

PATHFINDER CHRONICLES™



By Mike McArtor

Brass



White



Copper



Black



Bronze



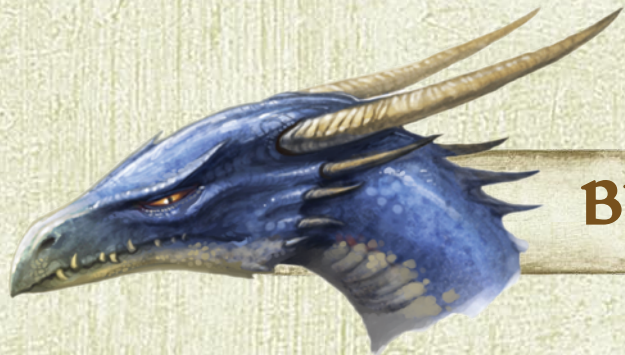
Green



Silver



Blue



Gold



Red



DRAGONS REVISITED

A *Pathfinder Chronicles*™ Supplement

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Behold, Mortals, Your Doom!

“A whirring noise was heard. A red light touched the points of standing rocks. The dragon came.”

—The Hobbit, J.R.R. Tolkien

With those words I first caught a terrible glimpse of draconic fury, and with the later emergence of Smaug I fell in love with the power, majesty, and destructive rage of dragons. *The Hobbit* is the first book I remember my mom reading to me and was the catalyst for my desire to learn to read and my love of fantasy. In all the books and stories and movies I have encountered since then, none have supplanted Smaug in their depictions of these magnificent creatures of elemental fury. After more than 70 years since his introduction, Smaug continues to reign as one of the most influential and important dragons of the modern age, if only because so many people know the story in which he appears. This book, then, is a dedication to Old Smaug and the love of dragons he created in me.

Dragons have long fascinated us, and nearly every known culture records some form of magnificent, monstrous, lizard-like creature. From the dragons slain by Beowulf and Saint George to Bilbo's tantalizingly powerful Smaug, dragons have been used to strike fear into our hearts for millennia. Even when played for laughs, such as the burninating Trogdor, dragons remain awe-inspiring creatures who rarely fail to impress.

Many of the very best stories told throughout the ages involve dragons, often as foes to be defeated but occasionally as allies to the protagonists. In this book, several of the entries mention in passing how some individuals interact with a particularly powerful red dragon named Daralathylx. Readers of *Guide to Darkmoon Vale* might recognize that name as the powerful but infrequently seen “Sixth King of the Five Kings Mountains.” Many draconic guidebooks, including this one, recommend you refer to King Daralathylx with a title such as “emperor,” or even “god.” I recommend you not place yourself in a position where you need to interact with him at all. You'll see why when you get to the section on red dragons.

The volume you hold in your hand explores the mysteries of the 10 most famous kinds of dragons, from the sniveling and savage white dragons eking out meager livings in the coldest parts of the world to the magnificent gold dragons whose virtue and wisdom are unmatched

among mortal creatures. This book does not provide a general overview of draconic lore, as such things already exist, but rather an in-depth look at each kind of metallic and chromatic dragon familiar to millions of gamers around the world.

Each entry explores the dragon's impact on and interactions with the natural world, as well as how it deals with other creatures and dragons (its own kind and others). In addition, you can find information on where these dragons make their lairs and what sorts of treasures they keep. Every dragon entry also speaks of particularly well-known dragons of the given color, as well as where these dragons live on Golarion (or in some cases, beyond Golarion). Finally, an example of each dragon kind lives at the end of the chapters, providing a ready-made opponent or patron for GMs seeking to further immerse themselves in Golarion's glorious draconic history.

This book assumes passing knowledge of, or access to, the “Dragons of Golarion” section of *Pathfinder* #4, and some terms and proper nouns originate in that book.

WHAT THIS BOOK IS NOT

These 10 dragon types are not the only dragons on Golarion, nor are they the only types of dragons in the game, and certainly not all the creatures of the dragon type. They are instead the 10 “iconic” types of dragons, dating back to the earliest days of the game. There are many other true dragons (such as the crystalline, Tien, linnorm, and umbral) on Golarion, as well as dragon-kin such as the dragon turtle, wyvern, pseudodragon, faerie dragon, and various hybrids of the larger types, but these creatures are left for future volumes to explore.

DRACONIC ORIGIN

According to the dragons, the first two gods were waters, one fresh and representing law, the other salt and representing chaos. Their mingling was mostly harmonious, and from their union came other gods. These new gods created Heaven, Hell, and the mortal realm in between. Then the firstborn of the waters, which called himself Dahak, took a mighty and terrible form and rampaged through Hell, making it a nightmare



of devastation and suffering. This embittered the other gods toward him, but he cared little, and he ruled alone in his shadowy realm. When the salt water created six new metallic gods, Dahak named them, recast them into forms similar to his own, and hurled them to the Material Plane, where they shattered and became the first mortal dragons. These he hunted for sport.

The fresh water, Apsu, took the form of a radiant dragon and went to the material world to rally his mortal offspring. There were many great battles, with tremendous casualties on both sides, but eventually the dragons laid Dahak low. Dahak cried to his mother, the salt water, to save him, and she offered to heal the injured mortal dragons if they spared his life. Those who agreed exchanged goodness, love, and mercy for vengeance, wrath, and cruelty, replacing their shining metallic forms with dull chromatic hues. Then the dragons battled each other, and in the confusion, Dahak slipped away, and his chromatic followers fled after him. Apsu and the good dragons rested and healed, then searched for a world far from Dahak where they could know peace. Vengeful Dahak and his followers pursued them, and it seems Apsu and the metallic dragons have chosen Golarion as the place to make their stand.

Apsu is the god of dragons, glory, leadership, and peace. Lean and ancient, he is one of the two oldest beings in the universe, though he is still strong. All dragons respect him as their progenitor, though the evil ones do so grudgingly, and few good dragons worship him with the same vigor that lesser races do their gods.

Dahak is the god of destruction, dragons, evil, and treachery. Almost universally hated by both good and evil dragons, his offers of power and endless life still tempt a few evil dragons to his service. Covered in bony ridges, spikes, and horns, he bears many scars from his battles with Apsu, which still pain and enrage him.

For more information on the draconic deities, see *Gods and Magic*. For more information on draconic history, see *Pathfinder #4: Fortress of the Stone Giants*.

TERMINOLOGY

Several terms are used within this book that possess very specific meanings when tied to dragons.

Type: A monster's type most broadly defines its characteristics. All creatures described in this book are of the dragon type (as opposed to humanoid, undead, and so on).

Subtype: This further defines a creature by various forms of energy, elements, or matter with which it has special affinity.

Sept: Among the dragons, groups of different but similar kinds are called septs. The two most common septs are chromatic (which includes all blacks, blues, greens, reds, and whites) and the metallics (the brasses, bronzes, coppers, golds, and silvers).

Kind: A creature's kind is directly analogous to its species, or in the case of dragons, its color.

Breed: Sometimes incorrectly used as a synonym for "kind," dragons consider this usage of the term a grave insult. Do not use this term around a dragon, lest you end up attempting to apologize from within its stomach.

Tarnish: When a good metallic dragon goes bad, it is called a tarnished dragon. This rare occurrence afflicts maybe one dragon in a hundred, but some kinds (such as the silvers) are more likely to tarnish than others.

Redeem: When an evil chromatic dragon forsakes its destructive and murderous instincts, it is called a redeemed dragon. Redemption among chromatic dragons occurs even less frequently than tarnishing of metallics. Red dragons are redeemed so infrequently that all of recorded history notes only one.





Black Dragons

“Hatred drives them like a barbed whip, pushing them ever forward to wallow in the toils of sadism and evil.” Thus draconic scholar Atarvex described the race of black dragons nearly nineteen millennia ago. His account seems apt, all these centuries later. Sadists even beyond the cruelties attributed to the frightening reds, black dragons seem to gain greater sustenance from the sufferings of others than the food consumed by other creatures. They perform their evil acts for no greater reason, it seems, than merely to cause hurt.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 11

Sociopaths and murderers of the worst sort, black dragons terrorize their territories with a fury few other dragons bother to muster. The dragon kind most likely to rampage, black dragons combine the short tempers of their white dragon cousins with a superior intellect and greater physical prowess. Cruel in ways their less-intelligent kin cannot contemplate and far less sophisticated than the greater chromatics, black dragons delight in causing physical and mental pain. These horrible sadists use their frightful presence and acidic breaths to crack minds and burn bodies, all the while cackling gaily and reveling in the despair and torment they create.

Black dragons are the epitome of villainy, committing evil for evil's sake, and they require no greater motivation to pillage and plunder than simply because they can. Where white dragons lash out from a sense of frustration and red dragons launch into their murderous rampages in order to exert their dominance, black dragons kill because they want to. Some black dragons find offense in the most innocent comments and consider every real or imagined

slight (and black dragons possess inventive minds) justification enough to cause localized genocide. Attempts to communicate with black dragons require continuous and unending supplication and groveling, and even then most creatures that try end up as captives, subjects of bizarre but unmistakably creative tortures, or food.

Possessing distinctively large curving horns growing out the sides of their skulls just behind their jaws, black dragons strike impressive and easily recognized silhouettes. Aside from their iconic horns, black dragon faces possess as much individualism as those of any other dragon kinds. Most black dragons grow many smaller horns and hornlets all around their heads and faces, while a small number only gain their two major horns and no others. A few black dragons deliberately crack or break their horns (causing themselves considerable pain) and then let the sharp protrusions heal at jagged and unnatural angles. Black dragons tend to have relatively short necks and tails and thick, muscular bodies. Most black dragons' toes are connected by thick membranes of webbed skin that help them glide through the brackish waters of their homes.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

According to a quip made in the margins of the original *Drakanov Codex* and subsequently repeated in all later copies, black dragons live in swamps because no other kind of terrain would take them. Like their unwelcoming homes, black dragons do not treat well those creatures unused to their many and subtle dangers. Black dragons are the undisputed masters of their territories, partly because few creatures care enough about swamps to fight the dragons for control.

Although they live comfortably in ever-damp morasses, like other dragons, blacks prefer dry lairs in which to sleep. This push for a home above the water level of their swampy demesne drives black dragons to lair in unusual places, such as within the roots of immense mangrove clusters or in the boughs and canopies of cypress groves.

Within their quaggy homes, black dragons reign supreme in a way few other dragons can. They are almost always the undisputed masters of their domains, and even those few swamp-dwelling creatures that could challenge them do not bother. Most victories over black dragons are costly at best and pyrrhic at worst. The acidic breath of black dragons leaves unhealing scars on their enemies, while their sadistic cunning constantly invents new and terrible ways of inflicting pain and suffering on those who oppose them. Even in death, black dragons can strike at their enemies, in the form of carefully laid traps, contingency plans, and the actions of cowed humanoids still under their control.

Black dragons torment their environment in much the same way they torture intelligent creatures. Like the

pitiful creatures that somehow survive their sadism—even for a short while—the lands around black dragon lairs bear horrible scars and vast areas burned clean by acid, never to heal again. Except for whatever copse or grove the dragons call home, the lacerated trees near their lairs twist and writhe in sad imitation of animate things attempting to flee. Through careless pogroms and occasional genocides, black dragons drive off or slaughter all living things surrounding their lairs, creating wide swaths of barren swamplands. Those learned in the ways of dragons who find themselves suffering the misfortune of traveling through marshlands know at once when they arrive near black dragon lairs, for the teeming life of the ever-buzzing swamps suddenly quiets and the explorers come into a vast clearing, at the center of which stands a copse of trees, an outcropping of rock, or some other high indicator of dry land. Many scholars speculate that black dragons clear the lands around their lairs out of a sense of paranoia, so they can easily spot those who would approach their homes. Other sages of draconic lore argue that black dragons kill all life around their lairs simply out of uncontrolled hate. The dragons themselves remain silent on this debate.

When black dragons dine, the ground around them sizzles with the burning of acid as it slavers on all things nearby. Like all dragons, black dragons can survive on omnivorous diets of animal meat and various swamp plants, but they prefer the flesh of intelligent creatures, particularly those still alive and begging for mercy. More stalwart beings who do not scream out or who call out instead for a swift death take some of the dragon's pleasure, and to make up for it the monster usually tortures such victims for days or weeks to make the meal at least somewhat satisfying. Black dragons kill more creatures and rip up more plants than they can eat, and their wasteful and reckless ways do unending harm to the swamps they call home.

Black dragons prefer the brackish tides of saltwater swamps over the gently flowing currents or stagnant stink of fresh water. Many survive on fish and pool-dwellers brought inland by the rhythmic pulsing of the tides. In general, black dragons allow such rich tidal zones to live unmolested, founding their lairs several miles inland, away from their best hunting and scavenging grounds.

No one wants to interact with black dragons, especially other dragons (including members of their own kind). Both physically and socially noxious, black dragons repel those who approach them. While individual black dragons can sometimes overcome their own instincts and form short-lived alliances with other intelligent creatures, these truces rarely end well for the other party, and the list of creatures willing to ally with black dragons grows shorter every century. For their part, black dragons hate



all creatures, often including themselves, and they only subdue their loathing in order to gain an advantage.

In general, black dragons see intelligent neighbors as competitors and enemies or else potential prisoners and servants. Many black dragons who share their swamps with lizardfolk or boggards become leaders of the primitive tribes. Some black dragons transcend mere worldly leadership and are seen by their neighbors as nigh-unappeasable gods to whom they offer sacrifices of living, thinking creatures (usually prisoners but in desperate times members of their own tribes as well).

Black dragons avoid their kin, and other dragons avoid them. In the rare convocations of dragons, few black dragons receive invitations, a situation that suits most of their kind but angers the few who wish to participate. They most frequently interact with bronze and green dragons, as bronzes occasionally live in coastal areas bordering swamps, while greens infrequently live in tropical jungles that sink into swamplands before connecting with seas. Almost without exception, whenever black dragons meet dragons of other kinds, the confrontation becomes violent. When they interact with bronzes, black dragons always try to gain an early advantage by attacking from ambush. In situations where surprise proves impossible, they rarely hesitate to flee from the more powerful bronzes. Against greens, black dragons occasionally attempt to deal peacefully with their physically and mentally superior cousins. These attempts at nonviolent negotiation and discussion rarely end well, as black dragons lack patience and find offense or insult easily. Only when dealing with red dragons (even those they could obviously overpower if they felt brave enough) do black dragons

attempt to govern their short tempers and propensity to attack without provocation. Fortunately for the impatient and hate-filled black dragons, their interactions with reds are extraordinarily rare at best.

Occasionally, pairs of black dragons come together and engage in what look to outside observers like fierce, bloody duels. During these day-long battles, the dragons attack one another relentlessly in flurries of spattering acid and flashing claws. As the sun sets, one of the dragons slinks away and disappears into the ruin left in the wake of their battle, while the other loudly declares itself to the swamp's many inhabitants. These horrible conflicts, easily heard from miles around and avoided by all creatures of the swamp, result in a clutch of eggs roughly 17 months later. In all cases, the crowing victor of these battles, who declares his blood-soaked virility with ear-pounding roars, is the male. The slinking "loser" is the female, who slips away to return to her own domain and begin the process of readying for her eggs, letting the male attract attention to himself while she nests in safety. After mating, the male has no more connection with the female or her eggs, and if ever again the two meet, they treat one another as bitter and hated enemies. Females can lay eggs roughly a dozen times in their lives, and every time they do so it is with a different male partner.

HOARD AND HOME

The greatest treasures black dragons possess are living, thinking creatures. Black dragons keep prisoners whenever possible, usually chained or caged near enough to their submerged coin beds for their hot, noxious breaths to wash over their captives. Those prisoners able to speak plead for release and beg for food almost constantly, for they quickly

learn that groveling captives tend to remain living captives. Prisoners too tired or simply unable or unwilling to soothe their captors' acidic personalities quickly become sport or food. For the prisoners of black dragons, the line between prized treasure and snack is a very thin one, but the wiliest of captives can live for years under their masters' watchful and jealous eyes. No prisoners escape injury for long, as black dragons are known to vent their wrath on whatever living things are closest at hand. Within a few months, every captive bears acid scars.

Thanks to the inhospitable nature of their native environment and their own hated



personalities, black dragons can rarely find intelligent creatures to capture and torment. They consider swamp-dwelling humanoid such as lizardfolk and boggards to be slaves and servants, and do not count such creatures as treasure. To black dragons, treasured captives include humans and elves (who they especially love to scar with their acidic breath), as well as other intelligent creatures of similar size. As imarms make for especially prized captives, while gnomes and halflings are considered insignificant refuse.

For non-living treasure, black dragons prefer items that can withstand their acidic breath, such as precious stones and glasswork. They disdain most metals, not only because such materials succumb easily to their breath, but also because the ever-present dampness of the swamp further corrodes all but gold, platinum, mithral, and adamantine. Thus, the coin beds and hoards of black dragons consist largely of gold and platinum coins, although black dragons do keep lumps of silver and copper coins corroded together in places other than their coin beds.

Black dragons ascribe no value to art and generally consider beautification as wasted effort. Those pieces of art and fine jewelry that do come into their possession survive only a short while before corrosion, acidic damage, or active defacement occurs. This disdain for beauty carries over into the prized possessions of black dragons as well, and many formerly attractive captives who escape emerge with hideous scars across their faces, which they describe as punishment for being beautiful—though perhaps the dragon's standards of beauty are so vile that by making things hideous it feels it is improving the value of its treasures.

Black dragons seek out stone statues and cut crystals to add to their hoards. Black dragons show no preference to the style, subject, or composition of the statues they collect, although they deface or vandalize works they consider too attractive. For crystals, black dragons prefer quantity over quality and size over value. Massive quartz crystals several feet long appeal more strongly to black dragons than do flawless but tiny diamonds. The stone and crystal collections of the oldest black dragons can sometimes compare with the greatest princes of the Elemental Plane of Earth. Although they seldom have much use for such items, black dragons particularly prize magical stones, crystals, and glassworks (such as mirrors or orbs), and place such items in prominent positions.

Black dragon lairs vary greatly, thanks to their environment and the wildly divergent topography therein. Like all dragons, they prefer to live within natural caverns or otherwise inside protective structures, but in general caves of sufficient size are extraordinarily rare in swamps. Usually, the best black dragons can muster are crevices within stone outcroppings or else sheltered indents in cliffs or steep hills.

Many black dragons live in unsheltered locations above the water level of their swamps. The boughs and canopies of cypress groves and the extensive twisting labyrinths of mangrove roots commonly act as their lairs and resting places, generally with extensive modifications made for them by lizardfolk allies or boggard slaves. Black dragons frequently employ lizardfolk and boggards, through coercion and threats, as guardians for their lairs, particularly in these relatively exposed examples.

Around their lairs, black dragons and their slaves set up numerous traps hidden beneath the dark waters of the swamps. These primitive but remarkably effective traps generally consist of spiked pits, fields of concealed spikes, deadfalls, and simple tripwires. Generally, the static defenses around black dragon lairs extend as far as the lifeless clearings surrounding their homes, significantly slowing already exposed land-bound trespassers.

To stave off airborne attacks, black dragons wrap the trees around their lairs with ropes or vines. Creatures attempting to fly into lairs protected in this way often become enmeshed or otherwise stalled by the ropes and vines, trapping them or sending them crashing to the ground. In order to avoid surprise from the air, black dragons often enlist the aid of spotters from among the lizardfolk or other creatures of the swamp.

The heavy stones and precious metals that comprise black dragon hoards tend to sink quickly in the swamp. Because of this and because their lairs are often open, black dragons are unique among true dragons in that they sometimes keep most of their hoards in places other than where they sleep. Black dragon treasure vaults are always carefully concealed and heavily guarded with a number of passive defenses. These vaults are usually artificially constructed by the dragons and their captives (who are then eaten so they cannot share their knowledge) deep within the still-living sections of the swamps. Vaults rarely stand farther than a mile from the dragons' lairs, and many are within a few hundred feet of the clearings around their homes. Black dragons prefer to be able to see their vaults from their lairs (or when flying over their lairs), but such a luxury is not always possible.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Black dragons are unobtrusive in their hate. They attack without provocation and fight with a terrible ferocity. Hardly heavy thinkers, black dragons are inclined to fight directly, bringing the battle straight to their opponents with acidic breath and flesh-slicing claws. Unlike their white cousins, though, black dragons are not cowards, and they do not back down from any non-draconic opponents. Their draconic pride keeps them in fights they cannot win, except when pitted against obviously superior fellow dragons.



Black dragons do take and keep prisoners, especially in the form of tribute from local tribes, passersby, or villages within a half-day's flight. Foes of other races they simply kill or, more often than not, leave for dead. Black dragons exert their cruel creativity in the uncounted wondrous tortures and torments they devise. The least creative among them simply allow their acidic saliva to drip onto their victims, slowly tracing acid burns into soft humanoid flesh. While this remains effective and frequently practiced, older and more sophisticated black dragons consider that form of torture too simplistic and scarcely worthy of the term. More practiced, older black dragons prefer slower forms of torture, extending the sadistic glee they derive from watching other creatures suffer. Many use water in their practices, including allowing drops to fall on their victims' foreheads at irregular intervals or simply dunking their victims underwater for several seconds at a time. Some are lazy and have their prisoners torture each other while the dragon watches. Regardless of the methods used, black dragons rarely ask questions of their victims, and practice torture only for their own enjoyment.

Usually the most dangerous hazards in the most hazardous of terrains, black dragons are often the entities responsible for whatever foul reputations certain swamps might have. Those who encounter these near-legendary nightmarish dragons that torment accursed swamps rarely survive unscathed—if the dragons' acidic saliva doesn't affect such victims, the psychological trauma of their oft-dramatic entrances almost undoubtedly does. When black dragons do deign to attack intruders in their swamps, they always aim to leave a significant impression upon the trespassers. Many leap suddenly from the dark swamp waters, while others drop out of thick canopies of trees or erupt from mounds of vegetation.

ON GOLARION

Although it is the largest swamp in Avistan, relatively few black dragons live in the Mushfens. Most dragons avoid the area and control smaller swamps along the northwestern coast of Cheliox and the northern and eastern coasts of Lake Encarthan. Numerous flooded lowlands in the various River Kingdoms also play host to black dragons, many of whom establish defensive pacts with whichever short-lived lord or princeling hopes to claim the territory that year.

The Mushfens, though, make most black dragons nervous. Racial history among their kind recalls that long ago the humans of the area discovered ways to control and pacify their unfortunate ancestors. For centuries, black dragons served the humans of Thassilon as guardians, pets, or—worst of all—heavy laborers. When Thassilon fell, the black dragons fled the place, vowing never to return. Millennia later, though, a few black dragons did

go back, and those foolhardy few (as other black dragons consider them) have established themselves as masters of their particular domains in the vast Mushfens. This bizarre learned fear, however, is made all the stranger because the Mushfens did not exist during the time of Thassilon—the area only became a vast marsh when Eurythnia sank into the ocean. Black dragons consider this fact unimportant, however, and are inclined to violently lash out violently at those who push the point.

Unlike their more impressive cousins, few black dragons gain notoriety enough to warrant fame outside their immediate areas of control. Seryzilian of Ustalav ranks as one of the most famous black dragons currently active in Avistan, but he and his contemporaries lack the fearsome reputations of their ancestors. Indeed, with each passing millennium, it seems the terrible sadistic fury of black dragons wanes more and more. The histories of humans and dragons alike record the terrible activities of black dragons past—such as mighty Theratylus, who slew an army of 10,000 (human records put the army's size at 2,000), or sly Esaolathus, who tricked a Taldan baron into granting him hunting rights over the entire barony and then quite legally killed every man, woman, and child living therein—but bards rarely sing of their more recent descendants. Many draconic scholars debate the decline of black dragons, but most agree that the spread of human civilization and the undeniable drag of inbreeding hamper modern black dragons in ways their ancestors never faced.

NAMES

Black dragons favor long but easily pronounceable names, particularly those with an abundance of the “s,” “th,” and “z” or “zh” sounds, coupled with extensive use of the various sounds for “o” and “u.”

Black dragon names: Asorazaklyn, Drakzuul, Karazathak, Sarolozoth, Throkzuun

SERYZILIAN

Terrible Seryzilian haunts the tiny swamp north of Karcau in northeastern Ustalav, where he torments the impoverished people of that land with unexplained abductions carried out in the dark of night and mutilated corpses of cattle bumping against the city's piers. The exact nature of Seryzilian remains a mystery to the humans who live near him, and many speculate he is a ghost or other foul undead, never believing that a living creature could perform such terrible acts unseen and ever hidden.

For his part, Seryzilian delights in the confusion of the humans, but he himself knows that some darker menace also plagues the swamp. His attempts to contact or summon whatever unknown entity lurks within the swamp have thus far failed, and with each new frustration he exerts his anger anew upon his bewildered and beleaguered neighbors.

SERYZILIAN

CR 20

Male wyrm black dragon

CE Gargantuan dragon (water)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +39, Spot +39**Aura** frightful presence (330 ft., DC 31)**DEFENSE****AC** 39, touch 6, flat-footed 39
(+33 natural, -4 size)**hp** 459 (34d12+238)**Fort** +26, **Ref** +19, **Will** +23**DR** 20/magic; **Immune** acid, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 26**OFFENSE****Spd** 60 ft., fly 200 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.**Melee** bite +43 (6d6+12 plus 1 acid plus nausea for 8 rounds, Fort DC 34 negates) and 2 claws +37 (2d8+6) and 2 wings +37 (2d6+6) and tail slap +37 (2d8+18)**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapon (120-ft. line of acid, 7d6, Reflex half DC 34), crush 2d8 (Reflex DC 34 or be pinned), tail sweep 2d8+18 (Reflex half DC 34)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th):3/day—*darkness* (110-ft. radius), *insect plague*1/day—*corrupt water*, *plant growth***Spells Known** (CL 13th):6th (4/day)—*chain lightning* (DC 20), *circle of death* (DC 20)5th (6/day)—*baleful polymorph* (DC 19), *cone of cold* (DC 19), *wall of force*4th (7/day)—*animate dead*, *bestow curse* (DC 18), *polymorph*, *wall of fire* (DC 18),3rd (7/day)—*fireball* (DC 17), *haste*, *lightning bolt* (DC 17), *vampiric touch*2nd (7/day)—*darkness*, *glitterdust* (DC 16), *scorching ray* (DC 16), *shatter* (DC 16), *web* (DC 16),1st (7/day)—*cause fear* (DC 15), *chill touch*, *color spray* (DC 15), *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement*0 (6/day)—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *ghost sound* (DC 14), *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *open/close***TACTICS****Before Combat** When he knows of an approaching enemy, Seryzilian readies himself by first slipping under the waters of his home. Carefully and quietly, he approaches his prey and watches them for a time, learning what he can of their strengths and weaknesses through their conversations and displayed abilities. When the time of his attack comes, he attempts to distract his foes with illusions.**NOXIOUS BITE**

Your acid-dripping breath causes those you bite to become ill.

Prerequisites: Acidic breath weapon, bite attack.**Benefit:** Your bite attack deals 1 point of acid damage in addition to its normal damage. Living creatures you bite must make a Fort save (DC equal your breath weapon's DC) or be nauseated for a number of rounds equal to 1 + your Constitution modifier (minimum 1 round).**During Combat** Seryzilian begins combat by leaping suddenly out of the water to catch his prey by surprise, then sprays his terrible breath on as many foes as he can.

On his next turn, he makes a full attack, concentrating all of his attack on one target at a time. Each round, he randomly changes targets, making as many attacks as possible against that single foe, only attacking additional opponents if his target drops, and using his breath weapon whenever it becomes available, hitting as many opponents as possible with each breath. Seryzilian only uses Power Attack if an enemy appears particularly easy to strike. He prefers greater accuracy over more damaging attacks, especially when attacking with his Noxious Bite.

