

A PATHFINDER RPG ADVENTURE FOR LEVEL 3 BY RICHARD PETT

PATHFINDER[®]

MODULE[™]

WE BE
GOBLINS
TOO!



The Munchmeat Farm

1 square = 5 feet



Stirge Swamp Stomp



Farmhouse Interior



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WE BE GOBLINS TOO!

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We Be Goblins Too! is a Pathfinder Module designed for four 3rd-level goblins and uses the medium XP advancement track. This module is designed for play in the Pathfinder campaign setting, but can easily be adapted for use with any world.

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

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WE BE GOBLINS TOO!

WE BE GOBLINS! WE CRUNCH BIRDS!
SNIP OFF LEGS AND CUT IN THIRDS!
CATCH THE TURKEY! SNATCH THE ROOK!
PLUCK THE FEATHERS—MAKE THEM COOK!

ROAST THEM DRUMSTICKS, BOIL THEM EYES!
MASH GUTS GUMMY FOR BIRD PIES!
ONCE IT ALL IS WELL AND CHEWED,
WE STILL HUNGRY—YOU BE FOOD!

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

It was all going fine for the Birdcrunchers until an ogre moved in a half-mile away. This ogre is a druid named Pa Munchmeat, exiled from the east after he fell out of favor with his kin among the Lost Tors of Mosswood. Even with his ogrekin daughter Guffy backing him up, Munchmeat feared that the humans of Sandpoint would surely hunt him down if they found out he no longer had the support of his kin, and so the two crept across Devil's Platter and settled in a small valley in the eastern Ravenroost Tors, where they built a crude cottage and began collecting animals to build up their defenses. It wasn't long before Pa Munchmeat began clashing with the Birdcrunchers, who didn't take kindly to an ogre moving in to what they viewed as their territory. The Birdcrunchers grew even more irate when his boar animal companion—an ill-tempered creature with the admirable habit of belching out goutts of fire now and then—began to attack Birdcrunchers while they were out hunting.

Chief Gnawsparrow of the Birdcrunchers had soon had enough, and he bravely took up his weapons and set out to demand that the ogre vacate his new home and leave behind his treasures. The chief didn't return.

Gnawsparrow's daughter Crunchsnood was quick to claim her father's throne, then set out herself to rescue her father and give the ogre family a good kicking. She too never returned.

Crunchsnood left behind no children to claim the role of chieftain, so at the advice of the tribe's resident spook-speaker, Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh, Crunchsnood's cousin Featherlips became the new chieftain. The Birdcrunchers immediately threatened to eat him if he didn't go get revenge on the ogre and rescue the previous two chiefs. Nervous and crying, Featherlips set out on the doomed quest, and to no one's real surprise, he hasn't returned either.

Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh now has a problem: None of the remaining Birdcrunchers want to be chief, because none of them want to vanish at the hands of the mean ogre. At the same time, Pa Munchmeat's fire-breathing pigs are becoming more and more troublesome, and the Birdcrunchers' territory has dwindled to a shadow of its former glory as a result. With no local goblins eager to take up the job of chief, Sprattleharsh is growing desperate. Sooner or later, Pa Munchmeat is going to realize that he's broken the goblins' will, and he'll wade down into their cave and eat them—or worse!

What Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh doesn't realize, though, is that a new group of goblin heroes is about to arrive on the Birdcrunchers' stoop!

ADVENTURE SYNOPSIS

The heroes of the Licktoad goblins return home to find their tribe destroyed by human adventurers. Homeless,

ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE

We Be Goblins Too! is an unusual adventure—it serves as both a one-shot game session in which the players get to play goblins and as a sequel to 2011's Free RPG Day adventure *We Be Goblins!* This adventure assumes the PCs play four 3rd-level goblin characters; your players can select their characters from the four pregenerated characters presented on pages 12–15 of this book. Alternatively, they can create their own goblin characters, using the rules presented in the *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Race Guide* and *Pathfinder Player Companion: Goblins of Golarion* for even more options for their characters.

This adventure takes place on the Varisian coast, east of the town of Sandpoint, in a region of rugged hills and tors known as Ravenroost. Though it is intended as a sequel to *We Be Goblins!*, previous knowledge of that adventure is not required to play this adventure.

the goblins make for the closest goblin-friendly region: Ravenroost, which is occupied by the Birdcrunchers. The goblins arrive only to discover the Birdcrunchers are in trouble—fire-breathing pigs, an ogre, and a shortage of chiefs have left the tribe in peril.

After enduring a number of trials to prove themselves, the goblin heroes set out to defeat the ogre and his magical boars. They confront Pa Munchmeat and his monstrous minions on his small farm, and if they can defeat him, the goblins can return to the Birdcrunchers not only as heroes, but as chieftains themselves!

PART ONE: THE BIRDCRUNCHER MOOT

Read or paraphrase the following to get your players started.

You are the heroes of the Licktoad Tribe, living legends after you triumphed against the terrible goblin cannibal Vorka and recovered many fireworks from her lair. Your tribe used the fireworks to great effect, but one day while you were out scrounging for more fireworks, adventurers came into the swamp and wiped out your tribe. You returned to your home to find it in ruins.

Now homeless, you have decided to travel to the closest tribe of goblins you know about—the Birdcrunchers. Maybe they'll have room for you to join! Only, now that you've arrived in Birdcruncher territory, something seems wrong. The Birdcrunchers appear unusually nervous and frightened, cowering around the entrance to their cave. They aren't even trying to defend their territory. And now, a wrinkled old goblin with bulging eyes is waddling out of the crowd, approaching you. She's obviously some sort of shaman—maybe even the chieftain. If anyone here knows whether or not you can join the tribe, it'd likely be her!

WISE MUMMY SPRATTLEHARSH

At one point, the Birdcrunchers counted several caves and the hills above them as their own territory, but the actions of Pa Munchmeat and his fire-breathing hogs have forced the Birdcrunchers to crowd into this single cave. It's a nice cave, and a big one, but it still rankles the goblins, and arguments over sleeping space and eating space are fraying their nerves. The arrival of the goblin PCs is more than just a welcome distraction to the Birdcrunchers—it is hope.

The wrinkled old goblin woman who approaches the PCs is Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh (NE female goblin adept 3), the closest thing the Birdcrunchers have to a proper chieftain. Her eyes bulge from her wrinkled face, and she walks hunched over, leaning on a gnarled wooden staff decorated with puppy tails and horse ears. On special occasions (such as when greeting visiting goblin heroes), she wears a ratty doghide gown cinched with a rope belt from which hang dog's paws, a pair of horseshoes, a fearsomely large dead stirge, and the pickled and shrunken head of a bright blue mite.

Read or paraphrase the following to the PCs as Sprattleharsh greets them.

"Well, well! What have we here? Licktoads, by the look of you, and from what I hear, orphans as well, hmm? Looking for a new place to live, I suspect? Well, you might be in luck, because we need new blood. Our own chieftains have been... lacking... in chieftainish ways. We've been having problems lately with an ogre and his fire-breathing boars, you see, and any goblins capable of killing the boars and driving off the ogre... or driving off the boars and killing the ogre... or... or whatever—well, they'll not only be welcomed into Birdcruncher territory with open arms. They'll be made chieftains, one and all!"

With that, the gathered Birdcruncher goblins suddenly animate into cheers and song. Eager and excited, they surge out of the cave to welcome their saviors, but suddenly freeze as the old woman shrieks out a command for silence. The goblins freeze in place, and she continues in a softer voice.

