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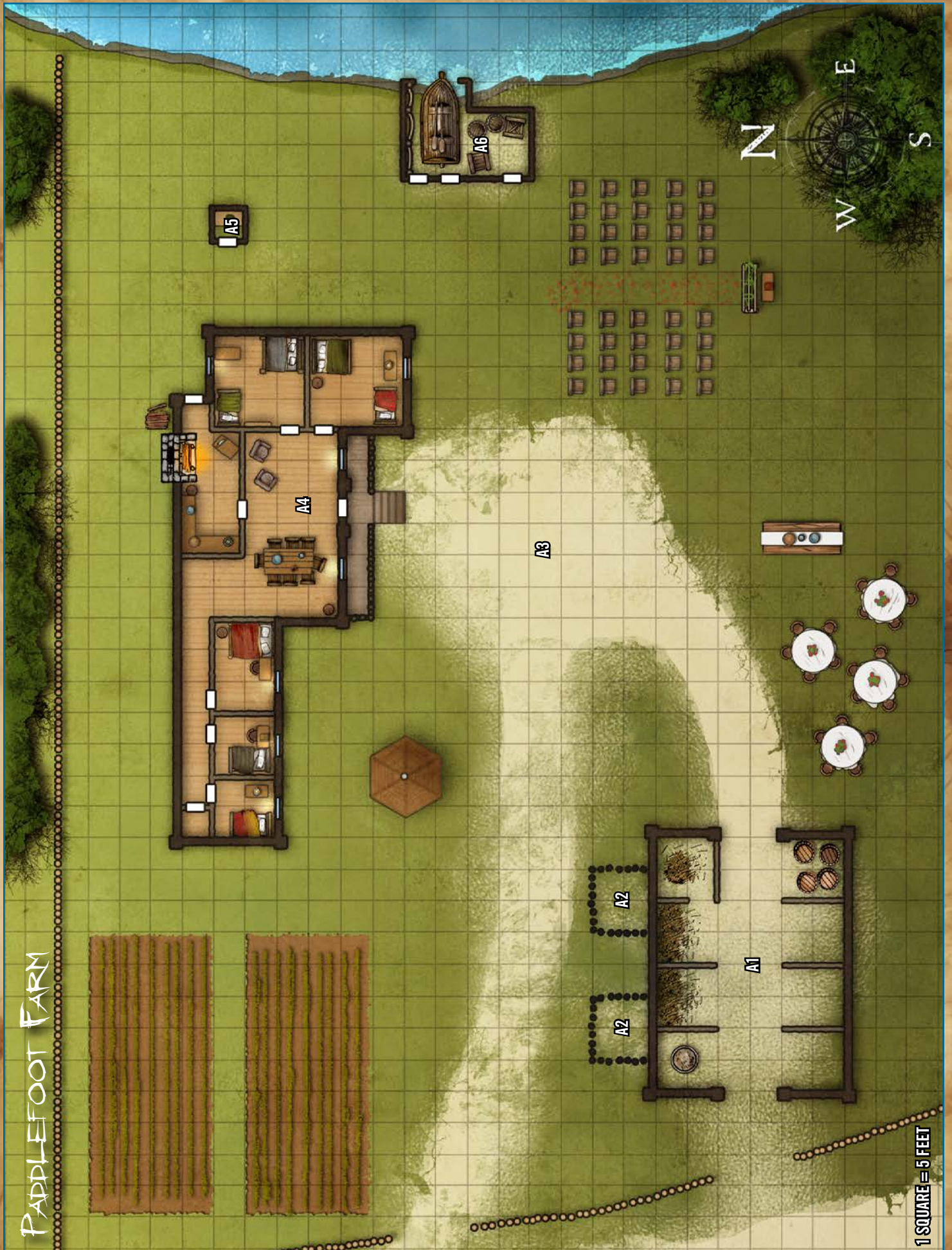


WE BY GOBLINS!

A PATHFINDER RPG ADVENTURE FOR LEVEL 1 **BY CRYSTAL FRASIER**



PADDLEFOOT FARM



PATHFINDER MODULE

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On the Cover



Jaime Martinez shows us just how much fun a goblin and a pig can have with a delicious, sugary wedding cake!



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The challenges complete, the goblin whelps must travel to Tadpole Bog to catch their own toads before presenting them to the spooky spirits that lurk within the notorious Cave of Darkfear, despite the unwanted (and unexpected) interference by goblin bullies, grabby cats, and weird pointy-eared magical elf ladies.

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After learning of a halfling wedding, the newly accepted goblin adults are invited along to take part in their first for-reals raid. There will be cake!

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This section presents statistics for the four goblin whelps who star in this adventure—Reta, Poog, Mogmurch, and Chuffy!

We B4 Goblins! is a Pathfinder Module designed for four 1st-level goblins and uses the medium XP advancement track. This module is designed for play in the Pathfinder campaign setting, but can easily be adapted for use with any world.

REFERENCE

This book refers to several Pathfinder Roleplaying Game products, yet these supplements are not required to make use of this book. Readers interested in the information presented in the Pathfinder RPG hardcovers can find the complete rules of these books available online for free at paizo.com/prd.



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WE BE GOBLINS!

ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE

We B4 Goblins! is the fourth installment of the *We Be Goblins!* adventures, an unusual chain of stories featured in various Free RPG Day products since 2011. These adventures work equally well as fun one-shot games or as a short series, in which the players take on the roles of the now iconic goblin heroes Chuffy, Mogmurch, Poog, and Reta to spread havoc in the Sandpoint hinterlands. *We B4 Goblins!* leaps back in time to follow our heroes' very first adventure as they establish themselves in Licktoad society, earn their names, and raid a halfling wedding party!

Four pregenerated goblins can be found on pages 12–15 of this book, or players can create their own 1st-level goblins using the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* and the NPC classes found in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*. While *We B4 Goblins!* is a prequel to *We Be Goblins!*, and while experience with that classic adventure can add to players' enjoyment, knowledge of other adventures in this series isn't necessary to play this adventure.

WE BE GOBLINS, ALL CAGED UP.
COMFY HOME FOR GOBLIN PUP!
CHEW THE BARS, TASTE THE RAGE,
THEN SQUIRM OUT OF BABY CAGE.
PROVE OUR WORTH, YEAH,
THAT'S THE PLAN—
ALL TO JOIN GREAT GOBLIN CLAN!



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The Licktoad goblin tribe likes to think that it's dominated Brinestump Marsh through fear and savagery, when in fact luck and a general lack of competition are more accurate reasons. As with every goblin tribe, each year, a new crop of baby goblins comes of age among the Licktoads. Dangerously hungry and mindless as infants, goblins babies spend their first years in a whelping cage. Here, they are subjected to the rule of survival, and those who want to grow up to join the tribe must dominate, overwhelm, and in many cases eat the weaker goblins they're growing up with. Eventually, the survivors mature into the eager young monsters any goblin tribe can appreciate. Every goblin hails from these humble origins, from chieftains like Gutwad or Ripnugget to soon-to-be legendary goblin heroes like Chuffy, Mogmurch, Poog, and Reta. Goblin tribes traditionally present every new generation with a battery of challenges to determine each whelp's place in the tribe, and the Licktoads are no different in this regard. To ensure their warriors are fearless (or at least good liars), they dispatch every goblin whelp on a dangerous quest to catch a toad before they can claim names for themselves and become full-fledged goblins in the tribe's eyes.

