

W A U T I N D E R

A Pathfinder Fanzine made by Fans for Fans



THE MWANGI EXPANSE
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Open Content: The game mechanics of this game product are Open Game Content, as defined in the Open Gaming License version 1.0a Section 1(d), found on page 88 of this magazine.

FOREWORD

by Sean K Reynolds



I really admire the dedication of the Paizo fan community when it comes to volunteer projects like *Wayfinder*, especially the people who put the magazine together. In my job as a developer, I create outlines, wrangle freelance writers, piece together completed turnovers, and tune up the completed manuscript before it goes to the editors. A typical project may have anywhere from two to five authors, and some books have 10 or more.

Now flip back to the Contents page of this issue of *Wayfinder*. There are more than 20 authors there. Coordinating that many people is a lot of work. I've done a couple of multi-author charity projects and I know it's not easy to get a bunch of people in different parts of the world to work toward a common goal in a timely manner.

When you throw a dozen artists into the mix it gets even crazier. You have a deadline for a manuscript, and you tell the artist you'll have info on what art is needed at that time. If the author is late, you have to decide whether to have the artist wait or proceed on a general idea of what the manuscript is supposed to be about. Even if the words are in on time, sometimes the artist has a different interpretation of the text and you need to decide to get the artist to change it, alter the text to match the art, or go with a backup piece of art or text that's more in synch with the goal of the book. If you're a writer, you may end up writing something new to fit the art. If you're an artist, you may end up drawing new art to fit the text.

Oh, and nobody's getting paid for a volunteer project. That sometimes means your writers and artists bail on the project because they need to pay the rent. You may cut those pages, or you may find a last-minute replacement to fill those pages. So you're hoping everything holds together long enough that it all comes together at the end.

I've coordinated two volunteer RPG PDFs, and each of them was a bear that took far longer to finish than I ever expected. This is the **fourth** issue of *Wayfinder*. That's an impressive accomplishment. So, as you flip through this latest fan creation, pause a moment to think about all the long-nights and after-hours emails between Liz, Hugo, and the editors, and about all the hard work they put into this project. For free. For fun. Because they love the game.

And if you've ever had a hankering to write or draw something for an RPG book, you should pitch an idea to Liz. The next cool thing maybe something you created.

Sean K Reynolds
Developer, Paizo Publishing

RAIN OF REDEMPTION



By Neil Spicer

Art by Kendall R. Hart

The wet branches and tangled undergrowth of Backar Forest slowed Ella as she ran, snagging at her muddy tabard and catching on the crossbow strapped to her back. Her breath came in short, ragged gasps as she paused to free herself. Although the sharp briars pricked her fingers, she ripped free and pushed on, her heavy steps churning the mud underfoot until she finally broke from the thicket. A shower of dislodged rain further soaked her hair, following the blonde curls wetly stuck to her face and bringing the taste of her own tears to her mouth. Despite the rising fear in the pit of her stomach, the girl's senses felt sharper and more alive than ever. As she ran, she could smell the scent of pine on the damp breeze, the earth and leaves of the forest floor, and even the wet leather and metal buckles of the straps holding her armor and weapons in place. All a stark reminder she still lived. And yet, behind her, she could also hear the delight of the ghouls pacing her over the rain, tirelessly closing in, ready to feed on her flesh, or worse—make her one of their own.

With that thought spurring her on, Ella sprinted down a little-used game trail, her hopes lifting as she made faster progress. The path led downward, towards the gorge and river, where she hoped to quickly cross despite the flood—anything to put an obstacle between her and the undead. But she misjudged the steep descent in the fading light. Her left foot suddenly slipped on the angled hillside, shifting in a layer of rain-slick pine needles that sent her crashing to the ground. Her momentum rapidly carried her down the muddy hill, bursting through the treeline and over the edge of a high ridge overlooking the flood waters of the swollen Nosam River, thirty feet below.

Still awash in the mudslide, Ella grabbed for anything to slow her fall down the sharp embankment. She blindly latched onto a thin sapling ten feet down, but the grip twisted her shoulder at an awkward angle against the hard edge of her breastplate, bringing her to a painful, jarring stop. Something popped in her

shoulder, wrenching an anguished cry from her lips, audible even over the churning water below. Along with the noise of her descent, it clearly alerted her pursuers. Ella could already hear them scrabbling down the same muddy slope, but with far more caution than she could have spared. Hanging from the trunk of the sharply-bent tree, she braced herself against the embankment and looked up at three sets of feral, red eyes gleaming in the dark. The indrawn hiss of their laughter made sport of her predicament, but one of the ghouls already picked its way down the slope to reach her.

Looking down, Ella debated if she should let go and take a chance on swimming for the other side, but she knew her armor would weigh her down. And, tired as she'd become, she'd only drown in the strong current as the river claimed her. Holding on with her injured arm, she reached down to free the mace belted at her waist, preparing to defend herself as the ghoul drew closer. She could already smell its carrion stink despite the heavy downpour. A grin of eagerness spread across its face when it spied her arming herself, almost as if the ghoul relished her defiance. Like a pack of wolves the others circled around to the other side, lowering themselves through the remaining saplings with an unearthly grace they could never have managed when alive.

“Get away!” Ella shouted, trying to summon enough courage and intensity to make the ghouls hesitate or back off. But they weren't so easily dissuaded. One of the monsters paused to gnaw through a short tree limb, holding it as a makeshift weapon while the others drew near. Initially, Ella didn't understand the threat until the first ghoul reached for her. She swung her mace to drive it back, but the other thrust the splayed tree branch to blind and impede her. Ella batted it aside just in time to see the third reaching for her wounded arm in an attempt to pull her up. Her adrenaline surged as she swung again, smashing the creature's claw against a rock with a satisfying crunch of bone. The ghoul gnashed its teeth in pain and pulled away, its hateful eyes promising a much worse retribution when they claimed her.

“There is no escape, priestess.” The first ghoul hissed the words in the common-tongue. “We'll have our fill even if you fall. Water can't drown us, so we don't fear the river. We'll find your body no matter where it lies.” Ella stared back at the ghoul, a frantic terror starting to take root as she grappled with the certainty of her death. She couldn't deny the ghoul's

words. They would have her one way or another. She looked down at the raging water again, imagining a death by drowning to be preferable to the claws and teeth of such monsters. At least if they found her lifeless body, she'd be beyond caring.

As she prepared to let go, a key-shaped pendant slipped free of her tunic and breastplate, suspended from a gold chain around her neck. It gleamed with a permanent radiance, provided on the day she passed her final rites to become a faithful acolyte of Abadar. The holy symbol inexorably drew her eyes, mocking her final moments.

"Please don't abandon me! Not now...not like this..." she pleaded. But the words sounded hollow even in her own ears. She knew her sin locked her away from her god. The justiciars had told her so. The Master of the First Vault would never again hear her prayers. It was she who had abandoned him, forsaking her vows to steal from the church treasury. His Lawgiver saw her as nothing more than a common thief now. And if she wanted to change that, she'd have to undo her crime.

The ghouls leaned in again. She could smell their growing stink as they swayed back and forth, perched on bowed saplings like ever-patient vultures. They would come from both sides now. She had no way to fight them off.

Then she heard the growl. Not from one of the ghouls. But an animal growl, like that of a dog or wolf. She looked up in unison with her attackers at the ridgeline. In the weak light, she made out the figure of not only a large dog, but also a man. His bow thrummed and one of the ghouls jerked under the impact of an arrow buried in its chest all the way to the black fletching. The beast lost its grip on the tree and plummeted into the river. Seizing the opportunity, Ella pushed off from the bank, using her own bowed sapling to swing herself into another of her tormentors. The ghouls never saw her coming. She lashed out with both feet, connecting solidly with its midsection. The monster held on, but the added force of Ella's blow uprooted its small tree. The sapling tore away from the eroded hillside, dumping the ghouls into the river before it could drag her along.

With a snarl, the last of the ghouls...the one who'd spoken...began scrambling up the slope in an attempt to reach the newcomer. The man's dog positioned itself to intercept the monster, delaying the ghouls long enough until another arrow found its mark. It wasn't



a killing shot, but the ghouls recognized it couldn't overpower the rescuers in time. With a gleam in its eye, it turned instead for Ella again, launching itself to take them both into the river. But Ella saw it coming. She pushed off again, swinging her tree in the other direction. The ghouls sailed past, reaching out to mark her cheek with a dirty claw before disappearing into the flood. The scratch stung and began to burn, making her muscles go rigid and lock in place. The paralysis tightened her wounded arm's grip on the sapling. But, much like the ghouls she'd attacked, her tree started to uproot from her abuse, lowering even further towards the river. She heard the man call out above, probably urging her to climb higher or switch to another tree. But she had no way to respond. The sapling pulled free and she dropped into the roaring dark.

* * *

Ella felt the warmth of the fire before she opened her eyes. Its radiating heat seeped into her tired muscles, encouraging her to lie still while it dried her out for what seemed like the first time in days. The dog alerted its master when she finally sat up. She looked from its bared teeth to the lattice framework of pine boughs arching overhead, a well-made lean-to situated on a forested hillside. The crude structure shielded the fire

and her borrowed bedroll from the continuing rain, leaving her, the dog, and a moderate pile of firewood as dry as the current circumstances would allow.

Outside, her rescuer approached through the rain. He wore a leather jorpa over his armor, an unusual, single-piece garment treated to ward off the rain, providing a hood for the head and lace-able openings along the sides to keep the arms free. Ella had seen such coats exported by merchants from the Sodden Lands, but never expected to see one in the forests of Molthune. Of course, given the near-steady rain of the past few weeks, it seemed far more practical than her tabard, which she suddenly realized had gone missing along with her armor and clothes.

“You took my things?” The accusation sounded worse than intended, but she drew the borrowed bedroll closer anyway.

“It seemed best. You were wounded. And chilled to the bone, too. Only way to dry you out.” He ducked inside the lean-to, nudging aside the dog to make room for his tall frame as he took a seat. “I apologize for the accommodations, as well. Rue and I weren’t expecting company. I’m Zieke, by the way.”

She noticed his ears when he drew back the hood. A half-elf. And a moderately handsome one at that. In happier times, she might have admired his blue eyes, close-trimmed beard, and hard-set jaw. “I’m Ella. Ella Serramin of Canorate,” she replied, “Do you know what happened?”

“You tell me. It’s a bit odd to find a follower of Abadar chased by a pack of ghouls in the wilderness. I hardly see your kind outside the city.”

“They aren’t just ghouls. They were bandits once. I knew them, but they have no memory of it now. A man named Mever used to lead them. Still does, I suspect. He’s wanted for the theft of several plates from the church treasury three years ago. Each one’s made of gold and carved with the stories of human civilization as far back as the Age of Enthronement. They’re priceless.”

“You’re a justiciar then? An inquisitor? Bent on punishing the wicked even to undeath, if necessary?”

“It is necessary. Especially since they’re undead.”

“Well, I won’t fault you for that.” Zieke reached out to scratch the dog behind its ears. “Folks usually concern themselves more with the fey out here,

but those ghouls have caused more than their share of problems, too. Me and Rue here started tracking them after they killed a bunch of homesteaders in the foothills a month ago. Gruesome stuff. Ate every last one of the poor souls. Slowly, too. Kept them penned up in the root cellar, taking them one by one, and a piece at a time, from what I could tell...”

Ella grew quiet as she imagined a similar fate if the ghouls had captured her. But Zieke had prevented that. She owed him her life. She stared hard at the popping fire and then back into the dark.

“How’d you keep me from drowning?” She quietly asked the question without looking at him, afraid he might see in her eyes the willingness she’d felt to give herself to the river.

“That big one almost carried you with him. Knocked your tree loose. You fell another ten feet. Then hit your head on some exposed rock and got tangled up in a patch of briars. I had a hell of a time getting you out of there.”

“Thank you.” The words were simple and sincere, but she struggled to believe them herself. In some ways, it would have been easier if she’d drowned rather than struggle on.

“Happy to help.” Zieke sat up straight. “I may not be a worshiper of Abadar, but I follow the teachings of Erastil. And there’s a fair amount of cooperation between Old Deadeye and the City-Dweller. Seems like we have the same quarry, too. You know where these ghouls make their lair, I take it?”

“I do.”

“Good. Let’s put you back together. Then, Rue and I’ll tag along to make sure you don’t get in over your head again.” He offered the last statement with a wink meant to encourage her, but Ella only felt numb.

“How’d you track them?” he asked.

“Luck, I guess...”

“That’s some kind of luck in this rain. Mind if I ask something else?”

Ella looked back at him, afraid he may have read more into her situation than she realized. But he held a golden-headed crossbow bolt in his hand. She immediately recognized it from her gear. The tip bore distinctive runes denoting Abadar’s justice.





DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

My big day is coming up! Wedding bells are in the air. Would you recommend I go with the vest or the cummerbund?

Sincere Regards,
Dances with Tuxes

DEAR DANCES WITH TUXES

The key for you is to remember that the vest uses up the chest slot while the cummerbund occupies the belt slot. Therefore, if you are already going to be sporting a *belt of giant strength* (+6) on your wedding day, a patterned vest will make a nice compliment – but stay away from anything too flashy. Conversely, if you are more traditional and will be bringing your *mantle of spell resistance*, then I'd like to see you pair that with a classic cummerbund, black folds and all. Congratulations on your big day.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

“What’s this for?” Zieke asked.

“It’s a deadbolt,” Ella spoke true, “So-called because it’s meant for one purpose. The permanent execution of a criminal as judged by a follower of Abadar’s law.”

“You plan on using this against that Mever fella?”

“It is my chosen duty and assigned task.” The answer sounded good. It was the right thing to say. It seemed to satisfy him, and Ella was glad she didn’t have to explain the other reason she carried it. Because, if she failed to kill Mever and reclaim the temple treasure, she meant to use the deadbolt on herself—fired from her own crossbow in one last act of penance.

* * *

They broke camp two days later, after Ella fully recovered. She could tell Zieke didn’t buy her inability to heal herself. Everyone knew, after all, that Abadar’s clergy held some measure of power to cure the ill and mend the wounded. Most carried a certain stigma for charging the commonfolk for such boons. Ella lied again, telling Zieke she’d prayed for guidance instead, focusing on ensuring their success against Mever rather than wasting such power on healing herself. He accepted the explanation with the same stoic expression as everything else she shared, but he seemed more distant now. Less trusting. She couldn’t blame him. She would’ve felt the same if their positions were reversed.

At least Rue liked her now. And, truthfully, the dog had lifted her spirits over the past two days, reminding her of the pup her family raised before moving to the city. He had a nose for tracking, too, an amazing feat given the amount of rain and washed-out sign. But they didn’t need Rue to find Mever. Ella had seen his hideout before, running to him right after robbing the church. That was when he’d cast her out, turning on her as soon as the gold plates passed into his hands. Mever had promised they’d sell them and use the money to leave Molthune, to travel the world and celebrate their love. How young and naïve she’d been. How stupid. He never cared for her.

“Is that it?” Zieke pointed at a copse while Rue sniffed the trail ahead. Lightning had long ago split the hillside’s oldest tree, a marker Mever had used to identify the caves his men used after each raid. The main opening lay about fifty yards down the slope, facing away from them so they couldn’t see it unless they walked straight down. They’d purposefully chosen to get upwind of the cave on a higher elevation. That way, if the ghouls

came out, they’d have to turn around and come back up the hill to reach them. Hopefully, that would slow them down enough to pick off a few before they closed the distance.

“Yeah. That’s the one.” Ella unstrapped her crossbow and loaded it with a quarrel dipped in holy water. She saved the deadbolt for later. Mever would have plenty of gang members left. And he never failed to let others take risks before exposing himself.

“You ready?”

She took a deep breath and nodded, covering Zieke with her crossbow while he approached the tree. The half-elf dragged a freshly-killed deer with him as Rue trailed behind, ready to warn his master if anything emerged from the cave. It took several tense moments for him to hang the deer and tie off the rope. Then, he and Rue hurried back to join her.

“Guard,” Zieke commanded and the dog took up a vigilant watch in the undergrowth while they pulled back another thirty feet to separate and hide among the taller trees. Zieke readied his longbow, its recurved ends belying the strength it took to actually nock an arrow.

“You sure he’ll be okay down there?” Ella worried over Rue’s exposure.

“He’ll be fine. That dog can handle himself. Trust me.”

It didn't take long. The wind shifted, bringing with it more clouds, but thankfully only a light mist started falling. The breeze carried the deer's fresh scent into the ravine and past the cave. Two figures soon emerged, hunched and bent, shuffling in that same awful gait Ella recognized from her flight through the forest. They hissed and warily started up the hill, clearly interested in the fresh kill left for them. But they were far from mindless. They could sense a trap and looked beyond the corpse at the surrounding forest, curious who would dare leave such a gift on their doorstep.