"But we can't just assume you're the stuff chieftains are made of. You might just be lucky. No, no... before we accept you as our saviors and before you'll even have a chance to face off against Pa Munchmeat and his pig... I declare we have a Chieftain Moot!"

The gathered goblins erupt into cheers again, and all the PC goblins know why—a Chieftain Moot is a day-long festival of games and dares, a tradition among the local

tribes when the need to select a new chief arises. Those goblins who want to be considered for the role must endure a number of trials during the moot, and if they survive and win, they earn the respect and support of the rest of the tribe.

Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh barks a few orders, and the Birdcrunchers scurry off to start organizing the moot. She then introduces herself to the PCs and invites them into the cave to sit and warm their feet by the fire.



WISE MUMMY SPRATTLEHARSH

Sprattleharsh is a figure of both terror and love for the Birdcrunchers. They whisper that she made one warrior who offended her vomit up a handful of spiny toads, and once set fire to a chief who interrupted her. One story even relates how she made a goblin who tried to curse the tribe write down the word "breathe"—after which he promptly forgot how to breathe and died on the spot. The Birdcrunchers happily confirm how wonderful she is, if asked, and how any new ruler would be wise to listen to her—or else.

A DAY OF REST

At this point, the PCs get to spend a day and a night resting and preparing for the next day's moot. Most of the Birdcrunchers spend the day preparing for the moot itself (and they're unusually secretive, for goblins, about what types of dares and trials they're readying for the PCs).

That evening, a huge feast is held around the cave's central bonfire. The feast consists almost entirely of various bird dishes—seagull soup, charred grackle, raven's-eye pudding, vulture-ups, spicy sparrow poppers, and squeaky beakies are just a portion of the often-challenging dishes presented to the PCs during the night. The feast also gives the PCs a chance to talk to the Birdcrunchers and learn a bit more about what's going on in the region.

As darkness falls, Wise Mummy brings out the fabled Crunchy Crown of the Birdcruncher Tribe—a crown made out of bird skulls and bones and wings and twigs. She places the Crunchy Crown near the bonfire, then proclaims that tomorrow, the Birdcrunchers will have a new chief, and this one *will* be able to kick that ugly Munchmeat ogre out of Ravenroost. She then reveals that whoever can prove her worth tomorrow at the moot will be granted the right not only to wear the Crunchy Crown, but also the right to loot the Chieftain's treasure chest. At this, the Birdcrunchers oooh and ahhh appropriately.

If the PCs ask about the tribe's previous chieftain, the goblins quickly try to change the subject. The PCs need to

WE BE GOBLINS TOO!



succeed at a DC 13 Diplomacy or Intimidate check in order to get a goblin to reveal the truth. The goblins worry that if the PCs learn their last three chieftains went missing and are presumed dead at the hands of Pa Munchmeat and his boars, the PCs will abandon them, and in the short time the PCs have been in the area, they've become the Birdcrunchers' last hope. No Birdcruncher wants to be the one who gets blamed for scaring the heroes away!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S MOOT

The day after the PCs' arrival at the Birdcruncher tribe, the goblins are ready and eager to begin the moot. The chieftains-in-waiting (as the contestants are known) must endure three dares—the winner is the goblin who earns the most points across these three dares. Any number of PC goblins can take part in the dares. If you wish, you can have other goblins among the Birdcrunchers take part in the moot, but this adventure assumes that only the PCs are interested in the job of chieftain.

FIRST DARE: THE BLIND BIRD SHOOT

The first dare takes place in a valley to the south of the Birdcrunchers' cave. The chieftains-in-waiting are led to the center of the valley, blindfolded, and given a short bow and three arrows each (each contestant's arrows have fletching of a different color from those of the other contestants so the arrows can be identified after they're shot). The Birdcrunchers clamber into trees or sit on rocks that ring the valley while Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh explains the rules to the blindfolded contestants: She will release three cages of seagulls over the course of a minute, and the blindfolded goblins must shoot down as many of them as possible. The gulls in the first flock are worth 2 points, those in the second 4 points, and those in the third 6 points, but each consecutive flock is a bit farther away than the previous one, making it more difficult to notice.

This dare is more about luck than accuracy. As the dare begins, a few rounds of relative silence (punctuated now and then by goblin sounds) pass before the first cage is released. Wise Mummy swiftly dives to the ground, and each contestant must attempt a Perception check to determine by sound where the flock of panicked birds is flying, then attempt an attack roll to hit a seagull. Targeting the first flock with an arrow while blind requires only a successful DC 8 Perception check (this is not an opposed Perception check, and thus being blind does not modify the check), but distance is increasingly a factor with the following two flocks—a successful DC 11 Perception check is needed to target the second flock, and a successful DC 14 check to target the third. A goblin who successfully targets a flock can attempt a normal attack roll to hit a seagull (AC 14, with a 50% miss chance) and score the appropriate number of points.

If a goblin misses a seagull, the arrow has to land somewhere. Roll 1d20 and consult the following table to determine where misses land—note that it's possible to earn extra points even on a miss!

MISSED SHOTS

d20	Result
1–10	The shot is a spectacularly bad miss that earns nothing but jeers and insults.
11–15	The shot comes dangerously close to hitting a goblin in the crowd, resulting in shrieks.
16–18	The shot hits a goblin in the surrounding crowd, resulting in one shriek and a lot of laughter (earns 1 point).
19	The shot hits one of the contestants (chosen at random; does 1d4 points of damage and earns 3 points).
20	The shot is miraculous. Perhaps it hits three seagulls. Maybe it hits an entirely different bird that just happened to fly into the range. Maybe it pins a seagull to an observing goblin. Be creative! Whatever the result, Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh is so delighted that she awards the shooter 10 points!

SECOND DARE: STIRGE SWAMP STOMP

The second dare takes the contestants and the crowd to the west, where a particularly low valley has subsided into a permanent swamp of nasty standing water. A failed attempt by the Birdcrunchers to build a bunch of huts on stilts left behind a haphazard arrangement of wobbly posts protruding from the boggy ground. The goblins have laid wooden planks across several of these posts, creating narrow bridges that stand 10 feet off the ground.

In this dare, the contestants all begin on the southern shore of the bog and are fitted with wide, clumsy, human boots. A single stirge on a 5-foot-long tether is tied to each of the red posts. The goal of this game is to kill as many stirges as possible (preferably by stomping, which qualifies as an unarmed strike, but any method of stirge killing is allowed) without falling into the swamp below.

The dare begins when Wise Mummy throws a thunderstone, at which point you should run the dare as a combat, with all of the contestants rolling initiative and heading out into the playing field to stomp stirges. Any goblin who falls into the swamp before the end of the first round is disqualified.

Human Boots: The big boots the goblins wear are cumbersome and reduce the wearer's speed by 5 feet. In addition, the goblins attempt Acrobatics checks at a –2 penalty while wearing the boots.

Planks and Posts: Each plank and post is 1 foot wide and slightly unsteady. A successful DC 7 Acrobatics check is required to move along a plank; a goblin falls if she ever rolls 5 or less on such a check.

Stirges: A total of 12 stirges are tied to posts. Each stirge can attack anyone within 5 feet of its post. Killing a stirge earns a goblin 2 points. Once all 12 stirges are dead, the dare ends.

