

# Unusual Suspects



A Gallery of NPCs  
Both Fair and Foul

**PATHFINDER**  
ROLEPLAYING GAME COMPATIBLE



FROG GOD  
GAMES

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# Unusual Suspects:

## A Gallery of NPCs Both Fair and Foul

### For the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game

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**To all the Wrecabbages who didn't receive credit in this book. You folks inspire me and push me to get better.**

**This book wouldn't happen without you. And, of course, thank you to Gary and Dave, who created a kick-ass game that captured the imagination of a shy, nerdy boy way back in 1981 and has held tight ever since.**

# INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Unusual Suspects*! Within these pages you'll find 60 full NPCs, each containing a full history, detailed tactics, and guidelines on how to use the character in your game. And, of course, a complete stat block. And yet, hopefully each page contains more than just some words and numbers thrown together. What else? Inspiration, my friend, *inspiration*. What we hope is that as you read through these pages, your imagination fires up scenarios — ways for your players to meet the NPCs, or better yet adventures designed to make the NPCs the “big boss” at the end.

You'll find three chapters — Town, Travel, and Tunnel — each containing 20 NPCs covering 1st through 20th level. The chapters are laid out in that order for a reason. It follows the flow of most games. Typically, you gather up your friends, roll up new characters, and start off in some backwater town or village — maybe in the tavern, or maybe somewhere else. Eventually, those characters form an adventuring party and set off on a journey, both physically and metaphorically. After a brief period of travel, our new heroes arrive at their destination, a site of grand adventure. Oftentimes this takes them underground, into dank caves and maybe even to the Underworld.

In **Chapter 1: Town** you'll meet NPCs your characters may encounter in the various hamlets, villages, towns, and metropolises they visit during their careers. Some are meant to be friendly — a street guide, a master craftsman, or a hidden sensei. Others are decidedly on the wrong side of the law — a crazed poisoner, a crooked watchman, or a crime lord. Many are vague, though — a fight-club artist, a bastard heir, or one of Hell's auditors. Whether they become friend or foe is entirely up to your group.

**Chapter 2: Travel** gives you plenty of inspiration with NPCs intended to be used while your party travels from one location to another. These NPCs could be “random” encounters dropped in to spice things up, or they could be the main event. Whether your heroes are setting out to stop the Scourge of the Forest, rescue a pitiless “orphan,” or tangle with the Protector of the Elven Realm is entirely up to you.

We close out our collection with **Chapter 3: Tunnel**. Most of these NPCs are well-suited to be the bosses at the end of adventures, the key players whose machinations inevitably lead the heroes to seek them out to bring an end to their evil ways — the Righteous Claw, the Tunnel Trickster and the alchemist who dabbles in training rust monsters are all worthy of fully developed adventures. Still, there's room here for good guys too, whether your heroes need a sherpa to carry their loot or seek to gain an audience with the exiled dwarven noble.

Inspiration awaits! Dive in, and let the gears of your imagination begin turning as you flip through the pages. Just a word of advice: keep a pen and notepad nearby. You'll need it to jot down all the ideas!

— John E. Ling, Jr.  
November, 2011



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# Chapter 1: Town

*Whether your PCs are in a tiny hamlet or the greatest metropolis in all the planes, you have a tough job as the GM. Your players can — and often will! — talk to any random person they meet on the streets. As GMs, we need to be prepared to offer them a wide variety of NPCs to interact with. Often, that task becomes a burden and we lose our muse, our spark.*

*Each NPC acts the same, dull and boring, so we can get back to the adventures. But that doesn't have to be the case. Presented here are our best methods for PCs to spice up your game. Never be unprepared again when your players decide to talk to a random person on the street!*

# Mawuu

## Streetguide

Mawuu doesn't know his parents. He was raised by an old woman, who claimed to have been a friend of his mother. From an early age she told him that his father had killed his mother but was never able to learn any more about it from her. A beggar once told him that his father is a high-ranking official in the city government, but when Mawuu asked for more information, the beggar disappeared in the crowds, only telling him the time for answers will come. The old woman gave Mawuu a silver ring, telling him that his mother had given it to her to pass along to Mawuu when the time was right. When the old woman died in Mawuu's 10th year, he found himself alone in the city with only the streets as his home.

Mawuu keeps his mother's ring on a chain around his neck. He's not sure, but he thinks the ring has... "something" about it. He doesn't even know it's magic. But sometimes, when he feels very lonely, he puts the ring on his finger, and it immediately makes him feel more confident and self-assured (see below for a description of the ring).

## Description

Mawuu is a small, thin boy of about 12 years. He wears torn linen shirts and trousers in summer, and whatever layers of clothes he manages to find in winter. He's normally barefoot. His face is always dirty, which only underlines his flawless white teeth. He is a good-tempered guy with a smile for almost everyone. Hidden under his shirt, he wears a chain to which a small, silver ring is fastened.

## Tactics

Mawuu is no fighter; if danger is imminent, he chooses to flee. He doesn't fear to fight, but he is very familiar with his limitations. When trouble comes he will quickly disappear into the crowds, but he will later come back to any customer he left in dire straits if he still owes them a service for which he has been paid.

## Using this Character

Mawuu is easy to introduce in your game. He can approach the PCs when they enter the city, and offer his services as a guide throughout town: for 2 cp he'll show them a location they seek, for 1 sp he'll guide them for a whole day. You can use him to steer the party to the inn you want them to rest for the night, or introduce them to whom they need to meet for your game plans. With Mawuu you can roleplay these otherwise tedious aspects of describing city locations or explaining the power structure of the town without breaking from the flow of your game. Instead, just use the voice of Mawuu to give things a natural flow and feel. And, of course, there's always his secret of his heritage which might come into play at any opportune time.

### New Feat: Crowd Runner

**Prerequisite:** Cha 13

**Benefit:** You can move through crowded areas at normal speed. You gain a circumstance bonus equal to your Dexterity modifier on Stealth checks made while in crowds.

**Normal:** Crowds are normally treated as difficult terrain, requiring 2 squares of movement to enter each square.



**MAWUU**  
**XP 400**

**CR 1**

Male young human rogue 3 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Young")

CG Small humanoid (human)

**Init** +5; **Perception** +5

**AC** 16, touch 16, flat-footed 11 (+5 Dex, +1 size)

**hp** 15 (3d8–3 plus 1)

**Fort** +0; **Ref** +8 (+9 vs. traps); **Will** +0

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, trap sense +1

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** dagger +2 (1d3–1/19–20)

**Ranged** dagger +8 (1d3–1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** sneak attack +2d6

**Str** 8, **Dex** 20, **Con** 9, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 15

**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Acrobatic<sup>B</sup>, Agile Maneuvers, Crowd Runner

**Skills** Acrobatics +13, Climb +5, Diplomacy +6, Disable

Device +9, Escape Artist +11, Knowledge (local) +6,

Perception +5 (+6 locate traps), Sense Motive +5, Sleight of

Hand +10, Stealth +15, Survival +2

**Languages** Common

**SQ** rogue talent (canny observer<sup>†</sup>), trapfinding

**Gear** dagger, ring of the sublime<sup>‡</sup> (only when worn on finger)

<sup>†</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

<sup>‡</sup> *Pathfinder Companion: Taldor, Echoes of Glory*

# Marius Plomb

## Bareknuckle Fighter

The Gravy Street Orphanage for Boys was a tough place to start out, but little Marius Plomb had tough stock in his ancestry. After a few beatings at the hands of other boys, Marius took up an offer from a kindly visiting school instructor to teach him the art of the pugilist. A derelict space at the back of the kitchen stores became a crude fighting ring and in a few short months Marius went from prey to “king of the castle,” dealing decisively with his bullies in one famous schoolyard battle that ended with his enemies battered, bloodied and bruised. Though the half-orc youngster spent a full month locked up in detention, when he emerged it was with a new sense of power and prestige. No one in the orphanage bothered Marius again.

At 14, Marius was turned out into the world with a second-hand pair of shoes, a threadbare suit of clothes, and five gold pieces. The city was a big and wondrous place to explore, but it had none of the certainties of the institution on Gravy Street. There were few rewarding jobs for an unskilled, half-orc youth to enjoy, and his money was soon spent. Marius slept rough in the market area, covering himself with old refuse for warmth.

One morning as he dozed miserably, a two-man guard patrol happened upon him. The younger of the two rudely awakening Marius with a cruel kick. In the scuffle that followed, the young guard lost two teeth and was knocked unconscious. Marius, however, was laid low by the deft blows of a cudgel from the older, more experienced sergeant. Immobilized by a pair of shackles, Marius braced himself for a thorough hiding. Instead, the sergeant allowed him time to cool down and then proposed a business deal. If the half-orc agreed to work for him as a boxer, the sergeant would ensure he had a place to stay, regular food, and some cash to spend. Otherwise, there was a magistrate to see in regard to vagrancy charges and practicing dentistry without a permit. Marius reluctantly agreed to start a new, though familiar, career as a bareknuckle fighter.

## Description

Marius is now a muscular man in his early 20s and displays the results of the past few years fighting. His nose has been broken and imperfectly reset. Marius has only small tusks (no bite attack), but one is cracked and gives him pain. He has facial scars from cuts received in bouts, and his left ear is swollen into the characteristic “cauliflower” disfigurement of many boxers. For all his lumps and bumps, though, he appears quite serene, and his green eyes are thoughtful and kind when not roused to anger.

## Tactics

The discipline of the boxer appeals to Marius, who prefers to fight by the rules if he can. Necessity has meant he sometimes has to compromise his principals, and he has a secret *potion of mag armor* vial to apply part-way through a fight if it seems to be going badly for him. Otherwise he fights true in the ring. Outside, his manager’s rivals are jealous of the half-orc’s prowess, and he carries a heavy mace as insurance against foul play.

## Using This Character

Bareknuckle boxing is dangerous and can lead to the death of a competitor. Therefore it is illegal in many places. There is considerable gambling and bribery involved and the sergeant who groomed Marius for the sport may be the subject of a corruption investigation that PCs are hired to undertake. They may encounter Marius as part of these inquiries. The half-orc is not particularly loyal to his current manager and



may supply incriminating evidence against him in return for promises of freedom from his contract. Alternatively, the GM may decide that Marius and the sergeant have become true friends over the years and the fighter is now a willing partner in the enterprise. Alternately, the half-orc may have taken one too many beatings in the ring and been dropped by his handler. Now a travelling brawler, he might be encountered in the back room of a seedy tavern where he takes on all-comers in unarmed combat in return for drinking money, or he might be part of a travelling fair where money prizes are offered to last three rounds against the daunting figure of Marius “The Hatchet” Plomb.

### MARIUS PLOMB

CR 2

XP 600

Male half-orc expert 4

LN Medium humanoid (orc)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft; **Perception** +7

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

**hp** 34 (4d8+12 plus 4)

**Fort** +4; **Ref** +2; **Will** +4

**Defensive Abilities** orc ferocity

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** dagger +6 (1d4+3/19–20) or heavy mace +6 (1d8+3) or unarmed strike +6 (1d3+3)

**Ranged** dagger +3 (1d4+3/19–20)

**Str** 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 16, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17

**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Improved Unarmed Strike

**Skills** Acrobatics +8, Bluff +6, Escape Artist +8, Heal +6, Intimidate +8, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Stealth +5

**Languages** Common, Goblin, Orc

**SQ** orc blood

**Combat Gear** 2 *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of mage armor*; **Other Gear** dagger, heavy mace, 226 gp

# Caesana Threx

## Horse Breeder

Caesana, known as “Threx” to some, is a natural-born equestrian. Born to wealth, but ambitious nonetheless, Caesana turned her love of horses into a successful business enterprise. With multiple stables in three different cities, she has a reputation as a leading “go-to” person for well-trained, healthy mounts. She offers mounts for all purposes, including mounts that are combat trained. Her champion racehorses substitute the Fleet feat for Endurance, while her heavy warhorses replace Endurance with Toughness or Power Attack. With her exceptional eye for quality, several of Caesana’s horses are unique, having an additional +2 to one physical ability score (Str, Dex, or Con). Rather than brand her mounts with fire, Caesana retains a local wizard to brand each of her horses with a distinctive *arcane mark* on their flank. Her symbol, three sparkling azure triangles, has become synonymous with quality—buyers regularly seek out horses bearing her mark and she can demand a premium for their sale.

Caesana employs many stable hands, all of whom are expert horsemen, but a few of which also act as security. Caesana’s one troublesome business practice is her tendency to blacklist customers whom she discovers have gone on to mistreat a horse she has sold them. More than one merchant or noble has become frustrated when finding himself suddenly unwelcome at her stables. Over time this has earned Caesana more enemies than she would care to admit, and it is one of the reasons she tends to bring a group of stable hands with her when travelling between towns.



## Description

Caesana has short-cropped blondish hair, which she often conceals beneath one of her favorite riding hats. While she is quite attractive, she is not afraid of the copious amounts of dust which collect all over her riding leathers during her lengthier travels. Her personal mount, Astral, is a chestnut brown charger of exceptional beauty. It is instantly recognizable by the way other horses of all stripes instantly fall in line when in the herdleader’s presence.

## Tactics

Not trained as a combatant, if threatened Caesana is most likely to run or ride away from danger. Once safe, she will organize a posse of her hired hands or contact the local authorities. If necessary though, a number of the horses in her stables have been trained for war and Caesana will mount one and direct it to attack as a move action. If cornered she uses her tanglefoot bag to buy her an opening for an escape.

## Using This Character

The PCs are most likely to encounter Caesana when looking to purchase new mounts. If they can modify her attitude from neutral to friendly, she permits the PCs to purchase one of her horses at list price (a 10% discount if they can modify her attitude to helpful.) If she suspects the PCs will abuse their mounts she will make up an excuse to decline the sale, even though it might be bad for business. The PCs could run into trouble if Caesana learns that the PCs intend to travel to a dangerous area or expose the horses to the predation of monsters.

Alternately, the PCs could be hired by one of Caesana’s rivals to uncover the secret to her success. A false rumor has circulated that the same wizard she hires to prepare her *arcane mark* also summons a celestial horse for her that she uses as a stud for breeding purposes. The reverse is also possible: after Caesana suffers a number of break-ins, she might hire the PCs as added security to discover the source of the thefts, perhaps paying the PCs in the form of an exceptional mount.

### CAESANA THREX

XP 800

Female human expert 5

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Perception +8

CR 3

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10

hp 17 (5d8–5)

Fort +0; Ref +1; Will +4

Speed 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +2 (1d3–1/nonlethal)

Str 8, Dex 10, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 15

Base Atk +3; CMB +2; CMD 12

Feats Animal Affinity<sup>B</sup>, Skill Focus (Handle Animal), Skill Focus (Profession [stable master]), Skill Focus (Ride)

Skills Appraise +9, Craft (leather) +6, Diplomacy +10, Handle Animal +15, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +8, Perform (sing) +8, Profession (stable master) +11, Ride +13, Survival +8

Languages Common, Elven

Combat Gear 2 sunrods, smokestick, tanglefoot bag, antitoxin, healer’s kit (10 uses); Other Gear\*\* animal harness\*, blanket, bear trap\*, bedroll, bit and bridle, candle, compass\*, firewood, fishhook, flint and steel, footprint book\*, hourglass (1 hour), masterwork backpack\*, merchant’s scale\*, 3 sheets of paper (3), iron pot, 50-ft. hempen rope, riding saddle, 2 sacks, scroll case, saddlebags, signal horn, signet ring, silver earrings (300 gp), soap, 50-ft. string, 2 sunrods, waterskin, 10 gemstones (150 gp each), 18 pp, 75 gp

\*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player’s Guide.

\*\*Caesana’s gear reflects loaded saddlebags on a mount ready for travel. If without a mount she has considerably less gear on her person.



# Valnetor Dreimond

## Thrall of the Serpent Within

*Valnetor carefully ground the healing herbs, pouring just the right quantities into the vial. "Be sure your child drinks all of the elixir. His condition is still precarious, and the fever may well return." He handed the toxic mixture to the boy's mother, the Serpent's coils easing their grip within him. He could feel its hunger, anticipating the innocent's approach* ath.

Once there was a child named Valnetor, a boy given all the finest things. His wealthy parents hired the best governesses, who kept his room so very clean and neat. He had the most amazing toys, brought in for play promptly at 10 o'clock, then whisked back away before they could get dirty. He studied under the most brilliant tutors. He was not suffered to play with other children, for they were filthy and beneath him and surely carried illness.

Valnetor was fourteen years old when he first noticed something moving within him, writhing inside his torso when he was alone. It looked through his eyes, hissed beneath his breath, crawled beneath his ribs. It tormented him day and night, its nameless presence a constant agony. When he tried to speak of it, his voice choked. He stood mute while his excellent tutors boxed his ears and whispered cold criticism to his distant father, who had no time for foolishness.

When Valnetor was fifteen, he began to realize what the thing wanted. His cat had nibbled at poison left to kill the rats that the feline had been too lazy to catch. Quite ill, it lay yowling in misery and the thing inside Valnetor stirred happily. The Serpent revealed its name to the young man, joyfully guiding him as he poisoned a bowl of cream and fed death to the little animal.

The Serpent had much to teach Valnetor, as long as its hungers were satisfied. His tutors were impressed by his sudden interest in the mechanisms of the body and the esoteric lore of the alchemists. Studying the healer's trade, Valnetor soon gained some local renown for his swift mastery of herb lore and alchemical medicine.

Not long afterward, a wasting fever claimed the lives of Valnetor's father and his servants. Valnetor did all he could to help, diligently waiting on them and ensuring that they received only the finest treatment. No one could ask for a more dutiful son.

The Serpent was sated for months.

## Description

A shy young man of noble lineage, Valnetor is quite a gifted healer. Tall, quiet, and clad in somber robes, he seldom wears armor. His aristocratic nose and fine cheekbones would be considered handsome, but his gaze is cold and analytical, as if his patients were nothing more than problems to be solved.

Despite his cold demeanor, Valnetor's alchemical and diagnostic skills put those of the typical hedge wizard to shame. Diligent and well-versed in healing lore, he bears no external sign to indicate that a cold-blooded killer lurks within, driving him to kill every few weeks or be tormented by the unceasing hunger to witness death's presence.

When others have grown too close to Valnetor's secret, he has unleashed the rarest of the esoteric discoveries his studies have granted him: the hellishly potent mutagen known as the *brother of blades*. In its grip, Valnetor is barely recognizable as human. His armor and clothing partially melt into his skin, leaving glimpses of dull metal and strips of fabric visible through blackened, dripping flesh. His face and hands distort monstrously as jagged metallic blades sprout from his tissues. Instead of his usual nasal tones, the twisted healer's voice distorts into a guttural growl.



## Tactics

The Serpent's pangs drive Valnetor to strike at least once each week, forcing the healer to watch the death throes of an innocent. The evil within him feasts on the sight of its victims writhing in agony as its poisons slowly kill them. Fortunately for Valnetor, his occupation often allows him access to such unfortunates, bringing him to his victims' bedsides.

To keep from being identified, Valnetor often cloaks his form with *ū sgi se self* when he ventures forth to contaminate food in the marketplace, conceal a poisoned needle in a seamstress' basket, or snatch a stray cat or kerchief-stealing urchin for "experiments."

His caution bolstered by the Serpent's paranoia, Valnetor aggressively moves to destroy anyone who seems likely to discover his murderous secrets. Should a potential foe seem particularly capable, he sets out to hunt them at nightfall. He bolsters his abilities by drinking the *b oth r of b ad s* mutagen, followed by several vials of poison. He then casts *spid r climb* from his scroll, and drinks a *sh eld* extract just before beginning his ambush. His defenses reinforced, he often leaps right into melee with his foes, using Combat Expertise to make himself almost impossible to hit. If the battle goes against him, *invisib lity* allows him to escape to heal and fight another day.

## Using This Character

The most likely way in which characters may encounter Valnetor is to begin investigating outbreaks of mysterious illness. Valnetor will gladly help such inquiries, advising about the city's many criminal elements and disease-ridden slums. Subtle and cunning, he may even try to distract investigators by spreading genuine illnesses among the population.

A busy man, Valnetor may need assistance gathering the rare ingredients needed for his "medicines." He may contract with the PCs or with others, seeking agents to accomplish these tasks. Those showing too much curiosity about his recipes may find themselves the recipient of one of his nearly-undetected two-part poisons.

Valnetor is fascinated by holy men and their relics, sometimes going to great lengths to acquire such. Wrapping himself in the battered remnant of

some great saint or demigod, he almost feels safe from the Serpent's evil. He has several stolen items in his chambers, purchased through the black market or taken in daring nighttime intrusions. Religious PCs may be sent to track and recover these items or punish the thieves.

**VALNETOR DREIMOND****CR 4****XP 1,200**

Male human alchemist (vivisectionist) 4/rogue 1 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Players Guide*, "Alchemist," *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*, "Vivisectionist archetype")

NE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Perception** +8

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +2 Dex)

**hp** 40 (4d8+8 plus 1d8+2 plus 4)

**Fort** +6; **Ref** +8; **Will** +1; +2 vs. poison

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 sickle +6 (1d6+3 plus poison)

**Ranged** light crossbow +5 (1d8/19–20 plus poison)

**Special Attacks** sneak attack +1d6

**Alchemist Extracts Known** (CL 4th):

2nd (2/day)—*darkvision, invisibility, transmute potion to poison*

1st (4/day)—*deathwatch, disguise self, enlarge person, keen senses, negate aroma, shield*

**Str** 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 15, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 17

**Feats** Brew Potion<sup>B</sup>, Combat Expertise, Improved Feint,

Power Attack, Skill Focus (Bluff)<sup>B</sup>, Throw Anything<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Bluff +10, Craft (alchemy) +10, Craft (poison) +10,

Disable Device +10, Heal +8, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (religion) +3, Perception +8 (+9 locate traps), Spellcraft +6, Stealth +9

**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic

**SQ** alchemy (alchemy crafting +4, identify potions), mutagen (+4/–2, +2 natural, 40 minutes), discoveries (brother of blades [see sidebar], concentrate poison), poison use, swift alchemy, trapfinding

**Combat Gear** *scroll of spider climb*, 4 flasks of alchemist's fire, 3 vials of bloodroot poison, 2 vials of drow poison, 3 vials of Medium spider venom, 2 antitoxins, flash powder, 2 smoke pellets, healer's kit; **Other Gear** masterwork chain shirt, +1 sickle, light crossbow, 10 cold iron bolts, alchemist's kit, backpack, belt pouch, chest with good lock (in his rooms), flint and steel, 50-ft. knotted silk rope and grappling hook, 3 sets of scholar's robes, traveler's outfit, masterwork thieves' tools, waterskin, 91 gp

**Library of Broken Toxins (Ex)** Valnetor has amassed a substantial collection of potentially-dangerous substances, many distilled into separate, individually-harmless agents. Only when recombined will these poisons reveal their true grim power. They can be served in separate dishes or mixed with healing elixirs, only poisoning their victim after all ingredients have been ingested. These poisons include three doses of 1d moss and two of wolfsbane, each broken into two separate parts. Valnetor's favored treasure is a distilled extract of sassone leaf residue, a unique two-part toxin that he hopes to save for a particularly special victim.

## New Mutagen: Brother of Blades

Valnetor's alchemical researches stumbled upon a hideously potent mutagen, an ancient recipe said to have first been distilled by demonic mage-scientists within the Tartarean depths of the netherworld. Known as *brother of blades* by the few alchemists willing to admit familiarity with its shunned formula, this mutagen transforms its drinker into an unrecognizable terror, inhumanly strong and agile. The mutagen's drinker gains +4 Strength and +2 Dexterity, but unlike lesser mutagens, the alchemist suffers 2 points of damage to both Wisdom and Charisma. This ability damage cannot be healed while the mutagen is in effect.

Any clothing or armor the alchemist wears bonds with his flesh (preserving its defensive characteristics) as jagged blades sprout all over his body. The rusty iron knives sprouting from his fingertips grant two claw attacks for 1d6 damage each, while the drinker's mouth fills with saw-toothed metal fangs that allow a bite attack for 1d8 damage. While the mutagen is in effect, the drinker's body gains +2 natural armor and is treated as if he wears spiked armor.

As if these revolting changes weren't enough, the mutagen's drinker becomes able to safely ingest one dose of injury-type poison for each level of alchemist he possesses. As a free action, he can excrete this toxin onto some of the jagged blades covering his body. If not excreted before the mutagen's effects end, he must save versus the poison's effects himself.

A product of supernatural evil, brother of blades fills its drinker with bloodlust, driving him to watch others suffer and die. While the effects of brother of blades wear off after 10 minutes per level, the murderous personality traits it inspires may linger for days.

Under the effect of the *brother of blades* mutagen, Valnetor benefits from the following changes to his statistics:

**Init** +4; **Perception** +7

**AC** 19

**Ref** +9, **Will** +0

**Melee** 2 claws +7 (1d6+4 plus poison), bite +7 (1d8+3 plus poison)

**Str** 18, **Dex** 16, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 6

**CMB** +7; **CMD** 20

# Tendri MacElsen

## Watch Commander

Most watch commanders earned their posts through hard work and dedication to the city. Tendri MacElsen did not. Instead, he earned his post through a different sort of hard work. Tendri has mastered the fine art of blackmail, and used his skills to attain his position.

As a teen, Tendri spent time running with gangs — until he decided it was too much work. He drifted, sometimes barely doing work, but usually running a con of some sort. Shortly before his 19th birthday, an old friend caught him in the act of slicing belt pouches. His old friend, a former gang member, was now a constable for the town. Sensing an opportunity, Tendri set about on his first blackmail case, demanding his friend get him a job, or else Tendri would mention some of the things they had done in their younger years. And so began Tendri's career in law enforcement.

Tendri has a knack for finding dirt on people — behind his back, his colleagues joke that he'd be a damn good investigator if he spent half the energy he spends on his illicit activities focused instead on his case load. In a mere half dozen years, Tendri worked his way through the ranks, and now is responsible for a rather large contingent of watchmen. Tendri, of course, thoroughly abuses this power.

Tendri is only nominally interested in performing his actual duties. Instead, he uses his position to intimidate citizens and shake down shop owners. Bribes and “protection” money are the norm, and Tendri doesn't do anything without one or the other.

## Description

Tendri is a burly man, standing 6'4" tall and weighing 220 pounds. He possesses broad, strong shoulders that make him appear even larger. His dark hair is oily and thinning, and he wears a scraggly beard upon his face. His armor and shield are always polished to a bright sheen.

## Tactics

Tendri is no slouch in combat; he makes use of the various tactics available to him through his feat selection. Targets he finds easy to strike become the victims of vicious Power Attacks. He relishes using his Intimidate skill to demoralize his foes before slicing them with his longsword. While standing orders are to attempt to capture suspected criminals alive, Tendri regularly ignores this directive, using his influence to avoid any consequences.

## Using This Character

It should be quickly apparent to the characters that Tendri is filthy, and more interested in his own well-being than his position with the watch. He barely conceals the fact that he's willing to accept bribes to resolve legal matters occurring on his patrols, or the patrols of those on the Watch who report to him. Tendri has dirt on several of his superiors, and expertly leverages it to his benefit. Characters who attempt to circumvent the dirty cop by going up the chain of command quickly find Tendri's influences reach far.



### TENDRI MACELSEN

CR 5

XP 1,600

Male human fighter 6

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Perception +2

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 20 (+7 armor, +3 shield)

hp 61 (6d10+18 plus 6)

Fort +8; Ref +2; Will +3 (+5 vs. fear)

Defensive Abilities bravery +2

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 longsword +12/+7 (1d8+7/19–20)

Ranged mwk longbow +8/+3 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks weapon training (heavy blades +1)

Str 16, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 13

Base Atk +6; CMB +9; CMD 19

Feats Cleave<sup>B</sup>, Iron Will<sup>B</sup>, Point Blank Shot<sup>B</sup>, Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Precise Shot, Weapon Focus (longbow), Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)<sup>B</sup>

Skills Bluff +7, Diplomacy +4, Intimidate +10, Perception +2, Sense Motive +5

Languages Common, Dwarven

SQ armor training 1

Combat Gear 2 potions of cure light wounds, potion of neutralize poison; Other Gear +1 breastplate, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 longsword, masterwork longbow, 20 arrows, belt pouch, masterwork manacles, catseye (25 gp), 53 gp, 73 gp

# Mallory Daruld

## Bastard Heir

As a child, Mallory didn't find it strange that his father and his siblings didn't live with him. Many of the other children on Coal Street didn't have fathers, or mothers, and Mallory thought himself lucky to have both. His father visited once a week with Mallory's younger brother, Verend, and his sister, Chirey, and took them all to a park, or to the river to watch boats. His father often brought presents too, and money that made his mother happy, so Mallory considered life to be a pretty good thing.

When Mallory was eight, his father died. It was then that Mallory learned who his father really was: Lord Daruld, ruler of the county. From then on, life was very different. His brother and sister stopped visiting, the money stopped coming, and his mother cried all the time. Mallory felt the sting of rejection as keenly as his new hunger. He was forced to find a job like the other children, working for seamstresses and shopkeepers and running messages for the gangs in the neighborhood. As he worked, he brooded about the family that never visited anymore.

One day the bitterness grew too much for the teenaged Mallory. He lurked outside the manor house until his brother and sister emerged. As they were approaching their carriage, Mallory strode up to them. "So good to see you," he spat.

"What are you doing here?" Verend said. "Are you insane?"

"Mallory, you'd better leave," Chirey said.

"That's not a very warm welcome." Mallory sneered at them. "Ashamed of your Coal Street half-brother?"

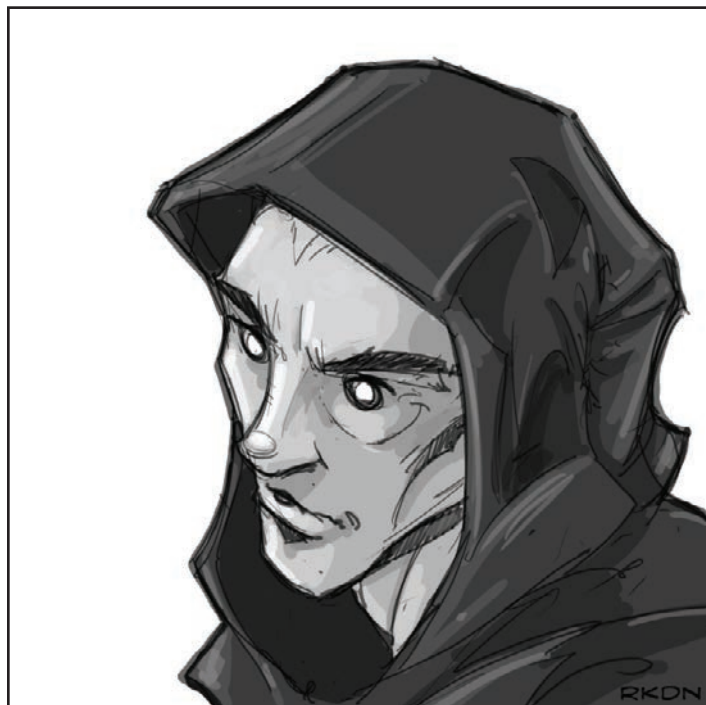
"It's not that," his sister said. "It's not safe for you here. Don't you get it? You're older than Verend. It's not safe for you to be around the manor. There are a lot of politicians here that you make nervous."

"Hell, you make me nervous," Verend said. "I wouldn't be the heir if father had only married your whore of a mother before you—"

Mallory's fist interrupted Verend's sentence by smashing into his face. Chirey tried vainly to separate the brothers as they wrestled in the courtyard. Mallory, with two years on Verend and experience with brawling, got the upper hand and thrashed his brother soundly. He might have gone farther, but the guardsmen showed up and dragged him away while Verend was still alive.

That, and Chirey's intervention, was all that kept Mallory from the gallows for assaulting the county's heir. Instead he spent five years in jail. His mother died while Mallory was behind bars. Through the gossip in jail and occasional visits from friends, Mallory learned of Verend's rise to power in those five years. Unlike his father, Verend was rapacious, cold-hearted, and greedy. His policies lined his own pockets at the expense of the suffering peasantry.

When Mallory was released from prison, he went back to Coal Street. There he recruited old friends, message runners for gangs who now belonged to — or ran — the gangs themselves. Mallory had developed a number of unsavory skills during his imprisonment, and he declared he would use those skills to bring down Lord Verend for the good of the county. Cynics, however, whisper that Mallory's vendetta is fueled by his own desire to take the reins of rulership.



## Description

Mallory is an attractive young man with chestnut hair he wears pulled back in a tail and tanned skin. His eyes, a unique golden brown, come from his father and are his most distinctive feature. Mallory is more graceful than muscular, but possesses the strength to hold his own in a fight. A childhood illness left him with a lean, almost gaunt look that some women find irresistible. He prefers to wear dark colors and a voluminous dark gray cloak that lends itself well to stealthy activities.

Mallory is driven by his hatred for his half-brother, who he sees as unworthy of his position. He blames his half-brother for abandoning Mallory and despises Verend's cruelty and greed. While Mallory is sensible and intelligent, he has a short fuse where his half-brother is concerned. Mallory has little contact with his sister Chirey, but feels some gratitude toward her for keeping him from hanging.

Despite the rumors, Mallory has no desire to rule the county. His only motivation is deposing his half-brother. Given a push from those closest to him, though, Mallory might be convinced that it is his obligation as his father's son to take over after Verend is removed.

## Tactics

If Mallory knows he is about to enter combat, he drinks his *potion of barbarian's endurance* for an extra 14 hp and then opens by tossing an alchemist's fire. Mallory prefers to fight as part of a group and, if in the company of thugs, he attempts to flank when possible. When facing off against an opponent, Mallory feints every turn before making his attack; if two feints in a row fail, Mallory ceases to try to feint.

When faced with multiple opponents, Mallory targets those in heavy armor first. He believes soldier types are more likely to fall for his feints, and he trusts in his agility to protect him from heavy damage. Mallory's mission is more important than his pride, and he doesn't hesitate to run if the tides of battle turn against him. He uses his *dash of tracelessness* to help mask his escape.

## Using this Character

Mallory is up for any sort of plan that would lead to Verend's embarrassment, discomfort, or injury. He has not yet committed to killing Verend, only deposing him, but if given sufficient motivation he might agree to an assassination plot. This motivation would have to be significant, such as evidence that Verend is executing innocents or has harmed his sister Chirey.

Mallory could be a contact for PCs, providing them with information on Verend's policies and the atmosphere in the city in exchange for money. Mallory knows most of the criminals in the city and is allied with many of them; he could provide introductions for the PCs, help them take down a rival, or use his contacts to obtain weapons or magic items for a price. If the PCs are opposed to Verend, Mallory insists on joining them. If they undertake a mission for Verend (perhaps unknowing of the lord's true nature), they run into interference from Mallory.

### MALLORY DARULD

CR 6

#### XP 2,400

Male human rogue 7  
N Medium humanoid (human)  
**Init** +4; **Perception** +12

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**AC** 19, touch 15, flat-footed 19 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)  
**hp** 28 (7d8-7)  
**Fort** +2; **Ref** +10 (+12 vs. traps); **Will** +3  
**Defensive Abilities** evasion, rogue talent (resiliency), trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

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**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *short sword* +10 (1d6+2/19-20) or *dagger* +9 (1d4+1/19-20)

**Ranged** *dagger* +9 (1d4+1/19-20)

**Special Attacks** rogue talent (finesse rogue), sneak attack +4d6

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**Str** 12, **Dex** 18, **Con** 8, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

**Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 21

**Feats** Agile Maneuvers, Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improved Feint, Weapon Finesse<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Acrobatics +14, Bluff +11, Climb +11, Diplomacy +11, Disable Device +19, Escape Artist +14, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (local) +12, Perception +12 (+15 locate traps), Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +14, Stealth +14

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Elven

**SQ** rogue talents (fast stealth), trapfinding

**Combat Gear** *dust of tracelessness* (2 applications), 3 flasks of alchemist's fire, 2 *potions of bear's endurance*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 *studded leather armor*, +1 *short sword*, 3 *daggers*, *cloak of resistance +1*, 100-ft. silk rope, grappling hook, masterwork thieves' tools

# Lady Calliende bin Talsen

## Ambitious Courtesan

*Her eyes dark and languorous in the candlelight, the Duke's mistress delicately sipped her spiced wine. "Art, literature, sexuality, conversation... these things are simply tools, methods we use to manipulate and control those around us. We hide our true nature behind sweetly spoken lies, masks that disguise the ways people use each other. You must simply understand what lies behind the mask."*

An unrecognized by-blow of a lecherous nobleman, the unwanted child named Callie was put to work mending old clothing when she was six and sold to a brothel before she was twelve. Purchasing her for the price of a bottle of cheap liquor, the bordello's heartless mistress was the first person who ever seemed to care about Callie: After all, an "innocent" child could make her a lot of money.

Trapped in the cynical company of other prostitutes, the young girl quickly learned to hide her feelings behind sweet smiles and empty words. Taught the arts of flattery, witty conversation, and music, young Callie's growing skills brought her the attention of wealthier, less abusive patrons. Hundreds of loveless liaisons taught her to lock away her emotions, for even those who claimed to care for her were only there to use her. Only luck preserved her from falling to drink and disease, the scourges that claimed most women trapped in her trade.

Callie was fourteen years old when Fortune's wheel turned in her favor: an elegant gray cat found its way to her chamber. The moment she saw it, she knew it was more than just some pet. Meeting the enigmatic creature's gaze, her mind's eye pictured strange magical rituals and eldritch secrets, vistas of mystery she never would have imagined. Callie named her impressive familiar "Empress."

Tutored by her new ally, Callie's growing magical power allowed her to escape the brothel's grim life. Bitter and untrusting, she first used her newfound ability to control and humiliate those around her. These petty manipulations soon paled in interest as she realized her powers' true potential: While she might never sit upon a throne, as the favored mistress of a powerful courtier, she could revel in limitless wealth and luxury.

Within two years, her humble origins were forgotten. Granted wealth and estates, "Lady Calliende" could choose from a dozen noble lovers. Her supposed noble lineage was the finest that money could buy. Despite her contempt for the way men let their passions and prejudices rule over them, her occasional barbed comments were seen as witty banter, rather than malice.

## Description

Clad in the height of elegant fashion and adorned with jewels and furs given her by her wealthy clientele, Lady Calliende spends several hours each day ensuring that her hair and appearance present a perfect image of aristocratic allure. Stylish hats and bejeweled veils protect her fair skin from the sun.

Several large housecats typically follow Lady Calliende—her loyal pets. Given free run of her apartments, these felines range from scarred, alley-born scrappers to silky purebreds, gifts from friends and lovers. Whatever their origins, Calliende's pets acknowledge Empress, her feline familiar, as their head. Although they aren't trained as guardian beasts, at Empress' command, these cats viciously bite and scratch unwelcome visitors.



## Tactics

Lady Calliende prefers to operate through patsies and agents, rather than seek direct confrontation herself. She depends on the favor of powerful men and doesn't hesitate to draw upon her connections to protect her from her enemies. Calliende avoids wielding magic in public, afraid that she could be accused of magically manipulating her lovers.

If forced to defend herself, Calliende prefers to turn enemies aside with *suggestion* or *charm person* before she resorts to deadlier magic. She does not want other courtiers to suspect her true abilities. She only resorts to weapons as a last resort, but has been known to draw her dagger so that she can distract an assailant from one of her handmaidens (a female rogue 3) creeping up behind him.

Calliende avoids bringing her familiar into dangerous situations, foregoing the added Alertness feat granted by its presence.

## Using This Character

Although cynical and deceptive, Lady Calliende isn't impervious to love or regret. Her heart may betray her, leading her to act against the powerful and self-centered men she chooses as her "protectors." Such noblemen generally take offense when they discover their mistress aiding another man. If Calliende chooses to help a player character, he may find that her friendship earns him powerful rivals. Spurned lovers and dishonored courtiers may take an interest as new friends or hidden enemies.

Calliende is older than she appears, having been granted restored youth through the power of hidden allies: a secretive coven of dark witches. Drawing upon the foulest of necromancy, they drain the life from innocents to craft the potent elixirs that keep them young. The coven hasn't revealed their magic's grim roots to Lady Calliende, but they will someday initiate her further. Entangled in a web of foul magic, she may embrace her inner darkness or she may repent, seeking allies to exterminate the dark coven.

Intrigued by those who seem truly noble or pure of heart, Calliende sets subtle traps to test their integrity. Expecting to prove they aren't as they seem, she tempts such souls with sexuality, wealth, and secrets.

## New Magic Item

### PHILTRE OF FOOLISHNESS

**Aura** faint necromancy; **CL** 5th  
**Slot** —; **Price** 750 gp; **Weight** —

#### DESCRIPTION

A sugary-sweet cordial with a fruity scent and clear garnet color, a *philtre of foolishness* mixes easily with wine or food. Those unfortunate enough to sample this pernicious drink must succeed at a DC 14 Will save or find their Wisdom score permanently reduced by 6. This effect cannot be dispelled, but it can be removed with a *break enchantment*, *limited wish*, *miracle*, *remove curse*, or *wish* spell.

#### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *bestow curse*;  
**Cost** 375 gp

*necklace of persuasion* (treat as *circlet of persuasion*), healer's kit, masterwork disguise kit, several outfits of courtier's attire, spell component pouch, 1,200 gp worth of elegant jewelry, fine perfumes, and knickknacks from various admirers

### EMPRESS

CR —

#### XP —

Female housecat familiar (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Familiar, Cat")

LE Tiny magical beast (augmented animal)

**Init** +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +9

**AC** 17, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, +3 natural, +2 size)  
**hp** 18 (8 HD)

**Fort** +1; **Ref** +7; **Will** +6

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** 2 claws +8 (1d2–4), bite +8 (1d3–4)

**Space** 2 1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

**Special Attacks** deliver touch spells

**Str** 3, **Dex** 15, **Con** 8, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 7

**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 6 (10 vs. trip)

**Feats** Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Bluff +4, Climb +6, Diplomacy +6,

Disable Device +5, Heal +5, Knowledge (history) +1,

Knowledge (local) +1, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Perception

+9, Perform (dance) +4, Perform (sing) +0, Sense Motive +6,

Stealth +23, Use Magic Device +3

**SQ** speak with master, store spells

**Spells Stored (Su)** All prepared by Lady Calliende, plus *cure light wounds*, *detect thoughts*, *dispel magic*, *hypnotism*, *mask dweomer*, *reduce person*, *remove disease*, *web*, and all common 0-level spells.

### LADY CALLIENDE

CR 7

#### XP 3,200

Female human rogue 2/witch 6 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*, "Witch")

LE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Perception** +11

**AC** 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)

**hp** 39 (2d8 plus 6d6 plus 6)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +7; **Will** +6

**Defensive Abilities** evasion

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 dagger +4 (1d4/19–20)

**Ranged** +1 dagger +7 (1d4/19–20)

**Special Attacks** sneak attack +1d6, hexes (charm [1 step, 3 rounds], disguise [6 hours], slumber [6 rounds], tongues [6 minutes]), rogue talent (combat trick)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 6th)

3rd—*clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *lightning bolt* (DC 16), *suggestion*\* (DC 18)

2nd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 15), *hold person*\* (DC 17),

*touch of idiocy*\* (melee touch +3), *zone of truth*\* (DC 17)

1st—*charm person*\* (DC 16), *mage armor* (x2), *silent image* (DC 14)

0 (at will)—*daze*\* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *message*

**Patron** Shadow

\*Enchantment spell

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

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Alertness (with familiar), Combat Expertise, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Improved Feint<sup>B</sup>, Persuasive<sup>B</sup>, Quick Draw, Spell Focus (enchantment)

**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Bluff +15, Diplomacy +19, Disable Device +9, Heal +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Perception +11 (+12 locate traps), Perform (dance) +13, Perform (sing) +11, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +14, Use Magic Device +14

**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal

**SQ** trapfinding, witch's familiar (pale gray cat named Empress)

**Combat Gear** *philtre of foolishness*, 2 *elixirs of love*, *scroll of dimension door*; **Other Gear** +1 dagger, 2 daggers,

# Addison Richard-Durond, III

## Celebrity Adventurer

Money, influence, fame... especially fame. These are why Addison Richard-Durond, III, became an adventurer. He was never good at bookish things and doesn't make long-term plans. But he always has an eye for the ladies, and ladies have an eye for him provided he keeps talking and makes the tales tall. Although he experienced *most* of the events he describes to his following of female fans, Addison places value in a well-spun story with some *minor* embellishments. He keeps bards in paid employment adding verses to the legend of his life.

Addison's story began as a street child named Toby Grimes in a town whose name he has forgotten. His mother's brief dalliance with a fair elf stranger marked her psyche, leaving her dreamy, contemplative, and indifferent to the son the union produced. Toby started as a nobody, but his ambition was strong, and at the age of 15 when he had saved enough money from various menial jobs he stole the last of the gold coins his father had left his mother and struck out on the highway to make a name for himself. At the first inn he reached, he found a group of adventurers seeking a replacement for their trap-finder. Toby boldly proposed himself for the job and after some debate was hired at a small percentage rate of the expedition's future profits. When asked his name, he answered "Addison." It was a name he had heard in a story of a courtly knight and it sounded fitting for the new life the young adventurer dreamed of embarking upon. So Addison was born and a new rogue made.

The expedition was successful. The party's previous rogue had been killed by one of the last traps in a dungeon, and Addison was lucky and spotted the hidden disarming mechanism on the next hazard. After a brief tussle with the zombie guardians of the tomb in which the treasure was located, the adventurers emerged laden with valuable loot.

His older companions found Addison to be a likeable fellow, and he took pleasure in their favorable attention. His breadth of interests meant that he was soon taking tutelage from the warrior in the group on how to properly wield a blade. The wizard recognized a wild magic in the youth that would one day emerge as sorcery. But the party's cleric despaired of ever teaching Addison the values of humility and continence. Whenever the adventurers returned to a town from an expedition, Addison disappeared for days on end to spend his money on wine and women... especially women.

Addison's reputation grew the more money he spent and the more tales he told. It was true that he was a brave and resourceful young man, but in his boasts the role of his companions began to decline and his own reported prowess came more to the fore. His style of dress changed with his gear tending to flashier appearance rather than sturdy utility. His companions began to be irritated, then annoyed at his behavior between adventures. The crisis came when he started trying to assert dominance in the party during adventures. This led to friction in the group. Some wanted him to leave; others thought he would grow out of this unsettling phase. There was even a vote taken while he was away from the group that they might ask him to leave. The division broke the unity of the group and upset its concentration. Before the matter of Addison could be resolved, the party suffered a disaster. Addison emerged alone from a dungeon, his companions all tragically slain by monsters.