Ella's jaw tightened as she kept the leader in her sights. They had agreed to always target the closest until they killed each one. While the first kept coming, its partner stared up at the tree as if hesitating to climb or call the others to feed. Caution won over greed and it barked out a guttural chatter of syllables to alert the rest of Mever's crew. Four more ghouls emerged, sniffing at the air.

Six now.

Ella didn't like the odds. She took her eyes off the leader to glance at Zieke, but the half-elf seemed resolute, still staring at his target. She renewed her aim as well, her heart beating faster. The lead ghoul covered another twenty yards in their direction while the others milled around the tree, examining the rope and preparing to cut it.

"Ready..." Zieke whispered, "Three...two...one..."

His counting helped steady her nerves like the enumerations recited by her fellow-priests in the treasury. They fired in unison and both shots flew true. The sharp impacts lifted the ghoul off its feet, killing it before it even reached the ground again.

A shriek of outrage came from the others and the pack scattered, taking cover among the trees. Ella worked to quickly wind her crossbow's winch, fumbling with shaky hands to place another bolt in the tiller. She heard Zieke fire again and looked up to see one of the ghouls charging their position, weaving in an effort to throw off their aim. Zieke's arrow pierced its leg, slowing it down, but it kept limping forward. Ella snapped her crossbow back into position and fired. Too hasty. The bolt sailed wide and skittered off a tree trunk.

"Take your time," Zieke encouraged, nocking another arrow. He fired again and staggered the ghoul this time with a direct hit to the chest. But still it crawled forward, angrily gnashing its teeth with its

eagerness to reach them.

The other ghouls must have finally sensed they had greater numbers, for they burst from the copse in a sudden rush. Before Ella could reload again, the crawler disappeared into the undergrowth ahead of them. She heard Rue rip into it, savagely thrashing through the fallen leaves. She raised her crossbow again, sighting more carefully this time. Another arrow from Zieke impacted on the lead runner and she adjusted as it righted itself to keep moving. Her shot punched straight through its skull, bowling it over in a lifeless sprawl on the muddy slope.

Realizing she wouldn't get off another shot before they reached her, Ella cast aside the crossbow, picking up her shield and readying her mace instead. Zieke kept firing, wounding another as she stepped forward to meet them. The first ghoul bodily crashed into her, held back by her shield and the better leverage of the high-ground. Its claws attempted to scrabble past the edge of her defense, but Ella pushed back and swung an overhand blow, bruising the crown of its head. It dropped to the ground like a stone and Rue quickly rushed past to hold it down. She turned her attention to the next one, but it danced out of reach, circling around so its partner could have her back. Even so, she kept on the offensive with several short blows on the crafty strategist, leaving the other to Zieke. Behind her, the half-elf fired again and again with wicked precision, until she heard it drop. The last one didn't stand a chance. She bashed it with her shield to throw it off balance and then took it to the ground with a well-placed strike for its knee. One more bone-shattering crunch ended its struggle and she rose up to catch her breath. Distant thunder rumbled overhead and the rain picked up, pinging sharply off her breastplate and shield.

"Such glorious combat for a shieldmaiden. Abadar must be proud...assuming he still watches you, Ella."

Her eyes widened as she recognized Mever's voice. Another ghoul stood by the cave, bigger and more monstrous than the rest. It carried the golden treasury plates under its arm, and she could make out her lover's features beneath the greenish cast of his long-dead flesh. Sharp fangs and a long tongue hung from his mouth, his hair and beard hanging scraggly and dark in the rapidly pouring rain.

"I always said you'd come back. Or die trying..." Mever laughed at the stunned expression on her face. "You thought I'd forget my old life when I became

like this? The others did, Ella. But not me. I'll always remember you. I remember everything. You really should be one of us, you know? You deserve it, after all. You should share our punishment and guard what we stole together. Come let me taste you and you can be mine again...just like old times."

Ella retrieved the deadbolt from the quiver at her belt. "How about you taste this instead?"

"Ah, the proper execution of justice." Mever smiled. "What will you do? Throw it at me?"

Ella looked back at her crossbow, still several feet away. She hadn't even wound the winch yet. "Shoot him!" she shouted to Zieke, scrambling up the hillside in a hurried dash. The half-elf fired his bow, but Mever raised a golden plate to deflect it.

"Once I'm done with this one, we'll play Ella," Mever called, charging up the hill and closing the distance much faster than the others had.

"Rue!" Zieke called out and the big dog launched itself to intercept him. Before it reached the ghoul, however, Mever threw one of the plates, hurling it towards the dog's master. The heavy disc smacked Zieke in the forehead, knocking him to the ground in a daze. With a growl, Rue leaped forward, biting Mever's forearm, but the ghoul sunk his own teeth through the dog's heavy coat, shaking it off until he could bodily lift the animal and hurl it into a nearby deadfall. Rue landed awkwardly with a startled yelp, impaled on the tree's broken branches.

"No!" Ella cried, furiously working the crossbow's winch to draw back the lathe.

Mever walked further uphill, approaching Zieke as he started to rise. But the half-elf recognized the threat too late. Mever kicked him hard in the head, knocking him out cold.

"Well, that didn't take long. Just you and me now, Ella."

The priestess finally drew the pin in place, fumbling with the deadbolt as Mever leapt for her. He extended his arm just as she seated the gold-tipped quarrel. And, before she could fire, he knocked the crossbow aside. The deadbolt fell out and her weapon triggered harmlessly as it hit the ground. With his other claw, Mever grabbed Ella's breastplate and shoved her hard against the tree. Rain streamed down both their faces as he towered over her.

"The rain of redemption." Mever tasted the air

with his long tongue and then licked her neck. "You brought us cursed gold. And now I extend that curse to you, Ella."

"I didn't know about the curse! You brought it on yourself when you seduced me into stealing from my own faith." She smashed her forehead against Mever's face and shoved him away. They both collapsed on the muddy ground and she desperately crawled away. The gleam of the deadbolt caught her eye and she reached for it just as Mever latched onto her ankle. His claws dug deep, drawing an agonized cry from her lips. Her muscles started tightening again, but this time she fought it off.

"You know the problem with the living?" Mever snarled as he pulled himself atop her, "Always thinking you can go on surviving. Undeath is far more satisfying and carefree. I'll be happy to show you."

Ella rolled over beneath him. "You know the problem with the undead? They never know when to die!" She jammed the deadbolt between his fangs, skewering his tongue and driving it deep. The weapon's runes triggered in a wash of golden light, blazing outward and spreading into cracks of radiance across Mever's ghastly face. When it faded, Ella pushed his charred remains aside and kicked free of his embrace.

* * *

"What happened?" Zieke opened his eyes and reached for the knot on his head.

"It's done."

"What about Rue? I saw him get thrown..."

"Over there." Ella looked sadly at the broken animal now lying in the mud.

"Is he okay?" Zieke closed his eyes.

"He will be." She said the words with a confidence and conviction she hadn't felt in a long time. "With your help, I've atoned for my mistake. Abadar will hear me again. He has to..."

She helped him to his feet and together they knelt by the loyal dog. Ella placed her hands on his furry coat and closed her eyes in prayer. ☸

NEED MORE FAN FICTION?

"Rain of Redemption" was the winner of the Pathfinder Chronicler 2010 contest - go to <http://www.pathfinderchronicler.net> to read the other entries and receive critiques and feedback from fellow fan fiction writers!

A TAXONOMY OF TREACHERY



By Dave Gross
Art by Glenn Zimmerman

The Bestiary

No reprobate more taxes my patience than a drunkard.

My new bodyguard entered my employ under a cloud. Since the adumbration of his character originated from the headquarters of Order of the Scourge, I weighed its warning against the value of a favor to my cousin Ersilia. She pledged to place me foremost in her prayers should I offer the former Hellknight an opportunity to redeem his reputation. As my cousin is famed throughout Cheliox as much for her influence in the Court of Throne as for her personal charms, I was powerless to refuse.

The first harbinger of discord occurred during our passage from Egorian. Whilst we passengers of noble birth enjoyed a late supper of roast pheasant at the captain's table, a supremely vulgar song erupted below decks. The ensign departed the cabin to investigate the disturbance. Moments later, the same slurring voice that had regaled us with excerpts of the amorous adventures of the Trick Alley Trio bellowed curses, threats, and finally pleas as the mates clapped the singer in irons. My appetite perished as I recognized the voice as that of my new servant.

Four of the ship's mates bore the proof of my man's violence upon their faces. The malefactor had already fallen into an unshakeable slumber due less to his own injuries than to the copious amount of grog he had consumed. A brief investigation revealed that he had begun the evening with Desna's kiss upon his brow, for he had a blazing streak of luck in a game of crabs below decks. Having won the grog ration of every off-duty sailor for the evening, he stepped on the hem of Cayden Cailean's cloak and proceeded to mock his conquered foes by drinking it all while regaling them with his favorite brothel ditty. When the sober crewmen implored him to constrain his volume, he responded with fisticuffs.

The knave presented a grotesque figure as he emerged from the brig in a miasma of cheap alcohol and body odor. I shielded my nose with a handkerchief my cousin had granted me as a sign of her favor. Her delicate perfume succumbed to the assault of the drunkard's stench. A smile flickered over his mouth as he witnessed my reaction, but it vanished when he recognized the handkerchief.

At that point I fully understood my cousin's interest in the man.

I returned the man's scowl until he relented and cast his eyes to the deck. "I trust I need not articulate my displeasure, Remigo."

"No, sir."

The hairs on my neck became needles. "Do I resemble a knight of your acquaintance?"

"No, Your Excellency."

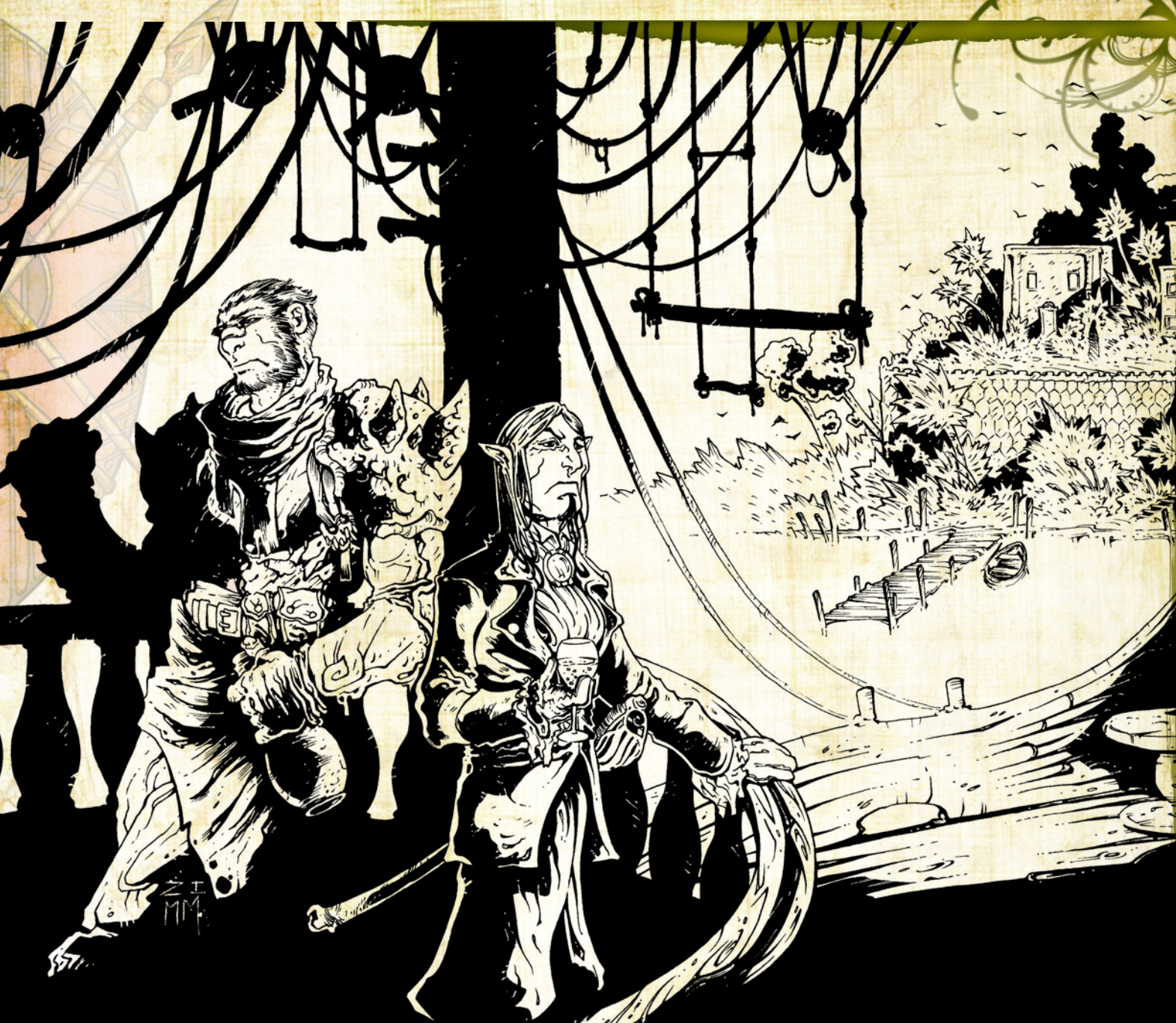
I withdrew for fresh air above decks. Remigo's conduct was sullen until we reached Westcrown, where we disembarked to await passage to Eleder under Sargavan colors, lest we attract the rapacious eyes of the so-called Free Captains who, emboldened by their victory at Desperation Bay, continued to prey on lone Chelaxian vessels. In hindsight, I should have been wise to delay my departure and seek a replacement for my bodyguard, but I was anxious to begin what promised to be my final expedition as a member of the Pathfinder rank and file. Once I had completed my Bestiary of Garundi, the Decemvirate would surely offer me the reward for which I had longed since first joining the Society: my venture-captaincy.

* * *

Of the marvels witnessed during the voyage along the western coast of Garund, I have expounded at length elsewhere. We disembarked at Eleder, which resembled a half-completed Chelaxian city. Since my previous visit two years earlier, the proportion of fair-skinned inhabitants had risen to nearly one-fifth of the crowd gathered by the docks. I counted dozens of halfling porters and several dwarves. There was even a pair of elves awaiting our vessel, one of them a tall, pale figure with eyes the color of amethysts. For a moment I imagined him to be the specter of the father I had never met.

"Most Excellent Count Jeggare?"

Puberty had not yet coarsened the speaker's voice,



but he stood taller than my shoulder. I estimated his age as something between ten and twelve. His accent was a peculiar marriage of the native Kalabuta dialect and the received pronunciation of my mother tongue.

“Beat it, boy,” snarled Remigo. His demeanor had grown more surly for his abstinence.

“No,” I said. “Who are you?”

“I am Amadi, Excellency.” His bow was perfect, although it revealed wicked scars upon the back of his shoulders. He wore an unbuttoned Chelaxian waistcoat and short trousers cinched with a length of sisal. He had a canvas bag slung over his shoulder. “Your esteemed colleague bade me await your arrival and offer my service as a guide to Kalabuto.” He proffered a sealed letter.

I opened it to find a short note of recommendation from the explorer Rosk Hargun, a fellow Pathfinder whose acquaintance I had made during my previous visit to Sargava. Our association had been collegial, but I had no expectation of such a favor from the dwarf.

“What do you have there?” I nodded at a rolled parchment protruding from the satchel.

Amadi’s radiant smile indicated that he was pleased to be asked. He unfurled the parchment and revealed a sketch depicting me. It was an extraordinary likeness, and my first impulse was to imagine that Hargun had commissioned it so that Amadi could recognize me. Yet behind my image was an equally striking depiction of Remigo.

“Does your bag contain a spyglass?” I asked.

“No, Excellency.” He smiled again, obviously apprehending the trajectory of my inquiry.

“How long did this take?”

“Since you left your ship.”

We had been on the stone docks for only a few minutes. Amadi’s combination of speed and accuracy was a rare gift, one that I could fruitfully apply to my Bestiary. I understood why Rosk Hargun would recommend the lad.

“Tell me how much Hargun paid you,” I said. “I shall give you twice that.”

Amadi smiled.

* * *

We remained in Eleder long enough for the local venture-captain to ensure Baron Grallus that my visit was wholly divorced from any intrigue of the House of Throne, to whom all loyal lords of Cheliix had sworn obedience. If the baron had received any intelligence on my service during the war, it was insufficient to compel him to detain me from my personal ventures.