Of course, life goes on beyond Brinestump Marsh. Other races in the surrounding hinterlands fall in love and have babies who also grow up to fall in love. One such example is Winnius Paddlefoot and his lovely fiancée, Wellma. In addition to being charming lovebirds, the young halflings are newly appointed enforcers for the Paddlefoot crime family, a clan that has made its name extorting travelers up and down the Soggy River and occasionally collecting debts for one of Sandpoint's unlikeliest (and least suspected) loan sharks, a woman named Lottie. Much of the Paddlefoot family, as well as Lottie herself, has made the trek down to the Paddlefoot farm for the happy occasion of the couple's marriage.

This adorable (and perhaps unexpectedly violent) union of halflings is coming to a head, by coincidence, just as the Licktoad tribe releases its newest batch of whelps into the world, and nothing makes for an exciting goblin raid like halflings, knives, and four solid feet of cake! The only thing the player characters need is an excuse to attend the joyous event, and as luck would have it, one is wandering into the marsh in a rickety wagon even as the goblin adventurers depart to earn their names and a place in the world...

PART I: WE BE WHELPS!

Read the following to your players to get started.

You are goblins of the Licktoad Tribe. Or at least you will be someday. For now, though, you're whelps—ravenous, amoral, grumpy goblin children who learned to stop eating rocks only a few months ago. But with every day that passes, your whelping

WHERE ON GOLARION?



The Licktoads make their home in Brinestump Marsh, several miles southwest of the town of Sandpoint along the Varisian coast. The last act of the adventure takes the Licktoads a few miles inland along the Soggy River to the small Paddlefoot homestead.

cage seems smaller and smaller. The outside world increasingly beckons to your goblin curiosity (and appetite), but the hateful cage bars holds you at bay.

A few other whelps flourish in the cage, even as the smaller and weaker ones are thinned out. Kettlehead stands literally head and shoulders above the competition, being a goblin of impeccable flatulence and having already fashioned himself an impressive hat from a teapot left lying too close to the cages. Even adult goblins—legendary Chief Rendwattle Gutwad among them—have taken note of Kettlehead and his advanced skills of poking the rest of you with sticks and delivering bruise-inducing noogies.

But today is special. Today, instead of a bucket of fish heads, whelp-wrangler Loptop brought a key and unlocked the door to your cage, spilling you sorry lot into the world for the first time. Other Licktoads gather around, eyeballing you and chewing on the fish heads that should have been yours. "You all are too big for cages," Loptop snorts. "But you're not Licktoads yet. Licktoads gotta be useful. Licktoads gotta be tough! Licktoads gotta earn their places in the tribe. And that's what you're gonna do now! Show us where you belong, even if that ends being the boneyard!"

Every goblin tribe has unique traditions to mark whelps' coming of age and to determine their roles in the clan. The Licktoads borrow a tradition used by nearby humans and force their young to earn a variety of so-called "badges" by succeeding at arbitrary and cruel tasks. More than simple patches, *Licktoad badges* are unique magic items, crafted largely through accident and goblin stubbornness, that grant accident-prone whelps a few second chances at survival. Like potions, *Licktoad badges* can be used by anyone (although a full-grown goblin caught using one is rightfully shamed for playing with "baby toys"). A goblin can activate a *Licktoad badge* as an immediate action, usually in response



to some danger or special condition. If a *Licktoad badge* isn't used within one week, its magic fades and it transforms into a useless scrap of cloth. Once a *Licktoad badge* is used, its magic fades forever.

Whelp-wrangler **Loptop** (NE female goblin fighter 1) lines the PCs and a handful of other goblin whelps up for their assessment, excusing Kettlehead because of his obvious superiority and remarkable headgear. After a few awkward moments, the tribe gives the whelps four challenges, one at a time. A whelp can refuse a challenge, but doing so calls down a pelting of mud and garbage from the crowd that deals 1 point of damage. Succeeding at a task earns a whelp a *Licktoad badge*—Loptop has enough to go around should multiple whelps win a challenge. The four *Licktoad badge* challenges are listed below.

ANIMAL FIENDSHIP

The whelps must prove their mastery over dangerous creatures by tying a leash to a particularly large spider. Wrangling the head-sized scarlet spider requires a successful DC 9 combat maneuver check, followed by a successful DC 12 Dexterity check to tie a secure knot. If a whelp fails at either check, the spider immediately attempts to bite her (bite +7), dealing 1 point of damage and 1 point of Strength damage if it succeeds (a successful DC 10 Fortitude save negates the Strength damage). The spider gets nervous and skitters away if a goblin fails a total of three checks.

Licktoad Badge Benefit: Following a successful attack roll against a creature of the animal type, the user of this *Licktoad badge* increases her damage from that attack by +1d6 points. This extra damage is not doubled on a critical hit. The user can decide to activate this badge after rolling the regular damage for the attack.

HAPPY BEAT

The whelps must injure themselves in creative ways for the tribe's delight. Each whelp's attempt deals 1d3 points of nonlethal damage to himself (especially creative injuries deal an additional 1 or 2 points of damage). The whelp can make the injury entertaining with a successful DC 15 Bluff or Charisma check, gaining a circumstance bonus to this check equal to the amount of nonlethal damage sustained. Whelps can retry this challenge so long as they remain conscious.

Licktoad Badge Benefit: The user of this *Licktoad badge* gains DR 5/— against a single attack, and is hurled 5 feet away from his attacker in a direction he chooses, landing on his feet. The user can activate this badge after he is hit, but before damage is rolled.

HURTFUL WORDS

To prove her wit, even in the face of extreme pain, each whelp must deliver a clever insult while chewing on a hot stone plucked from the fire pit. A whelp must succeed at a DC 8

Fortitude saving throw to hold the hot stone in her mouth the first round; calling out a clever insult that same round requires a successful DC 14 Intelligence check. Whelps can try again if they fail the Intelligence check, but the DC for the Fortitude save increases by 1 each round, and a whelp can't try again once she fails the save. When a goblin fails this Fortitude save, she reflexively spits out the hot stone before it actually causes damage.

Licktoad Badge Benefit: The user of this *Licktoad badge* can call forth a stream of blistering invectives against a single creature with an Intelligence score of 3 or higher within 30 feet. This allows the user to attempt an Intimidate check to demoralize that creature with a +5 circumstance bonus on the roll. If the user's check exceeds the target DC by 5 or more, her target is staggered for 1 round instead of shaken. This is a mind-affecting effect.