Partly from a sense of guilt, but mainly because he felt it sounded good, he added the names of the fighter, Richard, and the wizard, Durond, to his assumed name. Adding "the third", gave his name a sense of importance, but it also symbolized a third stage of his life: his first, as a street child he has almost forgotten, his second, as a jobbing adventurer he feels he has outgrown, and his third, one without companions with whom he must share glory.

Addison has retreated from heroics for the present, and is officially "between adventures." He doesn't allude to the fate of his former companions and never visits the towns in which they did business and rested. Addison's carefully cultivated celebrity means he travels with an



entourage of local beauties, admiring youths and at least one pampered bard. He still has money to spend, but is more likely to call for items to be put on his bill rather than scatter coins on the bar as he did before.

## Description

Addison is a half-elf male of 25 years. He stands 5'8" and weighs 155 pounds. He dresses luxuriously while in town, and his adventuring gear is grandly embellished. Leather items are copiously decorated, and brightly colored, metal objects chased, inscribed, and polished. Even his horse blanket is monogrammed with "A.R.D. III". Addison's eyes are a piercing green and his ears are slightly pointed, testifying to his elven heritage. His favorite way of entering a room is as part of a gaily laughing crowd with him being the center of attention. Addison has learned to control his more juvenile outbursts — he was sometimes short-tempered while in drink in his earlier career — but he is still quite insecure and emotionally immature. His bravado is a mask to hide his insecurities.

Addison has not been an active adventurer in a little more than two years, preferring to move in a secure circuit of towns where he can renew old acquaintances and pursue new romantic conquests. He works out each day to maintain physical fitness in as public a manner as possible, the better to draw a crowd of suitable admirers.

## Tactics

Seduction is Addison's principal hobby, and he uses his adventurer's skills to perfect his expertise. His sorcerer's spells can as easily be used in the boudoir as the dungeon, many a young lady mistaking his apparent intensity and quiet sensitivity around her for the concentration of a *d tect ibug* s spell. Addison is smooth. While, with an almost casual wave of his hand, he cools the wine through *prestiid g tation*, Addison is working out when best to use *open/close* (in this case, *open!*) on his conquest's undergarments... Although he succeeds an admirable number of times, it is no coincidence he keeps *expeditious retreat* in mind when plying his charms on new targets, especially if their marital status (or husband's present location) is unknown.



## Using This Character

The PCs may encounter Addison Richard-Durond, III, as they rest up between adventures. He and his rowdy entourage could enter the inn at which they're staying and steal the limelight as the PCs are telling their own tales of derring-do. Or a local may scoff at stories of their adventures, claiming Addison had similar or greater exploits long before the PCs came to town. The PCs might find a small crowd gathering in anticipation of a public training session by Addison which appears as part gymnastics and part circus performance. The PCs might even be approached by Addison as he seeks to set up a new company of adventurers, with him as the leader naturally.

Addison may have visited a dungeon or temple during his career about which the PCs must learn something before continuing on a quest of their own. The price of revealing this nugget may be that Addison comes with them to share in the adventure. He does not live uncomfortably, as his celebrity serves as a good credit rating, but his lifestyle requires a constant supply of money of which he is now running short. Though he has shown no desire to return to the dungeon in the past couple of years, he has retained his skills.

If there are female characters among the group, Addison may instead be encountered in his more usual guise as lady-killer. The GM should plan the encounter carefully in a mix of role-playing and skill checks using the half-elf's tactics and statistics. If Addison is rejected he may offer to join the party to "prove his worth" to his failed conquest. If his liaison is successful, he may seek to obtain information on the strengths and weaknesses of the PCs from his new friend as he weighs up how best to join them and possibly usurp any existing leadership.

Addison may be mistaken as a push-over. His goals can be shallow but his skills are real. He could be a useful ally of the party, but the GM should play up the half-elf's massive ego. Perhaps his work in the dungeon is now accompanied by a running commentary of how great he is. This may pass from being an amusing affectation to a real hindrance as allies lose the benefit of surprise and tactical advantages are cancelled out by his chatter. A.R.D., III, doesn't take kindly to being ridiculed, although he can await taking revenge for slights either real or imagined until the most favorable time. He will always try to extract promises of future boons from PCs when he knows his help is most needed and he will argue over every division of treasure or magic even if prior agreements have been made.

### ADDISON RICHARD-DUROND, III XP 4,800

CR 8

Male half-elf fighter 3/rogue 2/sorcerer 4

CG Medium humanoid (elf)

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +7**AC** 22, touch 11, flat-footed 21 (+9 armor, +1 Dex, +2 shield)**hp** 53 (3d10+3 plus 2d8+2 plus 4d6+4)**Fort** +6; **Ref** +7; **Will** +5 (+6 vs. fear); +2 vs. enchantment**Defensive Abilities** bravery +1, evasion; **Immune** magic missile, sleep**Speed** 20 ft.**Melee** +1 flail +9/+4 (1d8+3)**Ranged** longbow +7/+2 (1d8/x3)**Special Attacks** sneak attack +1d6**Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 4th, 30% spell failure)7/day—*laughing touch* (melee touch +8)**Sorcerer Spells Known** (CL 4th, 30% spell failure)2nd (4/day)—*detect thoughts* (DC 16)1st (7/day)—*charm person* (DC 15), *entangle* (DC 15),*expeditious retreat*, *mage armor*0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *light*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation***Bloodline** fey**Str** 15, **Dex** 12, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 18**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 19**Feats** Arcane Armor Training<sup>B</sup>, Athletic, Blind-Fight, Brew Potion, Deceitful, Deft Hands, Eschew Materials<sup>B</sup>, Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Skill Focus (Diplomacy)<sup>B</sup>**Skills** Acrobatics +3 (–1 jump), Appraise +5, Bluff +12, Climb +3, Diplomacy +14, Disable Device +5, Disguise +6, Escape Artist +2, Handle Animal +8, Heal +2, Knowledge (local) +5, Linguistics +4, Perception +7 (+8 locate traps), Perform (oratory) +8, Ride +1, Sleight of Hand +3, Stealth +3, Swim –1**Languages** Common, Elven, Gnoll**SQ** Armor Training 1, bloodline arcana, elf blood, rogue talent (rogue crawl), trapfinding, woodland stride**Combat Gear** 4 potions of cure light wounds, potion of invisibility; **Other Gear** dragonhide full plate, mithral heavy shield, +1 flail, longbow with 20 arrows, brooch of shielding (85 hp), cloak of resistance +1, moonstone ring (50 gp), cubic zirconium ring (50 gp), gold necklace with jade lion-shaped pendant (50 gp), 96 gp

# Bash Ironclaw

## Assassin

Unlike most orc clans, the Ironclaw orcs are disciplined—disciplined and dangerous. From an early age, children in the tribe learn deadly combat techniques. Reliance on weapons and armor are for the weak of mind and body, the teachings go. All tribe members receive instruction on defending oneself without armor, as well as how to make one's body a deadly weapon. The best receive further training on the art of killing quickly and silently.

And so it was for Bash, the son of a male human and female orc. From an early age, Bash showed the temperament and skill needed to serve the Ironclaw Clan as a killer-for-hire. Bash learned early on that the best way to survive was to be ruthless, killing rivals who presented an obstacle to his rise within the clan. That single-minded determination set him upon the path of the contract killer.

Bash maintains a fatalistic approach to life. He's well aware that he'll never reach middle age; he's comfortable with who and what he is, even if either his appearance or his profession repulses others.

## Description

Bash is ugly, even for a half-orc. He stands 6'2" tall, and weighs 190 pounds. His head appears too large for his body; his nose is bent and crooked, misshapen from being broken so many times. Bash has black hair that's naturally greasy and slicked back. He prefers simple articles of clothing in dark colors.

## Tactics

If provided time to prepare, Bash drinks the his potions in this order: *barkskin*, *cat's grace*, *haste*. He then observes his target before moving in, looking to strike as hard and as often as possible. His first strike will always be both a stunning fist and death attack. Bash continues to pummel his target for the remainder of the round. In the second round of combat, Bash quickly assesses the situation; if he determines it's a suitable risk, he'll make one more full attack against his target—once again using a stunning fist attempt on the first attack. Bash takes advantage of his high speed, Acrobatics, and his slow fall ability to make a getaway. During his escape, he'll consume a *potion of invisibility* as long as an enemy does not currently threaten him.

## Using This Character

Bash is a popular choice for those looking to hire an assassin to murder a target in places weapons are not permitted. A rival of the PCs could hire bash; alternately, Bash is well-equipped to handle political assassinations. He could prove an elusive target for PCs hired to locate the murderer of a local politician or celebrity. Bash does possess strong morals, just not in alignment with most of civilization. Bash will never accept a contract to murder a child. As an interesting twist to using him, Bash could approach PCs and ask for help clearing his name in such a circumstance.



### BASH IRONCLAW

CR 9

XP 6,400

Male half-orc monk 6/assassin 4

LE Medium humanoid (orc)

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +18**AC** 18, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+2 armor, +1 Dex, +1 monk, +4 Wis)**hp** 74 (6d8+12 plus 4d8+8 plus 6)**Fort** +9; **Ref** +9; **Will** +13; +2 vs. enchantment, +2 vs. poison**Defensive Abilities** evasion, orc ferocity, uncanny dodge;**Immune** disease**Speed** 50 ft.**Melee** unarmed strike +9/+4 (1d8+1)**Special Attacks** death attack (DC 18), flurry of blows, sneak attack +2d6, stunning fist 7/day (DC 19)**Str** 12, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 8**Base Atk** +7; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 24**Feats** Ability Focus (death attack), Alertness, Catch Off-Guard<sup>B</sup>, Deflect Arrows<sup>B</sup>, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip<sup>B</sup>, Improved Unarmed Strike<sup>B</sup>, Iron Will, Stunning Fist<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike)**Skills** Acrobatics +14 (+28 jump), Bluff +9, Climb +12, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +7, Intimidate +1, Perception +18, Sense Motive +17, Stealth +14**Languages** Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Orc**SQ** fast movement, hidden weapons, poison use, maneuver training, still mind, *ki* pool (7 points, magic), slow fall 30 ft., high jump, purity of body, orc blood, weapon familiarity**Combat Gear** 4 *potions of cure light wounds*, 2 *potions of cure serious wounds*, 2 *potions of invisibility*, *potion of haste*, *potion of barkskin* (+2), 2 *potions of cat's grace* (2); **Other****Gear** *cloak of resistance* +1, *bracers of armor* +2, backpack, caltrops, disguise kit, grappling hook, 4 pitons, 50-ft. silk rope, 25 gp, 33 sp

# Szevren the Fabricationary

## Frame-Up Artist

“For a price, your enemies will rue the day they ever crossed you.”

Szevren is no ordinary assassin. If you simply want someone dead, hire the local murderer. But for true delicious revenge, there are few better in the business than Szevren the Fabricationary, an invisible stalker with unusual talents. Rather than ambush his target, Szevren typically robs or kills someone else altogether and then frames his true victim, carefully planting clues for the local authorities to slowly uncover. Most of Szevren’s targets eventually die, but typically in the bowels of an unsanitary prison or in the gallows of miscarried justice. Szevren’s victims typically find themselves standing trial before a magistrate or a jury, and when they do, the invisible stalker is almost always secretly present somewhere in the courtroom, happily enjoying his handiwork.

## Description

Invisible in the truest sense of the word, no one has actually ever seen Szevren. Only when he moves through water or in an area filled with dust or fog can one see that Szevren is nothing more than a wisp of smoke, vaguely humanoid in shape. Casting *invisibility purge* upon Szevren briefly reveals his cold maniacal tooth-filled smile for an instant, but nothing more. Should the rare instance arise where Szevren needs to take on a visible form, he uses his *dust of illusion* to create himself a fictional appearance, one that is never the same twice.

## Tactics

For Szevren, simple combat is unimaginative. After many decades as an ordinary assassin for hire, Szevren concluded that killing a foe that cannot see him is simply too easy, and it no longer holds any thrill for him. Instead, he far prefers to destroy his foes with elaborate frame-ups for crimes, the more complicated the better. If forced into physical combat his preferred tactic is to silently hover in the air over top of his target, attack with his befuddling strike, and then relocate with Flyby Attack. If he knows he faces a superior foe, he will use his Use Magic Device skill to activate his *wand of mage armor* or drink his *potion of haste* before engaging. Szevren fears spells far more than weapons, so he typically prioritizes spellcasters first as targets. If pressed, he retreats high up into the sky. Szevren then activates his *wand of cure light wounds* to recover so that he can set a new ambush for his foes.

## Using This Character

A specialist for hire, the PCs might encounter Szevren after he is recruited by a foe they have crossed once too often. Szevren is occasionally summoned by conjurers who have need of his unique talents, though he always negotiates first for a suitable price—Szevren loves money almost as much as the thrill of a frame-up. There are also a few thieves’ guilds that are willing to retain such a deadly manipulator.

Szevren’s first encounter with the PCs might be as simple as surveillance, to learn more about them. He might steal into their camp to obtain articles of clothing or locks of hair, items which he can later plant as false evidence. If necessary, Szevren can always create the false evidence he desires using his *marvelous pigments*, a talent he has been slowly mastering over the preceding decades. Although he is content to frame his victims with any stray murder, if time permits, Szevren will get to know the PCs’ habits and circles, waiting for the opportunity to frame them for the death of someone important to them—after all these years, it’s the personal touches that makes killing still fun for the creature.

Alternately, the concerned relative of an innocent man who has recently been framed by Szevren might hire the PCs to help with the investigation to clear the man. The PCs will have to unwind the clues left behind to discover that the accused is himself a victim and that a deadly invisible



stalker has orchestrated the entire affair. Once the PCs have uncovered the truth, they might further check the local archives and discover records that demonstrate Szevren’s crimes have been ongoing for some time. By setting the record straight, even though it has been too late for many, the PCs might lay the spirits of many wrongfully accused to rest.

### SZEVREN THE FABRICATIONARY

CR 10

XP 9,600

Male invisible stalker rogue 3 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, “Invisible Stalker”)

NE Medium outsider (air, elemental, extraplanar)

**Init** +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +15

**AC** 23, touch 16, flat-footed 17 (+6 Dex, +7 natural)

**hp** 128 (7d10+49 plus 3d8+21 plus 3)

**Fort** +13; **Ref** +14 (+15 vs. traps); **Will** +5

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, natural invisibility, trap sense +1;

**Immune** elemental traits, mind shielding

**Spd** 30 ft., fly 30 ft. (perfect)

**Melee** 2 slams +16 (2d6+6)

**Special Attacks** rogue talent (befuddling strike)\*, sneak attack +2d6

**Str** 23, **Dex** 23, **Con** 24, **Int** 16, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 9

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 31

**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Focus (slam)

**Skills** Acrobatics +19, Bluff +12, Craft (painting) +11, Diplomacy +3, Disable Device +20, Fly +25, Knowledge (planes) +13,

Linguistics +7, Perception +15 (+16 locate traps), Sense Motive +12, Stealth +19, Survival +12, Use Magic Device +12

**Languages** Auran, Common, Dwarven, Elven, Halfling, Sylvan

**SQ** improved tracking, rogue talent (fast stealth), trapfinding

**Combat Gear** *dust of illusion*, 2 *marvelous pigments*, *potion of haste*, *potion of pass without trace*, *wand of cure light wounds* (25 charges), *wand of mage armor* (25 charges);

**Other Gear** *amulet of natural armor* +1, *ring of mind shielding*

\* *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player’s Guide*

# Baldus Rothstein

## Former Bodyguard

Baldus was a high-ranking member of the king's troops and his former personal bodyguard. He was widely known for his competence in protecting and guarding the king. It was also rumored that the king thought of him as a son, and Baldus led a good life, being a paragon to his comrades. That all changed when another member of the guard, who coveted Baldur's place next to the king, made his move to finally get rid of Baldus. He observed Baldus for months until he found the one thing which surely would make the king throw Baldus out of the court — Baldus' secret romance with the king's daughter.

As soon as the king got proof of the relationship, he was furious and only Baldus' exemplary record, and the interference of the king's daughter, kept him from being sentenced to death. So it came to pass that he was mustered out of the king's service, and his greedy former comrade took his place as the king's bodyguard.

Since then, Baldus keeps a low profile. He still manages to meet secretly with the princess, always taking care that no one observes those meetings. He is also trying to find out who sold him out to the king. To make matters even worse, Baldus has recently started to drown his sorrow with drugs, frequently using absinthe to flee his painful circumstances for a time.

## Description

Baldus is a huge, very athletic, and muscular man. He has black hair, and eyes of two different colors — one light-blue, the other brown. His nose is slim and flat, while his eyes are often red-rimmed and bloodshot from his bouts with the green fairy. He's always clean shaven and all in all he's quite handsome. He's never to be seen without his sword and tower shield, even when whiling away his time playing cards in different taverns throughout town.

## Tactics

Baldus is straightforward when it comes to a fight. He is aware of his abilities, and doesn't hesitate to defend himself or other citizens. He especially helps people who get harassed by the town guard. He normally intervenes (not taking care who's right or wrong) and for now, the guards still back up, because he still enjoys some respect with them, but those times will soon come to an end.

## Using This Character

The PCs might happen upon Baldus and the princess during one of their secret trysts, or they may find themselves embroiled in a fight between Baldus and the city watch. In the case of the latter, it may be that Baldus came to their assistance (unmasked) during their own encounter with the watch, or that they become witnesses of a scene where Baldus defends a citizen against the watch.

If the PCs are known and rumored to be of a good mien, he might even contact them, asking for help in getting the princess out of the palace so that both of them might flee the city and the king's influence. If the PCs haven't talked to the princess before they start such a mission, it might come as a very unpleasant surprise if the GM decides that the princess loves Baldus but not enough to leave the comforts of her home.

**BALDUS ROTHSTEIN**  
**XP 12,800**

**CR 11**

Male changeling fighter 12 (*Pathfinder Adventure Path #43: Haunting of Harrowstone*)



LG Medium humanoid

**Init** +6; **Senses** Darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +15

**AC** 26, touch 12, flat-footed 24 (+9 armor, +2 Dex, +1 natural, +4 shield)

**hp** 82 (12d10 plus 12);

**Fort** +8; **Ref** +6; **Will** +5 (+8 vs. fear)

**Defensive Abilities** bravery +3

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +2 *merciful longsword* +20/+15/+10 (1d8+9/19–20) or claw +16 (1d4+5)

**Ranged** light crossbow +15 (1d8+1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** weapon training (heavy blades +2, crossbows +1)

**Str** 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 11, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 28

**Feats** Alertness, Bodyguard, Combat Reflexes<sup>B</sup>, Defensive Combat Training<sup>B</sup>, Disruptive, Following Step<sup>†</sup>, Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Intimidating Prowess<sup>B</sup>, Lookout<sup>†B</sup>, Paired

Opportunist<sup>†B</sup>, Saving Shield<sup>†</sup>, Step Up, Step Up and Strike<sup>†B</sup>

**Skills** Bluff +4, Disguise +2, Intimidate +18, Perception +15, Sense Motive +12

**SQ** armor training 3, hag trait (hulking changeling)

**Languages** Common, Elven

**Gear** +2 *splint mail*, tower shield, +2 *merciful longsword*, light crossbow, copy of a key (to the princess' chambers), 2 vials of opium, 3 vials of invisible ink, periscope, 50-ft. silk rope, shaving kit, silent whistle, wrist sheath, 4 gp, 15 sp

**Hag Trait (Ex)** A changeling who was born of an annis hag is much more physically formidable than other changelings. He receives a +1 trait bonus on any damage you inflict with a melee attack.

† *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

# Hogan Handlebloom

## Master Smith

Even as a child, Hogan Handlebloom was fascinated with creation—whether it be building things from modeling clay while in school, helping his mother put together a tremendous meal, or helping his father craft shoes and nails for the horses. It was the latter, however, that really grabbed the young halfling's attention.

Told he was insane to focus on ironworking, Hogan ignored the naysayers. After much work convincing him, Hogan apprenticed with the famous dwarven smith Angus Stonehammer. Though Angus was surly — even for a dwarf — Hogan worked hard, and absorbed the knowledge handed down from his master.

Now twenty years removed from his apprenticeship, Hogan is the master sought out by those seeking apprenticeships. Each year, he hires one new apprentice, making the youngster commit to a three-year training program. His apprentices don't even pick up a hammer in their first year, instead performing menial tasks such as fetching water, clearing ashes from the fire, and so forth.

Hogan believes his talents are a gift from the gods. As evidence, he points to the fact that he can craft magical armors and weapons — with powers rivaling those of the greatest magical artisans — and activate wands and scrolls, despite not having a lick of spellcasting ability. As such, to keep the gods happy Hogan offers a 5% discount to clerics, paladins, and other holy servants regardless of their deity. He considers the lost income to be an offering to the gods — an offering that helps keep his skills sharp and his blades even sharper.

## Description

Hogan stands a shade under 3 feet tall and weighs a whopping (for a halfling) 50 pounds. Despite his small size and portly girth, he has no problems at all with his chosen profession, striking the anvil just as hard and furious as any dwarven master smith. Hogan has shaggy, unkempt brown hair growing down into shaggy mutton chop sideburns and sparkling brown eyes. There's a small circular indentation on his forehead, the mark of an apprentice's prank gone wrong many years ago.

## Tactics

Hogan has no desire to enter combat with the PCs, thugs, or anybody else. He'll attempt to make use of his considerable diplomatic skills to diffuse the situation, but if steel is drawn, Hogan flees—even if that means his considerable stock of goods is lost to looters.

## Using This Character

The obvious use for Hogan, of course, is simply as a merchant. He gladly takes on jobs for those in need of the finest armor and weapons. Alternately, Hogan could hire the PCs to track down thugs who recently robbed him blind. GMs could have such a plot lead to all manner of folk of ill-repute—organized crime, gangs of thugs, usurpers from the sewers, etc. This plot hook would work especially well if the PCs were already familiar with Hogan.

**HOGAN HANDLEBLOOM**  
**XP 19,200**

Male halfling expert 14  
NG Small humanoid (halfling)  
**Init** +0; **Perception** +3

**AC** 11, touch 11, flat-footed 11 (+1 size)  
**hp** 66 (14d8)  
**Fort** +7; **Ref** +5; **Will** +9; +2 vs. fear

**Speed** 20 ft.

**CR 12**



## Anvil of the Master Smith

**Aura** faint transmutation; **CL** 3rd  
**Slot** —; **Price** 2,500 gp; **Weight** 400 lbs.

### DESCRIPTION

When using this magical anvil to craft an item made mostly of metal (longsword, breastplate, horseshoes, etc), you receive a +5 competence bonus on the appropriate Craft check.

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Items, *fabricate*;  
**Cost** 1,250 gp

**Melee** +2 morningstar +12/+7 (1d6+1)

**Str** 9, **Dex** 11, **Con** 10, **Int** 16, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14  
**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 18

**Feats** Alertness, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Great Fortitude, Master Craftsman, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Craft [armor]), Skill Focus (Craft [weapon])

**Skills** Acrobatics +2 (–2 jump), Appraise +20, Bluff +5, Climb +1, Craft (armor) +33, Craft (weapons) +33, Diplomacy +26, Disable Device +17, Disguise +5, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (engineering) +13, Knowledge (local) +20, Perception +3, Profession (merchant) +16, Sense Motive +20, Survival +9, Use Magic Device +22

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Halfling  
**Combat Gear** wand of flame blade (13 charges), wand of shield (23 charges), wand of grease (6 charges), wand of disguise self (29 charges); **Other Gear** +2 morningstar, anvil of the master smith, circlet of persuasion, masterwork artisan's tools, 9,000 gp worth of masterwork armor and weapons

# Aristos

## Undead Masterpiece

Spurned by an elven lover early in life, Aristos took this rejection hard and sought to find a way to live long enough to share his life with her. After dabbling in a number of arcane concoctions meant to extend years, and a few on-again-off-again rebound flings with the object of his obsession, Aristos began to lose his mind—and his humanity. During this dark period, he learned the secret of becoming a lich from one of the many ancient books with which he locked himself away.

After becoming a lich, Aristos began using his long life and increased power to weave his influence into all corners of the city. He acts as an information broker dealing in blackmail and ruin. His influence on the regional politics is directly related to his penchant for disguise and his evil machinations, and some even say he served on the high council for a period disguised as a noblewoman.

Aristos is very careful and uses his skills and magic to facilitate his hold on clandestine power. He keeps his greed at bay, working with careful logic, never overstretching his reach or ability. However, as he is only 100 years undead—young for a lich—his mind has only started to slip into terribly insanity.

## Description

Terribly vain, Aristos is rarely seen without some manner of disguise to hide his faltering appearance. Though he has treated his body with a steady stream of *oils of gentle repose* since his passage into lichdom, time has an inevitable way of crumbling beauty away like dust. His true face merely appears as if he's been dead for just a few years. His once-proud jawline remains, but his cheeks are stretched and flaking leather, and empty eye sockets draw back above his sharp cheekbones. Aristos still appreciates the finer things in life and wears clothing up to date with the current fashions. He also applies a wide array of perfumes and oils to mask the smell of death upon his body.

## Tactics

Aristos only engages an enemy in his own lair and uses *dimension door* to escape any fray occurring outside of his comfort zone. Aristos delights in charming or dominating his enemies, then disappearing and letting them tear each other apart. He also uses his bardic performance to demoralize his foes. While not the most skilled swordsman, he enjoys the clash of blades and fights in melee, switching between sword strikes and his paralyzing touch. His lair contains a number of traps, choke points, and confusing corridors he uses to his advantage when adventurers pay him a visit.

## Using This Character

Aristos fits well into a campaign as a mid-level villain. Perhaps the party stumbles onto one of his many threads of corruption and deceit, or perhaps they learn of the great network of manipulation he has throughout the city. In his home, an ancient villa built-upon as the city expanded upwards, Aristos keeps a team of ghastr and ghouls minions trained in kidnapping, spying, and invasion missions. In addition, at least three ghosts also inhabit the gilded underground ruin.



### ARISTOS

XP 25,600

CR 13

Male lich bard 12 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Lich")

LE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +24

**Aura** fear (60-ft. radius, DC 23)

**AC** 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +5 natural)

**hp** 141 (12d8+84)

**Fort** +12; **Ref** +10; **Will** +10; +4 vs. bardic performance, language-dependent, and sonic

**Defensive Abilities** rejuvenation, channel resistance +4; **DR** 15/bludgeoning and magic; **Immune** cold, electricity, undead traits

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +2 longsword +12/+7 (1d8+3/19–20) or mwk whip +11 (1d3+1/nonlethal) or touch +10 (1d8+6 plus paralyzing touch)

**Special Attacks** paralyzing touch (DC 25), bardic performance 33 rounds/day (move action, countersong, dirge of doom, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence +4, inspire courage +3, inspire greatness, soothing performance, suggestion)

**Bard Spells Known** (CL 12th)

4th (4/day)—*dimension door*, *dominate person*\* (DC 23), *freedom of movement*, *modify memory*\* (DC 23)

3rd (6/day)—*charm monster*\* (DC 22), *dispel magic*, *lesser geas*\* (DC 22), *haste*

2nd (7/day)—*calm emotions*\* (DC 21), *enthrall*\* (DC 21), *hold person*\* (DC 21), *invisibility*, *mirror image*

1st (7/day)—*charm person*\* (DC 20), *disguise self*, *erase*, *expeditious retreat*, *hideous laughter*\* (DC 20), *undetected alignment*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 17), *mage hand*,

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

message, prestidigitation, summon instrument  
\*Enchantment spell

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**Str** 12, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** 16, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 24

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 21

**Feats** Ability Focus (paralyzing touch), Agile Maneuvers, Combat Expertise, Craft Wondrous Item, Greater Spell Focus (enchantment), Improved Trip, Spell Focus (enchantment)

**Skills** Bluff +19, Diplomacy +16, Knowledge (arcana) +18, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (local) +18, Knowledge (nature) +14, Knowledge (nobility) +16, Knowledge (planes) +14, Knowledge (religion) +14, Linguistics +8, Perception +20, Perform (act) +22, Perform (dance) +22, Perform (string) +22, Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +18, Stealth +22, Use Magic Device +22

**Languages** Common, Daemonic, Draconic, Elven, Infernal, Netheril

**SQ** bardic knowledge +6, jack-of-all-trades (use any skill), lore master 2/day, versatile performance (dance, act, string)

**Combat Gear** wand of inflict moderate wounds (23 charges); **Other Gear** mithral chain shirt, masterwork whip, +2 longsword, cloak of resistance +1, headband of alluring charisma +4, spell component pouch, 214 gp

# Licenscious Bile

## The Silent Chapel Strangulator

Licenscious Bile is the Silent Chapel Strangulator — an unstoppable and prolific serial killer who boldly takes his victims from every city district and every level of society. His signature is a kidnapping that is immediately discovered — often done in broad daylight. In the place of the victim is a 24-hour hour glass, its sand tumbling as time slips towards its inexorable end after which the victim is discovered dead — always missing his pinky fingers.

### Description

Licenscious Bile is an ugly, badly scared hobgoblin who uses his *hat of disguise* to appear as an unassuming tradesman, crafter, or low merchant. Bile stands 5'10" and weighs 180 lbs. with reddish-brown eyes and long black hair — though he prefers to appear with a heavier set, short brown hair and slightly unkempt attire. Bile has had his left and right pinky fingers removed but always has five fingers when wearing his *hat of disguise*.

### Tactics

Bile stalks his prey and prefers to strike in daylight in heavily trafficked areas. He will use his excellent skill at stealth in combination with *potions of invisibility* and *dust of tracelessness* to maneuver in and take his victims down with his sap. Once the victim is unconscious Bile will shrink them with a *potion of reduce person* before stuffing them in his *bag of holding* for transport to his lair. Bile uses *unguent of timelessness* to preserve the pinky fingers of his victims. If confronted and allowed to prepare Bile would prefer to retreat and take his enemies on his own terms, one at a time, hunting them in their own homes and inns. If forced to fight Bile uses his *bead of force* to separate his attackers into more manageable numbers before moving in with his poisoned *assassin's dagger*. He takes no prisoners and neither asks nor gives quarter.

### Using This Character

Bile has added to his dangerous legend by hunting down and killing all who have made an effort to find, capture, or otherwise unmask him. The players may be hired to rescue the latest victim or, perhaps more engagingly, Bile could capture an NPC that is known to the players with the 24-hour clock running. Once the players start on his trail it becomes a test of survival for both parties. Bile is not motivated by wealth or power — just a relentless need to take victims and survive. His lair is mobile and he moves after every kill: dank sewers, musty attics, abandoned buildings, old warehouses, rotting ships at anchor, empty crypts, and dungeons — any place where people are not likely to disturb him makes a suitable lair. Ideally the pursuit of Bile should provide characters the opportunity to creatively use their spells, abilities, skills and role playing over a number of encounters.

**LICENSIOUS BILE**  
**XP 38,400**

Male hobgoblin rogue 10/assassin 5 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Hobgoblin")  
CE Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

**Init** +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +17

**AC** 23, touch 16, flat-footed 23 (+6 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge,



+1 natural)

**hp** 116 (10d8+30 plus 5d8+15)

**Fort** +8; **Ref** +15 (+18 vs. traps); **Will** +5; +2 vs. poison

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, improved uncanny dodge, rogue talent (slippery mind), trap sense +3, uncanny dodge

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** assassin's dagger +13/+8 (1d4+3/19–20) or +1 sap +12/+7 (1d6+2/nonlethal)

**Special Attacks** death attack (DC 17), rogue talent (bleeding attack), sneak attack +8d6, true death (DC 20)

**Str** 12, **Dex** 20, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 27

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Critical Focus, Desperate Battler†, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Spring Attack, Stealthy

**Skills** Acrobatics +17, Appraise +10, Bluff +16, Climb +13, Disable Device +25, Disguise +14, Escape Artist +21, Knowledge (local) +9, Perception +17 (+22 locate traps), Sense Motive +9, Stealth +32, Survival +11, Swim +12

**Languages** Common, Draconic, Goblin

**SQ** hidden weapons +5, rogue talents (fast stealth, ledge walker, rogue crawl), poison use, trapfinding +5

**Combat Gear** bead of force, dust of tracelessness (2 application), elixir of vision, 3 oils of invisibility, 1 dose of dark reaver powder, 1 dose of giant wasp poison, 1 dose of nightmare vapor, potion of barkskin +3, potion of cure serious wounds, potion of fly, potion of haste, 2 potion of reduce person, potion of water breathing; **Other Gear** +3 studded leather, amulet of natural armor +1, assassin's dagger, +1 sap, bag of holding type 1, cloak of elvenkind, hat of disguise, necklace of strangulation, unguent of timelessness, backpack, belt pouch, candle, crowbar, grappling hook, hourglass (24 hour), masterwork manacles, 50-ft. silk rope, masterwork thieves' tools

† *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*



# Green Gaston

## Walking Dream

When young Timmis sleeps he dreams of a strange, fun-loving green man with a wide smile and a twinkle in his eye. At first, he used to tell others about this man, but teasing from his friends and punishments from his parents soon taught him to keep the stories to himself. Though Timmis doesn't know it, this man is real. For Timmis has a destiny, to become one of the greatest summoners who ever lived and even now, as a child, a vestige of his power has created a powerful, free-willed eidolon with a zest for life who goes by the name Green Gaston.

The most celebrated and flamboyant rake in town, Green Gaston has already built up quite a reputation as the life of the party. He deliberately cultivates a certain amount of mystery and exploits his tendency to disappear when Timmis wakes to his best advantage. However, he does not realize that Timmis dreams everything he does. If he ever discovered that troubling fact he would immediately curtail some of his more risqué activities.

Green Gaston understands he exists because Timmis has not yet learned how to control his magic. This gives a certain poignancy to his nightly revels since he knows he only has so much time before his liberty is usurped. In a few years, once Timmis grows a little older, he expects to lose a lot of his freedom and abilities, becoming a more conventional eidolon. Until then he focuses on parties, card games, bar brawls, and every other way he can think to squeeze as much joy as possible out of his brief time of reprieve.

## Description

Green Gaston has emerald skin and dresses like a dandy. He always has elegant clothing and a full purse. People realize he is not human but most think him some strange and rare humanoid rather than a construct. He eats, drinks, and takes every other pleasure of a living being. Green Gaston loves attention and never stops holding court with stories and gossip.

## Tactics

When provoked, Green Gaston lashes out with his elegant walking stick or buffets people with his ornate hat. They deal the same damage as his claw attacks and he can use them interchangeably. Green Gaston considers himself a cut above most people and always keeps his audience in mind when in battle. He uses combat maneuvers and witty banter as often as straight attacks. Since he reappears fully healed each time Timmis goes to sleep, Green Gaston never backs down. He has nothing to lose unless someone manages to figure out his secret and goes after Timmis.

## Using This Character

This charming rake just wants to have a good time. Anyone out for a night on the town could run into him. Though generally friendly, he thinks nothing of fleecing people at the card table or humiliating them with a well-placed barb. Characters who get on his good side however should have the night of their lives.

**GREEN GASTON**  
**XP 51,200**

**CR 15**

Male free-willed eidolon (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Summoner")

CG Medium outsider (extraplanar)

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; **Perception** +17

**AC** 38, touch 15, flat-footed 33 (+7 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +16 natural)



**hp** 142 (15d10+60); fast healing 2  
**Fort** +13; **Ref** +10; **Will** +8; +4 vs. enchantments  
**Defensive Abilities** evasion; **DR** 10/evil; **Immune** fire; **Resist** sonic 15; **SR** 30

**Speed** 30 ft.  
**Melee** 2 +2 claws +25 (1d8+9)  
**Space** 5 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Str** 24, **Dex** 21, **Con** 18, **Int** 15, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 38

**Feats** Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Dirty Trick, Improved Natural Attack, Improved Trip, Lunge, Weapon Focus (claws)

**Skills** Appraise +7, Bluff +21, Diplomacy +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (local) +20, Perception +17, Perform (oratory) +21, Profession (gambler) +17, Sense Motive +17, Stealth +22

**Languages** Common, Elven

**SQ** armored eidolon, dream born, evolutions (ability increase [Con], ability increase [Int] x2, claws, damage reduction, fast healing, immunity [fire], improved damage [claws], limbs [arms], limbs [legs], reach, resistance [sonic], scent, spell resistance)

**Gear** +3 glamored chain shirt, amulet of mighty fists +2, ring of water walking

**Armored Eidolon (Ex):** As a free-willed eidolon, Green Gaston can wear light or medium armor.

**Dream Born (Ex):** Though free-willed, Green Gaston has a permanent connection with Timmis. He only exists while Timmis sleeps and recovers from all injuries, debilities, and even death each time he appears.

# Oroth

## Crimelord

Oroth had been a spy for the city's authorities, and he was very good in his job to root out criminals in the city's sewers. During one mission, however, he got separated from his fellow agents by rapidly rising flood waters and found himself awash in a rarely visited part of the sewers. A once-in-a-century high tide was raging outside and his colleagues didn't even bother to follow and rescue him. Their eyes met as Oroth was swept away, and he immediately knew that his friends had already given him up for lost, too scared to follow him into the most dangerous and shunned part of the sewers.

When the waters receded, Oroth was lost in darkness. It took some time as his eyes got used to the shadows — but he knew immediately that he was not alone. He heard heavy breathing followed by a splashing, and the next thing he knew something huge attacked him. During the ensuing fight, the unseen adversary brutally bit Oroth's head, leaving him with a vicious wound which nearly killed him and caused him to lose consciousness.

Oroth still doesn't know how much time passed after that battle until he found himself waking up in a huge underground chamber, with no memory of how he came to be here. His wound seemed remarkably mended, and when he stood up and looked around he realized that he was in a natural cavern. He surmised he must be somewhere near the city's sewers from the rivulets of sewage draining into the cave from a dozen different holes in the walls. When he finally managed to find an exit, it was night outside, and the full moon showed itself prominently in the sky. He had no time to enjoy his escape from the gloomy cavern, because as soon as he saw the moon he began a transformation into something terrible. Oroth had been touched by the taint of lycanthropy and remains a wererocodile to this day.

Oroth's focus is on finding the reptile which made him what he is and after that exacting revenge upon his former colleagues. His advantage is that they think he's dead. In order to plan his revenge and find the wererocodile in the sewers of the city, he has managed to build a small network of thieves, spies, and informants, which he leads by sheer, brutal force. His underlings are afraid of him, but lead a good life under his leadership as they benefit from the profits of his kills.

## Description

Oroth is fat. His long black shaggy hair is greasy, and his fingernails are normally dirty. The right half of his head is hairless and bears a huge scar from behind his ear to the corner of his mouth. In wererocodile form, his skin becomes scaly and his snout elongated. His pupils become slits, and his whole frame becomes hunchbacked.

## Tactics

Prior combat Oroth tries to enrage his opponents with insults, but as soon as combat starts he's very focused and only hisses, spits and snarls at his enemies. He likes to fight against more than one opponent and usually attacks wizards first (to get done with them), before moving on to fighter types afterward. Despite his huge, almost bloated body, he is fast in combat and knows how to use this to his advantage. He especially likes to belly smash his opponents while attacking them with his weapons. Before combat he casts *long trid r* and *lead b ad s* if time permits. If Oroth ever spots one of his former colleagues, he will attack immediately ignoring all other opponents in his quest for vengeance.



## New Simple Template: Corpulent Creature (CR plus 1)

Creatures with the corpulent creature template are exceptionally overweight due to gorging on food over a long period of time. This simple template can be applied to any living corporeal creature.

**Rebuild Rules:** AC increase natural armor by +1; **Saves** +4 Fortitude vs. poisons; **Defensive Abilities** gain DR 5/piercing or slashing; **Speed** –5 ft. to all forms (to a minimum of 10 ft.); **Ability Scores** –2 Dex

## New Feat: Belly Smash

In the right moment, you can use your belly to send opponents flying.

**Prerequisites:** Corpulent creature, base attack bonus +6

**Benefit:** You may make a belly smash attack as a secondary natural attack. This attack deals 1d6 points of nonlethal damage for Medium creatures, 1d8 for Large creatures.

If you successfully hit an opponent with your belly smash you may immediately make a free bull rush attempt that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. Substitute your attack roll for the Combat Maneuver Check. Opponents who cannot move back due to a wall or other surface are knocked prone after moving the maximum possible distance. You may choose to move with your target if you are able to take a 5-foot step or to spend an action to move this turn.

## Using This Character

Oroth can be behind a lot of things the PCs are investigating: missing persons who were abducted and dragged into the sewers, a merchant who doesn't want to pay protection money anymore, or even the mysterious slaughtered remains of former members of the city watch left near sewer openings. The PCs even might join Oroth for a special mission, if they need to sneak into the king's palace, because he still knows the layout of the place where he used to work in better times. Oroth could also happen to be in possession of an item the PCs need, or the PCs happen to possess an item or information in which Oroth has interest (such as the whereabouts of a certain were-reptile in the sewers). All in all Oroth has become a huge threat to the local stability. He blackmails officials (whose secrets he knows from his former work) and leads his guild with a harsh hand, not hesitating to kill underlings or allies if they fail in a task.

### OROTH XP 76,800

Male corpulent human afflicted werecrocodile ranger 15  
(*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Lycanthrope")  
CN Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)  
**Init** +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +22

**AC** 20, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 natural, +1 shield)  
**hp** 117 (15d10+30)  
**Fort** +11; **Ref** +10; **Will** +7; +4 vs. poison  
**Defensive Abilities** evasion

**Spd** 25 ft.

**Melee** +2 menacing alchemical silver bastard sword +21/+16/+11 (1d10+7/19–20), +1 light mace +21/+16/+11 (1d6+4), belly smash +16 (1d6+3/nonlethal)  
**Special Attacks** favored enemy (humans +8, reptilian humanoids +6, monstrous humanoids +4, elves +2)  
**Spells Known** (CL 12th)  
4th—*aspect of the wolf*<sup>†</sup> (DC 16)  
3rd—*bloody claws* (DC 15), *instant enemy*<sup>†</sup>  
2nd—*badger's ferocity*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 14), *barkskin*, *bloodhound*<sup>†</sup> (DC 14), *perceive cues*<sup>†</sup> (DC 14)  
1st—*entangle* (DC 13), *keen senses*<sup>†</sup> (DC 13), *lead blades*<sup>†</sup> (DC 13), *longstrider*  
<sup>†</sup> *Advanced Player's Guide*  
<sup>‡</sup> *Ultimate Magic*

**Str** 22, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6  
**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +21; **CMD** 33

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Belly Smash, Blind-Fight, Catch Off-Guard, Deceitful, Double Slice<sup>B</sup>, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Greater Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Improved Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Two-Weapon Rend, Weapon Focus (light mace)  
**Skills** Acrobatics +3, Appraise +11, Bluff +13, Diplomacy +5, Disable Device +10, Escape Artist +12, Intimidate +14, Perception +22, Sense Motive +19, Stealth +13, Survival +13 (+20 tracking), Swim +24

**Languages** Common

**SQ** camouflage, change shape (human, hybrid, and crocodile; *polymorph*), favored terrain (underground +6, urban +4, plains +2), hunter's bond (companions), quarry, swift tracker, wild empathy +13, woodland stride

**Combat Gear** *potion of fox's cunning*, 2 *potion of protection from good*, *potion of resist fire 10*, *potion of lesser restoration*, 4 silversheens; **Other Gear** +1 mithral chain shirt, +3 menacing alchemical silver bastard sword, +1 light mace, belt of giant strength +4, masterwork thieves' tools

### OROTH (HYBRID FORM)

Male corpulent human afflicted werecrocodile ranger 15  
(*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Lycanthrope")  
CN Large humanoid (human, shapechanger)  
**Init** +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +22

**AC** 25, touch 11, flat-footed 24 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +7 natural, +1 shield, –1 size)

**hp** 147 (15d10+60)

**Fort** +13; **Ref** +10; **Will** +7; +4 vs. poison

**Defensive Abilities** evasion; **DR** 5/silver and 5/piercing or slashing

**Spd** 25 ft.; sprint

**Melee** +2 menacing alchemical silver bastard sword +21/+16/+11 (1d10+8/19–20), +1 light mace +21/+16/+11 (1d6+4), bite +16 (1d8+3 plus grab), belly smash +16 (1d8+3), tail slap +16 (1d8+3)

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

**Special Attacks** death roll (3d6+10 plus trip), favored enemy (humans +8, reptilian humanoids +6, monstrous humanoids +4, elves +2)

**Ranger Spells Known** (CL 12th)

4th—*aspect of the wolf*<sup>†</sup> (DC 16)

3rd—*bloody claws* (DC 15), *instant enemy*<sup>†</sup>

2nd—*badger's ferocity*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 14), *barkskin*, *bloodhound*<sup>†</sup> (DC 14), *perceive cues*<sup>†</sup> (DC 14)

1st—*entangle* (DC 13), *keen senses*<sup>†</sup> (DC 13), *lead blades*<sup>†</sup> (DC 13), *longstrider*

<sup>†</sup> *Advanced Player's Guide*

<sup>‡</sup> *Ultimate Magic*

**Str** 24, **Dex** 13, **Con** 18, **Int** 10, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +23 (+27 grapple); **CMD** 35

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Belly Smash, Blind-Fight, Catch Off-Guard, Deceitful, Double Slice<sup>B</sup>, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Greater Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Improved Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Two-weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Two-weapon Rend, Weapon Focus (light mace)

**Skills** Acrobatics +3, Appraise +11, Bluff +13, Diplomacy +5, Disable Device +10, Escape Artist +12, Intimidate +14, Perception +22, Sense Motive +19, Stealth +9 (+17 in water), Survival +13 (+20 tracking), Swim +24

**Languages** Common

**SQ** camouflage, change shape (human, hybrid, and crocodile; *polymorph*), favored terrain (underground +6, urban +4, plains +2), hold breath, hunter's bond (companions), lycanthropic empathy (crocodiles and dire crocodiles), quarry, swift tracker, wild empathy +13, woodland stride

**Combat Gear** *potion of fox's cunning*, 2 *potion of protection from good*, *potion of resist fire 10*, *potion of lesser restoration*, 4 silversheens; **Other Gear** +1 mithral chain shirt, +3 menacing alchemical silver bastard sword, +1 light mace, belt of giant strength +4, masterwork thieves' tools

# Claviger

## Planar-City Guide

Cities are by nature disorienting to first-time visitors, and none more so than the largest city in the Multiverse, the City of Brass. From the rowdy entertainment district to the bazaar of the bizarre, from the towering heights of the Sultan's Palace to the lowest slums of the fiendish quarter, even the most cosmopolitan mortal is a wide-eyed yokel in this shining brass beacon of the Elemental Planes. A visitor to the largest city is thus well-advised to find a trustworthy guide, and none is more dependable than the linkboy Claviger.