Morale Seryzilian fights to the death. His draconic pride and love of battle work against his sense of self-preservation.**STATISTICS****Str** 35, **Dex** 10, **Con** 25, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +34; **Grp** +58**Feats** Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Noxious Bite, Power Attack, Snatch, Weapon Focus (bite), Wingover**Skills** Escape Artist +37, Hide +37, Intimidate +37, Knowledge (nature) +37, Listen +39, Move Silently +37, Search +37, Sense Motive +37, Spot +39, Swim +37**Languages** Abyssal, Aquan, Common, Draconic**SQ** water breathing**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Water Breathing (Ex)** Seryzilian can breathe underwater and freely use all of his abilities while submerged.**Corrupt Water (Sp)** Once per day, Seryzilian can stagnate 10 cubic feet of water, making it become still, foul, and unable to support animal life. The ability spoils liquids containing water. Magic items (such as potions) and items in a creature's possession must succeed on a DC 15 Will save or become fouled. This ability is the equivalent of a 1st-level spell, with a range of 330 feet.



Blue Dragons

A note to would-be dragonslayers: you will never fight your way through the layers of intrigue to strike down the blue dragon at his heart. You will most likely never meet the blue dragon manipulating your lives. The only time you will ever meet a blue dragon you wish to slay is when he makes an error.

They are more than content to shift pursuers off their trails and wait the fifty years or so for their human antagonists to simply die. They never grow so frustrated that they venture forth to eliminate threats in person.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 12

Blue dragons share many commonalities with brases, and the two kinds of dragons frequently compete for water, food, and influence over nearby humanoids. The two take remarkably similar approaches to dealing with water and food, although blues are typically more controlling than their metallic rivals. What varies between these kinds is how they exert their power over their humanoid neighbors. Where as brass dragons form vast networks of friendly and casual connections with people of similar interests, blue dragons maintain smaller but better-controlled webs of contacts over whom they can directly or indirectly exert vise-like authority. In short, where brass dragons are socialites, blue dragons are puppet masters.

Neurotically, almost obsessively tidy, neat, and careful, blue dragons manage every aspect of their lives to a minute level. This desire to control manifests from the moment of their hatching and is not limited to external forces, actions, and creatures. Blue dragons also strive to remain stridently in control of themselves—their own actions, thoughts, and



even their own feelings and emotions. Unfortunately for the blues, they lack the natural predilection for discipline possessed by their green brethren. Most blue dragons find this deficiency of self-control an exhilarating challenge for them to micromanage out of existence. When they become so tightly wound as to snap, rather than launch into self-destructive rampages, blue dragons seethe in their thrones and mobilize their armies. In the language of Qadira, the saber-rattling that often occurs before the start of outright war is known as *al-dra aksu*, “waking the dragon,” in reference to the belief that most wars in the desert begin because blue dragons want them to happen.

As befits their sand-burrowing ways, blue dragons are sleek, muscular creatures with small, tightly overlapping scales and thick, short claws perfect for digging. Their swept-back horns and relatively small and sparse cheek hornlets add to their swift-moving appearance, such that even when at rest they seem in motion. The wings of blue dragons have thick scales on their leading edges, which protect the relatively delicate membranes of their leathery wings from stones while they burrow. Unlike most other dragons, blues can also fold their wings tightly to their sides, which prevents the wings from acting as obstacles to movement through the sand.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Blue dragons most often inhabit the edges of hot, arid deserts, preferably near crossroads, oases, waystations, or other places where humans gather or frequently pass by. Whenever possible, blue dragons control these vital locations, generally through intermediaries, allowing them to also exert influence over the creatures that rely on the places. Like almost all dragons, blues like to live within dry caves, which are common amidst the badlands, hills, or broken rocks that form natural borders of their desert homes. Many blue dragons live in the homes of brass dragons, once they drive off or kill the previous occupants.

Although one of the least playful of true dragon kinds, even among the taciturn and joyless chromatics, blue dragons do enjoy swiftly burrowing through desert sands. Blue dragons engage in these sand swims for a variety of reasons. Many go off into the deep desert for solitude, giving them time and clarity to work out some trouble that vexes them. Some swim in the hot sands simply for pleasure, as the close grains envelop them in a massaging warmth. As blue dragons age, they sometimes grow hornlets, bone spurs, or other unsightly protrusions on their faces and at their joints; swimming through the irregularly sized grains of desert sand polishes their scales and grinds away the unprotected growths.

Above the ground, blue dragons delight more in aerial combat than any of their kin. Thanks to the strong lungs that allow them to find air even when burrowing under

thousands of tons of stone and sand, blue dragons can fly higher than any other true dragons. When they hear of other, non-blue dragons in their territories, they do not hesitate to take to the air and spy upon the trespassers from high above, circling gently in the rarified air far above the flight ceiling of their kin. If the trespassers have metallic scales, the blues dive down and immediately attack, trusting to their often-superior maneuverability in the air to defeat metallics weaker than themselves or escape from those they cannot hope to defeat. When blue dragons meet to discuss business or political proposals, they often open negotiations with relatively friendly competitions of aerial combat. They first agree upon the terms of the opening battles before they begin, with the losers entering the discussions from a position of weakness.

Relentless carnivores, blue dragons refuse to willingly eat vegetable matter, calling it “cattle food” to those who might suggest such a thing. If hunger gnaws too strongly at their stomachs, blue dragons can gain sustenance from minerals and nutrients trapped within stone and earth. Many blues stave off hunger by finding areas of sand relatively rich in nutrients, swimming through the area and allowing small amounts of the sand to filter into their mouths through their clenched teeth. Many sages speculate that this process is also necessary to generate their lightning breath weapon.

Although they habitually opt out of advanced magical techniques and knowledge, blues nonetheless retain the impressive retinue of inherent magic common to all true dragons. They most often focus their magical acquisition on spells and magical items concerned with deceit and manipulation. Blue dragons favor the schools of illusion and enchantment above all others, and while they have natural talents with illusory effects, their tendency to control all aspects of their lives makes them also favor spells of charm and domination.

Blue dragons produce more half dragons and dragon-blooded offspring than all other dragon kinds combined, usually created by altering a creature with draconic blood rather than actual mating. These creatures serve as loyal lieutenants or trusted operatives. As blue dragons tolerate no disloyalty from their half-breed minions, all half-blues are exceptionally dedicated to their draconic parents. This trait they teach to their own descendants, although those generations further removed from their blue dragon ancestors become increasingly independent and prone to familial betrayals.

Blue dragons are loath to reveal themselves or their direct influence. They know that brass dragons and other high-minded creatures hate and fear them, and they exert great amounts of energy to remain hidden from those who might otherwise become their enemies.



Because they lack the natural ability to change their forms, blue dragons must rely on other creatures—preferably humans but any creatures either of the humanoid form or who can physically change their shapes—for the maintenance and direct supervision of their vast networks of contacts. Younger blues usually employ only one or two of these seneschals or lieutenants, while the oldest great wyrms might command a dozen or more. Cultivating these trusted lieutenants requires at least several years. Generally, a future lieutenant begins at the periphery of a blue dragon's network of contacts and slowly works his way up the chain of command and ever closer to the dragon resting at the heart of the elaborate web. Blue dragons rarely take the time or expend the effort to know all of their underlings, trusting instead that their lieutenants can handle the daily operation of their vast networks. Once a minion proves his worth and advances sufficiently high in the chain of command (usually within three or four steps of the dragon himself), one of the blue's lieutenants mentors the follower and grooms him for his continued rise. When a blue loses a lieutenant, whether through the passage of time or misadventure, he advances an underling mentored by the fallen lieutenant. Naturally, a minion who attempts to advance by killing his lieutenant faces his enraged blue master instead.

In general, only a blue dragon's direct lieutenants know of his true form and location, although truly exceptional underlings relatively close to the dragon also occasionally uncover or meet his identity. Most of the minions in a blue dragon's network of spies and contacts never learn of their true master. Only the blue dragon himself knows the true scope of his network, although his lieutenants generally know at least one other creature of their rank, in addition to most or all of those who work beneath them. Usually, lieutenants do not know the number of their fellows, and in many cases a blue attempts to convince each one that he is the only creature the dragon trusts that closely.

Blue dragons see some amount of camaraderie in their green cousins, with whom they share discipline and an adherence to order. While green dragons have a tendency to focus their energies internally, blues manifest their personal codes of honor and discipline externally, controlling their surroundings and neighbors. Most blue dragons respect and attempt to emulate the self-discipline of their green cousins, but many fall frustratingly short. In addition to greens, blue dragons also respect and willfully work with reds. Although the chaotic and unpredictable nature of their red kin causes them frequent difficulties, blue dragons nonetheless recognize the value in possessing allies of such magnificent power. To that end, blue dragons sometimes carefully employ themselves as advisors to reds, and red dragons who control vast territories more often than not have blue dragon lieutenants who carefully work

to engender continuing dread in the local populace. By using red dragons as public figureheads in this manner, and keeping public attention fearfully fixed upon the powerful reds, the blues can establish and operate ever-larger networks of underlings and lackeys with much less fear of discovery. With the two lesser chromatic kinds, blue dragons have no dealings.

Blues struggle endlessly with their brass dragon rivals, vying not only for land, but also for contacts and underlings. In some uncommon cases, a blue and a brass might both count on a particular creature as a contact, who might unknowingly work for both dragons at once thanks to the long chains of intermediaries separating him from his two masters. Blue dragons particularly enjoy placing paladins and other virtuous creatures into this situation of dual servitude. Generally, though, the matrixes of underlings employed or otherwise directed by blues and brasses rarely overlap except in violent ways. Through their networks of contacts, blue and brass dragons sometimes wage proxy wars lasting for decades.

Among their own kind, blue dragons generally work together in mutually beneficial ways. By chance or design, groups of blues sometimes cluster together, with their areas of influence abutting one another peacefully. These groups of blue dragons very carefully and precisely define the borders of their territories, often putting such definitions in writing. Border wars between blue dragons are therefore exceedingly rare, although blues do occasionally fight proxy skirmishes against one another for other reasons. Crossing from one blue dragon's territory into another is seamless, and no creatures except the blues and their lieutenants can clearly define when such a transition occurs. The areas controlled by different blue dragons usually ignore the borders established by humans, which occasionally leads to civil wars and border disputes among the humans as the dragon exerts its influence. For the most part, though, wars disrupt the trade routes on which blue dragons typically depend, such that desert regions blanketed by blue dragons are almost always more stable and wealthier than those that are not. Of course, these areas tend to gain stability through despotism, although few of the people living therein suspect that they actually live under the control of two tyrants—one human, one draconic.

HOARD AND HOME

Blue dragons favor expansive lairs with several layers of complexity and serving multiple functions. A blue dragon's ideal lair stands publicly in the center of a city, such as a temple, fortress, or other large but privately owned building, usually possessed in the name of the blue dragon's most trusted lieutenant. Beneath this legitimate and functional façade wind dozens of hidden passages and



tunnels, themselves serving some darker purpose (such as the headquarters of an assassin's guild, also indirectly controlled by the dragon). Beyond these, either physically beneath or simply farther away, the tunnels open into vast natural caverns the dragon calls home. Blue dragons are not stupid, though, and their cavernous homes always have hidden exits that lead directly to the surface.

Such ideal lairs characteristically belong only to extremely old and well-established blue dragons, who spend their long lives building up webs of contacts that span multiple generations. A very few exceptionally lucky younger blue dragons inherit such extravagant lairs from their parents, but because of the longevity of their race, few dragons care to wait for such boons. In general, blue dragons begin with less ideal lairs and slowly and steadily build up their size and grandeur over time.

To start, many blue dragons find brass dragons (who bear an exceptional aptitude for finding excellent natural lairs) and steal their lairs. When these lairs contain natural outlets of fresh water, the blue dragons leverage water rights into ever-increasing control and profit for themselves. Over time, through their lieutenants and intermediaries, blue dragons sometimes coerce semi-nomadic peoples to settle near their lairs, using the water found therein as the basis of their newfound villages. Truly fortunate blue dragons instead find fanatics of some kind who are willing to establish bases of operations atop or near their lairs, using the water there to exert control over nearby people. As their settlements grow, so too do the buildings that form the public portions of the dragons' lairs, with the dragons themselves moving farther away from their public epicenters as they extend the size of their chains of informants and contacts.

With the use of magic and direct informants, blue dragons carefully monitor their lairs and the activities occurring within them. Every power group that exists within a blue dragon's lair reports through the group's leader directly to one of the dragon's lieutenants.

Blue dragons put much of their accumulated wealth into the growth and decoration of their lairs. From gilded domes to exquisite marble statuary,

the extended lairs of blue dragons contain unimaginable treasures that dragon-slaying mortals cannot hope to loot. Thus, although they are easily the wealthiest dragons, the portable portions of blue dragon hoards are no more impressive than any other dragon's.

Because of their constant need to buy loyalty and bribe bothersome bureaucrats, blue dragons prefer to keep their wealth in forms both easy to carry and easy to spend. Coins form the basis of their hoards, and the coin beds of blue dragons are usually far larger than their relative size and power would otherwise dictate. In addition to coins of all kinds, blue dragons favor gems and jewelry, the value of such items being disproportionate to their size. These items are generally kept separate from the rest of their hoards, so the dragons may use them as payment without needing to access their most private chambers when hosting guests.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Entire campaigns can exist at the whim of blue dragons without the adventurers ever actually meeting them. Consummate masterminds and manipulators, blue dragons control events from behind the scenes. Only when caught by surprise or betrayed are they disposed to show themselves to those who wish to defeat them. Under no circumstances do blue dragons become frustrated with the failures of their underlings and approach powerful characters in order to take care of





CONVOCAION OF DRAGONS

When a great wyrm gold dragon calls for a gathering of other dragons, even the disobedient chromatics listen. With the exception of the unrepentantly antisocial black dragons, representatives of every draconic kind flock to some neutral location (often an uninhabited island off the western coast of Garund) to discuss, argue, and battle over the topic at hand. Convocations rarely last for more than a few days, and even the longest and most productive of them tend to end in bloodshed and violence. Despite the palpable tension brought about by so much deep animosity pressed into a confined space, convocations of dragons do frequently create some kind of subtle change in pan-draconic society.

The gold dragon Aostralya called the last convocation in 4607 AR, in response to the apparent death of Aroden and the impact on Golarion and its dragons. Although the chromatics took the predictable position of human problems not mattering to dragons, the red dragon Grathalax noted hope for the pan-draconic goal of finding and killing Dahak.

Notable topics discussed at past convocations include the destruction of Dahak (the most commonly raised topic), the rise of Daralathylx and what (if anything) to do about him, the return of elves, and the meaning and implications of Earthfall.

their antagonists themselves. Instead, when groups of troublesome would-be heroes continue to thwart their plans, blue dragons manipulate people and events to subtly but firmly turn the adventurers' attentions elsewhere—even if that means pushing the characters toward neighboring blue dragons.

Exceptions exist, of course, and some blue dragons actually enjoy performing dirty work. These unusual (and often shunned) blues maintain relatively small chains of contacts and control tiny amounts of land—if they control anything at all. These are almost always immature dragons who mistake the gaining of personal power with somehow proving themselves to their elders; they do not wait patiently for their underlings and contacts to neutralize or distract those who disrupt their simplistic schemes, but they instead go forth to confront their problems directly.

Ironically, many of these younger blues are themselves subtly controlled and influenced by older relatives—typically their fathers, grandfathers, or uncles—in order to test their mettle and to weed out undesirable personalities. Those young blues who do give in to the whispered pressures to personally confront their opponents are not the worthy of continued tutelage and mentorship from their older kin, and even if they somehow survive their foolishness, they are frequently cut off from further aid. Thus, most blue dragons

adventurers actually confront are young and relatively inexperienced, and it is rare for mature dragons to give in to such folly.

Many humans blame border wars and conflicts over water rights on blue dragons. Outside of Thuvia, they are correct about half the time. Sometimes, when water wars or border skirmishes erupt, one or more of the human leaders involved send out groups of their own underlings or—preferably—hired freelance adventurers to try to find the blue dragon responsible and bring about an end to the conflict. If blue dragons are even involved, such attempts result only in the deaths of those sent to investigate. History has yet to record a successful bid to end such a war early with the death of a blue dragon, but despite this many humans hope to be the first responsible for such a success.

ON GOLARION

Dragons have taken root in the mountains of Absalom many times over the centuries, though any who grow to adulthood are inevitably put down by heroes and treasure-hunters from the city. Most other blues live in Rahadoum, Thuvia, Osirion, and Qadira. There are a few dozen in Cheliox, especially near Garund, but they are otherwise scarce on the northern coast of the Inner Sea because of their great hatred for Andoran.

NAMES

Blue dragon names fall somewhere in the middle of draconic naming schemes in regard to length and complexity. Even the longest blue dragon names tend to be easy for humans to pronounce, as they favor vowel sounds more than other kinds of dragons. Some blue dragon names sound almost elven, and it is not unheard of for blue dragons to grant elven names to their offspring—a practice co-opted by the elves with regard to dragon names only to celebrate a parent's victory over a blue dragon.

Blue dragon names: Aristidir, Hoythus, Olarissilax, Thessylimnias, Warsilix

LOARALIS

There are those who believe that Loaralis does not exist, that she is merely the name given to a string of misfortunes that plague the goodly peoples of Pashow, including the losses of the two most recent *sun orchid elixir* shipments. In whispers spoken among adults and stories told to unruly children, Loaralis is the unseen bogeyman who haunts the city-state and feeds its paranoia.

Loaralis, of course, is delighted that many of Pashow's people dismiss her as a story told to frighten children, for such blissful denial allows her to operate in relative peace, without fear of reprisal from those who might seek vengeance against her. Hidden deep within a



grand vault of worked stone she herself designed, Loaralis coordinates an ever-growing web of intrigues and servants who unknowingly toil for her. Once a day, Loaralis's lieutenants—a cleric of Abadar who serves in the temple above her lair and a mid-ranking city guardsman charged with maintaining order in the streets near her home's urban entrance—report directly to her in her grand chamber deep beneath the city. These two men alone know her true form, and they serve her without question.

Through her competent and trusted lieutenants, Loaralis feeds off the fears of Pashow's populace, gently manipulating both the temple of Abadar and the city guards in her various schemes. Although she had no hand in the disappearance of the last two shipments of *sun orchid elixir* out of the city, Loaralis spares no expense in her efforts to uncover who did and where they took the stolen wares. On at least two occasions, her agents have come tantalizingly close to recovering the elixir or uncovering the thieves, but whoever pulls the strings behind the disappearances so far remains at least one step ahead of her.

Unless gifted with incredible luck or skill, no one can simply walk into Loaralis's lair without one of her agents (and thus Loaralis herself) knowing about it. For all intents and purposes, it is impossible to catch Loaralis off guard in her center of power.



LOARALIS

CR 11

Female young adult blue dragon
LE Large dragon (earth)
Init +0; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +25, Spot +25
Aura frightful presence (150 ft., DC 21)

DEFENSE

AC 30, touch 13, flat-footed 30
(+4 armor, +17 natural, -1 size)

hp 189 (18d12+72)

Fort +15, **Ref** +11, **Will** +13

DR 5/magic; **Immune** electricity, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 19

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., burrow 20 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +23 (2d6+6) and
2 claws +18 (1d8+3) and
2 wings +18 (1d6+3) and
tail slap +18 (1d8+9)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (80-ft. line of electricity, 10d8,

Reflex half DC 23)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd):

3/day—*create/destroy water*

Spells Known (CL 3rd):

1st (6/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *hypnotism* (DC 15),
mage armor

0 (6/day)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*

TACTICS

Before Combat

Loaralis casts *mage armor* and *detect magic*, expecting her lieutenants to deal with opponents while she makes these preparations.

During Combat Those manage to reach Loaralis must face not only her, but also her lieutenants (a 9th-level cleric of Abadar and a 5th-level fighter).

Loaralis relies on her lieutenants to keep trespassers from moving into melee range, allowing her to use *charm person* and *hypnotism* with little risk. She uses her breath weapon whenever possible, and is careful not to strike her loyal cohorts.

Morale Loaralis fights to the death within her lair. Outside her lair, she is cautious and flees if brought to 100 hp or less.

Base Statistics Without *mage armor*, Loaralis has the following base statistics: **AC** 26, touch 9, flat-footed 26

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 10, **Con** 19, **Int** 14, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +18; **Grp** +28

Feats Alertness, Flyby Attack, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Hover, Negotiator, Persuasive, Spell Focus (enchantment)

Skills Bluff +25, Diplomacy +21, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (local) +23, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +23, Search +23, Sense Motive +25

Languages Common, Draconic, Terran

SQ sound imitation

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Create/Destroy Water (Sp) This ability works like the *create water* spell, except that Loaralis can decide to destroy water instead of creating it, spoiling unattended liquids containing water. Magic items (such as potions) and items in a creature's possession must succeed on a DC 10 Will save or be ruined. This ability is the equivalent of a 1st-level spell, and Loaralis can use it three times per day.

Sound Imitation (Ex) Loaralis can mimic any voice or sound she has heard, anytime she likes (Will DC 19).



Brass Dragons

A brass dragon knows everyone worth knowing in the nearby cities, and many not worth knowing, though they are likely to forget specific names. Do not assume, though, that brass dragons are fools. No, their minds whirl with information and gossip, despite their tendency to lose track of what stories belong to which persons. Still, the parties and feasts they throw are gala affairs, and if ever you should be invited to one, you should make every effort (and then some) to attend.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 13

Of all the true dragons, brasses are the most whimsical and light-hearted. Many a brass dragon acts the fool, carousing and jesting with shorter-lived races as an equal or—occasionally—even a simpleton. This play at stupidity is usually just a ruse meant to put others at ease and cause them to underestimate the brass dragon's intelligence, which at hatching equals that of an adult human. While brass dragons are not as dim-witted as they let on, they are nonetheless flighty and easily distracted.

Gregarious and absentminded, brass dragons make for memorable patrons or helpers of goodly adventurers, particularly near rocky edges of deserts or in close proximity an oasis. A brass dragon can easily play the role of desert guide, advisor or diplomat for a powerful caliph, or uniquely uproarious tavern patron. Above all else, brass dragons genuinely wish to help others and work extremely hard (in brief spurts of labor separated by long periods of distraction and idle conversation) to mediate or otherwise seek agreement among discordant and opposing groups. Despite their friendly and passive demeanors, however,

only fools assume that brass dragons are harmless or unwilling to strike at those who annoy or anger them.

Brass dragons appear—like their preferred homes—as a mixture of smooth beauty and craggy ruggedness. Thick ridges of keratin just beneath their scales sweep back from their jaws to eventually grow into long, disjointed horns that proliferate as they age. Hatchlings typically have relatively smooth faces with only two horn nubs projecting out above and behind their skulls, while the eldest brasses sport more than a dozen horns extending back from faces so wrinkled and folded with keratin that some become blinded by their own horn ridges (though they normally use magic or their own sharp claws to remedy this problem). Beyond their distinctive faces, these keratin folds appear on the backs of brass dragons' legs, where their wings connect to their flanks, and along the last two vertebrae of their tails. These folds usually produce only tiny hornlets in even the eldest of brass dragons, but occasionally a brass's legs, wings, and tail are studded with curving, slightly crooked horns extending a foot or more in length.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Perhaps the most gregarious of all dragons, brass dragons enjoy conversation and the company of others. Ironically, they also prefer some of the least hospitable homes of all dragons, subjecting them to long swaths of time wherein they sleep away their boredom. Woe unto those in need of great haste who awaken such a sleeping dragon—not for fear of life and limb, but rather for the time required to entertain the great beast.

The lairs of brass dragons typically exist inside rocky outcroppings in otherwise sandy deserts. They prefer to live within a half-day's flight (or roughly 80 to 120 miles) of an oasis, river, or other source of fresh water. A perfect combination of these factors puts brass dragon lairs along busy trade routes, allowing them to remain in relatively steady contact with human traders and nomads, with whom they exchange information.

Brass dragons are likely to share water resources with travelers in need. This makes them sought-after allies among nomads and caravan masters but can set them at odds with blue dragons or others who attempt to control the flow of water in deep deserts. The Water Lords of Thuvia frequently attempt to befriend or ally with brass dragons in their territories in the often-unfulfilled hopes of controlling the brasses' propensity to freely share information and water. Brass dragons do not forge alliances with known evil beings, and that includes friendly Water Lords with reputations for cruelty, avarice, or lack of compassion.

Even when rudely awakened from a boredom-induced nap and hungry to the point of near-starvation, brass dragons crave companionship and intelligent conversation more than a quick meal. Of course, those foolish enough

to annoy a hungry or freshly awakened brass dragon and not offer interesting discourse find themselves in very real danger of becoming the dragon's next meal. This happens so rarely, though, that among dragon experts brasses are considered the safest breed with which to converse.

In fact, thanks to their love of sharing information—for a price, of course, almost always exacted in the form of knowledge they do not already have—most of what is known about dragons comes directly or indirectly from brass dragons. Because brass dragons are inclined to exaggerate for the sake of a better story, though, scholars of draconic lore must occasionally revise their books when other factual evidence contradicts what was previously “known,” as told by a brass dragon. The most famous case of this to date involves the revision of volume 11 of the *Pathfinder Chronicles*, wherein a naïve Dalania Pontius recorded as fact a story told to her by the brass dragon Helexa that led—directly and indirectly—to numerous deaths and injuries among the Pathfinders.

Brass dragons tend to get along quite well with their non-evil neighbors. Often considered the friendliest of dragon breeds, brass dragons nonetheless remain self-serving egotists. The brass dragons' particular form of egotism manifests in large, often elaborate networks of contacts throughout their territories, usually consisting of human traders and nomads, djinn, the various sphinxes (especially the androsphinxes, with whom they exchange nonsensical riddles), and other intelligent desert dwellers. Brass dragons enjoy setting up these large and tightly interconnected networks, but they often fail to maintain their allies or remember what subtle manipulations they have performed through their intermediaries. It is not uncommon for allies of the same dragon to oppose one another in missions indirectly assigned to them by the brass.

Some brasses use magic to disguise themselves and thus better fit in with their neighbors, especially humans. Most never bother to hide their true forms and enjoy the notoriety and local fame they gain as a result. Usually, the owners of the taverns, inns, restaurants, and flophouses they frequent welcome the brass dragons and their spendthrift ways, for gaining the reputation as a place patronized by an actual living dragon almost always draws in large crowds—particularly when the dragon visits.

Despite their rampant gregarious natures, brass dragons generally avoid one another directly, although they frequently interact via proxies and their often large networks of contacts, allies, and underlings. Through these long chains of contacts, some of whom two or more brass dragons share, males and females develop their plans to mate with one another, competitors for an area's resources battle in proxy wars (generally with a minimum of casualties, although these conflicts infrequently grow



vicious), and those who seek water trade for rights to the dragons' reserves. These networks almost always contain metallic dragons of other breeds, especially coppers (who are, like brasses, quite chaotic), as the other metallics find the friendly and sociable brasses both personally enjoyable and strategically useful—brass dragons gladly take on the roles of ambassadors to lesser races.

Amiable and flighty, brass dragons make friends and allies quickly and easily, not because they are particularly charismatic, but because they are the dragons most likely to interact with humans and other lesser races. Their associates help brass dragons fulfill their twin aspirations of gaining as much knowledge as they can while doing as little as possible. More so than any of the other metallics, brass dragons are lazy.

Like all dragons, brasses enjoy indulging themselves in their favorite pastimes and vices. Thanks to the oppressive heat and aridity of their favored homelands, brass dragons love to sleep and eat. Among the metallics, brass dragons are among the most lean of their sept, due to a scarcity of food near their chosen homes. Only the active blues, who compete with brasses for their desert territories, are more often thin and lithe.

Even the most active brass dragons rarely interact directly with their surroundings. They prefer to trade within their large networks for food, water, and valuables

rather than to go out and seek such commodities themselves. This reliance on others means brasses tend to only alter the geologic, organic, or sociopolitical landscapes around their homes in order to halt the spread of desertification and to provide water for those who have none. A few ambitious brass dragons act as advisors and aides on Manaket's massive desert-halting terraforming project in Rahadoum.