SQUIRMTONGUE

To prove the nimbleness of their teeth, the whelps must dig worms out of the mud without using their hands or feet. Each time a whelp gulps down a mouthful of mud, he must succeed at a DC 12 Perception check to find a worm within. Once a goblin finds a worm, he can avoid swallowing it with a successful DC 14 Reflex save. A whelp can swallow three mouthfuls of mud before he is too full and sick to try again.

Licktoad Badge Benefit: The user of this *Licktoad badge* can reroll a single saving throw he just failed, but he immediately falls prone.

PART 2: WE (WILL) BE GOBLINS!

Finally free of the whelping cage, the bright-eyed hopefuls have only one task left before they are recognized as full-fledged goblins by the Licktoad tribe: seize their own toads from Tadpole Bog and present them to the evil forces that dwell deep within the Cave of Darkfear. The Licktoads made braving the spooky ruin a part of their coming-of-age ritual shortly after the previous chief, the frightful Spludna Spits-When-She-Talks, slew the old human who dwelled within. Ignoring the fact that the "cave" is actually a decrepit hermit's cabin, the Licktoads have been appeasing the spirits of Darkfear—fictional additions to their ever-changing panoply of superstitions—for as long as anyone can remember (at least 10 years), laying their toads before the sagging skeleton of the building's former inhabitant.

Chief Gutwad's favorites—Kettlehead and his followers—are allowed to depart immediately for Tadpole Bog, giving the PCs a night to rest and recover from any injuries they may have suffered in Part 1. The PCs can also take this opportunity to scavenge any weapons they want. Clubs and quarterstaves are easy to find. A successful DC 12 Perception check uncovers a case containing seven darts being used to prop up a wobbly table. The case's lid has a neat strap that lets someone use it as a light wooden shield.



LOPTOP'S ADVICE

Once the whelps have rested and collected any rewards they have coming, Loptop gathers them at the edge of the village to address the group as a whole.

"You maybe think you be tough because you got out of your baby cage, whelps? Psht! You no be goblins. The only real goblins are Licktoads, and a Licktoad without a toad is just... lick. So. If you want be Licktoads, you need to catch a toad at Tadpole Bog and also not die. Then you take the toad to Cave of Darkfear and also not die. Then you show your toad to the Darkfear spirit, and maybe if you really are a goblin, then you also not die. Get toad. Show spirit. Kill anything that wants to stop you. Don't die.

"That last part is very important."

Loptop sketches out a crude map, showing the location of Tadpole Bog and the Cave of Darkfear, then shoos the PCs on their way. If the PCs have any questions, she replies by calling them babies and throwing mud at them.

TADPOLE BOG (CR 1/2)

The occasional lazy bubble breaks the surface of this shallow, stinky pond, and a haze of insects clouds the air in every direction. Only the occasional gurg-chirp of toadsong breaks through the drone of bugs.

The Licktoad Tribe recruits its titular pets from this specific bog. The mucky, stagnant waters are thick with algae and insect larvae, making it the ideal breeding ground for a particularly nonplussed species of toad whose psychoactive secretions have helped the goblins pass boring afternoons for decades.

The water is only a foot deep, and goblins are light enough to not risk breaking through the layer of peat at the pond's bottom (usually; see *Treasure*). As a standard action, a whelp can catch a toad with a successful DC 15 combat maneuver check. The PCs can improve their odds with a little cunning by taking special tactics such as climbing to higher ground, making toad calls to lure toads, or using *Stealth*. With a successful DC 12 skill check of the appropriate sort, a goblin gains a +2 bonus on his or her combat maneuver check to catch a toad.

Licking Toads: The so-called Lick Toads of Tadpole Bog secrete a mild toxin that causes dizziness and hallucinations and dulls pain in young goblins. Licking or eating a Lick Toad is a standard action, and provides the lucky goblin with 5 temporary hit points for 30 minutes. During that time, the toad-licker takes a -2 penalty on Perception and initiative checks. A goblin can benefit from licking a toad only once per day, and after three licks, the licker no longer gains any benefit at all (but still receives gross and hilarious hallucinations).

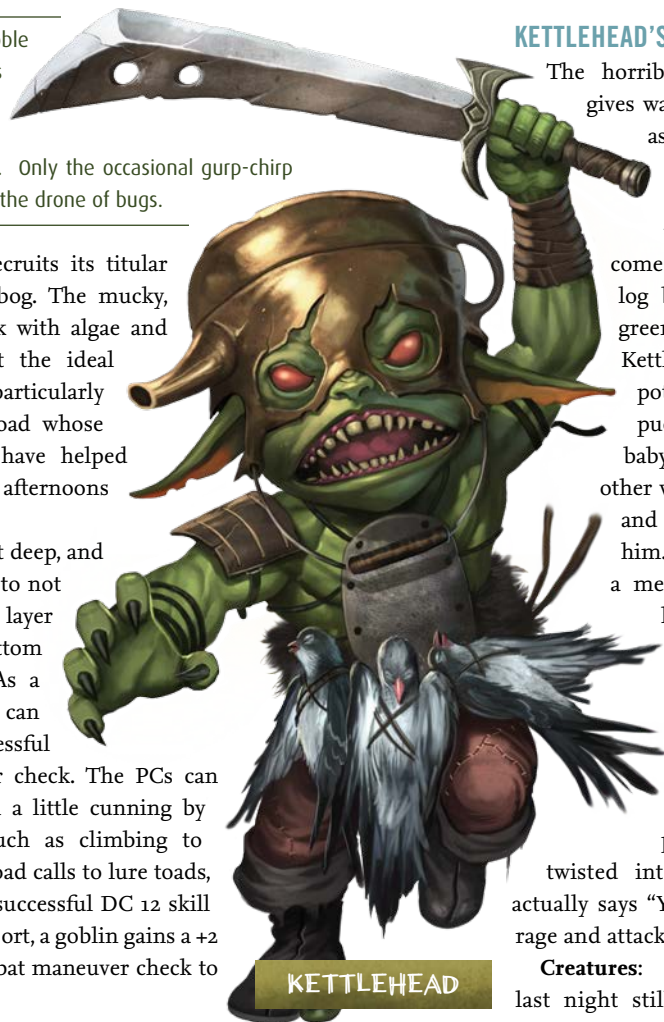
Treasure: Former goblin heroes Hefty Smurget and Never-Trims-Her-Toenails Grom met unfortunate fates in Tadpole Bog several years ago when they accidentally pierced the peat and found themselves sucked into the dark, acrid waters below. At some point during the toad hunt, one of the goblins automatically finds a dogslicer poking up from the peat. Further investigation reveals two pickled corpses in the waters below, along with a second dogslicer, a javelin, a grappling hook, an unholy symbol of Zarongel, two wooden spoons, two dead moles, and a jar of pickled fish heads.