Remigo complained constantly during our passage upriver. He hated the temperature, the humidity, and most of all the mosquitoes. On the final count, my sympathy was limited, since the sickly odor of mupute on his breath only attracted the vermin. If he imagined I could not smell the pineapple liquor, he was more stupid than I had imagined. In past expeditions I too had endured the depredations of the pests, who seemed particularly fond of my half-elven blood. At last I had relented and applied the noisome unguent the natives used to deter the insects. Amadi had offered him the balm, but Remigo refused to acknowledge the lad, much less to contaminate himself with a native concoction.

At last we navigated the Lake of Lost Armies and turned northward to Kalabuto, an oasis of civilization upon a mound of ancient ruins. While the city is named for the most populous local tribe, the Kalabuta were not its founders. Rather, the tangled mound among the pineapple fields, date orchards, and cattle ranches is all that remains of a long-forgotten tribe whose mysteries linger in every crumbling monument protruding between the contemporary huts. There was no telling where a marketplace ends and the homes began, but there was also no mistaking the grand pavilion of Prince Kasiya. Its silken tents and

golden-helmed guardians appeared like a mirage of distant Osirion.

The prince was no older than I, although as a human he appeared a good fifteen years my elder. The illusion of chronological seniority served as a reminder that the Prince was my superior outside the Society. He was the sixth son of the great Khemet and brother to the current ruler, Khemet II, known by the lurid appellation of “the Crocodile King.” Kasiya greeted me with a fraternal grip of my hand before I could bend knee.

“Welcome, brother.” His smile revealed a legion of tiny white teeth. If his elder brother was a crocodile, then Kasiya was an eel.

“Your highness.” I glanced back to ensure that Amadi had knelt and to remind Remigo that he should do the same.

In what seemed but a few moments, the servants were dismissed and we reclined upon embroidered pillows, replete with a sumptuous meal of local fare prepared with the subtlest Osirian spices. Only when the sorbet arrived and the last of the servants withdrew did the prince inquire as to the particulars of my expedition. I shared with him as much as one usually does, which is to say I was honest but indistinct about my intended course. I would indeed travel beyond the Laughing Jungle, but he did not need to know exactly where.

“It is said that this could be the last of your field excursions,” he ventured. “All I hear from Absalom is a buzz of anticipation about this Bestiary of yours.”

I raised my glass to acknowledge the accuracy of his intelligence. It was little surprise that he knew of my hopes for advancement. With gossip and rivalry, our Society is as rife as the court of Cheliix.

“There is no doubt your work will persuade the Decemvirate you are a deserving venture-captain.”

His unwavering gaze told me he was awaiting a reaction from me, but I could not fathom what secret he hoped I would reveal. I knew then that he too harbored ambitions for advancement within the Pathfinder Society. Unfortunately, such advancement was limited, and as all evidence suggested that the Decemvirate made their selections of new venture-captains based on merit rather than station, I favored my chances over his.

“Perhaps you would be so kind as to show me this

fabled work?"

"Your Highness, it is incomplete," I demurred. "Upon its publication, I shall be honored to send you a copy."

The moment the prince's lips moved, yet before he could speak, a woman shrieked from the far corner of his pavilion. The prince composed his face as we heard the clamor of his guards' armor. Shouts of accusation, a familiar voice raised in protest, and the minutes crawled upon my throat like a disease. I knew what I would see even before the guards entered the prince's tent and forced Remigo to his knees. The mupute from his breath was almost visible. Beside him knelt Amadi.

"We found these wretches within the tent of your highness's concubines," reported the commander.

Kasiya's eyes flashed a question.

"They were apprehended before laying a hand on any sanctified person."

"In my country," said Kasiya, "the punishment for looking upon my concubines is six ounces of flesh." Remigo squirmed, and Amadi froze. The prince did not need to specify which six ounces he meant.

"Sir," Remigo blurted at me. "I mean, Your Excellency—"

"Silence," I said. "Prince Kasiya is master here."

The prince nodded approval of my deference. His fury subsided, and he turned back to the prisoners.

"You, boy," he said. "I know you."

"I am Amadi, Most High Prince Kasiya." He kowtowed. "It was my honor to accompany your expedition to the Kaava Lands last season."

"And now you wish to mount an expedition to my bed?"

"No, Most Merciful Prince, I wished only to prevent—"

Remigo snarled. "Shut your hole, you dirty little monkey."

The guards kicked him flat on the carpet.

Kasiya waved away the guards, who dragged the prisoners out of his tent. The prince sighed.

"Count Jeggare," he said. "In respect of our affiliation, I can reduce the punishment to a lashing, but no less."

I bowed. "Your generosity knows no bounds."

"I know it is difficult for you to surrender a countryman to the lash. My honor will be satisfied if only one of your servants endures it. You may choose."

"Remigo."

"The Chelaxian?" Kasiya raised an eyebrow at my swift answer. I knew what he was thinking, yet I had seen the marks on Amadi's back, and I had sufficient evidence to surmise he had followed Remigo to the forbidden tent only to prevent his trespass.

"Or," said Kasiya with a cunning glint in his eye. "Perhaps his absolution could be purchased with a gift. I am fond of books."

I took his meaning, but to me Remigo was not worth a single page of my Bestiary. "Let him be flogged."

The Observation Post

"Are you certain those are the females?"

"Very certain, Most Excellent Count," said Amadi. "I have seen where they lay their eggs."

I lowered my spyglass and compared what I had seen through the mist with Amadi's sketch of the dinosaurs. His illustrations were astonishing for both their simplicity and their accuracy. At first glance, the dinosaurs we observed from our treetop post appeared identical to the brachiosaurus. They were slightly smaller, perhaps no more than twenty-five tons. Their most distinguishing feature was a large gill-like organ just below the angular jaws of the heads of the females.

Proving that these creatures were a species distinct from the brachiosaurus would be a commendable addition to my Bestiary, but to deduce the function of this singular feature would surely impress upon the Decemvirate the value of my studies.

"We need a closer look," I said.

"No, Excellency, I beg you not to approach," said Amadi. "It is too dangerous during the mating season. You must list these creatures as 'dangerous' in your Bestiary."

The simple classification of creatures into the 'dangerous' and 'docile' categories had charmed Amadi. During our trek from Kalabuto, he had pointed out various wildlife along the way,

categorizing them himself. He pronounced a band of tiny lemurs 'docile,' but then declared a family of similarly tiny monkeys 'dangerous.' Before I could demand an explanation, Remigo threw a stone among the monkeys and suffered a barrage of feces in retaliation. Under cover of his curses, I whispered to Amadi, "Definitely 'dangerous.'" Amadi laughed.

Much as I had grown impatient in our arboreal perch, I had to acknowledge the wisdom of Amadi's warning about the dinosaurs. It was tempting to send some of the bearers for a closer look, but they too were wary of approaching the beasts. I would have sent Remigo, but the villain had slipped away a few nights earlier.

Remigo's desertion was surprising only in that it had occurred so long after I had relented to the man's pleas to remain in service rather than to return alone to Cheliax. I had expected him to accept his dismissal with relief after the indignity of his punishment, although it could not have been too severe judging from his unhindered gait. Instead, Remigo surprised me with an apology so abject that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him—or rather, I could not bring myself to disappoint my cousin Ersilia. With reticence, I allowed him to remain in service under a few absolute strictures, foremost of which was that there would be no mupute or any other alcoholic drink among our supplies.

The absence of his beloved liquor wore on Remigo as the days slogging through the humid Mwangi jungle elongated into weeks under the increasing torrent of the rainy season. At times the rain fell so hard that it splashed up at us as violently as it had descended, and even the native bearers gulped in an atmosphere thicker than a lake bottom.

By the time our party reached the observation post that the Taldan Pathfinder Vors Nevarion had constructed nearly thirty years earlier, we tumbled into the barren tool hut at the base of a great rahuru tree and collapsed beneath its shabby roof. We stirred as the susurrus of the rain subsided, and I set the bearers to work conveying supplies to the upper level. They ignored the rotting rope ladder and clambered up hand- and footholds I could barely perceive in the gleaming brown and green bark. When at last I turned to give Remigo his orders, he was nowhere to be found. The brief silence surrendered to a rising cacophony of hoots and shrieks from the monkeys for

which the Screaming Jungle earned its name.

Amadi reported seeing Remigo step outside the hut during the rain and assumed it was to empty his bowels. The former Hellknight did not appear before dusk, when I sent the bearers out with torches. An hour after dark, the men returned with the rain, having found Remigo's tracks leading back the way we had come.

Remigo's absence was as much a relief to the men as it was to me, but kind-hearted Amadi wished vocally that the man would find his way back home. I wished the same, although with somewhat less enthusiasm. There was no telling what falsehoods he would relay to my cousin Ersilia about the conditions under which he left my service.

Once we had repaired the observing post, I established a daily routine for our camp. The men were experienced at journeys to the Mwangi interior and needed little direction to establish rain pots for fresh water. After repairing the lower hut, the rope ladder, and the observation platform, they set themselves to gathering and hunting to supplement the provisions we brought from Kalabuto, while Amadi and I began our survey of the southern plains between the edge of the forest and the southern tributary of the lower Korir River.

Through the veil of rain we could discern the shadows of the colossi in the distance. On misty days we saw their serpentine necks craning up past the river bushwillows to tear the leaves from the middle boughs of the lofty baobabs, whose leaves they favored. They moved with elephantine grandeur. Males and females alike greeted each other by nuzzling necks, to which I could observe no reaction from the unusual gill-like organs on the females.

"I can see nothing through this confounded mist."

"We pray to Gozreh," he said, placing his cupped hands upon the points of his shoulders. "There will be more sun."

I found myself ambushed by a yawn and caught Amadi's amused grin before he turned away, wary of my displeasure. I let out the next one with a roar and a broad stretch of my arms, crass as a porter. At that he laughed, and I felt the first moment of joy since Remigo's departure.

"Wake me when Gozreh answers your prayer," I said before withdrawing to the relative comfort of

my hammock. I fell asleep to a muted symphony of simian chatter.

Human voices woke me.

“Excellency, you must wake up,” hissed Amadi. “They are here.”

“Who?”

“Prince Kasiya,” he said. “And your man Remigo. The bearers have fled.”

There was but one reason I could imagine for Kasiya’s arrival, especially if he were guided by Remigo. He wanted the Bestiary for himself. I hastened to the table containing my journal and Amadi’s sketches. There was no place to hide them, nor did we have any avenue of escape from our tree-top shelter. The platform trembled under the weight of men climbing the restored rope ladder.

I could have torn my journal to shreds, or lit it on fire if I dared, but I could not bear to destroy my life’s work even to spite a thief who would present it as his own. A wicked thought emerged from my imagination. I took a paper knife and lifted the labels from the dinosaur sketches, reversing them. The paste was still moist, and I completed the task just as Remigo rose up from the trap door opening.

“I’ll have those, Jeggare,” he growled. I stepped away, wishing briefly that I had taken up my sword instead of the knife. Remigo followed my fleeting glance and put himself between me and my blade as Kasiya followed him up onto the platform. Behind him came two of his armored guards.

A long smile creased his eel-like jaws. He began to speak, but something held him back. His cheeks darkened, and I realized he was blushing.

“You would have let him flog me,” said Remigo. Hatred colored his face, and I needed no further explication of events. Remigo had traded his punishment for betraying my location.

“Forgive me, Count Jeggare.” Prince Kasiya’s voice rang with sincerity. “Perhaps one day, when you have forgiven this offense, you will allow me to demonstrate my gratitude.”

“Let me demonstrate mine first,” said Remigo. He jerked me toward the edge of the platform. The ground was so far below us that I could not make it out through the mist.

“Release him,” ordered Kasiya.

Remigo scoffed, but he sobered as he saw the deadly earnest in the prince’s eyes.

“You are a treacherous dog. Your hands are unfit to sully a noble person,” said Kasiya. “Await us below.”

Remigo glowered at me before descending the rope ladder.

“I must delay your pursuit.” Kasiya whistled a command, and one of his guards bound me to the guard rail. The other placed food and water within reach of my hands. “Once we have captured a specimen and have a good lead, I shall send a servant to release you.”

“Most Great Highness,” said Amadi. “You must not approach the females. It is their season, and they are dangerous.”

Amadi looked to me for confirmation, and I let him see it on my face. The warning would do him little good, after my change of the labels.

“Also,” added Amadi. “The labels on the drawings, they have been changed.”

Two treacherous dogs!

Kasiya bent to examine the drawings. He lifted the edge of one label with a long fingernail and saw the imperfect bond of paste beneath.

“Very cunning,” said Kasiya. His expression darkened again, but not in shame this time. “And most wicked.” He stepped toward me and kicked the food and water over the edge of the platform. “I suddenly find that my gratitude for your labors knows bounds.”

With that they abandoned me.

My initial efforts to wriggle out of my bonds suggested that I would sooner starve to death than escape them. That was of course assuming that no predatory visitors found me first. The prospect of being devoured alive tempted me to implore Asmodeus for vengeance upon my betrayers, but I would not break the vow I had made to my late mother. Instead I prayed to Desna for some fantastic stroke of fortune.

Amadi’s prayer was answered first with a glorious parting of the clouds and the evaporation of the mist. From my vantage I watched as Kasiya’s party traveled across the grassy plain to the river’s edge, where they carefully waited to approach a lone dinosaur.

Desna smiled upon me then. They had for some

reason chosen a female. I watched in astonishment as Kasiya commands his men to dab their spears in some dark toxin. Remigo was among them, holding his own spear cautiously away from his body as if whatever they had told him about the poison was more frightening than the dinosaur who became restless at their approach.

As the men raised their spears, the dinosaur trumpeted her alarm. The “gills” upon her neck flared into thick, tumescent rills of brilliant color. From them radiated a deep, barely discernable sound. Its effects were more visible than audible, for the surrounding trees shuddered and shed their foliage. A moment later, I felt a horrific scrape along my teeth and in my sinus cavities. The soldier’s spears bent and melted under the sonic wave. The bodies of the men leaped from the ground, their limbs jerking involuntarily into a hundred unnatural postures as their bones shattered and their organs burst.

Behind me, Amadi panted as he returned to the observation post. He must have slipped away even before the ill-fated party approached their prey. He released a breathless torrent of apologies as he released me from my bonds, but I already guessed why he had done as he did.

“You altered the drawings before I switched the labels.”

Amadi grimaced. It was as beautiful as his smile, but more sad. Despite the treachery of Kasiya and Remigo, he mourned their deaths.

* * *

It required patience and swift running to retrieve the trampled remains of Prince Kasiya from the riverside. I hoped against all chance, and Desna rewarded me with the recovery of the Bestiary. We left Remigo and the prince’s guards to the scavengers.

Amadi remained with me all the way back to Kalabuto, and then to Eleder. His cheerful disposition had been diminished by the horrors we had witnessed, but still I felt a bond of affection had grown between us. The day before I embarked upon the voyage home, I offered him a place in my household.

“You would make an excellent secretary,” I told him, meaning it. “I will send you to the finest schools.”

“Your Excellency is most generous,” he said. “But I will remain here, in my homeland.”

“Whatever for? Among the Sargavan colonists, you will never be treated better than a slave, and outside the cities, there is nothing but danger.”

Amadi offered me a wan smile. “I have met many of your people before,” he said. “Even in your homeland, and in that of the prince, I would classify most of them as ‘dangerous.’”

It was impossible to argue with that. Disappointment wrestled with admiration in my heart. “Farewell, Amadi.”

“Farewell, Most Excellent Count. Do not feel too bad. You are not so much like your countrymen,” he grinned. “I am pleased to classify you as ‘docile.’”



TALES OF ARCANE

ARCHAEOLOGISTS

By Ryan Costello, Jr.

Art by Silvia Gonzalez

Originating from the city of Oregent in Andoran, the Arcane Archaeologists explore the unknown, risking their lives in the name of discovery. Individually they are interested in anthropology, cryptozoology, history, and technology. As a group, they strive to advance the mystic arts for the betterment of all arcanists and to each claim their piece of immortality.

Formally, the Arcane Archaeologists are:

- **Mazi Verrechia**, an Andoran human as interested in understanding the history and ramifications of magic as she is in wielding and developing it.
- **Ahiyo Kyishi**, a Tian elf who crossed the crown of the world to influence his spellweaving with the casting philosophies of Avistan.
- **Redaluccala “Red” Daipeati**, a gnome who always has one eye in a spellbook and the other on whatever contraption he is tinkering with.
- **Leclair Shnag**, a half-orc cryptozoologist whose massive tusks are proportionate to his monstrous vocabulary.

During their adventures, these intrepid explorers have created new spells, crafted new items, and discovered new magical beasts.