Brass dragons hoard knowledge, both written and oral, and are prodigious readers. Unfortunately, their ability to retain information is weakest among the metallic dragons, which combines poorly with their propensity to exaggerate facts for the sake of better stories. Together, these traits make brass dragons unreliable fonts of knowledge, news, and information. That said, brass dragons sometimes contain more books, scrolls, and engraved tablets than many human libraries—and unlike every other aspect of their being, brass dragons are obsessive about keeping their personal libraries organized and well-cared for.

Sappy, sentimental, and emotional, brass dragons openly express their deepest feelings with earnest zeal and unbridled passion. They cry when they need to cry, laugh when they need to laugh, and fly into fierce but mercifully short-lived rages when moved to anger. Brass dragons seldom stifle their emotional outbursts, and they loudly proclaim their state of mind without shame or dignity. Easily moved by tearful tales of woe, brass dragons respond more favorably toward ill-conceived but emotionally evocative arguments than to carefully reasoned appeals to logic and sensibility.

Such mutability often manifests in the magic they favor. Either as result of millennia of selective breeding or as divine irony meant to exacerbate their ever-changing ways, brass dragons typically favor magics that alter the world around them, particularly from the school of transmutation. They particularly enjoy spells that allow them to mold and shape materials, although they also frequently take up transmutation magic that alters themselves in some favorable way.

Living in deserts, brass dragons learn to dine on scarce, simple fare that is full of flavor. Along the western and southern reaches of the deserts covering



Rahadoum, where the endless sand and lifeless rocks give way to living deserts rich with cacti, rodents, and small predators, brass dragons feast upon cactus blooms, coyotes, rattlesnakes, and desert eagles. In the more inhospitable deserts that cover Thuvia, Osirion, and Qadira, they make do with what they can trade with passing caravans or the occasional desert bloom they uncover. They favor hot spices, particularly those from Qadira and distant Vudra, and they find the typical foods of Avistan bland and nigh unpalatable.

Brass dragons are generally considered the diplomats and heralds of dragons, but despite their long record of service to the draconic father-god Apsu in this regard, they do not consider themselves overly religious. Few brass dragons devote themselves to Apsu, much less the deities of lesser races, but most willingly serve their immortal father-god whenever he calls.

Although much is written about the ever-changing interests and desires of brass dragons, of their mercurial and carefree personalities given to whim and flights of fancy, in one respect alone are brass dragons almost completely immutable. Second only to the nigh-immutable golds, brass dragons are the least likely to tarnish and slip into the uncaring malaise of neutrality or—more pitiable still—the cruel selfishness of evil. Because of their strong resistance to tarnishing, those brass dragons who do fall from grace almost always lose their sanity in the process. Their minds simply shatter with the weight of tarnishing, and only the most powerful of magics and long years of rehabilitation can bring these poor wrecks back to a semblance of the glory they once possessed.

HOARD AND HOME

When brass dragons have their way, they set up their lairs within sand-scoured caves and alcoves near or beneath ground level within rocky up-thrusts—the larger the cave complex, the better. Unusually patient brass dragons sometimes use their inherent mastery of wind and weather to scour the walls of their lairs, slowly enlarging them. The lairs of these dragons are spectacles of windblown sandstone. Strangely, despite their love of wide-open deserts and expansive cave networks, brass dragons like the entrances to their lairs as narrow as possible, going so far as to partially collapse overly large entries to make them tighter. Of course, because brasses rarely plan ahead, they must periodically widen the entries to their lairs to make room for their ever-growing bodies.

Thanks to their love of transmutation magic, their long lives, and their sense of aesthetics, brass dragons spend more effort and time beautifying their lairs than setting up defenses. Brass dragons remain inherently lazy and easily bored, however, so their lairs frequently contain numerous abandoned beautification projects.

The defenses that do exist in their lairs are haphazard at best, and rarely reflect any sort of coordinated effort or stratagem. Because of this, dragon hunters and scholars find brass dragon lairs the easiest to enter. Brass dragons enjoy friendly company more than any other dragon types, however, and many claim their lack of defensiveness to be a part of that personality trait.

Some brass dragons invite other creatures to act as the guardians of their lairs. More often, though, the dragons invite others to come stay and talk with them. Over time, those long-term guests become de facto guardians of the dragons and their hoards when even the mightily talkative brasses grow tired and must sleep. How long these guardians stay and their loyalty to their brass dragon hosts vary considerably, although most willingly risk injury (rarely death) in order to protect their draconic friend and patron. Creatures most often encountered half-heartedly defending brass dragon lairs include nomadic humans, riddling sphinxes, loyal djinn, and oft-drunken bralani.

Partially because of their own mercurial nature and partially because more powerful blues occasionally drive them from their half-completed homes, brass dragons are the most mobile and nomadic of all true dragons. Most brass dragons rarely live in one lair for more than a couple dozen years, and particularly long-lived brasses sometimes live in the same location two or three times in their lives, with their habitations separated by hundreds of years.

A large and growing minority of brass dragons eschew traditional lairs and consider anywhere they lay their heads as their home. These anthrodraconi (singular anthrodraco) live among humans and other lesser species, and act much like their shorter-lived mortal neighbors. Although they rarely take on actual jobs, brass dragon anthrodraconi are apt to contribute to their communities in other ways. Some become advisors, diplomats, or heralds for the human rulers under whom they live, while others take a more active role in their communities as town guards, military leaders, or information brokers. A few—and unfortunately for brass dragons as a whole, the best-known—become town drunks and rabble-rousers, pouring their vast hoards into taverns and inns. These minor celebrities can attract spectators to their favorite watering holes, bringing in even more outside wealth and increasing the dragon's popularity in the city.

Among the least pragmatic of all dragon breeds, brass dragon sentimentality is strongly reflected in their hoards. Such collections are mixtures of vast counts of coins and other mind-boggling treasures, stacks of well-read books, shelves of scrolls, and scores of worthless items the soft-hearted brasses consider priceless heirlooms.

Because of their relatively mobile natures, brass dragons favor magic containers that hold more than their size would indicate. For this reason, brass dragons occasionally make



ill-advised trades of far-more-powerful items for *bags of holding*, *handy haversacks*, *portable holes*, and the like. These items allow the brasses to carry their hoards with them, which only encourages their semi-nomadic ways.

Thanks to their arid, often lifeless homes and hunting grounds, brass dragons also favor living, growing things. Many grow (or fail at attempting to grow) small plants or keep tiny animals as pets. Their best successes in these endeavors occur, not surprisingly, when they attempt to grow cacti. They also favor items made from organic materials, particularly woodcarvings, paper prints, books, and paintings made on canvas or wood blocks. Most of these items fall under the category of worthless but sentimentally important.

A typical brass dragon's hoard consists of coins and art objects (usually about two-fifths of the hoard's overall worth); dozens of nonmagical scrolls and books, generally notes about important people or guidebooks to the nations in which they live (roughly a quarter of the total worth); various magic items, including books, scrolls, and magical carrying devices (another quarter); and hundreds or thousands of various trinkets, knick-knacks, souvenirs, sticks, shiny rocks, pretty feathers, and other items of limited or no monetary or aesthetic value.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Brass dragons make for among the most varied of draconic breeds in terms of use in a campaign. They can serve as comedic relief, although they should not be played as incompetent buffoons—rather, they should be presented as useful contacts with one or two humorous traits. On the other hand, an incredibly rare tarnished brass can make for a pitiable and unexpected foe.

Brass dragons excel as patrons for characters of all levels. Their extensive networks of contacts allow them to enlist the aid of up-and-coming adventurers through proxies. As their pet projects gain in power, the brasses can manipulate events to bring the characters within ever-tightening circles of more trusted and powerful advisors until the dragons and their adventurous clients finally meet in person. Of course, some brasses prefer to never meet such groups of freelance adventurers in person.

As might be expected, many brass dragons cannot muster the attention span or intellect to set up and maintain such elaborate chains of servants, and their networks of contacts are little more than scores of beings they can invite to parties and feasts. In these cases, brass dragons still make excellent patrons, but their involvement becomes more direct and completely unobtrusive.

ON GOLARION

Brass dragons enjoy the heat of the Garundi and Casmar deserts, particularly those of Osirion, Qadira, and Thuvia.

Prior to its infernal conversion, southwestern Cheliax housed a large number of brass dragons, particularly in the province of Kharijite. With the rise to power of House Thrune, the brass dragons—many of whom fought against Thrune and its allies during the decades of civil war—wisely fled to Thuvia, Osirion, and Qadira, leading to conflicts with blue dragons already carefully emplaced within those areas. Other brass dragons fled east into southern Andoran and Taldor, but for reasons none mention, the breed seems to avoid Absalom and its holdings.

As mentioned earlier, an extensive population of scattered brass dragons lives in Thuvia, which possesses the largest collection of them on Golarion. Thuvian brasses tend to work for certain Water Lords who have proven their virtue and struggle against those who haven't. Those brass dragons with pools in their lairs allow the Water Lords nearly unlimited access to their water in exchange for trustworthy guards to watch over both the water and their homes. Many of these guards become members of the dragons' vast networks.

Just outside of the city of Manaket in Rahadoum, an enormous public works project has the lofty goal of pushing back the desert and bringing life to the surrounding area. A half-dozen brass dragons openly support this project, although their tendency to avoid one another means all but one of them simply provide advice (via proxy) and money to the project. The only brass dragon who directly aids the effort in more direct ways is Sarithil, the eldest of the six. Despite their desires to avoid each other, on at least three occasions several of the brass dragons took to the air to personally defend the project and its workers from rampaging desert monsters or human raiders.

NAMES

Brass dragons favor names relatively easy for humanoids to pronounce. As far as draconic names go, brass names are typically simple and short. Like all dragons, they make extensive use of the sounds represented by the Common letters "k" and "i," although they tend to avoid the compounds "ik" and "zil," with the notable exception of clan Listrizil, whose members indulge in the usual amount of draconic complexity. Brass dragon names seldom begin with vowels.

Brass Dragon Names: Jakthil, Rixatim, Warthalan

SARITHIL

With her water-storing lair less than 4 miles from Manaket, Sarithil was the first brass dragon to lend her aid to the reclamation project. She contributes her time, knowledge, and gold to what she considers the most worthy project ever performed by humankind.

Although a mature adult, Sarithil is still inclined toward the gregarious indulgence commonly found in

younger members of the breed. Whenever the project achieves a milestone, a section of the works is completed, or the calendar simply rolls over to a new month, Sarithil supplies wine and (her personal favorite) goat cheeses in great parties that can last into the early morning hours and without fail result in the hostess passing out in a wine-soaked stupor. Although Sarithil claims to hold these parties to celebrate, the other brasses know she also partially hosts them to forget her past.

Sarithil began her life in Cheliax, long before the death of Aroden and the once-fabulous empire's fall into infernal tyranny. She joined one of the now-extinct noble houses that fought against House Thrune and continued her fight until only she and one human noble of that house survived. Although Tyraxylan attempted to recruit Sarithil to aid in the resistance movement, the brass had her fill of war and fled into Kharijite, then through Rahadoum and into Thuvia. Sarithil has lived in Thuvia for the past 70 years, and her current lair is the second she has claimed since moving into that country (her first was larger, but lacked water).

A vast web of contacts, allies, and friends—including two other brass dragons she subtly influences—spreads across Thuvia and into Osirion, Rahadoum, Qadira, and even Absalom. At the center of this network sits Sarithil, who only began to acquire contacts haphazardly and mostly by accident, but who, over time, grew to understand their importance. Although she rarely actively works to maintain her vast network, it nonetheless holds together thanks mostly to her close friend, the djinni known as Al-Akzaan. Sarithil's network helps her in her pet projects (predominately the public works project in Manaket) and keeps her informed of the doings in Thuvia and Cheliax.

SARITHIL**CR 15**

Female mature adult brass dragon

CG Huge dragon (fire)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +30, Spot +30**Aura** frightful presence (210 ft., DC 24)**DEFENSE****AC** 29, touch 8, flat-footed 29

(+21 natural, -2 size)

hp 297 (22d12+154)**Fort** +20, **Ref** +13, **Will** +16**DR** 10/magic; **Immune** fire, paralysis, sleep; **SR** 22;**Weaknesses** vulnerability to cold**OFFENSE****Spd** 60 ft., burrow 30 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor)**Melee** bite +32 (2d8+10) and

2 claws +30 (3d6+15) and

2 wings +30 (1d8+5) and

tail slap +30 (2d6+15)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapons (100-ft. line of fire, 7d6, Reflex half DC 28) and 50-ft. cone of sleep gas (1d6+7 rounds, Will DC 28), crush 2d8+16 (Reflex DC 28 or be pinned)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 9th):At will—*speak with animals*3/day—*endure elements* (70-ft. radius)1/day—*suggestion* (DC 16)**Spells Known** (CL 9th):4th (4/day)—*polymorph, stone shape*3rd (7/day)—*blink, gaseous form, haste*2nd (7/day)—*bear's endurance, bull's**strength, pyrotechnics, spider climb*1st (7/day)—*alarm, erase, hold portal,**magic missile, reduce person* (DC 14)0 (6/day)—*create water, detect magic,**detect poison, mage hand, mending, message,**open/close, prestidigitation***TACTICS**

Before Combat Sarithil hates conflict and attempts to defuse tense situations before they erupt into battle. If she cannot, she attempts to cast the following spells on herself, in order, before combat ensues: *haste, bear's endurance, blink, bull's strength, gaseous form*.

During Combat If alone and not in her lair, Sarithil tries to flee combat. If prevented from doing so, she uses *suggestion* and *reduce person* to disable her foes. When backed into a corner, she alternates using her breath weapon with full attacks, casting an occasional *magic missile* if it seems prudent.

Morale Sarithil abhors combat and only fights if absolutely pressed, but when defending something she cares about, she fights to the death.

Base Statistics When Sarithil has none of her spells active, her base statistics are as follows: **hp** 253 (22d12+110), **Fort** +18, **Melee** bite +28 (2d8+8), 2 claws +26 (3d6+12), 2 wings +26 (1d8+4), tail slap +26 (2d6+12), **Str** 27, **Con** 21, **Grp** +38, **Breath weapon** DC 26

STATISTICS**Str** 31, **Dex** 10, **Con** 25, **Int** 16, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 16**Base Atk** +22; **Grp** +40**Feats** Alertness, Blind-Fight, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (claws), Multiattack, Snatch, Wingover**Skills** Bluff +28, Diplomacy +32, Gather Information +30, Knowledge (local) +28, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +28, Listen +30, Search +28, Spot +30, Survival +28**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Qadiran



Bronze Dragons

You can trust a bronze dragon with your secrets, your gold, your dearest treasures. A bronze would rather die than betray that trust. You can trust he will not try to take these things from you, and you can even trust him to guard them for you in your absence—and to give it back to you upon your return. This unerring desire to protect and steward makes bronze dragons uniquely suited to the roles of guardians, bodyguards, and keepers of knowledge. Much of the history we know of our world exists thanks to the bronze love of lost lore.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 14

Contemplative, thoughtful, and curious, bronze dragons make for natural scholars, seers, and sages. They seek all chances to learn, to expand their intellectual horizons and satisfy their strongly inquisitive natures. While silver and gold dragons possess greater raw mental power, bronzes are the great thinkers of metallic dragons. Bronze dragons excel as numerologists, astrologers, researchers, sages, and scribes, as well as in all other contemplative roles suited to their calm, meticulous, and endlessly patient natures. It was a bronze dragon—Svannost, according to the *Obelisks of Destiny*—who first put claw to clay and recorded what was, to him, recent history: the retreat of Apsu and his metallic children from their chromatic kin and the nameless world turned to slag by their war.

In that first great battle against the chromatic threat and in the countless thousands of millennia since, bronze dragons protected their kin and stood as living shields against relentless, rending claws, for although calm and thoughtful, bronze dragons are neither meek



nor feeble. While many bronzes play out their long lives collecting immense libraries, many others spend their centuries of life guarding living treasures and protecting those they hold dear. Bronze dragons make exceptional guardians, protectors, and bodyguards, willing to spend vast gulfs of time simply waiting, watching, and—when the mood strikes them and assuming they have the proper accoutrements—reading.

Bronze dragons lack the massive racks of horns and bony protrusions of their brass and copper cousins, possessing instead sleek heads and bodies bearing membranous frills that belie their amphibious natures. These frills serve a dual purpose: on land, they help cool the dragons by circulating blood through their thin membranes, while in the water they help protect the bronzes' delicate and primitive gills. Membranes do not end at their heads, and the majority of bronze dragon bloodlines possess webbed toes, flaps of skin at the crooks of their forelimbs, and paddle-like fins along the ends of their tails they can use as rudders in water and that fold flat on land. Bronze dragons have the smallest wing-to-body ratio of any true dragons, forcing them to exert themselves more than their kin in order to fly.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Physically powerful yet precise and careful in their movements, bronze dragons exceed in strength what they possess in intellect. Their sleek, muscular bodies are perfectly suited for cutting through water, and their many membranes, frills, and flaps of skin help propel them tirelessly through any liquid. Thanks to their relatively small wings, bronze dragons must work harder than other flying creatures to bring themselves airborne, and thus most of them prefer to remain on the ground or in the water.

Below and behind the large fan-like head frills that extend just back from their jaws, bronzes possess a number of wide gills that allow them to breathe water as easily as air. When surfaced, they keep these gills closed with strong muscles, but in the water they use their frills to create small jetties of water that sweep into their gills and provide them with oxygen. Bronze dragons live as comfortably in water as on land, and most attempt to live within a day's flight of some ocean or vast lake. Because most of their prized possessions do not survive well in water, bronze dragons more often remain on land or underground, although they frequently visit large bodies of water in order to harvest fish, clams, crabs, and other seafood—by far their favorite meals.

Because they tend to keep to themselves and—thanks to their hyper-efficient draconic metabolisms—can survive for a year on a single day's haul of fish (which they dry and store for eating after long naps), bronze dragons have minimal effects on their surroundings. They do occasionally emerge from their lairs to gather food, which can temporarily

deplete an area's supply of seaborne creatures and plants, fruits, root tubers, and tree nuts (particularly chestnuts). Herders and ranchers never fear the proximity of reclusive bronzes, as they do not enjoy and only reluctantly consume the meat of land and air animals.

Bronze dragons do not quickly acquire friends, but those they do make gain loyal—if somewhat aloof—allies and companions. Most bronzes keep to themselves, preferring the quiet solitude of vast libraries and isolated forest clearings. They are the least social of all metallic dragons, and many disappear for years or decades at a time before suddenly returning to favorite booksellers or libraries in order to acquire more reading material. Some bronzes combine their vast intellects with their voracious reading habits and write epic-length treatises on some minutiae or another.

The bronzes' patience and curiosity make them natural mathematicians. Although bronze dragons try to take credit for all sorts of mathematical inventions, documentation laid down by their own ancestors tends to counter their claims. What the legitimate histories of dragons do record, however, are great contributions to advanced mathematics by the bronze numerologists.

Thanks to bronzes' patient natures and comfort with passing time idly, many creatures (including the other metallic dragon kinds) beg, petition, coerce, or hire bronze dragons to act as guardians. Those wise enough to learn about bronzes before petitioning them know to offer up interesting books with which the dragons might pass their time, but on occasion bronze dragons take up guardianship out of a sense of goodly duty. These bronzes frequently spend their time in contemplation or meditation, if not outright sleep. Others take on charges to protect interesting locations or people, studying the former in great detail (later writing exhaustive and exhausting guides to these places) and observing the latter with sometimes-uncomfortably intense scrutiny (occasionally writing revealing biographies).

Bronze dragons make perfect bodyguards and protectors, as they do not easily give in to jealousy or greed. When tasked with guarding treasures not theirs, they do not wile away the hours contemplating schemes to acquire what they watch; most turn their minds to some other distractions, while others study the objects they guard with precise scrutiny. Even if disinterested in the items they guard, bronze dragons willingly sacrifice anything short of their own lives to protect the objects.

In addition to scholarly and protective pursuits, a rare few bronze dragons seek enlightenment and become ascetics and the draconic equivalents of monks. These contemplatives spend centuries in temples and monasteries, often in human guise, acting as advisors to the monastic leaders (although almost never becoming



leaders themselves), teachers of acolytes, or guardians of the monastery's surroundings. This practice seems more common in Tian Xia and on the island of Jalmeray, but at least two monasteries on Avistan house bronze dragons: the Vythded Monastery in Lastwall and the Palace of Virtue in Molthune.

Ever curious and hungry for knowledge, bronze dragons frequently excel as diviners, soothsayers, seers, and fortune-tellers. They favor divination magic over all other schools, a fact that lends well to their successes as guardians and bodyguards. Although bronze dragon lairs rarely possess many magical or physical defenses, the protections that do exist prove very effective against intruders, thanks largely to the watchful nature of the dragons themselves.

HOARD AND HOME

Bronze dragons prefer to live in hilly lands with temperate, mild climates. They enjoy both warm, sunny days and cool, rainy ones, but they hate snow, strong storms, wet heat, and other forms of extreme climate and weather. When they do not live among the lesser races in grand libraries

or vast and ancient monasteries, bronze dragons live alone in large, dry caverns. The most common modification bronzes make to their lairs is the addition of vast rows of shelves upon which to store their accumulated libraries.

Bronze dragons only live in places where their actual living chambers remain dry and warm, but they prefer lairs with underground water supplies. Most bronze dragons modify their lairs (often with the help of creatures better suited to the alteration of stone) so the entrance tunnels are fully submerged at some point, and bronzes often judge the lairs of their brethren by how much of the entrance tunnels are flooded—if the submerged section extends farther than humans can hold their breath, so much the better. Flooded entrance tunnels containing fish, shellfish, water plants, and other edibles give the bronzes added prestige in the eyes of their kin.

Beyond the flooded entrance tunnels (and there are almost always more than one), a bronze dragon's lair typically contains drying rooms, where the dragon and its guests can lie down and rest while they dry. Some bronzes keep large collections of copper items in these chambers, where they use their lightning breath to flash-heat the metal to aid in drying. Others light bonfires, but only if the chambers are well ventilated. Most, however, simply allow the passage of time to dry them.

Because bronze dragons love both water and things easily destroyed by it, they are careful to keep their two loves strictly separated. Many invest in waterproof containers or extradimensional spaces with which they can

haul new fragile treasures through their flooded entrances. Beyond their drying rooms, bronze dragon lairs are always completely dry and warm. Many contain vast chambers lined with bookshelves of some manner. Most of these rooms are kept dry with rocks heated elsewhere in the lair and brought into the libraries, or large strands of copper cable warmed with electric dragonbreath.

Bronze dragons rarely keep guardian creatures, although they certainly welcome the company of like-minded creatures of high intellect and some ability to aid in the defense of their libraries. For this reason, the lairs of old and powerful bronze dragons occasionally double as the homes of powerful





human or elven wizards. While most of these wizards are diviners, bronzes welcome any goodly wizards who act respectfully and politely toward their draconic hosts.

No creature larger or more threatening than a snail enters a bronze dragon's lair without its knowledge, and when intelligent invaders push their way into its home, the dragon monitors and studies them intently for a few minutes. Once it has acquired as much information as it thinks it needs, it launches its swift and deadly counterattack. Bronze dragons like to keep a number of divination spells active within their lairs at all times, and most have several others handy with which they can glean information about potential threats.

A few wealthier bronze dragons create more active defenses, embedding thick copper wires or cables in the walls of their lairs. These wires form vast conducting loops that pass through submerged tunnels and other sections of standing water. Bronzes with these kinds of defenses in their lairs use their lightning breath, electrifying these conductors and shocking those who dare to invade their homes.

Bronze dragons who live more socially, dwelling among humans and other lesser races, call libraries, temples, and monasteries their homes. These places typically cannot house the dragons' impressive natural bodies, so most must live as humans within these places. Of course, their true natures usually become known, and legends grow up around them and the places they call home. These legends alone are often enough to forestall intruders into their homes, but occasionally the tales of their existence actually draw evil dragon-hunters.

Even more so than brass dragons, bronzes crave knowledge, usually for the sake of simply knowing. They rarely use their knowledge for anything other than the most academic and scholarly of pursuits, although many study areas of knowledge that prove useful in a practical sense (such as magical theory or alchemy). Bronze dragons by and large know a great deal of the world as it once was, and generally have little interest in the world as it currently exists. Thus, seekers of knowledge do best to contact brass or gold dragons when they need modern information (such as secrets regarding a kingdom's current ruler) and bronze dragons when researching history (such as the lost tomb of that kingdom's first ruler).

Bronze dragon hoards contain vast libraries of books, scrolls, and other recorded material, most of which focuses on a single topic. Bronze dragons who are more interested in pursuits that require additional materials (such as alchemy or magic item creation) also hoard those supplies. A bronze studying alchemy, for example, might own four or five complete or partial alchemy labs, while one more interested in numerology might keep several dozen abacuses on hand.

BRONZE BRYEMIRITES

When Bryemir, a dragon of an unknown kind, appeared roughly 2,000 years ago and proclaimed that only by calculating the so-called perfect number could dragons forestall some terrible but unnamed fate, draconic numerologists across the world took note. Since then, a small number of extremists, derisively dubbed Bryemirites by critics, have dedicated their lives to pursuing various equations to arrive at the perfect number. Most Bryemirites are bronzes who work (sometimes begrudgingly) with a large minority of greens. Thanks to their efforts, many bronze dragon numerologists obsessed with finding the perfect number have contributed extensively to the advancement of numerology and mathematics.

While proponents point to the successes of these supremely accomplished mathematicians and numerologists, detractors loudly wonder how much more the Bryemirites could create, discover, or do, were they not distracted by folly. Thanks to the relentless passage of time and the draconic obsession with power, interest in Bryemir and the perfect number increases with each passing century, such that there are more bronze dragons working on discovering the perfect number today than in all of history combined.

Like all dragons, bronzes also love the feel and sound of coins rubbing against their bodies. Their coin beds are typically covered or surrounded by books, scrolls, and stacks of loose papers, but the bronzes are careful to keep the papers from falling onto the actual coins. Although the least tidy of lawful dragons, bronze dragons nonetheless keep a very careful counting of the coins in their hoards and are instinctively aware of the loss of even a single one. Of course, thanks to their untidy natures, bronze dragons frequently lose a few coins, particularly when they sleep for long periods. For this reason, most guests leave their lairs before the dragons fall asleep, lest they be blamed for misplaced coins.

Bronzes also favor beautiful items from nature, particularly those that grow in the sea. Many bronze dragon hoards contain impressive collections of colorful seashells, coral, strangely shaped pieces of driftwood, and rocks with holes carved in them through centuries of tidal action. Their hoards might also contain pressed flowers or colored leaves of past autumns, pinned insects with particularly colorful carapaces, or cut wildflowers in glass vases. On rare occasions, bronze dragons bring beautifully plumaged birds into their lairs, which they allow to flit about at will, although they generally only do this if narrow vents or other fissures allow the birds egress if they so desire it.

For magic, bronze dragons prefer items that allow them to move new additions to their hoards safely into their lairs. They also favor items that aid their own



divination, such as *crystal balls*, or items that aid in their academic pursuits, such as animated quills that dictate whatever the dragons say. Those bronze dragons more interested in protection than scholarship prefer items that magically bolster their ability to avoid or survive attacks. They also like items that heal their wounds when their protections fail.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Bronze dragons rarely become patrons for lesser beings. They prefer solitude and quiet study to the administration of others. Those few bronzes who do take an interest in other creatures make for inattentive, forgetful, and negligent benefactors. A bronze dragon might elicit the aid of characters once, drop all contact with them at the conclusion of their quest, and then suddenly call upon them again several decades later—only to find, at least in the case of humans and other shorter-lived creatures, that time has diminished its one-time allies.