KETTLEHEAD'S SWAGGER (CR 1)

The horrible morning sunshine slowly gives way to a refreshing, dank drizzle as the goblins cross the marsh on their way to the Cave of Darkfear. Before they reach their destination, though, they come upon a rudely-shaped fallen log blocking the path. A weasely, green-gray figure climbs astride it—Kettlehead the goblin, his polished pot still perched upon his puckered puss. He cries, "Stupid baby wannabe goblins!" as a pair of other whelps from the cage—Culgick and Rempty—scramble up beside him. Kettlehead continues, waving a mean-looking dogslicer over his head. "You took toads from Kettlehead's special pond, and now you have to pay my price. Give me all your toads! And say you be stupid!"

Kettlehead has not fully considered how easily this particular demand can be twisted into an insult, and if anyone actually says "You be stupid," he flies into a rage and attacks immediately.

Creatures: Kettlehead left the village last night still hiding his deepest shame:





TADPOLE BOG

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET



PATHFINDER FLIP-MAT CLASSICS: SWAMP

a debilitating fear of stagnant water. He and his two followers huddled in the cold all night, waiting for other young goblins to journey out and catch toads so they could rob them and claim the toads as their own. The cocky little bully doesn't care if he kills a few whelps, as long as he comes home with the best toads. He attacks if the PCs seem like they're delaying, but he ultimately isn't very bright and has failed to realize he's outnumbered. Kettlehead is also easily bluffed, and any promises to send or carry the toads back to the village for him are enough to confuse him into letting everyone pass. As the chief's favorite, he is fearless, increasing the DC of any attempt to intimidate him by 5.

If Kettlehead is knocked out, subdued, or killed, his followers immediately surrender and beg for mercy, heaping praise on the new best goblins in the tribe.

KETTLEHEAD CR 1/3

XP 135

Male goblin (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)

hp 6

CULGICK AND REMPTY CR 1/3

XP 135 each

Goblin (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)

hp 6 each

SPECIAL ABILITY

Sycophant (Ex) Kettlehead's sidekicks are incompetent even by goblin standards. Each round, there is a 25% chance a follower will use a standard action to fawn over Kettlehead, congratulating him on a clever insult or masterful attack. If a Kettlehead scores a critical hit, this chance increases to 75% for the following round.

Treasure: Kettlehead carries various rewards from the Licktoad tribe as well as a few odds and ends he scavenged during his long, cold night in the swamp: a Small shortbow in need of a bowstring, a quiver with seven arrows, a hard leather boot, a salt shaker, and five bottles whose labels feature the same smiling half-elf woman wearing a jester's cap. For any goblin daring enough to be able to read, the label says "Magical Maggie's Miracle Medicine; The Masterful Mixture for a Myriad of Maladies!"

This last treasure came from a crate on the nearby road, but the crate is now empty save for some soiled straw. Despite the grandiose label, each bottle is simply a *potion of cure light wounds* cut with grain alcohol, peppermint, and seawater. Each bottle has a faint aura of conjuration magic. Swigging from a bottle requires a standard action and provokes an attack of opportunity just like drinking a potion, but restores only a single hit point. Each bottle contains 4 hit point-restoring swigs.



THE CAVE OF DARKFEAR (CR 1)

With the goblin bully out of the way, the whelps must continue on their way to the Cave of Darkfear and present their toads to the dread spirit who lurks within.

As they reach their goal, read or paraphrase the following.

In the shade of gray cypress trunks, a sagging human-made cave squats on the muddy ground, overgrown with swamp brambles and leaning precariously to one side.

The “cave” is actually an old trapper’s shack, but it is sufficiently spooky that goblins continue to dare one another to go inside. The interior is dark, but goblin darkvision pierces the gloom, revealing leaning and partially collapsed shelves, heaps of shattered pottery, a junk-strewn table, and rusting animal traps. A partially mummified but mostly skeletal human body slumps against one wall—the fabled “Spirit of Darkfear.” A broken-off, cobweb-strewn horsechopper (now useless as a weapon) juts from the corpse’s chest.

To finish their coming-of-age ritual, each goblin must hold up their toad before the spirit and announce themselves by singing their personal goblin song (conveniently located on their character sheets).

Creatures: More than just goblins find use for the abandoned shack. A pair of “grabby-cats” (raccoons) have taken up residence in the ruin. They hide in an overgrown corner when they hear the whelps approach, but after two goblins finish their coming-of-age ritual, the pudgy bandits finally work up enough courage to attack the noisy little intruders!

RACCOONS (2) **CR 1/2**
XP 200 each
hp 4 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 113)

Treasure: While many goblins have searched the Cave of Darkfear over the years, other goblins keep dragging in new junk. Searching the hut reveals two tanglefoot bags, four smokesticks, four tindertwigs, a meat hook, flint and tinder, some metal skewers, a rusty watch chain, a small wire cage, a pair of broken spectacles, a set of thieves’ tools, a set of false teeth, and a half-eaten, raccoon-scented bag of hardtack.

MAGICAL MAGGIE’S MOBILE MARKET (CR 1)

With their bold quest complete, the now full-fledged goblins are free to make their way back to Licktoad Village,

but doing so brings them across a strange sight. Read or paraphrase the following.

A colorfully painted wagon sits half-sunken in a patch of foul-smelling mud. Abominable words decorate the side of the wagon along with paintings of potions and magic trinkets. Bottles, barrels, pots, and all manner of real potions and curios poke out from beneath the bulging canvas that covers the top of the wagon.



MAGICAL MAGGIE

Creature: The words on this colorful wagon (not that any self-respecting goblin will ever know) read “Magical Maggie’s Mobile Market.” The peddler from whom the wagon takes its name, Maggdelenia “Maggie” Stackdeck, opted to take the swamp road on her journey south from Sandpoint as a shortcut while on her way to Paddlefoot farm for the wedding. Her wagon didn’t make it that far,

and she has spent the past several hours trying to coax her stubborn mule, Braya, into pulling the crippled wagon forward. As she toils, she says, “C’mon you stubborn old mule! We’re gonna be so late!”

Magical Maggie, a half-elf woman, wears an amazing hat that jingles with each step. She has never met a goblin before, but being a consummate saleswoman and confidence artist, she won’t pass up the chance to bilk a few swamp-dwelling yokels. She launches into a sales pitch for “Magical Maggie’s Miracle Medicine” upon noticing the goblins, and is especially encouraged if she notices any of them already carrying bottles of her signature medicine. She normally sells each bottle for 30 gp, but is willing to charge goblins much, much more. The moment she realizes her visitors have no coin, her entire demeanor changes, going from warm and jovial to shrill and threatening. She throws rocks to chase off the “toe-sucking little weirdos.”

MAGICAL MAGGIE **CR 1/2**
XP 200

Female half-elf alchemist 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player’s Guide* 26)

CN Medium humanoid (elf, human)

Init +0; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11 (+1 armor)

hp 10 (1d8+2)

Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +3; +2 vs. enchantments

Immune sleep

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee dagger +0 (1d4/19-20)



Ranged bomb +1 (1d6+1 fire) or thrown rock +0 (1d3)

Special Attacks bomb 2/day (1d6+1 fire, DC 11)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +2)
1st—*cure light wounds, shield*

TACTICS

During Combat Once she takes any damage, Maggie shrieks in fear and switches tactics from rock-throwing to bomb-throwing, but uses a *shield* extract first if she can do so without provoking an attack of opportunity.

