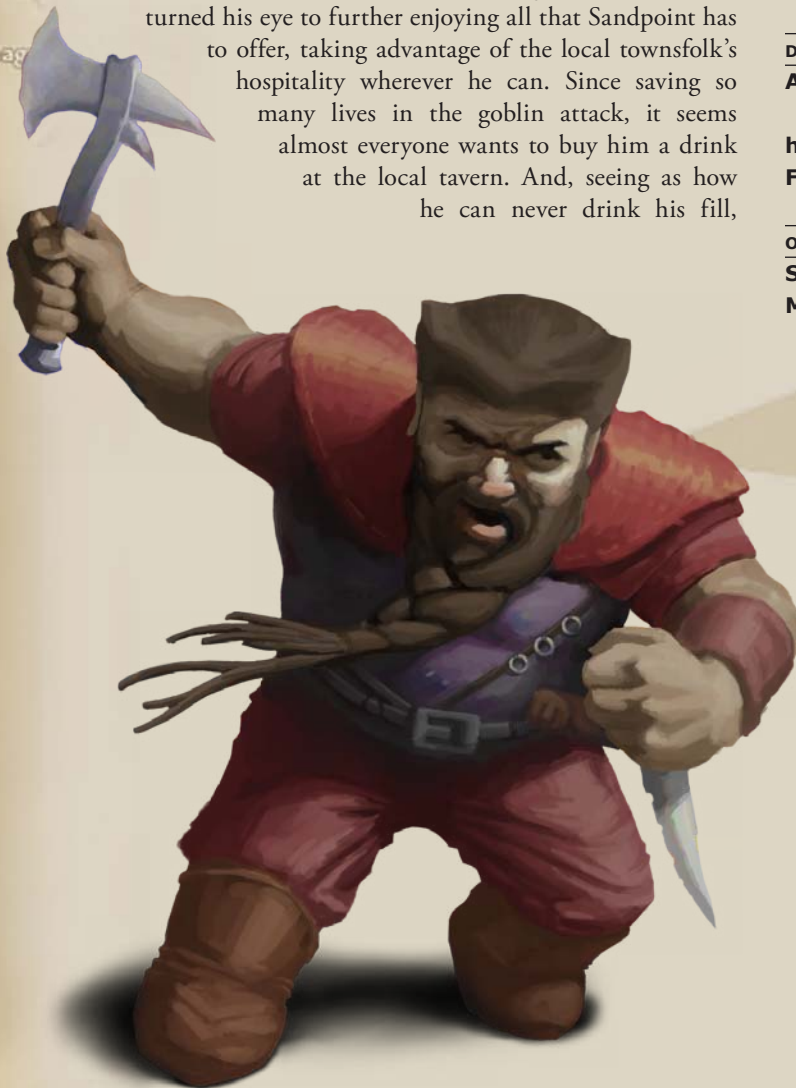
See *Inner Sea World Guide**

Kedrikk Olgun

Kedrikk hails from the dwarven halls of Janderhoff, a mountain stronghold on the eastern side of Varisia. An enigma among his own kind, he's much less standoffish than a typical dwarf and prefers venturing outside his homeland to examine other cultures. Of course, he's also a renowned hunter, both above and below ground. And he enjoys pitting himself against the best and worst that nature has to offer.

More importantly, Kedrikk has an intense dislike for goblins. From his earliest days fighting the Houndgutter tribe in the Mindspin Mountains to his eventual battles around Sandpoint against the Mosswood and Seven Tooth tribes, he's come to enjoy eliminating the goblin menace, earning himself the dreaded title of "Headchopper" among their kind. Recently, he had an opportunity to attend the Swallowtail Festival in Sandpoint and he acquitted himself well when goblins raided the streets in the middle of the celebration. The local sheriff—a man named Belor Hemlock—has since deputized Kedrikk as a temporary member of the town guard while Belor himself ventures south for reinforcements. He's asked Kedrikk and a few of his newfound friends to keep an eye on things in his absence.