Rather than assuming the roles of patrons, proactively sending adventurers on quests in order to further the greater good, bronze dragons make better fonts of knowledge that can help point lost characters in the right direction. Unlike brass dragons, though, bronzes do not act as information brokers. They rarely ask anything of significance from those they aid (indeed, usually their only request is for visitors to not touch their books) and gladly share their knowledge. As scholars, academicians, and thinkers, bronze dragons rarely possess information pertaining to the current state of the world around them, but instead prove invaluable as resources with regard to ancient history and arcane subjects. The only true danger visitors face from bronze dragons is their tendency to answer not only the questions posed to them, but a half-dozen other unasked and unnecessary questions as well. Those seeking knowledge from bronze dragons are advised to allow for at least half a day when doing so—and that is only if the question asked is relatively straightforward. As bronze dragons consider it exceedingly rude for guests to interrupt them, attempts to depart early can be met—in the most extreme cases—with suddenly angry hosts.

The more social members of the bronze dragon species become guardians and protectors. Characters might interact with these bronzes as charges to be kept safe, employers hiring the dragons, or opponents who must defeat or otherwise circumvent them. Although bronze dragons do not frequently use their innate shapeshifting ability to take on humanoid forms, only fools ignore rumors of disguised dragons living somewhere. For this reason, meeting a legendary bronze dragon can actually be the goal of a quest or—more likely—the logical information-gathering step during a greater adventure.

ON GOLARION

Bronze dragons live all over Golarion, from the unsettled lands of Varisia to the breathtaking cities of Vudra, the cosmopolitan streets of Absalom to the bamboo forests of Tian Xia. The most significant exceptions to bronze ubiquity are Cheliox and Geb, the former because of its recent fall from grace into infernalism and the latter due to its unholy reliance on undead labors. Other nations of obviously evil bent provide homes to small populations of bronze dragons, often doing their best to stem the tides of evil in those lands, but most bronzes seem to universally shun Cheliox and Geb.

Cheliox's former masters in Taldor can claim a great many bronze dragons—indeed, the decadent nation possesses what many suspect is the largest population of bronzes in the Inner Sea region, if not the entire world. Many speculate that the bronzes enjoy the climate of Taldor or its people, but the truth of the matter lies with Royal Proclamation of the Draconic Banking, made by King Dahalvian in 1941 AR. This proclamation allows bronze dragons to establish banks and charge interest within the four cities of Cassomir, Maheto, Oppara, and Zimar without paying taxes to the crown. Bronze dragons call Taldor the Generous Land, and the descendants of the original bronzes to flock to the four cities continue to live and thrive nearby. Although they pay no taxes on the gold gained through their banking interests, the bronzes continue to inject gold into the local economies, further adding to what many call the self-destructive decadence of Taldor.

At the other end of draconic greed, the Monastery of Shung-Li in the Tian nation of Dtang Ma houses the venerable bronze dragon known as He Fa Chu (though that is not his draconic name). He Fa Chu serves as a guardian of the monastery, as well as a wellspring of wisdom that transcends the short generations of humans. In the 1,500 years that have passed since his arrival at the monastery, Master He Fa Chu has helped repel more than five dozen attacks and attempted thefts, convinced 17 kings to pray at the monastery's temple, trained and counseled thousands of devoted monks, compiled and obsessively organized the largest library in Dtang Ma (some say one of the three largest in Tian Xia), and mediated several disputes—most recently between the local *kami* and a population of nomadic kitsune.

NAMES

Unlike all other metallic and chromatic dragons, bronzes occasionally give their offspring names from languages other than Draconic. Names incorporating Dwarven and Elven words are not unheard of among bronze dragons, although the parents tend to create names that sound pleasing to their ears, even if the names make no sense

in the languages from which they are borrowed. Bronzes consider names in Common to be gauche, unless the words they utilize originated elsewhere (thus, many bronze dragon names that sound like Common are actually meant to be in Dwarven).

Sample Names: Akerlinis, Naprygonor, Svannost, Erthidrix

SPRAVILVOST

Although relatively young for a dragon, the adventurous Spravilvost nonetheless has experienced a great deal of what Avistan has to offer. Joined by his loyal friends Rin the gnomish lady adventurer (i.e., rogue) and the implacable dwarven paladin Sir Lothar, Spravilvost currently lives as a human in Molthune. There, Spravilvost's natural tendency to guard and protect allows him to act as bodyguard for General Lord Liocarcinus.

SPRAVILVOST

Male juvenile bronze dragon
LG Large dragon (water)

Init +0; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; **Listen** +22, **Spot** +22

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 9, flat-footed 23
(+14 natural, -1 size)

hp 145 (15d12+48)

Fort +12, **Ref** +9, **Will** +13

Immune electricity, sleep, paralysis

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +18 (2d6+4) and
2 claws +13 (1d8+2) and
2 wings +13 (1d6+2) and
tail slap +13 (1d8+6)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (80-ft. line of electricity, 8d6, Reflex half DC 20, or 40-ft. cone of repulsion gas, 1d6+4 rounds, DC 20 Will negates)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd):

At will—*Speak with animals*

Spells Known (CL 3rd):

1st (6/day)—*cure light wounds*, *comprehend languages*, *magic missile*

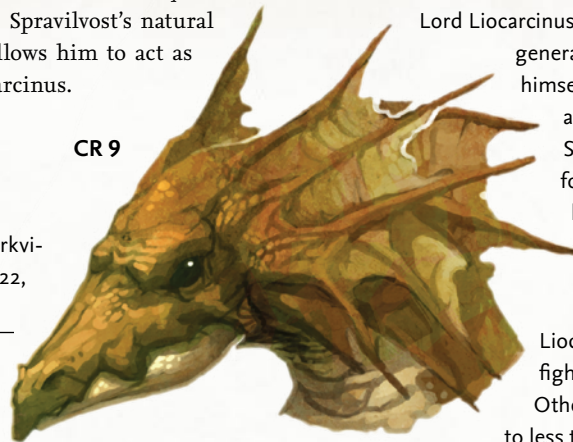
0 (6/day)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*

TACTICS

Before Combat Still young and impetuous, Spravilvost seldom thinks before he acts. If a fight looks like it is about to break out, he feels little remorse in throwing the first punch.

During Combat Only if his friends or his employer are

CR 9



DRACONIC DEFENDER

You have a knack for placing yourself between your enemies and those they wish to harm.

Prerequisite: Con 17, Toughness.

Benefit: During your action, designate an ally within your reach. When you fight defensively or use Combat Expertise, your ally gains a natural armor bonus to AC equal to the dodge bonus you gain from fighting defensively or Combat Expertise. You can select a new ally on any action. Allies who move out of your reach lose this natural armor bonus.

threatened with death does Spravilvost reveal his natural form. Otherwise, he is content to stand between General Lord Liocarcinus and whatever threatens the

general, casting *cure light wounds* on himself and his friends or employer

as need dictates. If pressed, Spravilvost reverts to his natural form and uses his breath weapon if he can (without putting any allies in danger) or enters melee with full attacks.

Morale When Rin, Lothar, or Liocarcinus are nearby, Spravilvost fights to the death to protect them. Otherwise, he withdraws if reduced to less than 50 hp.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 10, **Con** 17, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +15; **Grp** +23

Feats Combat Casting, Combat Expertise, Draconic Defender, Hover, Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Concentration +12, Disguise +22, Knowledge (geography) +17, Knowledge (history) +24, Knowledge (nature) +22, Knowledge (religion) +22, Listen +22, Search +22, Spot +22, Swim +22, Survival +22

Languages Aquan, Azlanti, Common, Draconic, Sylvan
SQ alternate form, water breathing

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Alternate Form (Su) Spravilvost can assume any animal or humanoid form of Medium size or smaller as a standard action three times per day. He can remain in his animal or humanoid form until he chooses to assume a new one or return to his natural form.

Breath Weapon (Su) Spravilvost has two types of breath weapon, a line of lightning and a cone of repulsion gas. Creatures within the cone must succeed on a DC 20 Will save or be compelled to do nothing but move away from him for 1d6+4 rounds. This is a mind-affecting compulsion enchantment effect.

Water Breathing (Ex) Spravilvost can breathe underwater indefinitely and can use his abilities while submerged.



Copper Dragons

Those with a mission of mercy to perform, a tyrant to overthrow, or a wrong to right cannot hope to find a more enthusiastic supporter than a copper dragon—for a time. Possessing remarkably short attention spans, even in comparison to humans, contrasted with boundless energy when concentrating upon a singular task, copper dragons push their allies and companions to wondrous heights of courage and glory before growing bored with the whole mess and returning to the tavern for another drink. Or ten.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 15

Copper dragons enjoy personal freedom, and many are willing to kill or die to protect their right to choose how and where they live. This love for freedom makes them popular with the republic of Andoran, and the highest concentration of coppers in Avistan lives in that democratic nation. Most coppers, though, choose not to live in the only nation-state that already allows for a great deal of personal freedom, but rather in those places most in need of freedom fighters—a role many relish.

Idealistic but easily distracted and even more easily bored, copper dragons make for intense but short-lived allies. Those in search of aid from a copper dragon can muster more and better support if their tasks can be completed relatively quickly. No such quest should last more than a couple weeks, and any endeavors taking more than a few days run the risk of losing the coppers' interest. Draconic scholars can relate with knowing smiles numerous tales of lofty quests enjoyed by copper dragons at the outset, only to have the draconic heroes depart on the eve of the (usually thereafter doomed) climax. Coppers



also make decent intermediaries between more powerful dragons and human allies, although once again their reliability can quickly become an issue. A message too difficult to deliver can easily be erased from a copper's mind in a celebration of wine, beer, and stronger spirits.

Coppers possess the largest number of head horns among the metallic dragon breeds. The magnificent crowns of horns that they bear grow up out of thick bony plates that form the backs of their skulls. These solid collections of horns can weigh hundreds of pounds on the largest copper dragons, and as a result the breed tends to have relatively short but thick necks. Aside from that very iconic head feature, copper dragon appearance varies widely, although the breed is the most likely of the metallics to be snaggletoothed.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Coppers exhibit their love of personal freedom via a penchant for extreme hedonism. Although fantastically long-lived by human standards, copper dragons rarely plan for their millennial futures, spending their hoards on frivolities and easily making friends among the shorter-lived races who they both forget and outlive. Those who consider copper dragons their enemies are sometimes surprised to find that their erstwhile foes do not share such opinions. Copper dragons are remarkably forgiving of all creatures, even their chromatic cousins, and do not hold grudges. Indeed, copper dragons would make excellent diplomats and judges, thanks to their desire to see situations from multiple perspectives, but their excitable and undisciplined natures prevent them from being effective in those roles.

Instead, copper dragons are the freedom fighters of dragons, working alone or in small groups to break the chains of oppression—either literal, physical chains holding the unjustly imprisoned or else the figurative, metaphysical chains of oppression and tyranny. Copper dragons become the greatest champions of whatever causes stir their imaginations and rally them to battle, and frequently ally with worshipers of Cayden Cailean due to their shared passions. Like shooting stars, though, the zeal of copper dragons shines brightly for a brief time before quickly burning away. On the other hand, coppers are easily manipulated into renewed vigor by presenting them with previously championed situations they have since lost interest in and portraying them as new but similar circumstances. In this way, wise humans allied with coppers can bring their draconic friends back into long-term struggles by suggesting unique positions on the situations at hand.

Copper dragons bore easily and are easily convinced of one argument over another—sometimes changing their minds on a particular topic every time they speak

with someone invested in it. Of all metallics, they are the most likely to tarnish into neutrality (though they never lose their chaotic love of change and freedom) and the most likely to rampage, usually after they tarnish but often because a smooth tongue or fair-faced elven maiden convinced them that doing so would gain them or their cause some sort of advantage.

When they err, and later realize what their poor decisions have wrought, copper dragons are genuinely remorseful and prone to sink into depressed lethargy for several weeks or exhibit a manic enthusiasm to undo their destruction (usually lasting until the job is completed or for several months, depending on the situation). As a result of this particular proclivity, most of the other good dragons try to remain politely aloof from their copper kin. This tendency to lash out makes them the only metallic breed not universally hated by the chromatic dragons, who sometimes achieve remarkable success at coercing coppers, or at least playing upon their mercurial emotions. Because of their own destructive and weak-willed tendencies, copper dragons remain endlessly forgiving of the foibles and vices of other creatures, especially other copper dragons but also including the chromatics.

Thanks to their tendencies to launch into unprovoked rages, scholars consider copper dragons the most dangerous and unpredictable of the metallic dragons. Others call this assessment partially unfair: while brass dragons are unpredictable, coppers simply enjoy the freedom to do as they will. No one debates their danger to lesser races, though. Not counting tarnished metallics, copper dragons exhibit the greatest tendency to attack lesser races without discernible provocation.

Copper dragons defend themselves from these accusations by noting that they never attack creatures unprovoked. They justify their actions by turning around the accusations and claiming that the beings deserved the attacks for some reason. The reasons given typically include attempts by the attacked creatures to limit some other creature's freedom in some way (telling a copper it is not allowed to do something is a grave offense), attacks against the dragons (either against themselves personally or against their beliefs), or insults against the dragons or their hoards (these slights might be intentional or not, and some are completely in the heads of the coppers). What many coppers and scholars point out as well is that these attacks rarely result in fatalities for those attacked. Unwise scholars sometimes compare the attacks to otherwise passive dogs snapping at annoyances, but copper dragons dislike the comparison and may attack those who make it.

Copper dragons enjoy dry, warm climates that do not truly count as deserts. Their preferred homes are dry pine forests in the arid foothills of tall mountains, although they (sometimes begrudgingly) live wherever their latest



interests take them. Even more transitory than their brass kin, copper dragons rarely hold their lairs for more than a few years before moving on.

For the most part, copper dragons cause little more impact on their surroundings than any other large omnivores, although a single adult copper dragon can consume as much food as several bears. Only when a copper dragon goes to a place in order to right some perceived ecological wrong (usually at the behest of a druid, elf, or other creature intimately connected with the natural order) does it actively engage in changing its surroundings. Otherwise, copper dragons live by the philosophy of “live and let live,” and are the dragons most likely to adopt herbivorous diets. Alone among all true dragon breeds, copper dragons adore sweet foods. When living in or near towns, copper dragons frequent bakeries, while those living away from civilization favor berries, juice-rich fruits, honey, and sugarcane stalks.

Many copper dragons attempt to alleviate their boredom with magic, and nearly all copper dragons learn or manifest some kind of illusion magic. They use this power both to entertain themselves and in more useful pursuits when engaged in their latest championed causes. Of course, many copper dragons are tricksters and pranksters, and their mastery of illusions only aids them in the performance of mischief.

HOARD AND HOME

Copper dragons like to live in caves that open out of the sides of sheer cliffs, but when such geologic features are unavailable they turn to whatever dry caves they can find. Perhaps the only condition for a lair universally set by coppers is the uncompromising need for an absolutely dry home. Coppers feel this point so strongly that they even use their fiery breaths to evaporate standing pools or their rock-shaping abilities to plug water moving into or through their new homes, from mere trickles to underground streams. When plugged waterways burst their seams and flood, the copper dragons hastily move on, pretending (if any witnesses are present) that they had nothing to do with the suddenly rushing water.

Despite their love of warm, dry places, copper dragons love freedom even more, and they are willing to live in nearly any environment (though they complain bitterly if forced to endure cold climates) if the chance for freeing other beings from real or political shackles presents itself. Not coincidentally, though, the more unpleasant the environment, the more quickly coppers seem to grow bored by prolonged battles or a perceived lack of success. That said, if given dry, warm places to sleep, coppers willingly stay in otherwise unpleasant conditions for as long as they are needed—at least until they legitimately grow restless.

In these situations, copper dragons rely on their shorter-lived friends and comrades to provide them with some form of comfortable living space. In the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, for example, a number of copper dragons live on the eastern outskirts of Trollheim, where they once patrolled in order to repel ice trolls and protect Irrisen. Today, the coppers live as tolerated guests of Freyr Darkwine, who houses them within massive longhouses kept constantly warm with large fires. This is an extreme example, however, and most coppers refuse to live farther north than Nirmathas, Kyonin, or Galt. Coppers prefer the company of dwarves over elves or humans, as the stout folk tend to create large underground complexes that are both warm and dry. Several dwarven Sky Citadels, including Highhelm, intermittently house one or two copper dragons. The coppers find warmth and safety in these dwarven cities and repay their hosts by exploring places fatal to dwarves (such as areas of molten magma).

When laired in their more traditional homes inside arid caves, copper dragons rely on trickery, subterfuge, and illusions to keep themselves and their relatively modest hoards safe from interlopers. Many create pit traps that they then conceal with both magical and mundane coverings, while more creative coppers hide their pits with mundane means and place illusions across solid flooring—thus luring those who can see magical auras into probing the incorrect sections of ground. Other illusions frequently used by copper dragons include false walls, faux treasures, and shadowy traps more imaginary than real. Coppers of at least adult age use their inherent magical control over stone to seal doorways and passages, often leaving narrow gaps just large enough for would-be thieves to catch tantalizing glimpses of hoards just beyond their reach.

Copper dragons rarely employ guardians unless they reside among the shorter-lived races. Draconic scholars versed in their ways sometimes say coppers refuse guardians because they see guardianship as a form of indentured imprisonment that reduces the freedom of both the guardian (who must stand idly by and protect some item or collection of inanimate objects) and the employer (who must periodically return to pay the guardian for his service).

Because they move around so often and prefer expending wealth to hoarding it, copper dragons gravitate toward small treasures they can easily carry or hastily consume. Gems and jewelry are common, but they just as gladly acquire rare bottles of wine, aged cheeses, imported chocolates, or other expensive or rare consumables they can use to impress guests. Guests can guess the relative length of time a copper dragon has lived in a particular lair by its accumulations. While a lair the copper has only just settled in seems to contain no treasures at all (all of

which the dragon keeps on its own body), a lair housing the same copper for more than a few years contains dozens of bottles of wine and other spirits, hundreds of pounds of dried foods, and stacks of coins (they keep their gems and jewelry with them even after years of relative stability).

Copper dragons love wine more than any other treasure. As mentioned earlier, they alone among dragons crave sweetness, and so favor wines made with the heavy inclusion of various fruits. They therefore prefer elven wines, which they procure at great expense and effort (including going so far as to hire freelance adventurers for such missions). Attempts to possess a particularly excellent vintage of elven wine can cause a copper dragon to forsake his goodly ways, at least temporarily, and indulge in theft, brigandry, or treachery to acquire it. The tale of Thelaxyl and Dyr, often told in lands hosting several copper dragons, warns of such dangers, with dragons battling each other for the prizes. Perhaps because of the tale or simply because it is one of the finest wines ever made (according to copper dragons, most of whom have never tasted it), a bottle of Kasselariel 4130 remains the ultimate prize for a copper dragon's hoard. Thanks to the drive of coppers to own it, a bottle of the wine is worth thousands of gold coins. As of this writing, only 13 bottles are known to exist in the world, down from 14 bottles a year ago, owing to a debauched and riotous party put on by the copper dragon Merksistil with no less than a half-dozen other copper dragons in attendance as witnesses.

Next to wine, coppers love other forms of alcohol (although they are apt to turn up their noses at distilled spirits), fresh sweet foods (such as baked goods and berries), and all the traditional forms of treasure for which dragons are known. Copper dragons care little for items they cannot themselves use or easily trade, and thanks to their tendency to emit great goutts of fire during their drunken stupors, they often sell or trade away books, scrolls, and other easily combustible goods.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

As with all metallic dragons, coppers make good mentors, patrons, or employers for adventurers. Copper dragons tend to be up-front about their true identities and rarely use intermediaries. They speak plainly to those they hire or guide and rarely withhold the rationale behind a particular quest, happily declaring upon questioning what they hope to gain both in the short term and in the future. Many of the assignments copper dragons hand out deal with freedom—physical or political.

A copper dragon can also act as a matchmaker of sorts, bringing together a wide variety of like-minded and sociable beings of various abilities and powers and

providing them copious amounts of alcohol. In this setting, business deals close, quests begin, romances flourish, and friendships are forged. An invitation to a copper dragon's wine-fueled party is seen by many as an opportunity not to be taken lightly, and for this reason alone coppers hold a reputation for being able to introduce important people to powerful individuals who can perform any task, no matter how difficult. How much of that reputation the coppers actually deserve—as they rarely make introductions at their own parties—remains a matter of debate. Most coppers use their reputation to further their own interests, of course, and few resist the urge to mention it when inviting guests.

Those fighting for a worthy cause, such as the freedom-loving Eagle Knights of Andoran and the crusaders of Mendev and Lastwall, can generally expect to receive some aid from copper dragons, even if only in the form of arms, equipment, and coins. Most long-standing wars in Avistan and Garund involve copper dragons to some degree, fighting on the side of goodness or—in the case of wars similar to that between Nirmathas and Molthune, where nobody





is right or wrong—whichever side appeals best to their revolutionary sensibilities.

Among the easiest of metallics to tarnish, copper dragons are the most likely of their goodly brethren to slip into neutrality—either from lethargy or in an attempt to reach compromise or arbitration between two parties. A large number of good dragons who turn to evil are coppers, much to the chagrin of their untarnished kin. Only the lofty but troubled silvers give in to dark thoughts more often. Even those coppers who remain good continue to live in the moment, and thus, regardless of their alignments, coppers remain the metallic kind most likely to battle against creatures who should be their allies.

Most rampaging metallic dragons bear coppers scales. The majority of rampaging coppers lash out only when their frustrated attempts at overcoming some tyrant grow too numerous (how many times a copper can fail in a task before rampaging varies by the individual). Many scholars believe some deep-seated flaw in the way coppers think tells them that destroying an entire town—innocents and all—is somehow preferable to allowing it to continue under the sway of an oppressive power. A rampaging copper dragon can present an unusual challenge for good-aligned PCs: how to stop a supposedly good creature from killing innocents without simply slaying the dragon? Few copper dragons tarnish irrevocably, after all, and attempts to redeem those coppers who fall under the sway of temptation and sin are liable to prove quite successful.

ON GOLARION

With the rise of infernal power in Cheliah, coppers dragons found themselves with a new rallying cry: “Free Cheliah!” In droves they flocked into the empire, only to be repulsed, slaughtered, and driven back by the powerful denizens of Hell serving there. Licking their wounds, the coppers fled from the Chelish heartland into Andoran, where they helped their like-minded human friends break away from House Thrune’s rulership.

As a result, Andoran became the rallying point for copper dragons from across Avistan to show their support for freedom and their resistance to devil-blighted Cheliah. The initial rush of copper dragons nearly broke the Andoran economy and threatened ecosystems throughout the republic, which led the coppers to spread out across southwestern Avistan and into northwestern Garund. Large populations live in every nation bordering Cheliah, including Isgar, where a number of copper dragons attempt to dislodge the Cheliah-loyal government in a proxy war against Egorian itself.

Farther east, the rebellious nation of Galt draws copper dragons, albeit with decreasing frequency. When Galt

first declared its independence, a dozen coppers quickly established themselves in the territory in order to aid in the resulting struggle against infernal Cheliah. Once the country succeeded in its secession, most of the original 12 left in pursuit of other interests. Of the four who remained, one lost his life in the first round of political cleansing and the other three went into hiding. Rumors of their continued but hidden involvement continues to this day in Galt and the neighboring lands, but the trio of Galtan coppers has not been seen in nearly 80 years.

Famous throughout Andoran for his frivolous spending habits, ribald humor, and well-documented cowardice, the young copper dragon Wataxshyl remains arguably the city of Olfden’s main attraction. Whenever Daralathylx visits his wrath upon Olfden, Wataxshyl historically hides away in a local inn and helps the townfolk pay whatever coins or treasures the king demands. This copper’s appearance helped push the balance in the town’s favor during a werewolf raid 50 years ago, and the townfolk were so pleased they failed to inquire as to why he suddenly appeared. With the passing of years, though, some citizens of Olfden are beginning to question why the drunkard dragon mysteriously appeared and why he seems uninterested in leaving.

History records the great deeds of a handful of copper dragons, including those of the legendary friends-turned-rivals Thelaxyl and Dyr. Many stories also surround Merithyl, a tireless opponent of Taldan slave barons several millennia ago, who infamously drowned herself and an entire ship full of slaves and their slavers when the latter grievously wounded and captured her. One of the most notorious coppers of history is not known for her freedom-fighting or debating over spilt wine, though. Ekishil, among the largest and most powerful coppers ever seen on Golarion, was tempted by dark whispers late in life and eventually succumbed. Over the course of the next 300 years, more than three dozen metallic dragons of various kinds hunted, cornered, or ambushed her at various times, and most died. As a new band of draconic heroes banded together to bring her down, though, Ekishil inexplicably vanished from her hunting ground. Some speculate another band of dragon hunters reached her first, but most draconic scholars deny this possibility. The most compelling theories argue that Ekishil either went into deep hibernation and yet lives somewhere deep beneath the planet’s surface or that she left Golarion and traveled into the spheres, where she plots her triumphant and terrible revenge.

NAMES

Copper dragons prefer names that are easy to pronounce. In general, these names lack the long-winded, tongue-



twisting grandeur of the reds and golds, as coppers prefer to expend their energies in pursuits other than creating convoluted names.

Copper dragon names: Apothyl, Delaxyn, Ith, Motlintil, Shiksinil, Yixel.

TYRAXALAN

When Cheliox fell to the House of Thrune and its infernal allies, copper dragons flocked to the nation from across the globe in a failed and costly attempt to undo Thrune's success. Nearly a dozen copper dragons gave their lives in the month following House Thrune's victory before the rest withdrew and fled into Andoran, Rahadoum, and even Isgar. One of the coppers who stayed behind became the leader of a resistance cell based in Westcrown.

Tyraxalan's ragged and harried group of loyalists continues the civil war that officially ended 7 decades ago. Although they garner some minor sympathy and support among the people of Westcrown, the lives of most Chelaxians have improved in the past several decades, and those who do help Tyraxalan and his freedom fighters do so more out of pity than any belief in their cause. Tyraxalan keeps himself hidden in the form of a human scribe known as Tyrax. In this guise, Tyraxalan occasionally sends messages to his friend and infrequent supplier Sarithil, a particularly famous brass dragon expatriate living in distant Manaket.



TYRAXALAN

CR 19

Male old copper dragon

CG Huge dragon (earth)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses, *see invisibility*; Listen +35, Spot +35

Aura frightful presence (240 ft., DC 27)

DEFENSE

AC 37, touch 12, flat-footed 37

(+4 armor, +25 natural, -2 size)

hp 299 (26d12+130)

Fort +20, **Ref** +15, **Will** +21

DR 10/magic and 10/adamantine (first 110 damage); **Immune** acid, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor)

Melee bite +33 (2d8+9) and

2 claws +33 (2d6+4) and

2 wings +28 (1d8+4) and

tail slap +28 (2d6+13)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (100-ft. line of acid, 16d4, Reflex half DC 28, or 50-ft. cone of *slow*, 1d6+8 rounds, Will negates DC 28), crush 2d8+19 (Reflex DC 28 or be pinned)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th):

2/day—*stone shape*

1/day—*transmute rock to mud/mud to rock*

Spells Known (CL 11th):

5th (4/day)—*atonement*, *hallow*

4th (7/day; 1 already cast)—*polymorph*, *scrying*, *stoneskin*

3rd (7/day)—*cure serious wounds*, *haste*, *remove disease*, *tongues*

2nd (7/day)—*cure moderate wounds*, *calm*

emotions (DC 20), *invisibility*, *see invisibility*

1st (7/day; 1 already cast)—*bless*,

bless water, *mage armor*,

magic missile, *sleep* (DC 19)

0 (6/day)—*arcane mark*, *detect*

magic, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*,

message, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *read*

magic

TACTICS

Before Combat Thanks to his loyal band, Tyraxalan is rarely surprised, and so he generally has time to cast *stoneskin*, *invisibility*, *see invisibility*, and *mage armor* before a fight breaks out.

He tries to prevent combat by using *calm emotions* and *sleep*.