Morale If reduced to 4 or fewer hit points, she runs north toward Sandpoint, leaving Braya to her fate and using a *cure light wounds* extract as soon as she can.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 10, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 10

Feats Brew Potion, Iron Will, Skill Focus (Bluff), Throw Anything

Skills Bluff +6, Craft (alchemy) +5, Diplomacy +3, Handle Animal +3, Knowledge (nature) +5, Perception +3, Profession (herbalist) +5

Languages Common, Elven, Halfling

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +1), elf blood, mutagen (+4/-2, +2 natural armor, 10 minutes)

Combat Gear acid (4), alchemist's fire (3), smokestick (2), tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** padded armor, dagger, bag of confetti, bag of mint candies (5), formula book, jester's cap, wooden flute, 13 gp

BRAYA THE MULE

CR 1/2

XP 200

Pony (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 177)

hp 13

Treasure: Maggie's wagon is filled with all sorts of things, including colorful scraps of cloth, empty bottles, a barrel of seawater, a small keg of grain alcohol, labels, two pots of glue, a well-used makeup kit, a small mirror, a stuffed raven, a makeshift alchemy lab, 7 torches, a *potion of spider climb*, and five more bottles of "Magical Maggie's Miracle Medicine" (see page 6). A successful DC 15 Perception check uncovers a hidden compartment beneath the wagon seat, which contains a *potion of jump*, a *wand of cure light wounds* (15 charges), an *elixir of fire breath*, and a small silk bag containing eight baby teeth and a crudely drawn crayon picture of a blonde half-elf woman and a smaller half-elf girl, adorned with hearts.

Development: If the goblins defeat Maggie and Braya, they also uncover a map of the local area with a large, red "X" drawn on one spot—the Paddlefoot farm—as well as a gilded envelope containing a sparkly piece of paper covered in words. If any goblin were indecent enough to read it, she could determine that this is an invitation for Magical Maggie to entertain at a wedding on the Paddlefoot farm, along

the Soggy River. While common goblin decency normally requires destroying all words immediately, the shininess of this text implies far greater threats than a quartet of neophyte goblins can likely manage. GMs should strongly encourage the PCs to seek the advice of the great and powerful Chief Gutwad regarding the glittering message. If the PCs insist on trying to burn the invitation, GMs might want to rule that the paper is fire-resistant.

PART 3: WE MAKE RAID!

When the PCs return to the dank grandeur of Licktoad Village, older goblins crowd around to inspect their new toads, gawk at trinkets uncovered during the adventure, and shout half-formed questions. Whelp-wrangler Loptop eventually shoves her way to the front of the mob.

"Pssht! You?! Didn't think you would be first back from the bog. Didn't think you'd be back at all! Brinestump be dangerous today! Slorb saw a stranger on the road this morning, a pointy elfy one with a sparkly hat and a bright wagon and a funny horse. Get you stabby stuff—we're off to find her and give her a good Licktoad welcome!"

If the PCs mention they already raided the funny stranger, Loptop looks a little disappointed about missing the violence, but several goblins run off into the swamp to start pulling the colorful wagon apart. Loptop's disappointment slowly turns to approval of the PCs' bravery, and she asks pointed questions about who the stranger was and what was found, and confiscates any writing or maps to show Slorb and Chief Gutwad, letting the PCs return to the village to rest. If the PCs mention fighting with Kettlehead, Loptop laughs in delight. She doesn't particularly care about the PCs' new toads, unless they thoughtfully offer one up for her to lick.

Allow the PCs time to sleep off the morning's excitement, trade their newfound treasures for additional weapons or fire, and visit Nasty Grammel for some healing (free now that they're grown up!). After a few hours, word spreads of a meeting in Chief Gutwad's moot house, and the entire village gathers in the sagging, smoke-filled hut.

The moot house is stacked high with jars of strange, fuzzy creatures preserved in pickle brine, and the skinned hides of anything else too large for even the mightiest jar. The chief holds up a single hand—a human's, by the look of it—from atop his tall chair, silencing the goblin horde. All the goblins know that His Mighty Girthness Chief Rendwattle Gutwad is a goblin of such remarkableness that the mere sound of his voice has driven goblins to madness or made heads explode. Therefore, his faithful advisor Slorb speaks on the chief's behalf.

"Our new goblin heroes have returned with horrible, horrible news: A stranger has brought horrible, horrible words into our



swamp. Extra-horrible words! Because these words sparkle. Maybe they be magic words. Maybe even worse magic than regular words. The stranger also had a map, and Chief Gutwad knows from looking at the map that this is clearly where the longshanks MAKE their terrible sparkly words! They be planning something bad. But we be goblins! We be the baddest thing! Licktoads will march on longshanks word-makers and smash everything!

“Light the fire! Sharpen blade!”

“We be goblins! We make raid!”

The village flies into a frenzy—the raid against Paddlefoot Farm is on!

PADDLEFOOT FARM

Paddlefoot Farm, located about 3 miles southeast of Brinestump Marsh, is the homestead of some of the region’s least-beloved farmers. The Paddlefoot halflings use their marginally profitable pig and goat farm as a front, gaining most of their coin by charging illegal tolls on traffic up and down the Soggy River and the Lost Coast Road, augmented with bouts of river piracy. Despite their occasional larceny, the Paddlefoots have managed to skirt the line between nuisance and threat with aplomb and skill. With so many other legitimate threats in the region, Sandpoint’s Sheriff Hemlock has never moved beyond occasionally tossing a few family members in jail for several days whenever he hears a complaint.

As the goblins arrive, the Paddlefoot farm is experiencing a rare bout of optimism and good cheer. The Paddlefoots’ youngest son—an uneducated legbreaker named Winnius—is finally settling down with his equally dimwitted and violent love Wellma. The Paddlefoots have gathered much of their family from the area, as well as a few of their unsavory professional contacts from town, to celebrate this joyous union. The wedding begins mid-morning and is scheduled to continue until nearly midnight.

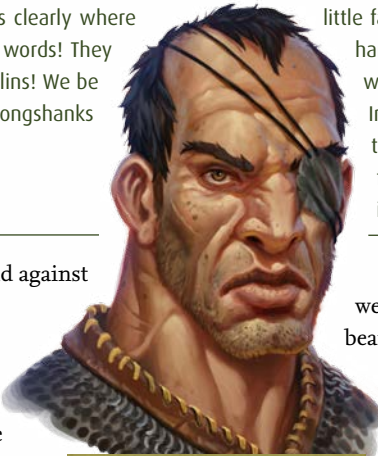
The farm is a ramshackle affair, as the Paddlefoots don’t like spending their hard-earned money on upkeep. Most of the wood is quite dry, and will catch fire if a torch is held to it for 2 full rounds. The house and barn are normally locked, but are currently open for guests—only the boathouse with its store of contraband remains sealed (Disable Device DC 20 to open these doors). The farm is snuggled between a dirt trail to the west, the sluggish and shallow Soggy River to the east, light woods to the north, and rolling hills to the south occasionally planted with crops (but more often used to graze goats).