So far, these duties have proven rather boring and Kedrikk has turned his eye to further enjoying all that Sandpoint has to offer, taking advantage of the local townsfolk's hospitality wherever he can. Since saving so many lives in the goblin attack, it seems almost everyone wants to buy him a drink at the local tavern. And, seeing as how he can never drink his fill,



he's put a major dent on the supply of libations in town. Of course, the stuff in Sandpoint can't really hold a candle to the dwarven ale brewed in Janderhoff, but he also can't beat the low, low price of free! Unfortunately, some of the locals have started giving him a sense he

may have worn out his welcome, and now he's considering his options for moving on.

Thankfully, one of Sandpoint's citizens—a venerable sage named Brodert Quink—may have a new opportunity for him. Quink's young niece, Lucendi, left town with an archaeologist's expedition to search for Thassilonian ruins in the nearby hills. Quink hasn't heard from her since the goblin attack and fears the beasts may have overrun the expedition's campsite. He asked Kedrikk to investigate what happened to Lucendi, and, he's promised to pay him for her safe return. Kedrikk readily agreed to do so, both in the interests of fostering more goodwill among Sandpoint's citizens, and also to earn enough coin to compensate the good tavern owners with some actual payment for their ale. Of course, that's assuming he can bring himself to part with such treasure after acquiring it. If there's one thing that stirs Kedrikk's greed more strongly than quality drink, it's the gleam of precious jewels and hard-won gold.

KEDRIKK OLGUN

Male dwarf ranger (skirmisher) 2

CN Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +2 (+4 when underground); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +2 Dex, +4 dodge vs. giants)

hp 23 (2d10+8)

Fort +6, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2; +1 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk handaxe +4 (1d6+2/x3) and mwk handaxe +4 (1d6+1/x3) or mwk handaxe +6 (1d6+3/x3) or dagger +4 (1d4+2/19–20)

Ranged light crossbow +4 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks favored enemy (goblinoids +2), +1 on attack rolls against goblinoid and orc humanoids, tunnel fighter

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16 (20 vs. bull rush and trip)

Feats Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (handaxe)

Skills Climb +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Knowledge (nature) +6, Perception +6 (+8 unusual stonework), Stealth +3, Survival +6; Racial Modifiers +2 Appraise (nonmagical metals or gemstones), +2 Perception (unusual stonework)

Languages Common, Dwarven, Goblin

SQ track +1, wild empathy +2

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, thunderstone;

Other Gear ale (1 gallon), backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, breastplate, dagger, flint and steel, grappling hook, hemp rope (50 ft.), hooded lantern, jug, light crossbow with 10 bolts, masterwork handaxe (2), mug, oil (3 flasks), trail rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 46 gp, 29 sp, 17 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Tunnel Fighter (Ex) Caves and tunnels are a second home to Kedrikk. While underground, he receives a +2 trait bonus on initiative checks and a +1 trait bonus on weapon damage rolls for critical hits (this damage is multiplied on a critical hit).

Otoniel Starseer

Otoniel has always made his home on the road, rarely staying in one place very long—and choosing instead to visit every town and waypoint across Varisia. This life results from his mixed heritage as a half-elf, as well as his worship of Desna—the goddess of dreams, stars, travel, and luck. Growing up, his ancestry never fit very well with any single society, whether human or elf. And, his faith in Desna actually encouraged his sense of adventure, freeing him up to explore all that life has to offer.

Originally, Otoniel lived as an orphan in Magnimar, a city just south of Sandpoint. A Desnan priest used to visit there, spending time with the children and bringing gifts and candy from far-off lands. Otoniel always appreciated his kindness and admired his freedom to travel wherever he pleased. In time, Otoniel felt inspired to follow in his footsteps, learning how to read the stars and navigate his way from one place to another. In fact, he enjoys staying up late at night to ponder the messages Desna leaves in the heavens for those who can read them. And, he changed his last name to Starseer to honor her traditions and divinations.