Falling: It's only a 10-foot fall from a post or plank to the swampy ground. Those who fall are disqualified and can accumulate no more points during this dare.

Last Goblin Standing: The dare ends automatically as soon as only one goblin remains on the planks and posts. That goblin earns 5 points.

STIRGES (12) CR 1/2

XP 200 each

hp 5 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 260)

FINAL DARE: BIRD PIE

Finally, for the last dare, Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh leads the chieftains-in-waiting back toward the Birdcruncher cave—as they approach, the stink of rotten meat and spoiled milk grows. The scent comes from a horrific “pie” that’s been created in a 10-foot-diameter bowl-shaped depression in the rock—the bowl is only 18 inches deep, but filled with a nasty, not-quite-boiling-hot slurry of spoiled milk, mud, swamp water, mashed-up grass, and dead birds. The top is covered over with an incongruously delicious- and flaky-looking pie crust. Several cauldrons of boiling pie filling sit nearby, along with a number of large, dented metal funnels.

Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh explains that the giant birdmeat pie is still baking, and the chieftains-in-waiting will all be tied up and placed in the pie to cook. Each goblin is allowed to carry and wear all of his gear and equipment in this dare. The first goblin to make it out of the pie earns 10 points. The second goblin earns 5 points. The third earns 3 points. Any contestants after the third earn no points at all.

Complicating these matters, though, are the four golden eagles that are going to join the goblins in the pie—these eagles have had their wings clipped so they can’t fly, but they’re very much alive and very angry at their predicament. Killing an eagle earns that goblin a bonus of 5 points, so a goblin who stays in the pie and comes out last can still come out ahead in points if he kills enough eagles.

With the rules explained, the contestants are lined up around the edge of the pie and have their wrists and ankles tied together. As Wise Mummy uses her last thunderstone, all contestants are pushed into the pie and must roll Initiative to determine their order in the dare.

For the purposes of this “combat,” you can assume that no real movement is going on—the pie is only 10 feet across, so no matter where the PCs are in the pie, they’re

adjacent to any foes they might wish to attack. All of the contestants and all four eagles are treated as if they’re squeezing (–4 penalty on attack rolls, –4 penalty to AC) due to the cramped quarters. The eagles themselves flap and flop about and are tremendously agitated.

Escaping Bonds: A goblin has the grappled condition as long as her hands and feet are tied. A successful DC 18 Strength check or DC 22 Escape Artist check is needed to break free of the bonds—both are standard actions to attempt. A free goblin can untie another goblin’s bonds automatically as a standard action.

The Pie: The pie filling is quite hot, and as the contents slosh out, the goblins add fresh boiling foulness to the pie via the dented funnels. Each round a creature remains in the pie, it must succeed at a DC 10 Fortitude save or take 1 point of fire damage. An eagle that dies of pie burns earns no one points.

GOLDEN EAGLES (4) CR 1/2

XP 200 each

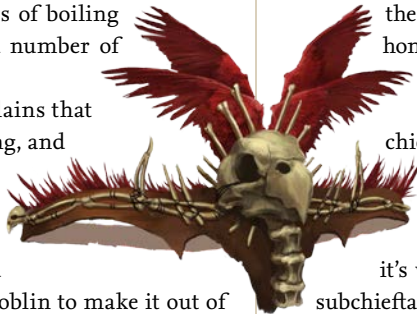
hp 5 each (eagle, *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 118)

A NEW CHIEFTAIN

At the end of the final dare, add up the total points each goblin earned. The goblin with the most points becomes the new chieftain of the Birdcrunchers! With this honor, that goblin can select other goblins who competed in the dares to be subchieftains. As promised by Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh, the chieftain gets to wear the Crunchy Crown. This crown is a nonmagical hat, but nonetheless grants a +2 bonus on all Intimidate checks made against Birdcruncher goblins while it’s worn. In addition, the new chieftain and any subchieftains get to loot the tribe’s treasure chest.

For the rest of the evening, the Birdcrunchers are in a celebratory mood—they have a new leader, after all! During this time, the chieftain and subchieftains are the focus of goblin pandemonium. Some of the subjects prostrate themselves before the new leaders, moistening their feet with kisses and runny noses, while others scream and sob and bring gifts of food and offers of goblin frolicking. Goblin after goblin comes forward to try to impress the new leaders—by juggling live stoats, by head-butting stumps, and particularly, by setting things on fire... themselves included.

Goblins are not fond of discussion. As a result, goblin chiefs tend to have absolute power over their followers. The chiefly feast could therefore turn into a longer roleplaying event with different courses, games, and dares taking place at your players’ whims—allow them to enjoy their newfound rule as long as they wish, but eventually the night ends, the sun rises, and the Birdcrunchers





expect their new leaders to go deal with Pa Munchmeat and his fire-breathing hogs.

Treasure: The Birdcrunchers, as it turns out, have a particularly large cache of treasure. There are several items in the large and filthy chest that the PCs can make use of. Among the 840 gp in assorted coins, art objects, trophies, jars of pickles, shiny rocks, dented armor fragments, broken dogslicers, and bird parts in various stages of decay are the following items of particular interest: four *potions of cure moderate wounds*, a *potion of fire resistance*, a *wand of lesser restoration* (9 charges), a *+1 flaming dogslicer*, a *Small cloak of elvenkind*, a *bead of force*, a *necklace of fireballs* (type I), and 5 ounces of *sovereign glue*.

Story Award: If one of the PCs becomes the new Birdcruncher chieftain, the party earns 3,200 XP.

PART TWO: THE MUNCHMEAT FARM

The Birdcrunchers expect their new leader to head out the very next day to challenge and, hopefully, defeat or drive off the ogre known as Pa Munchmeat. Each day the PCs delay the start of this quest, their new tribe grows more and more irate and nervous—if the PCs take too long, they might have a goblin uprising on their hands. This adventure has no space to detail a goblin uprising, so for the sake of the GM it is hoped that the PCs decide to go after the ogre sooner rather than later.

Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh has a few words of advice for the PCs before they set off—she warns them that the fire-breathing pigs breathe fire, and that Pa Munchmeat hits hard. He also casts spooky plant spells and has a mean daughter with a pet weasel bigger than a horse, and there might be other monsters living on the farm as well. She gives the PCs a crude map of the area that shows the way to Pa Munchmeat's farm before shooing them on their way, implying (if not outright saying) that the PCs shouldn't bother returning to the Birdcrunchers until the task is done.

THE JOURNEY TO THE FARM

The Munchmeat Farm lies about two-thirds of a mile from the Birdcruncher village. As the bird flies, it's a relatively short distance; on foot through the trackless tors, it's an hour-long walk to get to the farm. Wise Mummy Sprattleharsh's map is crude but accurate, and unless the PCs deliberately ignore it, they reach the ogre's home—but not without incident.

Creature: About 45 minutes into the walk, the PCs have approached close enough to the farm that they attract the attention of Pa Munchmeat's animal companion Piggy. This beast is a huge boar that is not only foul-tempered and armored, but also trained to belch goutts of fire from a modified *elixir of fire breath* that Pa Munchmeat calls a *gourd of fire burping* (see page 12 for details).

This encounter can be played out on a blank Flip-Mat if you wish. You can assume it takes place in a relatively wide valley with little undergrowth. Piggy is hiding in a patch of huckleberries as the PCs approach—place the PCs in the middle of the Flip-Mat and the huckleberry patch at the edge. The PCs can attempt Perception checks to notice the boar—otherwise, he gets a surprise round. He gulps down a *gourd of fire burping* on his first turn of the battle and charges out to attack.