During Combat In the first round of combat, Tyraxalan usually casts *haste* on himself and his allies, following it with *sleep* on the next round. He tends to fight defensively, curing and aiding his allies and diminishing the fighting strength of groups of foes with his breath weapons. Tyraxalan and his allies prefer hit-and-run tactics, and they might withdraw for hours before returning to harry their enemies.

Morale If in his lair or defending his companions, Tyraxalan fights to the bitter end. Otherwise, he attempts to hamper his enemy's ability to pursue him before slipping away.

Base Statistics Without his spells cast, Tyraxalan has the following base statistics: **AC** 33, touch 8, flat-footed 33

STATISTICS

Str 29, **Dex** 10, **Con** 21, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +26; **Grp** +43

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Power Attack, Snatch

Skills Bluff +33, Concentration +34, Hide +29, Jump +38,

Knowledge (arcana) +33, Listen +35, Search +33, Sense

Motive +33, Spellcraft +35, Spot +35

Languages Common, Draconic, Sylvan, Terran, Varisian

SQ spider climb

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Spider Climb (Ex) Tyraxalan can climb on stone surfaces as though using the *spider climb* spell.



Gold Dragons

Majestic and wise, gold dragons seem less like truly living creatures than minor godlings performing good deeds directly upon the world. Some live for centuries cloistered within human monasteries or temples, granting advice to those who ask. Others rally their cousins to battle against some great evil. Most watch the slow passage of time move across the world, bringing with it constant change. In a world ever in flux, it is the unmistakably powerful golds who seem to remain unchanging fixtures within it. Constant. Trusted. Comforting.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 16

The greatest of all dragons by nearly any metric, gold dragons benevolently reign over their metallic kin and command respect and awe from their chromatic cousins. Even the most powerful red dragons bear grudging respect for gold dragons—and hate them all the more for it. Gold dragons epitomize all that is good, orderly, and draconic. When poets and dreamers think of benign dragons, they think of the patient and kind golds.

By far the wisest and most intelligent of the metallic and chromatic dragons, gold dragons spend a great deal of time contemplating various considerations or problems that interest or vex them. Gold dragons do not mind providing their insights to those who ask, particularly if the inquired topic mirrors one of their own interests. As such, many creatures seek out gold dragons for advice, insight, and information. Golds make for careful and unhurried advisors, and they sometimes ponder a situation brought to their attention for several days, lapsing into deep thought and ignoring their visitors. Golds speak with an economy



of words, and expect others to lend greater heed to their carefully considered remarks.

When dealing with other creatures, gold dragons prefer to guide and advise. When coerced to act they become terrible to behold in their righteous fury. Even when pitted against chromatic foes (directly or otherwise), gold dragons choose words over violence, and many chromatics who are redeemed can thank patient but forceful golds for their enlightenment.

Gold dragons possess two large sweeping horns that extend back and up from their skulls, and most bear a few hornlets at the ends of their chins, which appear from the distance like small beards. Other than these features, the faces of gold dragons vary widely. Many possess dozens of hornlets projecting from their jaws, cheekbones, and eye ridges, while others bear only the two main horns and no other facial projections. Regardless of horn numbers, all golds reflect light to shine like the sun.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Whereas most other dragons prefer enclosures and defensive structures, living within caves under engulfing forests or thick mountains, gold dragons favor the wide-open expanses of grasslands and plains. Many speculate that gold dragons happily live in the open because they have nothing to fear. They are the most powerful of dragons, so their cousins rarely ever challenge them, and their unbreakable goodness means that would-be dragonslayers generally have no reason to hunt them. Regardless of their reasons, gold dragons do live exposed lives. Their lairs, such as they are, are often wherever the dragons bed down for the night, although like all other dragons they do prefer to sleep upon beds of coins. For this reason, gold dragons sometimes carry their hoards with them, though they commonly conceal their treasures or make them magically inaccessible.

As plains dwellers, gold dragons live off the many herd animals that roam across their preferred environment. Gold dragons are careful hunters, and never take more game than herds can replace. Like other predators, they routinely prey on the slow, the old, and the infirm, thinning the weakest members from the herds. Ever mindful of their impact on their surroundings, gold dragons also sate their hunger by grazing on the grains of various grasses and the high leaves of what few trees live in their domains. Thanks to the culinary advancement of humans over the past several millennia, gold dragons have grown a liking for carefully spiced foods. When they live among humans in cities or elsewhere, gold dragons often find one particular inn, restaurant, or tavern that spices its food exactly to their liking. They then support their favored establishments for as long the food remains constant and consistent,

and in some cases more humanized golds even purchase their favorite eateries.

Of all dragons across all the many spheres, golds are the least likely to tarnish, rampage, or otherwise act in a manner unbefitting their legendary dedication to the goodly concerns of law and order. What gold dragons consider benign assistance and benevolent leadership can sometimes clash with the ideals of other creatures, and in this way gold dragons do very occasionally enter into well-reasoned and passionless arguments. Their ability to divorce their emotions from their decisions makes them invaluable if frustrating advisors and confidants, and because of their inviolacy gold dragons are almost universally valued by all creatures who respect wisdom, temperance, and knowledge—including some chromatic dragons.

Serene and good-natured, gold dragons listen more than they speak and consider more than they act. Their unmatched wisdom and unequalled dedication to goodness place them in a position to be valued advisors to mortals and celestials alike, and their endless capacity to care for and about other creatures makes them consummate advisors and patrons of goodly beings.

Gold dragons enjoy the company of all good creatures, although they prefer those who adhere to order and predictability. Occasionally, gold dragons meet with angels and other divine good beings to discuss matters of concern on Golarion. The Worldwound continues to vex gold dragons and their celestial allies, and despite their best efforts (which generally involve sending more silver dragons into the fray) the Abyss's encroachment onto Golarion continues unabated.

Although they prefer the company of their own kind, gold dragons happily meet and converse with all their metallic kin. Gold dragons who live within a few days' flight of one another meet several times a year, ostensibly to discuss their continued attempts to spread their philosophies among their neighbors, but usually to simply chat and drink wine. In addition to these meetings, once or twice a year a gold dragon hosts a number of metallic dragons—usually only bronzes, silvers, and other golds, but occasionally also brasses and coppers. These gatherings are inclined to be more serious and sedate, with long discussions about the state of the world and what the dragons can do to improve it. Very rarely, certainly not more than once or twice a century, a particularly powerful gold dragon might call for a full convocation of dragons (see the Convocation of Dragons sidebar on page 14).

Many gold dragons also serve as mentors to their silver cousins. Those who accept such an honor take their roles very seriously, working hard to keep their dedicated charges to the hard path of justice and righteousness. Gold mentors to silver dragons make themselves available



to their cousins several times a month (or even more often, in times of great need), and the golds know to seriously consider everything their charges tell them. Experience has taught gold dragons that what might seem trivial and pointless to them can tip their silver charges to the point of tarnishing. Fortunately for the silver dragons lucky enough to acquire gold mentors, gold dragons are nothing if not patient, and their desire to aid their lesser cousins exceeds even the neediest silver dragon. Not every gold dragon mentors one of his silver kin and those who do never take on more than one silver dragon charge at a time—experience has taught the golds that having too many charges can be trouble for all involved.

Like many of their kin, gold dragons increasingly live among Golarion's humans, either in the guise of wizened humans themselves or else in their natural forms. In general, when they live within human settlements, gold dragons prefer the former approach, blending in with their neighbors and representing over the course of centuries an array of different human covers. Some golds become so attached to their false personas that the dragons then also portray their descendants, creating whole families represented in society by one member at a time. Eventually, after a few generations of otherwise single humans suddenly producing grown children, a few neighbors may catch on. Even when their covers are blown, though, the golds are apt to simply remain in the forms known to the townsfolk, and then live as either their exposed covers or other favored personalities for hundreds of years. Although gold dragons greatly prefer to live in cities where law and order prevail and serve the greater good, they recognize that they are needed far more elsewhere. For this reason, gold dragons are rumored to live in numerous cities of questionable morality throughout Avistan and Garund, including Ardis, Egorian, Korvosa, Pangolais, and Sothis. When they live in monasteries or other places of learning or contemplation not publicly open to visitors, gold dragons are prone to exhibit their true forms—except when their size becomes an inconvenience. This practice is far more common on the other continents, especially Tian Xia.

Like all dragons, golds know exactly the origin of dragonkind, who their god is, and what he represents. As the eldest of all dragons, if only by a matter of hours or days, gold dragons take upon themselves the responsibility of acting as older siblings for all other dragons, speaking with Apsu on behalf of their kin and reporting to their cousins his declarations. In this way, many consider gold dragons the clerics and priests of Apsu, but they gently correct such suppositions and explain the relationship is more aptly described as father and eldest child. Semantics aside, golds communicate directly with Apsu more than any other kinds of dragons, and Apsu seems to favor contacting gold dragons when he needs to communicate

with his children. This connection with their living god-king feeds into their draconic arrogance and causes many younger gold dragons to take on an air of smugness around their cousins, which their kin understandably do not appreciate. Older gold dragons suppress these feelings, as they realize that Apsu does not tolerate such a boastful show of pride between his children (although he encourages dragons to act with dignity and pride among the lesser races).

HOARD AND HOME

Gold dragons live, when allowed their choice, upon vast, open stretches of warm grassy plains and prairies. These grasslands offer them an abundance of foods, from the hard seeds of tall grasses to the skittish herd animals that graze upon them. In the early morning hours, gold dragons rise and watch the sun spread its warming light upon the land. They sit in quiet contemplation or meditation, allowing their magnificent bodies to soak in the warmth of the brightening sun. As they fear no creatures, even the hate-filled reds who constantly vex them, gold dragons alone among their kin feel no anxiety in sleeping in the open, under the bright stars of the dark night.

Despite their fearlessness, though, gold dragons do maintain protected lairs near their favored nesting spots. Often, these underground homes open onto narrow but sharp breaks in the landscape, where fissures or short cliffs form from geologic action or the slow erosion of topsoil. Even the flattest prairies offer the occasional breaks in their monotony, and those rare few that do not are not suitable homes to gold dragons.

Golds do not mind engaging in physical labor, so when natural caves do not appear in fissures and breaks, the dragons dig. Thanks to their extreme intelligence and good instincts, gold dragons can identify areas where natural underground open spaces are likely to occur. The golds, therefore, do not mind digging through rock and clay for several hundred feet in order to stumble across one of these cave systems. If, after a few hundred feet, the gold dragons do not uncover such caverns, they give up and search again elsewhere. In some parts of Avistan, plains and grasslands are erratically marked with dozens of these dead ends—many of which serve as the homes of creatures far less picky than gold dragons.

Once they establish their lairs, gold dragons work to set up defenses and form mutual aid pacts with their neighbors. Occasionally, gold dragons put out calls to their human allies to relocate, at least temporarily, in order to aid the dragons in protecting their lairs (and thus, their hoards). In addition to trustworthy human allies (who the golds carefully and subtly screen long before they petition for aid), gold dragons also invite celestials,



the occasional blink dog, and other creatures that prove themselves dedicated to justice, morality, mercy, and the greater good.

Gold dragons do not like to set traps, as the devices sometimes go off on creatures that belong within their lairs or fail to trigger on intruders, but instead prefer living, thinking defenders who can employ judgment and restraint—two qualities mechanical and magical traps always lack. That said, golds do favor impediments in their lairs that can slow and frustrate trespassers, such as short walls, flooded areas, twisting mazes, and other non-harmful features. Those in the know can navigate or bypass these annoyances with carefully hidden shortcuts or other tricks.

At the heart of a gold dragon's large cave complex spreads his hoard chamber, possessing several sections usually separated by shelves of different heights. A gold dragon keeps his coin bed in a depression on the highest shelf, with the rest of his hoard divided by form and function on progressively lower levels of the chamber. In general, the second-highest shelf goes to the dragon's library, the third to his collections of magic and art pieces, and the lower sections to his mundane and natural collections.

The heart of a dragon's hoard is its vast coin beds. Unlike their cousins, though, gold dragons prefer sprawling, shallow coin beds rather than more compact and deeper ones. Their coin beds commonly contain solid gold and silver objects of questionable artistic merit, such as bars, rods, undecorated candelabras, and worn or broken statuary. The dragons carefully remove any surviving gems, jewels, pieces of glass, or other ornamentation not made of precious metals before adding these pieces to their coin beds, and only if doing so does not significantly reduce their value.

Like bronze and brass dragons, golds collect a wide array of books, scrolls, clay tablets, and items representing all other forms of written communication. Whereas brass dragons tend to collect information about the people in their networks of contacts or guidebooks to where they live, and bronzes fill their hoards with ancient and dusty histories and other research materials, gold dragons collect books, scrolls, and such for the sheer joy of owning them. Voracious readers, gold dragons consume new acquisitions with true zeal, putting aside a few days to quickly read through their newest additions. Thanks to

their incredible intellects, these quick read-throughs allow them to comprehend most of the knowledge presented in the works, but despite these quick perusals, they almost always go back later for less hurried, more mindful readings.

Gold dragons place items of magic and pieces of art below their coins and books in relative importance. This should not suggest the dragons do not care for such things and might forgive thieves who remove art or magic from their hoards, but simply that the golds place greater emphasis on the care and protection of their coin beds and libraries. In the area of art, gold dragons do not maintain any sort of species-wide specific preferences, although individuals regularly favor one or two kinds over all others. The gold dragon Tesla collected crystal wine glasses, for example, and at his death his heir counted more than 2,400 of the delicate items in velvet-lined display cases.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Gold dragons lead by example and by offering sometimes-cryptic advice. Through their connections with Apsu and other powerful extraplanar champions of good and forthrightness, gold dragons frequently know or hear hints of great evils plaguing the world. As architects of actions and strategists of almost unparalleled skill, gold dragons rarely confront these threats directly (the major exception being the rise or rampage of some powerful red dragon). Instead, gold dragons delegate the responsibilities of heroic actions to other beings—almost always those who





would be most affected by the looming threat. In this way, gold dragons orchestrate or influence important quests that advance the cause of good and bring glory to the people who perform them.

Like most draconic manipulators, gold dragons prefer to work behind the scenes, out of the limelight, and preferably with their meddling undetected by those they empower. More conniving than even the most ambitious blues, gold dragons keep track of hundreds of threads of possible outcomes. They create contingencies and develop sleeper agents of such sublime subtlety that other dragons and masterminds cannot hope to identify them until the need for such redundancies occurs—and sometimes not even then.

Unlike blue dragons, gold dragons do not mind speaking directly with lesser beings, even those not connected to dragonkind in any way. Gold dragons recognize that, despite their incredible intellects and superior wisdom, they do not and cannot see and know everything. At times, beings approach them for advice or knowledge in order to advance some goodly quest whose purpose is completely unknown to the golds. With their massive libraries and vast memories, gold dragons are living repositories for information other creatures might find useful, and of this they remain quite aware. Thus, when beseeched for their wise council or knowledge, gold dragons acquiesce and share what they know or suspect (but only after the petitioning creatures prove themselves worthy of such aid).

ON GOLARION

So incorruptible are gold dragons that the Obelisks of Destiny record only one of their kind who forsook his species' righteous ways and fell into darkness and insanity. For nearly 150 years, Kwislingyr of the still-shamed Aleirt bloodline terrorized western Taldor and its colonies in Andoran. Although several gold dragons attempted to redeem him and a number of dragon-slaying expeditions set out to hunt him down, his months-dead corpse was discovered by a group of dwarven ore-hunters quite by accident. When they saw his corpse, the dull yellow of his scales and his emaciated body twisted in madness led them to believe they had discovered a new species of dragon (see The Yellow Dragon sidebar on page 43). After numerous experts refuted their claim and most of the rumors died down, the dwarves took Kwislingyr's corpse on a tour of several dwarven Sky Citadels before the gold dragon Winsilax gently asked them to inter it.

Probably the most famous gold dragon on Golarion is Mengkare, the founder and benevolent dictator of the island nation of Hermea. Many speculate that the Nirvana dragon also is, or was, a gold dragon of some unequalled power and majesty. Gold dragons, for their part, politely deny such suppositions. The Nirvana dragon never quite

seems to hear the question correctly and answers some random and unasked question instead.

NAMES

Gold dragon names can be longer, more complex, or harder to pronounce than those of most of their metallic kin, but golds often use shortened forms for casual conversation or when dealing with non-dragons. Many golds from the Aurixia clan (the pure bloodline) bear a portion of their foremother's name in theirs, as the word for "gold" in Draconic is itself "aurux."

Gold Dragon Names: Aurexiar, Dararthurian, Edvarthixian, Marathaliax, Raurix.

ASTARATHIAN

In the darkest corners of the world, gold dragons sometimes dwell. There, they act as shaded beacons of light, revealing their true forms only to those they learn to trust implicitly. Thus it is that Astarathian, one of the most powerful dragons in Avistan, lives in a place least open to the ideals of goodness. Within the Nidalese capital of Pangolais, Astarathian lives in the human guise of a simple greengrocer, providing the people of the city with staple foods at lower costs than anyone else. Indeed, local legends hold that those who say the right things to him receive their food for free.

Although he has lived in Pangolais for nearly 450 years, Astarathian has never kept the same disguise for more than a few decades, and he never portrays family members of his previous false selves. In his years within Nidal's capital, Astarathian has provided hundreds of frightened, starving people with food and shelter and has given hope and encouragement to those who seek to release Nidal from its long, dark curse. Only once has Astarathian taken to the sky over the city in his true form, in the year 4519. The people still speak of the shining golden dragon to this day, referring to the event as the Night of the Golden Moon.

ASTARATHIAN

CR 27

Male great wyrm gold dragon

LG Colossal dragon (fire)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +57, Spot +57

Aura frightful presence (360 ft., DC 41)

DEFENSE

AC 54, touch 10, flat-footed 54; +2 vs. evil

(+4 armor, +40 natural, +4 shield, -8 size)

hp 717 (41d12+451)

Fort +33, **Ref** +22, **Will** +35; +1 luck bonus, +2 vs. evil

DR 20/magic; **Immune** acid (first 120 points), cold (first 120 points), electricity (first 120 points), fire, sonic (first 120 points), sleep, paralysis, *magic missile* (while *shield* spell is active), mind-affecting effects, information-gathering divinations; **SR** 33; **Weaknesses** vulnerability to cold



OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., fly 250 ft. (clumsy), swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +52 (4d8+18) and
2 claws +47 (4d6+9) and
2 wings +46 (2d8+9) and
tail slap +46 (4d6+27)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapons (70-ft. cone of fire, 24d10, Reflex half DC 41, or 70-ft. cone of weakening gas, 12 Str damage, Fort negates DC 41), crush 4d8+27 (Reflex DC 41 or be pinned), tail sweep 2d8+27 (Reflex half DC 34)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 19th):

3/day—*bless*

1/day—*geas/quest* (DC 29), *sunburst* (DC 29), *foresight*

Spells Known (CL 19th):

9th (5/day)—*prismatic sphere* (DC 30), *time stop*, *wish*

8th (7/day; 1 already cast)—*mind blank*, *prismatic wall* (DC 29), *protection from spells*

7th (8/day)—*greater arcane sight*, *greater teleport*, *prismatic spray* (DC 28)

6th (8/day)—*antimagic field*, *greater dispel magic*, *wall of iron*

5th (8/day)—*break enchantment*, *flame strike* (DC 26), *heal*, *prying eyes*, *summon monster V*

4th (8/day; 1 already cast)—*cure critical wounds*, *detect scrying*, *spell immunity*, *stoneskin*

3rd (9/day; 4 already cast)—*haste*, *create food and water*, *cure serious wounds*, *protection from energy*

2nd (9/day, 1 already cast)—*consecrate*, *cure moderate wounds*, *glitterdust* (DC 23), *owl's wisdom*, *see invisibility*

1st (9/day; 2 already cast)—*cure light wounds*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *shield*

0 (6/day)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Astarathian prepares for battle by casting *mage armor*, *owl's wisdom*, *protection from evil*, and *shield*. He always has *mind blank* and *detect scrying* active, and if he anticipates battle in the near future he enhances himself with *protection from energy* (acid, cold, and electricity).

During Combat In the first round, Astarathian uses *time stop* to gain rounds so he can encase his foe with *wall of iron*. If that proves unsuccessful, he casts *haste* on himself and uses *time stop* and *wish* to their maximum potential. Against obviously evil foes, Astarathian is ruthless, but even against such beings he stops if they ask for mercy. When facing foes of uncertain morality he is more reserved and attempts to incapacitate rather than destroy.

Morale Astarathian only fights to the death in order to protect his lair or the lives of innocents. Otherwise, he withdraws carefully if reduced below 350 hit points.

Base Statistics Without his spells, Astarathian has the following statistics: **AC** 42, touch 2, flat-footed 42; **Fort** +33, **Ref** +22, **Will** +33; **Wis** 33.

STATISTICS

Str 47, **Dex** 10, **Con** 33, **Int** 32, **Wis** 37, **Cha** 32

Base Atk +41; **Grp** +75

Feats Alertness, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Maximize Spell, Silent Spell, Skill Focus (Diplomacy), Skill Focus (Knowledge [history]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [the planes]), Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (claw), Wingover

Skills Concentration +55, Diplomacy

+60, Disguise +55, Escape Artist +44,

Heal +55, Knowledge (arcana)

+55, Knowledge (geography) +55,

Knowledge (history) +58, Knowledge

(religion) +55, Knowledge (the planes) +58,

Listen +57, Search +55, Sense Motive +55,

Spellcraft +57, Spot +57, Swim +62, Use

Magic Device +55

Languages Azlanti, Celestial,

Common, Draconic, Ignan,

Shadowtongue, Varisian

SQ alternate form, detect gems, luck bonus, water breathing

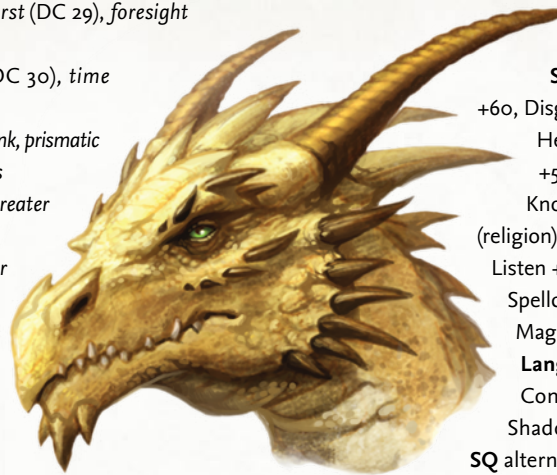
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Alternate Form (Su) Astarathian can assume any animal or humanoid form of Medium size or smaller as a standard action three times per day. He can remain in his animal or humanoid form until he chooses to assume a new one or return to his natural form.

Detect Gems (Sp) This is a divination effect similar to a *detect magic* spell, except that it finds only gems. Astarathian can scan a 60-degree arc each round: by concentrating for 1 round he knows if there are any gems within the arc; 2 rounds of concentration reveals the exact number of gems; and 3 rounds reveals their exact location, type, and value. This ability is the equivalent of a 2nd-level spell, and he can use it 3 times per day.

Luck Bonus (Sp) Once per day, Astarathian can touch a gem and enspell it to bring good luck. As long as he carries the gem, Astarathian and every good creature in a 120-foot radius receives a +1 luck bonus on all saving throws and similar rolls (as a *stone of good luck*). If Astarathian gives the gem to another creature, only that bearer gets the bonus. The effect lasts 1d3+36 hours but ends if the gem is destroyed. This ability is the equivalent of a 2nd-level spell.

Water Breathing (Ex) Astarathian can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use his abilities while submerged (the cone of fire becomes a cone of superheated steam underwater).





Green Dragons

Greens are obsessed with perfecting their minds and bodies, and exceed even the learned bronzes in scholarship and study. Many chromatic dragons consider the greens traitors, for they seem more interested in learning than rampaging. Indeed, several attempts by metallic dragons over the past few millennia to redeem chromatic dragons en masse began by targeting the greens; of course, all such grand attempts failed miserably, and it is doubtful that dragons as a race will entertain such an idea again for at least a millennium.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 17

Green dragons strive for self-perfection and constantly work to improve themselves. This applies to both body and mind, though more so to the latter. Many who deal with dragons consider greens the most reasonable and pragmatic of the chromatic dragons, and most attempts to reach some form of agreement between the two draconic sects involve green dragons—particularly those attempts with any actual chance of success. When approached correctly—which generally means not when they are in meditation or asleep—green dragons are the chromatics most often willing to converse with uninvited guests. Despite their reasonable personalities and openness to visitation, however, green dragons remain undeniably evil, selfish creatures, and those fools who forget this tend to wind up as snacks.

In every aspect of their lives, green dragons seek mastery. Their unending and unrealistic push for achievement often focuses strongly upon their own persons, and green dragons practice moderation and self-control on levels approaching that of golds. As a result, green dragons are the



least likely of chromatics to rampage and the most likely to shed their evil ways. Few become truly good, but more green dragons slip into hard-edged neutrality than all other chromatics combined. Some scholars estimate that as many as one green in 10 finds sufficient enlightenment to embrace academic neutrality, but most draconic sages agree the number is much lower.

Of the chromatic dragons, greens are the only type who consider academia a worthy pursuit. They fill their lairs with books and scrolls, and despite their hatred of the lesser races they give begrudging thanks to the industrious humans who record knowledge in such a convenient and portable format. Green dragons serve as the scholars and wizards of the chromatics, and their contributions to mathematics, astronomy, and the understanding of Golarion's calendar are numerous but often woefully undervalued or miscredited.

The single massive horn projecting from a green dragon's snout gives it the most striking and easily recognizable head shape of all true dragons. Every green dragon's iconic nose horn bears a unique shape, though it continues to grow all throughout the dragon's life. Some great wyrms have a horn so massive that they gain a blind spot in their vision, and to correct this they sometimes carve the horn into a smaller, more suitable shape.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Green dragons constantly seek to become stronger, faster, smarter, wiser, and calmer. Already among the most socially adjusted of the chromatics (exceeded only by the manipulative blues), green dragons occasionally introduce themselves into situations they find frustrating or annoying simply so they can practice remaining calm and patient. These attempts usually work, but when they don't, someone generally loses a limb.

In order to keep their bodies in peak physical condition, green dragons perform some form of rigorous exercise nearly every day (like all dragons, they enjoy long slumbers, but try to limit their naps to a few days at a time). These exercises typically include flying, running, or swimming at their maximum pace for at least an hour. Other days, greens derive their exercise from combat, either sparring non-lethally with other greens and the occasional blue or else attacking creatures they perceive as challenging but not especially dangerous.

The sparring and battling they do also help keep greens mentally strong, but most prefer other forms of intellectual exercise to accumulating tactical know-how. Green dragons naturally excel at mathematics and frequently become experts in magical theory (although their talents in the practical application of magic tend to lag), astronomy (they consider astrology charlatanry), and intricate measurements (such as of time or items very large and very small).

Although their intellectual curiosity rarely leads them to an interest in horticulture, green dragons possess natural abilities that make them excellent cultivators and caretakers. They feel they must constantly improve upon their forest homes (at least the sections they can see directly from their lairs). Green dragons rarely care for their forests directly, but they frequently coerce or otherwise force lesser creatures into aiding them as caretakers and groundskeepers. Over time, thanks to the efforts of the dragons, the areas around their lairs tend to become healthier and more vibrant, a sharp contrast to other chromatics. Welcome plants grow quick and healthy, while parasitic vines and other unwanted vegetation are either much reduced or eliminated entirely. As flexible omnivores, green dragons can and do eat almost anything, from fresh meat to berries to leafy plants. They refuse carrion and only eat creatures they kill themselves.

Whereas blue dragons tend to socialize in order to establish control over or contact with different creatures, green dragons speak with lesser beings in order to gain knowledge. This sharing of information is not altruistic, but rather to gain prestige for their discoveries and breakthroughs and to learn from those of others. When green dragons present newfound information to colleagues, they do so with written proofs and journals that clearly spell out their findings and establish them as the original discoverers of the knowledge they pass on. In this way, green dragons contribute to the draconic body of knowledge without fear of their findings becoming misappropriated, lost, or claimed by another dragon—or worse, by a lesser creature.