Recently, Otoniel's travels brought him to Sandpoint and the annual Swallowtail Festival celebrating Desna. Sometime during the evening, however, the town came under attack from a band of vicious goblins. He helped defend everyone to the best of his abilities, and the local sheriff—a man named Belor Hemlock—approached him after witnessing his skill and bravery during the battle. While Hemlock ventures south to seek reinforcements for Sandpoint's defenses, he's asked Otoniel to keep an eye on things and look in on those still recovering from their injuries. So far, everything has gone well, but Otoniel's wanderlust is starting to draw him back to the open road.

Thankfully, an opportunity has come up where he can fulfill his commitment and still get out of town for bit. One of Sandpoint's citizens, a venerable sage named Brodert Quink, shared some information with Otoniel about his niece, Lucendi. Sometime before the festival, she apparently left town with an archaeologist's expedition to search for Thassilonian ruins in the nearby hills. Quink hasn't heard from her since the goblin attack and fears the beasts may have overrun the expedition's campsite. Brodert asked Otoniel to investigate what happened to her, and, he's promised to pay him for her safe return. Otoniel agreed to do so, both in the interests of helping the good people of Sandpoint, and also to see these ruins himself. Some of the

town's other heroes have agreed to join him, and Otoniel has already mapped the route they'll take into the wilderness.

OTONIEL STARSEER

Male half-elf cleric of Desna 2

CG Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +2 shield)

hp 18 (2d8+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +1, **Will** +6; +2 vs. enchantments

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk starknife +3 (1d4+1/x3), light mace +2 (1d6+1)

Ranged mwk starknife +3 (1d4+1/x3)

Special Attacks channel positive energy 5/day (DC 13, 1d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +5)

6/day—bit of luck

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

1st—*divine favor*, *magic weapon*, *protection from evil*, *true strike*^D

0 (at will)—*guidance*, *light*, *resistance*, *stabilize*

D Domain spell; **Domains**

Luck, Travel

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 10,

Wis 16, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 13

Feats Selective Channeling, Skill Focus (Survival)^B

Skills Diplomacy +6, Knowledge (religion) +4, Perception +5, Sense Motive +7, Survival +7; Racial Modifiers +2 Perception

Languages Common, Elven

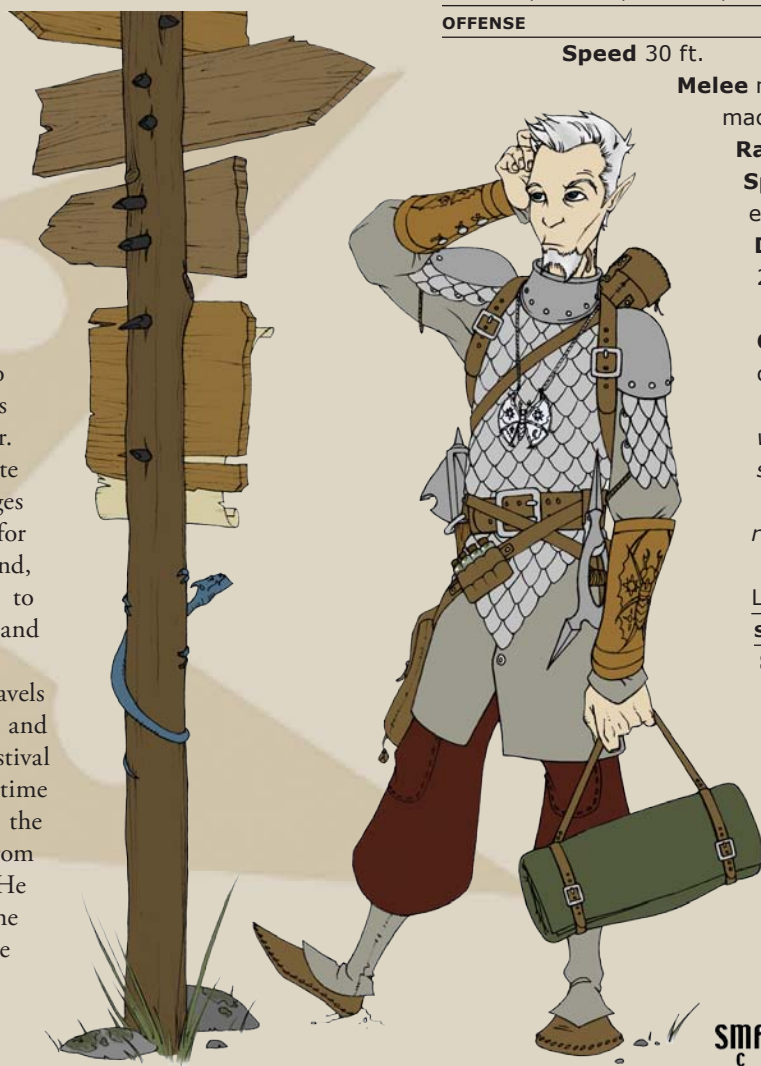
SQ agile feet (6/day), aura, birthmark, elf blood, +10 base speed from Travel domain