The overall point of these encounters is to cause chaos and claim fun loot, so PCs should be allowed to try any tactics they might find fun, and ignore any encounters they don’t find engaging. At the end of the day, every goblin who survives a raid is a winner.

As the goblins arrive, read or paraphrase the following.

The light forest and overgrown field give way to a rundown little farm bustling with activity. Colorful paper and cloth hang from the barn and house, and tables loaded with food and drink are scattered around the yard. In the center of it all stands a cake that rises nearly two goblins tall and drips with icing and custard. A few slices have already been removed, revealing an interior that looks moist and delicious.

The numerous halflings attending the wedding focus most of their attentions on a beaming, well-dressed couple who hoard a pile of sparkly boxes and bows. Amid the halflings are two humans—one dressed in armor and carrying a blade and another wearing a nice dress and scowling from behind some sort of terrifying, painted-on mask. A noisy little dog trots along at her side.



CORPULE GUNDERS

A1. Barn (CR 1)

The Paddlefoots mostly use the barn for the animals in bad weather, and to store hay and grain for the winter.

Creature: Corpule Gunderson is a scarred-up mercenary who has served as a bodyguard for Lottie (see area A4) for several months. He has little interest in halfling weddings, and attended only because Lottie paid him to watch over her. At the moment, Gunderson has sneaked off to the barn to indulge in some intoxicating flayleaf (the effects of which are included in his stat block).

CORPULE GUNDERS CR 1

XP 400

Human expert 2/warrior 1

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init -1; **Senses** Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 13, touch 9, flat-footed 13 (+4 armor, -1 Dex)

hp 14 (3 HD; 2d8+1d10)

Fort +2, **Ref** -1, **Will** +3; +2 vs mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longsword +3 (1d8+1/19-20)

TACTICS

During Combat Gunderson is fatigued from indulging his flayleaf addiction, leaving him currently too weak to use his Cleave and Power Attack feats.

Morale Gunderson is a coward at heart, and flees the region if reduced to fewer than 7 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 9, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10 (currently suffering 1 Wis damage), **Cha** 11



Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 12

Feats Cleave, Persuasive, Power Attack

Skills Appraise +6, Bluff +6, Diplomacy +2, Disable

Device +3, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (local) +6, Perception +6, Profession (soldier) +4, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +1, Survival +4

Languages Common, Halfling

Gear chain shirt, longsword, black eye patch, clay pipe, flayleaf (3 doses), leather satchel, metal codpiece, tindertwigs (5), 1 gp, 22 sp

A2. Animal Pens (CR 1/3)

These outdoor animal pens house a total of seven fat goats and an enormous sow nursing her young piglets. Most of the animals are quite tame and won't attack, but if released they run amok, distracting many of the party guests. This distraction provides the goblins a free surprise round in the next fight they start in either area **A1** or **A3**.

Creature: One brave piglet in particular seems nonplussed by the appearance of goblins, even though the other pigs and the goats panic upon sighting the PCs. At your option, the piglet, Squealy Nord, might even take a liking to one of the goblins. If no goblin attempts to befriend Squealy Nord, the piglet makes a beeline for the wedding cake once let out, attacking the monolithic desert with a fervor that the entire Licktoad tribe can't help but admire. In any event, the pig follows the goblins back to their tribe, once the raid is over.

SQUEALY NORD

CR 1/3

XP 135

Pig (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 113)

hp 6

A3. The Yard (CR 2)

The Paddlefoot yard hosts a half-dozen low tables crowded with food and spirits.

Creatures: Newlyweds Winnius and Wellma Paddlefoot remain here. Both rough people up on occasion (when not working their respective farms), and see a goblin raid as no great threat. The halflings are well dressed but brutal when it comes to a fight, and take swings at any goblins who approach their small stash of wedding presents or their cake.

WINNIUS AND WELMA PADDLEFOOT

CR 1/2

XP 200 each

Halfling brawler 1 (*Pathfinder RPG Advanced Class Guide* 23)

CN Small humanoid (halfling)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

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

hp 12 (1d10+2)

Fort +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2; +2 vs. fear

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +3 (1d4+1)

Special Attacks martial flexibility 4/day

TACTICS

During Combat Winnius and Wellma focus on the same foe, flanking if possible. On the first round of combat, they each take a move action to gain Weapon Focus (unarmed strike) via martial flexibility (gaining a +1 bonus on attacks with their fists). As soon as one of them is brought to fewer than 7 hit points, both take move actions to change the feat they gain from martial flexibility to Dodge in order to receive a bonus to Armor Class.

Morale The happy couple plans to fight to the death. But if one of them falls, the other panics and attempts to flee—if successful, the surviving

halfling may come back to seek revenge on the goblins later, but does not return during this adventure.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 15, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

Feats Improved Initiative, Improved Unarmed Strike

Skills Acrobatics +4, Climb +3, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Perception +3, Profession (farmer) +5

Languages Common, Halfling

SQ brawler's cunning, martial training

Treasure: Between their wedding attire and gifts, Winnius and Wellma have a halfling-sized corset and bridal veil, a black vest, a bow tie, a child's doll, 18 cloth diapers, four jars of moonshine, a bottle of perfume (tastes like flowers), a sewing kit, six shiny white buttons, a fine kitchen knife (counts as a masterwork dagger), and two gold rings worth 25 gp each.

Loaded with sugar, the wedding cake itself is perhaps the greatest treasure of all. Any goblin who consumes a handful of cake as a standard action sees a phenomenal increase in their speed and reflexes, as if affected by a *haste* spell. This boost lasts for 2d6 minutes before wearing off and leaving the goblin fatigued for 30 minutes. A goblin eating a second handful of cake in a day does not gain this benefit, and instead becomes sickened for 1d6 rounds.

A4. The Farmhouse

The walls of this farmhouse are flimsy, and the Paddlefoots have few true valuables, but creative goblins can find all manner of uses for looted blankets, pillows, and kitchen utensils. Some may even find a few books to burn!

Creatures: Known to many locals as a scholastic tutor, Lottie seems an unlikely candidate for a burgeoning crime lord, yet the enterprising woman has spent 20 years quietly



WINNIUS PADDLEFOOT



running numbers and arranging loans with outrageous terms for local families. She relies on Sczarni contacts for protection and hiring guards like Gunders (see area A1), trusting them to keep her safe and out of the law's hands.

Lottie is a mean, stubborn old woman, but once the raid begins, she has no intention of joining in the farm's defense. The only thing Lottie truly cares about is Mitzen, her loyal and mean-tempered schnauzer. The dog's mere presence should insight any worthwhile goblin to peaks of rage.