Claviger knows the city like the back of his hand: the people, the places, and the politics of its efreeti masters. As a linkboy, there are few areas of the city in which he is unwelcome. Wherever his clients need to be, he knows how to get them there. Often he knows where they need to be before they do. Claviger is also a social chameleon, able to blend in among individuals of all social classes and many unusual races. Indeed there seems to be no language he cannot speak. As a result, Claviger knows a surprising variety of people from local gossips to powerful spellcasters, minor officials to inhuman criminals.

While a previous client or informed traveler might seek out Claviger specifically, the linkboy often chooses his clients rather than the other way around. Claviger has the uncanny ability to find people in need of his services, often mortal adventurers in over their heads. With his knowledge of the city and the populace and efreet in general, Claviger is able to set such individuals on their intended path (as intended by the gods, not necessarily the traveler).

Though most of his clients know Claviger as a humble linkboy, he is in fact an astral deva—a stalwart angel in the battle against the evil that subtly, and not so subtly, pervades this most cosmopolitan of planar cities. Despite appearances, Claviger is not young in any normal sense of the word, though he often acts in a childlike manner. Astral devas are charged with protecting planar travelers. While many lead souls across the Astral Sea, or patrol the borders between the outer planes, Claviger's chosen pasture is the focal point where the commerce of the Multiverse comes together. Where better to find lost souls than the metropolis to which all cosmic roads lead? If Claviger can keep a party of mortal heroes from dying in a back alley before their quest even begins, he has struck a mighty blow for forces of good.

## Description

Claviger looks like a preteen boy — he uses shape change to disguise his black feathery wings when he does not need to fly. A brass ring — reminiscent of a painter's idea of a halo—rests upon his head. Claviger's clothing is a mismatched collection of secondhand finery. The articles look to have once been high-quality, but are now patched and threadbare. He wears a single fingerless glove on his right hand and carries a pole with a hooded lantern secured atop it.

Claviger appears unarmed — he keeps his hammer in his *glove of storing* and his bow and arrows in his *efficient quiver* which is slung under his jacket. His *lantern of revealing* also fits into the magic quiver when not in use. Claviger uses *magic aura* regularly, so none of his visible equipment appears magical at a glance. If someone studies Claviger with *detect good*, however, the angel projects an overwhelming aura.

## Tactics

Claviger prefers to resolve conflicts with diplomacy. Though he practices a philosophy of nonaggression, avoiding combat also allows him to maintain his harmless facade. Claviger is not above lying if it serves a good cause and he knows just what to say to get a belligerent fiend to back



down. If words fail, a successful *dispel evil*, *holy word*, or *plane shift* gives the agitator time to think about his actions.

That said, Claviger is not averse to combat if it is unavoidable. His childlike appearance belies his angelic power. Claviger favors melee combat in which he wields a magic warhammer — the weapon commonly associated with astral devas. Though sized for his smaller stature, it packs no less of a wallop. If fighting alongside others, Claviger uses his stealth and maneuverability to move into a flanking position. If ranged combat is necessary, he carries a recurved bow which has a pull far beyond the strength of most mortal archers. However, the astral deva has harsh words for anyone who mistakes him for a servant of the gods of love.

Claviger is mindful of others in combat, and may break from melee to use restorative magic on an ally in need. He's especially likely to do so after a successful stunning attack, so as not to trigger an attack of opportunity. If there are innocent bystanders, he erects a *barrier* to shield them from the fray.

## Using This Character

Though he has a high CR, Claviger can serve as a guide for parties of any level who find themselves in the City of Brass. Claviger's mission is not just to protect non-evil adventurers but to help them flourish, and he knows they cannot do so if he solves their problems for them. Instead, he uses his skills to get the PCs where the gods (read: GM) need them to be. Claviger's role in the campaign is to get the PCs out of trouble... and then lead them into more interesting trouble. If played properly, the PCs could pass through many levels before they discover that Claviger is more than just a simple (if well-connected) linkboy. If the PCs question why the angel doesn't take a more active role, he reminds them that there are many more lost souls in the city in need of guidance.

If a situation threatens the city as a whole, however, Claviger is more than willing to use the full scope of his abilities to protect its citizens. If the PCs discover such a plot, he may reveal his true nature to them (if he hasn't already) and offer his help. Alternately, the astral deva might serve as the hook for this type of adventure, calling the PC back to defend the city already under siege. In this way, Claviger can become a temporary companion to high-level characters.

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

### CLAVIGER XP 102,400

CR 17

Male young astral deva rogue 8 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Angel, Astral Deva," "Young")

NG Small outsider (angel, extraplanar, good)

**Init** +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +35

**Aura** protective aura

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**AC** 32, touch 19, flat-footed 32 (+7 Dex, +1 dodge, +13 natural, +1 size); +4 deflection vs. evil

**hp** 267 (15d10+75 plus 8d8+40 plus 31)

**Fort** +18; **Ref** +22 (+24 vs. traps); **Will** +14; +4 vs. poison, +4 resistance vs. evil

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; **DR** 10/evil; **Immune** acid, cold, petrification; **Resist** electricity 10, fire 10; **SR** 28

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**Speed** 50 ft., fly 100 ft. (good)

**Melee** +2 *disruption warhammer* +32/+27/+22/+17 (1d6+12/x3 plus stun) or *slam* +29 (1d6+10)

**Ranged** +1 *composite shortbow* +30/+25/+20/+15 (1d4+8/x3)

**Special Attacks** rogue talents (major magic, minor magic), sneak attack +4d6, stun (DC 26)

**Deva Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th)

At will—*aid*, *continual flame*, *detect evil*, *discern lies* (DC 23), *dispel evil* (DC 24), *dispel magic*, *holy aura* (DC 27), *holy smite* (DC 23), *holy word* (DC 26), *invisibility* (self only), *plane shift* (DC 26), *remove curse*, *remove disease*, *remove fear*  
7/day—*cure light wounds*, see *invisibility*

1/day—*blade barrier* (DC 25), *heal*

**Rogue Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 8th)

3/day—*detect magic*

2/day—*magic aura* (DC 16)

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**Str** 24, **Dex** 24, **Con** 21, **Int** 20, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 28

**Base Atk** +21; **CMB** +27; **CMD** 45

**Feats** Ability Focus (stun), Alertness, Cleave, Deadly Aim, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Mobility, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (warhammer)

**Skills** Acrobatics +33 (+41 jump), Bluff +35, Diplomacy +35, Disable Device +37, Fly +32, Intimidate +35, Knowledge (local) +31, Knowledge (planes) +31, Knowledge (religion) +28, Perception +35 (+39 locate traps), Sense Motive +35, Stealth +37

**Languages** Abyssal, Celestial, Draconic, Infernal; truespeech

**SQ** change shape (*alter self*), rogue talents (fast stealth, ledge walker), trapfinding

**Combat Gear** *evil outsider slaying arrow*; **Other Gear** +1 *composite shortbow* (Str +7), 50 masterwork arrows, +2 *disruption warhammer*, *efficient quiver*, *glove of storing*, *headband of inspired wisdom* +4, *lantern of revealing*

# Master Ooglaw

## The Hidden Sensei

Raised in the slums, Ooglaw learned the value of hard work, honesty, and kindness while a youth. Unfortunately, he also learned that far too many judge by appearance. *They look like monsters, goes the thinking, so they must be.* And so his pack kept to themselves, away from society so as to avoid spreading fear. They had little more than each other, yet Ooglaw's memories of his childhood are full of fondness.

During the summer of his 15th birthday, as is his pack's tradition, Ooglaw set off with three other packmates to perform their coming-of-age rituals. Upon returning to the slums, they were shocked to find their pack obliterated by those who judge by appearance. Distraught, the four comrades hurried off, lest they suffer the same fate.

Shocked, dismayed, and angry, the four mongrelmen hid in the nearby swamp and discussed what to do. Ooglaw, even at this decidedly young age, showed a deep inner strength and conviction, arguing that the best thing to do is let it be. His packmates, however, were unswayed by his pleas; they argued that the four should seek revenge against whoever had wiped out the pack. Despite his fear and his deep anger, Ooglaw could not bring himself to such violence. He and his friends parted ways, and that was the last Ooglaw saw them.

Alone with his thoughts, Ooglaw found the strength to forgive, despite nobody asking for his forgiveness, and with that came inner peace. He kept to himself, living the ascetic life of a hermit. The swamp became his home for near on thirty years. By that time, Ooglaw had developed quite a following, and he reluctantly moved back to the city. Determined to avoid the conflicts from the past caused by his appearance, Ooglaw remains hidden, working through layers of intermediaries to accomplish what he cannot do in person. From hiding, he trains his followers in the ways of self-defense, always preaching peaceful resolutions to problems whenever possible. His tragic past serves to reinforce these lessons, and those who follow him are deeply committed to protecting him from the outside world.

## Description

Put simply, Master Ooglaw is ugly. What little hair he has is pure white, with large patches missing. A bizarre amalgam of scales and chitin covers his body. His face looks oddly orc-like, with tremendous tusks protruding from his upper jaw, giving him a huge overbite. His back slightly arched—whether from age or nature is unknown—Master Ooglaw sports rippling muscles on his legs and sinewy arms that are clearly too long for his frame. Despite his hideous appearance, Master Ooglaw is kind-hearted, almost to a fault.

## Tactics

Master Ooglaw never deals lethal damage to living targets. He uses a Stunning Fist attempt on his first attack every round; against foes who succeed on their saving throw, he attempts to disarm them with his second attack. Otherwise, he simply pummels foes into submission, showing surprising grace and speed for his age. Against exceptionally tough foes, Master Ooglaw abandons his full attack and takes advantage of his great speed and Spring Attack feat—leaping in, striking once, and bounding away before his foe can react.

## Using This Character

Ooglaw makes an interesting mentor for a monk character. Given his hidden nature, GMs should, of course, make an adventure out of finding him—starting with whispered rumors of his existence early in the character's career. Ooglaw could also serve the role of spiritual adviser to characters, if that fits better. Once players find Ooglaw, his wizened old age allows the GM to use him to dispense any sort of wisdom the characters need to hear.



### MASTER OOGLAW

CR 18

XP 153,600

Male old mongrelman monk 18 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2*, "Mongrelman")

LG Medium monstrous humanoid

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +32**AC** 32, touch 29, flat-footed 28 (+2 deflection, +3 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 monk, +3 natural, +8 Wis)**hp** 159 (2d10+4 plus 18d8+36 plus 18)**Fort** +15; **Ref** +19; **Will** +24; +2 vs. enchantment**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion; **Immune** disease, mind shielding, poison; **SR** 28**Speed** 90 ft.**Melee** +1 *slam* +19 (1d4+2) or +1 *unarmed strike* +20/+15/+10 (2d10+2/19–20)**Special Attacks** flurry of blows, quivering palm 1/day (DC 27), stunning fist 18/day (DC 27)**Str** 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 26, **Cha** 12**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 45**Feats** Agile Maneuvers, Combat Reflexes<sup>B</sup>, Deflect Arrows<sup>B</sup>, Dodge, Extra Ki, Gorgon's Fist<sup>B</sup>, Improved Critical (unarmed strike), Improved Disarm<sup>B</sup>, Improved Trip<sup>B</sup>, Improved Unarmed Strike<sup>B</sup>, Mobility, Scorpion Style<sup>B</sup>, Skill Focus (Perception), Skill Focus (Stealth), Spring Attack, Stunning Fist<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (unarmed strike)**Skills** Acrobatics +21 (+63 jump), Bluff +6, Diplomacy +6, Knowledge (religion) +13, Perception +32, Sense Motive +31, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +26**Languages** Common, Undercommon, Tongue of the Sun and Moon**SQ** abundant step, diamond body, diamond soul, fast movement, high jump, *ki* pool (19 points, adamantite, lawful, magic), maneuver training, purity of body, still mind, slow fall 90 ft., sound mimicry (voices), timeless body, wholeness of body**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of haste*; **Other Gear** *ring of protection* +2, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *cloak of resistance* +2, *headband of inspired wisdom* +6, *monk's robe*, *amulet of mighty ghost touch fists* +1, *belt of incredible dexterity* +2, *ring of mind shielding*

# Garius

## Hell's Auditor

By design, the bureaucracy of Hell has layer upon layer of byzantine rules and regulations. Even most devils sometimes have trouble dotting every "i" and crossing every "t." The dukes who rule Hell use this to their advantage by creating a cadre of special auditors charged with investigating (and harassing) lesser devils. The fear of these inspections keeps underlings focused on their work instead of scheming for advancement.

Garius, one of the most powerful of these auditors, has special authority over devils and their interactions with mortals. Though he spends a significant amount of time poring over the fine print of diabolic contracts and other sorts of pacts, his job also requires frequent contact with mortals. He demands the same level of cooperation with the esser beings as he does with fiends. Anyone who refuses to comply with his investigations risks what Garius ambiguously calls "sanctions."

Garius has gotten used to his special status as an auditor. He expects compliance and has little patience for opposition or even negotiation. Merciless, self-righteous, and obsessively focused on even the smallest detail, he takes his position seriously and never, ever, sways from his duty. He thinks nothing of taking whatever steps he must in order to complete an audit and has a particular fondness for using hostages to ensure submission.

## Description

Garius is a bone devil who proudly wears his auditor's seal on a circlet around his emaciated, skull-like head. Depending on the light he appears to either have an exoskeleton or simply thin flesh pulled too tightly over his prominent bones. His withered wings and prominent stinger tail give him an insectoid appearance.

## Tactics

Though Garius relishes combat and spreading pain, he never lets this interfere with his duties. When forced into battle he takes a few rounds to soften up his opponents and then isolates them so he can make melee attacks on one target at a time. He usually starts by taking to the air and making attacks with his poisonous sting. He relies on his many defenses to keep him safe while making these Flyby Attacks. Once his opponents start to feel the effects of the poison, he uses magic like *wall of fire* and *bl d monster* to separate them before moving into melee. He always attacks while invisible if possible and also uses *d vine power* and other enhancements to make himself even more formidable.

## Using This Character

Garius has plenipotentiary authority to investigate any devil (short of a pit fiend) in its interaction with mortals. This includes not just any sort of deal or pact but also actual combat. He usually insists on personal interviews and always has lots and lots of forms and other sorts of paperwork he expects people to fill out. Characters who comply with his investigation usually have nothing more to worry about other than a few frustrating hours of pointed questions and red tape. As Garius explains, he simply makes recommendations; other devils act on them.



**GARIUS**  
XP 204,800

CR 19

Male bone devil inquisitor 10 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Devil, Bone Devil," *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*, "Inquisitor")  
LE Large outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)  
**Init** +16; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., detect alignment, see in darkness; **Perception** +32  
**Aura** fear aura (5 ft., DC 18, 1d6 rounds)

**AC** 37, touch 17, flat-footed 31 (+9 armor, +2 deflection, +6 Dex, +11 natural, -1 size)  
**hp** 243 (10d10+70 plus 10d8+70)  
**Fort** +24; **Ref** +22; **Will** +20  
**DR** 10/good; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10;  
**SR** 20

**Speed** 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)  
**Melee** bite +26 (1d8+10), 2 claws +26 (1d6+10), sting +26 (3d4+10 plus poison)  
**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.  
**Special Attacks** *bane* 10 rounds/day, *discern lies* 10 rounds/day, judgments 4/day (usually chooses *destruction* [+4 damage] and *justice* [+3 attack bonus, +6 when confirming critical hits]), *Poison* (DC 22), second judgment, solo tactics  
**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th)  
Constant—fly  
At will—*dimensional anchor*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *invisibility* (self only), *major image* (DC 16), *wall of ice*  
3/day—quicken *invisibility* (self only)  
1/day—*summon* (level 4, 1 bone devil, 35%)  
**Trickery Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 10th)  
At will—*master's illusion* (10 rounds/day, DC 26)  
8/day—*copycat*  
**Inquisitor Spells Known** (CL 10th)  
4th (2/day)—*freedom of movement*, *hold monster* (DC 19)

## CHAPTER 1: TOWN

3rd (4/day)—*blood biography*<sup>†</sup>, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *spek with dead*  
2nd (6/day)—*aid*, *detect thoughts*, *hold person* (DC 17), *silence* (DC 17), *spiritual weapon*  
1st (7/day)—*command* (DC 16), *divine favor*, *expeditious retreat*, *sanctuary* (DC 16), *true strike*  
0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *brand*<sup>†</sup>, *create water*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *sift*<sup>†</sup>

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**Str** 23, **Dex** 24, **Con** 24, **Int** 16, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +17; **CMB** +24; **CMD** 43

**Feats** Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Outflank<sup>B†</sup>, Paired Opportunist<sup>B†</sup>, Precise Strike<sup>B†</sup>, Power Attack, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*invisibility*), Stunning Assault<sup>†</sup>

**Skills** Bluff +16, Diplomacy +26, Fly +32, Intimidate +31, Knowledge (planes) +26 (+32 monster lore), Knowledge (religion) +16 (+21 monster lore), Perception +32, Sense Motive +37, Spellcraft +26, Stealth +26, Survival +18 (+23 tracking)

**Languages** Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

**SQ** cunning initiative, monster lore, stern gaze, track

**Other Gear** +5 *mithral chain shirt*, *ring of protection* +2, *amulet of mighty fists* +4, *cloak of resistance* +3

<sup>†</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

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**Poison (Ex):** Sting—injury; save Fort DC 22; frequency 1/round for 6 rounds; effect 1d3 Str damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.



# Carissa Saboclaire

## Corrupter of Capitals

Boredom—the weight of immortality—kills as many vampires as sunlight. It makes them take unnecessary risks just to lift, even if only for a moment, the jaded feeling that eventually overwhelms even their lust for blood. Truly ancient vampires must find “hobbies” for lack of a better word—long-term projects that keep them engaged during the countless centuries of their existence.

Carissa Saboclaire passes the time by destroying nations from the inside out. She teaches ruling classes to forsake their duties in favor of luxury, decadence, and vice. Though it takes her generations, she eventually leaves a land hollow, ripe for collapse or conquest. While perfectly willing to employ magic to win entry into aristocratic circles Carissa considers temptation her true art and never uses mind control to corrupt a target—they must always sink into depravity of their own choice. All she does is manipulate the situation, and then gives them the opportunity to succumb.

Carissa has a gift for matching people to their sin. Sometimes, in those rare moments when she lets her guard down—usually only once or twice in a generation—she describes this talent as, “scenting the shadow in their blood.” Whether addiction, greed, lust for glory, delight in pain, or something more exotic, Carissa turns good people into scoundrels and villains into monsters.

## Description

Carissa has the ripe beauty of a woman in her prime rather than that of an innocent maiden with arching eyebrows, raven tresses, and prominent cheekbones showing just a hint of color. She uses makeup and carefully selected clothing to help maintain her striking looks. Since she tends to spend most of her time debauching men in their middle years, the fact that she looks more like a second, younger wife than a daughter actually helps put them at ease. She only displays her fangs when enraged or about to feed on a victim already firmly under her control.

## Tactics

Carissa plays her role as a well-connected member of the ruling class to the hilt. She uses proxies and social power to bring down opponents. People who attack her end up in prison or on a gallows. It should take a lot of time, energy, and cunning to put her in a situation where she must actually fight instead of simply fleeing to a safe location and unleashing hordes of assassins and lawyers to take her revenge.

## Using This Character

Carissa cultivates every imaginable vice. However, she always keeps layers of minions between herself and the sleazy organizations she creates to feed these sins. Characters who cause enough trouble for any sort of illicit trade could eventually attract her notice.



CARISSA SABOCLAIRE

CR 20

XP 307,200

Female human vampire sorcerer 19 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, “Vampire”)

NE Medium undead (augmented humanoid)

**Init** +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +12

**AC** 31, touch 17, flat-footed 27 (+8 armor, +3 Deflection, +3 Dex, +1 Dodge, +6 natural)

**hp** 278 (19d6+190 plus 19); fast healing 5

**Fort** +16; **Ref** +11; **Will** +13

**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +4, **DR** 10/magic and silver; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** cold 10, electricity 10

**Weaknesses** vampire weaknesses

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** slam +12 (1d4+4 plus energy drain)

**Special Attacks** blood drain, children of the night, create spawn, dominate (DC 31), energy drain (2 levels, DC 29)

**Bloodline Spell-like abilities** (CL 19th)

1/day—*eye of Sumnus* (DC 25) (arcane eye that becomes symbol of sleep if made visible)

2/day—*dreamshaper* (DC 29) (modify memory or speak with dead)

13/day—*lullaby* (DC 20) (1 minute, no concentration, –4 save penalty vs. sleep effects)

**Spells Known** (CL 19th)

9th (5/day)—*astral projection*, *shapechange*, *time stop*

8th (7/day)—*demand* (DC 28), *moment of prescience*, *polar ray*, *sympathy* (DC 28)

7th (7/day)—*deflection*†, *limited wish*, *simulacrum*, *vision*

6th (8/day)—*disintegrate* (DC 26), *permanent image* (DC 26), *shadow walk*, *summon monster VI*

5th (8/day)—*cloudkill* (DC 25), *dream*, *hold monster* (DC 25), *telekinesis* (DC 25)

4th (8/day)—*dimension door*, *divination*, *fear* (DC 24), *greater invisibility*, *screaming*

## CHAPTER 1: TOWN

3rd (8/day)—*blood biography*<sup>†</sup> (DC 23), *deep slumber* (DC 23), *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt* (DC 23), *suggestion* (DC 23)

2nd (9/day)—*augury*, *darkness*, *detect thoughts* (DC 22), *mirror image*, *scorching ray*, *touch of idiocy*

1st (9/day)—*alarm*, *expeditious retreat*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *sleep* (DC 21), *unseen servant*

0 (at will)—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *ghost sound* (DC 20), *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

**Bloodline** Dreamspun<sup>†</sup>

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**Str** 16, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 16, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 31

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 29

**Feats** Ability Focus (dominate), Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Arcane Shield, Arcane Strike, Combat Casting, Combat Expertise<sup>B</sup>, Combat Reflexes<sup>B</sup>, Deceitful<sup>B</sup>, Dodge<sup>B</sup>, Eschew Materials<sup>B</sup>, Extend Spell, Greater Spell Penetration, Improved Dirty Trick<sup>†</sup>, Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Lightning Reflexes<sup>B</sup>, Persuasive<sup>B</sup>, Quicken Spell, Skill Focus (Disguise), Skill Focus (Sense Motive)<sup>B</sup>, Spell Penetration, Toughness<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Bluff +44, Diplomacy +33, Disguise +39 (+48 when using *hat of disguise*), Intimidate +36, Knowledge (arcana) +25, Perception +12, Sense Motive +42, Spellcraft +25, Stealth +11

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Elven

**SQ** change shape (dire bat or wolf, *beast shape II*), gaseous form, shadowless, spider climb

**Gear** *bracers of armor* +8, *ring of protection* +3, *hat of disguise*, *headband of alluring Charisma* +6, *ring of blinking*, 6,000 gp in diamond dust (material component for casting 4 *limited wish* spells)

<sup>†</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

# Chapter 2: Travel

*How often as GMs do we rush through the travel from the town to the dungeon? "You ride for a few days and arrive at the cave opening your contact told you about." Maybe we roll a random encounter with some grizzly bears, but otherwise we rush through the travel. But what if the travel itself became an adventure? "Random" encounters on the road don't have to be boring fights with angry, rabid grizzly bears. They can have just as much depth as any battles in the dungeon. Presented in this chapter are 20 PCs designed to spice up the journey, to give a little flare to those typically boring wagon rides.*

# Gillarn “The Warped” Casker

## Penitent Pilgrim

“Don’t bother asking Gil the Lazy. He’ll never get it done.”

Gillarn grew up with the nickname Gil the Lazy, but he didn’t mind. When called lazy to his face, he would grin and say, “That’s right! Why do the work when there will just be more tomorrow? Life’s too short to spend it sweating.” Gil’s good nature, quick wit, natural charisma, and generosity with what he did have made him popular, but even his best friends soon grew tired of Gil’s unwillingness to pitch in when work surfaced.

Gil’s father was a woodworker who specialized in barrels, casks, wagon parts, and tools. When Gil’s friends finally stopped making him loans, Gil reluctantly started up in the family business. His father died a year later and Gil inherited the business but soon saw his profits dwindle. His clients found Gil’s products slipshod and poor quality compared to his father’s.

One day, tragedy struck. Gil had taken an order for two wagon wheels and, as was his custom, did the work hurriedly and cut as many corners as possible. One of the wheels had been made with badly warped and clumsily straightened spokes and came apart as the customer drove his wagon through the market. The wagon careened out of control, smashed into a stall, and pinned a young boy. Though quick-acting bystanders saved the boy’s life, the impact had severed his leg.

Gil fell into a deep depression, unable to forgive himself for causing the terrible injury. No one would patronize his business anymore, calling him “Gil the Warped,” so he sold his shop and vowed to start a new life, one where he rid himself of his slothfulness. Instead he would atone for his misdeeds by becoming a helpful, hard-working, productive individual.

Gil set forth on a pilgrimage to a holy site dedicated to the god of craftspeople and laborers. The trip will take him more than a year, and Gil has vowed to make a good job of the trip. He keeps to the main roads, remains on foot, and watches for any opportunity to help those in need, regardless of the delay it might cause. So far he has helped repair several broken carts for free, tended to a sick family in a cottage near the road, chopped wood and cleaned stables for countless homes in exchange for lodging for the night, and even hunted down and killed a wolf that was attacking farm animals. Gil is only a third of the way to the holy site but already feels a change in his soul.

## Description

Gil is still a young man, with tanned skin and hazel eyes. His dark blonde hair was once neatly trimmed, but after months on the road it has grown somewhat ragged. Gil wears simple peasant’s clothes reinforced with padding and carries a carefully crafted walking stick that he carved himself. The only personal possession he retained from his old life is a gold ring embossed with the crest of a woodworkers’ guild and inscribed on the inside band with his father’s name.

Gil still possesses his natural charm that won him so many friends in his youth. He’s better at chatting and making people feel comfortable than he is at woodworking. However, Gil is now mindful of his charm and uses it only to help people and put them at ease. There’s a strain in his manner from his hidden shame that he never had before and a tiredness in his eyes that alert observers may notice.

## Tactics

Gil is not trained as a warrior, but he doesn’t hesitate to enter combat if it will help someone. His fighting style is simple to the extreme. He enters combat, hits his opponent with his walking stick, and retreats if he is clearly outmatched. Gil’s desire to help others is not strong enough yet for him to be willing to die for another, but if he gets to know someone well and believes strongly in their cause, he might reach that point. His time on the road has toughened him up some and Gil can hold his own in an average battle for at least a little while.



## Using This Character

Gil has traveled on a main road for some time, interacting with people from all walks of life. He could serve as a valuable source of information for the PCs, as he has heard many rumors and spoken to hundreds of travelers. His interest in helping others could have led him to interact with victims or villains that the PCs are interested in. If the PCs ask Gil for information he will try to ferret out why they want the information, and do his best to help if he considers their mission a good one (not criminal or evil in any way). Gil might even try to follow the PCs and help them whether they like it or not.

### GIL CASKER

CR 1

#### XP 400

Male human expert 2

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Perception +4

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 13 (2d8+4 plus 3)

Fort +2; Ref +2; Will +2

Speed 30 ft.

Melee quarterstaff +1 (1d6)

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

Base Atk +1; CMB +1; CMD 13

Feats Skill Focus (Diplomacy)<sup>B</sup>, Toughness

Skills Bluff +7, Craft (carpentry) +6, Diplomacy +10,

Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (local) +6,

Perception +4, Perform (sing) +7, Sense Motive +4, Survival +4

Languages Common, Gnome

Combat Gear 2 potions of cure light wounds; Other Gear

quarterstaff, padded armor, artisan’s tools, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, gold ring (120 gp), 5 days’ trail rations, waterskin, 24 gp

# Tip

## Halfling “Orphan”

Tip lost his parents while quite young and, isolated from his own kind, grew up bouncing between human orphanages and the streets. Small and frail, subjected to all sorts of torment from adults and children alike, he quickly learned that any act of kindness was just a lure designed to make him drop his guard. Simply to survive, Tip discovered how to turn his helpless appearance into a weapon. Bullies and abusers died all around him but no one ever suspected poor little Tip. All too quickly, he developed a taste for blood and the valuables he could fence once he pried them from his victim’s dead hands.

Though now an adult Tip still spends most of his time in the guise of a human child. He specializes in infiltrating small groups of travelers so he can murder and rob them. Tip has a true genius for exploiting human assumptions about how children think and behave. Even when found covered with a victim’s blood his tearful shriek of “it ran that way” often gives him a chance to maintain a group’s trust or at least to slip away.

Tip is empty inside. He has few actual emotions besides the rage he keeps firmly in check. He typically only reveals his true nature when gloating over the corpses of his latest victims.

## Description

Tip uses artfully arranged grime to help advance his façade. He has mastered the art of applying just enough dirt to his face and clothes to make him seem adorably scruffy.

## Tactics

Tip never fights fair and always takes his time. He often volunteers to help out with chores in hope of slipping some poison into a meal or using Disable Device to rig an “accident.” Once he manages to eliminate a few targets he looks for ways to isolate others in hopes of dropping them with a sneak attack. Whenever possible, Tip tries to bond with one target as a special friend. This not only gives him an advocate amongst his targets but makes that kill all the sweeter. Tip keeps his status as an adult halfling as his final ace in the hole. Even if exposed as a ruthless killer he portrays himself as a traumatized child who turned to crime as a way to survive.

## Using This Character

Tip makes any journey that much more difficult and dangerous by acting as hidden saboteur. If he survives his initial encounter with a party he can continue to factor into the campaign by killing allies and other useful NPCs. Should a group make his scam public this could backfire terribly when they discover an actual orphan left to die in the wilderness by another group of suspicious travelers.



**TIP**

**XP 600**

Male halfling rogue 3

NE Small humanoid (halfling)

**Init** +3; **Perception** +9

**CR 2**

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

**hp** 14 (3d8–3)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +8 (+9 vs. traps); **Will** +4; +2 vs. fear

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, trap sense +1

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** dagger +2 (1d3–1/19-20)

**Ranged** sling +6 (1d2–1)

**Special Attacks** rogue talent (bleeding attack), sneak attack +2d6

**Str** 8, **Dex** 17, **Con** 8, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 13

**Feats** Childlike\*, Skill Focus (Bluff)

**Skills** Acrobatics +11 (+7 jump), Appraise +7, Bluff +12, Climb +1, Diplomacy +9, Disable Device +10, Disguise +9 (+13 as human child using disguise kit), Perception +9 (+10 locate traps), Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +13

**Languages** Common, Elven, Halfling

**SQ** trapfinding

**Combat Gear** 4 doses of arsenic; **Other Gear** dagger sling, 10 “pretty rocks” (sling stones), disguise kit

\* *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

## Tricksy Little Halfling!

To maintain his disguise, Tip uses Sleight of Hand to hide all his gear on his person every morning.

Also, as part of the Childlike feat, he can take 10 on any Bluff check made to make it seem he is telling the truth so long as this makes him appear innocent. This feat also grants him a +2 bonus on Disguise checks made to make him look like a human child and ignores the normal age and race penalties when so doing.)

# Professor Sulanne Parathea

## Snake Oil Salesman

A wagon rolls into town. Its gaudily painted sides read: “Professor Parathea / Natural Philosopher / Alchemical Analgesics! Efficacious Elixirs! Scientological Serums!” From the back of the wagon Professor Sulanne Parathea herself exhorts the locals to save money with her all-natural remedies and restoratives.

Most of the remedies the self-titled professor sells are of questionable quality; at best they contain herbal medicines at worst they are mildly poisonous placebos. However, an educated shopper may find some effective alchemical agent among her stock (usually among the higher priced items). Though she makes most of her money in quack medicine, Professor Parathea is indeed an alchemist of no small ability.

Professor Parathea plays the role of a populist. She is contemptuous of spellcasters, framing them as elitists who price their magic out of the range of everyday people. She’s not above reinforcing the prejudices of her audience, either. She plays up or down her sexuality as appropriate. On occasion, she hires skills to sway her audience, sometimes using her skill at disguise to give them the appearance of illness or injury which she then “miraculously” cures.

If denounced as a con artist, Professor Parathea is unapologetic. She sees nothing wrong with giving hope to desperate people. If she makes some coin doing so... well, she’s got to eat, too. Certainly, nothing she sells is addictive or truly dangerous. For every customer who demands a refund, there are two others ready to buy more.



### PROFESSOR SULANNE PARATHEA

CR 3

XP 800

Female human expert 5

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Perception +10

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

hp 23 (5d8)

Fort +1; Ref +1; Will +4

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +3 (1d4–1/19–20)

Ranged thrown weapon +3 (varies) or splash weapon +4 (varies)

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

Base Atk +3; CMB +2; CMD 12

Feats Alertness, Deceitful, Skill Focus (Diplomacy)<sup>B</sup>, Throw Anything

Skills Appraise +10, Bluff +11, Craft (alchemy) +12, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +13, Heal +10, Knowledge (local) +10, Knowledge (nature) +10, Perception +10, Sense Motive +10

Languages Common, Elven, Gnome

Combat Gear 5 flasks of acid, 5 flasks of alchemist's fire, 2 antitoxins, 2 smokesticks, 2 tanglefoot bags, 2 thunderstones;

Other Gear amulet of natural armor +1, alchemist's lab, carriage with two light horses, disguise kit, 12 empty flasks, healer's kit, masterwork dagger, raw materials (worth 120 gp), 4 gp

## Description

Professor Parathea is an attractive woman in her early thirties. She’s a natural brunette, but she regularly colors her hair with natural bleaches and dyes. In her dress, Sulanne mixes male and female attire, often wearing a top hat and tailcoat over a long dress when giving a pitch.

## Tactics

Professor Parathea prefers to let her driver (a low-level warrior) handle unruly customers. If forced into combat, Sulanne takes cover—or creates it with a smoke stick—and lobs alchemical splash weapons or anything else that is handy. She uses tanglefoot bags against martial characters and thunderstones against spellcasters.

## Using This Character

If the PCs can resist her hard sell of snake oil, Professor Parathea is an excellent source of alchemical items. Indeed, she provides an outlet for GMs to introduce new alchemical items into their campaigns. She’s also a potential source of healing for low-level or atheist characters.

Sulanne actually respects skeptics—as long as they don’t spoil the illusion for her paying customers. If the PCs befriend her, Professor Parathea can answer questions related to alchemy and natural science (for a small fee, of course). She also might be convinced to lend her disguise and deception skills to their latest scheme.

On the other hand, the PCs’ introduction to Professor Parathea might be a deputation to arrest her. You can’t fool all of the people all of the time, and in her travels Sulanne has garnered the enmity of disgruntled customers and wary sheriffs, mercantile mages and possessive theocrats. Though she poses little threat in direct combat, Professor Parathea’s skills at physical and verbal misdirection make her difficult to catch.

# Selwyn Perry

## Malevolent Plantsman

Selwyn Perry is a provisioner extraordinaire, providing a delivery service to adventurers caught short of food and dungeoneering equipment in hostile wilderness. He drives a covered wooden wagon packed with useful items and drawn by his sturdy mules Udale and Taite. His unexpected arrival has saved many a band of frightened greenhorns from starvation or provided the means of rescue for their colleagues trapped in deep caves, using his stock of useful gear. Selwyn's business acumen in being the sole provider of field-delivered goods to those in the wilds is impressive enough. Surprisingly, he doesn't try to take advantage of his position by charging high prices to the desperate. His goods remain standard price. He even extends a line of credit to those unfortunates who've not yet found their proverbial crock of gold.

Selwyn's appearance can be the salvation of many an adventurer, but his altruism is feigned. The merchant's true mission is to spread woe, not weal. Hidden in his wagon are seeds, cuttings and juvenile specimens of many dangerous plants and fungi. Selwyn Perry is a kind of evil Johnny Appleseed, loosing on the world more of the horrors and terrors dreaded by travellers and explorers.

His background is in alchemy and perhaps the many strange fumes and odors that pass through his olfactory system led him to an eventual epiphany that plant life will one day take over the world from other living organisms and that he, Selwyn Perry, should help to hasten that glorious day. So he began the onerous task of collecting as many dangerous specimens and their seeds or spores as he could. He's been at his task for eleven years now, his wagon criss-crossing the world on a quest to collect and distribute plants to as many places as he can.

He spreads malevolent plants in places near campsites, on trails, or near water sources, sometimes even venturing a little into caves to set up future "surprises." His mischief is not confined only to direct action of planting or spreading seeds in the environment. His fabrics and cloths are also impregnated with dangerous spores, or carry seeds hidden in their folds and hems. Someone using one of Selwyn's blankets for more than a short time is in danger of becoming fertilizer or a host for some horrible fungus or malevolent weed.

## Description

Selwyn is 31 years of age and stands 5'7" tall. He dresses in an outdoors version of a simple artisan's outfit, never appearing out of the ordinary. Selwyn is pleasant, encouraging customers to inspect the quality of his merchandise, sympathizing with those whose luck is evidently low. He has converted the bulk of his wealth into portable objects that appear mundane — a wagon with mules and the trappings of a travelling general store — but which conceals a full alchemical lab and specimens that Selwyn carefully nurtures in hidden glass jars.

## Tactics

Selwyn doesn't confront enemies; he conceals hazards and lays traps ahead of time. If forced into combat, he produces a strong quarterstaff from a hidey-hole in the wagon. He uses a sling mostly to bring down fresh meat, such as fowl or rabbits, but can turn it to a defensive weapon if given time to reach a suitable ranged.

## Using This Character

The PCs might get into a predicament far from aid when, to their astonishment, they see Selwyn's wagon as it hoves slowly into sight. He carries a certain basic stock of merchantable goods (see stat block below) but from time to time might include non-magical items the GM may wish to add to in order to tailor his merchandise to the PCs' needs. This apparent unexpected



boon will eventually be revealed as a bane, perhaps many days after parting from Selwyn, when the true nature of his merchandise is revealed. Selwyn can carry up to another 2,778 gp of goods, in addition to his current list of items.

Bottles containing a special alchemical jelly medium support tiny cuttings and seedlings of assassin vines, giant flytrap, and even a tiny roper specimen. The jelly nourishes the plant while also miniaturising it and keeping it in relative dormancy. Eventually, when loosed from its prison, the monstrous plant begins the process of normal growth, reaching maturity at the usual rate for its species. Selwyn will also have packets of fungal spores and other seeds which he can sprinkle at his leisure on blankets or even on unsuspecting customers directly.

### SELWYN PERRY

CR 4

#### XP 1,200

Male human expert 6

LE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +0; Perception +6

AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor)

hp 39 (6d8+6 plus 6)

Fort +3; Ref +2; Will +5

Speed 30 ft.

Melee quarterstaff +3 (1d6-1)

Ranged sling +4 (1d4-1)

Str 9, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 11

Base Atk +4; CMB +3; CMD 13

Feats Deceitful<sup>B</sup>, Endurance, Self-Sufficient, Toughness

Skills Appraise +6, Bluff +11, Craft (alchemy) +11, Craft

(cloth) +9, Craft (leather) +9, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +4,

Handle Animal +6, Heal +7, Intimidate +2, Knowledge

(dungeoneering) +8, Knowledge (geography) +8, Knowledge

(nature) +11, Perception +6, Sense Motive +6, Survival +11

Languages Common, Orc, Sylvan

**Gear** studded leather, quarterstaff, sling with 13 bullets, light wagon with 2 mules, alchemist's lab, 2 barrels, 20 bedrolls, bell, bucket, 10 days' feed, flint and steel, 10 50-ft. coils of hempen rope, 5 iron pots, merchant's scale, 2 empty sacks, 20 lbs. of soap, shovel, 60 days' trail rations, 30 bottles of fine wine, 20 winter blankets

# Min-Te

## The Fugitive

Min-Te's parents owned a tea-house in a major city. The tea-house was a huge success and, shortly after earning a good reputation, the local thieves' guild—a band of foul demon worshipers—showed up demanding protection money from Min's father. Tao-Shen (Min-Te's father) paid that money for almost a whole year, but when the guild's collector started to menace his wife and his daughter as well, he decided that the time was right to stand up against that oppression. In the end, his tea-house was burned to the ground, and Tao-Shen and his wife were killed by the thieves' guild.

Min-Te was a scholar at a local magic academy by that time and, when she heard what had happened, she swore revenge. But before she could act, the guild got captured her and locked her away. Her professor started an investigation regarding the disappearance of his best student but was stopped by the guild once he realized what had caused the fire at Tao-Shen's.

In her dreams, Min-Te heard voices, dark voices promising her she would live and obtain her revenge, if only she would sell her soul. After months, Min-Te gave in to the whispers agreed to the price. Shortly thereafter, during an unholy ritual performed by the brother of the guildmaster that involved a bound and gagged Min-Te, something went very wrong resulting in a blast of light, unearthly voices, and then darkness.

Min awoke sometime later. The cleric and all attending acolytes and thieves were strewn about and in bloody pieces, the pentagram on the ground smeared and broken. Only she was alive — with a strange-looking tattoo covering her body. She smelled sulfur in the air but could not find its source. Unbeknownst to her, the demon to whom the guild had been offering her had heard her own secret bargain and chose it over the ritual of the guild. It had gone on a rampage in the guild house, sparing only her.

As Min-Te explored the now silent and blood-drenched halls of the guild she came upon another survivor, a high-ranking city official, likewise warily exploring the devastation. Fearing capture or worse she fled, and never stopped running. The corrupt official fled as well, and quickly claimed responsibility for the destruction of the thieves' guild. Yet fearing exposure by Min-Te he contracted an assassin to hunt her down and silence her.

## Description

Min is a beautiful woman with long black hair, a stoic expression and slanted eyes. Her tanned skin is smooth and almost entirely covered in a single sinuous tattoo of a strange, perhaps otherworldly design. She withdrawn and extremely reserved around strangers.

## Tactics

Min-Te trusts no one. She tries to avoid a fight, and her assortment of spells helps her to get away if trouble comes. If she ever finds someone to trust, she gladly joins them and tries to persuade her new friends to help her find out the meaning of her tattoos. When her trust is fully earned, she may even reveal the shame of her bargain and seek a way to reclaim the rights to her soul. In the meantime she is ready to assist friends with her spells and skills as best as she can.

## Using This Character

What the tattoo on her body mean is up to the GM. It could hide the truename of an important or powerful outsider or may hide a map to a hidden treasure or powerful artifact. Whatever you choose, Min-Te does not know, and she's desperate to find someone who might explain to her its meaning and what means it may provide to recovering her soul.

The PCs could also be contracted to capture her as well, only to realize once they do so that it is she who needs protection. They could help her discover meaning of her tattoo, which could lead to a wide variety of



adventures. Likewise, one of the PCs could be a member of the magic academy that she had attended, a close friend sent by her professor to help.

### MIN-TE

**CR 5**
**XP 1,600**

Female human wizard 6

LN Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Perception** +7

**AC** 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11 (+1 armor, +2 Dex)

**hp** 29 (6d6+6)

**Fort** +3; **Ref** +6; **Will** +6

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *quarterstaff* +3 (1d6) or *dagger* +2 (1d4–1/19–20)

**Ranged** *dagger* +5 (1d4–1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** hand of the apprentice (7/day)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 6th):

 3rd—*displacement*, *fly*, *haste*

 2nd—*boiling blood*<sup>†</sup> (DC 16), *detect thoughts* (DC 16),

*hypnotic pattern* (DC 16), *invisibility*

 1st—*charm person* (DC 15), *disguise self*, *expeditious retreat*,

*mage armor*

 0 (at will)—*resistance*, *open/close*, *flare* (DC 14), *message*
**Str** 8, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 18, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 14

**Feats** *Burning Spell*<sup>†</sup>, *Combat Casting*, *Cypher Magic*<sup>‡</sup>, *Fast Study*<sup>†</sup>, *Lightning Reflexes*<sup>†</sup>, *Scribe Scroll*<sup>†</sup>
**Skills** *Disguise* +6, *Escape Artist* +8, *Knowledge (arcana)* +13, *Knowledge (planes)* +13, *Perception* +7, *Ride* +2, *Spellcraft* +13, *Stealth* +8, *Survival* +7

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven  
**SQ** bonded object (+1 *quarterstaff*)

**Combat Gear** 2 *potions of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear** *bracers of armor* +1, +1 *quarterstaff*, *dagger*, *bag of holding (type II)*, *spell component pouch*, 4 day's rations, 120gp, 59sp

**Spellbook** all prepared spells plus 0—all; 1st—*burning hands*, *color spray*, *ray of enfeeblement*; 2nd—*shatter*; 3rd—*secure shelter*
<sup>†</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*
<sup>‡</sup> *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*



# Yosti

## Crossroads Prankster

Yosti doesn't keep friends for long due to his tendency towards endless mischief. However, he does make new friends quite easily, and plenty of travelers pass his way. Always quick with wit and generous with what little he owns, Yosti visits those who camp near his crossroads. After learning of human folklore about supernatural happenings at crossroads, Yosti found a secluded one near his forest and claimed it for himself, deciding to make his own legend. There, he uses his spell-like abilities to make visitors think he's something more grand or strange than he is, offering esoteric gifts in trade for strange tasks or oaths. Yosti delivers his punchline for this elaborate prank in the form of requirements for the supposedly supernatural exchange, often embarrassing his visitors in front of their companions as they realize they've been had.

## Description

Yosti's angular but warm face constantly bears a broad smile full of gleaming white teeth. His bright green eyes sparkle and his blond unkempt hair hangs down to his shoulders. One of his antennae always seems askew. Green markings create a pattern across his skin that fade to pale gold across his back and abdomen. Yosti wears little more than a green and brown vest so covered in patches it almost appears tailored from a quilt.