SMA
C

Combat Gear holy water (2 flasks), *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of lesser restoration*, *scroll of detect undead*, *scroll of endure elements*, *scroll of magic stone*; **Other Gear** backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, cleric's vestments, flint and steel, heavy wooden shield, light mace, masterwork starknife, scale mail, silver holy symbol, trail rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 57 gp, 9 sp, 33 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Birthmark (Ex) Otoniel was born with a strange, butterfly-shaped birthmark very similar to the holy symbol of Desna. This birthmark can serve as a divine focus for his spells and it increases his devotion to his goddess. He gains an additional +2 trait bonus on all saving throws against charm and compulsion effects, which stacks with his racial bonus against enchantments.



Tammor Tencoin

Tammor Tencoin has spent most of his life in Sandpoint, venturing from Magnimar as a young boy to take a job at Cracktooth's Tavern—a frequent hangout for stage actors and patrons of Sandpoint's theater. Unfortunately, Tammor's boss, the half-orc proprietor Jesk Berinni, doesn't pay enough to get by on his job alone. So, he's augmented his income with the occasional pickpocket or petty theft. Tammor bears none of his victims ill will, however. Mostly good at heart, he only steals out of necessity. And, even then, he restricts most of his criminal activity to taking from those who can clearly afford to part with some small measure of their wealth. As such, he thinks of himself as an unofficial 'tax collector,' exacting a meager tariff on those passing through Sandpoint, or who take advantage of its citizens.

Of course, his activities haven't gone unnoticed. The town sheriff—a gruff man named Belor Hemlock—thankfully remains oblivious to Tammor's crimes. So, too, do most of the other citizens in town, who think of him as nothing more than that cheerful halfling who serves them at the tavern. But Sandpoint has its own dark underbelly, including a gang of Varisian thieves and extortionists called the Sczarni. Tammor made the mistake of pickpocketing one of them and they quickly cornered him to teach him a lesson. After severely beating him, they instituted their own 'tax' on his ill-gotten gains, forcing Tammor to turn over more and more of his coin lest they ruin his reputation and tell the sheriff about him.

A few nights ago, Tammor worked the Swallowtail Festival to pickpocket enough money to pay their demands. He feared he'd never succeed, but a band of goblins surprisingly eliminated his problem when they raided the event. In the chaos, they cut down the Sczarni thugs who knew his secret. He also helped defend Sandpoint during the attack and Sheriff Hemlock actually noticed Tammor's contributions against the goblins. Hemlock then honored him by asking for Tammor's help in guarding the town while he ventures south for reinforcements.

Everyone in town treats Tammor as a hero now, including Sandpoint's sage, Brodert Quink. Because of Tammor's bravery, Quink asked for his help in finding his niece, Lucendi. Apparently, the girl left town with an archaeologist's expedition to search for Thassilonian ruins in the nearby hills. Quink hasn't heard from her since the goblin attack and he promised to pay Tammor for her safe return. Tammor eagerly agreed, hoping the reward will set him up long enough to avoid further run-in's with the Sczarni—or the law. He also rather enjoys his newfound status as a public hero. He's never had this much genuine respect before and he'd hate to lose it by letting Brodert down. So, Tammor gathered a few like-minded citizens to assist in the effort, determined to succeed.