Green dragons tend to stay away from other kinds of dragons, whom they see either as unpredictable hooligans or insufferably stuffy killjoys; the exceptions are bronzes, whom greens respect as scholars. Greens tend to work together with bronzes more than with any other dragon kind, losing themselves in deep, intellectual conversations. When confronted with their own kind, green dragons become standoffish and competitive. As perfectionists, they cannot help but compare themselves to their kin, and meetings of two greens almost always turn into bouts of one-upmanship that result in physical brawls or magical duels. Only when greens come together to mate can they temporarily repress these competitive tendencies. Even then, however, the dragons cannot help but feel themselves smugly superior to their partners, and on occasion these trysts end violently when one partner points out a flaw in the other.

The scholarly and rational greens rarely develop any great amount of piety or religious fervor. They intellectually understand and occasionally study the creation of dragons and the betrayal of Dahak, but they do not revere Apsu in any capacity other than as the greatest



of all dragons and—ultimately—the king of the metallics. Strangely, even as they reject their own draconic deities, some greens actively worship a human god: Irori, god of self-perfection. These greens see in Irori the ultimate in personal potential, and they judge themselves against his pursuit of perfection, wisdom, and calm, believing that the reward for ultimate self-improvement is ascension to godhood. Other greens deride this faith as the “Cult of the Man God.”

More often than any other chromatic kind, green dragons explore the theoretical mysteries of arcane magic as archmages and wizards of great repute. Their experiments and studies frequently lead to new and dangerous discoveries, though just as often these investigations into things best left alone result only in insanity or death. Green dragons take these risks to push the boundaries of theoretical knowledge in the hopes of being remembered throughout history for their achievements. In order to conduct these experiments, green dragons happily sacrifice as many lesser creatures as they need to, gleefully sending dozens of humans or even other dragons to gruesome and unspeakable deaths. Green dragon wizards

do not collectively favor any one school of magic over the others, but individuals almost always specialize. This tendency carries over into non-wizard greens as well, who do not focus on any one school or type of magic.

HOARD AND HOME

Green dragons favor knowledge and collected wisdom over other treasures, although they also enjoy the shape and feel of items made from darkwood and certain other materials. Like all dragons, greens love coins, and tend to prefer copper and silver over gold or platinum. As scholars, green dragons also favor older coins from extinct nations, and in many cases the coins of their hoards are worth more to collectors than their face values indicate. Green dragons enjoy verdant gemstones such as emeralds and peridot which reflect the color of their own scales.

The hoards of green dragons always contain large libraries of books and scrolls, typically of advanced mathematics or numerology and at least one other subject that strikes the particular dragon’s fancy. A number of these tomes and manuscripts are unique, having come down to their owners through successions of masters and apprentices or else penned by the hoard owners themselves. Unscrupulous scholars, mathematicians,

and arcane researchers frequently put out bounties for the deaths of green dragons solely for the purpose of gaining access to these documents. These vendettas usually end in the deaths of those who propose them and their would-be dragonslayers.

As the chromatic dragons of forests and growing places, green dragons enjoy wooden carvings and elaborately decorated wooden furniture. Many greens collect wooden canes, cudgels, and walking staves made from oak and other beautiful woods, giving their hoards high percentages of magical examples of such items. Green dragons do not exclusively appreciate the beauty of worked or magical woods, however, and those who live relatively near coastlines frequently collect driftwood of unusual shapes and colors—something that never fails to confuse thieves expecting only valuable items.

Regardless of the exact makeup, all green dragon hoards are carefully and exactly organized. Books always end up back on their shelves, usually ordered





alphabetically by subject. Art objects, weapons, and suits of armor have their specific places, usually under glass to protect them from dust and grime. Even the wide, shallow beds of coins on which green dragons sleep are kept within very specific boundaries, typically with the help of perfectly circular indentations in the floor. Woodcarvings and the like are always carefully arranged around the coin beds. Green dragons keep their hoards meticulously clean and organized, and as such they can tell at a glance if something is out of place or missing, making their hoards among the most difficult to subtly pilfer.

Green dragons live in forests, preferably at the hearts of old woods near groves of ancient trees. They like to live in caves, but many settle for natural cairns, the burial mounds of lesser creatures, or simple stone-lined and covered pits dug for them by unwilling neighbors. When they live in caves or caverns, green dragons like to conceal the entrances to their homes with thick bushes, vines, and other greenery.

With their corrosive breath, green dragons can slowly melt their way through solid stone in order to delve into the sides of hills or create hollows within mounds of stones. They rarely use their acidic exhalations on trees or other plant matter, instead trusting to magic or their own physical labor to produce lairs high in the trees.

When not living within caves or burial mounds, greens prefer to make their homes on the sides of hills or at the tops of cliffs. Some, particularly younger and smaller ones, live within the high boughs of massive and ancient trees. Some treetop lairs of the oldest green dragons can rely upon the collective strength of more than two dozen massive trees, their upper reaches bowing under the draconic weight. These immense lairs (created by carefully meshed ropes, chains, cables, and vines) are engineered by the dragons to support weights far exceeding their own. This allows the greens to keep at least portions of their hoards within their tree-borne bowers.

Whether aboveground or below, green dragon lairs are generally built near at least one tree with a bough large enough to support the dragon's bulk, from which it can survey its demesnes. (Of course, this becomes extremely difficult to find for the largest dragons). Green dragon lairs rarely contain standing or running water. In caves, green dragons keep their books and the rest of their hoards organized on large wooden shelves or in glass-enclosed displays (preferably of exquisite quality and made from darkwood or hardwoods). In tree lairs, they carefully and patiently guide the boughs and trunks of the trees into particular shapes to make them useful for storage. The oldest green dragons living within trees occasionally even have safes and strongboxes grown into the trunks of their tree homes—a process that takes hundreds of years to complete.

THE YELLOW DRAGON

Amateur scholars of draconic lore are quick to point out that as there are blue and green dragons, and mixing blue and yellow pigment creates green, there must be yellow dragons, forebears of the green dragonkind. Though there are no known chromatic dragons that were actually yellow, there is one famous metallic who helped perpetuate the myth.

With each appearance, the fallen gold dragon Kwislingyr's scales lost more luster until—upon the discovery of his corpse—they were reduced to a sickly yellowish hue. His pallid skin and the subsequent discovery of his emaciated corpse led to wild speculations of the arrival of a new species of yellow dragon. Draconic scholars and representatives of the Aleirt bloodline quickly hushed those rumors when they confirmed that the so-called “yellow dragon” was actually the fallen gold, Kwislingyr. Despite their refutations, however, rumors of yellow dragon sightings still infrequently crop up all across Avistan, and even more so in Garund.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Green dragons can play a wide array of roles depending on their individual interests. Although almost universally and unrepentantly evil, green dragons are never mindless marauders or senseless slayers, and are all the more terrifying as opponents because they always have purpose behind their actions and more than one means by which to accomplish their goals.

The most basic manner in which green dragons antagonize humans is simply as defenders of their territory: greens do not suffer humans stumbling around on their land. Unlike most other chromatic dragons, though, green dragons do not automatically attempt to kill trespassers. Indeed, doing so frequently just results in the arrival of even more humans. Instead, greens try to drive off unwanted guests, often using methods that do not reveal the dragons themselves.

Many green dragons seek knowledge, either magical or mundane, that other academic or intellectual dragons (such as their bronze rivals) do not dare or care to find. In the name of science and understanding, green dragons occasionally perform experiments on live subjects. These particular forms of research require steady supplies of test subjects, leading the dragons to frequently seek out new victims, dragging their uncooperative test subjects back to their lairs for vivisection. Clever greens create nonlethal traps to more easily acquire such “volunteers.”

As seekers of knowledge, green dragons also occasionally explore ancient tombs or other places of historic or magical interest. If a site is newly discovered, a particularly adventurous green might attempt to delve into it before its fame draws too many other explorers. Thus it is possible



for human adventurers and green dragon explorers to simply stumble into each other, particularly if they are both in a location only recently revealed.

As they are among the most thoughtful and least violent of chromatic dragons, green dragons do not mind sharing what information they possess with lesser beings. These lessons never come freely, of course, and those petitioning greens for intellectual aid should bring their own secret knowledge to share. Some green dragons accept books, scrolls, coins, and other physical treasures as payment for the information they provide, but most require the human knowledge-seekers to perform tasks for them in exchange.

ON GOLARION

Nearly every significant forest on Golarion is home to at least one green dragon, from the boreal forests in Irrisen to the steaming jungles of the Sodden Lands and all major woodlands in between. For the most part, green dragons dwell in quiet isolation, keeping to themselves, emerging from their homes only to hunt or seek out some new fact or resource. For this reason, few notable green dragons are spoken of in human histories.

Perhaps the best-known green dragon, the famed and strangely popular Tasathyl, continues to live within the vast territory claimed by Daralathylx without bowing to his rulership. Although much smaller and obviously weaker than Daralathylx, Tasathyl openly defies the king of dragons and continues to live to tell of it. Since her arrival in Arthfell Forest sometime shortly before 3300 AR, Tasathyl has faced off against King Daralathylx on at least nine known occasions. Every battle begins in the air, but eventually the two tumble to the ground, crushing everything beneath them. Twice these battles have fallen into an occupied area, with the resulting combat destroying homes and killing numerous unfortunate onlookers. When she isn't busy seeking new ways to kill her most hated opponent, Tasathyl possesses a voracious appetite for knowledge and information. She frequently hires explorers and adventurers to comb the dwarven ruins near her home.

More famous for his accomplishments than for his politics, the late Gartheris discovered within his small woodland observatory two of the known planets of Golarion's solar system, as well as numerous comets and other celestial bodies. Those dragons who cared about such things hailed his discoveries and claimed draconic superiority in the field of astronomy. However, a team of unscrupulous human astronomers managed to disseminate this information about the discoveries before the dragon could, naming them Triaxus and Apostae, much to the anger of green dragons and the chagrin of bronzes. Gartheris and his colleagues seethed at this for nearly a

decade before putting the final touches on their master plan of vengeance, wiping away the human usurpers, their publishers, and their families with veritable storm clouds of acidic breath. Since then, human researchers wisely grant credit where it is due, at least when dealing with green dragons.

NAMES

Green dragon names fall somewhere in the middle of the draconic spectrum for length and complexity. They tend to be relatively easy to pronounce (if not to spell) and they generally eschew the use of titles and other epithets. Female green dragons frequently have names ending in the syllable of "vox." Beyond these generalities, green dragons do not practice any particular naming conventions, although fathers tend to grant their offspring names that incorporate one or two syllables of their own names. For example, the famed astronomer Gartheris fathered Athervox, Gardras, and Theristix.

Green dragon names: Arithalion, Dastrivox, Karsitran, Saevox.

ATHERVOX

Daughter of the famed astronomer Gartheris, Athervox spent many of her younger years toiling in earnest beneath the impressive shadow of her sire's previous discoveries. Upon his death almost 7 centuries ago, Athervox gained possession of his mundane and magical astronomical equipment, and with this windfall of information and tools she set up an observatory near Senara in the Whisper Woods of Cheliox.

With the rise of the Hell-backed House of Throne, Athervox saw her chance to gain some level of assurance from the governing humans that she could conduct her studies in peace. In exchange for privacy, however, the government in Egorian required Athervox to train a handful of human astronomers loyal to House Throne. Athervox assumed her "apprentices" were merely spies sent by the crown to see the manner of her research, but kept up the pretense of teaching. After a few years of training, the humans abruptly left one night, taking with them several volumes of Athervox's notes on astronomical connections to the spheres of existence.

Several decades have passed since the Throne agents ran off with her notes, and in that time no humans have bothered Athervox who she did not herself invite. Despite Cheliox's apparent upholding of its end of the deal, Athervox cannot bring herself to trust humans, even though she frequently needs them to perform menial or dangerous tasks for her. The House of Throne, for its part, would do well to remember that just because the dragon hasn't punished them yet for their insolence doesn't mean she's forgotten.

ATHERVOX

CR 19

Female very old green dragon

LE Huge dragon (air)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +40, Spot +40**Aura** frightful presence (270 ft., DC 28)**DEFENSE****AC** 36, touch 8, flat-footed 36
(+28 natural, -2 size)**hp** 420 (29d12+232)**Fort** +24, **Ref** +16, **Will** +22; Draconic Discipline**DR** 15/magic and 10/adamantine (first 110 damage); **Immune** acid, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 25**OFFENSE****Spd** 40 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor), swim 40 ft.**Melee** bite +40 (2d8+13) and 2 claws +38 (2d6+6) and 2 wings +38 (1d8+6) and tail slap +38 (2d6+19)**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (15 ft. with bite)**Special Attacks** breath weapons (50-ft. cone of acid, 18d6, Reflex half DC 32), crush 2d8+19 (Reflex DC 32 or be pinned)**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 11th):3/day—*suggestion* (DC 16), *dominate person* (DC 19)1/day—*plant growth***Spells Known** (CL 11th):5th (4/day)—*animal growth* (DC 19), *telekinesis* (DC 19)4th (7/day; 1 already cast)—*polymorph*, *scrying*, *stoneskin*3rd (7/day)—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *haste*, *tongues*, *wind wall*2nd (7/day; 4 already cast)—*bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *fox's cunning*, *owl's wisdom*, *see invisibility*1st (7/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *hypnotism* (DC 15), *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *sleep* (DC 15)0 (6/day)—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic***TACTICS**

Before Combat Athervox avoids combat whenever she can, preferring discourse to violence. When riled up she is a terrible and careful foe. If she knows an inescapable battle approaches, she seeks out a place of her choosing to hold the fight. She prefers locations that allow her to fly freely and avoid melee battle with her foes. Just before combat, she casts *bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *fox's cunning*, *owl's wisdom*, and *stoneskin* on herself (included in the above statistics).

During Combat Athervox avoids engaging in melee at all costs, relying on her flight to keep her away from most foes. She attempts to use *dominate person* and *suggestion*

DRACONIC DISCIPLINE

You are a dragon, powerful and feared. Not even magic can sway your thoughts or weaken your resolve.

Prerequisites: Wis 17, base Will save +10, any lawful alignment, dragon type.

Benefit: If you are affected by a mind-affecting enchantment or necromancy effect and fail your saving throw, you can attempt it again 1 round later at the same DC. You get only this one extra chance to succeed on your saving throw.

(her favorite is to suggest the target leave, gather more allies, and return the next day better prepared to fight her, which gives her plenty of time to get far away) to end the combat or at least remove some of her foes from the battle. She uses her breath weapon and damaging spells to good effect, hitting as many foes as possible. Her hope is to deliver so much damage in so little time that her foes see the logic in breaking off the fight and switching to discussion. If Athervox can end a battle quickly, she tries to learn the names of her opponents so she can plan for her vengeance later.

Morale Athervox does not fight to the death outside of her lair unless she is somehow trapped and cannot escape. Once reduced to 200 hp or less, she flees. When defending her home, she fights until slain.

Base Statistics Without her protective spells on her, Athervox has the following statistics: **hp** 362; **Fort** +22, **Will** +20; **DR** 15/magic; **Melee** bite +38 (2d8+11), 2 claws +36 (2d6+16), 2 wings +36 (1d8+5), tail slap +36 (2d6+16); **Special Attacks** breath weapon (DC 30), crush (DC 30); **Str** 33, **Con** 23, **Int** 18, **Wis** 19

Skills Concentration +36, Knowledge (nature) +36, Knowledge (the planes) +36, Listen +38, Search +36, Spot +38

STATISTICS**Str** 37, **Dex** 10, **Con** 27, **Int** 22, **Wis** 23, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +29; **Grp** +50**Feats** Alertness, Draconic Discipline, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Silent Spell, Skill Focus (Escape Artist), Snatch, Still Spell, Wingover**Skills** Bluff +36, Concentration +40, Escape Artist +35, Hide +32, Knowledge (nature) +38, Knowledge (the planes) +38, Listen +40, Move Silently +32, Search +38, Spot +40**Languages** Auran, Common, Draconic, Sylvan**SQ** water breathing**SPECIAL ABILITIES**

Water Breathing (Ex) A green dragon can breathe underwater indefinitely and can freely use its abilities while submerged.





Red Dragons

The iconic image of the rampaging dragon always breathes fire, and it is not surprising that most creatures associate the color red with danger and warning. Little wonder, then, that when describing these wondrous but undeniably evil beings we often slip into the most flowery and grandiose of language, overusing superlatives that, for lesser creatures, would seem like hyperbole. Be assured that no known language contains a singular word to describe the awesome and terrible power of red dragons.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 18

Most famous dragons across all the countless inhabited worlds bear red scales, and rightfully so. Although a few individual dragons of other breeds might rise to terrifying or benign prominence in a localized manner or for a few years, no beasts on Golarion or any other world inspire such dread as the magnificently wrathful red dragons. They are, as mentioned in the *Drakanav Codex*, the embodiments of destruction, hate, and supremely justified draconic arrogance. Red dragons frequently suffer from hubris, but while their own narcissistic feelings of arrogant self-assuredness might exceed their obvious draconic majesty, they can actually back up their remarkable claims with claw and flame.

As the most terrifyingly magnificent of all dragons, reds consider all other creatures—with the begrudging exception of the powerful golds—inferiors. When reds hear of their brethren laid low by lesser beings, such as self-proclaimed “dragonslayers,” they offer no sympathies or regrets. Indeed, red dragons scorn their kin for suffering defeat (even if not death) at the hands of their lessers. Some



might mistake this scorn as apathy for the deaths of their fellow reds, if not simply an exploitable disregard for other members of their species. Such suppositions prove remarkably foolish, however, for while red dragons firmly believe that the strong must survive and the weak fall or serve, they recognize that at times luck might allow even the weakest, stupidest, and least-deserving creatures to overcome their betters. That truly exceptional humans might exceed *their own* power simply does not occur to your typical red dragon. Thus, reds shed no tears when their kin fall, but they instead seek out those who exhibited such fortune and ensure that such a thing does not occur a second time. They mock, but then they avenge. Many are the stories of brave dragonslayers who return home bearing the trophies of their kills, only to find their villages, towns, or (in a few rare but notable cases, such as the Razing of Parnthford in 2351 AR) cities brought down around them in a flight of frothing, flaming fury. Cautionary fables insist that mortals leave alone the reds who torment them, but for those foolish enough to risk death and somehow escape with their lives, the tales further beseech such “successful” dragon hunters to go into hiding rather than draw their loved ones into a revenge-fueled bloodbath. Still, dragon hunters continue to seek the hides of red dragons. The Call of the Crimson, as it is known, results in the deaths of at least a score of would-be slayers every year.

Red dragons are magnificent and utterly frightening to behold. Second in size only to golds, and occasionally surpassing even those wonderfully powerful beings, even their scaly eggs are at minimum the size of horses. Terrible and frightening in every describable way, red dragons possess a fierce beauty that exceeds all other dragons. From their powerful jaws, capable of snapping iron bars and the masts of ships, to their muscular tails, which can crash through stone walls as easily as whips can break skin, red dragons reflect murderous perfection and predatory superiority. Superlatives aside, red dragons tend to possess relatively blunt muzzles with strong, thick jaws filled with dagger-like teeth so large they extend beyond the gums, giving red dragons a snaggletooth look that only adds to their fierce splendor. Small nose horns extend up from just behind the tips of their muzzles, and sharp ridges of steel-hard scales follow back along their faces, eventually giving way to numerous scales that grow longer and thicker than the rest, providing red dragons with a characteristic spiky look many intelligent beings find disturbing and fearsome. The bodies of red dragons possess cord-like muscles that allow them to move more quickly and gracefully than creatures of their size should be able to.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Many tales speak of fearsome dragons haunting mountains (usually volcanoes) and demanding tribute

from the surrounding human lands, and such accounts that speak of red dragons do not paint them in a positive light. Reds are the consummate evil dragons. None of their chromatic kin covet, hate, or lust more than reds, and few prove more challenging to redeem. Villains of the worst kind, red dragons are unflinchingly evil in ways unmatched by any other mortal creatures. Their destructive impulses and hate-filled fiery rampages surprise and delight the most heinous demons and give pause even to the greatest of their gold-scaled rivals. They rampage without concern, completely disregarding the abilities of humanoids who might oppose them and the tales of dragonslayers who somehow stop such magnificent examples of furious destruction.

As the stories surrounding them indicate, red dragons live in massive chambers under mountains. They prefer volcanoes (especially active ones), as such mountains generally stand alone and apart from other high places and dominate the lands around them, but they are satisfied with volcanic lairs in mountain chains. Indeed, King Daralathylx lives within one of the southwestern peaks of the Five Kings Mountains (the exact one is still unknown) rather than the more prominent Droskar’s Crag, for reasons no other being will likely ever know.

In general, younger red dragons damage the ecological webs of their territories more extensively than their older kin. Although they habitually eat less than their larger and older brethren (except when undergoing growth spurts), younger reds patrol their domains more frequently, hunting and killing and destroying as whim strikes them. Older dragons spend less time out of their lairs, and even when they do emerge they rarely concentrate their destructive impulses on their immediate surroundings. Instead, they seem to delight in tormenting more distant human settlements, burning down buildings, dropping peasants from great heights, and demanding coins and other treasures. The lands immediately around lairs of younger red dragons frequently bear obvious scars of fiery destruction, while dragon hunters find difficulty in locating clues pointing to the lairs of older dragons.

Of all dragons, reds possess the greatest appetites—for treasure, food, and destruction. Fortunately for living creatures residing within the territories of red dragons, the powerful fires within their stomachs allow red dragons to consume and digest nearly every non-poisonous substance. These internal supernatural fires are snuffed only when the dragons die, and allow reds to eat nearly any animal, plant, or mineral to gain sustenance.

Every culture bears some variation of the Dragon and the Princess story, wherein a foul dragon demands a beautiful maiden princess as payment to cease his systematic destruction of the kingdom. In various cultures the princess’s part is recast, but she is always a maiden



and always offered as a payment to appease a terrible and frightening dragon. This most iconic of evil draconic traits belongs specifically to red dragons, who frequently exert their dominance over their territories via terrible rampages that can last on and off for entire months but who suddenly stop if offered something of exquisite and irreplaceable value to the suffering people, whether or not the dragons have any use for such a thing—red dragons view their slaves as easily replaceable items of their hoards, and not as thinking, feeling creatures.

While dragons consider humans and elves playthings or replaceable treasures (at best), they do not think so highly of any other non-draconic creatures. They actively despise dwarves (with whom they frequently share their home mountains) and usually attack them on sight and without provocation. Mortals other than humans, elves, and dwarves seem beneath their notice. Red dragons occasionally treat with efreet, but any agreements or deals made with such creatures seldom last longer than a few years. Red dragons are the greatest of all chromatics, and they never fail to remind lesser beings of that fact. Their incredible draconic hubris exerts itself in their every dealing, and reds find utterly preposterous the notion that a creature who is not a gold dragon might be, in even an insignificant way, somehow superior to their own prowess. The mindset of red dragons simply does not allow them to fathom what they consider such a ludicrous idea. In general, they are absolutely correct in this regard, but enough

exceptions exist that overconfident reds do occasionally fall to dragonslayers.

With the exception of the ever-more-powerful golds, red dragons also consider all other dragons beneath themselves. They seldom practice much patience for their lesser kin, and many celebrate whenever metallics die, but red dragons nonetheless extend their blanket of draconic pride to encompass all dragons—dragons are godlike compared to mortal insects, and reds are merely the top of the hierarchy. This pride does not prevent red dragons from mistreating or outright killing other dragons, but it does grant them offense whenever non-dragons take down one of their kin—regardless of age or scale color. Of course, the extent to which they pursue draconic vengeance depends greatly on the type of dragon slain and distance the reds must go in order to exact their revenge—they do not see themselves as the avengers of their race, but they may take action if a known dragonslayer enters their territory.

When dealing alone with gold dragons—even those younger or otherwise weaker than themselves—red dragons put aside their arrogance and act respectfully, at least to a point. Red dragons both hate and admire their gold brethren, as gold dragons alone are, in many cases, more powerful than themselves. The admiration of reds for the power of golds sometimes leads the latter to attempt redemption of the former, usually with poor results. Many creatures, including lesser dragons, fail to understand the significance of the love/hate relationship between golds and reds, and except for draconic historians, few know of the ancient ties between these greatest of all dragon kinds.

The connection between golds and reds began thousands of millennia ago, when the first mortal dragons (all of whom bore metallic scales) hatched under the watchful eyes of Apsu and Tiamat (who at the time bore no names).

Then came the dragon-god Dahak, and with him was birthed treachery. Apsu and his children battled Dahak, but at the moment of their victory Dahak the False Wyrms called out to his mother for aid, and Tiamat promised to those grievously hurt by Dahak to relieve them of their pain if they would rise up against their father and brothers and fight on Dahak's behalf. Most of the dragons flatly refused. The first dragon to acquiesce, a mortally wounded gold whose original name





time has forgotten, later became the first red dragon, who took the name Nerothroc and founded the pure red bloodline. Corrupted by Dahak's betrayal and Tiamat's gift of unholy power, the traitorous golds lost their sheen and became the covetous, hate-filled reds. And in the many long millennia since, they have not yet forgotten nor forgiven Dahak for his treachery, and as a result of what they see as a divine conspiracy, reds remain the least religious of all dragons.

Some red dragons grow so large and powerful, so unbelievably aged and bedecked in breathtaking splendor, that they exceed even the greatest of gold dragons in size and raw destructive strength. These monumentally rare few are truly epic in size and prowess, and the entire history of the world records only a handful of these splendid examples of draconic fury and power. The ability to grow beyond their kind's physical limitations seems to exist only within the pure-blooded clan of Nerothroc. Of the half-dozen reds of this magnificent size known to history, King Daralathylx is one of the greater, but perhaps not the greatest.

HOARD AND HOME

Red dragons covet like no others, and as a result of their greed and their ability to acquire what they seek, red dragons are typically among the wealthiest of dragons. Their immense coin beds can sometimes fill vast chambers larger than most human buildings, and the other treasures they keep put to shame some of the lesser human museums of the world. Red dragons love all forms of treasure, from coins and gems to jewelry and art objects, from masterfully crafted weapons and armor to fantastically powerful magic items and even lesser artifacts.

More than all the shiny trinkets and beds of coins they keep, however, red dragons covet most those treasures that live. Like black dragons, red dragons keep slaves—usually elven or human maidens. Unlike their cousins, however, red dragons do not subject their slaves to intentional torture, disfigurement, and torment. Red dragons prefer their slaves alive and physically (if not emotionally) sound. They consider their slaves delicate treasures to be admired and enjoyed, and when one breaks or loses its beauty, it is discarded (or eaten) and replaced.

As dangerous as red dragons are personally, their lairs often prove at least as lethal to would-be dragonslayers and other foolish trespassers. When they can, most red dragons prefer to live within volcanoes, the intense heat of which provides them comfort. Unfortunately, the maidens red dragons so prize cannot survive within volcanic heat, and thus the dragons must delve, find, or force slaves to excavate comfortable chambers far enough away from the magma cores to allow their slaves to survive in comfort. The lairs of red dragons therefore tend to consist of numerous

chambers connected by long tunnels of lesser size (but always large enough for the dragons to squeeze through, unless they possess other means by which they can reduce their size). When volcanoes are not available or do not suit their needs, for whatever reasons, red dragons live under other mountains. These lairs are characteristically more compact than volcanic homes, but they prove no less dangerous to uninvited guests.