## Tactics

Though Yosti doesn't intend for his pranks to lead to physical confrontations, he sometimes still manages to accidentally pick a fight. When combat begins, Yosti spends the first few rounds continuing his jokes, going invisible to stay out of sight, entangling his enemies, or putting them to sleep. For lethal retorts, Yosti favors his bow and flies above his foes peppering them with arrows.

## Using This Character

Yosti is best incorporated into campaigns as a roadside distraction. When the characters get too accustomed to safe and easy travel, spring this bit of comic relief on them. Also, when a GM needs a good excuse to swipe an item from the characters or generally antagonize them, bring Yosti into the campaign. Though he has a low tolerance for stern and uppity characters, Yosti can make for a good ally, especially if the party is against an oppressive tyrant or other freedom-killing enemy.

**YOSTI**  
**XP 2,400**

Male grig bard 2/rogue 3 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2* "Grig")

CN Tiny fey

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

**CR 6**

**AC** 19, touch 19, flat-footed 13 (+1 deflection, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 size)

**hp** 40 (1d6+2 plus 2d8+4 plus 3d8+6 plus 3)

**Fort** +3; **Ref** +13 (+14 vs. traps); **Will** +6

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, trap sense +1, **DR** 5/cold iron; **SR** 16

**Speed** 30 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

**Melee** mwk short sword +11 (1d3–1/19–20)

**Ranged** longbow +10 (1d4/x3)



**Space** 2 1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

**Special Attacks** bardic performance 10 rounds/day (countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire courage +1), fiddle (DC 14), sneak attack +2d6

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 9th)

3/day—*disguise self*, *entangle* (DC 15), *invisibility* (self only), *pyrotechnics* (DC 15)

**Bard Spells Known** (CL 2nd)

1st (3/day)—*animate rope*, *hideous laughter* (DC 15), *sleep* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *flare* (DC 14), *ghost sound* (DC 14), *mage hand*, *prestidigitation*

**Str** 9, **Dex** 20, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 19

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 17 (25 vs. trip)

**Feats** Dodge, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Finesse<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Acrobatics +9 (+13 jump), Bluff +12, Diplomacy +12, Disable Device +6, Escape Artist +11, Fly +13, Perception +5 (+6 locate traps), Perform (comedy) +12, Perform (string) +9, Sleight of Hand +12, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +22, Use Magic Device +13

**Languages** Common, Sylvan

**SQ** bardic knowledge +1, versatile performance (comedy), rogue talent (finesse rogue), trapfinding

**Combat Gear** 3 *potions of cure light wounds*, *wand of silent image* (47 charges), *wand of charm person* (13 charges);

**Other Gear** *ring of protection* +1, masterwork short sword, longbow with 20 arrows, spell component pouch, 15 gp

# Kestra Ashbinder

## Fighter of Forest Fires

Kestra grew to adulthood as the sworn protector of a sacred druidic grove. However, when a battle between a pair of warring wizards grew out of control, her grove was inadvertently burnt to ash. Now without ties to a home, Kestra has taken up a new mantle as a fighter of forest fires, providing advance warning to villages and other locals about impending fires while working to minimize the damage wherever possible. Although she grudgingly concedes that fires are themselves part of the natural order, Kestra carries a special hatred for arsonists, careless evokers, and those who cannot be bothered to properly extinguish their camp fires.

## Description

Tall and lithe, Kestra wears a form-fitting suit of autumnal leaves, crafted from the trees of the sacred grove of her youth. When coming into contact with humans, Kestra often conceals her half-elfen ears with a headband or her hair, as she feels she is more likely to be taken seriously as a fellow human rather than a ‘tree-loving’ elf.

## Tactics

When facing fires, Kestra’s favorite tactic is to first cast *resist energy (fire)* to protect herself and then squelch the flames with *aqueous orb* and *hydraulic push*. Afterwards she uses *plant growth* to help the land restore. When facing melee opponents she often battles much the same way, though where possible, she tries to pick the moment of her attack. She uses her wild shape ability to take the form of a bird or small forest creature and first spy upon her targets for several hours to study their strengths and weaknesses. If she lays an ambush, she uses *plant growth* to funnel her opponents’ path and then combines it with *entangle* at a crucial moment, following it up with summoned allies. If faced with an overwhelming force, Kestra retreats and searches out the nearest treat to entreat for aid. Her reputation as an enemy of fire has put her in good stead with the lords of the trees and they often offer her shelter or other aid.

## Using This Character

The PCs might come into contact with Kestra when they encamp in a region of forest that Kestra has placed under her watchful eye. She might, for example, cautiously contact the PCs to advise them that they are forbidden from employing fire spells in the region. Perhaps, if the level of danger is high enough, she will even insist that they not light a campfire. If the PCs ignore her self-imposed authority and she deems them an active danger to a forest under her care, she will demand that they leave. If on good terms, Kestra can be a helpful ally, capable of providing directions and advice leading to food, water, as well as helpful shortcuts. She can also provide up-to-date information on any active dangers in the region such as goblinoids or monstrous predators.

Alternately, Kestra can act as an adventure hook. Perhaps a fire is raging beyond her capabilities, and she recruits the PCs to help her get it under control or to assist with the evacuation of a village. Later, she or the PCs might discover the fire is the work of a rampaging elemental creature or perhaps the work of a bandit crew who are seeking to evict the local residents in order to loot their homes unimpeded. PCs who help Kestra can expect that their reputations in the region will gradually increase and the local forest dwellers will be more easily accept them.

### KESTRA ASHBINDER

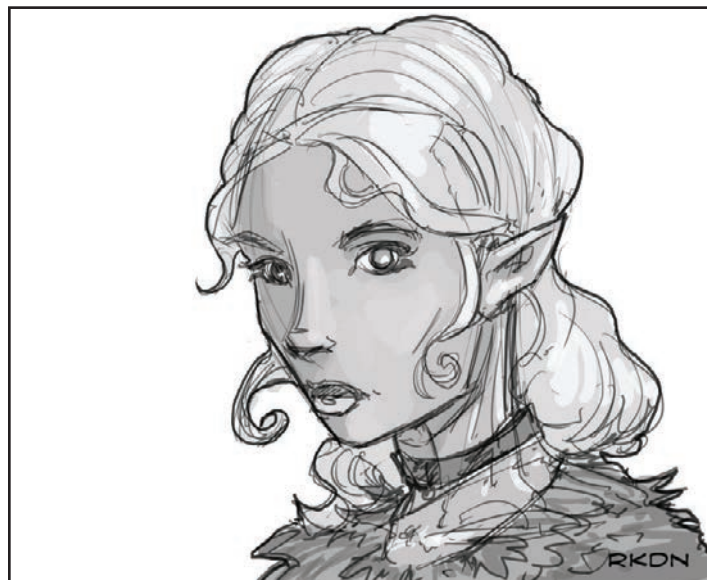
XP 3,200  
Female half-elf druid 5/ranger 3

N Medium humanoid (elf)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 30 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +16

**AC** 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, +1 Dex, +2 Shield)

CR 7



**hp** 66 (5d8+10 plus 3d10+6 plus 8)

**Fort** +10; **Ref** +6; **Will** +9; +2 vs. enchantments, +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects

**Defensive Abilities** resist nature’s lure; **Immune** sleep

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk cold iron sickle +6/+1 (1d6–1)

**Ranged** mwk darkwood longbow +8/+3 (1d8/x3)

**Special Attacks** favored enemy (humanoids [human] +2)

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 5th)

6/day—*icicle* (1d6+2 cold)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 5)

3—*aqueous orb*\* (DC 16), *plant growth*, *water breathing*<sup>P</sup>

2—*eagle eye*\*, *fog cloud*<sup>D</sup>, *resist energy*, *slipstream*\* (DC 15)

1—*alter winds*\* (DC 14), *cure light wounds*, *entangle*,

*hydraulic push*\*, *obscuring mist*<sup>D</sup>

0 (at will) *create water*, *detect magic*, *guidance* (DC 13), *mending*

**D** Domain spell; **Domain** Water

\* *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player’s Guide*

**Str** 8, **Dex** 13, **Con** 15, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 16

**Feats** Aspect of the Beast (night senses)\*<sup>B</sup>, Desperate Battler\*\*<sup>B</sup>, Eagle Eyes\*, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Green Faith Acolyte\*\*<sup>B</sup>, Natural Spell, Skill Focus (Survival)<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Climb +3, Craft (traps) +4, Fly +5, Heal +7, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (geography) +8, Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +16, Ride +5, Spellcraft +4, Stealth +5, Survival +19 (+20 tracking)

**Languages** Common, Druidic, Elven

**SQ** favored terrain (forest +2), nature bond (water domain), nature sense, track, trackless step, wild empathy +7, wild shape 1/day (5 hours), woodland stride

**Combat Gear** *elixir of vision*, *elixir of swimming*, liquid ice\*,

3 *potions of cure light wounds*, *scroll of aqueous orb*\*,

tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** leaf armor\*\*, darkwood

shield, *cloak of resistance* +1, masterwork cold iron sickle,

masterwork darkwood longbow, bedroll, compass,

*everburning torch*, healer’s kit (10 uses), 50-ft. hempen rope,

holly and mistletoe, masterwork backpack\*, 2 empty sacks,

signal horn\*, 50-ft. string, 5 days’ trail rations, waterskin, spell

component pouch

\* *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player’s Guide*

\*\**Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Inner Sea World Guide*

# Vanda Moor

## Army Deserter

Vanda's story begins with her father's story. Holman Moor was a soldier in an aggressive barony that constantly provoked border skirmishes with its neighbors. Holman loved being a soldier and considered serving in the army to be a man's highest calling. When a time of peace came under the rule of a new baron, Holman returned to his hometown—somewhat dejected—to start a family. He married a young woman who had been a healer in the war and they began trying immediately for children.

For a time, they were unsuccessful. Holman pressed his wife with numerous herbal remedies and hedge-witch concoctions. Finally she conceived and Holman was ecstatic. Unfortunately, his wife had always had a frail constitution, and childbirth proved to be too much for her. Two years after Holman left the army, Alavanda Moor entered the world, and her mother left it forever.

Holman was devastated, not only was his wife dead, but his long-awaited heir was a girl. Had she possessed a quiet beauty and gentle manner like her mother, it might have been easier for Holman to accept, but Vanda, as she was called, had a gangly, flamboyant figure, a fiery personality, and as much stubborn tenacity as her father. Almost as soon as Vanda could talk, the two argued constantly. Her adolescence was a tempestuous time filled with yelling matches and slammed doors. Holman left her upbringing to her grandparents whenever possible. When her father remarried and his new wife gave birth to twin boys, things got worse. Vanda's defiance was fueled by more than teenage emotions, she had always been aware of her father's disappointment in her. Her inability to be close to the man who sired her was emotionally painful.

When Vanda was nearing adulthood, war broke out again. Holman was too old by now to serve, and his sons were too young, but Vanda signed up for the army immediately. It was perhaps the only decision she made that Holman supported wholeheartedly. She wrote her father letters from the front and he sent ones back full of praise and kindness. Finally Vanda felt the barrier between them part.

Their closeness didn't last, though. Vanda found army life almost unendurable. She hated the regulations and rigidity. She made no friends. She was labeled a troublemaker, and her fellow soldiers avoided her. Six months after she joined the army, Vanda's unit was involved in an engagement on a rain-slicked battlefield. Their opponents, hobgoblins from a wild forest to the west, howled and shrieked as they hacked down soldier after soldier. Vanda's unit was ordered into a ravine to head off a hobgoblin counterattack. "That's suicide," Vanda sputtered.

"That's an order," the commander snapped.

The other soldiers began an obedient march into the ravine. Vanda fell back a bit, then a bit more. The rain came down harder and harder and, as they approached the ravine, Vanda used the sheets of water to cover her escape. She wove in and out of pockets of fighting and kept her head down. When she reached the edge of the battlefield she ran and didn't look back.

Vanda didn't bother returning to her hometown, the burden of shame on her was too great. She learned from her grandmother that her father was sorely disappointed and had forbidden Vanda's name from being mentioned in his house. Vanda traveled aimlessly from place to place, trying to run from the violence she'd seen, her shameful past, and her father's disapproval. She spent time in a dozen different cities drinking heavily, taking bounty hunting jobs whenever possible, and more often than not waking up with a headache and only a dim idea of where she was and who she was with.

After a year of this, Vanda had had enough. All around her she could see ex-soldiers like herself drinking or drugging themselves in an attempt to forget the years of war. She didn't want to be like that. She began traveling purposefully in a circuit along major trade roads looking for honest mercenary work. Vanda hopes that with time and patience she'll build up a reputation as a skilled and trustworthy hired blade and, possibly, find some meaning in her life as her father once had.



## Description

Vanda is a tall, awkward woman with lean muscles and strong features that many nonetheless find attractive. She wears her long red hair in a braid and wears well-kept armor over a short-sleeved tunic and linen breeches. She pays little attention to fashions of the day and can seem sloppy or unkempt, but her weapons are always razor-sharp and carefully cleaned.

Vanda prides herself on her brash style. Her motto might be, "I say what I mean, and I mean what I say." She has a thick skin in most regards and meets insults with a grin. The exception is her dishonorable record in the military and her criminal status as a deserter. Those memories are painful and guaranteed to rile her if probed. She hides the secret of her desertion with an almost paranoid fear.

## Tactics

If Vanda is hired for protection, she takes her duties seriously. She puts herself in harm's way without a second thought to defend her client. Vanda keeps an eye out for opponents in robes (or obviously casting spells) and stays close to them to make use of her spell-disrupting attack. She uses her Step Up feat to pursue retreating spellcasters in an attempt to finish them off quickly.

If there are no spellcasters present, Vanda closes with foes concentrating her attacks on melee foes, preferably ones in groups so that she can make use of her Cleave ability. At night, Vanda takes the first and last watches, provided there are others willing to share watch duties. If necessary she will watch all night but only if she believes an attack is eminent. She scatters caltrops around the campsite and keeps a *potion of dr kvision* next to her while she sleeps.

## Using This Character

Vanda can be found on almost any major road other than those of her home barony and may offer to share her campsite with other travelers. She has many contacts from her time traveling across the country and has a little knowledge about legends, rumors, popular figures, travel conditions, and political instability. Vanda brings in most of her money as a mercenary and can be hired as extra muscle, a guide, or a bodyguard. She draws the line at cold-blooded murder and won't be hired on as an assassin or for clearly criminal jobs. In the past, however, Vanda has not been so picky with her jobs. Enemies of the PCs might have worked with Vanda in the past and wish to eliminate her because of what she knows.

### VANDA MOOR

CR 8

#### XP 4,800

Female human fighter 9

CG Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +3; **Perception** +9

**AC** 18, touch 9, flat-footed 18 (+9 banded mail, -1 Dex)

**hp** 81 (9d10+18 plus 9)

**Fort** +9; **Ref** +3; **Will** +4 (+6 vs. fear)

**Defensive Abilities** bravery +2

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *longsword* (used two-handed) +18/+13  
(1d8+11/19-20)

**Ranged** composite *longbow* +9/+4 (1d8+4/x3)

**Special Attacks** weapon training (heavy blades +2, bows +1)

**Str** 18, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 22

**Feats** Cleave, Critical Focus<sup>B</sup>, Disruptive<sup>B</sup>, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Greater Weapon Focus (*longsword*), Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Quick Draw, Step Up, Weapon Focus (*longsword*), Weapon Specialization (*longsword*)<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Knowledge (dungeoneering) +8, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Perception +9, Survival +12

**Languages** Common, Halfling

**SQ** armor training 2

**Combat Gear** 2 antitoxins, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, 2 *potions of darkvision*, *potion of haste*; **Other**

**Gear** +2 *banded mail*, *cloak of resistance +1*, +1 *longsword*, composite *longbow* (Str +3) with 20 arrows, backpack, 5 bags of caltrops, flint and steel, manacles, 50-ft. hempen rope, 5 torches, 53 gp, 27 sp

# Matagat

## Raised by Bears

Maternal instinct affects all sorts of creatures, including wild animals. Though rare, they sometimes raise foundling young of other species as their own. Folklore often treats people raised by animals as more virtuous or endowed with greater physical attributes. In truth, most are damaged and find it difficult to function in normal society.

When a mother bear lost her own cub she adopted ten-year old Matagat. Wandering in the forest, his entire village wiped out by raiders, he was on the brink of starvation before she started looking after him. For six years she kept him alive and helped him learn how to look after himself. During the long months of her hibernation he fended for himself and also made sure no one disturbed her. One day, just after her emergence from another winter's sleep, she fell into a bear pit and was slaughtered by hunters. Rather than kill him, the hunters captured the grief-stricken Matagat and took him back to the city. They sold him to a circus but eventually a kind cleric freed him. The old man taught him how to speak and function in human society and allowed him to set out on his own.

Matagat lost his birth parents to war and his adopted mother to hunters. He has a deep and abiding hatred for cruelty in all forms. Attacks against helpless creatures, especially children, drive him into a murderous fury.

## Description

Matagat is shaggy and wild. He rarely cuts his hair or beard. Though, on warm days, he jumps into rivers and ponds he still usually smells like the feral creature he is. Still affected by his upbringing Matagat often communicates through grunts and gestures rather than actual words.

## Tactics

Matagat likes things simple, including fighting. He typically comes right at his opponents and batters them with his club until either they or he falls to the ground. Of course, he knows all about hunting and has no problem with lying in wait until his prey's most vulnerable moment before springing an ambush worthy of an apex predator.

## Using This Character

Though he has little use for civilization Matagat does sometimes work as a guide. He never explains his orders but expects total obedience while in the wilds. He has been known to abandon clients who choose to argue with him. Other times, he simply fades into the woods and leaves them to fend for themselves for a few hours or days and then returns without offering an excuse for his absence. Perhaps inspired by his own early years he does intervene to help people who clearly cannot look after themselves in the wild. Usually however, he tries to minimize contact and leaves gifts of food or blazes trails to sources of water or paths leading out of the forest.



### MATAGAT

CR 9

XP 6,400

Male human barbarian 5/ranger 5

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; Perception +14

**AC** 19, touch 12, flat-footed 19 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 natural)

**hp** 105 (5d12+20 plus 5d10+20)

**Fort** +12; **Ref** +6 (+7 vs. traps); **Will** +3

**Defensive Abilities** improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** +1 *greatclub* +14/+9 (1d10+4)

**Ranged** javelin +11 (1d6+2)

**Special Attacks** favored enemy (humanoids (human) +4, magical beasts +2), rage (22 rounds/day), rage powers (guarded life, reckless abandon)

**Ranger Spells Prepared** (CL 2nd)

1st—*longstrider*, *Speak with Animals*

**Str** 14, **Dex** 13, **Con** 19, **Int** 11, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 24

**Feats** Blind-Fight<sup>B</sup>, Cleave<sup>B</sup>, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Extra Rage, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Shield of Swings, Weapon Focus (*greatclub*)

**Skills** Acrobatics +7 (+11 jump), Climb +11, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (nature) +13, Perception +14, Stealth +7, Survival +14 (+16 tracking), Swim +8

**Languages** Common

**SQ** fast movement, favored terrain (forest), hunter's bond (companions), track, wild empathy +4

**Combat Gear** 2 *potions of cure serious wounds*; **Other Gear** +2 *hide armor*, *ring of protection* +1, *amulet of natural armor* +1, +1 *greatclub*, 4 javelins, spell component pouch

# Shilerash

## Forest Ambusher

The attack came without warning. Shilerash had spent her entire miserable life training for moments such as this; her task was to defend the band. More specifically, she was to stand outside her King's chambers and prevent the adventuring group from gaining access. The plan, however, did not account for Shilerash being a coward at heart.

Shilerash hid that fateful day and watched helplessly as the adventuring party slaughtered the entire goblin band — including the women and children. After the invaders left, Shilerash emerged from hiding, full of self-hate and loathing. Even more, her hatred of the humans and dwarves who invaded that day consumed her, fueled her to set aside her cowardice, and drove her to hunt them the same way they had hunted the goblins that day.

Shilerash stalks the forest, always watching for travelers. Always patient, always waiting for an opportune moment to strike, she stalks her prey, eager to slaughter those who would do the same to goblins. She dreams of the day when she can muster her own invading force, built to burn down the nearby human settlements. Luckily for those settlements, Shilerash is not a natural leader, and every attempt she made to build such a force has failed...so far.

## Description

By goblin standards, Shilerash is attractive. Her gruff manner, however, prevents her from maintaining leadership over any sort of group for any significant period of time. Shilerash stands just over 3' tall, and weighs 42 pounds; her skin is a dark orange in color, and her hair is a drab brown. Her yellow eyes are constantly moving, observing her environment. Her leather armor is dyed various shades of brown and green, to help her better blend into the forest environment she has chosen as her hunting ground.

## Tactics

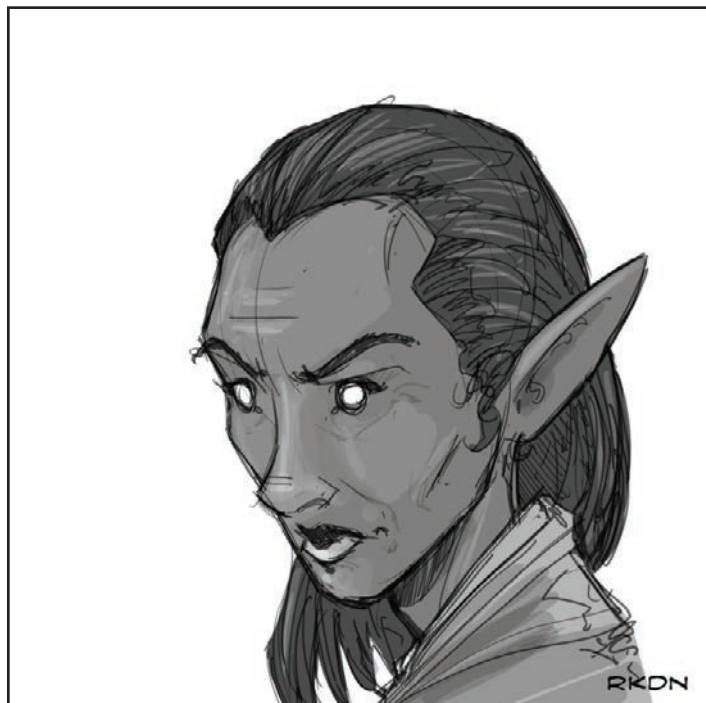
Shilerash is a patient hunter, often spending days tracking and observing her latest quarry. Once she has decided the time is right to strike, she sneaks up on her victims, making a devastating death attack as her opening salvo. Just before springing her ambush, she casts *mag c fang* on her pet, making his attacks more potent (included in the stat block below). In addition, she prefers to make use of her *ds t of illusion* to disguise natural hazards—such as pits—hoping to separate at least one member of the group. If the group she is attacking contains humans or dwarves, those immediately become her primary targets, with preference given to striking down a human over a dwarf.

Shilerash fights ferociously, using her animal companion to gain flanking against her targets in order to utilize her sneak attack ability. She's not so foolish, however, as to fight to the death. When she reaches 25 or fewer hit points, Shilerash makes a tactical retreat; oftentimes, she'll use her *entangle* spell to occupy her foes while she withdraws.

As she strikes a killing blow against a human or dwarf, she declares—in the target's own language—"Revenge for the chieftan!"

## Using This Character

Shilerash should be used to harass the PCs as they travel through the forest. Her use of hit-and-run tactics makes her able to strike at any time, from any direction. Ideally she strikes PCs more than once over several days. She's a master of stealth, and should have no problem slipping away only to return later — whether that's an hour, or a day, or a week matters not to the hunter.



### SHILERASH

CR 10

XP 9,600

Female goblin ranger 6/assassin 5 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary*, "Goblin")

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

AC 22, touch 18, flat-footed 22 (+4 armor, +6 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 88 (6d10+12 5d8+10 plus 6)

Fort +10; Ref +15; Will +8; +2 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities uncanny dodge

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 light hammer +15/+10 (1d3), +1 sickle +15/+10 (1d4)

Ranged mwk shortbow +17/+12 (1d4/x3)

Special Attacks death attack (DC 17), favored enemy (humanoids [humans] +4, humanoids [dwarves] +2), sneak attack +3d6, true death

Ranger Spells Prepared (CL 3rd)

1st—*entangle* (DC 12), *magic fang*

Str 8, Dex 22, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 6

Base Atk +9; CMB +7; CMD 24

Feats Dodge, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Improved Initiative, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Iron Will, Self-Sufficient, Stealthy, Two-Weapon Fighting<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +20, Climb +10, Disable Device +12, Disguise +3, Escape Artist +15, Heal +9, Knowledge (nature) +10, Perception +15, Ride +18, Stealth +32, Survival +19 (+22 tracking), Swim +6

Languages Common, Dwarven, Goblin, Orc

SQ favored terrain (forest +2), hunter's bond (animal), track, wild empathy +4

Combat Gear 3 potions of cure light wounds, potion of pass without trace, potion of shield of faith, potion of

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

*haste*; **Other Gear** +2 leather armor, cloak of resistance +1, belt of incredible dexterity +2, +1 light hammer, +1 sickle, masterwork shortbow with 20 arrows, *dust of illusion*, backpack, spell component pouch, small ruby (50 gp), 23 gp, 133 sp

**GRALGAR**

**CR —**

**XP —**

Male wolf animal companion (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Wolf")

N Medium animal

**Init** +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +8

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**AC** 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +4 natural)

**hp** 19 (3d8+6)

**Fort** +5; **Ref** +6; **Will** +2

**Defensive Abilities** evasion

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**Speed** 50 ft.

**Melee** bite with *magic fang* +6 (1d6+4 plus trip)

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**Str** 14, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +2; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 17 (21 vs. trip)

**Feats** Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (bite)

**Skills** Perception +8, Stealth +8, Survival +1 (+5 tracking by scent)

**SQ** link, share spells

# Adran Glint

## Shrine Tender

After traveling his entire childhood and well into his adult years, Adran retired to this roadside shrine not far from a crossroads. In the dawn of his middle years, Adran settled down to aid others who seek the endless path. Adran knows the hardships of the road and the dangers travelers face. He focuses his energy toward removing the fatigue of the road, diseases picked up in the wilderness, or affliction, poison, or violence doled out by the beasts inhabiting the dark places between humanity's refuges.

While any visitor can stay at his shrine for as long as they wish, many move along as soon as they are healed lest they listen to yet another contemplation on the meaning of truth or the purity of the primal thought—or other such esoteric ramblings. Adran never tries to convert anyone, but he actively engages everyone. Pair this with the slight stutter that surfaces when he's excited, and sometimes it seems he will never stop talking.

Adran keeps worldly possessions, but shares them freely. To keep from being taken advantage of and to prevent the lure of thievery, Adran maintains a network of shallow holes, clusters of stones, and hollows in tree trunks to store his items.

## Description

Adran is tall and lean, a perfect fit for a peaceful ascetic. Unruly light brown hair crowns his head, and he always seems to be holding a grin upon his lips. Sparse facial hair dots his face, one patch never quite meeting the other. Adran wears clean brown robes cinched with a colorful woven sash. He eschews footwear, and his calloused feet are as tough as the sole on any boot.

## Tactics

Adran avoids combat any chance possible, though he is always nearby to lend aid to an ally with healing or a protective spell. When combat breaks out, Adran casts *sanctuary* on himself to deter attackers. When forced into combat, he relies on his moderate level of training in the crossbow, only resorting to his dagger if enemies get past his allies and protections. Adran never leaves his shrine, so any combat he may be involved in would occur there, and he keeps a few secret hiding places for when an overwhelming opponent visits. Adran is not afraid to be a coward.

## Using This Character

Adran is the light at the end of the tunnel. He's the most welcome face after the characters crawl bloodied, beaten, and cursed from the bowels of a dangerous dungeon. Rife with curatives and the ability to remove a number of conditions, Adran should seem more like a reward than anything else. Of course, his complicated mannerisms can make him difficult to deal with to some characters, but his helpful draw should make them grudgingly accept his aid.

### ADRAN GLINT XP 12,800

Male human cleric of the crossroad 12  
NG Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +1; **Perception** +11

**Aura** good, aura of protection (+2 deflection, energy resistance 5, 12 rounds/day)

**AC** 19, touch 13, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +2 deflection, +1 Dex)  
**hp** 69 (12d8 plus 12)  
**Fort** +11; **Ref** +8; **Will** +16

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** dagger +8/+3 (1d4–1/19–20)

**CR** 11



**Ranged** +1 light crossbow +11 (1d8+1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** channel positive energy 4/day (DC 17, 6d6), spontaneous casting (cure spells)

**Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th)

8/day—*resistant touch*

At Will—*dimensional hop* (120 feet/day)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 12th)

6th—*antimagic field*<sup>P</sup>, *find the path*, *heal*

5th—*atonement*, *break enchantment*, *spell resistance*,

*teleport*<sup>P</sup>, *true seeing*

4th—*death ward*, *dimension door*<sup>P</sup>, *divination*, *freedom of movement*, *restoration*

3rd—*create food and water*, *dispel magic*, *magic circle against evil*, *protection from energy*<sup>P</sup>, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*

2nd—*align weapon*, *augury*, *consecrate*, *locate object*<sup>P</sup>, *make whole* (x2), *zone of truth* (DC 17)

1st—*bles*, *comprehend languages* (x2), *endure elements*, *magic weapon*, *protection from evil*, *sanctuary*<sup>P</sup> (DC 16)

0 (at will)—*create water*, *detect magic*, *guidance*, *purify food and drink*

**D** Domain spell; **Domains** Protection, Travel

**Str** 8, **Dex** 12, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 13

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 21

**Feats** Brew Potion, Deadly Aim, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Scribe Scroll, Selective Channeling, Toughness<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Appraise +9, Diplomacy +10, Heal +18, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (nobility) +8, Knowledge (planes) +13, Knowledge (religion) +16, Perception +11, Spellcraft +10, Survival +9

**Languages** Common, Elven, Halfling

**SQ** agile feet (8/day)

**Combat Gear** 6 potions of cure light wounds, 6 potions of cure moderate wounds, 6 potions of cure serious wounds, 3 scrolls of remove disease, 10 scrolls of lesser restoration, 2 scrolls of restoration; **Other Gear** +2 mithral shirt, ring of protection +2, dagger, +1 light crossbow with 20 bolts, silver holy symbol, spell component pouch, 301 gp



# Elyze Morcia

## The Purifier, the Holy Flame, the Mad Maiden of the Pyre

Elyze Morcia is a half-elven cult leader with no discernable religious affiliation. Morcia is quite mad and has been on a one-woman crusade to purge the world of any number of perceived evils through the holy implementation of cleansing fire. Morcia and her followers are convinced that they are living in the end times and that at any moment the entire world will be purged in the holy fire of the ever-burning sun, and only those who welcome the flame will be spared. At one time or another Morcia and her followers have organized and terrorized elves, dwarves, and other humanoids, arcane spellcasters, clerics of lawful orders, and the ill and infirm. Her traveling horror show of insane followers has set up campaigns of purity in many a town and small city only to be driven off by violent outrage or paid to leave by local merchants and leaders.

### Description

Elyze Morcia has long, tangled blond hair and wild, darting, bloodshot blue eyes. She is overweight, short and in obvious poor health, but her conviction garners more respect than her disheveled appearance. Morcia wears a poorly maintained chain shirt covered over by a stained and singed tabard with no house or religious markings.

### Tactics

Given time to prepare for battle, Morcia will cast *bear's endurance*, *shield of faith*, and *greater magic weapon* on her heavy mace. Once combat begins she loves to use her vision of madness ability to confuse and corrupt her opponents. Morcia is obsessed with fire and purity and will try to finish off her opponents using *fire seeds*, *flame strike*, *fireball* and the like — while shrieking insane diatribes about evil, the end of the world and salvation through purity. If pressed Morcia will use her *boots of levitation* to rise above the fray and continue to cast spells from on high.

### Using This Character

Elyze Morcia is insanely hostile and will immediately perceive adventurers as a physical threat. This is because she has been attacked by adventurers who are disgusted, threatened, or have been hired to deal with her in the past. Morcia is most likely to be encountered by the adventurers on her own or with followers agitating and purging “evil” in a small town or nearby in the countryside. This could work as a “random encounter” when the players are in town on business in between legs of an adventure. The players might also be hired to negotiate, rescue, or eliminate Morcia and her purification cult. In this case she could be found holed up in a redoubt off some sort after having taken important captives that are waiting to be purged unless their families pay a handsome contribution to the cause of purity.

#### ELYZE MORCIA

XP 19,200

Female half-elf cleric of the pyre 13

CE Medium humanoid (elf)

**Init** -1; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +19

**Aura** evil, aura of madness (DC 20, 13 rounds/day)

**AC** 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, -1 Dex, +2 shield)

CR 12



**hp** 88 (13d8+13 plus 13)

**Fort** +10; **Ref** +6; **Will** +13; +2 vs. enchantments

**Immune** sleep; **Resist** fire 20

**Spd** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 *thundering heavy mace* +11/+6 (1d8+2)

**Special Attacks** channel negative energy 6/day (DC 19, 7d6), spontaneous casting (inflict spells)

**Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th)

7/day—*fire bolt*, *vision of madness*

**Cleric Spells Prepared** (CL 13th):

7th—*elemental body IV<sup>D</sup>*, *word of chaos* (DC 21)

6th—*blade barrier* (DC 20), *fire seeds<sup>D</sup>*, *planar ally*

5th—*flame strike<sup>D</sup>* (DC 19), *fire shield* (DC 19), *spell resistance*, *unhallow* (DC 19)

4th—*chaos hammer* (DC 18), *cure critical wounds*, *greater magic weapon*, *summon monster IV*, *unholy blight* (DC 18), *wall of fire<sup>D</sup>*

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *continual flame*, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *fireball<sup>P</sup>* (DC 17), *invisibility purge*

2nd—*bear's endurance*, *cure moderate wounds*, *lesser restoration*, *sound burst* (DC 16), *touch of idiocy<sup>P</sup>*, *zone of truth* (DC 16)

1st—*burning hands<sup>P</sup>* (DC 15), *command* (DC 15), *cure light wounds*, *endure elements*, *protection from law*, *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *light*, *read magic*, *stabilize*

**D** Domain spell; **Domains** Fire, Madness

**Str** 12, **Dex** 8, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 19

**Feats** Combat Casting, Improved Channel, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Selective Channeling, Skill Focus (Knowledge [religion])<sup>B</sup>, Spell Penetration, Toughness

**Skills** Bluff +6, Diplomacy +15, Heal +10, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (religion) +11, Perception +19, Sense Motive +12

**Languages** Common, Elven

**SQ** elf blood

**Combat Gear** *potion of barkskin* +4, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of displacement*, *potion of haste*, *scroll*

(*chaos hammer*, *flame strike*, *fireball* [x3]); **Other Gear** +2 *chain shirt*, *mithral heavy shield*, *cloak of resistance*, +1, +1

*thundering heavy mace*, *boots of levitation*, *eyes of the eagle*, *gloves of arrow snaring*, *backpack*, *silver holy symbol*, *cleric vestments*, *spell component pouch*, 255gp, 212sp

# Tairnwen a'Idriss, Eldest of the Creag

## Heathen Cultist

For centuries, the people of the moorlands have kept to themselves, seldom mixing with the folk of the cities. They pay lip service to the great kings and lords that dominate the land, but their true allegiance lies with the druidic leaders of secretive cults. Ancient and mysterious, these heterodox sects honor bloodthirsty elemental spirits forgotten in more civilized lands.

Among the most ominous of these sects are the Congregants of the Creag, a group honoring the four elements as the timeless root forces of creation. Their acolytes wander unchallenged through the countryside, seemingly humble and kind, yet quick to slaughter any who pose a threat to their hidden power. Few dare speak of the Congregants' dark faith, lest grim visitors drag them off in the night to be the cult's next sacrifices. The country folk justly dread the Four Masked Sisters, mysterious robed priestesses (actually medusas) with the power to petrify those who transgress against the cult.

The leader of this dark brotherhood is a surprisingly frail-seeming woman, Tairnwen a'Idriss. Chosen as a maiden to be sacrificed to grim nature spirits, the elderly priests binding her both suffered simultaneous heart attacks as they quelled her struggles. The gods' grim message was clear, so the erstwhile sacrifice was instead invited to join their dark priesthood. Vivid visions of nature's savagery assailed all present at her initiation, drug-induced images of predators culling the weak. The spirits chose fire as her element, and the fox became her totem animal, a predator known for cunning instead of savagery. As if to counter Tairnwen's gentle seeming, her patron spirits sent a daemonic beast to serve her, a dreaded bull-like horror known as the Tarv Creag.

Grown wise in the blood-soaked ways of her patron spirits, Tairnwen seems strangely unsuited to be the ruler of a murderous cult. Soft-spoken and seemingly gentle, some even question whether she is as sinister as her sect's grim reputation suggests. They speculate that the Tarv Creag was sent by the gods to keep her from straying. Those who question Tairnwen's evil haven't witnessed the blood-spattered beast's doglike loyalty to its mistress. They haven't seen the relish in Tairnwen's eyes as its mighty form crushes the cult's enemies beneath its hooves or transforms them into stone with its terrible breath. Only the cult's innermost initiates have witnessed Tairnwen's true self, the passionate zeal with which she sacrifices all that is pure and innocent to the land's most savage spirits.

The rains did not come and the crops may fail: perhaps greater sacrifices will be needed. Tairnwen is not worried, for with every sunrise the road brings new travelers to the lonely heaths. The gods will be satisfied.

## Description

Lines on Tairnwen's face and her long white hair testify to her great age, but the sinister priestess has been taught grim and bloody rituals, forbidden magics that slow her aging and grant unnatural vitality. She wears robes of age-yellowed linen beneath a breastplate shaped from the hide of a monstrosity overgrown basilisk. An intricate pectoral lies atop the armor, crafted of lapis and silver.

Tairnwen often carries a staff of unusual design, its age-blackened oak carved with the figures of carrion birds and raptors. Although the staff possesses potent magical abilities, she has at times lent it to other cult members when they were going to represent her in an important matter. Such envoys are invariably magically bound (with *g as/ye st*) to faithfully serve the Eldest.



## New Magic Item: The Binder of the Creag

An ancient relic of the Congregants, Tairnwen's staff has passed from one cult leader to the next for centuries. A gift of the sect's supernatural patrons, it grants several magical boons to its bearer.

### THE BINDER OF THE CREAG

**Aura** moderate enchantment; **CL** 10th  
**Slot** none; **Price** 22,300 gp; **Weight** 5 lbs.

### DESCRIPTION

This staff strikes as a +1 *quarterstaff*, bypassing DR/good. It allows a divine caster to use the following spells: *Protection from good* (1 charge) *Crushing despair* (2 charges) *Geas/quest* (3 charges) (this ability is only usable against those who have sworn loyalty to the Congregants of the Creag) In order to draw upon the staff's power, the wielder must swear an oath of loyalty to the dark spirits of the Creag while grasping it in both hands. Those swearing such an oath are magically bound to it: They automatically fail any saving throw against enchantment/compulsion spells cast by the cult's legitimate leader or the grim nature spirits she serves. *Break enchantment* or *remove curse* can eliminate this effect (DC 21).

### CONSTRUCTION

**Requirements** Craft Staff, contact other plane, *crushing despair*, *geas/quest*, *protection from good*;  
**Cost** 11,150 gp

## Tactics

Those who make an enemy of the Eldest of the Creag find her a subtle and remorseless foe. She uses her cult's minions and supernatural allies to probe foes' abilities before committing her strongest forces to battle. In combat, Tairnwen typically traps foes with *wall of thorns* and *entangle* spells, sending summoned beasts or elementals to savage them. The Tarv Creag remains near her at all times, protecting its mistress.

None but her most trusted allies is permitted to know where Tairnwen's sanctum lies. Hidden among labyrinthine thickets, its approaches are laced with magical traps and lethal plant life. Those attempting to invade via magical means (such as *scrying* and teleportation) find that illusion cloaks her meditation chambers: They instead find themselves in a visually-similar area, the lair of several Nessian hell hounds.

Cautious to a fault, Tairnwen often cloaks her true form, assuming the shape of a fox or a raven before venturing from her sanctum. When negotiating with potential foes, she often employs a double, sending a zealous acolyte to impersonate her while she observes from a distance.

## Using This Character

Heroic adventurers would generally encounter Tairnwen as an adversary, investigating tales of travelers burned in wicker giants or buried alive as sacrifices to the spirits of the lonely heaths. Those allied to a region's rulers may seek out the Eldest as the guiding force behind a peasant rebellion or may hope to enlist her aid in quelling such upheavals. More subtle adventurers may attempt to infiltrate the Congregants as spies or *ag nts provocateur*, or may seek forbidden lore from the cult's hidden archive of suppressed and heterodox texts. Adventurers unaware of (or unconcerned by) Tairnwen's evil may be asked to retrieve components the cult leader needs to craft wondrous items for her followers: Those who prove strong and faithful will be suitably rewarded for their service.

### TAIRNWEN A'IDRIS

XP 25,600

Female old human druid 14  
NE Medium humanoid (human)  
Init -2; Perception +21

CR 13

AC 18, touch 8, flat-footed 18 (+8 armor, -2 Dex, +2 natural)  
hp 94 (14d8+14 plus 14)  
Fort +10; Ref +2; Will +17; +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects  
Defensive Abilities resist nature's lure; Immune poison, Resist fire 20

Speed 20 ft.

Melee *The Binder of the Creag* +9/+4 (1d6-1), mithral sickle +8/+3 (1d6-2)

Ranged sling +8 (1d4-2)

Special Attacks spontaneous casting (summon spells)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (14th):

11/day—fire bolt (1d6+7 fire)

Druid Spells Prepared (CL 14th):

7th—*creeping doom*\* (DC 26), *elemental body IV* (fire only)<sup>D</sup> (DC 21), *fire storm* (DC 25), *wind walk*

6th—*antlifer shell*, *fire seeds*<sup>D</sup> (DC 24), *greater dispel magic*, *maximized flame blade*, *stoneskin*, *transport via plants*

5th—*cure critical wounds*, *fire shield*<sup>D\*</sup> (DC 24), *insect plague*\*, *stoneskin*, *wall of thorns*\*

4th—*command plants* (DC 22), *cure serious wounds* (DC 22), *dispel magic*, *freedom of movement*, *scrying*, *spike stones* (DC 22), *wall of fire*<sup>D</sup>

3rd—*call lightning* (DC 21), *contagion* (DC 21), *dominate animal* (DC 21), *fireball*<sup>D</sup> (DC 21), *meld into stone*, *plant growth*, *poison* (DC 21)

2nd—*barkskin* (x2), *bear's endurance*, *flaming sphere* (DC

20), *produce flame*<sup>D</sup>, *tree shape*, *warp wood*  
1st—*burning hands*<sup>D</sup> (DC 19), *cure light wounds* (DC 19, x2), *entangle* (DC 19, x2), *longstrider*, *obscuring mist*\*  
0 (at will)—*create water*\*, *detect magic*, *light*, *stabilize*  
D Domain spell; Domain Fire  
\*Conjuration spell

Str 7, Dex 7, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 26, Cha 16

Base Atk +10; CMB +8; CMD 16

Feats Augment Summoning, Craft Wondrous Item, Eschew Materials<sup>B</sup>, Leadership, Maximize Spell, Natural Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell Focus (conjuration)

Skills Diplomacy +13, Handle Animal +20, Heal +18, Knowledge (nature) +21, Knowledge (planes) +10, Knowledge (religion) +9, Perception +21, Perform (oratory) +10, Ride +5, Spellcraft +12, Survival +20

Languages Common, Druidic, Sylvan, Terran

SQ nature bond (Fire domain), nature sense, trackless step, venom immunity, wild empathy +17, wild shape 6/day (14 hours), woodland stride

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of remove blindness/deafness*, *scroll of greater dispel magic*, *scroll of reincarnate*, *scroll of true seeing*; Other Gear +2 *dragonhide breastplate*, *pectoral amulet of natural armor* +2, *masterwork quarterstaff*, *mithral sickle*, sling, 10 sling bullets, *cap of inspired wisdom* +4, *girdle of physical might* +2 (Dexterity and Constitution), *leather satchel*, pouch containing 420 gp, *priestly vestments*, silver bowl set with lapis (worth 125 gp), *spell component pouch*, sprigs fresh mistletoe, *waterskin*, winter blanket, holy and mistletoe, *spell component pouch*

### THE TARV CREAG

XP —

Male advanced-HD fiendish gorgon cohort (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Fiendish," "Gorgon")  
NE Huge magical beast (extraplanar)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +23

AC 24, touch 7, flat-footed 24 (+3 armor, -1 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)

hp 159 (11d10+99)

Fort +16; Ref +6; Will +8

DR 10/good; Resist cold 15, fire 15; SR 17

Speed 30 ft.

Melee gore +20 (3d8+11), 2 hooves +15 (2d6+5)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks breath weapon (60 ft. cone, turn to stone, Fortitude DC 24 negates), smite good 1/day (+0 atk, +11 dmg), trample (3d8+16, DC 26)

Str 32, Dex 8, Con 28, Int 2, Wis 16, Cha 9

Base Atk +11; CMB +24 (+26 bull rush); CMD 33 (35 vs. bull rush, 37 vs. trip)

Feats Awesome Blow, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Perception +23

Gear masterwork studded leather barding

# Sorrowsong

## Scourge of the Coast

The Scourge of the Coast has been plying her skills — robbery, thuggery, and intimidation — along the Coastal Way for the past six months. Merchants, inexperienced adventurers, and even small bands of soldiers have all fallen prey to her misery. The merchant's guild and several local governments have all offered bounties for her death or capture but to no avail. Some say she's only a myth, and those who claim to have been robbed are instead unscrupulous and "robbed" themselves. Others believe she instead is a haunt, ghost, or something similar. Of course, Sorrowsong is none of these things, though she relishes hearing such tales spread.

Sorrowsong is pretty simple. She's a Harpy — more intelligent than her peers — who possesses great skill with a bow and a deep sense of greed. Her greed, in fact, keeps her in check. It is her greed that, ultimately, prevents her from being an effective leader. Should Sorrowsong ever figure out that cutting back on her personal greed — allowing companions and underlings to have nice things — would actually make her more powerful and more wealthy, the coastal area would be in big trouble.

## Description

Sorrowsong is oddly beautiful — at least for a harpy. Her plumage contains several feathers streaked with bright colors, unlike the typical drab blacks and grays found among most of her race.