Feeling the Past

The lack of written records, along with the mortality rate of visitors, makes the Mwangi Expanse seductive to explorers of the unknown. Surviving the experience can answer questions about the present, but only powerful magic can unlock the past. Because of their pacts with nature, druids are better able to learn the

Mwangi jungles’ ancient stories than the Arcane Archaeologists, but that same pact with nature swears them to secrecy.

Before setting out for the jungle, Mazi Verrechia set out to formulate a spell to unlock its secrets. With her *touch of history*, her hand does the research of a hundred sets of eyes. She can discern a creature’s entire life or determine if a fruit on a tree was urinated on by the local wildlife. Once, Verrechia was able to track down an enchanter with a quickened touch of history, learning who dominated individuals had encountered recently.

TOUCH OF HISTORY

School divination; **Level** bard 2, sorcerer/wizard 3

Casting Time see text

Components V, S

Target object or creature touch

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Will negates; **Spell Resistance** yes

Touch of history provides you with a full, detailed history of the target. This includes its age, when and how it was handled, and where it had been. You see this history as though you were in the object’s presence in the exact position at the time of casting.

The amount of information gained depends on the time spent casting *touch of history*, as indicated on the chart below.

CASTING TIME	HISTORY LEARNED
1 round	1 minute/caster level
1 minute	1 hour/caster level
1 hour	1 day/caster level
1 day	1 year/caster level

Digesting the amount of information a caster gains can be staggering. Although you gain the entire history immediately, you must focus on details to learn from the knowledge you have acquired. Even experienced diviners use mnemonic techniques like asking themselves questions aloud to properly use the histories they gain. If you do not focus on specific aspects of the histories you learn, the information remains dormant, much like lost memories.

In the Arms of a Girallon

Elected to be navigator, Redaluccala “Red” Daipeati sent two sets of his clockwork creatures into the jungles of the Mwangi Expanse first: scavengers – cabins with shovel faces to collect everything the tree eaters (ball-jointed rotary

daggers) had eviscerated. Among the more interesting items collected by one of Red's scavengers was a full set of four girallon arms.

GIRALLON CLUTCH

Aura moderate necromancy; **CL** 7th
Slot body; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 20 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Four muscular arms with matted fur wrap across the wearer's chest like a bandolier, all four hands meeting just below the heart. The arms obey the wearer's commands, lifting heavy objects, holding objects ready, or grant the abilities of a girallon.

As a standard action, the wearer can command one, two, or three of the arms in the following ways:

- Carry an object weighing up to 30 lbs.
- Retrieve an item from the wearer's pouch or pack and hold it ready. Drawing this item from the arm is a swift action. Even if the retrieved item is a weapon or shield, the arm holds the item but does not wield it. The arms do not threaten squares, can not attack, nor grant bonuses to AC.
- Manipulate a simple machine, like a lever or pulley.
- Grant a +2 bonus to Climb skill checks.
- Grant a +1 bonus to a combat maneuver check. Which combat maneuver the bonus applies to must be selected when the command is given.

The arms can be given the same command, separate commands, or a combination. Although all four arms can be commanded, one must be used to cling to the wearer's body. If the fourth arm is given a command, the *girallon clutch* loses its grip and falls to the ground, inert.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *animate dead*;
Cost 4,000 gp

Irresistible Ape

Many magical beasts are closely related variations on animals common to the same environment. Apes dominate the Mwangi Expanse, and thus so do magical apes like the girallon and the creature discovered by Leclair Shnag: the red ring gorilla.

Red Ring Gorilla

Glinting lights shine through this ape's wiry black-and-red fur. As it approaches, you feel your metal items drawn towards it.

RED RING GORILLA CR 4

XP 1,200

N Large magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+2 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 42 (5d10+15)

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

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., **climb** 40 ft.

Melee 2 slams +7 (1d8+3 plus disarm or grab)

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

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 15, **Con** 16, **Int** 5, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 7

Base Atk +5; **CMB** +9 (+11 disarm, +15 grapple); **CMD**

21 (23 vs. disarm and grapple) [fixed CMB and CMD]

Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Disarm^B, Improved Grapple^B, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception)

Skills Acrobatics +6, Climb +15, Perception +10

SQ magnetic

ECOLOGY

Environment warm forests

Organization solitary, pair, or troop (3–12)

Treasure double standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Magnetic (Ex) The bones of the red ring gorilla contain a rare mineral that attracts metal. When a red ring gorilla successfully hits a creature carrying or wielding a metal item with its slam attack, it immediately makes a disarm check to see if the item clings to the red ring gorilla's hide. If successful, the item can only be retrieved by a successful disarm or steal combat maneuver. If the red ring gorilla successfully hits a creature wearing metal armor with its slam attack, it can choose to grab the target. If a creature is not wearing or wielding any metal items, the red ring gorilla's magnetic aura has no effect.

Red ring gorillas are roughly the same size and have the same disposition as the common gorilla. They are often mistaken for the common gorilla from afar, but can be distinguished by the circular red pattern on their hide. More telling is the manner in which metal items react to the presence of a red ring gorilla. Cryptozoologists have yet to find a theory explaining how the red ring gorilla evolved their magnetic aura naturally. The popular explanation, though unsatisfying to the members of the Arcane Archaeologists, is that the red ring gorillas were the project of an experiment. Red ring gorillas can mate with common gorillas, producing a red ring gorilla offspring just under half as often as a common gorilla.

Learning from the Parasites

Ahiyo Kyishi packed many potions of remove disease but very few supplies for disease prevention. This was deliberate. One of the elf's objectives in his Mwangi adventures was to

subject himself to many exotic diseases. Although he spent weeks cot-ridden learning new forms of internal pain and discomfort, he was inspired to formulate an offensive new use for the diseases he discovered.

WALL OF DISEASE

School conjuration (creation);

Level druid 5, sorcerer/wizard 5

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M/DF (a pinch of dried fungus)

Range medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)

Effect wall whose area is up to one 5-ft. square/level

Duration Concentration + 1 round/level (D)

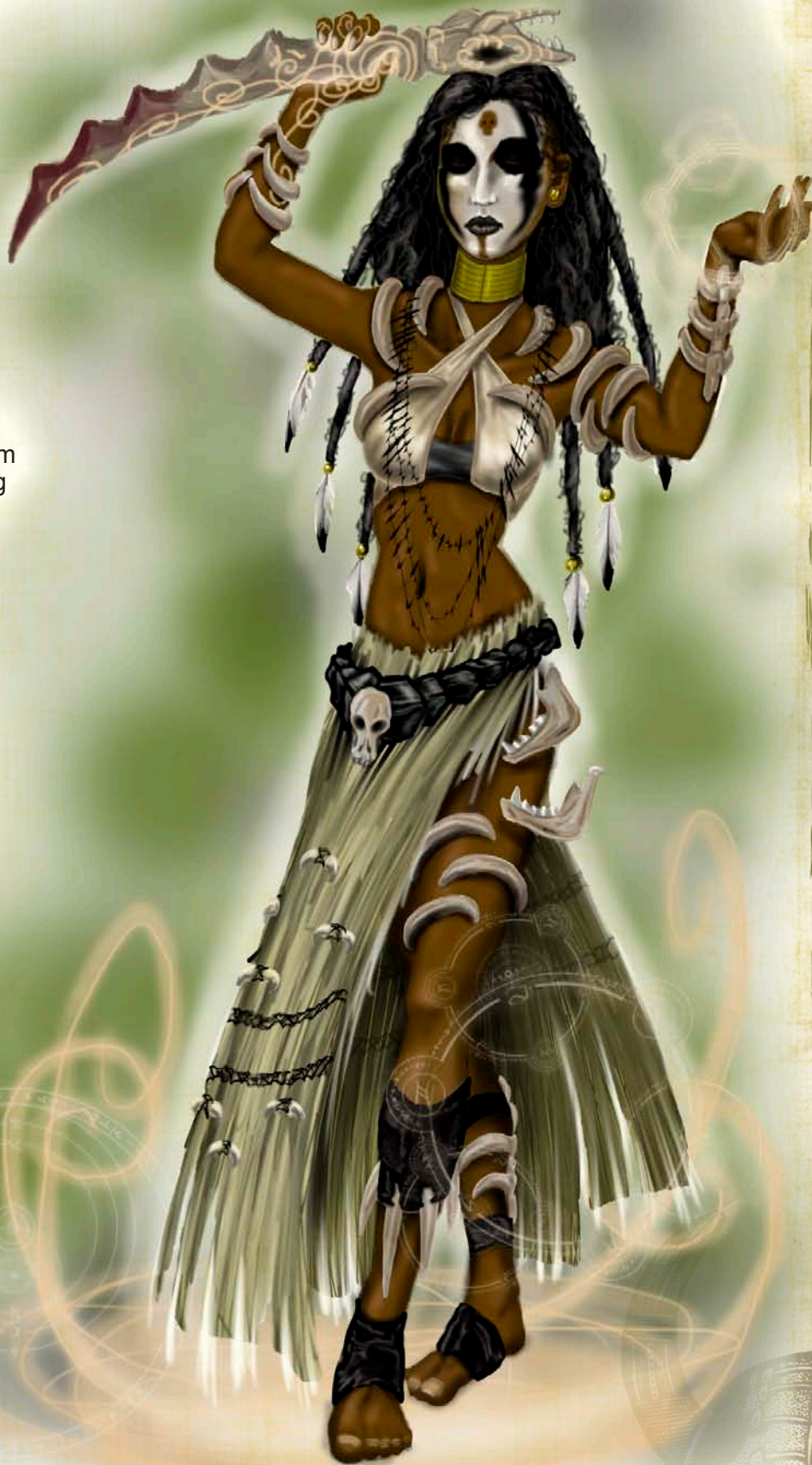
Saving Throw Fortitude negates;

Spell Resistance yes

As you cast this spell, millions of mosquito-sized larvae begin to swim through the air, desperate for living creatures with which to spread their pestilence.

Choose a disease you are familiar with when you cast this spell. Any living creature that comes within 10 feet of your *wall of disease* must make a Fortitude save or contract the disease. This save is based on the DC of your spell, not the normal DC of the disease. Targets immediately suffer the effect of the disease, ignoring its usual onset. They suffer further effects of the disease at the normal frequency.

Additionally, any target attacked through the *wall of disease* gains concealment. ☉



THE ILLUSIONIST

By Elaine Cunningham
Art by Glenn Zimmerman

To Oyamba, High Sun-Mage of Magaambya, from apprentice and sojourner Bonali Kwazeel.

My lord,

I am well settled at Korvosa's Acadamae, in good health and most grateful for this opportunity to learn the ways of foreign wizards. Most of the first-year magic is familiar ground, but an unexpected lesson was taught to me yesterday by a fellow scholar. Though the story does me no credit, I will nonetheless report it faithfully.

My first impression of the Acadamae was, admittedly, not very favorable. The compound itself is impressively large, a walled city within the city, but the buildings are scattered about in random fashion rather than arranged in a sun-circle to focus power. It is strange to walk streets more twisting and contrary than goat paths, to see water contained in wells rather than free-flowing through the dreamwalk patterns of ancient cisterns. There is no symmetry in the Acadamae, and little beauty. It seemed incredible that magic could be called to such a place.

Still, the school is world-renowned and I felt one might reasonably expect a certain breadth of knowledge in its scholars. To my surprise, little is known of the Mwangi Expanse. We are all one to these northerners. When they express admiration for my gold ornaments and the thread-art on my garments, their manner suggests an expectation of jangar-skin loin clouts and necklaces of monkey bone. On the whole, however, I found my new peers to be cordial and curious, if only in hope that I might share some bit of exotic magic, or perhaps some jungle spices more potent than those they currently smoke.

I was assigned quarters with one Jamang Kira, a young man of Korvosa. If you can envision a strutting kimboda rooster, endlessly crowing and preening at his black-and-red plumage, you need no further description of the man. Despite his small stature and irritating ways, he stands near the head of our class

and shows promise of becoming a powerful wizard. He is a first-year student, no older than my twenty years, but he spends much of his time ingratiating himself with older, more powerful scholars. One of them is Asmonde Avari.

Rumors flourish in any school. I had thought the Magaambya scholars worse than village gossips, but in the Acadamae whispers wander the halls like the unquiet dead. More than a few of them speak of Jamang's mentor.

Shortly after the dinner hour, Jamang, whom I seldom see before midnight, burst into our shared room. "Asmonde is casting a summoning in his chambers tonight," he announced with great excitement. "He allows a few friends to observe. You should come with me."

I put down the herbs I was grinding for the morrow's potions class and turned to face him. "Were I tired of living, I would gladly accompany you."

A smile bent one side of his mouth. "Asmonde is ambitious," he admitted, "and he does tend to overreach. Even so, his reach is long. We could learn much from him."

With difficulty, I suppressed a shudder. The summoning of demons and devils is bad enough, to my way of thinking. For a mere student to summon devils more powerful than most wizards could contain was hubris. Rumors whispered tales of earlier failed attempts. It was said that most of his family's wealth had gone to shielding him from the consequences of these failings. That Asmonde kept on with these summonings, despite the devastation he'd already wrought, was incredible to me.

To my surprise, Jamang did not press me. He reached for small pot of herbs I'd just crushed. I caught his wrist before he could raise the pot to his nose.

"That is zumalli," I explained as I carefully reclaimed my property. "It is like mosswort in tincture, but far stronger."

Enlightenment flowed into his small black eyes. "No wonder you best me in potions class," he murmured. "You've access to plants most of us have never heard of. Stronger than mosswort, you say?"

I nodded. "Had you inhaled the volatile oils, you would have become confused and sleepy."

Jamang strode over to the little cabinet where I kept my pots and vials. "And this one?" he demanded, pointing to a jar of snakevine sap.

"Greatly diluted, it is a powerful restorative. In its current state, it is green-death. Deadly poison."

He stared at me, clearly puzzled. "Aren't you concerned that someone might use it?"

A moment passed before his meaning became clear. Horror swept through me like venom.

"That would be . . . most unwise," I said carefully. "The use of any Mwangi medicinal would swiftly bring the Acadamae's masters to my door."

"My point precisely," he said. "It would be an easy way for a rival student to implicate you."

"Or you." Some instinct I did not quite understand prompted me to add these words. Jamang did not take offense. If anything, he looked amused.

"In that case, we are both safe enough. If Mwangi poison were suspected, a magical enquiry would quickly establish our innocence."

I thought that would be the end of the matter, but Jamang reached for the setoli sitting atop my cabinet.

"This is a spirit house, yes? A protection against evil?"

The observation surprised me, since Jamang had shown little interest in Mwangi customs before. The reason for his inquiry came to me suddenly.

"I am not sure whether it could contain a devil," I said candidly. "That is not its intended purpose."

He nodded as if he'd been expecting this answer. "If I thought it would come to that, I wouldn't ask. Asmonde promised he would take every precaution known to him. Asmonde is good, but I'd feel better if magic not known to him were guarding the perimeter."

This was a side of Jamang I had not seen. It was clearly difficult for him to ask this favor of me, but his concern for his friend outweighed his pride. I'd dismissed him as vain and shallow, concerned about no one but himself. He was a better man than I'd credited him, and I was ashamed to have judged him unfairly.

I locked up my medicinal cabinet before we left, all the same.



Asmonde Avari met us at the door. I saw at once why Jamang followed him like a hound. Power surrounds some men like shadows and mist. Asmonde stood in a dark cloud of his own creation. He was nearly as tall as me and quite handsome, with the dark hair and pale skin common to Korvosans. There was something about his eyes, however, that I did not like.

Still, he greeted us cordially and showed us where we should stand. His chamber was larger than the one I shared with Jamang, as befitted his years and higher standing. The furniture had been pushed back against the walls, and a circle surrounded by elaborate runes had been painted onto the floor. Painted, not drawn—a permanent work of art and magic, clearly the product of considerable time and effort and study.

This was unusual, but I must admit that I breathed a little easier. Clearly Asmonde was not quite as reckless as rumor suggested.

Six of us had gathered to observe the casting. At a gesture from Asmonde, we fell silent.

He began the casting, chanting in a voice as resonant with power as an oracle's as he strode slowly around the circle. When he came to a stop, I noticed that there was a small gap in the circle and an empty place where a rune should have been drawn.

Asmonde drew a small knife from his belt and pressed it to his arm. A line of blood welled up. He knelt, still chanting, and closed the circle with his own blood.

I lack the words to describe what happened next. Imagine that thunder and lightning struck simultaneously, yet without sound or light. There was no roar or flash. There was only the devil.

Several moments passed before I recovered from that first shock of power, and even then my mind could hardly encompass what my senses perceived. I have a half-memory, like something from a fading nightmare, of great size and glistening hide and twisted black horns.