PIGGY

Boar animal companion

N Medium animal

Init +0; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 20 (+2 armor, +8 natural)

hp 38 (4d8+20)

Fort +8, **Ref** +4, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee gore +7 (1d8+6)

Special Attacks ferocity

TACTICS

Before Combat Piggy has been trained to gobble down a *gourd of fire burping* when he sees trouble (such as goblins) approaching.

During Combat Piggy rushes out to belch fire on the goblins. He gobbles a new gourd and breathes fire again once every 1d4 rounds, spending the intervening rounds goring goblins at random.

Morale Piggy attempts to flee back to the Munchmeat farm if reduced to 0 or fewer hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 11, **Con** 18, **Int** 2, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 4

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 17 (21 vs. trip)

Feats Iron Will, Toughness

Skills Perception +6, Stealth +5

SQ tricks (attack, come, defend, fire belch, guard, seek, stay, track)

Combat Gear *gourd of fire burping* (3); **Other Gear** leather barding

ARRIVING AT THE FARM

Surrounded by a rickety wooden fence and thick mud, Munchmeat Farm slumps in a soggy valley between two low tors. A slimy-looking creek winds through the farm, which is barely anything to look at. A house in the center of the fenced-in area leans against two hefty buttresses holding up three large beams. It's balanced on numerous thick log stilts that create a cage-like hollow in the mud below the building. North of the house are a few filthy chicken coops, and to the west an upturned boat, propped against the fence, has been built into an impromptu shelter. A shed sits to the south of

the building, and south and east of this shed are a few tired stretches of garden that look like they're best at growing mud and weeds.

The denizens of the Munchmeat farm are the ogre druid Pa Munchmeat, his ogrekin daughter Guffy, and several of their frightening pets. As the site comes into view, explain to the PCs that there's a single gate leading through the fence, but the fence itself looks poorly made and won't hold back a determined goblin for long.

1. FRONT GATE

A single rickety farm gate allows passage through the wooden fence here, below an archway made of broken branches and bleached bones. A sign hangs from the arch, its words scrawled onto the wood with what looks like blood. Three severed, maggot-covered goblin heads sit on poles driven into the ground to the left of the gate. A second sign leans against these poles under the heads.

Both signs are written in Common. The one hanging from the arch says, "Trespsrs wil b eatn!" The one near the three goblin heads (which once belonged to the three Birdcruncher chieftains who came here before the PCs) reads, "Yous gobluns taste YUM! Send moar gobluns!"

The gate is unlocked. The fence is generally about 9 feet high but is very shoddily made; a PC can climb over it with a successful DC 5 Climb check or wriggle through it with a DC 12 Escape Artist check.

The farm is inhabited by the ogre druid Pa Munchmeat, his ogrekin daughter Guffy, and several of their pets. The two spend the majority of their time inside the house (Pa in area 8, Guffy in area 7). Every day at dusk, Guffy comes out to "tend the crops" (this amounts to little more than stomping through the weeds and periodically pulling some out of the ground at random) and "feed the chickens" (this equates to chasing chickens for 10 to 20 minutes after throwing some scraps down to lure them out of their cages). Pa Munchmeat emerges 3 hours before dawn to hunt for food up on Devil's Platter, returning an hour after sunrise. Beyond this, the two rarely pay attention to what's going on outside, affording the PCs plenty of opportunities to sneak into the farm.

If Piggy escaped the PCs and returned here, though, both Pa and Guffy are watching from their rooms through cracks in the wall.

2. OVERGROWN WORKSHED

This flimsy structure seems to have started out as a workshed, but its sagging walls have been almost entirely overtaken by rampant plantlife.

This pen is where Pa Munchmeat performed the majority of his magical research into growing the materials he needed for *gourds of fire burping*. Now that he's perfected the technique, he's let the vines and tubers lie fallow, but the plants have been growing more quickly than he anticipated.

Treasure: A successful DC 20 Perception check reveals three overlooked *gourds of fire burping* amid the tangle of vines and roots in this shack.

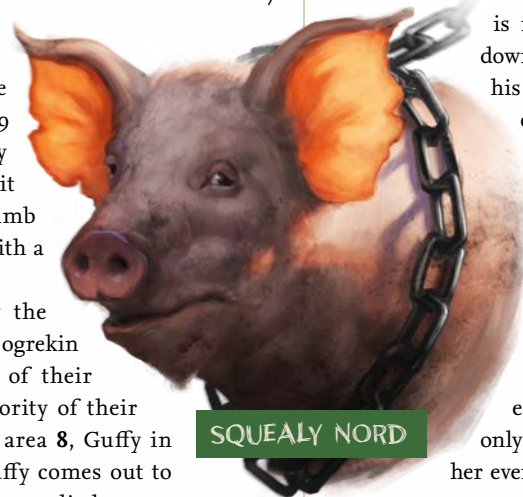
3. SQUEALY NORD'S PRISON (CR 2)

An upturned boat, an old river barge by the look of it, sits in the mud here. The boat's stern has been built into the fence, and a large hole has been smashed in the southern side to provide entrance to the dark hollow created by the hull.

Creature: The tale of how Pa Munchmeat dragged this boat here is one fraught with peril and adventure, but that isn't important right now. What is important is that he uses the upside-down barge as a pen for his pigs, including his animal companion Piggy (who, if he escaped the PCs earlier, can be found here nursing his wounds). The sty is also occupied by two additional pigs—an enormous sow named Princess Crackling, and a moody, depressed, and particularly filthy pig named Squealy Nord.

Princess Crackling is a massively obese and lazy pig who spends her days eating and sleeping, wedged against the only entrance to the sty. It takes a lot to rouse her even to stand, but an attack against her or any attempt to squeeze by her into the sty does the trick. Like Piggy, Princess Crackling has been trained to eat and use *gourds of fire burping*, and she does so as soon as combat begins.

Squealy Nord is Pa Munchmeat's most recent catch. With a successful DC 15 Wisdom check, the PCs recognize the dejected-looking pig as the fearsome and savage fiend that once lived with them in the Licktoad village, but who escaped several weeks ago. Squealy Nord is filthy after his flight into the wild and subsequent capture by Pa, who's been fattening him up to make some bacon and pig's feet. Whether or not the PCs recognize him, Squealy Nord recognizes them and lives up to his name,



SQUEALY NORD



squealing excitedly as he tugs at his chain in a frantic attempt to rejoin the goblins. He's come around in his way of thinking, after all—it's better to be a goblin tribe's plaything than an ogre's supper!

PRINCESS CRACKLING CR 2

XP 600

Boar (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 36)

hp 18

SQUEALY NORD CR 1/3

XP 135

Pig (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 3 113)

hp 6

Treasure: Princess Crackling has two *gourds of fire burping* on a cord around her neck.

Among the chewed feed in and around the pen are some inedible items. With a successful DC 20 Perception check, the PCs can locate a *potion of blur* in a rusty iron flask, a Small +1 *light crossbow* with some pig teeth marks on the stock, and a bronze scroll case containing a *scroll of flaming sphere*.