## Tactics

Once she picks a target, Sorrowsong swoops in and begins singing, using her captivating song ability to fascinate everybody within range. Those who actually save against her harpy magic are the unlucky ones, as Sorrowsong fills them with arrows while flying overhead. She particularly despises elves and fey, disgusted by their graceful beauty, and uses her *arrows of slaying* against them. Once the group is incapacitated, in one form or another, Sorrowsong robs them blind. Upon looting all she can carry, Sorrowsong flies out over the water, laughing maniacally as those entrapped in her captivating song launch themselves off the cliff to their deaths.

If robbing a larger caravan, Sorrowsong stashes items in the nearby fields and destroys the wagons and horses by activating her *wand of fireball*. Either way, she seeks to clear the area as quickly as possible, lest she be caught by the next group to come along the heavily traversed highway. On rare occasions, she'll leave one victim alive so as to spread the tale of the Scourge of the Coast.

## Using This Character

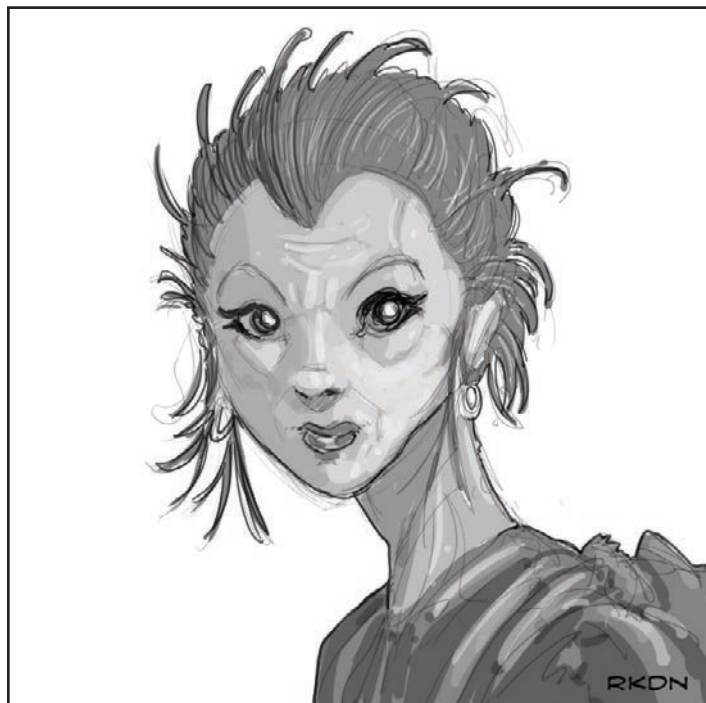
Sorrowsong is, ultimately, a bully. Low level characters could first meet Sorrowsong when she's doing what she does best — robbing those along the coastal road. Mid-level characters could encounter Sorrowsong while employed as guards in a caravan, or even while seeking to avenge a previous robbery. Like most bullies, Sorrowsong has no desire to take on those of equal (or greater) power, and so capturing or killing her might be a challenge for a group without flight capability, allowing her to serve a recurring role in a game.

**SORROWSONG**  
**XP 38,400**

Female harpy rogue 10 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Harpy")

CE Medium monstrous humanoid

**CR 14**



**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +10

**AC** 22, touch 16, flat-footed 22 (+5 armor, +5 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

**hp** 114 (7d10+7 plus 10d8+10 plus 10)

**Fort** +10; **Ref** +19 (+22 vs. traps); **Will** +10

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +3, uncanny dodge

**Speed** 20 ft., fly 80 ft. (average)

**Melee** mwk light mace +20/+15/+10 (1d6+2)

**Ranged** +2 composite longbow +20/+20/+15/+10 (1d8+4/x3)

**Special Attacks** captivating song (DC 17), rogue talents (bleeding attack, crippling strike, surprise attack), sneak attack +5d6

**Str** 14, **Dex** 20, **Con** 12, **Int** 11, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 32

**Feats** Dodge, Flyby Attack, Great Fortitude, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Skill Focus (Bluff), Stealthy, Weapon Finesse<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (composite longbow)

**Skills** Acrobatics +20 (+16 jump), Appraise +13, Bluff +23, Disable Device +10, Escape Artist +7, Fly +20, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +10 (+15 locate traps), Perform (sing) +17, Sense Motive +13, Stealth +22, Use Magic Device +19

**Languages** Common

**SQ** rogue talents (finesse rogue, ledge walker), trapfinding  
**Combat Gear** 2 potions of cure moderate wounds, 2 potions of invisibility, wand of fireball (8 charges), 5 sleep arrows, arrow of elf slaying, arrow of fey slaying; **Other Gear** +2 studded leather, cloak of resistance +2, mwk light mace, +2 composite longbow (+2 Str) with 50 arrows, efficient quiver, emerald brooch (50 gp), 46 gp

# Liem Draid

## The Sable Knight

For the first year of his career, Liem Draid called himself the Sable Blade. He boasted that the blood of his victims had dyed his dagger blade crimson so often that now the steel was almost black. The low-lives of the city knew that if you needed a person killed, Liem Draid was the man to see.

Despite his boasts, Draid wasn't exceptionally experienced. He counted only a half-dozen thugs and crooks on his list of victims. Nor did he particularly relish killing. He was moderately good at assassination but despised himself for capitalizing on his one "talent." Secretly, he feared that his life's path was predestined and that he could never achieve anything greater than petty thughood because his fate was to be small and forgotten.

Draid's life changed when an unbalanced street priest of the shadow god, Mirkeer, paid to have a priest of the sun god, Arn, eliminated. Expecting a doddering old man, Draid was taken by surprise when the thin, balding priest also turned out to be a retired knight. He disarmed Draid and turned him over to the city guard.

That was not the last Draid saw of his target, though. Sir Ereck visited his would-be killer in prison. At first the knight pressured Draid for information about his client and other Mirkeerite cultists in the city. Draid initially refused to talk, but Ereck explained that confession would not only be good for Draid's soul, but would also affect his sentencing. Draid gave up the details of his client, and Ereck petitioned the court to release Draid into his care. He used Draid's knowledge of the city low-lives to hunt down the priest of Mirkeer, but despite their best efforts, the cultist escaped.

By then, a true friendship had formed between Draid and Sir Ereck. Sir Ereck talked to Draid as an equal. "Your fate is your own," was his favorite saying. "If you choose to live a life bereft of meaning that is your choice. I believe you can be something greater." Draid followed Sir Ereck's example and dedicated his life to Arn. Ereck shepherded Draid along the path to knighthood; after years of training and service, Draid cast off the taint of his old profession and took his vows in service of Arn.

Many more years of grand adventuring followed. A nearby despot had decided to expand his holdings and sent his forces into Draid's homeland. Ereck remained retired, but often advised Draid on his missions against the despot and his tyrannical forces. Draid worked hard as a champion of good and drove back the invaders on numerous occasions, but still he suffered from dark nightmares about his past. He often wished he could blot those days from his mind, but such was not to be. The memories flooded back, gripping Draid in their bloody fingers, the day Draid returned home to find Sir Ereck dead, slaughtered at the hands of enemy soldiers.

Draid exploded in grief and rage so deep they seemed a tangible field about him. He cast off his heavy armor and distinctive greatsword and took up cloak and dagger once more. He left a trail of dead soldiers behind him as he moved deeper and deeper into enemy territory. A month after Sir Ereck's death, Draid stood above the lifeless form of the despot whom he had killed from behind with a single dagger blow.

Surrounded by the dead, Draid realized how low he had sunk. His vows and good deeds had come to naught; once again he was an assassin, a creature of stealth and slaughter. Draid staggered out of the despot's castle. Through the haze of his shock, he saw a bent figure before him. It was the priest of Mirkeer who had commissioned Sir Ereck's death by Draid's hand. Only Draid now learned that the priest of Mirkeer was a creature from the Lower Planes, a vile daemon who had set these events in motion knowing it would bring Draid to this place of despair. With all he had once cherished lost, Draid agreed to serve the fiend, believing his destiny fixed and immutable. He had been the Sable Blade; now he wreaked death and destruction as the Sable Knight.



## Description

Draid's full plate appears black at first, but direct light reveals the subtle crimson tint within the armor's surface. His helm covers his entire face, only his dark eyes visible through the eye slit. A brilliant red plume trails from the helmet. Two glowing green eyes set above a fanged maw emblazon his black shield, and in his right hand he carries a morningstar tipped with black iron spikes. Despite his heavy armor, he moves with a silent grace that seems almost unnatural.

A armorless, Draid looks like an ordinary human man in his late thirties, the first hints of gray apparent in his dark brown hair. Draid rides a piebald stallion, pure white save for distinctive chestnut blotches that resemble dried blood.

Draid is a fatalist. He believes that destiny is preordained and immutable. He believed the fiend who claimed to have set in motion a cascade of events that would lead Draid to his role as the Sable Knight, and no longer trusts that his decisions have any impact on the course of the future. He is difficult to reason with because of his beliefs.

## Tactics

Draid travels the land on horseback. He prefers to dismount and fight face to face, however. If he has time to plan his attack, he casts *protection from god* on himself and then casts *invisibility* in order to try to get a sneak attack in the first round. Draid uses Power Attack on his first attack and ceases to use the feat only if he misses twice in a row. If facing a recognizable cleric of good, or anyone openly displaying holy symbols, Draid focuses his attacks on that person first with a *smite god*.

## Using This Character

Draid believes that his life is the only one he deserves. His inability to protect Sir Ereck, and subsequent killing spree, broke his will to do good works. Draid willingly serves his evil master, though he does not expect

## CHAPTER 2: TRAVEL

any particular reward in the afterlife, or in the present.

Draid serves his master in whatever capacity the fiend requires. PCs could encounter the Sable Knight putting a torch to a small village that failed to bend to the fiend's demands, hunting a party of missionaries or pilgrims overland, or questing in dark places to retrieve some evil artifact. Draid might work with other evil characters to accomplish his goals, but he has no interest in leadership, and he follows only his fiendish master. Any such alliances would be temporary.

No villain is ever completely beyond redemption, but Draid has lived his evil life for so long that it would require miraculous patience and perseverance on the part of good to turn his heart back to Arn. The longer Draid serves his fiendish master, the less he believes Arn could ever forgive him. The most likely end to Draid's life is a messy death on the end of a true paladin's blade.

### LIEM DRAID

CR 15

#### XP 51,200

Male human rogue 3/antipaladin 13 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Antipaladin")

CE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +8; **Perception** +6

**Aura** cowardice (10 ft.), despair (10 ft.), evil, vengeance (10 ft.)

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**AC** 27, touch 13, flat-footed 26 (+10 armor, +2 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 natural, +3 shield)

**hp** 107 (3d8+3 plus 13d10+13 plus 3)

**Fort** +11; **Ref** +12 (+13 vs. traps); **Will** +10

**Defensive Abilities** evasion (currently unusable), light fortification (25%), plague bringer, trap sense +1, unholy resilience; **Immune** disease

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**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** +1 *unholy morningstar* +22/+17/+12 (1d8+6) or +1 *unholy morningstar* +18/+13/+8 (1d8+6), shield bash +16 (1d4+2)

**Ranged** mwk composite longbow +20/+15/+10 (1d8+4/x3)

**Special Attacks** channel negative energy (7d6, DC 17, 4/day), cruelties (DC 17, shaken, sickened, diseased, cursed), smite good 5/day (+1 attack, +13 damage, +1 AC), sneak attack +3d6, touch of corruption 8/day (7d6)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th)

At Will—*detect good*

**Spells Prepared** (CL 10th):

3rd—*vampiric touch* (melee touch +20)

2nd—*darkvision*, *invisibility*

1st—*bane* (DC 12), *cause fear* (DC 12), *command* (DC 12), *protection from good/law*

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**Str** 20, **Dex** 19, **Con** 12, **Int** 8, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 13

**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 36

**Feats** Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Great Cleave, Improved Initiative<sup>b</sup>, Improved Shield Bash, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (morningstar)

**Skills** Bluff +14, Disable Device +7, Intimidate +14, Perception +6 (+7 locate traps), Ride +7, Sense Motive +11, Stealth +16

**Languages** Common

**SQ** fiendish boon, trapfinding

**Other Gear** +1 *light fortification full plate*, +1 *heavy steel shield*, *ring of protection* +2, *amulet of natural armor* +1, +1 *unholy morningstar*, masterwork composite longbow (+4 Str) with 20 arrows, *belt of giant strength* +4, *cloak of elvenkind*, masterwork thieves' tools, spell component pouch, 40 pp, 72 gp

# Kalevain

## Legendary Skald

The people of the Northlands consider two things as signs of virility: prowess on the battlefield and eloquence in the meadhall. The legendary skald Kalevain possesses both of these qualities in abundance.

Kalevain's adventures are oft repeated. He has bested mighty giants and slain ravenous dragons. With a few brave allies beside him, Kalevain has turned back tribes of beastmen. With the blessings of his ancestors, he has made war against the Underworld. Kalevain has deposed evil tyrants and won the hearts of beauteous princesses.

Kalevain travels far and wide—often accompanied by would-be heroes and aspiring bards—in search of further adventure. He travels by foot and horseback, or in his longboat *Tá Whl e-br se*, which fits magically in his rucksack. Kalevain visits towns and villages along the way. At such stops he is greeted as a celebrity: the people are eager to hear tales of Kalevain's latest adventures, to see the trophies he has collected, and perhaps to be the recipient of his legendary generosity.

While his heroics have certainly made the northern lands safer for all, Kalevain is not the paragon of virtue he is often made out to be. He resents anyone who does not show him proper deference. Though a mighty warrior, Kalevain's revenge against such people comes in the form of satirical verses and slanderous rumors spread by his faithful fans.

Even adulation eventually bores Kalevain. If a town he visits can not provide him with suitable sport—a monster to slay, an enemy to defeat, a maiden to woo—Kalevain makes his own fun. It starts with a subtle slight against the village chief or some other notable, such as the town's own famous warrior. Behind a mask of joviality, Kalevain heaps insult upon insult until the target of his mischief is forced to act to defend his honor. Feigning innocence, Kalevain declares himself the injured party and demands recompense. The situation escalates into a feud between Kalevain and his designated enemy, and the supporters of each, and ends only when Kalevain kills his foe.

Later when stories are told of the event, the target of Kalevain's wrath was a despot or bully, and the legendary skald the people's savior. Thus with a new story to tell, Kalevain travels on to his next destination.

## Description

Tall and broad, blonde and blue-eyed, Kalevain is every bit the stereotypical Northlander. Kalevain eschews fancy clothing, preferring the rugged, utilitarian dress of a warrior. Yet he does not hide his wealth and station, wearing a gilded circlet upon his brow and an inlaid belt about his waist. In battle, he wears a breastplate etched with knotwork patterns and wields *Ormtooth*, a magical axe reclaimed from a dragon's hoard.

Kalevain always carries with him a ramshackle chapbook composed of many different folios stitched together. Within are stories in prose and verse, many of Kalevain's own invention, others passed down to him from elder skalds or bought from foreign traders. Interleaved with the stories are scrolls of magic spells.

## Tactics

Though not technically a spellcaster, Kalevain's special abilities as well as his collection of scrolls, allow him to act as if he were one. If he is expecting combat, Kalevain uses his *wand of sh eld* upon himself and may also use a scroll or two. He casts *wall of stone* before combat to adjust the battlefield to his advantage, or during combat to confound his enemies. In a climactic battle—and Kalevain rarely deigns to participate in anything less—he begins by summoning ghostly barbarians to his side.

When he's ready to enter the fray, Kalevain begins a bardic performance and enters into a rage. As his spiritual barbarians cannot benefit from



his bardic performance, Kalevain prefers to use dirge of doom which combines well with his Shatter Defenses feat. He prefers to fight in melee with his magic axe. Moment of clarity allows him to cast a spell even in the throes of rage. Keep in mind that Kalevain's deep pockets ability allows him to pull a scroll of almost any spell (arcane or divine) of up to 4th level from his chapbook. Many a battle has turned on Kalevain casting just the right spell for the situation.

Despite his bravado, Kalevain knows when he is beaten, and will flee or surrender if close to death. Indeed, if a rival can best Kalevain and accept his surrender with honor, he may soon find himself the skald's closest friend.

## Using This Character

Ideally, the PCs should hear about Kalevain long before they meet him. Stories of his adventures are told throughout the Northlands, in no small part due to Kalevain's own storytelling abilities. The PCs should be impressed by the mythology surrounding him. Whether they remain impressed after they learn what is true and what is false about him is another matter.

Kalevain works well as an ally of high-level PCs against a more powerful foe. With his versatile mix of skills, combat prowess, and magic, he complements most adventuring parties. If the foe is sufficiently legendary, Kalevain will need little prompting to join the cause. However, PCs may have to work to rein in his predilection for conflict.

Alternately, Kalevain may become a rival of mid- to high-level PCs. The arrival of Kalevain at the PCs' home town is a significant event that they cannot ignore. Conflict may occur when the legendary skald seeks to one-up the PCs, perhaps even offering to defeat a villain or find a relic that has so far eluded them. The PCs may have to pit their social skills against Kalevain when he attempts to spread discord in the region. Failing that, they may have to defeat him in combat when discord turns to bloodshed. Kalevain might even decide to make the PCs the target of his whispering campaign out of jealousy or boredom.

## The Stuff of Legends

It is said that Kalevain's transcendent kennings make the legends come alive, and that is no exaggeration. The legendary skald can summon forth the spiritual essence of those great warriors. Use the following stats for barbarians summoned by Kalevain (or any Pathfinder chronicler). These stats are modified from those presented in *Classic Treasures Revisited*.

### LEGENDARY BARBARIAN, RAGING CR — XP —

Human barbarian 4  
N Medium construct  
**Init** +6; **Perception** +8

**AC** 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, -2 rage)

**hp** 51 (4d12+12 plus 8)

**Fort** +7; **Ref** +3 (+4 vs. traps); **Will** +4

**Defensive Abilities** uncanny dodge, trap sense +1;  
**Immune** construct traits

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** mwk greataxe +12 (1d12+9/×3)

**Special Attacks** rage (11 rounds/day), rage powers (raging leaper, surprise accuracy)

**Base Statistics** When not raging, the barbarian's statistics are: **Speed** 40 ft., **AC** 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; **hp** 43;

**Melee** mwk greataxe +10 (1d12+6/×3); **Str** 18, **Con** 13;

**CMB** +8, **CMD** 20; Acrobatics +9 (+13 jump), Climb +11, Swim +11

**Str** 22, **Dex** 14, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 22

**Feats** Improved Initiative, Toughness<sup>8</sup>, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

**Skills** Acrobatics +9 (+17 jump), Climb +13, Perception +8, Swim +13

**Languages** Common

**Gear** masterwork studded leather, masterwork greataxe

### EXALTED BARBARIAN, RAGING CR — XP —

Human barbarian 5

N Medium construct (incorporeal)

**Init** +6; **Perception** +9

**AC** 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +2 Dex, -2 rage)

**hp** 63 (5d12+15 plus 10)

**Fort** +7; **Ref** +3 (+4 vs. traps); **Will** +4

**Defensive Abilities** improved uncanny dodge, incorporeal, uncanny dodge, trap sense +1; **Immune** construct traits

**Speed** 40 ft.

**Melee** +1 *ghost touch greataxe* +13 (1d12+10/×3)

**Special Attacks** rage (13 rounds/day), rage powers (raging leaper, surprise accuracy)

**Base Statistics** When not raging, the barbarian's statistics are: **Speed** 40 ft., **AC** 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; **hp** 53;

**Melee** +1 *ghost touch greataxe* +12 (1d12+7/×3); **Str** 18,

**Con** 13; **CMB** +9, **CMD** 21; Acrobatics +10 (+14 jump), Climb +12, Swim +12

**Str** 22, **Dex** 14, **Con** 17, **Int** 8, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 23

**Feats** Improved Initiative, Step Up, Toughness<sup>8</sup>, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

**Skills** Acrobatics +10 (+18 jump), Climb +14, Perception +9, Swim +14

**Languages** Common

**Gear** +2 *studded leather*, +1 *ghost touch greataxe*

### KALEVAIN, RAGING CR 16 XP 76,800

Male human barbarian 7/Pathfinder chronicler 10

CN Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +5; **Perception** +17

**AC** 20, touch 9, flat-footed 20 (+11 armor, +1 Dex, -2 rage)

**hp** 225 (7d12+42 plus 10d8+70 plus 17)

**Fort** +19; **Ref** +13 (+15 vs. traps); **Will** +13

**Defensive Abilities** improved uncanny dodge, live to tell the tale 5/day, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; **DR** 1/—

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee**\* +2 *greataxe* +19/+14/+19 (1d12+17/19-20/×3), slam +17 (1d4+3 negative energy)

**Ranged** heavy crossbow +15 (1d10/19-20)

**Special Attacks** bardic performance 23 rounds/day (countersong, dirge of doom, distraction, fascinate [DC 17], inspire action [standard], inspire courage +2, inspire competence +3, suggestion [DC 17], whispering campaign), call down legends 1/week, lay of the exalted dead 1/week (DC 18), rage 20 rounds/day, rage powers (lesser spirit totem†, moment of clarity, spirit totem†)

**Base Statistics** when not raging, Kalevain's statistics are **AC** 22, touch 11, flat-footed 21; **hp** 181; **Fort** +17, **Will** +11; **Melee** +2 *greataxe* +21/+16/+11 (1d12+8/19-20/×3); **Str** 18, **Con** 18; **CMB** +18, **CMD** 29; **Climb** +17

\*4-point Power attack

**Str** 22, **Dex** 12, **Con** 22, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 31

**Feats** Dazzling Display, Great Fortitude, Improved Critical (greataxe), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Shatter Defenses, Toughness<sup>8</sup>, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

**Skills** Acrobatics +15, Bluff +22, Climb +19, Diplomacy +22, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +6, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (local) +12, Knowledge (nature) +12, Knowledge (religion) +12, Linguistics +17, Perception +17, Perform (oratory) +22, Profession (scribe) +19, Survival +16 (+21 to avoid getting lost), Use Magic Device +19 (+29 scrolls)

**Languages** Aquan, Auran, Common, Draconic, Giant  
**SQ** bardic knowledge, deep pockets, epic tales, greater epic tales, improved aid, master scribe, pathfinding

**Combat Gear** *scroll of haste*, *scroll of invisibility*, *scroll of resist energy*, 2 *scrolls of wall of stone*, *wand of shield* (20 charges), *wand of endure elements* (20 charges); **Other Gear** +5 *breastplate*, *cloak of resistance* +3, +2 *greataxe*, dagger, heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, *belt of physical perfection* +2, *circlet of persuasion*, chapbook, *folding boat*, unspecified equipment (worth 1,000 gp; deep pockets)

† *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*



# Qwellen Strongbow

## Elven Protector

Like many elves, Qwellen Strongbow studied the art of wizardry early in his life. While he showed ability to master spellcasting, Qwellen was always fascinated by archery. Seeking to capitalize on his talents and interests, Qwellen sought employment among the Protectors of the Green Realm. The group combined the art of the arcane with the majesty of the bow while forming a group that patrolled the woodlands and served as scouts and defenders of the even lands.

Qwellen now wanders the woodlands, diligently searching out that which might threaten his homeland. His only companions in his travels are his hawk familiar, Quithas, and his wolf animal companion, Markasum.

## Description

Qwellen is tall, by elven standards, and lithe. He has long, flowing brown hair, often worn in an intricate braid, and violet eyes. His clothing is a mix of greens and browns, to better help him blend into his surroundings. Though not without some subdued ornamentation.

## Tactics

Qwellen goes to great lengths to ensure his target is susceptible to ranged attacks. Typically, Markasum charges, biting whatever foe the trio faces. Qwellen makes use of his skill with the bow to fire past Markasum and strike his target. The archer rains death upon his foes, often leaving them looking like a pincushion before they have time to react.

Against multiple foes, Qwellen opens with his hail of arrows ability. He then quickly assesses the situation, determining if it's best to spend another round picking off severely weakened foes or if he and his companions would be better served by disappearing into the forest. Qwellen isn't afraid to use his *il mension dor* spell as a get-away mechanism, but only if Markasum is nearby and capable of coming along.

## Using This Character

The trio patrols the forest, ever watching those who travel within. Friendly humanoid who are respectful of the surroundings find a friend in Qwellen — even if they never meet him. He is quick to aid those who need it and have demonstrated a proper respect for the wild. Alternately, those who abuse nature's lands find themselves an enemy for whom they may not have bargained. Qwellen seeks to strike down those who cause harm within the forest, for example careless wizards who toss *fireballs*.

### QWELLEN STRONGBOW

XP 102,400

Male elf ranger 7/abjurer 1/arcane archer 10  
CG Medium humanoid (elf)

**Init** +7; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +30

**AC** 23, touch 16, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +5 Dex, +1 natural)

**hp** 126 (7d10+7 plus 1d6+1 plus 10d10+10 plus 7)

**Fort** +15; **Ref** +21; **Will** +14; +2 vs. enchantments

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +1 rapier +25/+20/+15/+10 (1d6+1/18–20)

**Ranged** +2 orc-bane frost longbow +27/+22/+17/+12 (1d8+2/x3 plus 1d6 cold)

**Special Attacks** arrow of death (DC 19), enhance arrows

CR 17



(magic, distance, elemental burst, aligned), favored enemy (Humanoid [orc] +4, Humanoid [gnoll] +2), hail of arrows, imbue arrow, phase arrow, seeker arrow

**Ranger Spells Prepared** (CL 4th)

1st—*entangle*, *longstrider*

**Abjurer Spells Prepared** (CL 8th)

4th—*dimension door*, *fire trap* (DC 16), *greater invisibility*

3rd—*dispel magic*, *explosive runes* (DC 15), *fly*, *heroism*

2nd—*acid arrow*, *glitterdust* (DC 14), *protection from arrows*, see *invisibility*, *web* (DC 14)

1st—*alarm*, *charm person* (DC 13), *feather fall*, *grease* (DC 13), *silent image* (DC 13), *unseen servant*

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *detect poison*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *resistance*

**Opposition Schools** Evocation, Necromancy

**Str** 10, **Dex** 25, **Con** 12, **Int** 15, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +17; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 35

**Feats** Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Improved Precise Shot, Iron Will, Manyshot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot<sup>B</sup>, Rapid Shot<sup>B</sup>, Scribe Scroll<sup>B</sup>, Self-Sufficient, Skill Focus (Perception), Stealthy, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (longbow)

**Skills** Acrobatics +13, Climb +13, Escape Artist +9, Handle Animal +20, Heal +18, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (geography) +9, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (nature) +15, Perception +30, Spellcraft +2 (+4 identify magic items), Stealth +37, Survival +26 (+29 tracking)

**Languages** Common, Elven, Gnome, Orc

**SQ** arcane bond (familiar—hawk), favored terrain (forest +2), hunter's bond (animal), protective ward (2 rounds, +1 deflection, 5/day), track, weapon familiarity, wild empathy +6, woodland stride

**Combat Gear** 3 potions of cure light wounds, 2 potions of invisibility, potion of haste, wand of cure light wounds (13 charges); **Other Gear** light fortification shadow +3 studded leather, ring of protection +1, amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of resistance +4, +1 rapier, +2 orc-bane frost longbow

## CHAPTER 2: TRAVEL

with 100 arrows, *belt of incredible dexterity* +4, *efficient quiver*, *handy haversack*, spell component pouch

### MARKASUM

CR —

XP —

Male wolf animal companion

N Medium animal

**Init** +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +8

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**AC** 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +4 natural)

**hp** 30 (4d8+12)

**Fort** +7; **Ref** +7; **Will** +2

**Defensive Abilities** evasion

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**Speed** 50 ft.

**Melee** bite +5 (1d6+3 plus trip)

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**Str** 14, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 18 (22 vs. trip)

**Feats** Skill Focus (Perception), Stealthy

**Skills** Escape Artist +5, Perception +8, Stealth +11, Survival +1 (+5 tracking by scent)

**Languages** link

**SQ** share spells

### QUITHAS

CR —

XP —

Female hawk familiar

N Tiny magical beast (augmented animal)

**Init** +3; **Senses** low-light vision; **Perception** +31

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

**hp** 60 (18 HD)

**Fort** +10; **Ref** +13; **Will** +9

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion

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**Speed** 10 ft., fly 60 ft. (average)

**Melee** 2 talons +22 (1d2-2)

**Space** 2.5 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

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**Str** 6, **Dex** 17, **Con** 11, **Int** 6, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 7

**Base Atk** +17; **CMB** +18; **CMD** 26

**Feats** Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +9 (+1 jump), Climb +8, Fly +11, Handle Animal +16, Heal +12, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Knowledge (geography) +2, Knowledge (local) +2, Knowledge (nature) +2, Perception +31, Stealth +21, Survival +20

**Languages** empathic link

**SQ** share spells

# Lady Issavene Skoldre, The Wailing Queen

## The Lady of the Blackwood

The Lady of the Blackwood has roamed the deepest forests of the old world since time immemorial, surrounded by her long dead animal kith and kin, wailing for her lost children. Attended by a host of undead skeletal and zombie animals, ghoulish courtiers, and worse, the Wailing Queen searches the deep woods looking for all she lost in some long-forgotten war and some long-forgiven betrayal.

## Description

Lady Issavene Skoldre floats and twists into a long and drawn out wispy shape, fading to incorporeal on the edges as she slowly forgets her original form. Her hair floats in tangled braids writhing round haunting eyes that communicate a mother's loss to all who look upon them. With every feigned breath escapes a constant and unending wailing of names long dead — children, husband, siblings all.

## Tactics

The Wailing Queen prefers to use her powers over nature in combination with her undead court minions to assail her enemies as they search for her in the deep woods. *Control weather*, *control winds*, *ice storm*, and *call lightning* are all spells she likes to cast at a distance in support of lesser allies. When confronted directly, she prefers to alternate corrupting gaze and frightful moan attacks before closing and using her corrupting touch attacks. If pressed and in desperate straits, the Wailing Queen will use her malevolence to take control of a savage opponent and relive her long-imagined revenge by wading into her foes in fleshly form.

## Using This Character

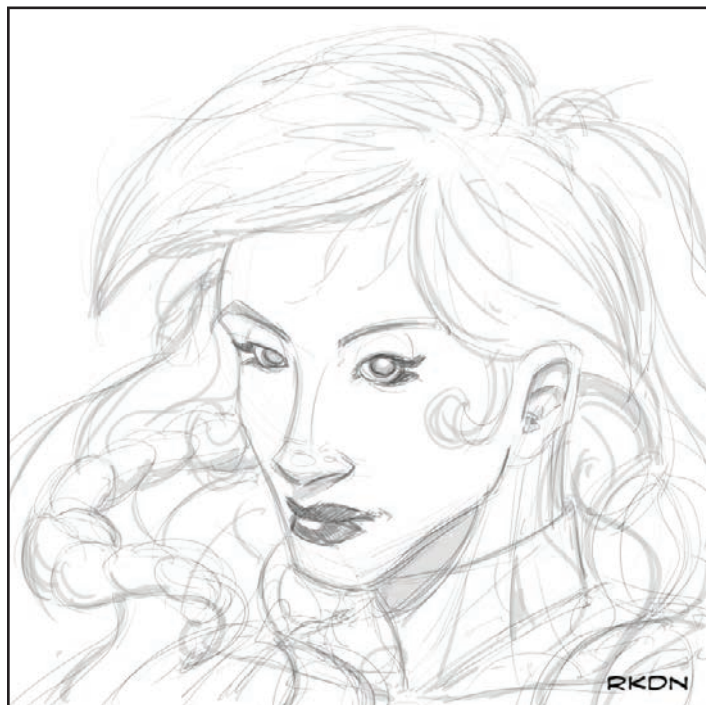
Lady Issavene is a malevolent force surrounded by undead minions she has created to aid her in her quest to avenge herself on enemies millennia lost. She is inclined put to the question all she encounters after defeating them in combat. Lady Issavene's spirit can be laid to rest in two ways. The most obvious way is by destroying her and her court of unlife. This should involve a number of encounters with the layers of minions that guard her court in the heart of a deep wood. The Wailing Queen should be the last encounter of many — making good use of any number of undead animal-themed creatures of escalating CRs. The other way is to help her spirit to rest by discovering the remains of her long dead family and the cairns of those who betrayed them. This would involve several mini-quests to gather information about her story from dusty libraries, travel to explore forgotten tombs, and the uncovering of evidence of that which causes the Lady Skoldre to linger.

**LADY ISSAVENE SKOLDRE**  
**XP 153,600**

Female human ghost aristocrat 6/druid 13 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Ghost")

CN Medium undead (augmented humanoid, incorporeal)

**CR 18**



**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +34

**AC** 15, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 deflection, +1 Dex)

**hp** 165 (6d8+24 plus 13d8+52)

**Fort** +14; **Ref** +7; **Will** +18; +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects

**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +4, incorporeal, rejuvenation, resist nature's lure; **immune** poison, undead traits

**Speed** fly 30 ft (perfect)

**Melee** +2 *defending ghost touch quarterstaff* +15/+10/+5 (1d6+2) or *corrupting touch* +14 (18d6, DC 23 half)

**Special Attacks** *corrupting gaze* (DC 23), *frightful moan* (DC 23), *lightning lord* (13 bolts/day), *malevolence* (DC 23), *spontaneous casting* (summon spells), *storm burst* 8/day (1d6+6 nonlethal), *telekinesis*, *wild shape* 13 hours/day

**Druid Spells Prepared** (CL 13)

7th—*control weather*<sup>D</sup>, *creeping doom* (DC 22)

6th—*control winds*<sup>D</sup> (DC 21), *greater dispel magic*, *liveoak*

5th—*awaken* (DC 20), *ice storm*<sup>D</sup> (DC 20), *insect plague*, *poison* (DC 20), *wall of thorns*

4th—*command plants* (DC 19), *flame strike* (DC 19), *empowered flaming sphere* (DC 17), *rusting grasp*, *screaming* (DC 19), *sleet storm*<sup>D</sup>

3rd—*contagion* (DC 18), *call lightning*<sup>D</sup> (DC 18), *dominate animal* (DC 18), *sleet storm*, *speak with plants*, *spike growth* (DC 18)

2nd—*animal messenger*, *chill metal* (DC 17), *fire trap* (DC 17), *fog cloud*<sup>D</sup>, *heat metal* (DC 17), *summon swarm*

1st—*charm animal* (DC 16), *entangle* (DC 16), *faerie fire*, *longstrider*, *obscuring mist*<sup>D</sup>, *produce flame*, *speak with animals*

## CHAPTER 2: TRAVEL

0 (at will)—*detect magic, detect poison, light, read magic*

**D** Domain spell; **Domain** Weather

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**Str** —, **Dex** 12, **Con** —, **Int** 13, **Wis** 21, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +13; **CMB** +13; **CMD** 28

**Feats** Animal Affinity<sup>B</sup>, Combat Casting, Empower Spell, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Lunge, Natural Spell, Skill Focus (Perception), Spell Penetration, Wingover

**Skills** Appraise +12, Bluff +19, Diplomacy +20, Fly +28, Intimidate +25, Perception +34, Sense Motive +26, Spellcraft +22, Stealth +9, Survival +22

**Languages** Common, Druidic, Sylvan

**SQ** nature bond (Weather domain), nature sense, trackless step, venom immunity, wild empathy +17, wild shape 5/day (13 hours), woodland stride

**Gear** +2 *defending ghost touch quarterstaff*, wooden holy symbol, spell component pouch

# Azyra

## Witch of the Crossroads

When young would-be mothers seek a charm to quicken their womb, they travel to the place where the four winds swirl and collide to plead for the aid of the bent crone Allmother. Others travel to find nostrums for ailments uncured from the wild-haired hermit Panacea, but those with darker desires know that when the moon is but a sliver and the stars a glittering tapestry in the bruise-dark sky, they can seek the aid of Azyra. Rumors abound that Azyra can grant even the most fumble-fingered musician the skill of a virtuoso, middle-aged women the blush of youth, broken men the strength to walk, or knowledge pulled from the clutches of history.

Azyra first appeared on a lonely intersection of the King's Road, near the Gloompine Forest, stepping from the thick fogs that pour from those black pines. Forever chased by ominous portents haunting her dreams, she knew what people were really seeking on their travels. Hoping to drive out endless years of nightmares, she started offering travelers what they truly wanted. Her divinatory powers grew in strength, built up by secrets whispered in her ear by her raven, Chausiku. Her adroit dealings, and the skillful way she manipulated people, brought the attention of Hell to her doorstep.

She accepting their offer of aid and signed a contract with her own blood; bright-red blood spilled across the breast of her coal-black raven, turning its feathers a startling crimson and its eyes to glowing cinders. New spells burned in her mind, and the sibilant whispers of her familiar keep the terrible dreams away and bidding her to lure in more wanderers seeking the aid of Allmother, Panacea, or Azyra. With every boon granted, paid for in lustrous silver or the promise of favors, those seeking her aid risk drawing the hellfire gaze of Azyra's unknown patron.

Darker tales, told over strong drink and warding gestures to keep away evil, speak of those that try had tried to deceive the Witch of the Crossroads or refused to return a favor owed her. Swarms of crows have torn apart people, homes spontaneously ignited in such a column of flames as to be a beacon for miles in the ink-dark night, and ground drained of all fertility and useless for years. Azyra, much like Hell itself, does not look kindly on those that break their word.

## Description

Azyra appears as a tall, lithe figure with coffee-colored skin, dressed in a gown of gray silk the color of cobwebs and fog. Long, twisted braids fall to her waist, each strand adorned with tiny ruby beads. On her shoulder, a raven the color of fresh-spilled blood watches every movement near its mistress. In her many guises she dons different robes and cowls to hide her features, but always visible are her cold glittering eyes, piercing like shards of black ice.

## Tactics

Azyra avoids combat, preferring to rely upon her numerous contracted allies from the planes. While she has a vast array of spells available to her, she enjoys debilitating spells, such as *touch of ill ocy* and other ability-damaging spells. Should she find herself assisting a party, either during combat, or after, she prepares *h al, reg nerate*, and *remove* spells. Azyra always casts *mind ank* first thing upon awaking.

## Using This Character

Azyra works best as an NPC that can provide high-level divination, healing, or teleportation, but for witch PCs and those seeking to gain the



favor of Hell, Azyra would be an excellent mentor. While Azyra does consort with the powers of Hell, she sees them more as a tool for her ends, not the other way around. When Azyra's final day arrives, it remains to be seen if that belief will hold true.

Azyra prefers to study her foes from afar with her divinatory abilities, then strike them at their weakest point. Clergy might find their flock struck down by mysterious illnesses, or a vintner awoken to vineyards in utter ruin. She prefers her enemies to suffer the agony of loss rather than kill them outright (though she's certainly capable of such destruction).

Characters might encounter Azyra when they are hired to protect against her depredations, sent to discover the source of diabolic sightings, or even to pay off an old family debt.

### AZYRA

CR 19

XP 204,800

Female human witch 13/diabolist 7 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Witch," *Book of the Damned 1: Princes of Darkness* "Diabolist")

LE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +1; **Perception** +2

**AC** 19, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+5 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex)

**hp** 92 (13d6 plus 7d6 plus 20)

**Fort** +8; **Ref** +7; **Will** +16 (+24 vs. mind-affecting spells and effects)

**Immune** divination magic, scrying; **Resist** fire 10

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** +4 sickle +13/+8 (1d6+4)

**Ranged** +1 flaming blowgun +11/+6 (1d2+1 plus 1d6 fire)

**Special Attacks** channel hellfire 2/day, hexes (beast of ill-omen, blight [130 ft.], evil eye [-4, 8 rounds], flight [*feather fall* at will, *levitate* 1/day, *fly* 13 minutes/day], weather control 1/day)

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 20th):

At will—*feather fall*

3/day—spell hex (*hypnotism*) (DC 21)

2/day—*infernal transport*

1/day—control weather, levitate

**Spells Prepared** (CL 20th):

9th—storm of vengeance\* (DC 26), summon monster IX\* (x2), teleportation circle\*

8th—discern location, greater prying eyes, mind blank (already cast), resurrection\* (DC 25)

7th—heal, regenerate\*, summon monster VII\*, vision

6th—epidemic† (DC 21), geas/quest, stone to flesh (DC 21), summon monster VI\*

5th—baleful polymorph (DC 20), break enchantment (DC 20, x2), contact other plane, summon monster V\*

4th—divination, lesser planar ally\*, summon monster IV\*, symbol of healing\*†, volcanic storm†

3rd—remove blindness/deafness, remove curse (x2), remove disease\*, summon monster III\*

2nd—burning gaze† (DC 17), feast of ashes† (DC 17), ghostly disguise†, locate object, touch of idiocy

1st—beguiling gift† (DC 16), burning hands (DC 16, x2), decompose corpse† (DC 16), ear-piercing scream† (DC 16), ray of sickening† (ranged touch +10, DC 16)

0 (at will)—detect magic, detect poison, read magic, stabilize\*

**Patron** Portents†

\*Conjuration

**Str** 10, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 20, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 14

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

**Feats** Arcane Blast†, Augment Summoning, Brew Potion<sup>B</sup>, Extra Hex†, Great Fortitude, Greater Spell Focus (conjuration), Iron Will, Spell Focus (conjuration), Spell Hex† (hypnotize), Split Hex†, Superior Summoning†, Toughness  
**Skills** Appraise +8, Bluff +15, Craft (alchemy) +37, Diplomacy +25, Fly +9, Heal +10, Knowledge (arcana) +28, Knowledge (nature) +23, Knowledge (planes) +28, Knowledge (religion) +23, Linguistics +8, Profession (herbalist) +10, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +28

**Languages** Abyssal, Aklo, Common, Daemonic, Draconic, Giant, Ignan, Infernal, Protean; *tongues* (13 minutes/day)

**SQ** damned, hellish soul, heresy +2, hexes (cauldron, tongues, witch's brew), infernal bargain, infernal charisma +6, infernal contract, witch's familiar (imp-bound raven named Chausiku)

**Combat Gear** *potion of cat's grace*, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of protection from good*, *potion of protection from chaos*, *potion of sanctuary*; **Other Gear** *bracers of armor* +5, *ring of protection* +3, +1 *flaming blowgun* with 20 blowgun darts, +4 *sickle*, *apple of eternal sleep*†, *belt of mighty constitution* +2, *cape of the mountebank*, *cauldron of brewing*†, *hat of disguise*, *ring of minor fire resistance*, *slippers of spider climbing*, spell component pouch

† *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide*

‡ *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Magic*

**CHAUSIKU**

**XP** —

Male imp-bound raven familiar (*Advanced Bestiary* "Devil Bound," *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Familiar, Raven")

LE Tiny magical beast (augmented animal, evil)

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +9

**AC** 24, touch 17, flat-footed 21 (+3 Dex, +7 natural, +2 profane, +2 size)

**hp** 46 (20 HD)

**Fort** +5; **Ref** +9; **Will** +14

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion; **Immune** fire, poison;

**Resist** acid 10, cold 10; **SR** 25

**Speed** 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)

**Melee** bite +14 (1d3–4)

**Space** 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 20th):

Constant—*detect good*, *detect magic*

At will—*invisibility* (self only)

1/day—*suggestion* (DC 11)

1/week—*commune*

**Str** 2, **Dex** 17, **Con** 8, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 7

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 18

**Feats** Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Finesse<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Bluff +8, Craft (alchemy) +21, Diplomacy +18, Fly +11, Heal +7, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (nature) +16, Knowledge (planes) +21, Knowledge (religion) +21, Linguistics +4, Perception +9, Profession (herbalist) +7, Sense Motive +17, Spellcraft +21, Stealth +15

**Languages** Common, Infernal; speak with master, speak with animals of its kind

**SQ** change shape (boar, giant spider, or rat, *beast shape I*), contract bound

## Wait! The Rules Say . . .

We're aware that the witch's familiar and the diabolist's imp companion are *supposed* to be separate creatures. We're aware a familiar can't have templates. And heck, we're aware it's supposed to be an imp, not a bird. This is the only instance within these pages where we intentionally broke the rules, opting to combine these two entities into one. Why'd we do it? Well, there are two reasons. First, Azyra is already a fairly complex character; adding two companion stat blocks would just make this entry that much larger. The second reason? Well, let's face it—this is way cooler! We love rules, but every once in a while the rule of cool takes precedent. We hope you agree this is one of those times, and if you don't agree we hope you'll forgive us for taking liberties this one time.

For the record, we advanced a raven familiar according to the rules and then slapped on the imp-bound template.

# Sothgardt

## Scourge of the Forest

Sothgardt was bred in the Abyss by Demogorgon himself for the sole purpose to create havoc in the forests of Prime Material plane. The fiendish beast delights in the destruction and corruption of forests throughout the world. He continues to grow stronger, and his temper seems to worsen with every passing year. A large swath of destruction remains wherever Sothgardt appears.

## Description

On a quick glance, Sothgardt resembles a very large treant. Closer inspection, however, reveals several differences. The leaves upon his branches are all brown or black, rather than the lush green most associated with a treant. On his back is a pair of strong wings made from branches and covered in the sickly leaves. A thorny ring made of red and yellow leaves adorns Sothgardt's massive head.

## Tactics

Sothgardt delights in causing mayhem and destruction through the forest. He regularly makes use of his *br rid wilting* and *unhallow* spell-like abilities, especially if he locates a druid's grove.

In combat, the mighty fiend prefers to enter a rage and attack in melee. Sothgardt is confident that he's the most powerful creature in any conflict, and eagerly wades into battle. He makes regular use of his Power Attack feat, eager to inflict as much damage as possible with each mighty blow of his limbs and claws. The fiend relishes using his Improved Sunder feat, destroying shields, weapons, and other items of his foes before unleashing mighty attacks. Against enemies who prove to be particularly troublesome in combat, Sothgardt uses his Snatch feat, effectively removing them from the battle.

## Using This Character

Sothgardt should make a particularly potent—and memorable—encounter for PCs traveling through the forest. Alternatively, the characters could be alerted to the fiend's presence, and seek him out to end his reign of terror. Remember that simply defeating Sothgardt in combat is not enough to end his particular brand of evil. The malevolent treant has likely left a swath of damage from his *br rid wilting* ability, as well as tainted land from his *unhallow* ability. Characters seeking to undo the evil wrought by Sothgardt will need to devise a plan to counter these spell-like abilities.