TAMMOR TENCOIN

Male halfling rogue (scout) 2

NG Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 18 (2d8+6)

Fort +3, **Ref** +7, **Will** +1; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee mwk sling flail +6 (1d3) or dagger +5 (1d3/19–20)

Ranged mwk sling +6 (1d3) or dagger +5 (1d3/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 13

Feats Sling Flail*, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +5 (+1 when jumping), Appraise +7, Bluff +6, Climb +2, Diplomacy +6 (+7 to gather information), Disable Device +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +7, Profession (cook) +5, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +12; Racial Modifiers +2 Acrobatics (–4 when jumping), +2 Climb, +2 Perception

Languages Common, Elven, Goblin, Halfling

SQ rogue talent (combat trick), trapfinding +1, well-informed

Combat Gear alchemist's fire (2 flasks), *oil of magic weapon*, *potion of expeditious retreat*, *potion of vanish*, smokestick (2), tanglefoot bag (2); **Other Gear** backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, dagger, flint and steel, hooded lantern, masterwork sling with 20 bullets, masterwork studded leather, masterwork thieves' tools, trail rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 100 gp, 34 sp, 28 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Well-Informed (Ex) Tammor makes it a point to know everyone and be connected to everything around him. He frequents the best taverns, attends all the right events, and graciously helps anyone who needs it. Because of this, he gains a +1 trait bonus on Diplomacy checks to gather information and Knowledge (local) checks.

See *Ultimate Combat**

Vicinder Portone

Vicinder Portone has lived his entire life in and around Sandpoint, traveling with the nomadic caravans of the colorful Varisian people. His most recent visit to town coincided with the annual Swallowtail Festival honoring a new chapel dedicated to Desna, the goddess of luck and dreams. Luckily for the townsfolk—or perhaps through divine intervention—he was there when a band of goblins attacked during the town’s celebration. His command of both arcane and divine magic proved instrumental in saving many lives. Afterward, the local sheriff, Belor Hemlock, recruited him as a much-needed complement to the town guard. While Belor ventures south to seek reinforcements for Sandpoint’s defenses, he’s asked Vicinder to keep an eye on things.

So far, these duties haven’t proved especially taxing. And, Vicinder’s wanderlust already has him eager to venture once more into the wilds. The ancient monoliths and ruins of the Thassilonian Empire have long held his interest, and he enjoys visiting and studying them whenever he can. He had hoped to explore some of these sites after the festival, but the increased goblin activity makes that problematic at best.

Thankfully, one of Sandpoint’s citizens—a venerable sage named Brodert Quink—approached Vicinder and some of his friends with an opportunity for adventure. Brodert’s young niece, Lucendi, apparently left town with an archaeologist’s expedition to search for Thassilonian ruins in the hills. Quink hasn’t heard from her since the goblin attack and fears the beasts may have overrun the expedition’s campsite. He asked Vicinder to investigate what happened to his niece, and he’s promised to pay handsomely for her safe return. Vicinder agreed to do so, eager to play hero once again, but also to see these ruins for himself.