Development: Squealy Nord isn't particularly deadly in combat, but he is noisy. If he accompanies the PCs, they take a –4 penalty on all Stealth checks as long as he's traveling with them. A successful DC 15 Handle Animal or wild empathy check is enough to get him to calm down and be quiet for 10 minutes. If he's following along, Squealy Nord does his best to aid the goblins in battle, but his hatred of Pa Munchmeat is ferocious—he immediately gains the full effects of a *rage* spell as long as he's within 30 feet of a visible and still-living Pa Munchmeat.

Story Award: If Squealy Nord survives the adventure and returns with the PCs to the Birdcrunchers, award the PCs 1,200 XP.

4. THE HEN HOUSES (CR 2)

Three decrepit henhouses slump battered in the mud here. The nervous clucking of several chickens can be heard from within.

The henhouses are filthy, and accessed by narrow openings that only a Small or smaller creature can easily pass through. The walls of the henhouses are rotten (hardness 2, hp 5, break DC 13). Any attempt to enter or destroy the henhouses sets the half-dozen chickens within into a din of squawking that automatically alerts not only the denizens of the house, but also the snoring beast that spends most of its time sleeping under the central building.

Creatures: A partially feral and particularly large rottweiler lives here. The dog has no name—it wandered into the farm and decided to stay a few days ago after the ogres fed it one of the decapitated goblin bodies. The creature

spends most of its time sleeping, but if it's awoken, it ferociously attacks and pursues goblins (its favorite treat) until it or all goblins it can find are dead.

FERAL ROTTWEILER CR 2

XP 600

Advanced riding dog (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 87, 294)

hp 17

Treasure: Nestled deep in the mud and rotten hay of the central house are six eggs that have clearly been here for a long time. The eggs, which can be located with a successful DC 14 Perception check, are rotten, and if smashed, create a 10-foot radius of horrific stink that forces all creatures in the area must succeed at a DC 10 Fortitude save or become sickened for 1 minute. A successful save reduces the effect to being sickened for 1 round. The area remains affected for 1d6 rounds. The eggs can be used as grenade-like weapons.

5. OWLBEAR PEN (CR 4)

A large open area under the house has been filled with straw, branches, and uprooted underbrush—something big has made a nest of it. A trap door is set in the ceiling above.

The straw is 8 feet deep and very dusty. Any significant activity, such as combat, causes this dust to kick up, providing concealment under the house as if it were under the effects of *obscuring mist* for 1d6 rounds (starting the round after combat begins). The distance between the muddy ground and the underbelly of the house above is 9 feet, providing just enough head room for the creature that lives here. The trap door above is unlocked, but there's no obvious or easy way to reach it. It leads to area 6 above.

Creatures: Pa recently lured a particularly broody owlbear into this area. He's been keeping the foul-tempered monster well fed and watered, but though the beast won't attack the ogre, she hasn't befriended him yet. The creature attacks anything that enters her den with a throaty and eager roar of "MNARRRRRR!", but pursues foes for only 1d4 rounds before returning here. She must squeeze between the logs supporting the house in order to enter or exit the area.

BROODY OWLBEAR CR 4

XP 1,200

hp 47 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 224)

Treasure: The broody owlbear has recently laid a half-dozen eggs. The mayhem a goblin tribe can get up to with a half-dozen freshly hatched owlbeats is best left to the imagination.

6. LIVING ROOM (CR 2)

A steeply inclined ramp rises up over the river to the front door of this room. The door is swollen shut with dampness and requires a successful DC 16 Strength check to open.

The floor of this filthy chamber is made of rough floorboards. Numerous gaps between them show a dark space below the building. A large pile of furs and straw is heaped to the south, and a huge trap door sits in the very center of the room. To the west, a single ill-fitting door hangs askew on a single hinge.

The only occupant of this room is Guffy's pet, a ferret named Spike who's nearly 7 feet long. The animal is ferociously loyal to the ogrekin woman, and if it hears her cries, it immediately comes to her aid. The reverse applies as well—if she hears combat here, Guffy swiftly emerges from her room to join the fight.

SPIKE **CR 2**
XP 600
 Giant ferret (variant giant weasel; *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #67 82)
 N Medium animal
Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +8



GUFFY AND SPIKE

DEFENSE
AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+4 Dex, +1 natural)
hp 19 (3d8+6)
Fort +5, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2

OFFENSE
Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft.
Melee bite +2 (1d6 plus bleed), 2 claws +2 (1d4)
Special Attacks bleed (1d3)

TACTICS
During Combat Spike attacks the nearest goblin, but if Guffy joins the fight, he focuses on whatever foe his mistress attacks.
Morale Spike flees to seek out Guffy if he's reduced to fewer than 6 hit points, but fights to the death in her presence.

STATISTICS
Str 11, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 2, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 11
Base Atk +2; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 16
Feats Skill Focus (Perception), Stealthy
Skills Climb +8, Escape Artist +7, Perception +8, Stealth +10, Survival +0 (+6 when tracking by scent)

7. GUFFY'S ROOM (CR 2)

A huge, bloodstained table sits in the center of this filthy kitchen, and to the south lies a heap of furs arranged in the rough approximation of a mattress. The place reeks of rotten meat from numerous poorly executed taxidermy projects that lie scattered around the room, including partially stuffed pigs, birds, bobcats, and even a goblin body with a mass of bloody straw and sticks protruding from its neck instead of a head.

Creatures: Guffy, Pa Munchmeat's ogrekin daughter, lives here. She uses the room to prepare meals for her Pa and herself, and to indulge in her hobby, taxidermy (at which she has far more enthusiasm than skill). She hopes to find a fresh goblin someday so she can kill it and use its head to complete the headless goblin she's working on.

GUFFY **CR 2**
XP 600
 Female ogrekin fighter 2 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2* 204)
AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +3 natural)
hp 25
Melee mwk morningstar +8 (1d8+5), bite +2 (1d4+2)

TACTICS
During Combat Guffy focuses her attacks on one goblin at a time—preferably the one with the biggest head (Reta, if you're using the pregenerated goblins).
Morale If reduced to fewer than 10 hit points, Guffy flees outside, then runs up the roof of this room to get her father's help in area 8.

STATISTICS
Combat Gear gourd of fire burping; **Gear** chain shirt, masterwork morningstar



Treasure: The headless goblin body is, in fact, the remains of Chief Gnawsparrow. His body still wears his +1 *shadow studded leather armor*.

8. PA'S ROOM (CR 5)

There are two entrances to this room. Pa prefers to use the lower one, climbing up onto the roof of area 7 from the west (this requires a successful DC 5 Climb check) and then stepping through the hole in area 8's west wall. One can also enter this room from the cupola above (area 9), descending through a trap door in the ceiling—although there's no ladder or staircase to allow easy descent.

The dominant feature of this room is a large bed—really nothing more than a nest made of old mattresses, loose straw, and mud. The fleas swarming on the “bed” are obvious from several feet away. A large hole in the western wall opens out onto the lower roof of the house, and a single trap door sits in the ceiling above.

Creatures: Pa spends most of his days sleeping. He gets particularly cranky if woken early, something his daughter knows well. As a result, if he realizes there's combat going on elsewhere on the farm, he might peer through cracks in his poorly built walls to watch the fight, but he's unlikely to emerge except for significant emergencies—such as if the goblins set fire to his home.

Pa was always a somewhat sickly ogre; never quite as strong as the other ogres, he turned to the worship of nature as a way to fight might with magic. His favorite weapon isn't even something sized for an ogre—it's a +1 *flaming spear* he took from the corpse of a human druid he encountered and killed in Mosswood a few days before he left there to strike out on his own in this region.