### SOTHGARDT, RAGING XP 307,200

CR 20

Male advanced giant half-fiend treant barbarian 7  
(*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Half-Fiend,"  
"Treant")

NE Gargantuan outsider (native)

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +31

**AC** 31, touch 11, flat-footed 31 (+5 deflection, +2 Dex, +20 natural, -2 rage, -4 size)

**hp** 416 (12d8+192 plus 7d12+112 plus 7)

**Fort** +29; **Ref** +8 (+10 vs. traps); **Will** +16

**Defensive Abilities** improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; **DR** 10/slashing and magic, DR 1/—;

**Immune** acid, cold, electricity, poison, plant traits, **Resist** fire 10; **SR** 31



**Weaknesses** vulnerability to fire

**Speed** 40 ft, fly 60 ft. (good)

**Melee** 2 +2 slams +34 (3d6+21/19–20 plus 1d6 fire), +2 bite +33 (2d8+21) or 2 +2 claws +33 (2d6+21), +2 bite +33 (2d8+21)

**Ranged** rock +14 (2d6+19)

**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

**Special Attacks** rage (30 rounds/day), rage powers (intimidating glare, quick reflexes, renewed vigor [1d8+14 hp]), rock throwing (180 ft.), smite good (1/day), trample (3d6+28, DC 35)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 19th)

3/day—*darkness*, *poison* (DC 23), *unholy aura*  
1/day—*blasphemy* (DC 26), *contagion* (DC 22), *desecrate*,  
*destruction* (DC 26), *horrid wilting* (DC 27), *summon monster*  
IX (fiends only), *unhallow*, *unholy blight* (DC 23)

**Base Statistics** When not raging, Sothgardt's statistics are

**AC** 33, touch 13, flat-footed 31; **hp** 375; 2 +2 slams +32 (3d6+19/19–20), 2 +2 claws +31 (2d6+21), +2 bite +31 (2d8+21); **Str** 45, **Con** 38; **CMB** 37, **CMD** 54; Climb +30, Intimidate +48, Swim +25

**Str** 49, **Dex** 14, **Con** 42, **Int** 18, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 27

**Base Atk** +16; **CMB** +39 (+41 bull rush and sunder); **CMD** 56 (58 vs. bull rush and sunder)

**Feats** Alertness, Awesome Blow, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (slam), Improved Sunder, Intimidating Prowess, Iron Will, Power Attack, Snatch, Weapon Focus (slam)

**Skills** Acrobatics +15 (+19 jump), Bluff +28, Climb +32, Diplomacy +21, Escape Artist +7, Fly +18, Heal +9, Intimidate +50, Knowledge (nature) +21, Knowledge (planes) +19, Perception +31, Sense Motive +29, Stealth -3 (+13 in forests), Survival +14, Swim +25

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Sylvan, Treant; treespeech  
**SQ** animate trees, double damage against objects, fast movement

**Gear** ring of protection +5, amulet of mighty flaming fists +2, headband of alluring charisma +6

# Chapter 3: Tunnel

*Ah, the dungeon: the proverbial meat and potatoes of most campaigns.*

*If you're stuck for inspiration on your next villain, this chapter is for you. Or maybe you're looking for an NPC for your group to encounter in the long, dark tunnels of the Under Realms. Those NPCs are here as well. You'll even find some "white hats" to help your players along, such as Kevren right here at the start of the chapter. Whether you need an idea for your next adventure, a random meeting in the tunnels, or want to throw a lifeline to your poor, over-burdened party, the 20 NPCs in this chapter should fit the bill nicely.*



# Kevren the Loadbearer

## Sherpa

*"I can carry that for you, boss."*

Broad shouldered, Kevren makes his living carrying the heavy packs that others cannot bear. Unlike most porters though, Kevren does not shy away from signing up to carry packs for adventurers—he likes the danger pay. That doesn't mean he charges into combat; that's for those who make the real money. But if he's ever in a tight spot, he's not afraid of pulling out his machete to protect himself or his employer. Quiet, loyal and accustomed to hard journeys, Kevren would be the perfect sherpa, if it were not for his one notorious flaw: Kevren snores at night like an asthmatic ogre. Although he's unaware of it, he's lost several jobs because his employer can't get a good night's sleep with Kevren in camp. Indeed, one of his regular customers, an elderly priest, secretly saves a *silence* spell just so he can ensure he gets a decent night's rest during their travels. Fortunately, as it is tough to find porters who are willing to travel into dungeons and ruins, Kevren has no shortage of jobs.

Although he is not one to boast, Kevren has carried loads on several famous jobs. He once carried adventuring gear all the way up to the top of legendary Mount Ashenfall to the Lost Bastion of the Mind Crippler. He has even made multiple trips to carry the entire hoard of a black dragon out of the far reaches of the deadly Sunken-Muck-Marsh after his employers slew the creature in retribution for its attack on a local village. Finally, it is rumored that Kevren was the porter assigned to the famous evoker, Helex Ghondman, when he was killed by the mithral blade golem of Malchess.

## Description

Over six feet tall with a wide frame, Kevren very much looks the part of one who is accustomed to heavy labor. He does not have the muscles of a swordsman though, more strong of back than strong of arm. When off duty he has a wide smile, but when at work his expression is normally one of pure concentration as he balances his assigned weight.

## Tactics

When it comes to battle, Kevren defers to the professionals. He prefers to delay or take readied actions, slashing anything that comes close with his machete. Over the years though, he has learned the value of stepping in front of spellcasters to buy them time to do their thing, often taking the total defense action while he does so. At the end of the day though, Kevren is mindful that he doesn't get a share of the loot, he only gets paid to haul it. So he understands that the risks of combat should not be his.

## Using This Character

Kevren can easily come into contact with PCs in several ways. He frequents taverns and municipal halls, or anywhere that "Help Wanted" posters can be found. He knows that's where he will find adventurers and can pick up the higher paying jobs. As a secondary talent, Kevren is also skilled with pack animals. It is also possible that Kevren is a surviving member of a doomed expedition. Perhaps he is a valued source of information of the perils the PCs will face if they trace the steps of Kevren's last employer. Lastly, if the GM desires, Kevren can play the role of the "damsel" in distress. As a high-risk porter he's bound to get himself in over his head at some point and a timely rescue by the PCs might earn them a loyal friend—one that can come in quite handy should they ever need to haul an oversized load of treasure.

**KEVREN THE PORTER**  
**XP 400**

Male human warrior 3

CR 1



NG Medium humanoid (human)  
**Init** +0; **Perception** +0

**AC** 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10  
**hp** 22 (3d10+3 plus 3)  
**Fort** +6; **Ref** +1; **Will** +0

**Speed** 30 ft.  
**Melee** machete +5 (1d6+2/19–20)

**Str** 14, **Dex** 11, **Con** 13, **Int** 9, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 10  
**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 15  
**Feats** Athletic<sup>B</sup>, Great Fortitude, Pack Mule\*\*  
**Skills** Climb +10, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +4, Perception +0, Ride +4, Swim +8  
**Languages** Common  
**Combat Gear** vial of antitoxin, flask of holy water, tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** machete (as short sword), masterwork backpack\*, winter blanket\*, canvas, climber's kit, compass\*, flint and steel, hot weather outfit\*, 5 pitons, 3 days' trail rations, 50-ft. hempen rope (50 ft.), sack, 5 torches, 50-ft. twine, waterskin, signal whistle\*  
\* See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*  
\*\* See side box

## New Feat

### PACK MULE

You possess the uncanny ability to carry more gear than normal.

**Benefit:** For purposes of determining both encumbrance and max load values, treat your Strength score as though it were 4 points higher. This bonus affects all aspects of encumbrance, including determining light, medium, and heavy loads.

# Kolaivinen Ryökis

## Fungus Farmer

It takes a certain kind of svirfneblin to build a life away from the comfortable tunnels and caverns of the deep gnomes' home warrens. Instead of huddling among their kindred, these daring renegades seek their fortunes among the dangerous depths of the earth. Kolaivinen Ryökis is one such independent spirit. Born to an impoverished clan of mushroom huskers, he grew up determined to make himself wealthy. The meager opportunities available to a lowly husker would never do, so with his patient wife and sons he ventured forth to carve a new life. Finding some well-irrigated caverns suitable for fungus cultivation, the family drove off the caves' inhabitants and began a farm.

Kolaivinen's venture looked like it would fail at times. Ravenous monsters, vicious humanoids, and rival svirfneblin tried to prey on the family. Toxic molds and carnivorous fungi threatened to ruin their crops. Years of bitter struggle passed before they could call their farm a success, years that left the deep gnome family scarred, but unbroken.

## Description

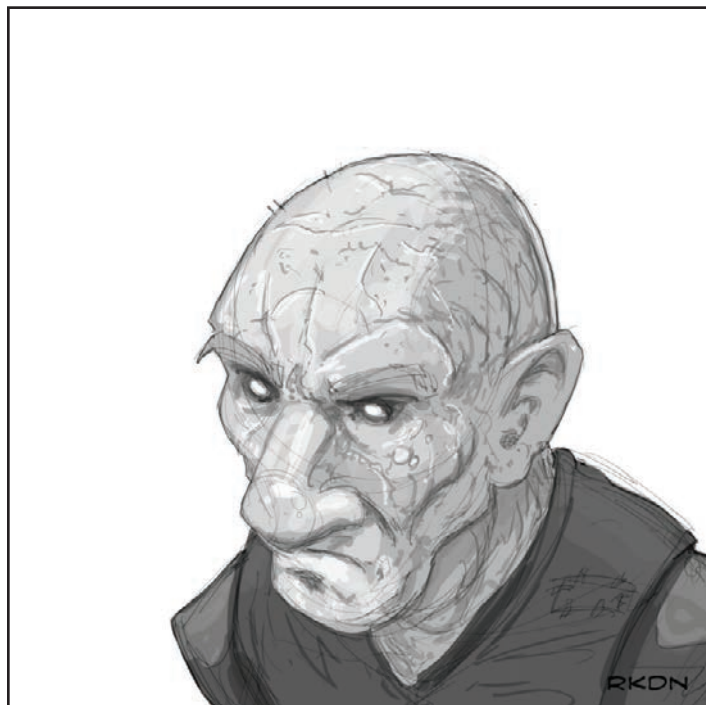
A homely svirfneblin clad in patched and faded farmer's attire, no one ever called Kolaivinen Ryökis an impressive figure. He makes no effort to hide his hunger for wealth, gazing covetously at others' goods and fawning over wealthy visitors. Even his fellow svirfneblin resent the farmer's obvious avarice.

Despite his genteel aspirations, Kolaivinen's language and manners remain as coarse as the fibers of his rough tunic. When near his wife or sons, he struggles to contain the foul oaths and curses that pepper his speech, but away from them, these colorful curses and off-color metaphors make him almost incomprehensible.

## Tactics

Cautious to a fault, Kolaivinen seldom leaves his home unarmed. When he expects trouble, he hangs a well-sharpened battleaxe on his belt and slings a light crossbow over one shoulder. These precautions serve him well, for the farmer's self-centered greed has earned him many enemies over the years.

Kolaivinen isn't a warrior. He doesn't expect to outfight serious opposition and thinks fighting fair is for suckers. The deep gnome's preferred fight is one where he's not even there, leaving improvised traps to take out his foes. If that can't be arranged, he'd rather snipe at foes from an inaccessible ledge than battle them toe-to-toe. He's the last to engage and the first to retreat — unless his family is in danger. He'd leave anyone else to die, but will fight like a rabid wolverine to protect his wife and sons.



## Using This Character

For someone who raises fungi, Kolaivinen has drawn a remarkable variety of enemies, ranging from a goblin tribe he drove from their cavernous home, to other deep gnomes who allege that he jumped their claim to the caverns he now farms. Thanks to these feuds, explorers venturing near Kolaivinen's cavern farms risk stumbling into booby traps and ambushes set by his enemies or by Kolaivinen himself. Even worse, Kolaivinen insists on his right to "mulch" the remains of anyone slain by these traps, demanding a "compost fee" from survivors who want to retrieve allies' remains.

Seeking a safe place to rest within the earth's depths, explorers may find Kolaivinen's caverns, only to discover that the grasping gnome demands outrageous sums for any services he provides—predatory fees considered perfectly legitimate by local svirfneblin (who have little patience for blundering surface dwellers). Those attacking the farmer or his relations earn the ire of other svirfneblin in the area.

Kolaivinen's long-suffering family isn't too proud to ask outsiders for help recovering their money from the innumerable swindlers who prey on their father's greed and credulity. Player characters may be asked to track down these elusive con men.

Over the years, Kolaivinen's blatant avarice has been the largest obstacle between him and the wealth he covets. Not only has he alienated his friends and relations, his behavior has made him the target of swindlers and con-men. "Get rich quick" schemes have eaten away his savings and forced him to start over again. Players could come in on either end of this—either looking to con Kolaivinen, or perhaps working for him in some manner to avenge a previous con job.

Several years ago, Kolaivinen's former employer died, murdered by troglodytes after refusing to pay the exorbitant fee Kolaivinen demanded to shelter him from the marauders. Since that dark day, the slain svirfneblin's spirit rises each year to torment the grasping farmer. Repeatedly forced to hide with his family in a local temple, Kolaivinen has reached the point where he would even consider hiring surface dwellers to deal with the angry spirit. (Unless they specify otherwise up front, Kolaivinen tries to pay adventurers in trade, saddling them with shoddy trade goods and bizarre fungal products left over from past get-rich-quick schemes.)

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

### KOLAIVINEN RYÖKIS

CR 2

#### XP 600

Male middle-aged svirfneblin commoner 2/expert 1

(*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Svirfneblin")

N Small humanoid (gnome)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision;

**Perception** +6

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**AC** 18, touch 14, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +2 dodge, +1 size)

**hp** 12 (2d6–2 plus 1d8–1 plus 2)

**Fort** +1; **Ref** +3; **Will** +4

**SR** 14

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**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** battleaxe +1 (1d6–1/x3) or dagger + (1d3–1/19–20)

**Ranged** mwk light crossbow +4 (1d6/19–20)

**Special Attacks** +1 attack vs. dwarven and reptilian humanoids

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 1st):

Constant—*nondetection*

1/day—*blindness/deafness* (DC 10), *blur*, *disguise self*

---

**Str** 9, **Dex** 12, **Con** 9, **Int** 14, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 6

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

**Feats** Martial Weapon Proficiency (battleaxe), Rapid Reload (light crossbow)

**Skills** Bluff +2, Craft (alchemy) +8, Craft (traps) +7, Disable Device +5, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +7, Perception +6, Profession (fungus farmer) +6, Stealth +11 (+13 underground)

**Languages** Common, Gnome, Goblin, Undercommon

**SQ** stonecunning

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure light wounds*, 2 doses Small centipede poison, leather tube of caltrops; **Other Gear** rusty masterwork chain shirt, battleaxe, dagger, masterwork light crossbow, case with 16 bolts, moth-eaten blanket, flint and steel, peasant clothing, shovel, 2 pitons, 50-ft. silk rope, sack, ball of string, thieves' tools, belt pouch with 17 gp

# Sennan Schmitt

## Degenerate Geologist

Sennan's early life was marked by his albinism and the reaction of his small community to it. His parents were told the differences evident in their son were likely a divine punishment for some past transgression. There were mutterings among the village elders of a tainted ancestry. Although his parents rejected this, Sennan still received a tough time from the teacher and his fellow students at the village school. Though by no means the worst student, he was seldom asked to contribute to lessons. And he was picked last, if at all, for team games in the schoolyard.

Nonetheless, Sennan found ways to amuse himself. His physical makeup made it tough to stay out in the sun very long, and he developed a fondness for shady places, which coincidentally tended to be out of sight of his unfriendly neighbors. His tendency not to stare too long at the sky made him seek interesting things at ground level. Sennan found shapes in the stones and pebbles he discovered in his lonely walks, and he began collecting samples. In school he learned that the dwarves were experts in all things geological, so he talked to the only dwarf he knew, an ancient, crippled veteran of a long-forgotten war, nicknamed Tanglebeard. The dwarf peddled tin pots and made repairs to kitchen tools in exchange for pennies. He amenable to Sennan's curiosity recognizing in the youth an affinity for stone seldom seen outside dwarvenkind and whispered many secrets.

In his teenage years, Sennan seemed to become more alienated from the other villagers, spending days away even from his parents, seeking new specimens in remote places. But the changes of puberty were matched by odd changes to his character, ones which people found disturbing, even frightening. Unknown to the villagers and misunderstood by Sennan himself, he was starting to show sorcerous powers, that occasionally he used in temper to avenge himself on the village bullies.

After a distressing episode in which a tormentor was seriously burned by acid, Sennan retreated into caves to live an almost hermit-like existence. For all the villagers know he may be dead, and they have tried to forget the pale youth they found disturbing all those years ago.

Sennan is indeed alive, but he has retreated both physically and mentally from the surface world. He thinks his sorcerous powers are derived from the very stones of the earth in whose dark caves and tunnels he creeps about. His original simple interest in collecting minerals has turned into an obsession. He believes he draws energy from certain places and strata deep below the mountains. Somewhere he has a secret lair filled with samples and lined with his great collections. And he has an insatiable desire to explore, even into places no human being could reasonably expect to survive alone and virtually unprotected.

## Description

Sennan is a lanky man in his mid-thirties. His sorcery is from an ancestral source, though Sennan does not understand this. His albinism leaves his skin completely without pigment, and his eyes lack color, appearing pink in torchlight. He dresses in a makeshift jumble of stolen and found rags, but his most striking apparel is the hide of some unknown subterranean beast he has adopted as armor. He carries a chipped stone club and uses a sling made of fibrous roots to bring down the small underworld creatures he devours for food. When traveling, Sennan carries a backpack filled with various minerals from which he believes he draws sorcerous power. He uses some naturally phosphorescent stones as weak lanterns to guide his way in the darkness.



## Tactics

Sennan Schmitt is driven by a compulsion to gather certain objects, usually stones or minerals that might seem to be worthless to other people but which Sennan obsesses over until they are added to his collection. Sennan uses stealth to obtain his prizes, only resorting to violence if threatened or if the object of his obsessions is otherwise blocked. Typically he opens proceedings by casting *flare*, seeking to dazzle the one he perceives as the biggest threat. He then tries to separate the object from its owner by using *mag hand* to move it towards him. He reserves *ray of frost* as a defensive measure in case he is pursued, though he can lash out with an *elemental ray* up to three times per day. He only bludgeons victims if he is left with little alternative. Because of his knowledge of underground places, Sennan can dog a victim's tracks until the best opportunity for robbery presents itself. He is not above luring victims into unsafe areas or causing cave-ins or rockfalls to weaken trespassers in his domain.

## Using This Character

PCs may have to seek Sennan to unravel a route through an underground maze. The crazed explorer is cunning in the ways of traversing dark labyrinthine caves but uses no maps. Anyone seeking his aid as a guide shall have to accept him as a travelling companion.

Either the PCs or an employer may be the victim of a theft by Sennan and have to track him through the wending paths of the Under Realms. Or rumor may reach them that a valuable or magical mineral is in the geologist's collection, if only they can find his lair and convince him to part with the item.

Adventurers could be hired by his surface relatives to find the rock hound and return him for rehabilitation on the surface. PCs may inadvertently obtain a rare gem in a treasure hoard which Sennan is compulsively seeking. In this event, the PCs may become the hunted in Sennan's dark demesne.

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

### SENNAN SCHMITT

CR 3

#### XP 800

Male human expert 4/sorcerer 2

CN Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +7; **Perception** +8

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**AC** 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +3 Dex)

**hp** 32 (3d8+3 plus 2d6+2 plus 4)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +4; **Will** +6

---

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** club +7 (1d6+3)

**Ranged** sling +7 (1d4+3)

**Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 2nd, ranged touch +7):

3/day—elemental ray (1d6+1 acid)

**Spells Known** (CL 2nd, 20% spell failure):

0 (at will)—*daze* (DC 10), *flare* (DC 10), *mage hand*,  
*mending*, *ray of frost*

**Bloodline** elemental (earth)

---

**Str** 16, **Dex** 16, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 20

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Combat Casting, Eschew Materials<sup>B</sup>,  
Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Medium Armor Proficiency

**Skills** Acrobatics +8, Appraise +10, Climb +9, Perception +8,

Sense Motive +8, Stealth +9, Survival +4, Swim +9

**Languages** Common, Undercommon

**SQ** bloodline arcana

**Gear** hide armor, club, sling with 10 stones, backpack, six  
phosphorescent stones (as common lamp), 2 days' rations,  
valuable minerals (350 gp), valuable minerals (450 gp)  
hidden at lair

# Rasos of Hunger

## Undead Hunter

Rasos does not remember his human life. In fact, Rasos feels and remembers only undying hatred and hunger. Formerly a scout for a unit of soldiers, Rasos helped defend their meager kingdom against an onslaught of elves. These elves sought to reclaim their long-abandoned homeland. In a guerrilla assault, Rasos caught one of their arrows in his back. To escape the battle, he slinked away to a shallow cave and hid. Filthy and famished, he began following the sound of running water, venturing deeper in where he met his true killer—a savage ghoul who tore at his side and fed upon his liver before falling to his boot knife. Tongue thick with thirst and sweating from fever, he staggered to the underground stream and drank one sip before falling unconscious, face-first, into the shallow stream. Rasos succumbed to ghoul fever only to rise in the same condition as his murderer.

Now Rasos haunts the endless tunnels, hunting elves and humans who venture into his dark home in order to quell his endless hunger.

## Description

Though he doesn't know it, Rasos wears the clothing of his former life. He simply continues to wear the hunter's garb he was killed in, never bothering to stitch the severe gash in the side of his armor. Once handsome, his fine bone structure is evident though his skin and muscle that has withered to leather and stretches taut against its frame. A few remaining long patches of hair fall across his face, obscuring his dead eyes. Chiseled fangs fill his wide mouth.

## Tactics

Rasos prefers stalking his victims, following them deeper into his realm as they stumble through the foreign environment. He prefers hunting surface creatures who visit the tunnels he claims as his, but when the hunger grows too strong, he picks off a derro, pech, svirfneblin, or even drow. He opens combat with his bow, dropping it in favor of his claws when his enemies draw near. When Rasos successfully paralyzes a victim, he leaves them in favor of active foes. Once he incapacitates all of his enemies, he chooses the best meal, arranging the others to make them watch him feast upon their companions.

Rasos delights when a victim frees itself from paralysis during his meal, cackling as they inevitably either lunge at him with fury or flee in terror.

## Using This Character

Rasos makes for a strong challenge for 1st- or 2nd-level characters. GMs can make encounters with him more challenging by adding some ghoul minions Rasos may have inadvertently made from his constant feeding. With the inclusion of traps or other hazards, Rasos could pose a challenge for higher-level characters.



### RASOS OF HUNGER

**CR 4**
**XP 1,200**

 Male ghast ranger 2 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Ghoul")

CE Medium undead

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +11

**Aura** stench (DC 15, 10 rounds)

**AC** 22, touch 15, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +5 Dex, +4 natural)

**hp** 44 (2d8+10 plus 2d10+10)

**Fort** +8; **Ref** +9; **Will** +7

**Defensive Abilities** channel resistance +2; **Immune** undead traits

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** bite +9 (1d6+5 plus disease and paralysis), 2 claws +9 (1d6+5 plus paralysis)

**Ranged** composite short bow +9 (1d6+5/x3)

**Special Attacks** favored enemy (humanoid [elf] +2), disease (DC 17), paralysis (1d4+1, DC 17)

**Str** 21, **Dex** 23, **Con** —, **Int** 19, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 20

**Base Atk** +3; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 24

**Feats** Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot<sup>®</sup>, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +9, Climb +9, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +11, Knowledge (geography) +11, Knowledge (nature) +11, Perception +11, Ride +10, Sense Motive +9, Stealth +12, Survival +11, Swim +9

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Dwarven, Infernal, Terran  
**SQ** track +1, wild empathy +7

**Combat Gear** 3 *potions of inflict light wounds*; **Other Gear** studded leather, composite longbow (+5 Str) with 3 +1 seeking arrows, 10 +1 arrows, and 40 arrows

# Grizzly Craigoch

## Paranoid Prospector

Until recently, Grizzly Craigoch was presumed dead, along with the rest of the Red Rock Expedition. However, a handful of reliable witnesses report seeing or hearing the dwarf, and many more have encountered his traps.

The Red Rock Expedition set out several decades ago into the tunnels beyond the dwarven territories. They followed a single vein of gold in the hopes that it would lead them to the mother lode. Their initial excavations proved profitable, but a string of bad luck soon befell them. A couple of miners were killed in a cave-in. Several more fell to a mysterious plague. The leader of the expedition vanished without a trace, perhaps taken by the same monster that was seen to drag off his lieutenant. Eventually, the other dwarves gave up hope of hearing from the expedition again.

However, one dwarf survived. Driven mad by the sight of his kith and kin killed off one-by-one, young Craigoch convinced himself that these were no accidents, but the work of a conspiracy. Rather than return home, he vowed to continue the expedition in spite of these unseen enemies. Now Craigoch spends almost as much time building elaborate traps as he does scratching for gold.

The dwarves have only recently returned to the caves where the Red Rock Expedition disappeared, but to Craigoch the increasing number of “claim jumpers” only justifies his paranoia.

## Description

Grizzly Craigoch has the typical dwarven build: short and stout by human standards. True to his nickname, his dark brown hair is streaked with white. Long separated from civilized folk, Craigoch does little to maintain his appearance. His hair and beard are long, tangled, and greasy. Too afraid to remove his armor, Craigoch’s skin and clothes are pied with rust and grime. A variety of pouches and tools are strapped to the dwarf’s body. Despite the well-used look of his other equipment, the point of Craigoch’s pick is as sharp as ever.

## Tactics

Wherever he makes camp, Grizzly Craigoch surrounds it with traps. Some are naturally occurring (such as pits and rockfalls), but most are of his own devising. His traps are simple but effective, featuring swinging blades, projecting spears, or poisoned darts. Many also feature noisemakers, so he knows when one has been triggered. Even so, he checks his traps with obsessive regularity.

If a party manages to get past his traps, Craigoch is initially unfriendly. He shouts at them from the dark, accusing them of being claim jumpers and telling them to leave or else. If they ignore him and approach, the prospector becomes hostile. However, if they can convince Craigoch that they are not here to steal his claim—and improve his attitude to friendly—he may invite them into his camp. However, his geniality is short lived. Once in his camp, Craigoch becomes twitchy and snaps at his guests for the slightest misstep. If they decide to stay for an extended rest, his paranoia returns and he attempts to kill them, preferably when they are asleep or otherwise occupied. To avoid the sudden death of a PC, the GM should have Craigoch target an NPC first, or else (inadvertently) wake his victim before he strikes with his pickaxe.

If Craigoch expects combat—because intruders ignore his warnings, or he decides to kill his guests—he drinks a *potion of cat’s grace* (included in the stats). His tactics are simple: attack from hiding, and



then, if possible, retreat and do it again. He especially loves to lead opponents into traps. He often starts by targeting light sources.

In most circumstances, Craigoch’s damage output is typical for his challenge rating. Be aware, however, that a successful critical hit with Power Attack from his pick is enough to kill even a martial character in one blow. Unexpected death is Craigoch’s constant companion.

## Using This Character

Grizzly Craigoch can serve as a “random encounter” as the PCs travel from one underground location to another. When the PCs encounter a series of deadly traps in a supposedly unclaimed cave system, they may be inclined to investigate, leading them to the prospector’s camp.

The PC might also hear about Grizzly Craigoch from local dwarves or miners. Craigoch’s traps—and occasionally the dwarf himself—have been encountered in caverns recently reopened to exploration. When bodies are discovered killed by traps and mining tools, the PCs are asked to bring the crazed dwarf to justice.

If the PCs are looking for something underground (such as a lost artifact or a rare metal), rumors or divination may lead them to believe that Craigoch has found what they seek. Of course, acquiring the item from Craigoch will prove difficult, as the mad prospector assumes the PCs intend to steal it from him.

### GRIZZLY CRIAGOCH

XP 1,600

Male dwarf rogue 6

CN Medium humanoid (dwarf)

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +11

CR 5

**AC** 17, touch 12, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +2 Dex)

**hp** 60 (6d8+18 plus 12)

**Fort** +5; **Ref** +7 (+9 vs. traps); **Will** +4; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

**Defensive Abilities** +4 dodge vs. giants, evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

### Weaknesses remorse

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**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee**\* +1 heavy pick +7 (1d6+9/x4)

**Ranged** mwk light crossbow +7 (1d8/19–20)

**Special Attacks** +1 attacks vs. goblinoids and orcs, rogue talent (surprise attack), sneak attack +3d6,

\* Includes 2-point Power Attack

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**Str** 16, **Dex** 14 (with *cat's grace*), **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +4; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 19 (+23 vs. bull rush and trip)

**Feats** Endurance, Intimidating Prowess, Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Toughness, Weapon Focus (heavy pick)<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Appraise +10 (+12 precious metal and gems), Craft (traps) +10, Disable Device +13, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +10, Perception +11 (+13 locate unusual stonework, +14 locate traps, +16 locate stonework traps), Profession (miner) +11, Stealth +10, Survival +8

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Terran

**SQ** rogue talents (combat trick, weapon training), stonecunning, trapfinding +3

**Combat Gear** 2 *potion of cat's grace* (one used); **Other**

**Gear** +1 heavy pick, +1 chain shirt, masterwork light crossbow with 20 bolts, masterwork mining tools, gold nuggets (worth 100 gp)

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**Remorse (Ex)** If Craigoch kills a living creature, he must make a DC 15 Will save or become overwhelmed with remorse. If he fails this save, Craigoch becomes nauseated for 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect.



# Vel-al-Alar A-Till-Farel

## Alchemist Potion Vendor

Vel-al-Alar A-Till-Farel is a human alchemist who believes he is a clockwork construct that was created decades ago by Tillminicus Farel, a wizard of little renown but much skill in potion making. Vel-al-Alar is convinced he was initially created to serve Farel, his master, by performing a multitude of everyday tasks—cleaning, cooking, washing clothing, attending in the laboratory and the like. Vel-al-Alar, curious and intelligent by nature, quickly became more and more useful in the manufacture of potions—the specialty of his “creator.” The fact that Vel-al-Alar suffered a major head injury at the approximate time of Farel’s death does much to explain his delusions, but little to dissuade them.

Tillminicus Farel met an untimely death, the events of which are both presently unknown and of surprising little interest to Vel-al-Alar. Vel-al-Alar spent months continuing to make the potions he was trained to create until he ran completely out of materials. The sadness of sitting in an empty laboratory led Vel-al-Alar to venture forth into the great unknown—into the blinding sunlight of the outside world for the first time in his “mechanical life.”

It took a surprisingly long time for Vel-al-Alar to figure out the vagaries of commerce—many failed attempts to procure new sources of potion ingredients and materials followed. Eventually Vel-al-Alar realized that the great untapped potential client for his potions were parties of well dressed adventurers in need of many accoutrements—especially the disposable kind in tiny little bottles.

Ever the willing capitalist Vel-al-Alar has taken his wares as close to the natural market for his products as possible—under dark tunnels, haunted manses, and occupied dungeons of ill repute. Vel-al-Alar has a knack for showing up right when he is needed—with the right potions for the right price.

## Description

Vel-al-Alar A-Till-Farel appears as a dashing mechanical construct, roughly human-sized with piercing intelligent sapphire eyes set in a sharp copper pressed face—which is actually just a mask. He stands 5’6” tall and is a slight 145 pounds. Vel-al-Alar knows that many “breathers” find his mechanical appearance disturbing so he wears layered flowing robes and scarves to cover most of his thin and knobby body. His robes have many pockets and he carries most of his product tucked into secret pouches and packs.

## Tactics

If provided time to prepare, Vel-al-Alar will run away and hide. If confronted he will negotiate, heaping effusive praise and embarrassingly unwarranted compliments on his opponents. He will even go so far as to offer potions at a discount if he feels he is in real peril. If forced to fight he will brandish his longspear to discourage being charged and use his bombs and drink a constitution mutagen, throwing smoke and tanglefoot bombs to cover his retreat.



## Using This Character

Vel-al-Alar is the obvious and useful choice for a purveyor of short adventures and useful potions to the party. He has his own self created infused potions, a good store of regular potions on him and can acquire special orders if given enough time—and some money up front. Vel-al-Alar is a constant source to odd jobs and mini quests to find materials and components for his potion making and while he prefers to pay in potions he is also willing to part with hard coin for the most dangerous and hard-to-find ingredients. Vel-al-Alar has a seemingly almost inexhaustible supply of normal alchemical substances (acid, alchemist’s fire, smokesticks, tindertwigs, antitoxin, sunrod, tanglefoot bags, and thunderstones). Vel-al-Alar is extremely knowledgeable about potions and very willing to identify potions that are brought to him for free. Vel-al-Alar is also willing to use his infusion discovery to create potions (using his known Formulae) for characters who are on adventures looking for alchemical inputs he desires. These potions only last 24 hours and Vel-al-Alar loses the Formula slot until they are used or expire.

### VEL-AL-ALAR A-TILL-FAREL

CR 6

#### XP 2,400

Male human alchemist 7 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* “Alchemist”)

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Perception +12

AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 56 (7d8+14 plus 7)

Fort +8 (+12 vs. poison); Ref +8; Will +6

Speed 30 ft.

Melee longspear +4 (1d8–1/x3)

Ranged bomb +9 (4d6+3 fire)

Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft. (10 ft. with longspear)

Special Attacks bomb 10/day (DC 16)

Extracts Known (CL 7th)

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

3rd (2/day)—*arcane sight, fly*

2nd (4/day)—*darkvision, invisibility, restoration, spider climb, vomit swarm\**

1st (5/day)—*comprehend languages, detect secret doors, disguise self, enlarge person, expeditious retreat, identify, reduce person, touch of the sea\*, true strike*

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

**Base Atk** +5; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Brew Potion<sup>B</sup>, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Toughness, Throw Anything<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (bomb)

**Skills** Appraise +12, Craft (alchemy) +19, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +8, Fly +10, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +12, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +8, Spellcraft +12

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Terran, Undercommon

**SQ** alchemy (alchemy crafting +7, identify potions), discoveries (infusion, smoke bomb, tanglefoot bomb), mutagen (+4/-2, +2 natural, 70 minutes), poison use, swift alchemy, swift poisoning

**Combat Gear** *dexterity mutagen, potion of barkskin (+2), potion of bear's endurance, potion of bull's strength, potions of cat's grace, 4 potions of cure light wounds, potion of cure moderate wounds, potion of cure serious wounds, potion of disguise self, potion of enlarge person, potion of expeditious retreat, potion of haste, potion of invisibility, potion of mage armor, potion of shield, caltrops;*

**Other Gear** chain shirt, longspear, cloak of resistance +1, backpack, disguise kit, grappling hook, 4 pitons, 50-ft. silk rope, pouch with 14 gp, 335 sp

\*See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

# Arch-Libram Haj Verakuhl

## Evil Wizard

Haj Verakuhl was a wizard of middling ability charged with overseeing the library of his arcane academe. His life changed when he chanced to come across *Th Scarred Tome*, an evil and intelligent text which had been lost in the school's archives. *Th Scarred Tome* stroked Verakuhl's ego under its helpful tutelage and urged him to seek out ever stronger and deadlier magic. Verakuhl has since secretly murdered several of his colleagues and stolen their spellbooks, which he has copied into *Th Scarred Tome*. Now that both Verakuhl and *Th Scarred Tome's* agenda are one, it is no longer clear if Verakuhl is a wizard wielding an evil tome, or if the tome controls Verakuhl—likely it may no longer matter.

## Description

The arch-libram's forehead is marred by a jagged and protruding crimson scar that seems to pulse and shimmer as he moves. He wears the jet black robes of his station, complete with a cowl crafted from the leather of a wyvern. Now in his twilight years, Verakuhl's physical form beneath his billowing robes is aged and wrinkled, but the palpable hatred in his eyes reveals that he still has much life left in him.

## Tactics

Haj casts extended *mag armor* daily to cover the hours he does not sleep (included in his stat block). When facing foes, Verakuhl first uses his shift or dimensional steps ability to position himself in a nearby position of safety. Once there, he summons a powerful creature such as a hell hound or pteranodon to battle his foes for him, using his summoner's charm ability to extend its duration and possibly his *bn'd d ring* to re-cast the spell, summoning a second such creature if necessary. If sufficiently concerned, he expends his *scroll of h ste* to make his summoned creatures even more potent. He then casts defensive wards such as *lesser globe of invulnerability* and *protection from arrows* or employs his *wand of vanish* and *resist energy* before returning to harass his opponents with more offensive spells like *black tentacles* or *spiked pit*. Knowing that a lone wizard is vulnerable to *il spel mag c*, he keeps a *il spel magic* of his own loaded in his *ring of counterspells* to protect himself against such tactics. Ever a cautious wizard, if he finds himself overrun, he will not hesitate to vanish to safety using his dimensional steps ability. Once he escapes, Verakuhl will rest and tailor a new spell selection designed to better defeat his foes.

## Using This Character

Haj Verakuhl can fill the role of a reoccurring villain, providing a potent foil to a PC arcane spellcaster. Perhaps the Arch-Libram has murdered a wizard PC's mentor, or he simply seeks to acquire a spellbook that one of the PCs has their eyes on as well. Verakuhl does not like to share, and if the PCs should best him or commandeer an object of his desire they will have earned a permanent adversary. Things can become more complicated should the PCs uncover that the real power behind the throne is not Verakuhl but his intelligent spellbook, *Th Scarred Tome*. The PCs will have to determine for themselves whether Verakuhl is himself a victim or whether he is an irredeemable criminal in his own right.



### ARCH-LIBRAM HAJ VERAKULH

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male venerable human conjurer (teleportation sub-school) 8  
(*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*)  
NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Perception +10

AC 12, touch 8, flat-footed 12 (+4 armor, -2 Dex)

hp 30 (8d6-8 plus 8)

Fort +1; Ref +0; Will +3

Immune magic missile

Speed 30 ft., shift (20 ft., 9/day)

Melee unarmed strike +1 (1d3-3/nonlethal)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th):

At will—*dimensional steps* (240 ft./day)

Conjurer Spells Prepared (CL 8th):

4th—*black tentacles*, *crushing despair* (DC 20), *lesser globe of invulnerability*, *summon monster IV*3rd—*dispel magic*, *fly*, *hold person* (DC 19), *spiked pit\** (DC 19), *summon monster III*2nd—*fog cloud*, *glitterdust* (DC 18), *extended mage armor* (already cast), *protection from arrows*, *scorching ray*, *web* (DC 18)1st—*charm person* (DC 17), *cause fear* (DC 17), *grease* (DC 17), *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *unseen servant*0—*detect magic*, *light*, *mending*, *prestidigitation*

Opposition Schools divination, illusion

Str 4, Dex 6, Con 8, Int 22, Wis 11, Cha 16

Base Atk +4; CMB +1; CMD 9

Feats Alertness<sup>B</sup>, Combat Casting<sup>B</sup>, Extend Spell<sup>B</sup>, Forge Ring, Improved Initiative, Scholar (Knowledge [arcana], Knowledge [history])\*\*, Scribe Scroll<sup>B</sup>, Toughness

Skills Appraise +12, Fly +6, Knowledge (arcana) +19, Knowledge (engineering) +13, Knowledge (geography) +14,

## New Intelligent Item: The Scarred Tome

*The s ancient bok is bund with th scales of a d mon. It is overlaid with a sing e b ood red scar wh ch seems to pulse with an unnatural h artb at.*

### History

*Th Scarred Tome* was once a simple spellbook which over time was inscribed with more and more potent spells as it was handed down from master to apprentice by its owners. Gradually, the magic within it coalesced into a power-hungry sentience. That dark consciousness now constantly thirsts for new and even more heinous magic to inscribe within its pages. It thrives upon witnessing its deadly spells inflicted upon others, especially weak minded inferiors who fail to appreciate the true value of arcane power.

### Personality

*Th Scarred Tome* manipulates its owner with subtle urgings and suggestion while he peruses its pages in order to prepare his spells for their next day. The book manipulates its owner to seek out and

murder other arcane spellcasters so that he can steal their spellbooks and inscribe the most potent spells within *Th Scarred Tome*. Because wizards typically have strong Will saves, *Th Scarred Tome* knows that it will not always get its way every day, rather the book is patient, knowing that eventually its possessor will have to yield and quench its undying need for more power.

### Powers

Although far from holy in any way, *Th Scarred Tome* ps sesses th powers of a *b essed bok*, containing up to 1,000 pages to be inscribed with spells. Once per day the book can cast *summon swarm*, though the bats, rats or insects summoned are always covered with the tiny magical runes of the shimmering spells found inside the pages of *Th Scarred Tome*. *Th Scarred Tome* is also capable of casting its own *arcane mark* at will, which it uses to place a glowing bloody scar wherever it feels is appropriate—usually on the forehead of its wielder as a symbol of its dominance.

**Alignment** Neutral Evil; **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12;

**Abilities:** empathy, sense 30 ft, **Cost** 18,400 gp, **Ego** 11.

Knowledge (history) +19, Knowledge (local) +15, Knowledge (nature) +12, Knowledge (planes) +14, Knowledge (religion) +12, Linguistics +15, Perception +10, Sense Motive +2, Spellcraft +17

**Languages** Abyssal, Aklo, Aquan, Auran, Celestial, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Ignan, Infernal, Terran, Undercommon

**SQ** bonded object (*ring of counterspells*), flaw (weak will†), summoner's charm (4 rounds)

**Combat Gear** scrolls of *blink*, *fireball*, and *haste* (CL 8th), wand of *resist energy* (CL 7th: 10 charges), wand of *vanish*\* (CL 5th: 10 charges); **Other Gear** *The Scarred Tome*, 2 assisting gloves\*, brooch of shielding (100 hp), catching cape\*, feather token (whip), hand of the mage, ring of counterspells (*dispel magic*), 15 gp

\*See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*.

\*\*See *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*.

† See *Unearthed Arcana*

# Fiddidus Termingauld

## Blind Friar of the Black Stone

Born to a human family beloved as artists and scholars, Fiddidus spurned his familial heritage, abandoning a university appointment to travel the roads and byways as a lowly scribe. He read and wrote letters for the uneducated and drew up and translated documents for trusting souls that paid him what little they had for assistance. Although an intelligent man, Fiddidus had a streak of malice and dark cruelty. In his translations or reading of documents he included many false quotes, libels, lies, insults, and profanities. He caused pain and confusion, deliberately scrambling the meanings of innocent correspondents. Where he traveled, feuds and misunderstandings became rife.

Finally his miscommunication of arrangements for a wedding rendezvous led to the death of the bridal party in a tragic accident. The travelers followed a false trail that led to them all being slain by wilderness monsters. In this Fiddidus had over-reached himself in mischief making. He was caught by the vengeful family in a lonely spot far from aid. They captured him and tortured him terribly for many days, but they did not kill him. Instead they gouged out his eyes as punishment for his wickedness and as a means of continuing his torment for the rest of his days. Rather than leave him to die helplessly in the wilds, his captors took him to a large town and cast him blind and despairing into its streets. There he languished as a beggar, barely surviving, but no less hateful and malicious than before.

He was found by followers of a deity named Grox, an evil god of Artifice and Darkness. Recognizing in Fiddidus a malevolence and cunning that could be fostered, they initiated him into their religion, promising that one day he would have the power to take revenge on those who had brought him to misery. Fiddidus became an acolyte of Grox and learned the religion's secrets. But throughout his training he was goaded, beaten, and degraded by his tutors, who used every disadvantage of his blindness for their pleasure and cruelty. Finally, he was judged ready for his reward when, as was felt, he had been trained to humility and obedience. His principal master used a *regeneration* spell to restore his lost eyes, and Fiddidus promptly murdered him.

Grox was amused by this turn of events but disinclined to reward Fiddidus for his crime. He cursed Fiddidus to remind him always that Grox and his cult could not be thwarted. During the hours of darkness Fiddidus is granted the *regeneration* of his eyes, but in daytime they wither away leaving him as blind as before.

The one-time scribe became a cleric of Grox and set out on an unholy mission to spread darkness and misery wherever he could. But Fiddidus was wise now in the ways of the world and had learned the value of caution and planning. Nonetheless, he rose steadily through the ranks of his cult, achieving victories in the cause of Grox and thwarting the causes of Good over many years.

Fiddidus came to command his own contingent of cultists, and set up an outpost in a cave-riddled area close to a well-traveled wilderness route. From here he monitored the movements of commerce and wealth and gathered information of use to his cult. From time to time he posed as a humble traveler in his own right, donning the costume of a friar and joining some group or other to converse by the campfire on matters of politics, history, and the languages of the region. He suppressed his natural tendencies toward cruelty and malice in these encounters, picking from the conversations threads of information of interest to him. To those ignorant of his true nature, he became known as the Friar of the Black Stone, a figure of learning and of knowledge whose advice might be valuable to those in need.



## Description

Fiddidus is a human male of 34 years. He stands 5'6" in height and weighs 178 pounds. He is dressed in the simple full-length robes and deeply-cowled hood of a traveling friar. Unseen underneath is a suit of studded leather armor. In keeping with the wilderness paths he walks, he has a stout steel shield strapped to his back and a light hammer swings at his belt. At his neck is a simple stone jewel from which his nickname originates. His eyes are covered by a clean black cloth, evidence, he says, of an accident in his youth that robbed him of his sight. The friar appears cautious in the company of newcomers, but friendly in a slightly reserved manner. He listens carefully to conversations, asking pertinent and knowledgeable questions. He is proficient in several monstrous languages as well as the tongues of a variety of different cultures.

## Tactics

If Fiddidus is anticipating combat, he dons his spiked gauntlet and readies his light hammer for action. He favors darkness as an environment for combat, not least because he has magical means to see. He looses his light hammer as a *dnc ing weapon* for the first four rounds. Then, he casts *summon monster V* to summon a xill (if indoors) or a dire lion (if outdoors) to attack his opponents. He prefers not to enter melee, but if an enemy comes within range, he employs *touch of dr kness* as a *touch* attack. Fiddidus casts *dr kness* to cover areas into which he can retreat to attack from using his magical sight. He favors *b inde ss/d afness ag in t* spellcasting foes, reserving *ob curing mist* and *meld into stone* to cover a retreat if things go badly.