I glanced at Jamang. He stood calmly at my side, meeting the devil's gaze without any apparent difficulty. For some reason, that disturbed me more than anything I'd yet seen. I tore my gaze away. It was easier to watch Asmonde as he intoned the chant that would bind the foul being to his will.

But his words faltered. A strange look came over his face, the expression of a man confused, not by some failing of will or intellect, by some enchantment or perhaps even by green-death . . .

My gaze flew to the knife in Asmonde's hand. It was small and silver, identical to the blades most scholars carried for magical purposes. Substituting another knife—a knife touched with zumalli—would be a simple matter.

Asmonde continued to chant, but he no longer controlled the spell. Blood splattered the floor as words of power tore free of his throat. He rocked back and forth like a man retching himself dry. Closer and closer to the circle he rocked.

Too close.

A great, black-taloned hand snatched Asmonde by the hair. The devil dragged him into the circle and tore his head from his body.

All of us stood frozen, too horror-stricken for thought or action.

Jamang was the first to recover his wits. He slapped the shock from my face and pointed to Asmonde's body, lying half in the circle, a bridge of mortal flesh.

"The spirit house," he shouted. "Contain the devil now, before it crosses over!"

Whatever Jamang's part in this catastrophe might have been, his reasoning now was sound but for one thing: my magic could not reach into another wizard's circle.

Nor could I risk setting that devil loose.

I gave a curt nod, more to steel myself than to respond to Jamang.

"When I step into the circle, pull the body out," I said. "Then run for help."

Not waiting for a response, I leaped into the circle, brandishing the spirit house and shouting its Word of Power.

At least, I think I shouted it. Any sound I might have made disappeared into the devil's shriek. A terrible wind buffeted me with blistering heat and a roar like the screaming of tortured souls. How long it went on, I could not say, for when two of the Acadamae's masters stepped into the empty circle and lifted me to my feet, my ears still rang with the hellish sounds.

One of the masters took the spirit house from my hands and raised it to peer into the window. A look of wonder crossed his face, as if the thing captured within were no more than a pleasant toy. He looked upon me with new respect and said something I could not hear. The other master pointed to his ear. An expression of chagrin crossed the first master's face and he handed me a small amulet.

The cacophony died, suddenly and completely.

"You may keep the amulet," the master said, lifting the spirit house meaningfully.

"A fair exchange," I agreed.

Jamang reached up to place a hand on my shoulder. "That was the most astonishing act of courage I have ever beheld," he said solemnly. "As is custom, Asmonde deeded his personal effects to a younger student, but I think he would want you to have this."

He pressed something into my hand.

Asmonde's knife.

Without thinking, I raised it to my nose. There was no trace of zumalli. For a moment, I knew shame for my suspicious thoughts.

And then I realized that there was no trace of blood on the knife, either.

* * *

The first thing I did upon reaching my room was to empty all of my Mwangi herbals, every pot and vial, into my jug of asperengi. I did it quickly, before Jamang could return and learn that I possessed a nearly universal solvent. I did not like to imagine what use he might make of such knowledge.

He came in late that night, flushed with self-satisfaction and laden with Asmonde Avari's books and scrolls. I made no move to help, nor did he seem to expect it.

I meant to keep silent, for what good can come of barking at a jackal? And I might have done so, had he not smirked at the sight of the empty zumalli pot on my table. Temper overcame me. I snatched up one of the books, a slender volume bound in blue leather, and hurled it against the far wall.

"I will go to the Masters," I promised. "I will tell them everything."

Jamang made a show of yawning and stretching, as if he could barely hold himself awake for such inconsequential threats. "And what exactly is

'everything,' Bonali?"

"You killed Asmonde Avari!"

"A devil killed Asmonde Avari," he corrected me. "Several people bore witness to that fact."

"But the knife—"

"The knife in your possession?" he said. He shook his head in the manner of someone gently chiding a boy too slow of mind to learn simple runes. "If anything is found on it, who do you think they will accuse?" I was about to remind him of our earlier conversation about our shared access to my store of green-death when my gaze fell on "Asmonde's" spotless knife. I had no doubt that the knife Jamang gave me was not the knife Asmonde had wielded. If dangerous herbs were found on it, it could only be because I myself put them there. Any magical inquiry would reveal this. No one would believe that I did so to bring another man to justice. If I accused Jamang, I accused myself. Bringing the spirit house to the summoning, destroying my store of Mwangi herbals after—these would not be construed as the actions of an innocent man.

But perhaps the masters might listen and believe, if the motive were sufficient. "Are those books so valuable?"

Jamang glanced at the slim blue volume, which he hadn't bothered to retrieve from the floor. "Asmonde's books? I doubt it. He comes from a family of innkeepers. Even his knife—and you do have his knife, by the way—is of middling quality."

A great confusion fell over me. "Then why? What did you gain that was worth a man's life, even such as man as Asmonde Avari?"

He picked up the empty zumalli pot and placed it among the other empty containers in my cabinet. The smile he turned upon me was something I will not soon forget.

"Ask me again," he said pleasantly, "after tomorrow's potion class, when I stand first in the student rankings."

* * *

Master Oyamba, I am mindful of your desire that I learn the art of Abjuration, but with your permission I would like devote myself to the study of Illusion. Perhaps knowledge of how falsehoods are told with magic might prepare me to better perceive the illusions built with words and deeds. That ability, I suspect, might hold me in better stead than anything else I might learn from Korvosa.

Respectfully,

Bonali Kwazeel

LEAVING THE SWAMP

By Dustin "Ranger of Reywood" Nelson

Art by Dustin Nelson & Carlos Torreblanca

Lizardfolk are savage and cunning predators who are easily provoked and fiercely territorial. However, this conception is only a half-truth. The lizardfolk are an ancient race, whose culture and tribal traditions have remained unchanged for millennia.



The lizardfolk entry on page 195 in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* provides everything a GM needs to play them as suitable adversaries, but they make for unbalanced player characters compared with more conventional choices, like elves and dwarves. This article provides players with a set of tools for making lizardfolk characters. Although initially not as powerful as some of the core races, the player can take a number of specific feats in order to "buy back" some of their abilities (and even then some).

Physical Description: Lizardfolk resemble bipedal reptilian humanoids. Their imposing frame stands between 6 and 7 feet tall, with bodies covered in gray, green, or brown scales. Their heads are adorned with brightly colored dorsal frills or spiky spines and have short crocodilian snouts. Although their 4-foot long tails often drags on the ground behind them while on land, it allows them remarkable stability and great maneuverability in the water.

Society: Lizardfolk dwell in highly communal, primitive settlements deep within swamp and marshland. Their society is patriarchal, with the strongest male leading tribes and shamans serving as his advisors. Despite their boorish treatment of outsiders, among their own kind lizardfolk are highly sociable.

Relations: Many tribes watch the encroachment of warm-blooded humanoids in their lands with weariness and dread. Ingrained superstitions, isolationist tendencies, and aversion to change often puts lizardfolk at odds with other races and as a result their numbers suffer mightily. Although they regard any mammal with a measure of disdain, among the more common races they get along best with gnomes, who are flighty and not considered a threat, and dwarves, whose toughness and craftsmanship they respect.

Alignment and Religion: Despite widely held conceptions, most lizardfolk are not evil. For lizardfolk, the struggle for survival is more important than how that survival is sustained, and they tend towards neutral alignment. Lizardfolk may be temperamental but they rarely hold long grudges, as this is perceived as a wasteful use of energy. Lizardfolk have a similarly pragmatic approach to

faith, offering prayers to Gozreh as well as nature and ancestor spirits.

Adventurers: Increasingly more common, younger lizardfolk, either curious of civilization or eager to prove themselves, leave their ancestral swamps to experience the wider world. For those facing exile, adventuring is the most viable option for survival. Lizardfolk make formidable combatants and are naturally skilled barbarians and rangers.

Male Names: Arashk, Braza, Drazzat, Grauk, Guhet, Kaszuk, Kiuz, Rashaz, Traz, Varak, Yizzik.

Female Names: Crae, Drazda, Hara, Hesk, Jazaka, Kroga, Riza, Saraza, Saress, Zara, Yikuz.

Lizardfolk Racial Traits

- **+2 Constitution, -2 Intelligence:** Lizardfolk are sturdy and simple
- **Medium:** Lizardfolk are Medium creatures, and have no bonuses or penalties due to their size.
- **Normal Speed:** Lizardfolk have a base speed of 30 feet.
- **Swimming:** Lizardfolk have a swim speed of 15 feet. A lizardfolk has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. A lizardfolk can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. A lizardfolk can use the run action while swimming, provided he swims in a straight line.
- **Hold Breath:** A lizardfolk can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.
- **Natural Weapons:** Lizardfolk possess natural claw attacks that inflict 1d4 points of damage on a successful hit. This is a primary attack, or a secondary attack if the lizardfolk wields a manufactured weapon.
- **Well-Balanced:** Lizardfolk receive a +4 racial bonus on Acrobatics checks.
- **Languages:** Lizardfolk begin play speaking Draconic. Lizardfolk with high Intelligence can choose bonus languages from the following: Aquan, Common, Goblin, Gnome, or Orc.

Lizardfolk Feats

Ferocious Bite

You can make an attack with your razor-sharp teeth.

Prerequisite: Character level 5th, lizardfolk.

Benefit: You gain a bite natural attack that inflicts 1d4 points of damage on a hit. This is a primary attack, or a secondary attack if you wield a manufactured weapon. Your bite attack damage is multiplied by 3 on a critical hit.

Great Swimmer

You move in the water as easily as you do on dry land.

Prerequisite: Character level 5th, lizardfolk.

Benefit: Your swim speed equals your base speed.

Hardened Scales

Your scaly hide provides you with protection.

Prerequisite: Character level 1st, lizardfolk.

Benefit: You gain a +2 natural armor bonus to your Armor Class.

Monstrous Strength

You develop powerful muscles.

Prerequisite: Character level 7th, lizardfolk.

Benefit: You gain a +2 racial bonus to your Strength score.

Rending Claws

Your claws tear and rip through flesh and steel.

Prerequisite: Base attack bonus +6, lizardfolk.

Benefit: If you hit with two claw attacks in 1 round, the attack deals additional damage equal to 1d4 + your 1-1/2 Str modifier. ☼

SAFARI PATRONS

By Troy E. Taylor

Sargava has an abundance of patrons eager to sponsor expeditions to the Mwangi Expanse, Screaming Jungle, or outlying highlands. Adventuring parties need only to inquire.

Weal: Dumaka, Gemstone Merchant

“Yes, my caravans carry many valuables, both cut and uncut stones. But I consider my friends and the respect of my workers and trading partners to be my greatest treasure. Protecting them and my business interests are the most important things to me.”

Dumaka is a fair-minded broker who is eager to expand his business. Though he started as a caravan guard, he learned the precious gem business from a merchant whose life he saved. He now lives comfortably in a warehouse complex in Kalabuto and employs many gemcutters, jewelers, and merchant captains. He depends on his loyal friend Kosej for protection and advice.

Hooks

- Dumaka is hiring adventurers to pinpoint the location of “smoking mountains” in the interior, as volcanos are associated with deposits of gemstones, especially diamonds.
- One of Dumaka’s caravans was attacked and robbed. He presents evidence agents of the Aspis Consortium were involved. He is hiring more guards for the next mission to Nantambu.
- Bandits have kidnapped two of Dumaka’s best gemcutters. Unwilling to pay a ransom, he

wants to hire a rescue team willing to find and infiltrate the bandit outpost somewhere along the Vanji River.

DUMAKA

CR 7

XP 3,200

Male human warrior 2/expert 5/aristocrat 2
NG medium humanoid (human)
Init +2; Senses Perception –1

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 55 (2d10+7d8+9)

Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +6

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft

Melee mwk adamantine scimitar +9/+4 (1d6+1/18-20)

Ranged light crossbow +8 (1d8/19-20)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +6; CMB +7; CMD 21

Feats Dodge, Intimidating Prowess, Leadership, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Appraise), Weapon Focus (scimitar)

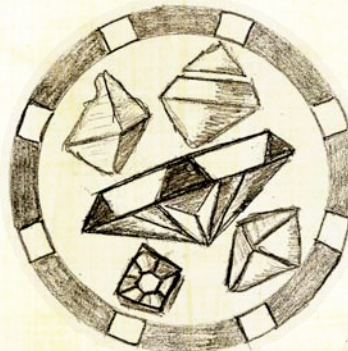
Skills Appraise +15, Bluff +11, Climb +6, Diplomacy +13, Disable Device +10, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (engineering) +7, Knowledge (geography) +8, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (nobility) +9, Profession (guard) +4, Profession (merchant) +9, Ride +7, Sense Motive +11, Survival +4

Languages Common, Dwarven, Polyglot, Terran

Combat Gear *oil of obscure object*, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *potion of mage armor*; Other Gear masterwork adamantine scimitar, light crossbow, *ring of protection +1*, *handy haversack*.

Cohort Kosej (LN human fighter 7, “Watch Captain” from *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide*).

Boon Can provide 2d4 commoners to serve as equipment bearers, a 4th level ranger to serve as a trailblazer, or the use of his warehouse.



Woe: Felidia, Unlucky Chelish Colonial

“When I dance with the villagers, I feel connected to the world around me — the snakes, the lions, and the whole jungle. It is exhilarating in ways I find difficult to explain. But join me on safari, and you can have a chance to experience it too!”

Felidia of Eleder is fascinated with the native peoples, immersing herself in their language and culture, especially their tribal dance forms. Her weapon of choice is a magical blowgun given to her by shaman. Felidia accompanies expeditions she sponsors. Light on her feet and enthusiastic, Felidia makes a good traveling companion. Sometimes, she uses the *hat of disguise* to appear as a native and learn things firsthand.

Hooks

- Any inquiry into tribal taboos will be directed to Felidia, who is eager to share what she knows and act as an intermediary with the tribal people.
- A DC 15 Knowledge (local or nobility) check reveals her reputation for sponsoring expeditions that have runs of bad luck. If asked directly about the misfortune, however, she dismisses the allegation as superstitious nonsense or lies spread



by jealous rivals. (She refuses to associate it with a tribal totem she picked up in a village near the Mwangi border and keeps in a belt pouch.)

- Felidia presents salon programs for other Chelish colonials, in an effort to raise their awareness about their native neighbors, as well as the region’s exotic flora and fauna. These programs—and several pamphlets she has written—also help raise money for additional expeditions and entice others to join her on safari. When not exploring the interior, she can be encountered making these presentations.

FELIDIA ANADA

CR 4

XP 1,200

Female human aristocrat 6

CN medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; Senses Perception –1

DEFENSE

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

hp 36 (6d8+9)

Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft

Melee mwk dagger +6 (1d4+1/19-20)

Ranged +1 blowgun +8 (1d2+1 plus poison)

STATISTICS

Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 16

Base Atk +4; CMB +5; CMD 17

Feats Nimble Moves, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Linguistics), Weapon Focus (blowgun)

Skills Appraise +9, Bluff +8, Diplomacy +14, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (Geography) +6, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (Nobility) +9, Linguistics +8, Perform (Dance) +8, Stealth +4, Use Magic Device +5

Languages Common, Azlanti, Polyglot

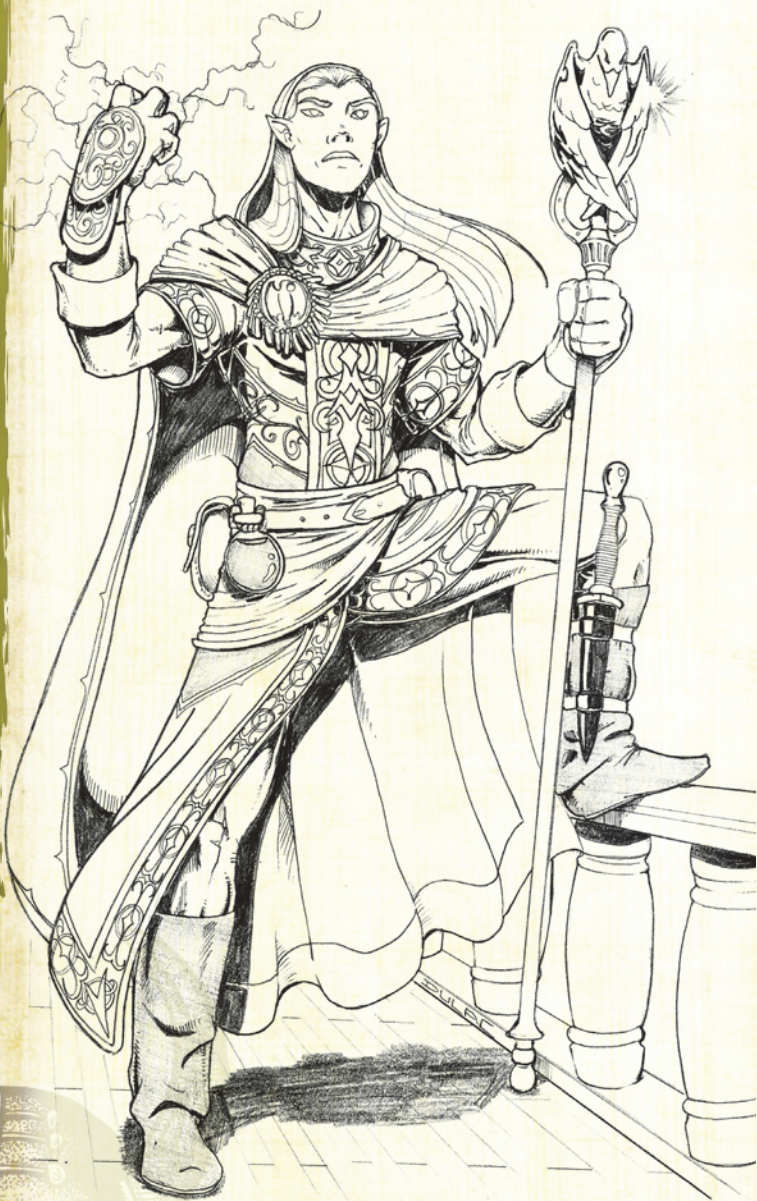
Combat Gear blue whinnis poison (10 doses), *potion of protection from arrows*, *scroll of locate object*; Other Gear +1 blowgun, masterwork dagger, *hat of disguise*, spectacles, belt pouch, *fetish of misfortune*.