Pa wears hide armor made from several firepelt cougars, and an elk skull converted into a mask and helm to make himself look more ferocious. Whether or not the missing antler adds to this visage of ferocity or detracts from it is largely a matter of taste.

PA MUNCHMEAT	CR 5
XP 1,600	
Ogre druid 4 (<i>Pathfinder RPG Bestiary</i> 220)	
NE Large humanoid (giant)	
Init +5; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +8	
DEFENSE	
AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 18 (+4 armor, +1 Dex, +5 natural, –1 size)	
hp 56 (8d8+20)	
Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +8; +4 vs. fey and plant-targeted effects	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft.	
Melee +1 <i>Medium flaming spear</i> +8/+3 (1d8+7/x3 plus 1d6 fire)	
Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.	
Special Attacks wild shape 1/day	

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

- 2nd—*flaming sphere* (DC 15), *resist energy*, *summon swarm*
- 1st—*charm animal* (DC 14), *cure light wounds*, *produce flame*, *speak with animals*
- 0 (at will)—*flare* (DC 13), *guidance*, *mending*, *resistance*

TACTICS

Before Combat Once he realizes combat is coming and goblins are involved, Pa casts *resist energy* (fire) on himself—he knows that where goblins are, fire isn't far behind. He also casts *speak with animals* so he can give orders to any animals that might become involved in the coming fight.

During Combat Pa opens combat by casting *summon swarm*, then casts *flaming sphere* to chase goblins before resorting to melee on the third round of combat. If faced with ranged combat, he casts *produce flame*. If Squealy Nord attacks, Pa uses *charm animal* on the pig to turn him against the goblins.

Morale Pa Munchmeat uses wild shape to turn into a giant bat and fly back to Mosswood if reduced to fewer than 13 hit points.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 9, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 22

Feats Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Handle Animal)

Skills Climb +6, Handle Animal +9, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +8, Spellcraft +6, Survival +5

Languages Druidic, Giant

SQ nature bond (animal companion), nature sense, trackless step, wild empathy +3, woodland stride

Combat Gear *wand of cure moderate wounds* (11 charges), *gourds of fire burping* (3); **Other Gear** hide armor, +1 *Medium flaming spear*

Treasure: Among the clutter in the bed are scattered 275 gp, six *gourds of fire burping*, a cage containing a dead wolverine (the wolverine still wears an *amulet of natural armor* +1 around its neck), a sack of straw with a gold needle lost in it (the needle is worth 100 gp), and a large, badly made, taxidermic dire corby (a gift to Pa from Guffy).

9. THE CUPOLA (CR 2)

A flat, circular cupola with a sagging roof sits atop the house. Its floor is splattered with bird droppings.

The bird droppings obscure a trap door that leads down to area 8. A successful DC 15 Perception check is required to notice the trap door.

Creatures: A pair of cantankerous turkey vultures roosts in this cupola. Both birds have been befriended by Pa Munchmeat—particularly because of his habit of leaving trails of viscera and gore behind him whenever he returns from a hunting trip up onto Devil's Platter hauling wild goats or goblins or giant geckos or whatever he's managed

to catch that day. The vultures watch any combat in the area avidly but attack only creatures that attempt to enter their nests. If the PCs are forced to retreat and regroup, when they return, they find the vultures picking over one of the dead bodies left behind during the goblins' previous assault on the farm, in which case both vultures ferociously defend their banquet.

TURKEY VULTURES (2)

CR 1

XP 400 each

Advanced vultures (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 3* 284, 290)

hp 8 each



PA MUNCHMEAT

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The PCs don't need to kill Pa Munchmeat to win the day—if they manage to scare him and Guffy away and force them to retreat back to Mosswood, that still counts as a victory to the Birdcrunchers. Of course, in such an event, Pa Munchmeat and Guffy might well return at a later date to seek revenge upon those who thwarted them. But to goblins, a victory today is more important than repercussions tomorrow.

Coming off their victory, the goblin PCs might take a greater interest their new role as leaders of the Birdcruncher tribe. The Birdcrunchers already viewed the PCs as heroes for their performance in the dares, but returning from the Munchmeat farm victorious secures their role in Birdcruncher history as the greatest goblins of all time—especially if they return with enough *gourds of fire burping* to share with the tribe!

GOURD OF FIRE BURPING

Price 250 gp

Aura faint
evocation

CL 4th

Slot none

Weight —

A lesser version of the *elixir of fire breath*, a *gourd of fire burping* can be imbibed as a normal elixir or, in the case of a user with a large enough mouth and low enough standards, be completely consumed in one crunchy gulp. Once the user has consumed the gourd, she can immediately expel a belch of fire in a 15-foot cone, dealing 2d6 points of fire damage to all creatures in the area. A successful DC 12 Reflex save halves the damage. If the user elects not to use the fire breath at once, she can store the breath for up to an hour before it dissipates.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Craft Wondrous Item, *burning hands* or *produce flame*

Cost 125 gp

PREGENERATED CHARACTERS

The next three pages of this adventure present four pregenerated goblin heroes to be used as PCs in this adventure. Players who are familiar with *We Be Goblins* will recognize these four frightful and rascally little goblins, for they're the same heroes who recovered the fireworks for the Licktoads in that adventure. They've grown a bit more powerful since then—each is now a 3rd-level character and carries better gear and equipment than before.

WE BE GOBLINS TOO!



RETA BIGBAD

Reta likes to torment small, harmless animals and usually has a pocket full of such creatures in case she gets bored. She finds it hard not to shout when she speaks, and loves taking risks in combat to scare her enemies.

Reta is a bit frustrated that the Licktoads were destroyed. Surely Chief Rendwattle wasn't going to live much longer anyway, and she really, *really* wanted to be the Licktoad chieftain! But you can't be a chieftain without a bunch of goblins to fawn over you. Maybe there'll be an opportunity over among the Birdcrunchers...



RETA BIGBAD

Female goblin fighter 3
(*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)
NE Small humanoid
(goblinoid)
Init +3; Senses darkvision
60 ft.; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 17
(+6 armor, +3 Dex, +1 size)

hp 30 (3d10++9)

Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +2 (+1 vs. fear)

Defensive Abilities bravery +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dogslicer +8
(1d4+1/19–20)

Ranged mwk shortbow +8 (1d4/x3)

STATISTICS

Str 13, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6

Base Atk +3; CMB +3; CMD 16

Feats Dog-Sniff-Hate, Point-Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Finesse

Skills Perception +10, Ride +9, Stealth +10

Languages Goblin

SQ armor training 1

Combat Gear +1 animal bane arrows (5), +1 flaming arrows (8);

Other Gear breastplate, mwk dogslicer, mwk shortbow with 7 arrows, quiver decorated with dog ears, bridal veil, flint and tinder, halfling ladies' corset, jar of human perfume (half drunk), jar of pickled halfling toes just about ready for eating (equivalent to 1 day's trail rations), leather satchel, lucky pet toad ("Spotol"), meat hook, pocketful of caterpillars, rope with dead moles sewn into it (20 feet), set of false teeth, small silver mirror, toasting fork

TRAIT

Balloon Headed Your head is particularly wide and large, even for a goblin. You gain a +1 bonus on Perception checks, and Perception is always a class skill for you. Any Escape Artist

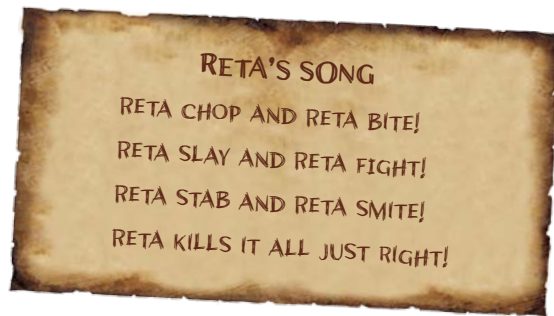
checks that require you to squeeze your head through a tight space take a –8 penalty.