LOTTIE **CR 1/2**

XP 200

Human aristocrat 2
LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; **Senses** Perception +4

DEFENSE

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10
hp 13 (2d8+4)
Fort +3, **Ref** +0, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee frying pan +2 (1d6+1)

TACTICS

During Combat Lottie wields the frying pan she grabbed from the Paddlefoots' kitchen with surprising skill, shrieking very unladylike curses and threats against the goblins.

Morale Lottie tries to flee back to Sandpoint if reduced to 4 or fewer hit points, unless Mitzen can't accompany her. If Mitzen is killed, captured, or incapacitated, she fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 10, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 9
Base Atk +1; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 12
Feats Catch Off-Guard, Great Fortitude
Skills Appraise +4, Diplomacy +3, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +4, Perception +5, Profession (teacher) +4, Sense Motive +5
Languages Common
Gear frying pan, courtier's outfit, perfume (tastes like minty licorice), bottle of fine wine (tastes even better than the perfume)

MITZEN **CR 1/3**

XP 135

Dog (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 87)
hp 6

A5. Outhouse

This commode provides no treasure, but may be a valuable hiding spot for goblins in over their heads.

A6. Boathouse (CR 1)

The Paddlefoots conduct their toll and river piracy from this tiny shed. The door is locked (Disable Device

DC 20), but the river-facing side stands wide open, requiring only a successful DC 10 Swim check to navigate.

Treasure: Scattered around the boathouse are four hammers, three daggers, twelve sacks of millet, a bucket of flammable tar, and six barrels of terrible-quality corn whiskey (that doesn't taste like corn at all).

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Surviving the goblin raid counts as success, earning the young additions to the tribe a solid reputation and guaranteeing their importance for years to come. Exactly how much the goblins can celebrate their victory depends entirely on the PCs' actions during the raid. If the goblins killed Corpule Gunders, no one from Sandpoint thinks to investigate the farm for days, giving the Licktoads time to loot anything they like. If the PCs killed the bride and groom, their goblin party includes the delightful sugar rush from too much wedding cake. If the PCs slew Lottie's dog, they are honored with special chairs next to (but not quite as tall as) Chief Gutwad's.

As part of their celebrations, the four new goblin heroes essentially retrain their NPC class levels. By the next time the Licktoads end up relying on them (see *We Be Goblins!*), these four goblins have taken their first level in actual heroic classes, and will be on their way to becoming infamous goblin legends in their own right!



LOTTIE AND MITZEN



CHUFFY LICKWOUND

Horrible little Chuffy had few friends in the whelping cage, thanks largely to his habit of stabbing any other whelps stupid enough to turn their backs on him. As he grew older and wiser, though, Chuffy began to realize he couldn't survive all alone, and he has since started assembling a very exclusive list of people not to stab until he really, really needs to. To sate the stabbing urge, he stabs mud, or sticks, or bugs, or anything else that wanders by. Or just happened to be sitting nearby minding its own business.

Despite being a goblin, Chuffy is severely allergic to the ratlike goblin dogs the Licktoads periodically keep as pets, leaving him covered in itchy, ugly, oozing hives. While most humans would be horrified by such a fact, Chuffy considers his boils to be loyal companions and convenient conversation starters. He named his latest and largest boil “King Bubble,” and these ugly little pimple companions have spurred a love of all potential pets in the otherwise sadistic little goblin.

Chuffy loves surprises, and prefers to sneak up on his enemies so they can enjoy the surprise together. If he gets the chance, he also likes to light fires—lighting fires is Chuffy's idea of great fun, almost as enjoyable as causing big explosions.



CHUFFY LICKWOUND

Male goblin expert 1

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+1 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 7 (1d8+2)

Fort +1, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee sharpened rock +0 (1d3-1)

Ranged dart +4 (1d3-1)

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 17, **Con** 12, **Int** 9, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +0; **CMB** -2; **CMD** 11

Feats Weapon Finesse

Trait pustular

Skills Acrobatics +7, Disable Device +7, Escape Artist +7, Ride +7, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +15

Languages Goblin

Gear padded armor, dart (1), sharpened rock (functions as an improvised dagger), bottle of pimple squeezings (functions as oil), cicada shell (counts as empty calories), extra juicy earthworm (for later)

GOBLIN TRAIT

Pustular (Ex) Your face is covered with unpleasant pimples and outright boils that have a tendency to pop at inopportune moments. Although this makes you particularly ugly, you are also used to discomfort. Whenever you're subjected to an effect that causes the sickened condition, you may make two saving throws to avoid the effect (if a saving throw is allowed), taking the better of the two results as your actual saving throw.

Special Challenge Talent Chuffy has a special talent that provides an unexpected boon while attempting to win Licktoad badges. His nasty, pus-filled sores make him extra sticky, granting him a +2 bonus on combat maneuver checks during the Animal Fiendship challenge.

CHUFFY'S SONG

CHUFFY'S FACE MIGHT MAKE YOU SICK,
BUT CHUFFY'S KNIFE IS AWFUL QUICK.
AND IF YOU ARE HIS STABBY PICK—
THE KNIFE GOES IN YOU, STICK STICK STICK!



MOGMURCH

Mogmurch only wants love. Love and fire. Well, mostly fire. Big, beautiful, smoky, warm, lovely fire! Mogmurch loves fire! He has learned some secrets of fire by watching the herbalist Cackleface from inside the whelping cage, and has started more conflagrations than any other whelp, using a much wider variety of tools. In imitating Cackleface's experiments, Mogmurch likes to mix chemicals and see if they burn. Thus far his supply of chemicals has been mostly limited to mud, oatmeal, and more mud, but the one explosion he produced left him feeling very empowered by his research. His latest triumphs are three gourds filled with what he hopes works as an explosive sludge. Unfortunately, Mogmurch hasn't had a chance to try them out and can't remember how he made them in the first place, anyway.

Mogmurch is very sensitive about his birthmark, which resembles a delicious butterfly and earns him more than his fair share of bullying from bigger whelps. His worst tormentor is pint-sized Rempty, a particularly vicious whelp who bites him in his sleep and pulls his ears. Neither screaming tantrums nor application of fire has kept his tormentor away, and Mogmurch hopes that escaping the whelping cage will finally free him from the tyrannical girl's attentions. Failing that, he hopes to find something cool he can use to cover the horrible, horrible mark, if not remove it forever.

MOGMURCH

Goblin expert 1

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

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

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+1 armor, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 7 (1d8+2)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club -1 (1d4-2)

Ranged thrown rock +3 (1d3-2)

MOGMURCH'S SONG
 THINGS GO BOOM WHEN MOGMURCH THROWS,
 MUCH MORE FUN THAN USING BOWS.
 SOMETIMES WHERE THE BOOM BOOM BLOWS
 IS NOT MY FAULT—THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

STATISTICS

Str 7, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +0; **CMB** -3; **CMD** 9

Feats Throw Anything

Trait bouncy

Skills Heal +3, Knowledge (nature) +5, Perception +3, Ride +7, Sleight of Hand +6, Stealth +14, Survival +3

Languages Goblin, Varisian

Gear padded armor, club, bottles of oil (2), flint and steel, pumpkin seeds (16), swamp gourds filled with fire paste (3, functions as alchemist's fire), throwing rocks (4)

GOBLIN TRAIT

Bouncy Your bones, flesh, and skin are a bit more elastic than those of most goblins—when you fall, you tend to bounce a little better as a result. Whenever you take falling damage, the first 1d6 points of lethal damage taken in the fall are automatically converted to nonlethal damage. You also gain a +2 trait bonus on all Reflex saves made to avoid unexpected falls.