VICINDER PORTONE

Male human (Varisian) oracle 1/sorcerer (tattooed sorcerer) 1
CG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 10 (+3 Cha, +1 dodge)

hp 16 (2 HD; 1d8+1d6+5)

Fort +2, **Ref** +3, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk quarterstaff +1 (1d6), dagger +0 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged dagger +1 (1d4/19–20)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +4)
3/day—*ghost sound* (DC 13)

Oracle Spells Known (CL 1st; concentration +4)
1st (4/day)—*cause fear* (DC 14), *cure light wounds*, *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *read magic*, *stabilize*, *virtue*

Mystery lore

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 1st; concentration +4)

1st (4/day)—*color spray* (DC 15), *silent image* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *daze* (DC 13), *message*, *prestidigitation*

Bloodline Dreamspun

STATISTICS

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

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

Feats Dodge, Spell Focus (illusion), Varisian Tattoo* (illusion)

Skills Appraise +8, Diplomacy +7, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +2, Knowledge (geography) +2, Knowledge (local) +5, Knowledge (planes) +5, Perception +3, Sense Motive +4, Spellcraft +5

Languages Aklo, Ancient Thassilonian, Common, Varisian

SQ bloodline arcana (+1 insight bonus for 1 round to AC and saving throws vs. attacks and spells from a single creature targeted by one of her spells), familiar tattoo** (thrush), oracle’s curse (tongues, Aklo), revelations (sidestep secret), scholar of ruins

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*, *scroll of comprehend languages*, *wand of sleep* (37 charges remaining); **Other Gear** backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, dagger, flint and steel, masterwork quarterstaff, spell component pouch, trail rations (5 days), traveler’s outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 65 gp, 12 sp, 24 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Scholar of Ruins (Ex) From the moment he could walk and talk, the ruins of ancient civilizations have fascinated Vicinder. Because of this, he has a special insight into geography as well as expertise in exploring lost places. He gains a +1 trait bonus on Knowledge (geography) and Knowledge (dungeoneering) checks and Knowledge (dungeoneering) is always a class skill for him.

*See *Inner Sea World Guide*

**See *Inner Sea Magic*

SANDRIL, THRUSH FAMILIAR

N Tiny magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +1 natural, +2 size)

hp 8 (1 HD)

Fort +1, **Ref** +4, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities improved evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

Melee bite +4 (1d4–3)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

STATISTICS

Str 2, **Dex** 15, **Con** 8, **Int** 6, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 6

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Diplomacy –1, Fly +6, Knowledge (arcana) –1, Knowledge (history) –1, Knowledge (local) –1, Knowledge (planes) –1, Perception +4, Sense Motive +3, Spellcraft –1

Languages Varisian

SQ alertness, empathic link, share spells

BONUS CHARACTER

“The Lure of Greed” adventure is designed for an average party level (APL) of four 2nd level characters. Extending this to include a fifth PC shouldn’t stretch the challenge ratings (CRs) too far, but adding a sixth character to the mix definitely skews the power curve. Here, we present an extra support character in the form of an elven bard using the archaeologist archetype. If you choose to include this PC in the party, you should also aggressively upgrade each encounter by increasing the CR with additional combatants or frequent use of the advanced template to increase the power level of the adversaries.

Andlaural Daedys

Originally, Andlaural hails from the elven lands of the Mierani Forest, a coastal woodland many miles north of Sandpoint. Unlike most of her kin who concern themselves with reclaiming the forest ruins of Celwynvian, she turned her attention long ago to the sites of power left behind by Varisia’s Runelords—a cabal of ancient wizards who mastered sin magic to rule over an entire empire. Most recently, Andlaural’s journeys brought her to Sandpoint, just in time for their annual Swallowtail Festival. During the celebration, she helped repel a surprise goblin attack, defending the town and saving many lives. The local sheriff—a man named Belor Hemlock—recruited her into the town guard after witnessing her skill during the battle. While he ventures south to seek reinforcements for Sandpoint’s defenses, he’s asked her to keep an eye on things, both to boost everyone’s morale and to give them a greater sense of security while he’s away.

But a different interest originally drew Andlaural’s attention to Sandpoint. That’s because several Thassilonian monoliths surround the town, each dating back to the time of the Runelords. She hoped to visit these sites to expand her knowledge of that era and maybe unearth an interesting magic item or bit of treasure to sustain her continued travels. Thankfully, her goals also coincided with those of Sandpoint’s venerable sage, a man named Brodert Quink. His young

niece, Lucendi, left town with an archaeologist’s expedition to search for Thassilonian ruins in the hills. He hasn’t heard from her since the goblin attack and fears the beasts may have overrun the expedition’s campsite. Brodert asked Andlaural to investigate what happened to Lucendi, and he’s promised to pay for her safe return. Andlaural readily agreed to do so, and joined some of the town’s other heroes to form a search party.