Drawback Possesses a “good luck” fetish: a wood carving of a man which fits into the palm of the hand. In truth, it is a cursed item. Twice per day (the hour can be determined by rolling two d12s for AM and PM occurrences), the item causes a “zone of misfortune” that emanates 30 feet in all directions from its owner. Allies in the zone must make a Will save DC 13 or be affected by the curse. The person who holds the item is immune from the curse’s penalty (but not always its effects). Affected allies suffer a –2 penalty on all attack rolls, saving throws, and skill checks for one round. If the item’s curse is triggered outside of an encounter, then an incident of non-debilitating bad luck strikes, such as someone stubbing their toe, bumping their head, or having object slip from their grasp. Felidia is deluded as to the object’s true nature and only a *remove curse* will free her from it. ☹

PIRATES OF THE SHACKLES

By Elizabeth Leib
By Chad A. Dulac

Pirates of all sorts sail the high seas surrounding the Shackles. Most are wicked and self-serving, although a few well-meaning, free-spirited sailors have earned the title “pirate” after getting into scuffles with local authorities. Three pirate captains and their vessels are presented below: one good, one neutral, and one irredeemably evil.



Raven of the Sea

Captain Storpen Runereed (NG male elf sorcerer 9)

Home Port: Ollo

The merfolk blood flowing through his veins has given Storpen a deep hatred of the sahuagin who assault the town of Ollo. He has sworn to hunt down all evil creatures of the sea, chasing them to the ends of Golarion if necessary. In reality, he is often faced with overwhelming odds, resorting to robbing and sabotaging sahuagin strongholds. Although the sahuagin view him as a pirate, Storpen never steals from good-aligned folk. His sailing ship, *Raven of the Sea*, is a sight welcomed by the locals. The vessel is named for an ornamental silver raven sitting atop the bow. The raven is actually a *figurine of wondrous power* which can fly off to perform scouting missions for its master.

STORPEN RUNEREED CR 8

XP 4,800

Male elf sorcerer 9

NG Medium humanoid (elf)

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

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +1 natural); +2 vs evil

hp 48 (9d6+18)

Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +8; +2 against enchantment spells and effects, +2 vs evil

Defensive Abilities DR 10/magic against ranged attacks; **Immune** sleep effects; Resist cold 5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee +1 *quarterstaff* +6 (1d6+1) or mwk silver dagger +5 (1d4/19-20)

Ranged mwk silver dagger +5 (1d4/19-20)

Special Attacks dehydrating touch (6/day, 1d6+4)

Spells Known (CL 9th; concentration +12)

4th (4/day)—*ball lightning** (DC 17), *geyser** (DC 17), *summon monster IV*

3rd (7/day)—*aqueous orb** (DC 16), *cloak of winds**, *dispel magic*, *sleet storm*

2nd (7/day)—*acid arrow*, *create treasure map**, *protection from arrows*, *rope trick*, *slipstream**

1st (7/day)—*hydraulic push**, *mage armor*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *sleep* (DC 15)

0 (at will)—*daze* (DC 14), *flare* (DC 14), *ghost sound*, *light mending*, *message*, *ray of frost*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 14)

* These spells are from the PFRPG Advanced Player's Guide.

TACTICS

Before Combat Before a raid, Storpen sends his silver raven to patrol the area. Meanwhile, he prepares himself for battle

with mage armor, protection from arrows, and protection from evil spells.

During Combat Storpen begins a fight by summoning a medium water elemental. He keeps the elemental between himself and the enemy while casting offensive spells. While facing sahuagin, he targets these hated foes exclusively.

Morale Storpen retreats to fight another day if reduced to 6 hp or below.

Base Statistics

AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11 (+1 natural)
Fort +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +8; +2 against enchantment spells and effects
Immune sleep effects; **Resist** cold 5

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +5; **CMD** 15

Feats Blind-Fight, Brew Potion, Eschew Materials, Quicken Spell, Spell Penetration, Toughness

Skills Appraise +10, Craft (alchemy) +10, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +6, Linguistics +4, Perception +6, Spellcraft +14 (+16 to identify the properties of magic items), Swim +12, Use Magic Device +10; Racial Modifiers +2 Perception, +2 Spellcraft to identify the properties of magic items

Languages Aquan, Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Sylvan

SQ amphibious, aquatic adaptation, aquatic bloodline, aquatic telepathy, bloodline arcana, elven magic

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 *quarterstaff*, masterwork silver dagger, *figurine of wondrous power (silver raven)*, 486 gp

The Deceitful Mermaid

Captain: Liless Burks (CN female halfling bard 4)

Home Port: Port Peril

An unimposing pirate with short, curly, brown hair and unwavering hazel eyes, Liless keeps her crew in line with her silver tongue and magical talent. She can be found selling stolen goods at Port Peril's market square at ludicrous prices. Liless stays well away from Fort Hazard, respecting the might of the Hurricane King.

The halfling's keelboat, *The Deceitful Mermaid*, is a small ship adorned with a winking mermaid figurehead,

hinting at the slyness of its captain. The figurehead was hand-carved by Liless herself who was an obscure artist and flute player prior to becoming a pirate.

LILESS BURKS

CR 3

XP 800

Female halfling bard 4
CN Small humanoid (halfling)
Init +2; **Senses** Perception +8

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 size)
hp 21 (4d8)
Fort +1, **Ref** +7, **Will** +5; +2 against fear, +4 against bardic performance, sonic, and language-dependent effects

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.
Melee mwk rapier +5 (1d4/18-20)
Ranged mwk light crossbow +7 (1d6/19-20)
Special Attacks bardic performance (13 rounds/day), countersong, distraction, fascinate, inspire competence, inspire courage +1

Spells Known (CL 4th; concentration +7)
2nd (2/day)—*heroism, suggestion* (DC 15)
1st (4/day)—*cause fear* (DC 14), *disguise self, magic mouth, silent image* (DC 14)
0 (at will)—*dancing lights, daze* (DC 13), *ghost sound, know direction, mage hand, prestiditation*

TACTICS

During Combat Liless initiates combat with *cause fear*, *silent image*, and *suggestion* spells. She spends the remainder of the fight firing her crossbow from cover. If forced into melee, she wields her rapier, making frequent feint attempts.

Morale Liless is cowardly. She rarely picks a fair fight and flees if reduced to 8 hp or below.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 15, **Con** 9, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 17

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

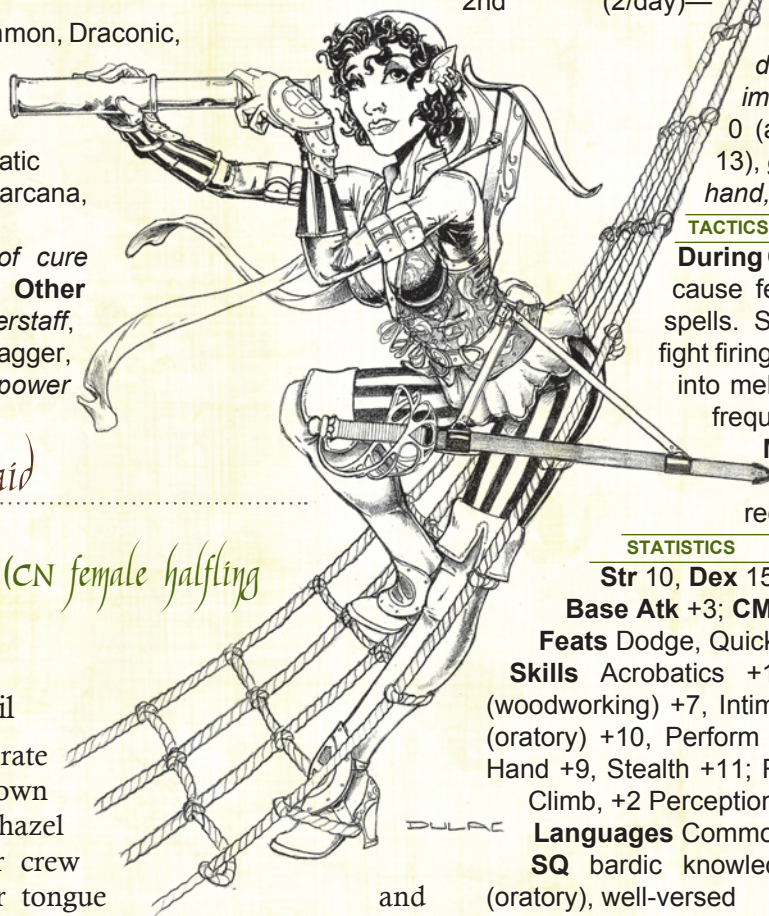
Feats Dodge, Quick Draw

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +10, Climb +8, Craft (woodworking) +7, Intimidate +9, Perception +8, Perform (oratory) +10, Perform (wind instruments) +9, Sleight of Hand +9, Stealth +11; Racial Modifiers +2 Acrobatics, +2 Climb, +2 Perception, +4 Stealth

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Halfling

SQ bardic knowledge (+2), versatile performance (oratory), well-versed

Combat Gear *potion of cure light wounds*; **Other Gear** +1 *leather armor*, dagger, masterwork light crossbow, masterwork rapier, bolts (20), flute, stolen jewelry (worth 250 gp), 225 gp, 14 sp



The Damned Devil

Captain: Osvaldo Kevis (NE male human fighter 4/rogue 2)

Home Port: Quent

The captain of *The Damned Devil* is a damned soul himself. He is a tall, arrogant man with angry, dark green eyes, brown hair, and a short beard. Osvaldo was once a member of the Devils' Own, a group of mutineers led by disgraced Admiral Arronax Endymion. After getting into a fight with the admiral over the division of loot, Osvaldo decided to form his own crew. With few coins to his name and still sporting a nasty scar from the fight with Endymion, Osvaldo desperately sought the aid of a barbed devil, Hamalus. In the resulting infernal bargain, the devil gave him a magic sword and a warship with which to wreak havoc. Before vanishing, Hamalus warned he would return one day to collect the debt owed to him.

The Damned Devil is a mighty warship built in Chelish style. The ship's massive ballista is not its only intimidating feature. The boat bears an intricate carving of a tormented soul, screaming in anguish, along the mast. The man's torturers, a pair of huge devils, are painted onto the boat's sails in bright red and black paint. The sides of the upper deck are lined with sharp barbs, making the entire vessel resemble the barbed devil that gifted it to the captain.

OSVALDO KEVIS CR 5
XP 1,600

Male human fighter 4/rogue 2
NE Medium humanoid (human)
Init +5; Senses Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+7 armor, +1 Dex)
hp 45 (4d10+2d8+12)
Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +4; +1 against fear
Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft. (20 ft. in armor)
Melee +1 longsword +10 (1d8+5/19-20), or
+1 longsword +8 (1d8+9/19-20) with Power Attack
Ranged mwk composite longbow +7 (1d8+2/x3)
Special Attacks slow reactions, sneak attack (+1d6)

TACTICS

During Combat Osvaldo prefers to ambush his targets, firing his longbow or the ship's ballista. In melee, he makes relentless Power Attacks with his longsword.

Morale Osvaldo knows his soul is damned, so he fears death even more than the average man. He surrenders if reduced to 15 hp or below. The only person who can cause

him to overcome his fear is Arronax Endymion. If fighting Endymion or a member of the Devils' Own, Osvaldo fights to the death in a blind fury.

STATISTICS

Str 17, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 10

Base Atk +5; CMB +8; CMD 19

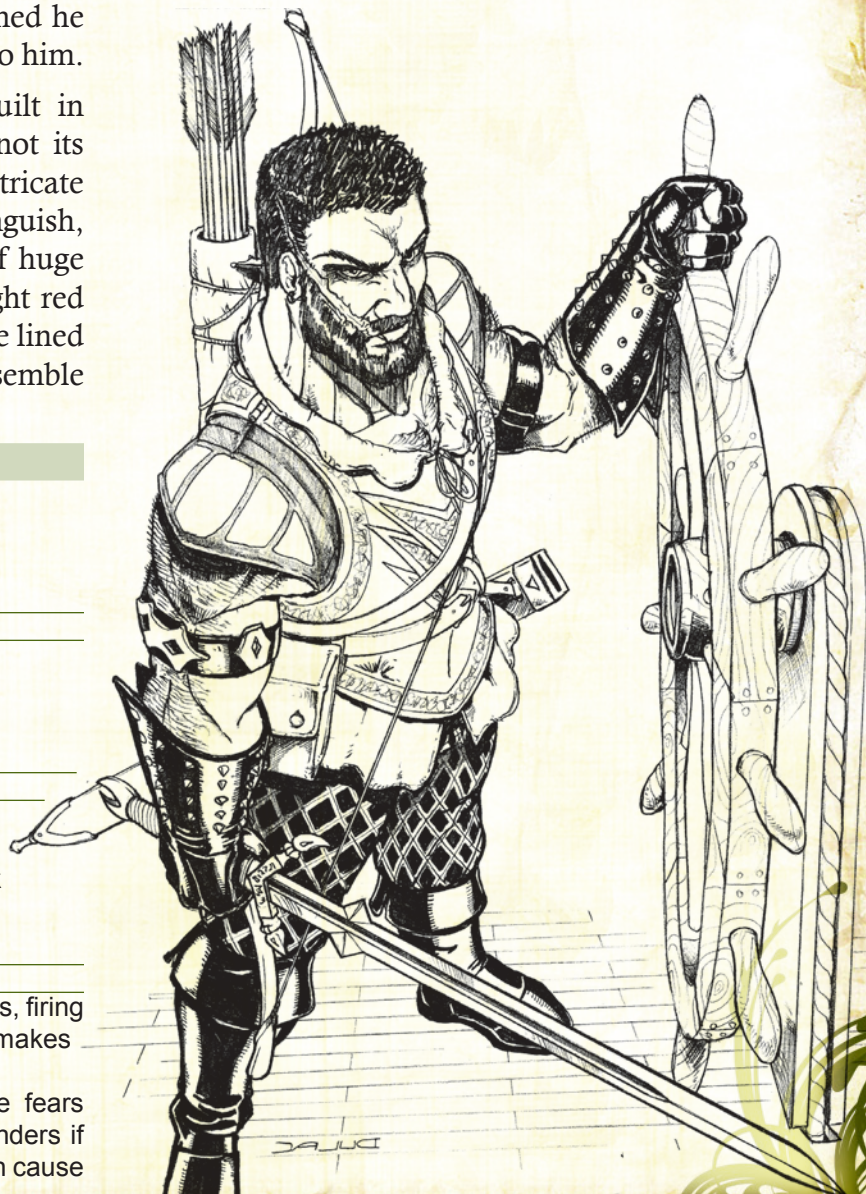
Feats Dazzling Display, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Point-Blank Shot, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword)

Skills Acrobatics +5, Bluff +5, Climb +8, Disable Device +4, Escape Artist +5, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (geography) +2, Knowledge (local) +3 Perception +6, Stealth +5, Swim +6

Languages Common

SQ armor training, bravery (+1), trapfinding (+1)

Combat Gear elixir of fire breath; **Other Gear** +1 breastplate, +1 longsword, masterwork composite longbow (+2), arrows (20), 9 gp



MWANGI DETOUR

By John C. "ValmarTheMad" Rock
Art by Russell Akred

Cyon, I think..." Valen paused, bringing his wayfinder up to the hand-drawn map, "We're lost."