FEAT: DOG-SNIFF-HATE

Unlike many goblins, you're not particularly afraid of dogs. You know what dogs smell like, and that smell makes you mad. Very mad.

Prerequisites: Skill Focus (Perception), goblin.

Benefit: You gain the scent ability, but only against canines (including dogs, goblin dogs, wolves, worgs, yeth hounds, and any similar creatures, subject to GM approval). Against these creatures, you gain a +1 morale bonus on attack rolls and a +2 morale bonus on weapon damage rolls.



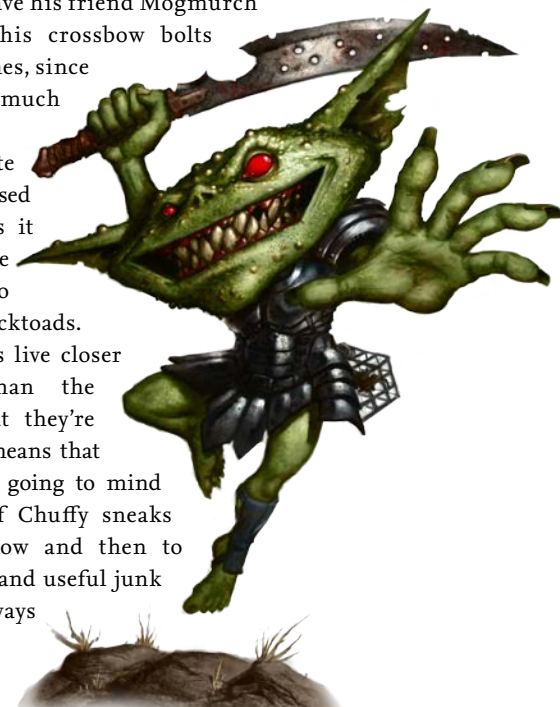
RETA'S SONG

RETA CHOP AND RETA BITE!
RETA SLAY AND RETA FIGHT!
RETA STAB AND RETA SMITE!
RETA KILLS IT ALL JUST RIGHT!

CHUFFY LICKWOUND

Sadistic Chuffy is horrible indeed. He loves to sneak up on his enemies and stab them. If he gets the chance, he also likes to light fires—lighting fires is Chuffy's idea of great fun, almost as enjoyable as causing big explosions. Chuffy's developed a delightful new passion for poison, but after he accidentally poisoned himself for the seventh time, he made an unusually wise decision to have his friend Mogmurch apply poison to his crossbow bolts when the time comes, since Mogmurch is so much better at it.

Chuffy is, quite frankly, a bit surprised it took as long as it did for the people of Sandpoint to wipe out the Licktoads. The Birdcrunchers live closer to Sandpoint than the Licktoads did, but they're quieter. And that means that the humans aren't going to mind nearly as much if Chuffy sneaks into Sandpoint now and then to scavenge the good and useful junk those humans always throw out!



CHUFFY LICKWOUND

Male goblin rogue 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 16, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)

hp 26 (3d8+9)

Fort +3, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2; +1 vs. traps

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dogslicer +8 (1d4–1/19–20)

Ranged hand crossbow +7 (1d3/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 15

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +4, Disable Device +10, Escape Artist +10, Knowledge (local) +7, Perception +7, Ride +11, Sleight of Hand +10, Stealth +18

Languages Common, Goblin

SQ rogue talents (combat trick), trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of invisibility*, medium spider venom (5 doses); **Other Gear** +1 studded leather armor, hand crossbow with 10 bolts, mwk short sword, bottle of brine-soaked alligator eyes (equivalent to 1 day's trail rations), child's doll with the eyes taken out, cowbell (worn), curved sewing needle, grappling hook, lucky pet toad ("Fat Frog"), lock of hair tied around a dog's paw (worn on a thong about Chuffy's neck), metal skewers (3), pet spider (called Stankrush) in a wire cage, set of thieves' tools, spare bug cages (3), stuffed raven, tindertwigs (3)

TRAIT

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

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

POOG OF ZARONGEL

Poog is a frightening little cleric of the goblin deity Zarongel, the sacred god of dog-killing, fire, and most holy mounted combat. That Poog isn't very good at mounted combat is his not-so-secret shame, so he funnels most of his energy into attempts to overachieve at his god's other sacred teachings—killing dogs (although he hasn't yet killed one, he hopes to do so some day) and lighting fires (something that Poog is already pretty good at).

Poog doesn't really miss the other Licktoads. They never seemed to take his preaching seriously. Now, these Birdcrunchers... they might be a different story. The idea of a new flock of goblins to teach him the best methods of killing dogs and burning stuff up has Poog happier than ever.



POOG OF ZARONGEL

Male goblin cleric of

Zarongel 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 size)

hp 23 (3d8+6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee short sword +3 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged javelin +5 (1d4)

Special Attacks channel negative energy 4/day (DC 12, 2d6)

Domain Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

At will—*speak with animals* (6 rounds/day)

5/day—*fire bolt* (1d6+1 fire)

Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

2nd—*cure moderate wounds*, *hold animal*^D (DC 14),

spiritual weapon

1st—*burning hands*^D (DC 13), *cure light wounds*, *divine favor*,

shield of faith

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 12), *detect magic*, *guidance*, *stabilize*

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

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 8, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

Feats Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

WE BE GOBLINS TOO!

Skills Ride +5, Spellcraft +3, Stealth +9

Languages Goblin

Combat Gear *wand of cure light wounds* (24 charges), *wand of fireball* (3 charges), *wand of sound burst* (14 charges); **Other Gear** chain shirt, javelin, short sword, *cloak of resistance* +1, flint and tinder, jar of pickled fish heads (the equivalent of 1 day's trail rations), lucky pet toad named "Dogfinder," pig's tail (snack), salt shaker (almost empty), squashed dried toad (his previous lucky pet toad), torches (6), wooden flute (too splintery to play for long without injury)

TRAIT

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



MOGMURCH

Ten-year-old Mogmurch is deranged. He used to live with his mate Rempty, but she didn't survive the destruction of the Licktoad tribe—much to Mogmurch's relief. Without her constant worrying about his alchemical experiments, he's been able to enjoy his hobby of blowing things up much more freely.

In fact, Mogmurch still can't believe it wasn't his fault that the Licktoads were destroyed. He'd always secretly hoped that one of his bombs would be the one to send off all those jabbering fools. Now that they're all gone, Mogmurch has a weird hollow feeling in his stomach. Surely this isn't what loneliness feels like? No, it must be the loss of so many other goblins to accidentally set on fire. Surely there'll be lots of new victims... er, friends... among the Birdcrunchers?