ANDLAURAL DAEDYS

Female elf bard (archaeologist) 2

CG Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +3; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +3 Dex, +1 shield)

hp 16 (2d8+4)

Fort +2, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3; +2 vs. enchantments

Immune sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk rapier +5 (1d6+1/18–20) or dagger +4 (1d4+1/19–20)

Ranged composite shortbow +4 (1d6+1/x3) or dagger +4 (1d4+1/19–20)

Special Attacks archaeologist’s luck (6 rounds/day)

Bard Spells Known (CL 2nd; concentration +4)

1st (3/day)—*charm person* (DC 13), *cure light wounds*, *expeditious retreat*

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 23), *mage hand*, *read magic*

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 16, **Con** 12, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +7, Bluff +7, Climb +6, Diplomacy +7, Disable Device +6, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Knowledge (history) +7, Linguistics +6, Perception +7, Spellcraft +6 (+8 to identify magic item properties), Stealth +8; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Perception, +2 Spellcraft (to identify magic item properties)

Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Goblin, Sylvan

SQ bardic knowledge +1, clever explorer, elven magic, forlorn, weapon familiarity

Combat Gear acid flask (2); **Other Gear** backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, composite shortbow with 20 arrows, dagger, flint and steel, masterwork buckler, masterwork chain shirt, masterwork rapier, thieves’ tools, trail rations (5 days), traveler’s outfit, waterskin, whetstone, 17 gp, 8 sp, 13 cp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Archaeologist’s Luck (Ex) Fortune favors Andlaural. As a swift action, she can grant herself a +1 luck bonus on attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and weapon damage rolls for up to 6 rounds per day. This ability functions as a bardic performance and replaces a bard’s normal bardic performance ability.

Clever Explorer (Ex) Andlaural adds half her bard level to all Disable Device and Perception skill checks. This ability replaces a regular bard’s versatile performance ability.

Forlorn (Ex) Having lived outside traditional elven society for most of her life, Andlaural knows the world can be cruel, dangerous, and unforgiving of the weak. She gains a +1 trait bonus on Fortitude saves. *

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Pull up a chair, Pathfinder, and tell your tales to this here old sea dog.... Tell me of the reefclaws and great whites of the Lost Coast! Or have you skirted the Eye of Abendigo, sailed with the Free Captains of the Shackles? Perhaps you could tell me about sailing out of Quantum, through the polluted waters of the Miasmere, or along the Coast of Graves of Osirion? Do you have tales of the Steaming Sea, with the fast ships of the Mordant Spire elves? Ah! Perhaps you are an explorer, crossing the Arcadian Ocean to search the remnants of Azlant, or the wild lands of Arcadia! Tell me! Barkeep, my friend here has tales to tell...keep his mug filled!

Goal

The goal for the fanzine is to create a collection of fan-created articles and supporting art set in Paizo's Pathfinder Chronicles world of Golarion.

The theme for Wayfinder #8 will be focusing on the seas and coasts of Golarion! Please use the *Inner Sea World Guide* as your main reference (as well as that handy-dandy PathfinderWiki)! In the case of a plethora of articles on similar subjects, preference will be given to articles that follow this theme. As always, crunch, fiction, and flavor articles are welcome!