"I doubt the former, and dispute the latter."

Valen arched an eyebrow, struggling to align the compass to the map. "Meaning I don't think and we're not lost?"

Cyon shrugged. "Well, if I have to explain the joke..." Shaking his head, he pushed his companion's map down with the flat of his machete's blade, "Your precious map was drawn by a drunkard who pays his tab selling those things to idiots." He narrowed his eyes at Valen.

Valen let one side of the map drop, holding it and the compass in his hand as he pushed the machete away. "Cyon, I know you're hot and sick of this damn jungle, but I really am trying to help."

Cyon took a step back, dropping the machete. It clanged loudly, and several birds burst into screeching flight.

Valen shook his head, letting his shoulders slump, "Cyon, don't get—"

"No," Cyon cut him off and held up his hand. "Tell me what you just heard."

"Cyon, do we have to play this game?"

"What did you hear when I dropped the machete?"

"Birds." Valen replied.

"Wrong." Cyon stuck the toe of his boot under the blade and flicked the hilt up to his hand. "The birds reacted, what did you hear first?"

Valen rolled his eyes, "Can you get to the point?"

Cyon squatted down and tapped the blunt tip

of the blade on the ground beneath his feet. The machete made a dull clank. "Hear that? We're in a jungle walking on a path made of cut and fitted stones." Cyon stood back up, "Someone took the time to cut, carry, and fit these together for miles on end."

Valen moved his right foot and looked down. Beneath the mud and vines were several dark grey stones, worn smooth from time and mostly buried. Valen sighed; there were exposed patches of stone behind them, and more scattered ahead. "Great."

"Do you think the monkeys made it?"

"No," Valen exhaled. He vehemently wished that Cyon would be both wrong and humble someday.

"Good." Cyon grinned sarcastically. "Because if we're on a man-made road in the middle of a steaming jungle crammed full of poisonous beasts and gibbering things, then it must not only lead somewhere, it must lead somewhere important—because no one in their right mind would build a road here in this hell otherwise!"

"True." Valen glanced down at the map and compass in his hand, "But that doesn't mean this is the right road."

Cyon pointed the machete at the trees surrounding the ancient and overgrown path, "And just how many roads to you think there are in here?"

"The map shows..." Valen counted silently, his lips moving and his index finger twitching to each of the unspoken numbers. "Tw—"

"Twelve." Cyon scraped his fingernail on the sap and the dried plant matter that had stuck to the side of his machete's blade. "And how many caravan routes were there in Qadira?"

"Not this again," Valen looked up at the interwoven trees that formed the high jungle canopy, addressing the unseen skies above. "Can't you make him forget something, sometime?"

"As I recall, there were seven." Cyon picked at a few chips and dents in the dull edge, "And yet you somehow managed to find a way to get us lost where there were none."



“That was a mistake,” Valen said flatly.

“That was three days of wandering aimlessly and almost dying in a desert.”

Valen sighed and shook his head, “And I’ve apologized many, many times since.”

Cyon formed his lips into a sardonic smile. “Then there was the time you got us lost and almost eaten by cannibals in The Shackles. That time in Absalom’s sewers where your ‘shortcut’ was a treacherous rope bridge that killed our snitch when it snapped. The time you sent us up the wrong river and we wasted days trekking back to Daggermark. The time in Taldor when...” Cyon shrugged, “Well, you get the idea. So you’ll forgive me if I’m not as confident in your sense of direction as I am of my own irrefutable logic—there can’t be another road that just happens to be heading the way we need to go, so this is the way to the lost city of Okotoko.”

“Fine.” Valen folded up the map and clicked the wayfinder’s cover closed, “Since you know everything I’ll just tag along behind and bask in the glory that is Cyon Fal’Duur.”

Cyon, hair disheveled and face covered in a light sheen of sweat, performed his most majestic bow, “I shall endeavor to not disappoint.” He spun on his heel, heading back down the road.

Valen drew his machete and shook it at the skies above, “Just once...”

* * *

Cyon knocked the stone-tipped spear away with his short sword and thrust his rapier into the

lizardman's throat. "So, back a while when you begged the gods for me to be wrong, was this what you were hoping for?"

Valen backed up two steps and fired his crossbow over the low wall to his right; the ruins of an ancient city lay just beyond. The bolt buried itself into the chest of another reptilian warrior. "Honestly I didn't think anyone heard that—not even you."

Cyon moved beside and slightly in front of Valen, "Why don't I believe you?"

"Fine, I wanted you to hear," Valen backpedaled and reloaded, "but I really didn't want anything like this."

"This 'lost' city seems remarkably inhabited," Cyon quipped.

"Because this isn't Okotoko," Valen fired, cursing as the bolt missed.

Cyon sidestepped a wild lunge and drove both blades through primitive bone armor and the leathery flesh beneath, "This is Okotoko," Cyon smirked at Valen, "I'll stake your life on it."

"And if this isn't?"

"Then we've just discovered another ancient city—" Cyon whirled around and stabbed a reptilian warrior moving to Valen's flank, "—shouldn't that make you happy?"

"What do you really know of Okotoko?" Valen asked. The overgrown stones of hours earlier had widened and turned into a much more substantial road, one built to bring trade to the large city they unexpectedly found themselves fighting through.

Cyon paused mid-step bringing his foot back, "Trap." He said nimbly stepping over a wire hidden among the vines, "Trip that wire and it'll open a pit." Turning to face Valen, "I already told you: lost city, fabulous wealth, evil cult—fill in the rest—why are you asking me again?"

Valen carefully stepped over the thin strand of twine. "Imarra said you'd been there before, I thought you'd recognize it..."

Cyon dropped the last of the lizardmen, "You're the one they sent on this little Mwangi detour, aren't you better informed than I?"

Valen paused and reloaded, breathing heavily in the hot, sweltering jungle, "The Pathfinders made sure I was prepared for Okotoko, not wherever we

are."

Cyon narrowed his eyes, "This is Okotoko."

"Well," Valen looked around the towering ruins behind the low wall, "if this is Okotoko, where's the massive golden idol with ruby eyes the size of your head? Imarra said you tried to pry one out and it—"

"—led to a lot of unpleasantness, yes." Cyon, frowned, looking past the outer ring wall into the heart of the ruined city they'd just run from. "Though how much of that was attributable to the idol, and how much to typical idiocy—and how should I know where the damned thing is?"

Cyon sheathed his weapons and rested his hands on his knees. For once, he looked frustrated and defeated, "Maybe the damned savages melted it down, or maybe it came to life and devoured half of them and wandered off." Cyon stood up, took a deep breath and tugged at the bottom of his sweat-soaked silk shirt to straighten it, and adjusted the dark mithral chain shirt over it.

"Perhaps things have changed in the intervening years."

"Or perhaps you're wrong." Valen grinned and took a long drink from his waterskin before passing it to Cyon. "I think this is Jaha. Look at the terraces, the fort-like structures, the vine-covered courtyards—the lizardmen."

Cyon shook his head and tossed the skin back to Valen, motioning to follow as they slowly resumed walking. "Not only are we in the wrong area of the Mwangi, but Jaha is populated, and its current inhabitants have been erecting mysterious marker stones everywhere." Cyon turned and pointed back from where they came, "I fail to see anything resembling marker stones, and these savages may shelter in the ruins, but this isn't their city."

Cyon sighed heavily. Looking over the ruins, he turned his back to Valen, "And...I don't think it's..."

"Ha!" Valen's eyes shone with the excitement of a potentially monumental discovery, "You really think we found somewhere new?"

Cyon's eyes widened as he caught sudden and substantial movement in the ruins, "I really think we should run." 🌿

MANMADE PERILS OF THE JUNGLE



By Elizabeth Leib

Disease, poisonous plants, wild beasts – the jungle is an unforgiving and dangerous place. However, not all hazards in the wilderness are natural occurrences. Mwangi tribesmen often craft traps designed to catch game or kill intruders. The following traps would fit perfectly into any jungle-themed adventure.

RIGGED TREE TRAP CR 1

With a simple rope, blade, and tripwire, trees can be rigged to fall when a creature comes too close. In addition to dealing damage, fallen trees may restrict travel through the jungle, especially if they block a path or river.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** none

Effect Anyone in the path of the falling tree must make a DC 14 Reflex save or take 3d6 damage.

JUNGLE BELL TRAP CR 2

The sound of a loud bell rings out as a character approaches, attracting the attention of a CR 1 jungle animal. The animal is not necessarily hostile, but attacks if hungry or provoked. The *call animal* spell can be found in the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide™*.

Type magic; **Perception** DC 21; **Disable Device** DC 21

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** automatic

Effect spell effect (*call animal*)

TAINTED WATER PIT CR 3

The victim falls into a hidden pit filled with muddy water and drowned animal corpses. The water is unclean and may spread filth fever.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual

Effect 40-ft.-deep pit (4d6 falling damage); DC 20 Reflex avoids. Any character coming into contact with the tainted water must make a DC 10 Fortitude save or contract filth fever.

POISONOUS SWINGING SPEAR TRAP CR 4

A bamboo spear tipped with venom extracted from a monstrous centipede swings through the trees from the end of a hanging vine.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual

Effect +15 melee (1d6+6 plus small centipede poison)

CAGE OF VIPERS TRAP CR 5

A small cage filled with vipers is hidden high in the treetops. The cage is suddenly opened and the serpents released when a tripwire is sprung on the ground below. First, the metal cage falls on the head of anyone beneath the tree, then the snakes strike.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** none

Effect Atk +10 ranged (1d6) plus 1d4+1 vipers attack

SHADOW SERPENT TRAP CR 5

A quasi-real constrictor snake with glowing red eyes appears out of thin air and wraps itself around the victim's neck, choking the life out of him or her.

Type magic; **Perception** DC 29; **Disable Device** DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (*alarm*); **Reset** none

Effect spell effect (*shadow conjuration*, mimics *summon monster III* (fiendish constrictor snake), DC 14)

STONE STATUE TRAP CR 6

A statue of a tribal deity stands in a remote shrine. The first creature to touch the statue is instantly transformed into stone, forming a second stone statue trap.

Type magic; **Perception** DC 26; **Disable Device** DC 26

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** none

Effect spell effect (*flesh to stone*, DC 19)

MOSQUITO CLOUD TRAP CR 7

This trap releases a cloud of mosquitoes into the air. The insects buzz and swarm around the victim's head. A bitten character begins to develop rashes on their body and is at risk of contracting a painful

illness known as bonecrusher fever. The mosquito swarm is quick to disperse once they have bitten their target. See *Pathfinder Chronicles: Heart of the Jungle* for information about bonecrusher fever.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** none

Effect disease-carrying mosquitoes; never miss; onset delay (1 round); DC 12 Fortitude or contract bonecrusher fever

SPIDER VINE DARTS CR 7

A barrage of tiny darts coated in paralyzing venom sprays the room. Spider vine poison can be found in *Pathfinder Chronicles: Heart of the Jungle*.

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

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** repair

Effect +20 ranged (1d3 plus spider vine poison); multiple targets (all targets in a 20-ft.-square room)

HIDDEN QUICKSAND TRAP CR 9

Quicksand is often deceptive, magically-enhanced quicksand especially so. This trap covers a quicksand pit with a permanent illusion of trees and jungle plants. Unless a character sees through the illusion, the Survival DC for spotting the quicksand increases to 18.

Type magic; **Perception** DC 24; **Disable Device** DC 24

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (*alarm*); **Reset** automatic

Effect spell effect (*hallucinatory terrain*, DC 15) ☼



DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

This time we have you. Could you please explain Clairaut's Relation for us?

Sincere Regards,
Geodesic Sorcerer

DEAR GEODESIC SORCERER

Clairaut's relation is a classical differential geometry formula. The formula relates the distance $r(t)$ from a point on a great circle of the unit sphere to the z-axis, and the angle $\theta(t)$ between the tangent vector and the latitudinal circle. Booyah! Also, Clair is the half-sister of Au(n)t Bessy's idiot nephew Gilbert.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti



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<http://pathfinderwiki.com>

By Truly "I. Malachi" Clark
Art by Hugo "Blitterfrog" Solis

The news had come in at midnight, brought by a runner from the trading party that had recently left for Nantambu. He alone had escaped to inform the elders that the entire party had been ambushed and taken. When she heard the news, Sionan had been in the workshop with her uncle, Pharis, preparing rough gemstone for cutting. She had stood frozen, and the blood had left her uncle's face leaving the colorful tattoos behind to stand out garishly against his pale skin.

The tormenting of the Ekujae tribe at the hands of the Aspis Consortium had gone for far too long, and the elders were now in council to retaliate, but it would take time. Sionan was no warrior, but she had refused to wait. Among the party had been her sister, Fea, and the thought of her frail younger sister in chains spurred her into action. Minutes were precious. Ignoring her uncle, she gathered what provisions she could and left Kibwe within the hour.

The finished gems that had sparkled in the firelight now lay in the bottom of Sionan's backpack. Perhaps she could use them to buy Fea back if no other option was available. Sionan followed the trade route to Nantambu. The slavers had headed west, but south of Nightfall Station, suggesting they were instead traveling to Bloodcove. Conversations with merchants and Pathfinder contacts in Nantambu revealed a few names and confirmed that the men were indeed headed to Bloodcove and to cities beyond – Absalom, Korvosa, Magnimar. Sionan's heart sank. She could follow the slavers to Bloodcove, but what then? What if she couldn't find and free Fea before the slave ships left? Finding a ship willing to follow would be difficult enough, but, even then, what guarantee did she have that she'd find the city where Fea would be sold?

It was nearly dawn when she reached the city. Red mud clung to her boots and clothing as she cautiously tread the boardwalks. Bloodcove reeked. The stench of the river wafted through the thickets and it was a relief to reach the elevated square. Indecision slowed her down for a moment. She had no real plan, and even now all the information she had about the slavers was a description and a name belonging to their leader, Parnel Jacre. Should she attempt to find the Pathfinder Lodge first and perhaps

seek guidance from a group whose possible assistance was suggested only by a mutual hatred of the Aspis Consortium? Mistrust of any organized society led Sionan to first seek answers on her own.

Discreet attempts at conversation and interrogation with tradesmen and pub owners were met with downcast eyes and quiet mutterings. No one seemed to have heard of Jacre, yet there were whisperings and mumblings all over the square. Finally, in a run-down shack selling cheap trinkets a woman with a worried face nodded quickly toward a nearby bar and hurriedly acknowledged that he frequented the place.

The bar was crowded and as loud, but Sionan soon spotted a man matching the given description of the expedition leader, Parnel Jacre, at a table near the back. A tall figure, hooded and cloaked, was just leaving. Sionan caught a glimpse of the figure's face; the blue eyes were like ice and startling in intensity. She was momentarily distracted, but shook it off and ventured to the back of the room. Jacre was surrounded at the table by a crew of men playing a card game for money. Sionan watched for a few rounds waiting for a break in the game. Jacre noticed her, grinned, and stood.

"You're that elf who's been looking for me." His eyes twinkled at having called her out.

His manner was expansive, but Sionan wasn't naïve enough to drop her guard. She nodded. He waited for her to speak and, when she didn't, he gestured to an empty chair.

"Please, be my guest." Jacre sat without waiting for her to do so, pulled a greasy pack of cards from his pocket, and began to shuffle them. He pointed to Sionan's tattoos. "Ekujae? I had a few of those last trip."

Sionan, still standing, recognized his deliberate mispronunciation of the tribal name and did not answer. She sat.

"I'm told you have a few of those every trip," she countered. The man laughed raucously and nodded. "I want one of them."

"Sorry, pretty lady. They're not for sale." Jacre feigned interested regret in a voice that indicated to Sionan that, at least, they weren't for sale to her.

Not for the world would Sionan reveal her disappointment, though she hadn't expected this transaction to be easy. She leaned into the man's face and effortlessly plucked the cards from his hands mid-shuffle.

"Really? Then let me win her from you."

Jacre was highly amused at the suggestion and, at a glance from him, several other men joined the game. An hour into it, Sionan, cards held tightly in her grip, was

up by ten gold and only two other players were still in the game. One was Jacre; the other was a local dockworker. Neither were pleased. Though Jacre retained his ever-present grin, his eyes were glaring. Beaded sweat poured off the shoreman's brow. Sionan stared him down and raised the bet. Jacre, toothpick twitching in his mouth, raised it again. The dockworker folded. Jacre looked Sionan up and down.

"Just you and me, Ekujae." He added another coin to the pile as he spoke.