Red dragons protect their lairs with a variety of defensive magics as well as mundane traps and environmental hazards. Those lairs found within active volcanoes always incorporate magma in their defenses. Even those lairs that do not possess molten rock as a natural hazard contain enough traps and magical dissuasions that most aspiring dragonslayers never make it far enough into a red dragon's lair to actually meet the dragon. Concealed pits, deadfalls, entire hallways filled with a succession of various traps and warded with *antimagic fields*, secret doors, mindless guardians (especially gelatinous cubes), magical *symbols*, *alarm*, and *guards and wards* all make red dragon lairs unpleasant places to invade. Worst of all, though, is that those trespassers who penetrate far enough into a red dragon's lair must face the most lethal defensive measure of all—the dragon itself.

The dragons keep their slaves in side chambers with doors operable only from the outside (and usually possessing impressive arrays of concealment magic, mundane traps, and other forms of dissuasion). The rooms in which red dragons keep their harems are filled with comforts the young women cannot hope to find outside, but they remain nothing more than luxurious prisons. Red dragons hide their slaves so well that many dragonslayers never suspect such hidden chambers even exist, leaving behind sometimes dozens of forgotten young men and women who slowly starve to death within their comfortable prisons.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Red dragons epitomize evil dragonkind. They are furious destroyers and immoral deceivers. They lie, they cheat, and they kill. Depending on the needs they fill, red dragons can act as near-mindless rampaging destroyers, leveling small towns or whole districts of cities with fire and claw and magic, or they can serve as careful masterminds, hatching terrible plots of vengeance and greed.

As mentioned elsewhere, red dragons are what people think of when they hear the term "dragon." They breathe fire, kidnap maidens, and raze human settlements. Despite their undeniably glorious power and destructive potentials, red dragons are not all-powerful. They make mistakes. On rare occasions, they even lose battles against mortal beings. These failures remain extremely rare, however, and most aspiring dragonslayers will face



the same red dragon multiple times before any sort of climactic, final battle occurs. Although red dragons are not cowards, they do possess an extremely developed sense of survival, and they only battle to the death in their homes (and not always then). In other words, even if they for some reason do not present much of a challenge to defeat, red dragons should prove frustratingly difficult to kill.

ON GOLARION

Red dragons garner a great deal of attention. Their brilliant scales and powerful tempers make them easy to spot, and the destruction wrought by younger reds while hunting or exerting their control over their territories gives those who hate and hunt dragons ample opportunity to locate them. Providing proper due to the fame of red dragons throughout the years would fill a hundred pages, but several of the notable red dragons considered active on Golarion are summarized below.

On the Isle of Kortos, in areas not entirely controlled by Absalom, a few young red dragons (as well as a handful of blues) vie for control. Although Absalom has considered sending dragon hunters to the area, for the most part its leaders remain content to wait and allow the dragons to kill off one another. For more information, see *Guide to Absalom*.

Since 4569 AR, the mysterious Glarataxus has plagued Korvosa and her holdings, appearing for several months at a time to torment and destroy before retiring to his still-unknown lair to rest for several decades. Attempts to appease Glarataxus continue to fail, as calls for him to negotiate continue to fail. It was recently revealed by the brass dragon Thehydrax that Glarataxus is likely deaf, so Korvosa readies for his next return with large slate tablets and oversized sticks of chalk. For more information, see *Guide to Korvosa*.

The dragon Asuulek torments Osirion from his volcanic home. Attempts to infiltrate his known lair so far have all met with failure, with only one survivor among the dozens of glory-seeking dragon hunters returning to report on the lair's seemingly impassable defenses. For more information, see *Pathfinder Companion: Osirion, Land of the Pharaohs*.

Of course, no description of red dragons on Golarion would be complete without mention of the magnificent King Daralathylx, who ostensibly rules the Five Kings Mountains. His majestic and near-unfathomable power requires its own tome to give him just dues.

NAMES

Many red dragon names incorporate the phrases "dara" or "thys," which mean "terrible" and "great," respectively. Other than this simple convention, red dragon names vary greatly but many of them are overly long, complicated, and difficult to pronounce. As reds age, they tend to add to their names, dropping off syllables to add new ones, and

slowly growing out their monikers to ridiculous lengths. Truly powerful and magnificent reds, such as the King, sometimes reverse this tendency in their later years, reducing the complexity of their names to something easily remembered and feared for centuries to come.

Red dragon names: Akdarathys, Drathyskith, Kratharak, Sykaralyn, Varantulian

DARALATHYXL

Lairing in the northwest corner of Andoran, somewhere northeast of Droskar's Crag, is one of the largest, oldest, and most powerful dragons in all of Golarion. Many call Daralathylx the Sixth King of the Five Kings Mountains, and those who meet him are advised to address him at least as "king," although he seems to prefer "emperor" or "god." His influence extends for hundreds of miles, and at least a dozen other powerful chromatic dragons live within his vast territory.

Scholars both draconic and mortal estimate his age in excess of 2 millennia, and although the frequency of his appearances decreases with each passing century, only fools openly speculate that he is weakening in his advancing age. Indeed, too many whispers of his death, departure, or infirmity seem to summon his wrath, and thus the long-suffering people of Darkmoon Vale and other areas near Droskar's Crag speak of the king only in quietly reverent terms, hoping their respect continues to hold him at bay.

When he does stir, Daralathylx spreads terror across northwestern Andoran, southern Isgar, and southwestern Druma. He demands supplication in the form of coin, treasure, and maidens (elves are his preference). Those communities that do not placate his rage quickly enough find themselves engulfed in flame, their towns set to ruins, and their cities weakened. When Daralathylx stirs, death follows.

For more information, see *Guide to Darkmoon Vale*.

DARALATHYXL

CR 26

Male great wyrm red dragon

CE Colossal dragon (fire)

Init +6; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., *detect*

screying, greater arcane sight, keen senses; Listen +55, Spot +55

Aura frightful presence (360 ft., DC 40)

DEFENSE

AC 53, touch 10, flat-footed 49; +2 deflection against good or lawful creatures; can't be surprised or flat-footed (from *foresight*)

(+4 armor, +2 Dex, +2 insight, +39 natural, +4 shield, -8 size)

hp 740 (40d12+480)

Fort +32, **Ref** +26, **Will** +32; *spell turning* (1d4+6 spell levels); +7 resistance vs. spells and spell-like abilities, +2 resistance against good or lawful creatures

DR 20/magic and 10/adamantine (first 150 damage); **Immune**



acid (first 120 damage), cold (first 120 damage), electricity (first 120 damage), fire, sonic (first 120 damage), sleep, paralysis, mind-affecting effects, information-gathering divination spells; **SR** 32; **Weaknesses** vulnerability to cold

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +52 (6d8+19) and
2 claws +50 (6d6+9) and
2 wings +49 (4d6+9) and
tail slap +49 (4d8+28)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (70-ft. cone of fire, 24d10, Reflex half DC 42), crush 4d8+28 (Reflex DC 42 or be pinned), tail sweep 2d8+28 (Reflex half DC 42)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 19th):

13/day—*locate object*
3/day—*suggestion* (DC 25)
1/day—*find the path, discern location*

Spells Known (CL 19th):

9th (4/day; 1 cast)—*foresight, time stop*
8th (7/day; 3 cast)—*mind blank, moment of prescience* (+19), *protection from spells*
7th (7/day; 1 cast)—*greater arcane sight, greater teleport, limited wish*
6th (7/day; 1 cast)—*antimagic field, greater dispel magic, mass bear's endurance*
5th (7/day)—*break enchantment, heal, prying eyes, symbol of pain* (DC 25)
4th (8/day; 2 cast)—*detect scrying, polymorph, spell immunity, stonesskin*
3rd (8/day; 4 cast)—*magic circle against good, protection from energy, reduce dragon, summon monster III*
2nd (8/day; 5 cast)—*bull's strength, cat's grace, eagle's splendor, fox's cunning, owl's wisdom*
1st (8/day)—*mage armor, magic missile, protection from good, protection from law, shield*
o (6/day)—*dancing lights, detect magic, detect poison, mage hand, mending, message, open/close, prestidigitation, resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Daralathylx seldom faces a creature foolish enough to willingly fight him, but nonetheless the king remains a careful combatant. Every day he casts *detect scrying* and *moment of prescience*. If he suspects a battle is imminent, he casts *bull's strength*, *cat's grace*, *eagle's splendor*, *foresight*, *fox's cunning*, *greater arcane sight*, *mass bear's endurance*, *owl's wisdom*, *protection from energy* (acid, cold, electricity, and sonic), *protection from good*, *protection from law*, *protection from spells*, *spell turning*, and *stonesskin*.



During Combat Daralathylx attempts to end battles quickly and decisively. He casts *time stop* to give himself extra actions. When even these tactics cannot dissuade would-be dragonslayers from leaving him be, he alternates using his breath weapon with making full attacks. Once he views his foes and sees what kinds of spells they prefer, he casts *spell immunity* on himself at his first opportunity.

Morale Outside of his lair, Daralathylx takes no risks with his own life. If reduced to below 700 hit points, he casts *time stop* and then usually two *heal* spells and whatever other defensive spells he has time for. Once he returns to combat, he battles again until reduced to 700 hit points, continuing this cycle until he has only one 9th-level or one 5th-level spell remaining, at which time he casts *greater teleport* and returns to his lair. Inside his lair, itself a deadly maze impervious to scrying, he waits and licks his wounds.

Base Statistics Without his

defensive and divination spells, Daralathylx's stats are as follows: **Init** +4, **Aura** frightful presence DC 38; **AC** 41, touch 2, flat-footed 41; **hp** 660 (40d12+400); **Fort** +32, **Ref** +22, **Will** +30; **Melee** bite +50 (6d8+17) and 2 claws +48 (6d6+8) and 2 wings +47 (4d6+8) and tail slap +47 (4d8+25); **Special Attacks** breath weapon DC 40, crush 4d8+25 (Reflex half DC 40 or be pinned), tail sweep 2d8+25 (Reflex half DC 40); **Grp** +73; **Str** 45, **Dex** 10, **Con** 31, **Int** 26, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 26 **Skills** Appraise +39, Bluff +48, Concentration +40, Diplomacy +38, Escape Artist +30, Intimidate +48, Jump +47, Knowledge (arcana) +36, Knowledge (geography) +41, Knowledge (history) +36, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +26, Knowledge (religion) +36, Knowledge (the planes) +26, Listen +53, Search +49, Sense Motive +38, Spellcraft +36, Spot +53, Use Magic Device +23

STATISTICS

Str 49, **Dex** 14, **Con** 35, **Int** 30, **Wis** 31, **Cha** 30

Base Atk +40; **Grp** +75

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Improved Natural Attack (claw), Multiattack, Power Attack, Snatch, Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (claw), Wingover
Skills Appraise +41, Bluff +50, Concentration +42, Diplomacy +40, Escape Artist +32, Intimidate +50, Jump +49, Knowledge (arcana) +38, Knowledge (geography) +43, Knowledge (history) +38, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +28, Knowledge (religion) +38, Knowledge (the planes) +28, Listen +55, Search +51, Sense Motive +40, Spellcraft +38, Spot +55, Use Magic Device +25

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Ignan, Infernal



Silver Dragons

Silver dragons epitomize all that is good and holy in the spheres. Even more than treasure, they crave guidance and law. They live by rules placed upon them by trusted allies because they hunger for absolutes. Some humans mistakenly call silver dragons the paladins of dragons, but doing so ignores the very fact that silver dragons existed long before paladins and follow codes more limiting than humans can fathom. Silver dragons are not the paladins of their race; paladins are the pale imitators of silver dragons.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 19

Often called the paladins of dragons, silvers embody the loftiest ideals, such as justice, honor, valor, and mercy. Silver dragons do not hesitate to strike down irredeemable evil, nor do they fail to stay their magnificently lethal claws when foes beg for clemency. As beacons of virtue and gifted with the courage of righteousness, silver dragons draw others around them in times of war. In the long history of conflict between the metallics and chromatics, silvers form the vanguard and backbone of the metallic armies. Silver dragons fight with honor and grace, never reluctant to enter battle to uphold the tenets of goodliness or law.

From the moment of their hatching, silver dragons are keenly aware of what the world expects of them. They must remain ever courageous, even in the face of death. They cannot act dishonorably, for doing so shames not only them but their entire kind. At every opportunity they must obey draconic law and that of the lands in which they find themselves, and strive to ensure that others do so as well. The Powers That Be expect them to punish those who

willfully break laws or otherwise act against the common good, but in a way both merciful and just. All this they know instinctively, and it is a testament to the supreme power of their convictions that they not only accept the heavy weight of responsibility placed upon them by Apsu and the universal concepts of Good and Law, but frequently push for even loftier duties.

Sleek and beautiful, silver dragons shine like mirrors, reflecting the sun from their silvery white scales and acting as actual beacons of light when all else is dark. This minor glow makes them easy to find on a battlefield and gives their allies a landmark around which they can rally. That it tends to draw the strongest foes also plays into the honorable nobility of silvers, as they prefer to battle the foulest evils personally. Like the metal with which they are frequently compared, however, the shining scales of silver dragons dull easily, losing their luster and turning a pallid gray. This dulling typically reflects the state of the silver's soul, and thus those who begin to lose their sheen are gently advised by their comrades to "polish their scales" (a polite way of suggesting they speak with someone in order to refresh and refocus their minds and spirits).

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

Silver dragons are an anomaly among dragons and unusual even among the varied creatures of the wide multiverse. Unlike their draconic kin (even their esteemed gold cousins), silver dragons rarely demonstrate selfishness, envy, or greed. As true paragons of virtue and natural proponents of goodness, justice, and honor, silver dragons act in accordance with the loftiest chivalric codes. Their altruism occurs naturally, and their sense of duty comes to them as a divine spark while still within their eggs.

Upon hatching, silver dragons are presented with numerous codes of conduct, regulations, and oaths of service, only some of which they must agree to in their youth. As they age, silvers adopt ever-more-restrictive codes that increasingly limit their behaviors. By the time they grow into great wyrms, the lives of silver dragons are excruciatingly regulated and controlled by external agreements with powers greater than themselves, such as Apsu himself, councils of gold dragons, or other committees or divine agents that silver dragons as a race acknowledge. These agreements extend into every aspect of silver dragon life, such that certain natural acts (procreation being the major example) become so carefully ritualized that the oldest silver dragons do not bother with such things (and thus most silver dragons mate several times before they advance into their older years). The copper dragon Hylyax famously joked that the greatest of silver dragons must conduct rituals in order to eliminate wastes properly, but when he later found out the truth

of his words, he successfully petitioned a council of gold dragons to remove such preposterous limitations.

While most creatures balk at such control, even those that typically favor order and regulation, silver dragons seem not only to enjoy it, but to require it. The controls laid upon silver dragon behavior by the divine agents of good and their own natural instincts are designed to increasingly regulate them as they age, but many young silver dragons gladly adopt codes of conducts meant for older dragons.

Many creatures, especially brass and copper dragons, do not understand the mindset of silver dragons and cannot fathom why they willingly agree to such strictures. Conspiracy theorists whisper that silver dragons must be the most weak-willed of all dragons, and that the goodly powers place these constantly upgraded restrictions in order for the silvers to retain their veneers of goodness. What few creatures understand is that silver dragons actively ask for such codes of conduct, and the many restrictions placed on silver dragons by their betters originate in the minds of silver dragons themselves. They find regulation comforting and ritualized behavior pleases them. Beginning with Argix, the first of her kind, silver dragons have long petitioned Apsu and the other gods of goodness and law to create increasingly stringent rules for silver dragons to follow.

Obeying these many rules and regulations, pressed upon them by divine agents but requested by the dragons themselves, grants silver dragons their one and greatest nod to their draconic heritage. Following the rules fills silver dragons with a dominating pride best described as draconic hubris. Not even self-loving red dragons exhibit the levels of pride shown by silver dragons. This exacting living and unequaled righteousness has its darker side, of course, but the best mentors know to carefully humble silver dragons and expunge such behaviors from their charges.

Not surprisingly, given their title as paladins of dragons, silvers are among the most religiously inclined of all true dragons. Those who do live piously almost universally worship Apsu, the father dragon, although an increasing number bend their powerful knees to the human deity Iomedae, goddess of paladins. Draconic paladins of Apsu go where their god-king sends them, and most communicate directly with Apsu several times in their lives. These silver dragons travel not only across Golarion but throughout the entirety of the spheres, supporting angels, celestials, and other eternal champions of righteousness and holiness. In their battles against evil, these draconic paladins give hope to those who might otherwise fail in the face of relentless malevolence. The long annals of history recording battles between celestials and fiends occasionally mention the turning of battle with the arrival of a silver dragon "gleaming like the sun in the darkest pits and casting



light across those who fear its cleansing nature.” Draconic servants of Iomedae concern themselves more with the threats immediately facing Golarion and its people, and as a result most Iomedae silver dragons live in Mendev, where they frequently clash with the demons spawned in the Worldwound. Mendevian silvers meet almost monthly, always with a human paladin they all consider an ally who serves as leader of the gathering. During these meetings, the silvers coordinate their efforts (usually in terms of delegating duties and responsibilities so there is no overlap) and report to the meeting’s leader their previous successes and setbacks. Sadly, with nearly every meeting, the number of dragons in attendance continues to shrink—and not from desertion or lack of interest.

Silver dragons prefer magic that bolsters themselves and their allies. Once they boost their side in this way, the silvers focus on magics that weaken or otherwise inconvenience their foes. While the school of abjuration encompasses most of these kinds of spells, silvers rarely focus their learning specifically on that school, instead incorporating transmutation, conjuration, and even divination spells into their repertoire—whatever can increase their effectiveness in battle.

Many draconic scholars consider silver dragons the least sane and mentally stable of the metallics, pointing to their insufferable pride and reliance on their mentors as weaknesses. Silver dragons, and even most other metallic dragons, counter this argument by pointing out the responsibilities placed upon silvers from their very hatchings. Not even the sagely and powerful gold dragons shoulder such weighty duties, and in tones of admiration the golds often point out that their silver kin not only willfully accept such responsibilities but actually seek out ever-greater challenges. Thus, silver dragons who can rely upon the careful and concerned guidance of

gold dragons or other powerful goodly creatures remain among the most virtuous and unwavering proponents of morality, justice, and mercy. Only those cast adrift in the world are liable lose their way over time.

Silver dragons rarely live alone. They seem to prefer the company of gold dragons, celestials, and other creatures dedicated to the fight for justice, fairness, and order. As a mark of their draconic selfishness, though, silver dragons see other silvers more as rivals than allies, and they tend only to come together in order to breed or when the call to arms is too great for only one of them.

In this situation, the silvers insist that a neutral arbiter becomes their leader, at least for as long as they must work together. Despite this tendency, or maybe because of it, silver dragons in an area gather once a year or so to discuss the conditions of the land or whatever crusade or quest occupies their time.

A silver dragon classifies each creature it meets as a mentor, ally, charge, rival, or enemy.

Nearly every silver dragon considers one creature—usually a gold dragon—as its mentor and advisor. This relationship is almost always the most important in a silver dragon’s life, as a good mentor helps the silver remain true to its ideals and the expectations placed upon it. Allies take a number of shapes, but nearly all of them are good creatures who respect, uphold, and enforce order and lawfulness. A silver’s mate usually falls in this category, although two very strong silver mates might actually see one another as rivals instead. To a silver dragon, its charges are those creatures not able or willing to protect themselves, which includes

nearly every creature a silver dragon meets. Although they never act against one another (for doing so harms the advancement of their own ideals), silver dragons rarely directly support each other except in dire circumstances. Enemies of silver dragons are



all creatures that support or practice evil or who break laws and receive no punishment.

Despite their physical power and unquestionable bravery in battle, silver dragons do not relish warfare. They do not seek to test themselves against strong foes. When they enter combat, it is not from bloodlust or the desire for glory. Silver dragons physically battle their enemies because some creatures only respond to violence. Silver dragons end battles as quickly as they can, avoiding as much bloodshed, injury, or suffering as possible. When an enemy begs for mercy or falls unconscious, silver dragons stop. They do not fight longer than necessary and prefer to redeem evil with words and kindness rather than punish it with violence and pain. Unfortunately for silvers, those they most often fight against cannot be easily redeemed. Silver dragons also know they cannot battle evil without a little of it rubbing off on them. Most silvers can cleanse their souls of these minor touches, but some find it more difficult to cope—particularly if they have poor mentors or their beloved advisors are somehow also affected by the evil.

Just as darkness feels most intense when stepping out of a lighted room, no creature's descent into cruelty and evil can match the depravity of tarnished silvers. Fortunately, these blackguard dragons remain almost legends, and no more than a handful exist in any given millennium. Just as fallen angels frequently become something else, losing any connection to the celestial existences they previously led, silver dragons who tarnish fully cease in many ways to be silver dragons. They are not simply dirty, but become fundamentally different, degenerating into strange creatures resembling draconic crossbreeds. The greatest mercy available to these fallen silvers is death, and other creatures relentlessly hunt these lost beings, helping them find redemption in death that they could not acquire in life.

Fortunately, most silver dragons tarnish into neutrality, taking on either a lethargic disregard for that which they once so strongly felt or else pushing so hard for law and order that they forget the purpose of community in the first place. Silver dragons tarnish most easily of the metallics, and their redemption is a long, difficult process that fails more often than not. Many such tarnished creatures forsake their mentors and ignore the advice and pleas of their allies, slipping ever further into whatever malaise gripped them in the first place.

Even among untarnished silver dragons, the tendency to become too stringent and unwavering runs in their blood. Especially among their younger members, the greater good and the need for mercy sometimes get lost in the push for order. These over-achieving paragons of virtue might begin to punish all transgressors of the law with equal severity or else focus on the eradication of

one kind of crime and ignore other lawbreaking directly before them. In the former case, the overzealous silvers punish those guilty of minor crimes almost as harshly as murderers and traitors. Misguided silvers of the latter variety become so appalled by one particular transgression that they develop tunnel vision that blinds them to greater crimes. Humans who must live with silver dragons do not understand or deal well with either form of neurosis, and in such cases a silver's mentor must usually intervene to help him recognize his errors.

HOARD AND HOME

Like all dragons, silvers keep lairs that they consider their safe havens and places of refuge in their most trying times. They also store their hoards in their lairs, often protected by various guardians and the occasional trap. Unlike almost all other dragons, silvers typically make their lairs in the homes of other creatures.

Silver dragons live on the sides of mountains, generally below the snow line in the warmer parts of the world. This occasionally brings them into conflict with reds and whites, as the former tend to claim all manners of mountains while the latter sometimes live in the glacial caps of the highest mountains. These conflicts quickly become violent and always result in the retreat or death of one of the dragons, as compromise is never an option. Usually, when a white dragon sees a silver move onto the same mountain it calls home, it quickly packs up its hoard and flees—hopefully before the silver spots it.

Dark, dank, lonely caves seldom appeal to silver dragons, and most of them prefer to live within or under human or dwarf-built fortresses on the sides of mountains. These dragons do not mind caves as much if they open out into some nigh-impregnable fortress or castle precariously perched upon a mountain. Living in or under such a castle (which must always be controlled by a leader with a proven history of good deeds and generous works, preferably one who also believes strongly in law and order) affords the best scenario for both dragon and landlord. The dragon has a ready-built and heavily defended lair in which he can hide his hoard and the castle gains a powerful defender.

Silver dragons prefer coins and items made from silver, platinum, steel, and other "white" metals (including white gold). They exchange copper and gold coins for silver or platinum whenever they can, and otherwise keep them out of sight in metal chests near, but never part of, their coin beds. This love of silver and platinum extends to the treasures they collect: silver utensils and flatware, platinum jewelry, and other decorations and artworks.

The gems displayed by silver dragons are always diamonds and other white or clear stones. Silvers greatly appreciate uncolored glass and are inclined to collect



ornately decorated (preferably in silver or platinum) crystal and glass drinking vessels, spheres, and even mirrors. Not surprisingly, the magic items they collect most often are made of glass, and they seem to enjoy *crystal balls*, even though they rarely make use of such items.

After defeating powerful foes bearing coats of arms or other markers, silvers take such souvenirs back with them to their lairs, and incorporate them into their hoards. Among their mundane treasures, silver dragons collect many military banners, shields, heraldic devices, signature weapons or armors, and other tokens of remembrance. When these items bear magical auras or were obviously worked by master craftsmen, so much the better.

Silver dragons also enjoy collecting weapons and armors from battles and armies with whom they have no personal involvement. Some of the greatest collections of such military paraphernalia belong to silver dragons, who are occasionally willing to lend out the items they own if doing so serves the greater good. Although silvers are the least greedy of dragons, they still expect collateral of equal or greater value for any items on loan.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Silver dragons generally appear in a campaign as helpers and guides. They might provide direct physical assistance or merely offer advice. When times are most desperate or dire they might lend material aid to good adventurers who prove themselves trustworthy and forthright. In general, silvers do not make very good patrons, as they busy themselves with tasks they themselves can perform, rather than plans requiring the aid of others. They are known to follow more than lead, and a particularly powerful and virtuous human might gain a silver dragon cohort if he continues to prove himself on the field of battle.

On the other hand, silver dragons are the metallics most likely to go bad. Such practically irredeemable creatures do not lightly cross to darkness, and doing so often costs them their sanity, making battles against them unpredictable and dangerous. Adventurers might on rare occasion be called upon to hunt down these tarnished heroes and put them to rest, lest their insanity undo the long years of good works they performed beforehand.

ON GOLARION

Silver dragons tend to congregate where evil and chaos reign and good and order struggle to gain dominance. In Golarion, such places as the Worldwound and Galt attract the attention of silver dragons, who set up strong points in neighboring nation-states.

To the north, a collection of silver dragons resides in Mendev, where they work with human allies to staunch the unending flow of demonic energy pulsing from the Worldwound. These silver dragons follow the human

leaders of Mendev and serve as heavy shock troops when raids are made across the border.

In eastern Avistan, the murderous nation of Galt has also gained the attention of handfuls of silver dragons, some residing within the country and some living in neighboring Taldor. All attempts so far at restoring peace and order within the revolution-torn land have failed, but where silver dragons openly live, pockets of sanity seem to prevail. The bloodthirsty people of Galt seem somehow less inclined to behead one another under the disapproving gaze of a silver dragon.

A number of silver dragons live on the Elemental Plane of Air, where they frequently do battle against a much larger force of whites. Although these draconic clashes seem random to non-dragons who witness them, the silvers actively oppose any attempt by the whites to gain entry into a number of large, drifting icebergs bobbing along on icy currents of the plane. The white dragons seek legendary artifacts said to hold powers of control and domination only they can use. Understandably, the silver dragons seek to prevent them from gaining such items.

NAMES

Silver dragon names of the pure bloodline often incorporate some variation on the name Argix, the original silver dragon and founder of the bloodline (also, “argix” is Draconic for “silver”). Otherwise, silver dragon names, unlike almost every other aspect of the breed, follow no real patterns or regulations. They tend to be relatively easy to pronounce, but their length and general majesty vary wildly.

Silver Dragon Names: Argithix, Drakstherian, Lastargix, Shargarius, Yarthadrix

TERENDELEV

As one of the Mendevian silvers, Terendelev serves the Iomedean leadership in the border town of Kenabres. There she acts as an enforcer, patrolling the city in the company of a half-dozen human paladins. Terendelev was recently part of a strike team that moved across the border to approach the Worldwound itself. She returned badly scarred and horrifically wounded, bearing three of her human companions with her. Two of the humans she brought back later died from some mysterious ailment or curse they contracted near the Worldwound. The third corroborated Terendelev’s report of a demonic ambush against which she seemed ready to die fighting. By the account of her surviving comrade, she very nearly did succumb to the many grievous wounds she received, but the strike team’s doomed commander ordered her to gather what survivors she could and escape.

Afterward, Terendelev became moody and dark-spirited. The high cleric of Iomedae in Kenabres noticed a troubling

dark edge to her scales—a physical manifestation of tarnishing—and immediately summoned Terendelev's mentor, the gold dragon Halaseliar. After a days-long discussion that resulted in raised voices and an ineffective attack by Terendelev against her mentor, she agreed to his recommendations. Although her physical wounds have long since healed, Terendelev remains moody and relatively unstable emotionally, but it seems that her friends and allies intervened in time, as the tarnish on Terendelev's scales has noticeably decreased over time.