In addition, writers can submit to one of several regular series featured in Wayfinder:

- **Advice:** Have some advice you want to pass on to new GMs or players to the world of Golarion?
- **Bestiary:** New creatures to terrorize your PCs with!
- **Of Chance and Skill:** Games, new to or adapted for Golarion, to play at your table!
- **Prestigious:** This article is devoted to a new prestige class for the world of Golarion.
- **Realm Building:** The Kingmaker Adventure Path introduced a lot of new goodies for building armies, cities and kingdoms. This column is focused on building upon those rules.
- **Side Treks:** Side Treks feature short outlines for a sidetrek adventure set in a particular Pathfinder adventure. One sidetrek outline per submission for this column. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article. Submission size: 325 words.
- **Tales from the Front:** Fiction articles based on any of Paizo's adventure modules or paths.
- **Weal or Woe?** Two NPCs (including statblocks), one helpful, one not so much. Include hooks for the PCs to know (or hate) this NPC and how to use them in a campaign. Include a boon (Weal) and drawback (Woe) for the NPCs in your article. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article

Guidelines

- Thou shalt not disregard canon, thou shalt build upon it.

- Keep in mind thy audience. Keep it PG-13. No slash fic/porn fantasies, cheesecake/beefcake/fan service.
- Short and sweet. Unless otherwise specified, article sizes are 750 and 1,500 words. These are HARD targets, not a range, so come as close as possible to these targets. Anything over 1,500 words will have to be pre-approved by the Editor-in-Chief.
- Submissions used to defame, harass, or threaten board members are not tolerated.

Submission Instructions

- **Conditions for Submissions.** All authors and artists must agree to have their works reproduced for this and other Wayfinder products, be it for translations into other languages (we will be responsible for the truthfulness of the translations), special publications, or use on a Wayfinder website. All of Wayfinder's publications are NON-PROFIT, and authors and artists will be given proper credit where due.
- Send all submissions to: wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com with the subject line containing "Wayfinder #8 Submission".
- All text submissions must be submitted in DOC or DOCX format (doesn't matter if you use Office or OpenOffice). Note: Files sent in RTF, TXT, or any other format than DOC will be rejected.
 - o Do not use fancy fonts or colors or styles for formatting - these will get stripped out in the editing and layout process. Use the standard body font for the program you're using - bold and italics are fine.
 - o For tables, please make them tab delimited. Fancy formatted tables just get reduced to this format anyway.
- Include your name and board name in your submission - example, "Liz 'Lilith' Courts". Your entries will go through editing passes for clarity and concision. Depending on time constraints, you may or may not receive feedback on the editing process and your script.
- **DEADLINE: October 14, 2012, 11:59 Pacific.** All entries will be handled on a first come, first serve basis. Some articles may be rejected depending on the final size of the PDF.

Advertising

- Fan projects operating under Paizo's Community Use Policy are welcome to advertise their websites and materials.
- Third party publishers wishing to advertise their Pathfinder Roleplaying Game-compatible projects in Wayfinder #8 are welcome to advertise as well. Space is available for 1/4, 1/2 and full page ads.
- Email wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com for questions about placing an ad. Be sure to include "Wayfinder #8 Advertising" in your subject line.
- **DEADLINE: November 15, 2012**

SET SAIL FOR
ADVENTURE ABOVE
AND BELOW THE
WAVES OF THE
INNER SEA!

THANK YOU

TO PAIZO AND THE PATHFINDER SOCIETY

SPECIAL THANKS:

- The Pathfinder Community – The best gamers around. You made it fun to do the show these last five years.
- Rene Ayala, J.P. Chapleau, Robyn Nixon and all of the other PFC Venture Captains and GMs who helped us run one of the best PFS tracks outside of PaizoCon and GenCon.
- Joshua J. Frost, Hyrum Savage & Mike Brock – Each of whom helped make PFS the backbone of our RPG track.
- Jeff Alvarez & Erik Mona – Who supported us from the start.
- Jason Bulmahn, Wolfgang Baur, Adam Daigle, Brandon Hodge, Stephen Radney-McFarland, Sean K. Reynolds, Stan! & Owen K.C. Stephens – Thanks for sharing with our audience.
- Kobold Quarterly, War Pig Radio & Wayfinder Magazine - For helping us spread the word.

WILL WE BE BACK?

*Maybe, in some way, shape or form, down the road.
But for now, we are riding off into the setting Vegas sun.*



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