Special Challenge Talent Mogmurch has a special talent that provides a boon while attempting to win Licktoad badges. His flexibility offers a hilarious advantage in self-inflicted injuries, providing Mogmurch with a +2 circumstance bonus on Charisma checks in the Happy Beat challenge.





POOG

Poog boasts a lot about serving no one and nothing, usually while bigger goblins sit on his head, but deep down he adores the goblin hero-god Zarongel, even learning a few tricks and prayers by mimicking the tribe's latest cleric, Nasty Grammel. Poog feels less of a holy calling to the god of dog-killing, fire, and mounted combat, and more of a fannish devotion, steadfastly insisting he and the demigod are "just friends" and "don't want to make things too serious." Poog has tried riding smaller whelps to be more like his divine hero, but so far the technique eludes him. Hopefully non-goblins will prove easier to ride once he encounters one.

To compensate for his utter failure (thus far) to charge into combat astride some monster, Poog funnels most of his energy into attempts to overachieve at his god's other sacred teachings: killing dogs (although he hasn't yet killed one, he hopes to do so some day) and lighting fires (something Poog is already pretty good at).



POOG

Goblin adept 1

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+1 armor, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 5 (1d6+1)

Fort +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** +3

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club -1 (1d4-2)

Adept Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +2)

1st—*burning hands* (DC 12), *cure light wounds*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *guidance*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 11)

STATISTICS

Str 7, **Dex** 14, **Con** 11, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +0; **CMB** -3; **CMD** 9

Feats Improved Initiative

Traits goblin bravery

Skills Ride +6, Spellcraft +3, Stealth +10

Languages Goblin

Gear padded armor, club, chewed stick, half a banana, handfuls of dirt (3), square of burlap, wooden goblin doll, wooden holy symbol of Zarongel (has some teeth marks)

GOBLIN TRAIT

Goblin Bravery You have a worrying propensity for overconfidence in combat. When you're facing an enemy that's larger than you, if you have no allies in any adjacent squares, your posturing, bravado, and cussing grant you a +1 trait bonus on attack rolls with non-reach melee weapons.

Special Challenge Talent Poog has a special talent that provides an unexpected boon while attempting to win Licktoad badges. His bravery means he'll dig deep and hurl out insults other goblins might be afraid to during the Blistering Words challenge, granting him a +2 bonus on corresponding Intelligence checks.

POOG'S SONG

POOG SAY ZARONGEL IS THE BEST,
HE HELP BURN THINGS AND HEAL THE REST.
ZARONGEL'S FAVOR MAKES POOG BLESSED.
AND POOG ALSO STAB YOU WITH KNIFE IF
YOU MAKE FUN OF HOW HE ISN'T GOOD AT
RIDING ANIMALS.



RETA BIGBAD

Reta likes to torment small, harmless animals and usually has a pocket full of insects to taunt in case she gets bored. She hears rumors of terrible beasts like “dogs” and “horses” from the older goblins, but surely nothing so horrible could truly exist, could it? If it does, Reta wants to see first-hand, and beat it up to prove she’s the scariest thing around! (If they don’t exist, Reta still wants to beat something up, but she isn’t sure what just yet. Maybe a tree? Trees are pretty big.) To defeat such large and crafty foes, Reta is especially interested in finding new sharp and pointy objects.

Thanks to her weirdly round head (a trait that’s relatively peculiar for goblins), Reta finds it hard not to shout when she speaks; her opinion is the best one, after all, and louder means more right. She also has keen eyes to better watch her fellow whelps and make sure no one steals her amazing club or the gigantic beetle she defeated in battle. She loves taking risks in combat to scare her enemies, and she is starting to realize she likes inspiring fear even more than she likes committing violence. Her favorite color is red.

RETA BIGBAD

Female goblin warrior 1

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+1 armor, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 8 (1d10+2)

Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** +0

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +2 (1d4)

Ranged thrown rock +4 (1d2)

STATISTICS

Str 11, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 9, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 12

Feats Skill Focus (Perception)

Trait balloon headed

Skills Perception +8, Ride +6, Stealth +10

Languages Goblin

Gear padded armor, club, throwing rocks (3), red pebbles (5), short length of twine, someone’s ear (not sure whose), literally the biggest beetle ever (it’s almost the size of an apple!), hat made out of a dead rat, pocket full of insects (mostly wood lice and one six-legged spider)

SPECIAL GOBLIN TRAIT

Balloon-Headed Your head is particularly wide and large, even for a goblin. You gain a +1 trait bonus on Perception checks, and Perception is always a class skill for you. You take a –8 penalty on any Escape Artist checks that require you to squeeze your head through a tight space.

Special Challenge Talent Reta has a special talent that provides an unexpected boon while attempting to win Licktoad badges. Her eager embracing of violent acts, combined with her creativity in expressing these violent urges grants her a +2 circumstance bonus on Charisma checks in the Happy Beat challenge.



RETA'S SONG

RETA CHOP AND RETA BITE!

RETA SLAY AND RETA FIGHT!

RETA STAB AND RETA SMITE!

RETA KILLS IT ALL JUST RIGHT!



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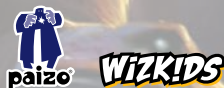
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WE B4 GOBLINS!

All goblins have to start somewhere!

As whelps of the Licktoad tribe just out of their swaddling cages, the goblins Chuffy, Mogmurch, Poog, and Reta must prove themselves by undergoing a series of challenges, from tying a string to a large spider and shouting insults with hot rocks in their mouths to facing off against a goblin bully and his dimwitted minions. As a final test of their mettle, they must make a dangerous (and smelly) trek to claim a toad from the nearby swamp and present it to the terrifying presence that lurks within the Cave of Darkfear, only after which can they truly call themselves goblins!

But as the goblins return to the Licktoad village, they come across a brightly colored, jingling human carrying a map to a small farm up the river where a family of halflings are celebrating a wedding—the perfect setup for a goblin raid! Will the heroes acquit themselves in the finest goblin fashion by wreaking havoc upon the nuptials? Or will they be bitten by ferocious dogs and smashed by frying pans?

We B4 Goblins is an adventure for four goblin characters just beginning their careers of mischief and mayhem, written for the award-winning Pathfinder Roleplaying Game. The adventure takes place in Brinestump Marsh and the surrounding areas of Varisia in the Pathfinder campaign setting, and serves as a prequel to *We Be Goblins!*, *We Be Goblins Too!*, and *We Be Goblins Free!*, Paizo's popular 2011, 2013, and 2015 Free RPG Day adventures!



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