TERENDELEV**CR 23**

Female ancient silver dragon

LG Gargantuan dragon (cold)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses, *greater arcane sight*, *see invisibility*; **Listen** +47, **Spot** +47

Aura frightful presence 300 ft. (DC 37)

DEFENSE

AC 43, touch 10, flat-footed 43; +2 vs. evil (+33 natural, +4 shield, -4 size)

hp 459 (34d12+238)

Fort +26, **Ref** +19, **Will** +27; +2 vs. evil

DR 15/magic and 10/adamantine (first 120 points); **Immune** cold, electricity (first 120 damage), fire (first 120 damage), *magic missile* (while *shield* spell is active), sonic (first 120 damage), sleep, paralysis; **SR** 29; **Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 200 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +43 (4d6+12) and 2 claws +38 (3d8+6) and 2 wings +37 (2d6+6) and tail slap +37 (2d8+18)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapons (60-ft. cone of cold, 20d8, Reflex half DC 34, or 60-ft. cone of paralyzing gas, 1d6+10 rounds, Will negates DC 34), crush 4d6+28 (Reflex DC 34 or be pinned), tail sweep 2d6 (Reflex half DC 34)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 15th):

At will—*Speak with animals*

3/day—*control winds*, *create food and water*, *fog cloud*, *detect thoughts*

2/day—*feather fall*

1/day—*control weather*

Spells Known (CL 15th):

7th (4/day; 1 already cast)—*greater arcane sight*, *greater teleport*, *holy word* (DC 27)

6th (6/day)—*antimagic field*, *greater dispel magic*, *heal*

5th (7/day)—*break enchantment*, *dispel evil* (DC 25), *flame strike* (DC 25), *mark of justice* (DC 25), *prying eyes*

4th (8/day; 1 already cast)—*cure critical wounds*, *detect*

scrying, *spell immunity*, *stoneskin*
3rd (8/day; 3 already cast)—*haste*, *create food and water*, *cure serious wounds*, *protection from energy*
2nd (8/day)—*consecrate*, *cure moderate wounds*, *eagle's splendor*, *glitterdust* (DC 22), *see invisibility*
1st (8/day; 3 already cast)—*cure light wounds*, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *shield*
o (6/day)—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *resistance*

TACTICS**Before Combat** Terendelev

prepares for a known battle by casting *stoneskin*, *protection from energy* (electricity, fire, and sonic), *mage armor*, *protection from evil*, *shield*, *greater arcane sight*, *eagle's splendor*, and *see invisibility*. She also bolsters her allies with spells, leaving two slots open for each spell level.

During Combat Against evil foes,

Terendelev opens her attack with *holy word* and *dispel evil*, then uses her breath weapon before entering melee.

Morale Terendelev never retreats or surrenders unless ordered to by a superior.

Base Statistics Without her spells in place, Terendelev has the following base statistics: **AC** 39, touch 6, flat-footed 39; **DR** 15/magic; **Cha** 26; **Special Qualities** frightful presence DC 35

STATISTICS

Str 35, **Dex** 10, **Con** 25, **Int** 26, **Wis** 27, **Cha** 30

Base Atk +34; **Grp** +58

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (claw), Power Attack, Snatch, Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (claw), Wingover

Skills Bluff +45, Concentration +44, Diplomacy +51, Disguise +45, Escape Artist +37, Jump +49, Knowledge (history) +45, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +45, Knowledge (religion) +45, Knowledge (the planes) +45, Listen +47, Search +45, Sense Motive +45, Spot +47

Languages Abyssal, Aquan, Auran, Celestial, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Infernal, Osiriani

SQ alternate form, cloudwalking

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Alternate Form (Su) Terendelev can assume any animal or humanoid form of Medium size or smaller as a standard action three times per day. She remains in this form until she chooses a new one or returns to her natural form.

Cloudwalking (Su) Terendelev can tread on clouds or fog as though on solid ground. The ability functions continuously but can be negated or resumed at will.





White Dragons

White dragons are stupid, weak, savage, and pathetic—as dragons go. In reality, many of them still exceed humans in mental prowess, but among their draconic kin such a thing is hardly considered a bragging right. And yet, they remain true dragons, and their potential for glorious splendor remains unequalled by all but the very pinnacles of humanity. Pathetic and stupid, yes, but history does not forget those few white dragons who rose above the limitations of their breed and became truly remarkable.

—*Drakanav Codex*, Chapter 20

Described with great disdain by all other true dragons as nasty, brutish, and short-tempered, white dragons in many ways act more like feral predators than representatives of dragonkind. While all chromatic dragons share a particularly powerful instinct of self-preservation bordering on cowardice, white dragons are unrepentantly craven. They lack the intelligence to make well-considered decisions and the wisdom to realize the depths of their own ignorance. Inbred for millennia, white dragons revel in cruel, crude humor and hold no appreciation for the arts or higher learning. White dragons represent all the things their loftiest blue or red cousins hate of the lesser creatures, but are made worse in draconic eyes by their distant relation. Yet despite their relative weakness, stupidity, and repulsive behavior, older white dragons are still superior to average humans in nearly every way.

Fresh from the egg, white dragons psychologically resemble alligators or other simple-minded yet powerful predators rather than the magnificently powerful creatures whose culture predates elven civilization. Driven



by instinct and their ever-gnawing stomachs, immature white dragons rarely attempt communication with other creatures except to form crude bargains that bring them more prey or treasure. Few of these poorly considered bargains benefit the white dragons in the long run, and many of the deals place the foolish simpletons in greater danger than they can foresee. Those who strike such questionable bargains must be careful, however, not to allow their duped partners to grow too old, for despite their disadvantaged beginnings, white dragons eventually age into cunning, careful schemers. While their most careful plans might seem ludicrously simple to their more intelligent cousins, the schemes of the cleverest white dragons can nonetheless require months to come to fruition and involve not only the deaths of those who tricked them in their youths, but also the destruction of all their erstwhile tormentors hold dear. The cold, long-smoldering fury of white dragons drives many of them into lives filled with vengeance-seeking and complicated arrangements that lead to the ruin of their targets—or else to mounting frustrations as their own impatience undermines their careful plans. Some whites—those who by fortune or unusual guile lead relatively peaceful lives of predation and hunting—grow older and scheme not of revenge, but of advancement. Unfortunately, even these white dragons cannot escape their instinctual savagery and impatience, and the greatest among them always seem to remain one or two steps away from their goals.

Characterized by the large webbed horns radiating out from the backs of their skulls and connected by tough, fibrous membranes, the distinctive heads of white dragons also possess crag-like hornlets on their chins and lower jaws. The rough texture of their faces extends over much of their bodies, allowing them to break up their silhouettes and granting them additional camouflage in their snowy homes. White dragon scales are thick and rough to the touch, and the tiny ridges that give them their rough feel trap in heat, keeping the whites warm even in the coldest of climes. Lithe and muscular, white dragons look every bit the part of efficient predators, with long, scimitar-like claws and powerful jaws holding razor-sharp teeth.

ECOLOGY AND SOCIETY

The scales of whites help them blend in with their surroundings, making them natural ambushers. Across the windswept fields of snow that form the Crown of the World, white dragons live as the top predators. They dominate the tundra and arctic wastelands of the far north, proclaiming themselves kings of unwanted and scantily inhabited kingdoms. Their vast territories cover hundreds or thousands of square miles but contain fewer intelligent beings than most towns. White dragons care little for exerting control over those residing within their

territories, as they view all other living creatures either as potential food or potential enemies. Those they cannot eat they swiftly grow to hate.

Some few whites eschew their bitter northern climes and instead live on mountain glaciers within the more temperate parts of Avistan. These whites gain notoriety more often than their northern siblings, as they have more frequent interactions with intelligent beings. Most of the white dragons known to humans come from the high mountains of northern and central Avistan. History records a handful of white dragons who lived around the Inner Sea and south into Garund, but the majority of these dragons are famous only for where they chose to live and not for any accomplishments they performed in life.

White dragons tend to stand at the top of the local food webs, usually supplanted only by more powerful dragons of other colors, and then only when they live farther south. None of the other chromatic dragons, even the covetous and wide-ranging reds, care enough for the cold lands to bother evicting the white dragons who live as masters there.

Although they are consummate hunters and predators without equal in their home climate, white dragons remain shameless opportunists. The unforgiving wastes of the frigid north do not allow even the fearsome whites to be picky about what they eat or when. White dragons prefer warm meat, preferably ripped from still-living creatures, but they eat anything that remotely resembles food, including even rotting meat and plant matter.

White dragons rampage more than any other dragons, even the mighty reds. As even non-dragons rarely afford them the respect and fear they deserve, white dragons frequently lash out at their humanoid neighbors out of frustration, retaliation for insults, or vengeance. These rampages usually garner the whites the attention, respect, and fear they crave, but those dragons who grow too careless sometimes lose their lives instead.

White dragons only rarely engage in draconic society at any sort of useful level. They usually avoid contact with all other kinds of dragons, as many of their cousins simply attempt to kill them on sight. Among their own kind, however, whites occasionally prove strangely social and outgoing. White dragon mating rituals are like young cats play-fighting—teeth and claws displayed but not used, much hissing and rolling around, frequent dominance shifts, and no clear winner. Females usually mate with several males, and clutches usually have multiple fathers.

White dragons work together at times to bring down particularly large prey or entire herds of lesser game. This camaraderie is far more common among young whites, who lack the strength and power to bring down extremely large creatures on their own. Such hunting groups can



last for a single hunt or several years, depending on the personalities involved and the availability of large game. Like their black dragon cousins, white dragons are liable to depopulate their hunting territories to the point where the dragons can only barely sustain themselves. Unlike black dragons, though, white dragons stubbornly refuse to abandon their home territories, choosing to enter periods of long hibernation to allow prey to repopulate rather than moving on to new hunting grounds. Tragic stories abound of lost travelers on the Crown of the World stumbling across a deeply hibernating white dragon they at first believed to be dead. When food grows scarce, packs of hunting whites may turn on each other and devour the weakest members.

White dragons prove notoriously difficult to redeem. Among the chromatics, only the reds resist the call for temperance and benevolence more than the foul-tempered whites. Draconic sages with a sense of humor note quite the opposite, and point out that white dragons are frequently redeemed—some are redeemed on a weekly basis. Weak-willed and easily cowed, white dragons generally do whatever a stronger personality tells them, including proclaiming themselves converted to the way of goodness. Once out of the direct control of whatever force converted them by the sword, however, whites quickly resume their old ways. Truly redeemed whites remain mere legends, and most creatures capable of subduing and redeeming white dragons simply slay the beasts instead.

By the time they reach adulthood, white dragons possess mental capacities at least equal to average humans. Unfortunately, by that time, most white dragons wallow in the same savage habits and limited thoughtfulness that cursed them throughout their immature years. Although physiology no longer limits them, adult white dragons nonetheless cannot imagine living their lives any differently than they already have for decades. Thus, most great wyrm whites, who in theory can reason and contemplate better than almost any human in the world, cannot escape the short-sighted and savage brutality of their younger years. Of course, white dragon great wyrms remain so incredibly rare that the few who have lived so long prove far more wily and careful than their kin.

A few white dragons yearn for something more than the brutal savagery of their ancestral homes and instinctual natures. Although most of these whites possess the same limited intellect of their fellows, they try to pursue academic, philosophical, or sociological achievements. Other white dragons despise these specimens, calling them *lazakh*, which roughly translates as “big heads,” a term typical white dragons use in derision but that other dragons adopt as a term of endearment. Those *lazakh* who declare their intentions to their common fellows are usually met with aggression. The one or two *lazakh* every generation who avoid fratricide and humanoid dragonslayers are occasionally taken in under the wing of a benevolent or manipulative cousin—usually a caring brass, academic bronze, controlling blue, or patient green.

When they serve bronze or green mentors, these white dragon *lazakh* can meaningfully contribute to the collective knowledge of dragons and all other intelligent species, performing simple tasks suited to their inbred impatience and relative stupidity (such as recording notes on slabs of slate, finding particular passages in tomes, or other duties quickly and easily performed). Most of these mentors find that their white dragon charges do not decrease the time or effort they must themselves contribute to their studies and research, and in some cases taking on white dragon apprentices slows their progress. Nonetheless, stories exist of seemingly average white dragon apprentices providing sudden insights or leaps of logic that grant their mentors solutions to vexing conundrums, and





thus bronze and green dragons continue to take on white dragons in the hopes of finding the next such idiot savant.

Brass and blue dragons are inclined to guide their white dragon charges in more social ways. Brass dragons attempt to bring out the creative side of the *lazakh* they mentor, thereafter promoting the often-violent but always memorable imagery of their understudies in small showings and members-only galleries. Most famously, the white dragon Tryka wrote the popular play *Red Snow Falling* under the watchful tutelage of the brass dragon Varilan (see sidebar). Blue dragons care little for the goals and desires of their white dragon charges, instead carefully manipulating them to act as contacts, spies, or muscle in the blue dragons' own immense webs of minions. Most of these unfortunate *lazakh* never realize their blue masters are using them and spend decades or centuries working hard for goals not their own. When called out for this treatment of their kin by meddlesome brasses or controlling golds, blue dragons defend themselves by pointing out how much better off these white dragons are than their arctic-dwelling kin. Indeed, despite their stunted advancement in their own goals, whites who serve blues can become exceedingly wealthy (often much more so than those serving brass, bronze, or green mentors).

HOARD AND HOME

White dragons are pack rats that never throw out anything, and thus their hoards are as varied and individualistic as the dragons who form them. Unlike all other kinds of true dragons, whites do not possess any preference for one kind of treasure or another. They take what they can get, which in the coldest extremes of the far north and mountain summits is not much, and they never turn down anything they figure might be worth even a few coins to some other creature. White dragons' hoards vary wildly from one individual to the next.

Although most white dragons remain unapologetic opportunists and do not actually favor any kind of item over any other, their hoards do share a few similarities based on the typical locations in which they live. In general, white dragon hoards contain more goods and equipment than coins, gems, or jewelry—typically equipment used to survive the harsh conditions, including cold-weather outfits, winter blankets, ropes and grappling hooks, and so on. White dragons jealously guard their rare magical items and go to oft-bizarre lengths to protect such treasures.

White dragon coin beds run significantly smaller on average than those of their cousins, and most supplement this lack of size with items made of non-precious metals, such as steel hammer heads or iron pitons. Many white dragons keep their coin beds above the surface of the ground, not in shallow depressions like their kin, and

RED SNOW FALLING

In 4374 AR, the white dragon *lazakh* named Tryka fled her unforgiving homeland and traveled into the heart of Avistan. Her arrival at the Five Kings Mountains roused Daralathylx, and she only barely survived the encounter. Terribly scarred by the king's wrath, Tryka fled southwest into Cheliox, where blood loss and fatigue felled her from the sky. By her great fortune, a dragon named Varilan discovered her and took her back to his lair to recover. Varilan (in human form) lived the life of a Chelish playboy and socialite in the baronial courts, and after nursing Tryka back to health, he offered to mentor her in the arts as long as he could keep the greater part of the profits. Tryka accepted, and the two collaborated on a variety of creative endeavors (mostly of questionable artistic quality).

In 4413, Tryka lost her patience with their lack of success and threw a terrible fit that ruined years of work. Varilan stopped her in mid-rampage, though, telling her to channel that furious energy into something creative. Taking the admonition as a challenge, she poured her frustrations and anger into writing *Red Snow Falling*, a play about her narrow escape from Daralathylx. With her permission, Varilan edited the story to make the characters humans and promoted it in the smaller theatres of the Chelish empire. The play was an instant success, and at the height of its popularity in the next century, it played in some of the largest theatres in the Inner Sea region. Although not as popular today as a couple centuries ago, the play remains in constant circulation among the continent's theatres and seems a perennial favorite in Cheliox, Korvosa, and Ustalav.

prevent the coins from scattering by shaping low ice walls that help contain their collections.

White dragons live in ice caves or in stone caverns adorned with ice. They typically occupy lairs much larger than their size or overall prowess would otherwise suggest. Scholars attribute this particular phenomenon to a lack of competition, as white dragons have few rivals for living space in their native environment. No other dragons are fond of cohabiting their chosen regions, although silvers and reds do occasionally take up homes on the same or adjacent mountains as warmer-living whites.

Whites do not mind taking or sharing the lairs of other creatures or forcing other beings to expand their lairs for them. Many white dragon lairs open onto deep vertical shafts in the ice generally accessible only to those creatures that can fly or otherwise easily navigate ice cliffs. Their caves stretch back and down from the entrances, utilizing the slippery nature of ice to deposit land-borne creatures into dark, forgotten crevasses filled with salted water or inhabited by beings otherwise too terrible to consider.

Because they lack the great strength and terrible resolve of their kin, white dragons must frequently share their



homes with more powerful creatures that dwelled within them first. When these creatures possess any kind of intelligence, the white dragons gladly work out lines of demarcation to divide the lair between them. Otherwise, the whites lure their lairmates to out-of-the-way portions of their homes, where they then shape the ice to send would-be dragonslayers and other trespassers. In this way, the greatest dangers in white dragon lairs are sometimes not the dragons themselves, but the original inhabitants of their lairs that dwell in dark recesses.

Since most dragon-hunting creatures cannot survive the extreme iciness of their prey's environment for long periods of time, white dragons set up traps in their lairs that utilize the unrelenting cold. Pools of frigid salt water concealed under or held behind thin ice are designed to douse trespassers and their equipment in sub-freezing water. A favorite trick of white dragons is to watch from a safe distance and wait for their water traps to soak trespassers before swooping in with their icy breath. This crude technique proves surprisingly effective.

CAMPAIGN ROLE

Unlike most of the other kinds of dragons, whites really serve only one purpose in a campaign: to antagonize the PCs. They make excellent ambushers, dropping down out of foggy or snow-blown skies to shred horses and other beasts of burden before disappearing again into the weather. Some whites also set up ambushes along the few trade routes and traveled paths across the Crown of the World. Those who live farther south lurk in frigid mountain passes or upon snow-capped peaks.

White dragons also make good direct opponents. Most white dragons are driven by hunger and instinct, and they do not take the time to set up ambushes (or in some cases even imagine the possibility of doing so). Instead, these up-front whites charge into battle, blasting their foes with their icy breaths before lashing out with claws, fangs, and tails. If these charging whites can gain some kind of surprise, all the better, but it is not a factor in their decision to attack or not.

On the other hand, white dragons remain dragons, the most feared and powerful creatures known. The most dangerous asset they possess is their greater-than-human intelligence when they grow older. Although no less savage than their younger kin, older white dragons use more sophisticated tactics and like to observe potential prey before attacking—particularly if that potential prey walks on two legs and carries weaponry, and even more so if it carries nothing at all. These older white dragons might spend several days tormenting those creatures they intend to attack, driving off or slaughtering pack animals at night, causing minor avalanches, luring lesser predators near their targets, or otherwise hampering the hapless humans.

Once the morale of their victims sinks low enough, or one of them succumbs to the cold, the dragons attack.

Those white dragons who dare to seek more from life than mindless slaughter and become *lazakh* can make for memorable contacts. Although they seek personal advancement and hope to somehow contribute notably to the vast stores of draconic knowledge, they remain unapologetically selfish, impatient, and cruel. Humans and weaker dragons dealing with *lazakh* must remain conscious of the unpredictable nature of white dragons and treat with them very carefully.

Due to a white dragon's innate cowardice and weak will, it is possible for a strong and dominating group of PCs to subdue one and force it into servitude, perhaps in the hopes of eventually redeeming it. In these cases the dragon is a powerful minion (or slave, in the case of a cruel or evil party), but one that should be kept on a short leash. Even a "tamed" white feels cold, seething hatred for those who bested it, and is likely to take advantage of a momentary weakness to slaughter its "friends" and escape to a place where it can resume its old habits.

ON GOLARION

Most white dragons—by some estimates more than three-quarters—live on the Crown of the World or in the portions of Avistan, Casmaron, and Tian Xia within a hundred miles of that region. Creatures wanting to cross the northern passes usually see or encounter at least one white dragon along the way, and the least fortunate expeditions face several. Every square mile of the icy continent lies within at least one white dragon's hunting territory, and terrible border disputes can sometimes spill onto the trade routes over the continent as the dragons tear apart a caravan to stake their claims.

Other white dragons live under the greatest glaciers of high, snow-clad mountains, such as the Kodar, Menador, and Mindspin ranges. Dwarven histories record that at least two white dragons lived on the glaciers of Droskar's Crag before the arrival of Daralathylx more than 1,700 years ago. These dragons each controlled one half of the immense mountain and endlessly tormented the dwarves and other creatures of the area.

Ostracized by their fellow dragons and hunted like common pests by the lesser creatures of Golarion, a small number of white dragons live on the Elemental Plane of Air. These dragons are drawn to clusters of floating icebergs that follow gentle currents through the plane, though silver dragons defend these icebergs from the intrusions of the whites. Sages speculate the white dragons seek the legendary artifacts known collectively as the *Shastiled*, which are said to hold the keys to the white dragon breed gaining some level of dominance over other dragons.



NAMES

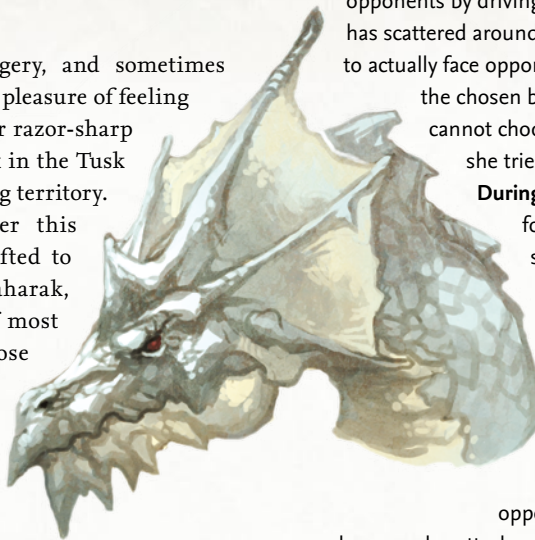
White dragon names are generally either short and simple or overly complicated and difficult to pronounce. When hatched, white dragons receive simple, easy names, as their mothers hardly care enough about them to grant them lofty or impressive titles. As they grow older, though, some whites add syllables to create longer names in the hopes of sounding more impressive than they really are, though never so long that the dull-witted whites can't pronounce their own names.

White dragon names: Aostala, Grathalax, Horrakis, Oreptonthas, Tix

LYDEK

Lydek delights in her own savagery, and sometimes pursues human prey simply for the pleasure of feeling the warmth of their innards on her razor-sharp claws. She claims Mount Thaharak in the Tusk Mountains as her home and hunting territory.

Such is Lydek's influence over this area that several trade routes shifted to avoid passing near Mount Thaharak, despite the successful crossing of most caravans through her lands. Those who brave the wrath of the dragon and attempt to climb the peak face carefully hidden pitfalls, washed-out or blocked trails, and frequent avalanches. Despite being a relative pushover where draconic threats are concerned, Lydek escapes the notice of dragonslayers powerful enough to overcome her by controlling unimportant territory with only a few trade routes passing through it.



tail slap +18 (1d8+9)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)

Special Attacks breath weapon (40-ft. cone of cold, 6d6, Reflex half DC 23)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st):

3/day—*fog cloud*, *freezing fog* (DC 12), *gust of wind* (DC 12)

Spells Known (CL 1st):

1st (4/day)—*color spray* (DC 12), *magic missile*

0 (5/day)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*

TACTICS

Before Combat Lydek attempts to weaken or demoralize opponents by driving them into the dozens of traps she has scattered around her mountain home. When ready to actually face opponents in combat, she first engulfs the chosen battlefield in a *freezing fog*. If Lydek cannot choose the time and place of a battle, she tries to flee.

During Combat Lydek tries to keep her foes contained within a relatively small battlefield, both to maximize the effectiveness of her breath weapon and also to prevent them from escaping her *freezing fog*. If a trap is nearby, she attempts to drive or lure her foes into it. Once she has weakened, confused, and demoralized her opponents, Lydek drops into their midst

and uses melee attacks.

Morale Outside of her lair, Lydek flees once she takes 30 points of damage. She then resumes harrying her opponents with traps and other trickeries before luring or herding them toward a second battlefield, where she resumes her strategy.

LYDEK

CR 10

Female adult white dragon

CE Large dragon (cold)

Init +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses; Listen +23, Spot +23

Aura frightful presence (180 ft., DC 20)

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 9, flat-footed 26

(+17 natural, -1 size)

hp 189 (18d12+72)

Fort +15, **Ref** +11, **Will** +11

DR 5/magic; **Immune** cold, sleep, paralysis; **SR** 18; **Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., burrow 30 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor), swim 60 ft.

Melee bite +23 (2d6+6) and

2 claws +18 (1d8+3) and

2 wings +18 (1d6+3) and

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 10, **Con** 19, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +18; **Grp** +28

Feats Alertness, Blind-Fight, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Stealthy, Wingover

Skills Hide +23, Listen +23, Move Silently +23, Search +21, Swim +27, Spot +23

Languages Draconic

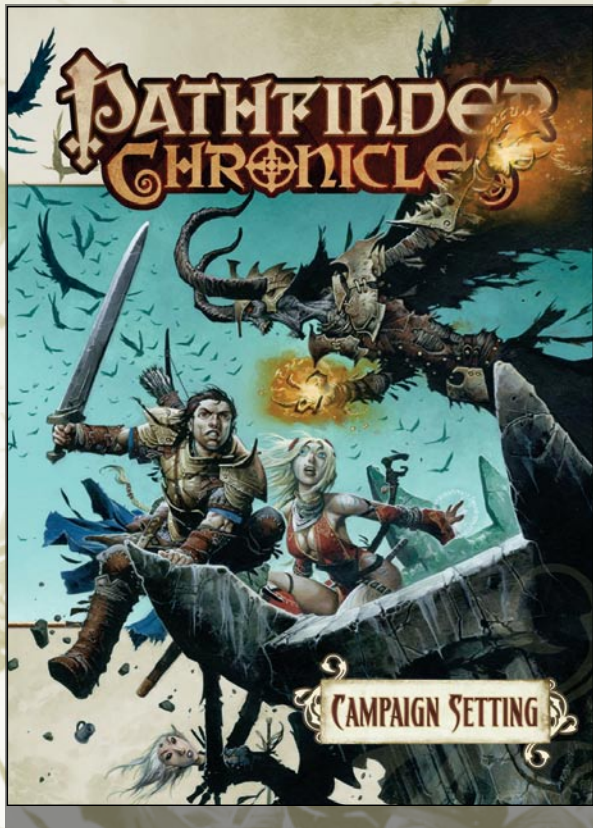
SQ icewalking

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Freezing Fog (Sp) Similar to *solid fog*, this also causes a rime of slippery ice to form on any surface the fog touches, creating the effect of a *grease* spell. Lydek is immune to the *grease* effect because of her icewalking ability. This is the equivalent of a 5th-level spell and is useable three times per day.

Icewalking (Ex) This works like the *spider climb* spell, but the surfaces Lydek climbs must be icy. It is always in effect.

GOLARION NEEDS HEROES



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2008

ENTER THE DRAGONS

Since the beginning, dragons have held a unique place in man's mythology. Powerful and savage, with fiery breath and massive wings, they rampage across the countryside in search of plunder or rule mighty nations with iron claws. Their fabulous treasure hoards are the stuff of legend, and those few brave warriors who stand against them are assured their place in history—if they survive.

Dragons Revisited puts a new spin on these timeless monsters, reimagining them for the Pathfinder Chronicles campaign setting while

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to other creatures. Learn what

wonders their lavish lairs contain,

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Most importantly, discover

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humanity, and which ones regard

all lesser creatures as food. Because

getting the two mixed up can be

extremely unpleasant.

Fortunately, it's a mistake you won't make twice.



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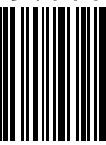
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