MOGMURCH

Male goblin alchemist 3 (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 156, *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 26)

NE Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 17, flat-footed 15 (+2 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield, +1 size)

hp 23 (3d8+6)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +0;
+2 vs. poison

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee club +2 (1d4–1)

Ranged bomb +8 (2d6+2 fire)

Special Attacks bomb 5/day
(2d6+2 fire, DC 13)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared

(CL 3rd)

1st—*cure light wounds* (2), *expeditious retreat*, *shield*

Additional Extracts Known *detect undead*, *jump*, *reduce person*, *true strike*

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 18, **Con** 13, **Int** 15, **Wis** 8,
Cha 10

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 15

Feats Brew Potion, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Throw Anything

Skills Craft (alchemy) +8, Heal +3, Knowledge (nature) +8,
Perception +5, Ride +9, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +15,
Survival +5

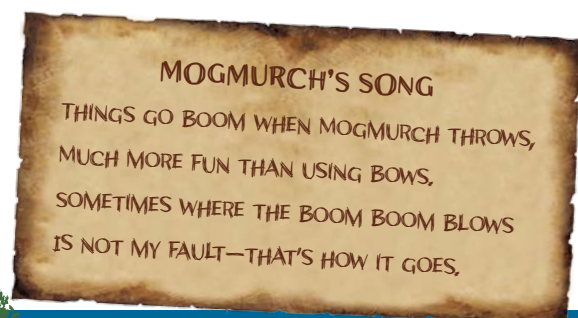
Languages Common, Goblin, Varisian

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +3, identify potions), discoveries (precise bombs [2 squares]), mutagen (+4/–2, +2 natural, 30 minutes), poison use, swift alchemy

Combat Gear *potion of barkskin*, *potions of cure light wounds* (3), *potions of identify* (3), *potion of levitate*, acid (4), alchemist's fire (4), thunderstone; **Other Gear** leather armor, mwk buckler, club, *ring of protection* +1, black eye patch (with hole to see through cut in it), formula book (contains all extract formulae known, recorded in the form of sketches and drawings because words are scary), gourd of pickled leeches just about ready to eat (counts as 1 day's field rations), hard leather boot (used as belt pouch), jester's hat, juicy slug in a small pot (snack), lucky pet toad "Amfibier," metal codpiece, pumpkin-head lantern, skull face mask, spectacles (for show)

TRAIT

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



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Pathfinder Module: We Be Goblins Too! © 2013, Paizo Publishing, LLC; Author: Richard Pett.

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You BE Food Too!

Pathfinder Module

WE BE GOBLINS TOO!

The Licktoads, once the greatest and fiercest goblin tribe in Brinestump Marsh, were defeated by human adventurers! All that remains of the tribe are its four goblin “heroes”—Reta Bigbad the fighter, Chuffy Lickwound the rogue, Poog the cleric of Zarongel, and Mogmurch the alchemist. Homeless and bored, they left their swampy homeland to join the neighboring goblin tribe, the Birdcrunchers.

The good news is that the Birdcrunchers are willing to let the goblin heroes join their tribe.

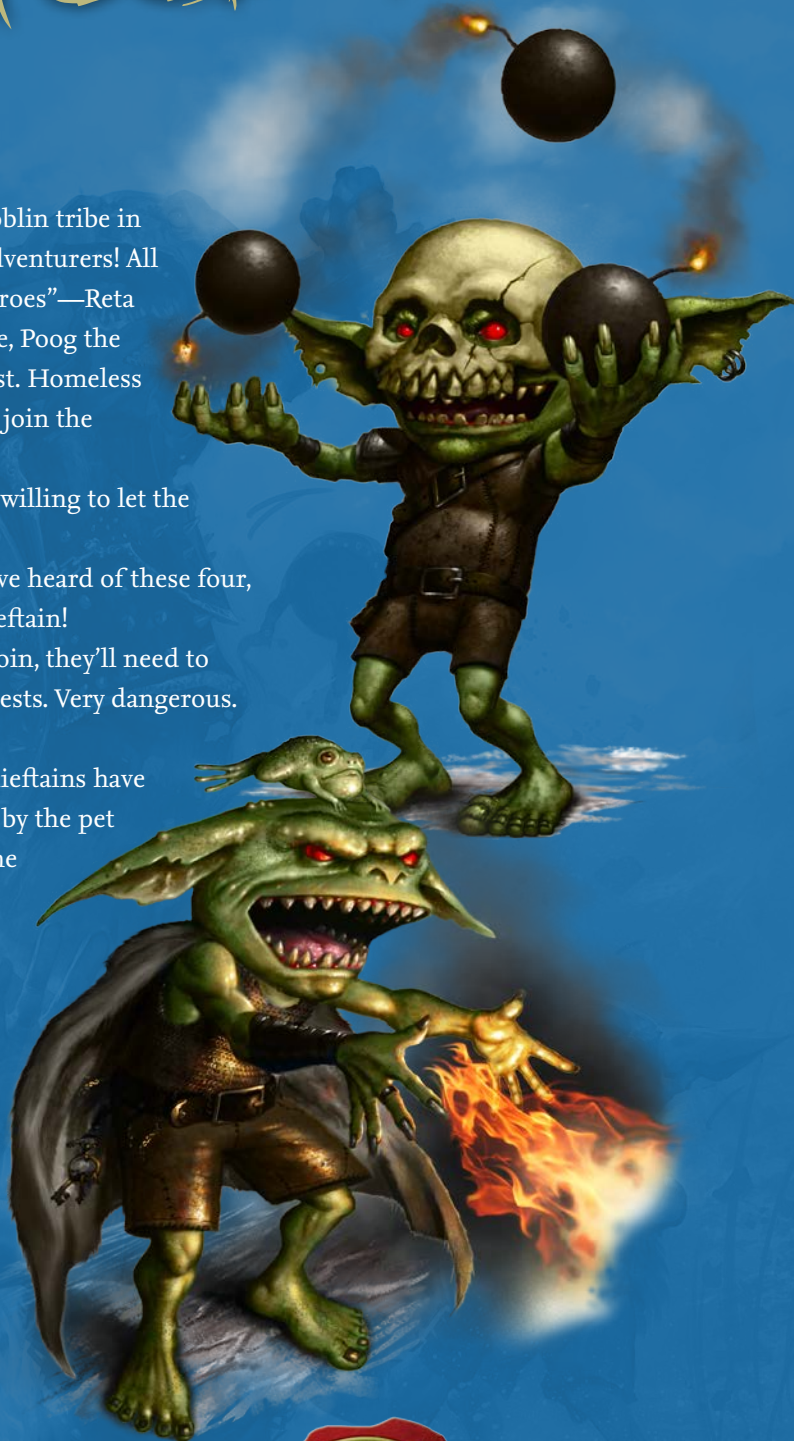
The better news is that the Birdcrunchers have heard of these four, and want one of them to become their new chieftain!

The bad news is that before the goblins can join, they’ll need to endure a series of dangerous and humiliating tests. Very dangerous. Very humiliating.

The *worse* news is that lately Birdcruncher chieftains have had really short lifespans—they’re being killed by the pet fire-breathing boar of a local ogre who wants the Birdcruncher land as his own.

Can the four heroes of the now-extinct Licktoad tribe save the Birdcrunchers and become their new leaders?

We Be Goblins Too! is an adventure for four 3rd-level goblin characters, written for the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game and compatible with the 3.5 edition of the world’s oldest RPG. The adventure takes place near the coastal town of Sandpoint in the Pathfinder campaign setting, and serves as a sequel to *We Be Goblins!*, Paizo’s popular 2011 Free RPG Day adventure!



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