Fiddidus uses the black stone at his throat to see and also as an unholy symbol of his religion. The special qualities conferred on this particular item mean that as a cleric of Grox he is not limited to its usual 30 minutes per day of use. If he is parted from the black stone during the day, he is blinded, though he can fall back on eyes of darkness for four rounds per day. If the black stone is captured, it functions as a regular *g m of seeing* for individuals who are not clerics of Grox.

## Using This Character

The PCs might seek out Fiddidus on the innocent recommendation of a traveler who has encountered him in the wilderness in his guise as friar. It is supposed from encounters with him that he has a cave in the region and thus the PCs might unknowingly locate the cultists' lair. The PCs may have a document that needs translation or have found a clue or puzzle in a language that the friar may know. Alternatively, the adventurers might happen upon the cultists' lair through exploration of a nearby dungeon. If PCs use *d tect evil* in his vicinity, Fiddidus is unperturbed unless they actively attack him. He does not automatically seek the destruction of neutral- or good-aligned characters, especially if they have information which might be useful to his cult. Even if revealed as an evil character, Fiddidus may make good on any deal to translate a text, or share knowledge, if this furthers his own goals. However, if he is insulted or threatened the accuracy of any information he imparts may become doubtful. Good-aligned characters may find it problematic having a source of knowledge who is of evil alignment, but this may well add an unusual twist to the game that the GM may wish to develop further.

An interesting alternative might be to incorporate Fiddidus and his story into the back story of a player character. Maybe the PC had an uncle or aunt whose wedding plans were tragically destroyed by an attack of monsters in the wilderness on the way to the nuptials. This family history might have led the PC into the life of an adventurer, never knowing the terrible revenge taken by his family on the malice-filled scribe, Fiddidus. The friar has discovered the PC is related to those who blinded him and his thirst for revenge will include the PC in some nefarious plan to be revealed later.

### New Deity: Grox

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Domains:** Artifice, Darkness, Evil, Knowledge, Law

**Portfolio:** Contracts, greed, translations, subterfuge

**Favored Weapon:** light hammer

### FIDDIDUS TERMINGAULD

XP 4,800

Male human cleric of Grox 9

NE Medium humanoid (human)

**Init** +2; **Perception** +5

**AC** 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield)

**hp** 48 (9d8)

**Fort** +6; **Ref** +5; **Will** +10

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** spiked gauntlet +8/+3 (1d4+2) or light hammer +8/+3 (1d4+2)

**Ranged** light hammer +8 (1d4+2)

**Special Attacks** channel negative energy 2/day (DC 13, 5d6), dancing weapon (4 rounds, 1/day)

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 9th, concentration +13):

7/day—*artificer's touch* (1d6+4, bypasses 9 DR and hardness), *touch of darkness* (4 rounds)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 9th):

5th—*insect plague*, *summon monster* V<sup>D</sup>

4th—*cure critical wounds*, *dismissal* (DC 18), *freedom of movement*, *shadow conjuration*<sup>D</sup> (DC 18)

3rd—*animate dead*, *cure serious wounds*, *deeper darkness*, *meld into stone*, *stone shape*<sup>D</sup>

2nd—*blindness/deafness*<sup>D</sup> (DC 16), *darkness* (x2), *resist energy*, *sound burst* (DC 16), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*animate rope*<sup>D</sup>, *bane* (DC 15), *cure light wounds*,

*detect good*, *detect undead*, *obscuring mist*

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *guidance*, *resistance*, *stabilize*

**D** Domain spell; **Domains** Artifice, Darkness

**Str** 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +6; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 20

**Feats** Blind-Fight<sup>B</sup>, Catch Off-Guard, Command Undead, Self-Sufficient<sup>B</sup>, Spell Penetration, Stealthy, Throw Anything

**Skills** Acrobatics +5, Bluff +4, Disguise +1, Escape Artist +4, Heal +10, Intimidate +2, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +5, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (religion) +8, Linguistics +10, Perception +5, Ride +1, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +3, Spellcraft +5, Stealth +3, Survival +7, Use Magic Device +1

**Languages** Common, Cyclops, Dwarven, Giant, Gnoll, Orc, Undercommon, Worg

**SQ** aura, eyes of darkness (4 rounds/day)

**Gear** studded leather armor, light steel shield, spiked gauntlet, light hammer, *gem of seeing* (gains blinded condition if he loses this item)

# Klaxia

## Rust Monster Trainer

This little derro is one of the most famous alchemists of her tribe (maybe even of the whole race), for she's the one who "invented" the human-skin cloak (see sidebar). She's still angry about the fact that she can't make the sun-protecting effect of those cloaks permanent, and therefore needs a steady supply of human skin to continue her experiments. She's desperately waiting for an elf, gnome, or halfling to experiment upon. She's absolutely confident that the skin of the elves would make for a far better cloak than those stitched together from human rabble. She also has experimented on pheromones and finally came up with a method of using pheromones to control rust monsters. This has helped her tribe a lot, as their raiding parties are now able to enter buildings very easily by just rusting the locks, iron bars, other metal devices away, leaving a silent and easy access to human buildings.

## Description

Klaxia is small even for a derro. She has red hair—a result of an experiment to change her look and distinguish her from her fellows—and a slim build. Klaxia's eyes are all white, but her left eye has a golden speck in it which sometimes flares if light is reflected on it. She doesn't know where that spot comes from, but thinks of it as a birthmark of some kind. Klaxia looks cute for a derro, but appearances hide the sinister truth that she delights in skinning her victims alive.

## Tactics

Klaxia shuns combat. She's only part of her people's raids because she has control over the rust monsters they use. In combat she normally sends one of her three "rusties" to attack armor-heavy opponents and otherwise tries to stay in the background using bombs and spells. She normally rides on one of the rust monsters.

## Using This Character

The PCs might happen upon Klaxia with her raiding party while they are scouting a building in town. Or they might find her in her secret laboratory deep under the city where she's experimenting on captive humans. Another option would be that the PCs get contracted by those in authority to investigate the recent break-ins and kidnappings since the city watch seems to be unable to cope with the situation. A person the PCs need to contact for important information might just have been kidnapped by the derro making it a race against time to find their contact before the skinnings begin.



## New Alchemical Item: Human-Skin Cloak

### Description

This garment, stitched together from various pieces of human skin, gives the wearer the ability to walk under the open sky without suffering any ill effects from bright light or sunlight (though it is not sufficient to nullify an undead creature's vulnerability to sunlight). In addition, the cloak grants underground races the ability to see clearly during daylight hours. As the skin has to be coated with a special alchemical skin-softener, the effects of the item wear off after about a month. Then new doses of the substance must be applied to the item for it to work properly. After four such treatments the skin is too dry to be of use any longer and the item is ruined.

The skin-softening ointment is made of the bodily fluids of the skinning victim. A single victim produces enough of the ointment to treat the accompanying cloak four times. The process of extracting the fluids is long and painful and happens after the skinning has already occurred. For this reason, alchemists seeking to make a human-skin cloak go to great lengths to keep their victims alive. An alchemist's laboratory is necessary in order to extract these fluids. The DC to craft the skin-softener with which the cloak is coated is 25. A cloak and accompanying vial of the skin-softener costs 250gp.

If the softener is applied to any dead skin or hide other than the original victim's, it has the effect of a *gentle repose* (CL 5th). If applied to living skin, it causes leprosy with an onset time of 2d4 minutes, as the skin starts to bubble, grows black, and begins to slough off.

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

### KLAXIA

CR 9

#### XP 6,400

Female derro alchemist 6 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Derro"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Alchemist")

CE Small humanoid (derro)

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +11

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**AC** 15, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

**hp** 66 (3d8+9 plus 6d8+18)

**Fort** +9 (+13 vs. poison); **Ref** +8; **Will** +9

**Immune** insanity and confusion effects; **SR** 20

**Weakness** vulnerability to sunlight

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**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** sickle +9/+4 (1d4+1)

**Ranged** +1 *light* crossbow +10 (1d6+1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** bomb 11/day (3d6+2 fire, DC 14), sneak attack +1d6

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 3rd):

At will—*darkness*, *ghost sound* (DC 15)

1/day—*daze* (DC 15), *sound burst* (DC 17)

**Extracts Known** (CL 7th):

2nd (4/day)—*blood transcription*<sup>†</sup>, *invisibility*, *spider climb*, *protection from arrows*

1st (5/day)—*anticipate peril*<sup>†</sup>, *detect secret doors*, *expeditious retreat*, *jump*, *stone fist*<sup>‡</sup>

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**Str** 13, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** 15, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 18

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

**Feats** Brew Potion<sup>B</sup>, Extra Bombs<sup>‡</sup>, Extra Discovery<sup>‡</sup>, Go Unnoticed<sup>‡</sup>, Improved Initiative, Throw Anything<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +8 (+4 jump), Appraise +6, Craft (alchemy) +14, Disguise +6, Escape Artist +5, Handle Animal +10, Heal +4, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +10, Perception +11, Ride +8, Sense Motive +3, Stealth +13

**Languages** Aklo, Common, Gnome, Undercommon

**SQ** alchemy (alchemy crafting +6, identify potions), mutagen (+4/–2, +2 natural, 60 minutes), discoveries (*dispelling bomb*, *infuse mutagen*, *smoke bomb*, *tanglefoot bomb*), madness, poison use, swift alchemy, swift poisoning

**Gear** +1 *light* crossbow with 20 bolts and 2 +1 *human bane* bolts, sickle, human-skin cloak, 250gp in gems

<sup>†</sup> See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*

<sup>‡</sup> See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*



# Ssenlari

## Seeker of Magic

Filthy humans. Disgusting elves. Repugnant dwarves. Such is the view of the humanoid races commonly held by serpentfolk. Ssenlari holds these beliefs, only magnified. He despises humanity for its hubris toward magic. Their tales talk of magic coming from the gods or being invented by their forefathers. Nonsense! True believers, that is, the serpentfolk, know magic—all magic—originated with the scaled-ones.

Ssenlari holds to a belief common among his tribe of serpentfolk that all magic is arcane in nature and that clerics are no different from sorcerers—their magic comes from within, not from the gods. And as any *pure* magical artisan knows, magic originated from its one true master—dragons. That the humanoid races hold such arrogance regarding magic just serves to further infuriate Ssenlari, and drives him to take back the magical heritage that rightfully belongs to his people as scions of the dragons. He hunts alone, seeking out humanoids in particular. Killing his quarry isn't enough, though. Ssenlari seeks to humiliate them, speaking in their mind while simultaneously making off with their magic items.

## Description

While most serpentfolk possess bright scales, Ssenlari seems to be built for skulking with darker scales in varying shades of gray, brown, and deep green. His serpentine head possesses many sharp teeth, most prominent being the two long upper fangs that protrude over his lower lip. He wears simple robes, and likes to adorn himself with exotic jewelry.

## Tactics

Ssenlari seeks to steal magic items from his foes. While he's not averse to killing as a means of acquiring the items, he much prefers to take the items from foes that live, so they may know they lost to a superior being. If he has time to prepare for the fight, he takes some defensive measures, activating his *mirror image* and *blur* spell-like abilities and casting *false life*. Once buffed, Ssenlari begins blasting with spells. His tactics vary based on what he perceives the makeup of his foes to be.

If the group possesses a brute warrior, Ssenlari will attempt to find a safe location for his body and then cast *mag c jar* on the target, using the brute's strength to decimate his allies. If Ssenlari cannot locate a safe place to stash his body, he instead uses *dm inate person*, with the same basic outcome. Ssenlari adds insult to injury by forcing his newly acquired slave to carry all the items looted from his former allies.

If no obvious target for such tactics exists, Ssenlari takes a divide-and-conquer strategy. He uses *wall of ice* to separate one target from the others then uses *bl d person* on any creature that appears to be a rogue. He then systematically uses spells such as *ray of enfeeblement* (particularly against obvious arcane spellcasters—known for their already-low Strength), *bl eful polymorph*, and *h d ous laug er* to remove targets from the fight yet leaving them alive to wallow in despair over his impending victory.

Once his foes are incapacitated, Ssenlari steals all their magical items (including spellbooks) and teleports to his tribe's home. If a slave brought along in this fashion proves exceptionally useful, Ssenlari layers *dm inate person* spells on the target every few days, such that after a month or so of time, dispelling or otherwise removing the effect will require great effort, as multiple instances of the spell will be active.



## Using This Character

At his simplest, Ssenlari makes a very dangerous random encounter—one that could turn into an entire side plot. Ssenlari could be used to rough up a group too full of themselves, stealing some of their treasured items in the process. Alternately, a GM can place a magic item in Ssenlari's possession that the group needs. This item could even be plot hook such as an artifact that needs to be destroyed or returned to its rightful owner. GMs looking to build a larger plot from Ssenlari could connect him with a dragon, as Ssenlari venerates all dragons as the progenitors of magic in the world. Tracing the serpentfolk after a hit-and-run robbery could lead to a dragon's lair and perhaps even more trouble than the players expected.

### SSENLARI

CR 10

XP 9,600

Male serpentfolk wizard 8 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2* "Serpentfolk")

NE Medium monstrous humanoid

**Init** +11; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., scent; **Perception** +20

**AC** 24, touch 18, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +1 deflection, +7 Dex, +3 natural)

**hp** 110 (5d10+20 plus 8d6+32)

**Fort** +10; **Ref** +14; **Will** +14

**Immune** mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison; **SR** 21

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk dagger +17/+12 (1d4–1/19–20), bite +11 (1d6–1 plus poison)

**Special Attacks** hand of the apprentice (10/day), metamagic mastery 1/day, poison (DC 20)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 4th):

At will—*disguise self* (DC 13), *ventriloquism* (DC 13)

1/day—*blur*, *dominate person* (DC 17), *major image* (DC 15), *mass suggestion* (DC 18), *mirror image*, *suggestion* (DC 15), *teleport*

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

**Spells Prepared** (CL 8th, melee touch +16, ranged touch +16):

4th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 21), *dominate person* (DC 22), *magic jar* (DC 21)

3rd—*deep slumber* (DC 21), *hold person* (DC 21), *lightning bolt* (DC 20), *stinking cloud* (DC 20), *suggestion* (DC 21)

2nd—*false life*, *glitterdust* (DC 19), *hideous laughter* (DC 20), *invisibility*, *web* (DC 19)

1st—*charm person* (DC 19), *floating disk*, *grease* (DC 18), *magic missile*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *silent image* (DC 18)

0 (at will)—*detect magic*, *flare* (DC 17), *ray of frost*, *read magic*

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**Str** 8, **Dex** 25, **Con** 19, **Int** 24, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +8; **CMD** 26

**Feats** Alertness<sup>B</sup> (with familiar), Extend Spell, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Magical Aptitude, Scribe Scroll<sup>B</sup>, Self-Sufficient, Silent Spell<sup>B</sup>, Spell Focus (enchantment), Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +12, Appraise +14, Bluff +10, Disguise +15, Escape Artist +28, Heal +5, Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +15, Knowledge (engineering) +15, Knowledge (history) +15, Knowledge (local) +15, Knowledge (planes) +15, Knowledge (religion) +15, Linguistics +12, Perception +20, Sense Motive +17, Spellcraft +27, Stealth +18, Survival +5, Use Magic Device +17

**Languages** Aklo, Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Goblin, Orc, Undercommon; telepathy 100 ft.

**SQ** arcane bond (familiar—snake)

**Combat Gear** *wand of cure light wounds* (47 charges), *wand of entangle* (23 charges); **Other Gear** *bracers of armor* +3, *masterwork dagger*, *ring of protection* +1, *cloak of resistance* +1, *ruby ring* (100 gp), *gold loop earrings* with small pearls (75 gp)

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**SLITHER**

**CR** —

**XP** —

Male viper familiar (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Familiar, Viper”)

N Tiny magical beast

**Init** +3; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +18

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**AC** 19, touch 15, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +4 natural, +2 size)

**hp** 47 (6 HD)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +9; **Will** +10

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion

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**Speed** 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

**Melee** bite +13 (1d2–3 plus poison)

**Space** 2.5 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

**Special Attacks** deliver touch spells, poison (DC 14)

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**Str** 4, **Dex** 17, **Con** 8, **Int** 9, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 2

**Base Atk** +8; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 16 (can’t be tripped)

**Feats** Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +8 (+4 jump), Appraise +3, Bluff +1, Climb +11, Disguise +9, Escape Artist +16, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (engineering) +4, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (local) +4, Knowledge (planes) +4, Knowledge (religion) +4, Linguistics +1, Perception +18, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +12, Stealth +26, Swim +11, Use Magic Device +5

**Languages** speak with master, speak with snakes; empathic link with master

**SQ** share spells

# Geshuwan

## Labyrinth Lurker

Though the gods created the world as a place for mortals to live, not every place in the world was meant for mortals. Off the edges of the map, on the highest peaks, and down the deepest holes, there are lands where the wall between this world and the next is thin and men are not welcome. To daunt the meek and deny the ambitious, the gods created monsters to guard these domains. Though these divine servants are rarely seen, tales of their ferociousness is enough to keep most mortals in their place.

Heroes who would travel underground might be warned of Geshuwan, a creature part humanoid, part aurochs—part shadow, part stone. In truth, she is not an elemental spirit, but a minotaur druid. Whether or not Geshuwan was born an agent of the gods, she embraces the role legend has ascribed to her.

Geshuwan pays homage to the gods and demons (especially Baphomet, patron of minotaurs), but her allegiance is to the earth itself. Her protectorate is a labyrinth of natural and artificial tunnels which connect both to the surface and to deeper subterranean realms. Though Geshuwan allows no surface dwellers to cross this border, she also unintentionally protects them from deep races who might otherwise attack from the below.

Geshuwan spends most of her time patrolling the maze-like tunnels, communing with the spirits of earth and darkness. She lives mainly on a diet of small animals, large insects, and photophobic fungi. That is, until she finds evidence of intruders. Geshuwan knows her caverns intimately and can perceive the slightest disturbance. When she does, the minotaur's focus turns to the hunt...



## Using This Character

When the PCs are traveling underground, Geshuwan can easily fill the role of the “wandering monster” with little or no preparation beforehand. A sudden attack in the dark reminds the PCs that the world below often does not welcome surface dwellers. With a little preparation, however, an encounter with the minotaur can be made more memorable. As the PCs prepare for their trip underground, have them hear stories of Geshuwan, perhaps in the form of a tale told to frighten children, or the secondhand account of a failed expedition. These vague accounts of a vengeful spirit contain scarcely any useful information, but create suspense and anticipation for the players and their characters.

If a threat to the PCs also threatens her labyrinth, Geshuwan might even become a temporary ally. To gain the druid's help, the PCs must somehow confine Geshuwan long enough to communicate the danger to her. Once persuaded, Geshuwan is a powerfully ally but only as long as the PCs' goals coincide with her own.

## Description

Geshuwan is unmistakably a minotaur: atop her muscular humanoid body sits a bovine head crowned by crescent-shaped horns. Her skin and hair are pale, blending easily with the surrounding stone. She dresses in dark pelts and carries a large axe. Yet there are signs she is no mere beast. She wears a rune-carved pendant about her neck and the Eye of Providence upon her brow.

## Tactics

When the hunt begins, Geshuwan casts *long trid r, g eater mag c fang*, and *br kskin* (all included in the stats below). If there are multiple intruders she attempts to separate them in order to take them out individually. Failing that, Geshuwan uses hit and run tactics, retreating over rough terrain to take advantage of her tunnelrunner ability. She uses *shdw conjuration (web)* and *spikes stones* to limit her quarry's movements or *b inde ss/d afness*, *d eper dr kness*, and thunderstones (thrown by sling) to disorient them. The sound of thunderstones might also lure opponents into an ambush.

If her quarry proves particularly troublesome, or they attack her en masse, *cat's g ace* enhances Geshuwan's defenses, while summoned shadows drain her foes' strength. Geshuwan prefers to kill foes in melee, but isn't above using *bl eful polymorph* or *flame strike* when advantageous.

Geshuwan considers protecting her domain a divine mission, and fights intruders to the death, though she's unlikely to follow them if they escape her labyrinth.

### GESHUWAN XP 12,800

CR 11

Female minotaur druid (cave druid) 9 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Minotaur”; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* “Cave Druid”) NE Large monstrous humanoid

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +26

**AC** 23, touch 10, flat-footed 22 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +9 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 152 (6d10+24 plus 9d8+36 plus 15)

**Fort** +14; **Ref** +11; **Will** +15; +2 vs. supernatural and spell-like abilities of oozes and aberrations

**Defensive Abilities** lightfoot, natural cunning, resist subterranean corruption; **Immune** poison

**Speed** 40 ft.; tunnelrunner

**Melee** +1 *spell storing greataxe* +17/+12/+7 (3d6+8/x3) and

+2 gore +13 (1d6+4)

**Ranged** sling +12 (1d6+5)

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

**Special Attacks** powerful charge (+2 gore +20, 2d6+9), spontaneous casting (summon spells), wild shape 2/day (no plants)

**Domain Spell-like Abilities** (CL 9th):

7/day—*touch of darkness* (melee touch +16, 4 rounds/day)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 9th):

5th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 19), *summon monster* V<sup>D</sup> (1d3 shadows only)

4th—*dispel magic*, *flame strike* (DC 18), *shadow conjuration* <sup>D</sup> (DC 18), *spike stones* (DC 18)

3rd—*cure moderate wounds* (x2, DC 17), *deeper darkness* <sup>D</sup>, *greater magic fang* (already cast), *meld into stone*

2nd—*barkskin* (already cast), *blindness/deafness* <sup>D</sup> (blindness only, DC 16), *cat's grace*, *lesser restoration*, *soften earth and stone*, *spider climb*

1st—*detect aberrations*\*, *detect animals or plants*, *faerie fire*, *hide from animals*, *longstrider* (already cast), *obscuring mist* <sup>D</sup>

0 (at will)—*create water*, *detect magic*, *flare*, *resistance*

**D** domain spell; **Domain** Darkness

\*See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

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**Str** 21, **Dex** 12, **Con** 18, **Int** 11, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +12; **CMB** +18 (+22 bull rush); **CMD** 29 (31 vs. bull rush)

**Feats** Blind-Fight<sup>8</sup>, Greater Bull Rush, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Prowess, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Toughness

**Skills** Intimidate +21, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +14, Perception +26, Stealth +20, Survival +28

**Languages** Druidic, Giant

**SQ** cavesense, eyes of darkness 4 rounds/day, nature bond (Darkness domain), wild empathy +7 (+3 oozes)

**Combat Gear** *elemental gem (earth)*, 10 thunderstones;

**Other Gear** +2 shadow leather armor, +1 spell storing greataxe (holding *blindness/deafness*), sling with 10 bullets, *belt of mighty constitution* +2, *headband of inspired wisdom* +2, jade carved with a bull-head rune (divine focus, worth 150 gp), 4 obsidian shards (worth 10 gp each)

# Thlyk

## Warden of the Warrens

Slick with the excess fluid and yolk, gray-skinned and runty, the fact that Thlyk had even been able to hatch from his egg was something of a minor miracle. The odds stacked against him from the start, Thlyk fought for every scrap of food from his stronger brothers and sisters, often resorting to devious tricks to get his share. The only thing Thlyk had going for him was being smaller than normal—and smarter than normal. His quick wit attracted the attention of the tribal trapsmiths, and he happily apprenticed with them. Taking very well to one of the hallmarks of his race, he thrived on the appreciation and attention of his tribe, but he felt unfulfilled.

Ever since his birth, Thlyk had carried a small rock, hard as minotaur horn and swirling with iridescent colors. Gathering handfuls of luminescent fungus, he would stare at it for hours, entranced by its ever-shifting hues. Even in the dark his rock would throw off points of light on the cavern walls. Thlyk refused to be parted from the precious rock, even taking it with him to set up the traps surrounding his home.

On one occasion while walking deep into the lightless pathways of the Under Realms, he was surprised to hear whispers and warnings in his mind. He could hear skittering in the dark, beyond the limits of his vision, and the tunnels filled with a fetid stink that made him dizzy. The feel of blood pounding in his head, the panic rising in his throat, he gripped his rock tightly and was shocked to feel it begin to pulse in rhythm with his heartbeat.

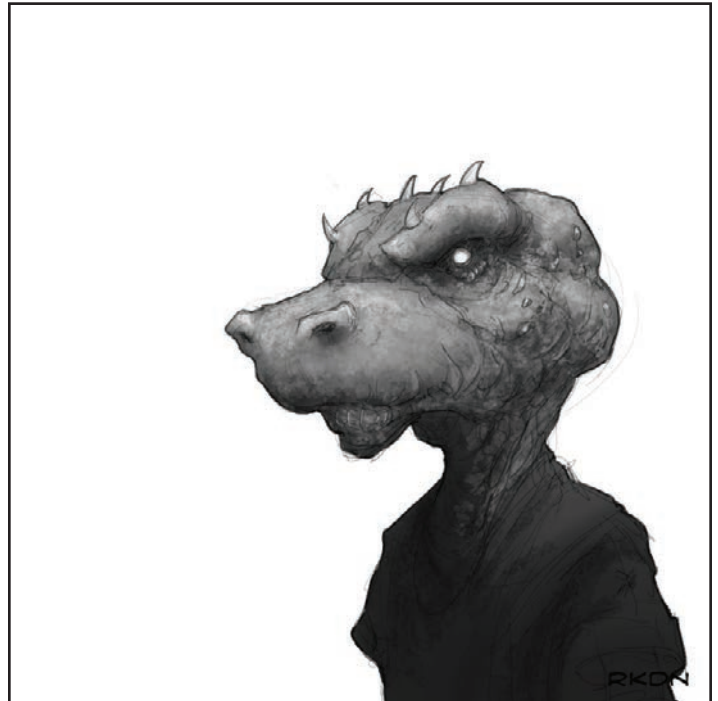
Gasping for air as the stink overwhelmed him, his palm burned and he felt something crack. A rush of warm air surrounded him, and he heard the sick, wet sounds of something collapsing against the cavern floor. Rimed with the white energy that his sight gave him even in the black tunnels, he saw a creature that was unlike anything he had seen, its pincers holding the remnants of the thing that frightened him. Snuffling at him and making rumbling sounds in its chest that reminded him of the clicking noises made by crèche nurses, the creature crooned encouragement as Thlyk wandered back to the warren. Loping along beside him with its long, lanky arms, Thlyk did not know what to think of the creature...until he saw the same black, purplish patterns on the creature that were on his rock.

His tribe did not know what to think, either. Undeniably efficient with his trapmaking, and his creature casual in its brutality against kobold enemies, Thlyk was given the honor of improving the safety of the tribe, which led to days—even months away from kobold society. Cast away from the attention he craved, Thlyk hopes that one day his traps will be good enough and he can live out his years with his children and maybe even his grandchildren. The elders' mistrust of him could be their downfall, though, as his long time away from the tribe has made him powerful, more than they might be able to imagine.

## Description

Rake-thin and puny even by kobold standards, Thlyk has little hope of impressing a female with his dull gray scales and stubby tail. Thlyk flits from tunnel to tunnel, upgrading and improving existing traps or dreaming up new ones on parchment pilfered from the unwary who have wandered into the embrace of his deadly creations. Fond of jewelry and hoping their glitter will draw some female's eye to him, Thlyk prizes the magical pieces that he has acquired over the years.

Claws-in-Dark, unlike its master, has deep black scales shifting into bright lavenders at its extremities. Like its master, it has a wide reptilian head and stubby tail, but with oversized jaws that happily break strong dwarven bones between brutally efficient incisors and molars. Its long arms drag at its side, and thick forearms end in pincers, one large claw intersecting with two smaller ones. A set of four enormous black eyes glitter in torchlight, refracting in rainbow hues.



## Tactics

If forewarned of intruders in his territory, Thlyk utilizes the numerous pit and rock traps to weaken any potential opponents while casting *mag armor* on himself. Many *mag c mouth* effects are scattered through his territory, mocking opponents that trigger traps and singing taunting songs. Utilizing *g eater invisibility* on himself to spy upon his foes, he sends probing encounters with summoned creatures to probe party weaknesses and strengths. Thlyk is absolutely not a stand-up fighter, preferring the “death of a thousand cuts” approach. Thlyk will happily split a party up through his *pit* spells, *wall of stone*, and his intimate knowledge of his terrain. He is smart enough to identify casters first, pleased to ensnare any of their summoned allies for his own use, and lets the screams of the dying echo through the tunnels.

Once the party is weakened, Thlyk summons Claws-in-Dark to quickly eliminate foes, altering his eidolon's physical stats as necessary with *Summoner's Call* and *g eater evolution surg* and other spells such as *haste* and *stoneskin*. Thlyk will run if forced into a melee situation, casting *expeditious retreat* and *g ease* to assist his escape. If truly pressed, he will use master's call or transposition.

## Using This Character

Terribly lonely and starved for conversation, Thlyk despairs of having a decent talk with anything that doesn't want to eat him. He would even be willing to talk with a gnome should he run across one. He could serve as an excellent guide through the warrens and several miles beyond them, especially when bribed with spectacular pieces of jewelry.

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

### THLYK

**XP 19,200**

Male kobold summoner 13 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Kobold"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Summoner")  
LE Small humanoid (reptilian)

**Init** +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +10

**AC** 16, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+1 deflection, +1 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)

**hp** 62 (13d8–26 plus 26)

**Fort** +2; **Ref** +5; **Will** +9

**Defensive Abilities** greater shield ally

**Weaknesses** light sensitivity

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** unarmed strike +9 (1d2–1/nonlethal)

**Ranged** +1 corrosive heavy crossbow +12 (1d8+1/19–20 plus 1d6 acid)

**Special Attacks** eidolon

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 13th):

8/day—*summon monster VII*

**Spells Known** (CL 13th):

5th (2/day)—*greater rejuvenate eidolon*†, *spell turning*

4th (4/day)—*acid pit*† (DC 19), *greater evolution surge*‡, *mass daze*‡ (DC 19), *wall of stone* (DC 19)

3rd (5/day)—*black tentacles*, *control summoned creature*‡ (DC 18), *greater invisibility*, *greater magic fang*, *stoneskin*

2nd (6/day)—*haste*, *invisibility*, *resist energy*, *slow* (DC 17), *spider climb*

1st (7/day)—*expeditious retreat*, *grease* (DC 16), *lesser rejuvenate eidolon*†, *mage armor*, *magic mouth*, *unfetter*†

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *arcane mark*, *daze* (DC 15), *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *open/close* (DC 15)

**Str** 8, **Dex** 12, **Con** 6, **Int** 16, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 20

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 19

**Feats** Improved Initiative, Resilient Eidolon†, Sense Link†, Stealthy, Summoner's Call†, Toughness, Vigilant Eidolon†

**Skills** Craft (trapmaking) +28, Disable Device +21, Escape Artist +3, Handle Animal +13, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +11, Knowledge (local) +8, Linguistics +7, Perception +10, Profession (miner) +3, Spellcraft +19, Stealth +23

**Languages** Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Gnome, Undercommon; link to eidolon

**SQ** aspect, bond senses 13 rounds/day, life link, maker's call 2/day, transposition

**Gear** *amulet of natural armor* +2, *ring of protection* +1, +1 *corrosive heavy crossbow*†, *cloak of elvenkind*, *headband of mental prowess* +2 (Int/Cha), *ring of maniacal devices*†, *masterwork artisan's tools* (trapmaking), *masterwork thieves' tools*

† See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

‡ See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*

### CR 12

### CLAWS-IN-DARK

### CR —

Eidolon, bipedal base form (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Summoner")

LE Medium outsider (extraplanar)

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., tremorsense 30 ft.;

**Perception** +13

**AC** 25, touch 13, flat-footed 22 (+3 Dex, +12 natural)

**hp** 75 (10d10+20)

**Fort** +9; **Ref** +6; **Will** +7 (+11 vs. enchantments)

**Defensive Abilities** devotion, evasion; **DR** 5/chaotic; **Immune** acid

**Speed** 30 ft., burrow 15 ft.

**Melee** bite +16 (1d8+6/19–20), 2 pincers +14 (1d8+3 plus grab)

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

**Str** 22, **Dex** 17, **Con** 14, **Int** 7, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 11

**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +16 (+22 grapple); **CMD** 29

**Feats** Cleave, Deepsight†, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Natural Attack (pincer), Multiattack<sup>§</sup>, Power Attack

**Skills** Acrobatics +16, Climb +19, Perception +13, Stealth +16

**Languages** Common, Draconic, Dwarven, Gnome, Undercommon; link to master

**SQ** evolutions (bite, burrow, claws, damage reduction, grab, immunity [acid], improved damage [bite], improved damage [pincer], limbs [arms], limbs [legs], pincers, reach, tremorsense), share spells

† See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

# Vigebrand Rodbjorn

## Banished Dwarven Noble

*"I've seen it, you know: Brother cutting down brother; the rats crawling out to feast on the fallen. The Ardanstones might be self-serving despots, but the price of taking them down...it was too much." The aged dwarf paused to pour more ale into his horn, his weathered face haunted by memories of grim fratricidal warfare. "I still see the blood on my axe. As long as I live, I'll see that blood. Can't you understand?"*

Fifty years ago, the dwarven noble house of Ardanstone seized power over several dwarven enclaves in a cunningly executed coup d'état. They swiftly overwhelmed the previous regime's supporters, buying the support of the dwarven craftmasters with rare treasures and lucrative positions in their new order. Others were bullied into silence, their children taken to be fostered in Ardanstone households and their maiden daughters pressured into political marriages with Ardanstone's supporters.

Among the noble dwarves displaced in the coup, few were more famous than prince Vigebrand, a renowned warrior of the Rodbjorn Clan dwarves. Famous for his triumph over the Witch-Countess and her gore-troll allies, Vigebrand initially refused to take a stand against the usurpers. His aged parents held as hostages, he refused to risk their lives and feared to unleash the horror that civil war would bring upon the dwarven realms.

Confident of the prince's passivity, the Ardanstones made a tactical error, declaring that Vigebrand's fiancée would instead be wed to one of their liegemen. Thinking the wedding a mere political alliance, they failed to understand the passionate bond between Vigebrand and his beloved. She urged him to forget about her, but she couldn't hide her feelings. She feared and loathed the repulsive craftmaster the Ardanstones demanded she wed instead of her prince.

Roused to fury, the dwarven hero unleashed hell upon those who would claim his beloved. Vigebrand lured the Ardanstone clan's unsuspecting leaders into a tunnel rigged to collapse, then assaulted the clan's stronghold, his adamantine axe hewing a bloody swath through dozens of guards, all to free his beloved from their clutches.

The confrontation Vigebrand had hoped to avoid was now inevitable. In endless months of brutal tunnel warfare, dwarven partisans hunted each other through the darkness. In hidden caverns and forgotten passages, Clan Ardanstone's troops slaughtered rebellious Rodbjorn dwarves. Innocent hostages were given show trials and executed for their "treason." The Ardanstone Clan's bards sang of their elusive foe's cruel treachery, spreading their lies of his infamy far and wide.

Eventually, the rebellion crushed, the Ardanstones held unquestioned control of the dwarven realm. With his supporters dead, they claimed that Vigebrand had fallen—another forgotten corpse in the trackless labyrinths underlying the earth. But the Ardanstone soldiers never did catch Vigebrand, nor his fair princess.

The tales of the last Rodbjorn hero faded into legend. For decades, Vigebrand has hidden behind other names. Some know him as 'Astan Hammerfall,' a well-respected mason and architect. They remember his wife's delicate beauty and the tragic day when death claimed her as she struggled to give birth to their child. 'Astan' spent tear-filled months crafting every detail of his wife's tomb, refusing to stop until every carving was a masterpiece.

The thought of more battle sickens Vigebrand, but part of him nostalgically recalls the days when he was toasted as a hero. Unfortunately, many dwarves only know of his deeds through the tarnished lens of Clan Ardanstone's slanders, believing the prince a murderer and traitor. Others still think him a hero, but dare not voice their thoughts lest Clan Ardanstone's partisans overhear. Vigebrand, however, bides his time in lonely exile from his people until the day comes when his name can be redeemed.



## Description

With his skin weathered and scarred and his voice subdued, a man might be forgiven for mistaking the aging hero Vigebrand Rodbjorn as just another dwarven mason. His clothing humble and battered, he keeps his fighting gear and princely regalia carefully hidden. Despite this façade, his carriage remains unbent, his bearing noble. His graying beard is braided in a style common to dwarven noblemen.

Veteran fighters may notice Vigebrand's thoughtful appraisal of their armor and weapons. Even though the hunt for him ended decades earlier, he sits with his back to the wall and carefully watches any exits from his chambers.

## Tactics

Vigebrand seldom looks for trouble, but when he encounters it, he strikes at it with the fury of a dwarf whose whole life has been stolen from him. Before seeking battle, he prefers to limit foes' movement with rudimentary hazards, such as barrels piled to fall and block a doorway, floors covered with a pool of lamp oil (with a string tied to a hanging flask of alchemist's fire or candle), or damaged tunnel supports rigged to collapse. While he lacks the skills to make sophisticated traps, he has practiced a few basic designs. Vigebrand doesn't expect that these traps will finish off his opponents; they are just meant to distract spellcasters so that he has a chance to force them into melee.

Just before entering battle, Vigebrand drinks his *potion of fly*, saving the ability (and the extra speed it grants) as a surprise for his foes. If he sees an opportunity to ambush his enemies, he'll drink one of his *potions of invisibility* as well. Once in battle, his highest priority is to disable or kill enemy spellcasters, even ignoring other foes to do so. If his Dazing Strike feat works with the first or second swing, he often follows that attack by sundering his foe's holy symbol, spell component pouch, saddle girth, or weapon. Robust warrior-types resistant to such tactics will be attacked more directly. Vigebrand has been known to deliberately court an attack of opportunity by moving past a foe, only to sunder his foe's weapon once

## CHAPTER 3: TUNNEL

they have struck at him.

Vigebrand keeps a flask of fermented cat urine to prevent creatures from tracking him by scent. Its overpowering stench prevents such abilities from working for several minutes. Not entirely humorless, he also finds the revolting stuff handy for the occasional rude practical joke.

### Using This Character

While battling his rivals in labyrinths far beneath the surface, Vigebrand explored tunnels forgotten for hundreds of years. He seldom had time and interest for much exploration, but his scribbled notes could lead to amazing discoveries. Someone learning of his true identity might want these notes stolen, planning to blackmail the aging hero. This could lead Vigebrand to seek help tracking down the stolen documents before the Ardanstones learn of them.

Although most of the Ardanstones believe Vigebrand long dead, once in a while an ambiguous divination or seer's vision suggests he still lives. The PCs may be asked to discover the fate of this "notorious rebel and murderer."

Seared into Vigebrand's memory, the ghosts of fallen allies and foes still haunt his nightmares. Since his wife's passing, these dreams have grown more gruesome and harrowing. After a particularly grim series of nighttime visions, the haggard dwarf seeks adventurers to venture where he dares not go, infiltrating the halls of the Ardanstones. Their dusty journals chronicle the names of the fallen, the souls Vigebrand must somehow placate to end his nightmares.

Finally, acting behind the scenes, Vigebrand may secretly aid a rising hero of the dwarves, providing him with equipment and cryptic notes of advice. Keeping his identity a secret, the dwarf encourages a cadre of heroic adventurers, hoping they will someday bring about his foes' defeat.

#### VIGEBRAND RODBJORN

CR 13

XP 25,600

Male middle-aged dwarf aristocrat 3/fighter 11

NG Medium humanoid (dwarf)

**Init** -1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +10

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**AC** 28, touch 11, flat-footed 28 (+12 armor, +2 deflection, -1 Dex, +1 natural, +4 shield)

**hp** 109 (3d8+6 plus 11d10+22 plus 3)

**Fort** +13; **Ref** +6; **Will** +11 (+14 vs. fear); +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

**Defensive Abilities** +4 dodge bonus vs. giants, bravery +3

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**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** +3 *adamantine dwarven waraxe* +22/+17/+12 (1d10+10/19-20/x3)

**Ranged** +1 *heavy crossbow* +14 (1d10+2/19-20)

**Special Attacks** +1 attack rolls vs. goblinoids and orcs, weapon training (axes +2, crossbows +1),

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**Str** 16, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14

**Base Atk** +13; **CMB** +16; **CMD** 27 (31 vs. bull rush and trip)

**Feats** Blind-Fight<sup>B</sup>, Cleave<sup>B</sup>, Dazing Assault<sup>B†</sup>, Disruptive, Improved Critical (dwarven waraxe), Improved Vital Strike, Lunge, Power Attack<sup>B</sup>, Rapid Reload, Step Up, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe)<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe)<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Appraise +0 (+2 metals and gemstones), Craft (stonecarving) +7, Diplomacy +11, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +7, Knowledge (engineering) +6, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nobility) +8, Linguistics +6, Perception +10 (+12 unusual stonework), Sense Motive +6

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Giant, Orcish, Undercommon

**SQ** armor training 2

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure serious wounds*, 2 *potions of*

*invisibility*, 2 *potions of fly*, 2 tanglefoot bags; **Other Gear** +3 *full plate*, +2 *heavy steel shield*, *amulet of natural armor* +1, *ring of protection* +2, +3 *adamantine dwarven waraxe*, +1 *heavy crossbow* with 20 bolts, *masterwork light mace*, *hand axe*, *dagger*, *cloak of resistance* +3, *backpack*, *belt pouch*, *flint and steel*, *bedroll*, *flask of fermented cat urine*, *masterwork artisan's tools* (stonecarving), *courtier's outfit*, *traveler's outfit*, 4 *books of dwarven history* (worth 1,250 gp total), 2 *ruby brooches* (worth 500 gp each), *platinum signet ring* (350 gp), *pouch with silver holy symbol of Dwerfater* (worth 80 gp), 16 *uncut gems* (worth 600 gp total), and 460 gp.

† See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*



# Ylldrasig Ghaale

## Death Cleric Duelist

Ylldrasig Ghaale is a human cleric of Death and prophesies on a divinely inspired mission to fulfill her personal death vision. Ylldrasig has seen her rise to greatness, and in order to achieve it she must first be defeated in holy single combat. Ylldrasig has spent a lifetime in religious and dueling training interspersed with individual challenges to worthy duelists, prickly nobles, opposing paladins, and fighters looking to make a name for themselves—and she has still not met her match. Recently Ylldrasig's death quest has taken her beneath the ground to wander the long tunnels, dungeons, and cities below in search of a worthy foe to send her on her way.

## Description

Ylldrasig Ghaale is long and lean with battle hardened muscles and many scars. At just over 6' tall she moves with a powerful grace and confidence. Her piercing green eyes are framed by a shock of white hair that is tied neatly in the back. Ylldrasig wears a bronzed chain shirt and black Death's Head tabard with her dueling rapier and daggers easily visible at her waist.

## Tactics

In preparing for a duel Ylldrasig will cast *bull's strength*, *shield of faith*, *deathwatch*, and *freedom of movement*, and then drink a *potion of haste*. Once combat is begun she loves to use her channel smite ability to add punch to her rapier. In combat she will reserve her best attack in melee when making a full attack action to use her parry ability. If the parry is successful Ylldrasig will riposte to make an immediate attack of opportunity.

## Using This Character

Ylldrasig is not immediately hostile when encountered; she is looking for a worthy opponent to challenge her to single combat. It is conceivable that she has heard of the adventurers and is looking to ask the most flamboyant and prolific fighter among them to duel. If refused she will thank them for their consideration and leave. Ylldrasig is neither greedy nor motivated by wealth but is constantly looking for challengers and will often take work with evil organizations or protecting wealthy and powerful patrons in order to get the lay of the land and find opponents. Ylldrasig is even willing to exchange healing, coin, or information in exchange for a duel.

If a PC agrees to duel Ylldrasig, she will negotiate the terms of the duel: she prefers no time limits, combat to the death (but will fight to incapacitation if the opponent agrees to coup de grace her if she loses), and welcomes at least 4 or 5 rounds to prepare spells and equipment before combat.

### YLLDRASIG GHAALE

XP 38,400

Female human cleric of death 8/duelist 7

NE Medium humanoid (human)

Init +8; Perception +12

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural)

hp 108 (8d8+16 plus 7d10+14)

Fort +12; Ref +12; Will +14

**Defensive Abilities** canny defense, elaborate defense, enhanced mobility, grace

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 rapier of wounding +16/+11/+6 (1d6+1/18–20)



Ranged +1 dagger +16 (1d4+1/19–20)

**Special Attacks** acrobatic charge, channel negative energy 7/day (DC 16, 4d6), precise strike +7, riposte

**Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 8th):

7/day—bleeding touch (4 rounds), gentle rest

**Cleric Spells Prepared** (CL 8th):

4th—*cure critical wounds*, *death ward*<sup>P</sup>, *freedom of movement*, *poison* (DC 18)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *searing light*, *speak with dead*<sup>P</sup>

2nd—*cure moderate wounds*, *bull's strength*, *death knell*<sup>P</sup>, *sound burst* (DC 16), *spiritual weapon*

1st—*cure light wounds*, *deathwatch*<sup>P</sup>, *divine favor*, *doom* (DC 15), *magic weapon*, *shield of faith*

0 (at will)—*bleed*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *read magic*

**D** domain spell; **Domains** Death, Repose

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 19, Cha 14

Base Atk +13; CMB +13; CMD 27

**Feats** Blind-Fight<sup>B</sup>, Channel Smite, Combat Reflexes<sup>B</sup>, Dodge, Extra Channel, Improved Channel, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +19, Bluff +11, Escape Artist +10, Heal +14, Knowledge (religion) +14, Perception +12, Perform (dance) +8, Sense Motive +12

**Languages** Common

**SQ** aura, death's embrace, ward against death (8 rounds/day)

**Combat Gear** *potion of barkskin* (+2), *potion of bear's endurance*, *potion of bull's strength*, *potion of cat's grace*, 3 *potions of cure light wounds*, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, 2 *potions of cure serious wounds*, *potion of displacement*, *potion of expeditious retreat*, *potion of haste*, *potion of invisibility*, *potion of shield*; **Other Gear** +2 chain shirt, ring of protection +1, amulet of natural armor +1, +1 rapier of wounding, +1 dagger, cloak of resistance +2, ring of feather falling, boots of elvenkind, headband of alluring charisma +2, backpack, grappling hook, healers kit, silver holy symbol, spell component pouch, cleric vestments, noble's outfit, combat trained light horse, 50 ft. silk rope, chest with 2014 gp, 3355 sp

# Redclaw

## The Hunger in the Depths

The lightless depths beneath the lush and fertile realms above hold their own dark beauty. Whole ecosystems have been known to exist within its tunnels and caverns, and the fauna of these realms have adapted—either by nature’s hand or by the warping energies of the deepest abysses—to become the top of the food chain. Adapted to the cool tunnels, the gray-scaled cave deinonychuses use their heightened senses together, working in small groups to take down prey many times their size.

So named for the soft, crimson-hued talons shortly after his hatching, Redclaw was raised by one of the subterranean gnomes, the svirfneblin. Fed by hand and trained with firm guidance, Redclaw remembers guarding winding tunnels, acrid with the smell of solvents and sweat as the gnomes pried glittering prizes from the grip of the hard rock. Sleep, eat, protect—over and over those were his days, living to please his master. A day did come, and Redclaw marks it well in his memory, where he was given the first choice of a kill. Gleefully, he dug into the warm entrails, feasting himself into somnolence while hearing the susurrus of his master’s voice. His sleep was assaulted by such vivid imagery and smells, something he had never experienced before. He dreamed, and in those dreams saw he could be more.

His master spoke to him, and he knew that the mouth-noises had more meaning behind them. It took him a full year to understand his master, and another before he could make mouth-noises himself. He never took well to his master’s attempts to teach him the names of things and the spirit world, but he was an exceptional student in other regards. He listened to the gnomes taunt each other in their practice yards, and applied their taunts to foes in the echoing tunnels. He learned how to trick an opponent with feints, how to lure with the promise of gold...but he needed more. Food and shelter were always there for him, but he was of an age where he yearned to always hunt for himself, and to seek out a mate.

No two-leg could satisfy those primal urges, and after attacking those he viewed as competitors, Redclaw finally left his master’s kin, having a few months of blissful freedom in the fungal forests before being captured by drow slavers. Playing the part of a dumb animal, he was quite popular in their fighting pits before he managed to escape. He left a trail of wounded mounts and riders, taunting them in the foul Abyssal tongue before he crippled them.

Redclaw earned his title after his escape, devouring anything with a heart that beat blood through its body and gained the weight he had lost while in the gladiator pits. He ate every bit of flesh from the prey he caught, no matter the size, breaking apart the bones to get at the precious marrow. His hunting grounds grew, as did his reputation, and he found that he rather liked the notoriety that he had gained. Sometimes he will let parties go by unmolested just to hear them tell tales of his ferocity.

## Description

Mottled in hues of charcoal grays and black, Redclaw is perfectly adapted to his environment and he revels in it. With needle-sharp teeth and pointed claws, Redclaw keeps his weapons sharp: chewing bones for teeth, grinding talons against granite. Notable when next to his surface-dwelling kin, Redclaw’s eyes are small and underdeveloped, but glint brightly with intelligence. Deep scars mar his neck and ankles, disrupting the otherwise elegant scale patterns. When seeking a mate, Redclaw’s scales can glow with a fiery bioluminescence, and his temper grows even shorter than it normally is.



## Tactics

Redclaw loves a good fight, and he’s strong enough he could quickly take out an unprepared foe or three. Using a combination of savage charge and his wickedly sharp talons, the Hunger in the Depths doesn’t toy with his prey, eliminating them with brutal efficiency. If he’s recently eaten, however, he will strike, trying to take out a limb, then fall back out of darkvision range and make sure his foe hears every crunch as he gnaws the flesh from their bones. Drow are his favored meal, but he only attacks the mounts of svirfneblin (and then only if truly starving). Most often, Redclaw smells out a fresh trail and studies it, climbing the walls and pouncing upon prey from above before fleeing deeper into the darkness.

## Using This Character

The Hunger in the Depths does not sway to good or evil and does not engage in such idealistic moral pursuits. Promises of wealth are nothing to Redclaw, his lair overflows with the skeletal remains of past meals and their belongings. Incapable of using most magical items, but not altruistic enough to give them away, as he knows they have value for the two-legs, Redclaw can be convinced to bargain for their exchange. Food and shelter are his primary concerns, though his urge to find mates can often lead him far from his lair, an urge that a canny character can use to their advantage. Having served a druid in the past, Redclaw could also be convinced to serve again as a cohort—if he considers them worthy of his skills. A suitable offering of offal might also convince Redclaw to guide a party through dangerous territory, or tell of hidden passages that lead deeper into the darkness.

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

### REDCLAW XP 51,200

CR 15

Male awakened cave deinonychus fighter (savage warrior)  
10 (*Advanced Bestiary* "Cave Creature"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Dinosaur, Deinonychus"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Savage Warrior")

N Medium magical beast (augmented animal)

**Init** +7; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., low-light vision, scent;

**Perception** +29

**AC** 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+3 armor, +3 Dex, +4 natural)

**hp** 188 (6d10+36 plus 10d10+60)

**Fort** +18; **Ref** +11; **Will** +7; +3 vs. energy drain and death effects

**Weaknesses** light sensitivity

**Speed** 60 ft., climb 30 ft.

**Melee** 2 talons +27 (2d6+11/19–20), bite +25 (1d6+9), foreclaws +23 (1d4+5)

**Special Attacks** pounce, savage charge +5/–5

**Str** 24, **Dex** 17, **Con** 23, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13

**Base Atk** +16; **CMB** +23; **CMD** 36

**Feats** Bleeding Critical, Crippling Critical<sup>†</sup>, Critical Focus<sup>B</sup>, Eldritch Claws<sup>B†</sup>, Greater Weapon Focus (talons)<sup>B</sup>, Improved Critical (talons)<sup>B</sup>, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (talons), Improved Vital Strike<sup>B</sup>, Multiattack, Run, Vital Strike<sup>B</sup>, Weapon Focus (talons), Weapon Specialization (talons)

**Skills** Acrobatics +19 (+31 jump), Climb +15, Intimidate +9, Perception +29, Stealth +30 (+34 underground), Survival +22

**Languages** Abyssal, Gnome, Undercommon

**SQ** armor training 3, natural savagery +2, spark of life +3

**Gear** bracers of armor +3, (see sidebar)

† See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

## Redclaw's Hoard

Over the years, Redclaw has collected numerous items, both mundane and otherwise. Here is a sampling of what adventurers might find within Redclaw's lair:

- +1 *light steel shield*, +1 *chainmail*, or +4 *plint mail*
- +1 *longspear*; +2 *shock longbow*, or +4 *flaming sickle*
- *ring of feather falling*, *ring of protection* +3, or *ring of evasion*
- *rod of cancellation* or *rod of wonder*
- *staff of fire*
- *rope of climbing*, *rope of entanglement*, or *manual of bodily health* +5
- *wand of cure light wounds*, *wand of wood shape*, or *wand of spell immunity*
- *oil of keen edge*, *potion of brawn*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, or *potion of remove paralysis*
- *scroll of beneficial polymorph*, *scroll of inflict moderate wounds*, or *scroll of shield of faith*
- gems worth 300 gp (polished and uncut)
- coins and trade bars worth 600 gp—a variety of mints and sizes
- mundane goods worth 500 gp

Of course, if there's a particular item your party seeks, Redclaw could be the guardian of that item as well.

# Ulrich Gravelstone

## Tunnel Trickster

Tunnel rats: that's the name affectionately given by Ulrich Gravelstone to members of his clan who showed skill at skulking through the dark and surprising their foes. Ulrich himself was among the greatest of them in many generations. The thane's masters had carefully trained the dwarf as a youth in the ways of tunnel rats. On his own Ulrich took up additional studies in the arcane arts—an element rarely undertaken by dwarves, but one Ulrich thought could be put to good use on his expeditions.

Quickly, Ulrich mastered both disciplines and learned ways to combine the two seemingly different arts. His spells allowed him to snipe at foes from a distance and even aided his ability to quietly skulk through the Under Realm's tunnels unobserved. Unfortunately for the other tunnel rats, Ulrich liked to perform practical jokes. These jokes, often dangerous and unfunny to everybody except Ulrich, intensified until finally the leaders of the clan, exasperated, felt they had no other recourse other than to exile Ulrich.

That was seventeen years ago, and the grudge Ulrich carries around has only intensified during that time. The lack of humanoid contact in the dark tunnels has caused Ulrich's mind to snap, and the dwarf is now quite insane...and more deadly than ever. Ulrich relishes taking out groups wandering through the territory he has claimed—particularly if the group contains a dwarf.

## Description

Ulrich has sworn off his dwarven heritage. He keeps his face clean shaven as a mark of disrespect for his forefathers and their ways. His short black hair is just beginning to show tinges of white. His eyes are as black as coal, and the look within vacillates between wild and vaguely absent. A long jagged scar runs across his cheek from the corner of his right eye to just below his ear from a misadventure during his years delving among the deep tunnels.

## Tactics

When he finds a target, Ulrich takes his time, hiding and studying them. Typically, he goes invisible, either through use of his spells or his arcane trickster class feature. He quietly casts *protection from arrows* and *spid r climb* on himself for protection and tactical advantage. How the dwarf opens combat depends on the makeup of the group. If there's a dwarf present, Ulrich focuses his attention on killing him first and opens with *scorching ray*, firing all the rays at the dwarf. Alternately, he may instead fire *il sinteg ate* at the dwarf.

With no dwarf in the party, or with the dwarf disposed of, Ulrich switches to area effect spells. *Fireball* is a favorite when blasting a group (don't forget that he can add sneak attack to *fireball*, due to his surprise spells class feature). Another favored tactic, when he has time, is to entrap a victim or two inside a *forcecage* and then cast *cloudkill* the following round.

Ulrich uses *teleport* to get away. Though insane, he has no desire to die and will give up the fight in order to flee.

## Using This Character

Ulrich Gravelstone can, of course, simply be a random encounter for higher level PCs. Alternately, the GM can build an adventure around Ulrich. Perhaps the insane dwarf has teamed up with a group of harrowing monsters and is laying siege to his clan's stronghold, seeking revenge for



the decades-old slights he feels were directed upon him. Or perhaps the leaders of the clan wish to bring Ulrich back into the fold, and hire the PCs to bring him back alive.

Particularly charismatic characters might actually be able to befriend Ulrich, at least for a while. The dwarf is starved for good conversation, and would welcome the chance should somebody prove to be worthy of his time. However, such an arrangement is bound to end poorly given Ulrich's penchant for vicious, cruel, and dangerous practical jokes.

### ULRICH GRAVELSTONE

CR 16

XP 76,800

Male dwarf rogue 3/wizard 4/arcane trickster 10

CE Medium humanoid (dwarf)

Init +10; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +21

AC 23, touch 16, flat-footed 17 (+7 armor, +6 Dex)

hp 117 (3d8+6 plus 4d6+8 plus 10d6+20 plus 17)

Fort +9; Ref +15 (+16 vs. traps); Will +11; +2 vs. poison, spells, and spell-like abilities

Defensive Abilities +4 dodge bonus vs. giants, blur, evasion, trap sense +1

Speed 20 ft.

Melee +2 spell storing punching dagger +15/+10 (1d4+3/x3), +1 sickle +14/+9 (1d6+1)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +16 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks +1 on attack rolls against goblinoid and orc humanoids, hand of the apprentice (6/day), impromptu sneak attack 2/day, invisible thief 10 rounds/day, rogue talent (bleeding attack), sneak attack +7d6, tricky spells 5/day, surprise spells

Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 14th):

7th—*forcecage*, *greater teleport*6th—*acid fog*, *disintegrate* (DC 19), *shadow walk*5th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 18), *cloudkill* (DC 18), *hold monster* (DC 18)

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

4th—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *black tentacles*, *charm monster* (DC 17), *greater invisibility*  
3rd—*dispel magic*, *deep slumber* (DC 16), *fireball* (DC 16), *hold person* (DC 16), *stinking cloud* (DC 16)  
2nd—*acid arrow*, *protection from arrows*, *rope trick*, *scorching ray*, *spider climb*  
1st—*charm person* (DC 14), *grease* (DC 14), *ray of enfeeblement*, *shield*, *shocking grasp*  
0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *presdigitation*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*

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**Str** 13, **Dex** 22, **Con** 14, **Int** 17, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 6

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 26 (30 vs. bull rush and trip)

**Feats** Alertness<sup>8</sup> (with familiar), Arcane Armor Training, Arcane Strike, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Scribe Scroll<sup>8</sup>, Stealthy, Toughness, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +22 (+18 jump), Appraise +3 (+5 metals and gemstones), Climb +10, Craft (trapmaking) +11, Disable Device +29, Escape Artist +16, Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +11, Perception +25 (+26 locate traps, +27 unusual stonework), Sense Motive +3, Sleight of Hand +20, Spellcraft +23, Stealth +30

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Terran, Undercommon; empathic link with familiar

**SQ** ranged legerdemain, trapfinding +1, arcane bond (familiar—lizard)

**Combat Gear** 2 potions of cure light wounds, potion of invisibility, potion of haste, wand of fireball (CL 7th: 13 charges); **Other Gear** +3 mithral chain shirt, +2 spell storing punching dagger (*dispel magic*), +1 sickle, masterwork light crossbow with 20 bolts, belt of incredible dexterity +4, cloak of minor displacement, headband of vast intelligence +2, masterwork thieves' tools, 12 gp

### ROCKY

CR —

XP —

Male lizard familiar

N Tiny magical beast (augmented animal)

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +18

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**AC** 16, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+2 Dex, +2 natural, +2 size)

**hp** 58 (17 HD)

**Fort** +4; **Ref** +11; **Will** +11

**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion

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**Speed** 20 ft., climb 20 ft.

**Melee** bite +13 (1d3–4)

**Space** 2.5 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

**Special Attacks** deliver touch spells

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**Str** 3, **Dex** 15, **Con** 8, **Int** 7, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 2

**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 15

**Feats** Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +23 (+19 jump), Climb +13, Craft (trap making) +3, Disable Device +19, Escape Artist +7, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +3, Perception +18, Sleight of Hand +13, Spellcraft +15, Stealth +30

**Languages** empathic link with master

**SQ** share spells

# Pelicia The Death-Spinner

## Drow Hunter

Pelicia left home as soon as she was old enough to seek a life of adventure on the road. Like many halflings, she was filled with wanderlust and longed to see as much of the world as she could. A pleasant year passed in which Pelicia met up with a group of like-minded travelers and engaged on several minor but exhilarating adventures. When the opportunity arose for the team to investigate an underground cavern, Pelicia didn't think twice.

The group's cleric, a half-elf woman named Asteria, was the lone voice of dissent. Asteria argued that evil things lurked beneath the surface and that the group wasn't experienced enough to venture down. Pelicia scoffed; hadn't they eradicated that goblin camp just a few weeks earlier? And who was it who'd killed the barghest that was terrorizing villages last summer? The rest of the group agreed and down into the earth they went.

Asteria was right. The group was woefully unprepared for the horrors that lay in those dark tunnels. They had been underground only an hour when they ran afoul of a cloaker; though they were able to kill the beast, its terrifying moan separated the party—their warrior was lost. As the others searched, they became turned around by the winding tunnels. Days passed. The wizard was eaten by giant centipedes.

Soon only Pelicia and Asteria remained. The two might have starved underground but for a chance encounter with a drow slaving party. Starvation might have been a kinder fate.

The next few months passed in a nightmare of agony. Pelicia and Asteria were the subject of bizarre magical experiments. Pelicia remembers few details: drow in blood-red robes standing over her and chanting, tiny spiders spinning webs in her hair, drow priestesses with long silver hair dripping venom into her eyes. The pain reached an apex when indigo spider-legs burst from her sides, and her forehead split revealing six bulging crimson eyes.

Asteria's transformation was even more gruesome. Her natural limbs withered and were replaced with multi-jointed spider legs. Her jaw dislocated to make room for oversized mandibles. One day, a trio of priestesses bound Asteria with silver chains and dragged her from the room. Pelicia never saw Asteria again.

The day came when Pelicia too was to be moved. She was collared and led from the room. Pelicia and her captors had reached the edge of the city when a large force of dwarves attacked. Bellowing war cries and swinging hammers and axes, the dwarves slammed into the city guards and began chopping down drow wherever they saw one. Pelicia's captors ran to assist. The drow holding Pelicia's chain caught an axe in the chest. Pelicia dragged the chain from the drow's dead hands and fled into the darkness.

That was many years ago. In the time since, Pelicia has made a home for herself in the dark tunnels. She has become a master hunter and hones her skill against drow unlucky enough to cross her path. A few months ago, Pelicia found herself able to summon a dark shadow to aid in her fight. Though the shadow is formless and rarely speaks, Pelicia believes it is Asteria's spirit come back for revenge.

## Description

Pelicia is a graceful halfling woman not even three feet tall. Her skin is dead white from her years underground. She once wore her mahogany hair straight to her waist, but now cuts it to chin length. Trauma has left streaks of gray in her hair that look violet in the light. Two spider legs jut out from either side of her waist, providing her with extra balance and speed. Her eyes are so pale a gray as to seem almost white. Above her original eyes, six more crimson spider eyes cluster on her brow. Pelicia wears armor of dark leather that almost devours any ambient light, a gift from a group of surface elves she saved from a drow ambush. She is never without her sickle, "Oblivion," and her bow, "Agony."



## Tactics

Pelicia is deadly at a distance. If she sights an enemy without being noticed, she gets to high ground using her exceptional climbing ability, positioning herself 60 feet away or closer. She opens with a single shot against the most heavily armored foe, using her Pinpoint Targeting feat. If the enemy is a drow, she also activates her hateful attack hunter trick. Pelicia then switches to a flurry of shots every round using Rapid Shot. When her enemies close to 30 feet or closer, Pelicia uses Point Blank Shot.

Once enemies have entered melee, Pelicia uses her defensive bow stance for a final round of Rapid Shot attacks without provoking attacks of opportunity. She then switches to her sickle and summons her shadow companion into combat with her. The shadow targets spellcasters, particularly any wearing holy symbols. Pelicia also targets individuals with holy symbols, as their channeling abilities could do serious harm to the shadow.

If Pelicia is ambushed, she uses her shadow jump ability to vanish and attain a better position before launching a counter-attack. If unmistakably outmatched, Pelicia tries to flee. She will die before allowing herself to be captured again.

## Using This Character

Pelicia has been alone for so long that she prefers her solitary life. Interaction with other people disrupts her considerably and she has no ability to make small talk or forge friendships. At most, she develops a reserved respect for skilled fighters, particularly those who slaughter drow. She does not go by her original name anymore, introducing herself by the name the drow have given her: Death-Spinner.

Although it might be possible to restore Pelicia's original form through powerful magic such as a *wish*, Pelicia does not want to give up her abilities any more. She believes they are what allow her to hunt drow so effectively, and she has no faith in her ability to live a life outside the tunnels.

Pelicia makes either a valuable ally or a dangerous enemy. If the PCs

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

are fighting against drow, Pelicia might join forces with them, but only long enough to complete the mission. After that, she vanishes back into the shadows. If the PCs are overwhelmed by drow, Pelicia might intervene and then disappear before explanations or thanks can be given, perhaps leading the PCs to seek her out.

If a drow travels with the party, even a good-aligned one, Pelicia seeks to destroy them all. She refuses to listen to any defense of a drow. Her hatred is too great.

Pelicia has a vast knowledge of the underground tunnels and could make an excellent guide if convinced to render aid. Not much beyond promises of drow killing can motivate her to do so, though. If a PC has knowledge of Asteria's true fate, that information would be priceless to Pelicia.

### New Simple Template: Spider-Made (CR plus 1)

Creatures with the spider-made template were the subjects of drow experimentation. These creatures sprout two spider legs, one on each side, and one to six globular red eyes. The number of eyes is cosmetic and does not affect abilities or CR.

**Rebuild Rules:** **Senses** gains darkvision 60 ft.; **Speed** +5 ft.; **Special Attacks** web; **Ability Scores** +4 Dex, -2 Cha; **Skills** +2 Climb; **CMD** +4 vs. trip

### PELICIA THE DEATH-SPINNER

CR 17

#### XP 102,400

Female spider-made halfling ranger (skirmisher) 11/  
shadowdancer 6 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced  
Player's Guide* "Skirmisher")

NE Small humanoid (halfling)

**Init** +7; **Senses** darkvision 90 ft.; **Perception** +23

**AC** 26, touch 20, flat-footed 26 (+6 armor, +2 deflection, +6 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

**hp** 103 (11d10 plus 6d8 plus 11)

**Fort** +12; **Ref** +20; **Will** +9; +2 vs. fear

**Defensive Abilities** defensive roll, evasion, improved uncanny dodge, uncanny dodge

**Speed** 25 ft.

**Melee** +2 keen sickle +25/+20/+15 (1d4+3/19–20)

**Ranged** +2 elfbane longbow +26/+21/+16 (1d6+3/x3)

**Special Attacks** favored enemy (elves +6, dwarves +4, aberrations +2), web (+23 ranged, DC 18, 1 hp)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 6th):

3/day—*shadow illusion* (DC 10)

2/day—*shadow call* (DC 13)

**Str** 12, **Dex** 24, **Con** 10, **Int** 14, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +21; **CMD** 35 (39 vs. trip)

**Feats** Agile Maneuvers, Combat Reflexes, Deadly Aim, Dodge, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Improved Precise Shot<sup>B</sup>, Mobility, Pinpoint Targeting<sup>B</sup>, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot<sup>B</sup>, Rapid Shot, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (longbow)<sup>B</sup>

**Skills** Acrobatics +29, Climb +25, Escape Artist +27, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +22, Knowledge (nature) +12, Perception +23, Perform (dance) +12, Stealth +36, Survival +21

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Elven, Halfling

**SQ** hide in plain sight, hunter's bond (companions), hunter's tricks 6/day (catfall, defensive bow stance, hateful attack, quick climb), quarry, rogue talents (fast stealth, weapon training), shadow jump 80 ft., summon shadow, swift tracker, track +5, wild empathy (+10), woodland stride

**Combat Gear** 5 vials of antitoxin, 3 *potions of cure serious wounds*, 3 *potions of delay poison*, 2 *potions of displacement*; **Other Gear** +4 *shadow leather armor*, *ring of protection* +2, +2 *keen sickle* "Oblivion", +2 *elfbane longbow* "Agony", *bag of holding type I*, *cloak of resistance* +2, pouch with 2 black opals (1,000 gp each), blue star sapphire (1,000 gp), aquamarine (500 gp), 3 ambers (100 gp each), 4 moonstones (100 gp each), 6 bloodstones (50 each)

# Muirne Legeia

## Guardian of the Sounding Vale

Born in the deep caverns beneath the surface of the world, Muirne lived a quiet life with her extended family, moving from settlement to settlement in the twisting passageways as trading merchants. Pausing to rest in one of the many geode-ridden caverns of the subterranean realms, her family fended off a brutal attack by a creature made of living crystal as they lay down to rest. Several members of her family died, but the true horror was to come.

Burying the dead beneath piles of rock, as was their custom, they continued to travel on to their destinations, hoping that what was left of their trade goods would sell well. Unfortunately for them, the crystalline creature was infested with brilliant pestilence, a rapacious disease with extraplanar origins and, as they arrived at the dwarf-hold of Thurden's Rise, they were at their most infectious. As their extremities turned into faceted crystal, the Legeia family begged for assistance from their long-time allies.

The Legeias had been visitors to Thurden's Rise for centuries, always bringing much-needed supplies in exchange for fine dwarven-made weapons and armor. As the Legeias started falling one by one to the disease, the Iron Brotherhood sent its clerics to try and halt the disease before it spread past the quarantine to Thurden's Rise. Much of the Legeia family either died, by wasting away into a solid piece of crystal, or reduced to barely above minimal intelligence. Those that lived became voluntary exiles, sparing others from their pestilence.

Muirne lived apart from the dwarves of Thurden's Rise, but she had a thirst to learn the origins of the disease that ravaged her and reduced her clever, master tradesman father to little more than a child fascinated with bright objects. She sought the aid of Anirhudd Felhammer, First of the Iron Brotherhood, and her fierce determination impressed the paladin. Long hours in the Brotherhood's library paid off, and she learned much about the nature of disease and healing. Finally, she found the origins of the brilliant pestilence: Shafaqat Saqqaf, a shaitan genie pasha from the Elemental Plane of Earth.

Swearing an oath to the Iron Brotherhood, Muirne took up arms in a quest to destroy Pasha Saqqaf's servants and became a paladin herself. Heavily wrapped to prevent bodily contact, she was able to use her paladin abilities to suppress her infection when she absolutely had to deal with others. She traveled the passages of the dark subterranean realms piecing together clues of the disease's spread, eventually finding a vast cavern made of resonant crystal called the Sounding Vale. Deep within the giant geode's heart was a portal that flared in and out of conjunction with the Elemental Planes, and most importantly to Muirne, to the Plane of Earth. There she set her vigil and has remained for many months. She has defeated many of the Pasha's servants on their attempts to pass through, and during the time she has spent in her new home, she has discovered much about it.

## Description

Muirne wraps herself heavily in linen bandages and heavy robe, suppressing her infectious nature when she fights or when she cares for another. Beneath her robes she wears dwarven-forged full plate and wields a warhammer with ease. Upon her shield is the device of the Iron Brotherhood, a well-known paladin order of the deep realms.



## Tactics

Muirne is very familiar with the effects of the Sounding Vale, and often utilizes them to dispose of her opponents with nonlethal force. Ironically, she herself is vulnerable to the effects of the Vale, so she uses it with care. She uses Cleave, Great Cleave, Lunge, and Power Attack to quickly dispatch foes and move them far away from the Vale's heart. She saves her lethal attacks and smites for evil opponents. Should her opponents have a light source with them, Muirne uses her dazzling form special ability or blinding gaze if they prove particularly tough.

## Using This Character

Muirne has sworn to defend the Vale from evil extraplanar intruders, and doesn't leave it. However, Muirne is an excellent healer, particularly for rare magical diseases, and would be a great source of information concerning them. Her oath of charity means she must take in the ill or injured (no matter their alignment), but she doesn't appreciate those that take advantage of her kindness.



**MUIRNE LEGEIA****CR 18****XP 153,600**

Female crystal oread paladin (hospitaler, oath of charity)  
18 (*Advanced Bestiary* 48; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* 2 "Oread"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Hospitaler"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic* "Oath of Charity")

LG Medium outsider (earth, elemental, native)

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +0

**Aura** courage 10 ft., faith 10 ft., overwhelming good, healing 30 ft., resolve 10 ft., righteousness 10 ft.

**AC** 35, touch 13, flat-footed 34 (+13 armor, +2 deflection, +1 Dex, +5 natural, +4 shield)

**hp** 157 (18d10+36 plus 18)

**Fort** +18; **Ref** +13; **Will** +16

**DR** 5/—, 5/evil; **Immune** charm, compulsion, crystal traits, fear, elemental traits; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10, fire 10, sonic 10

**Weaknesses** vulnerability to sonic

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** +2 *thundering warhammer* +24/+19/+14/+9 (1d8+6/x3) or *slam* +22 (1d6+2 plus disease)

**Special Attacks** aura of faith, blinding gaze (DC 22), channel positive energy 6/day (DC 22, 9d6), dazzling form, disease, smite evil 3/day

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 18th):

1/day—*magic stone*

At will—*detect evil*

**Paladin Spells Prepared** (CL 15th):

4<sup>th</sup>—*neutralize poison* (DC 17), *symbol of healing*<sup>§</sup>

3<sup>rd</sup>—*cure moderate wounds* (DC 16), *dispel magic*, *remove curse* (DC 16)

2<sup>nd</sup>—*delay poison* (DC 15), *make whole*, *paladin's sacrifice*<sup>†</sup> (DC 15), *remove paralysis* (DC 15)

1<sup>st</sup>—*bless water* (DC 14), *create water*, *cure light wounds* (DC 14), *detect poison*, *diagnose disease*<sup>§</sup>

**Str** 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +18; **CMB** +22; **CMD** 36

**Feats** Brew Potion, Cleave, Combat Medic<sup>†</sup>, Extra Lay on Hands, Extra Mercy, Great Cleave, Greater Mercy<sup>§</sup>, Lunge, Power Attack

**Skills** Diplomacy +19, Heal +21, Knowledge (religion) +7, Linguistics +1, Sense Motive +21, Stealth –4 (+0 when not using light amplification)

**Languages** Common, Terran, Undercommon

**SQ** charitable mercy<sup>§</sup>, divine grace, lay on hands 14/day (9d6), mercy (blinded, curse, deafened, diseased, fatigued, paralyzed, poisoned)

**Combat Gear** 3 *potions of cure light wounds*, 3 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, 2 *potions of cure serious wounds*;

**Other Gear** +4 *sonic resistance full plate*, +2 *mithral heavy steel shield*, *ring of protection* +2, *amulet of natural armor* +1, +2 *thundering warhammer*, *cloak of resistance* +2, 118 gp

<sup>†</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

<sup>‡</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat*

<sup>§</sup> *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*

## The Sounding Vale

A massive cavern with a crystalline structure like the heart of a geode, the Sounding Vale is one of the most unusual self-contained ecosystems in the Under Realms. Through fissures pure primordial water is drawn up that promotes natural healing (twice the normal healing rate). These springs provide a lush, almost tropical source of flora, and the entire cavern remains at a cool and comfortable temperature. Massive crystal prisms, thicker around than a man's reach, pick up every sound within the Vale echoing it back against other crystals, creating a constant undertone of noise. Sound carries twice as far in the Vale, and creatures can attempt to ring the crystals like bells. Every point of damage that would be dealt to one of the crystals if their hardness of 15 were not present creates a 5 ft. resonance of sound that deals 1d6 points of nonlethal sonic damage (–1d6 damage for each 5-ft. increment beyond the first to a maximum of 20d6 damage in the first 5 feet out to 1d6 damage at 100 feet if 20 hit points of potential damage was dealt to a crystal). Spells with the sonic descriptor have their area doubled, as if they had been cast with the *Widen Spell* feat. Other spells like *lullaby* and class abilities like bardic performance that rely upon sound may also have their area of effect doubled, at the GM's discretion.

More importantly to the light-sensitive denizens of these realms is the strange effect these crystals have with light sources. Spells with the light descriptor cause the crystals to refract and double the area of effect (as the *Widen Spell* feat), while mundane light sources will have their range doubled. Exposing the crystals to normal sources of light causes them to glow as torches for eight hours, while magical light gives them an aura of light as if *dy light* were cast. This latter effect lasts for 24 hours.

Buried at the center of the cavern is the planar distortion that Muirne refers to as the Heart of the Vale. Every day, there is a 30% chance that a portal opens up to a random plane, as according to the table below.

d%	Plane
01-10	Shadow Plane
11-20	Positive Energy Plane
21-30	Elemental Plane of Air
31-70	Elemental Plane of Earth
71-80	Elemental Plane of Fire
81-90	Elemental Plane of Water
91-00	Negative Energy Plane

# Vivatri Sithkaya Obraysha

## The Righteous Claw

In the abyssal confines of the Under Realms, some civilizations thrive. One of the foremost among these are the drow vaults, towering cities mimicking the surface dwellings of their light-loving cousins. In these vaults, the drow matriarchy pays homage to darkest entities of the outer planes, just as quick to point fingers of heresy at each other as they are to their foes.

The magic embraced by the oppressed drow males has long fallen under the suspicious gaze of the matriarchs. Such dangerous arcane energies must be tightly controlled, and when the males would rise up against the rule of the noble houses, they have to be crushed—without mercy.

The spymasters of House Obraysha bear a claw and stinger-festooned eye as their signet, always watching and listening to the myriad whispers in the caverns where drow dwell. Much more recently, they have gained renown as hunters of the arcane. Their patron, oft depicted as a three-headed centipede known as the Crawling Darkness, swathes itself in gloomy shrouds and clutches an eyed orb between its claws. House Obraysha has served this demon lord for eons beyond memory, wearing its symbol everywhere, a symbol that allows the mistresses of Obraysha to watch far beyond their noble manses. Behind their warded doors, they have quietly begun building up an inquisitorial force to scour any defiant arcane forces that refuse to obey the whims of the matriarchy.

Vivatri Sithkaya Obraysha controls her house as its heir while her mother still lives. Given to long torpors when communing with the house's patron, Mother Obraysha only wakes to give commandments to her daughter. Without fail, those orders mean that someone is going to face a brutal death at the hands of the Righteous Claw.

Confident from years of experience and a mastery of her abilities and knowledge of her foe, Vivatri treats most civilized beings (that is, drow) with indifference. Coolly impassive in deliberations and calm in the delicate political machinations that dictates drow life, Vivatri only breaks a smile when she has heard from Matron Obraysha. Many beings carry out their duties because it is expected, but Vivatri revels in it, and her primary duty and love is the elimination of rogue male wizards.

## Description

With the high cheekbones typical of elves and the charcoal-dark skin of drow, Vivatri has the pale white gaze associated with many underground races. Her arms have twisting centipedes adorned on them, a typical way of showing devotion to the Crawling Darkness, fashioned by bleaching her dark skin and implanting tiny rubies where the centipede's eyes are.

When not in battle, Vivatri dresses and adorns herself according to her station. Hairnets of fine mithral studded with black opals, rings of filigreed silver and twisted gold wire, luxurious silks—she appears as any drow noble should, but for the most part, her appearance lies. Her glamered armor allows her to dress as she wishes while still benefiting from its protection, a fact that she has used more than once to lure the unwary into tactical disadvantage.



## Tactics

Fully armored for battle, Vivatri wields a poison-smeared *lion's sheld* fashioned to appear as three centipede heads, focusing her attention on the highest-level spellcasting foe. Her *spell storing falcata* usually has *il spel mag c* or *eld itch fever* readied in it, though she often changes this depending on how much information she has on her enemy. She uses her divination magic to find her enemies, as well as a wide network of informants. Her permanent *true seeing* has aided her more than once, piercing through the veils of subterfuge that lay thick upon drow society.

Given the time, she likes to stalk her prey, gathering intelligence on them to learn all of their weaknesses before crushing them utterly. Sparing her targets from death doesn't occur to her, though she has relented a few times in exchange for information on bigger foes. In combat, she favors using the combination of her piercing, protection, and resistance judgments to strike against her opponents, switching to the healing judgment as necessary should she take significant damage.

## Using This Character

The Righteous Claw can serve as friend or foe, but she doesn't ally with a party containing arcane spellcasters except in extreme circumstances. Leaving gifts to the Crawling Darkness will cause an agent of House Obraysha to be sent to determine what the offering was intended for. Assassinations are a specialty of House Obraysha after all, and not all of them require the attention of the heir. Only truly dangerous foes will bring Vivatri's personal attention—most of the targets are handled by other inquisitors of the house.

Despite not using arcane magic themselves (or if they do, keeping it a deep secret), House Obraysha has an amazing depth and understanding of magic, and they are excellent research sources, as well as knowing how to destroy many common magical items and minor artifacts, knowledge that could be of benefit to the PCs in your campaign.

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

### VIVATRI SITHKAYA OBRAYSHA

**XP 153,600**

Female drow noble inquisitor (spellbreaker) 19 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* "Drow"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* "Inquisitor"; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat* "Spellbreaker")

CE Medium humanoid (elf)

**Init** +6; **Senses** true seeing, darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision;

**Perception** +32

**AC** 26, touch 12, flat-footed 24 (+10 armor, +2 Dex, +4 shield)

**hp** 89 (19d8)

**Fort** +11; **Ref** +8; **Will** +15; +2 vs. enchantments; +3 vs.

arcane enchantment spells; +2 vs. arcane evocation spells; judgment (purity +4/+8), strong-willed

**Defensive Abilities** judgment (protection +4/+9, resiliency 4), stalwart; **Immune** sleep; **Resist** judgment (resistance 14); **SR** 30

**Weaknesses** light blindness

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** +3 *spell storing falcata* +23/+18/+13 (1d8+8/17–20/x3)

**Special Attacks** exploit weakness, greater bane (+2/4d6) (19 rounds/day), judgment (destruction +7, justice +4/+8, piercing +7, smiting [adamantine, evil, magic])

**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 19th):

Constant—*detect magic*

At will—*dancing lights*, *deeper darkness*, *detect alignment*, *discern lies* (DC 18; 19 rounds/day), *faerie fire*, *feather fall* (DC 13), *levitate*

1/day—*dispel magic*, *divine favor*, *suggestion* (DC 15)

**Spells Known** (CL 19th):

6th (4/day)—*blade barrier* (DC 20), *circle of death* (DC 20), *greater dispel magic*, *heal* (DC 20)

5th (5/day)—*banishment* (DC 19), *break enchantment* (DC 19), *commune* (DC 19), *mark of justice*, *righteous might* (DC 19)

4th (6/day)—*curse of magic negation*<sup>§</sup> (DC 18), *death ward* (DC 18), *fleshworm infestation*<sup>§</sup> (DC 18), *greater brand*<sup>†</sup> (DC 18), *stoneskin* (DC 18)

3rd (6/day)—*blood biography*<sup>†</sup> (DC 17), *deadly juggernaut*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 17), *dimensional anchor*, *dispel magic*, *eldritch fever*<sup>§</sup> (DC 17), *locate weakness*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 17)

2nd (6/day)—*blistering invective*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 16), *brow gasher*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 16), *castigate*<sup>†</sup> (DC 16), *death knell* (DC 16), *qualm*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 16), *silence* (DC 16)

1st (6/day)—*interrogation*<sup>§</sup> (DC 15), *know the enemy*<sup>§</sup>, *true strike* (DC 15), *unerring weapon*<sup>‡</sup> (DC 15), *wartrain mount*<sup>§</sup>, *wrath*<sup>†</sup> (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *brand*<sup>†</sup> (DC 14), *detect poison*, *guidance* (DC 14), *read magic* (DC 14), *sift*<sup>†</sup>

**Domain** Spellkiller Inquisition

**Str** 20, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 10, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 15

**Base Atk** +14; **CMB** +19; **CMD** 31

**Feats** Alertness, Antagonize<sup>§</sup>, Critical Focus, Deafening Critical, Deep Sight<sup>†</sup>, Disruptive<sup>§</sup>, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (falcata), Improved Critical (falcata), Instant Judgment<sup>‡</sup>, Vital Strike, Weapon Focus (falcata)

**Skills** Bluff +10, Intimidate +33, Knowledge (arcana) +22, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (nobility) +5, Knowledge (religion) +8, Perception +32, Ride +10, Sense Motive +39, Spellcraft +22, Stealth +7, Survival +17

**Languages** Elven, Undercommon

**SQ** defense against magic +3 (enchantment), defense against magic +2 (evocation), foil casting, poison use, slayer, spellkiller +2 (DC 23), teamwork feat 4/day, third judgment 7/day, track +9

**Combat Gear** +3 *spell-storing falcata*, +4 *glamered shadow steel lamellar*<sup>‡</sup>, *lion's shield*; **Other Gear** *belt of giant strength* +4, *cloak of minor displacement*, spell component pouch

**CR 19**

† *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

‡ *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat*

§ *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic*

# Virif

## Voice of the Dark

Virif dared delve deeper into the darkness beneath the world. Stories came to her of how the dark folk dared conquer the interior of the world, leaving their petty cousins on the surface to perish under a sun that would eventually expand, blistering the planet and baking it dry. These stories came in dreams and whispers only she could hear while wandering the quiet places underground. These whispers also warned of maladies and misfortune for her and her family, small situations she could correct ahead of time. Seeing shadows of potential realities, this dreamed precognition made her important in her community as the dark folk struggled against the dangerous creatures sharing their tunnels and caverns. Instead of shunning her for her strange abilities, the community embraced her and elevated her to a special rank among their people at a young age. With this special knowledge and guidance, she led the dark folk to a celebrated strength in the world below.

When one dream told of an offensive of drow armies aimed at wiping the dark folk from their subterranean lands, Virif gathered the strongest of her people and set to strike at the dark-skinned elves before they could muster their forces. Aligning her army with an ocean of oozes, hordes of giant terrible insects, and other foul aberrations of the depths, Virif struck fast and hard, crippling the drow forces as they gathered and seeding the drow command with fantasies of betrayal, backstabbing, and manipulation. In the short time following, Virif and her forces destroyed the drow city. She has since turned the ruined place into her own realm.

The ruined city sits at the bottom of a vast chasm opening into an enormous chamber filled with the frenetic sounds of millions of skittering, chittering, crawling, and flying insects buzzing above a sea of various oozes sloshing past one another. Elite dark folk vie for admittance into the enclave, and Virif only accepts the best.

## Description

Tall and incredibly thin with pale white skin, Virif is rarely seen by any aside from her insectoid minions and her nine most-trusted dark stalkers acting as a loose council. Foreigners who do see her usually don't live long enough to tell of the sight. Inky black eyes peer from a narrow face topped with short-cropped white hair. Her pointed nose juts low to her pursed lips. Like other dark stalkers, she wraps herself in black cloth covering her form-fitted black leather armor and as much skin as possible.

## Tactics

Her combat tactics are unpredictable, but one thing is for sure—Virif rarely comes close to her enemies, preferring to grant a grand display of her skill at magic to any who cross her or stumble into her secret places deep beneath the world. Removed from mercy and patience, Virif throws spells at her attackers starting with the most powerful, working her way down until the threat no longer exists or she escapes to her hidden abode. A favored tactic is to cast *reverse gravity* in a large cavern, then summon in purple worms to deal with the threat, watching the carnage from afar. In general, Virif likes to keep her distance and allow either her constant minions, consisting of foul aberrations, giant insects, and seeping oozes, to deal with interlopers or use spells like *creeping doom*, *insect plague*, and *gant insect* to bring her favored companions to the fight wherever she is. Eschewing the traditional paired short swords of the dark stalker race, Virif favors her magical sickles “Flight” and “Bite,” naming them for favored qualities of her insect minions.



## Using This Character

Though strange (and possibly insane as far as normal characters would relate) Virif can work as an unreliable ally against a greater enemy, such as demon-worshipping drow, horrifying intellect devourers, or inscrutable creatures seeping into the world from the shadowed depths below.

Virif also easily stands as an enemy, sending her minions against any who threaten her space or find route to her claimed drow city. If her territorial nature and yearning for solitude and the promise of expansion of dark folk is threatened in any way, Virif retaliates with brutal force in order to show the Under Realm as a whole a lesson, making an example of every hopeful invader. She has a strong vision for her people and stops at nothing to assert their right to hold the dark places below as their rightful dominion, even expanding their control deeper into the bowels of the earth. Virif's alignment supports all manner of behavior related to these roles but she is ultimately guided by her shadowy whispers and elaborate precognitive dreams.

### VIRIF

XP 307,200

CR 20

Female dark stalker druid (cave druid) 18 (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* “Dark Stalker”; *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide* “Cave Druid”) CN Medium humanoid (dark folk)

**Init** +6; **Senses** see in darkness; **Perception** +33

**AC** 25, touch 18, flat-footed 19 (+5 armor, +2 deflection, +6 Dex, +2 natural)

**hp** 183 (6d8+12 plus 18d8+36 plus 24)

**Fort** +16; **Ref** +18; **Will** +22; +2 vs. exceptional, supernatural, and spell-like abilities of oozes and aberrations

**Defensive Abilities** resist subterranean corruption; **Immune** poison

**Weaknesses** light blindness

**Speed** 30 ft.; tunnelrunner

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

**Melee** +1 throwing returning sickle +22/+17/+12/+7 (1d6+4 plus poison), +1 wounding sickle +22 (1d6+2 plus poison and 1 bleed)

**Ranged** +1 throwing returning sickle +24 (1d6+4 plus poison)

**Special Attacks** death throes, sneak attack +3d6, wild shape 18 hours/day

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 6th):

At will—*deeper darkness*, *detect magic*, *fog cloud*

3/week—*vision* (cannot control effect)

**Spells Prepared** (CL 18th):

9th—*shades*<sup>D</sup> (DC 29), *shapechange*, *summon nature's ally IX* (1d3 purple worms)

8th—*finger of death* (DC 26), *greater shadow evocation*<sup>D</sup> (DC 28), *reverse gravity*, *word of recall*

7th—*creeping doom* (DC 25), *fire storm* (DC 26), *heal*, *power word blind*<sup>D</sup> (DC 25), *true seeing*

6th—*antilife shell*, *fire seeds* (DC 24), *greater dispel magic*, *shadow walk*<sup>D</sup> (DC 26), *stone tell*, *wall of stone*

5th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 23), *death ward*, *insect plague*, *stoneskin*, *summon monster V*<sup>D</sup> (1d3 shadows), *wall of fire*

4th—*cure serious wounds*, *flame strike* (DC 23), *freedom of movement*, *rusting grasp*, *shadow conjuration*<sup>D</sup> (DC 24), *spike stones* (DC 22)

3rd—*call lightning* (DC 22), *contagion* (DC 21), *deeper darkness*<sup>D</sup>, *meld into stone*, *protection from energy*, *stone shape*, *wind wall*

2nd—*barkskin*, *blindness/deafness*<sup>D</sup> (DC 20), *bull's strength*, *gust of wind* (DC 21), *lesser restoration*, *spider climb*, *summon swarm*

1st—*cure light wounds* (2), *endure elements*, *faerie fire*, *longstrider*, *obscuring mist*<sup>D</sup>, *speak with animals*

0 (at will)—*create water*, *guidance*, *mending*, *purify food and drink*

**D** Domain spell; **Domain** Darkness

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**Str** 16, **Dex** 22, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 26, **Cha** 11

**Base Atk** +17; **CMB** +20; **CMD** 38

**Feats** Double Slice, Greater Spell Focus (illusion), Greater Spell Penetration, Natural Spell, Shadow Strike<sup>†</sup>, Spell Focus (illusion), Spell Focus (evocation), Spell Penetration, Toughness, Two-Weapon Fighting, Vermin Heart<sup>†</sup>, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Acrobatics +15, Climb +12, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +15, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (nature) +11, Perception +33, Perform (sing) +2, Sense Motive +14, Sleight of Hand +7, Spellcraft +13, Stealth +28, Survival +21

**Languages** Dark Folk, Druidic, Sylvan, Undercommon

**SQ** nature bond (Darkness domain), lightfoot, nature sense, poison use, timeless body, tunnelrunner, venom immunity, wild empathy +18

**Combat Gear** 4 doses of wyvern's poison, 6 doses of shadow essence, 4 doses of giant wasp poison; **Other Gear** +3 leather armor, *ring of protection* +2, +1 *throwing returning sickle*

"Flight", +1 *wounding sickle* "Bite", *cloak of resistance* +1, *headband of inspired wisdom* +6, *boots of speed*, *ring of invisibility*, holy and mistletoe, spell component pouch, 228 gp

<sup>†</sup> See *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide*

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