Sionan stared back at him. She could sense his unease through the façade of his friendly grin and easy chatter. She drew another coin, then, slowly reaching into her backpack, she withdrew two of the newly polished stones and added them to the pile. Jacre swallowed, his grin fading. Another moment of drawn-out silence, two, and then, ripping the toothpick from his mouth as he did so, Jacre folded. Sionan smiled, and laid down her cards. She had nothing, not even two of a kind. It was a perfect bluff and the inconvenient spectators applauded. Sourly, Jacre conceded the pot. Sionan shook her head, returned the gems to her backpack, and left the gold on the table.

"I told you." She stood, and a dagger that looked carved from stone suddenly appeared in her hand. "I play for my sister. I want her back."

Jacre grinned, looked up, and met her eyes. His look told her more than she wanted to know and without realizing it, she stumbled out of the bar, slipping on the boardwalk. She made her way towards the purported Pathfinder lodge, hoping to find better news. As she rounded a corner into the narrow walkway, a hand shot out from a nearby doorway and pulled her into its shadow.

"Nice show back there," a voice crooned into her ear. "Do you always make enemies that quickly? Jacre doesn't like being embarrassed." Her detainer pulled Sionan into



what turned out to be a small shop, and out through the back. "Besides, you wasted your time. Jacre's last group of slaves were loaded aboard a ship bound for Korvosa two days ago."

Sionan was dragged into a small building at the edge of a narrow drop. She looked up into the blue eyes of the figure she'd seen leaving the bar. The hood was pulled down to reveal a tall, half-elf woman with long brown hair and an air of impatience, but her eyes were mild as she took in the look on Sionan's face.

Sionan waved her away angrily. "I know!" She broke off and shook her head continuing in a more normal tone. "I mean, I knew he didn't have her as soon as he folded." Then she frowned as something else occurred to her. "You were leaving as I came in."

The tall woman smiled. "I got a report ten minutes later from a colleague in Nantambu telling me to expect company from someone matching your description. I returned to find you in the midst of a card game so I waited for you to finish."

Sionan's eyes narrowed. "You're a Pathfinder?"

The half-elf nodded. "My name is Farrellon." She gestured over her shoulder at the office room and its two rough bunks. "This is the local lodge though that's probably too grand a title for it."

Farrellon sank into the chair at the desk that crowded most of the room and folded her arms. "I also run a ship. You give me one of those stones you have, and I'll give you passage to Korvosa." She let the offer hang in the air. "In any case, you're welcome to bunk here for the night." She propped her feet on the desk and leaned back. "You'd be safer doing so."

Sionan nodded, dropped her backpack onto the nearest bunk, and sat. "I'll take that offer. When do we leave?"

Farrellon looked up, calculating in her head. "I can have the ship ready by mid-morning." She paused and yawned. "Get some rest." Sionan nodded, wondering what tomorrow would bring. ☺

MWANGI ARTISTRY



By Jess Door

CLOAK, RAINBOW FEATHER

Aura moderate conjuration and transmutation; **CL** 12th
Slot shoulders; **Price** 5,400 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This brightly colored half cloak is woven of countless feathers. Complex and beautiful patterns are comprised of blue, green, orange, red, and yellow parrot feathers that never fade, even in the sun. Quite often, only important personages such as kings, nobles, priests, and shamans own these cloaks due to the painstaking labor and magical abilities woven into them.

A person wearing one of these *cloaks* is under a permanent *feather fall* effect. In addition, the wearer may tear out a feather from the cloak and use it as a *feather token*. The effect of the *feather* is dictated by the color of the feather torn from the *cloak*.

Blue feathers produce the effect of a *compass token* (see below). Green feathers produce the effect of a *swan boat token*, though the craft created appears as a raft instead of a swan boat. Orange feathers produce the effect of a *bird token*. Red feathers produce the effect of a *vine token* (see below). Yellow feathers produce the effect of a *tree token*. Each cloak can produce two *vine token* effects, two *swan boat token* effects, three *bird token* effects, three *tree token* effects and five *compass token* effects.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *feather fall*, *major creation*; **Cost** 2,700 gp

DRUMS, ZOMBIE

Aura strong transmutation and necromancy; **CL** 13th
Slot —; **Price** 55,260 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

These two conga drums are made of deep black, well-burnished wood and covered at the top with tightly laced goatskin. Favored by necromancers and shamans that haunt the waterways and jungles in untamed lands, these magical drums can speed or slow the very heartbeat of those that hear it, or cause even intelligent undead to march to the beat of the skilled drummer.

When the two *drums* are played at a fast and frenetic tempo and the player makes a DC 15 Perform (percussion) check, all creatures within 30 feet of the drummer are under the effect of a *haste* spell until the percussionist stops playing or 10 rounds have passed, whichever comes first.

When the two *drums* are played at a slow tempo and the player makes a DC 15 Perform (percussion) check, all

creatures within 30 feet of the drummer, except for the drummer himself, are under the effect of a *slow* spell. The DC to save against this effect is DC 14 + 1 for every 5 points by which the Perform (percussion) check exceeds 15. This lasts until the percussionist stops playing or 10 rounds have passed, whichever comes first.

The *haste* and *slow* effects can be used a total of three times each day.

A truly skilled percussionist can use these drums once per day to produce an effect as the spell *control undead* with a DC 25 Perform (percussion) check. This can only affect undead creatures within 50 feet of the *drums*. Undead may make a Will save, DC 20 + 1 for every 5 points by which the check exceeds 25. This lasts until the percussionist stops playing or 10 minutes have passed, whichever comes first.

Setting up the *drums* and beginning to play requires a full round action. If a percussionist attempts to activate the *drums* with a Perform (percussion) check and fails, that attempt is still used for the day. Using the *drums* to control undead requires all the power the *drums* can summon for the day – no *haste* or *slow* effects can be attempted after an attempt has been made to control undead. If a *haste* or *slow* effect has already been used within the last 24 hours, no attempt can be used to control undead until 24 hours have passed.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *haste*, *slow*, *control undead*, creator must have 8 ranks in Perform (percussion) skill; **Cost** 27,630 gp

FEATHER TOKEN

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 12th

Slot —; **Price** 50 gp (compass), 450 gp (vines); **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

Each of these items is a small feather that has a power to suit a special need. The kinds of tokens are described below. Each token is usable once. A particular feather token has no specific features to identify it unless its magic aura is viewed, even tokens with identical powers can be wildly different in appearance.

Compass: When this *token* is dropped into open air, it appears to be caught by an errant breeze and is wafted due north for a period of 1 minute or until it touches any other object.

Vines: When this *feather* is touched to a tree, the tree is suddenly choked by long, large vines. The vines grow over the trunk and are anchored firmly, able to support creatures of up to large size with no extra support. Multiple sturdy vines also hang from the tree's branches down to the ground. These can support the weight of creatures of up to Medium size. These vines are rooted in the earth around the tree and permanent.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *major creation*; **Cost** 25 gp (*compass*), 225 gp (*vines*)

HEADHUNTER'S STAFF

Aura faint divination; **CL** 5th

Slot —; **Price** 10,800 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This long staff has two shrunken heads tied to the top with leather thongs and feathered fetishes. One head appears to be that of a man, and the other of a woman. Three times per day this staff can be used to produce an effect like the *augury* spell, with the same restrictions and limitations. This ability has a 75% chance of success.

When the response to the bearer's question is "weal," the female head will wail. When the response to the bearer's question is "woe," the male head will shout. When the response to the bearer's question is "weal" or "woe," both heads will cry out, and when the response is nothing, the heads will not do anything.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *augury*; **Cost** 5,400 gp

HEADHUNTER'S STAFF, GREATER

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 9th

Slot —; **Price** 48,600 gp; **Weight** 4 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

Resembling the *headhunter's staff* in appearance, this staff can be used to produce an effect as the *commune* spell cast by a 9th level caster three times per day. These items usually use a god that possesses the Death domain as their source of information, most often Pharasma or Norgorber.

A positive response to the bearer's question will cause the female head to wail, while a negative answer will cause the male head to shout. Both heads on the *staff* will speak if the answer to the *commune* is a short phrase or word.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *commune*; **Cost** 24,300 gp

TOTEM WARPAINT

Aura minor transmutation; **CL** 3rd

Slot —; **Price** 150 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This warpaint can come in a variety of colors and be applied in any number of designs to a creature's skin or fur. Usually a warrior uses the *totem warpaint* to help him improve on the skills associated with his totem animal.

Once all of the *warpaint* is applied to a creature, they are under the effect of an *aid* spell, gaining a +5 competence bonus to a specific skill for a period of three hours. The paint comes in six different varieties:

- *Anaconda*: Swim
- *Chameleon*: Stealth
- *Eagle*: Perception
- *Leopard*: Climb
- *Monkey*: Acrobatics
- *Tiger*: Intimidate

This *warpaint* can be applied to any creature, though in order to use enough of the paint to activate the magic, the creature must be Tiny or larger. *Totem warpaint* takes 5 minutes to apply correctly.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *bull's strength* (anaconda, leopard), *cat's grace* (chameleon, monkey), *eagle's splendor* (tiger), *owl's wisdom* (eagle); **Cost** 75 gp



DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

I'm a blood mage from Kaer Maga. All the other PCs are teasing me because of my blood-induced obesity. I just can't get enough leeches to keep up. What should I do?

Sincere Regards,
Living with Leaches

DEAR LIVING WITH LEACHES,

First off, don't be so hard on yourself. Remember you are beautiful 'in every single way'. Besides, the scrying totally adds ten pounds. As for the other PCs, you can always just give them the ol' *black tentacles*. Or, sit them down and try explaining that you're proud of your appearance and would appreciate their acceptance and support.

Naw, definitely go with the *black tentacles*.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

WARPAINT OF VICTORY

Aura minor enchantment; **CL** 3rd

Slot —; **Price** 300 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This warpaint can come in a variety of colors and be applied in any number of designs to a creature's skin or fur. Once all of the warpaint is applied, they are under the effect of an *aid* spell, gaining a +1 morale bonus on attack rolls and saves against fear effects, as well as receiving 1d8+3 temporary hit points for a period of three hours.

This *warpaint* can be applied to any creature, though in order to use enough of the paint to activate the magic, the creature must be Tiny or larger. *Warpaint of victory* takes 5 minutes to apply correctly.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *aid*; **Cost** 150 gp



WORDS FROM MANY ROADS

By Russell "Sorice! Minoi Mohsefeet" Estes

Art by Tyler Clark

Fellow wanderers, the time has come again to hear tales of danger and woe. Mystery and lore fills the Mwangi Expanse, where many have braved treacherous terrain, man-eating apes, and all manner of rot and disease in search of power, glory, and gold. In a place where empires were lost but time was not, true horror lies within the Expanse where adventurers may come to wish for death. There, such a wish is easily granted.

Mwangi

Time has forsaken you
Oh gluttonous beast
Devourer of empires,
You consume
Wood and stone,
Man and beast
Leaving towers of old to stand alone,
But such is tragedy,
Such is Hell
In the Mwangi lands,
Where devils dwell.



Osibh

In my dreams
I beheld golden gates,
Paradise
In the jungle,
And lo!
I gazed upon such wonders,
Gardens abundant with food
And streets laid with gold.
Death and disease
Had no place here,
No wish
Left ungranted,
Oh how I wish
To stay,
For I'd need no spirits
To lift my own.

Nemesis Well

A golden mask
Hides your festering maw,
A mouth that spews hateful curses.
What is it that you whisper
In the dead of night?
What twisted dreams do you carry
On the backs of the shadows?
Where then do you creep?
Waiting,
For one foolish enough to sleep.

Battle of Nagisa

Forward they went,
The noble Sixth,
To the mouth of Hell
They rode.
The sites before them
Spawned from madness,
Through sword and flame
They battled.
To die,
Beast and bone
Awash in blood
And torn asunder.

Ghost of the Jungle

Traveling
I met my kin,
He was quiet,
Uttered no hello,
And I noticed two faces,
One of death,
Another of me,
I know this creature
No longer.
And with sadness, I offer pity,
“Oh brother,
You died a gnome,
A ghost of the jungle
In your darkened home.”

The Harvester

Harvestman,
Look at you
And your brand new suit,
Fresh from the grave
And nary a mark,
Accursed doll of human flesh
And a tailor of death,
Sewn together by stitch and spell,
Who you were
You cannot remember,
But you wear the suit
To look the part. ☼



WEAL OR WOE

LOST STAR

By Ghy "Ugulanoth" Fox

Ten years ago, a ship called the *Ebon Star* sailed from Cheliaz to Sargava, heading towards the wilds of the Mwangi Expanse. General Gorthoklek himself gave each member of the mission a secret assignment. Leading the expedition was a veteran called Elgar Ladislau, but even with his skills they faced disaster after disaster. Suffering from strange jungle plagues and curses, battles against brutal apes and dinosaurs, they survived only to bear ignominy of several mutinies and betrayals. After ten years there are only two desperate survivors: the captain and his former slave adopted daughter, Morina Ladislau.



Currently Morina has disappeared into the jungle and Elgar is trying to build a search party to look for her, as he fears the jungle has taken its toll on his unstable daughter and is going mad because of it.

Weal: *Elgar Ladislau*

A thin and well-dressed man, with a stylish goatee and slick black hair stands before you. He carries many small bottles with strange liquids inside them strapped over a chain shirt, and a few weapons poorly concealed under his cloak. His face shows no expression but his eyes betray a great sadness.

Boon If the PCs manage to capture his wayward daughter Morina with the *manacles of cooperation*, he will share his copious handmade maps of the Mwangi Expanse, listing the locations of clean water and supply caches. These maps grant a +2 bonus on Knowledge (geography) or Survival checks made in the Expanse.

ELGAR LADISLAU CR 11
XP 12,800

Male human alchemist 6/rogue 6
LN Medium humanoid (human)
Init +2; Senses Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+5 armor, +2 Dex, +1 shield)
hp 66 (12 HD; 12d8+12)
Fort +7, Ref +12, Will +5; +4 vs. poison
Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee +1 rapier +11/+6 (1d6+3/18–20), +1 dagger +11/+6 (1d4+4/19–20)
Ranged +1 seeking composite longbow +11/+6 (1d8+3/x3)
Special Attacks bomb 8/day (3d6+2 fire, DC 15), sneak attack +3d6
Alchemist Extracts Known (CL 6th)
2nd—*barkskin*, *bull's strength*, *protection from arrows*
1st—*comprehend languages*, *cure light wounds*, *endure elements*, *keen senses*
Rogue Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th, concentration +8)
3/day—*detect poison*

TACTICS

Before Combat Elgar will almost always try to confront enemies with some tactical advantage, be it numbers, traps, or dirty tricks. He consumes his mutagen before combat.

During Combat While mounted Elgar will shoot at his opponents, keeping his distance. When on foot, or forced in close, he will attack with his rapier and dagger. He uses his extracts as the situation calls for it.

Morale If staying and fighting would cost him his life, Elgar will flee. The only exception is when someone dear to him is in danger or his country expects him to fight, in which case he will fight till his last breath.

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +8; CMB +10; CMD 22

Feats Brew Potion, Double Slice, Endurance, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Throw Anything, Toughness, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting

Skills Appraise +17, Climb +16, Craft (alchemy) +17, Diplomacy +14, Heal +16, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (nature) +9, Perception +16, Ride +13, Survival +16, Swim +13

SQ alchemy (alchemy crafting +6, identify potions), mutagen (+4/-2, +2 natural, 60 minutes), discoveries (acid bomb, concentrate poison, dispelling bomb), poison use, swift alchemy, swift poisoning, rogue talents (bleeding attack +3, minor magic, lasting poison), trapfinding +3

Combat Gear acid flasks (4), alchemist's fire (4), black adder venom (4), mutagen (Constitution); **Other Gear** +1 chain shirt, +1 rapier, +1 dagger, +1 seeking composite longbow with 60 arrows, efficient quiver, manacles of cooperation, alchemist's kit, healer's kit, formula book, silver holy symbol of Asmodeus, heavy war horse (with chain shirt barding and military saddle)

Woe: Morina and Lavelnial

You hear her wails of pain as a young girl with blood stained golden hair and cold grey eyes scuttles awkwardly away. She wears a soiled and torn dress, remnants of silk and lace hanging in tatters. Slung behind her back are a bunch of strange looking sticks, tied together by the strands of blond hair.

Boon If the PCs befriend Morina, she reveals the location of a shrine of Ydersius that she uses as her shelter. This location has wealth appropriate to a CR 12 encounter and has many pieces of art and religious texts of interest to scholars and academic groups. Lavelnial does not grant any boons.

MORINA LADISLAU CR 11

XP 12,800

Female human rogue 2/summoner 10

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception -1

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 deflection, +2 Dex)

hp 79 (12 HD; 12d8+22)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +8/+3 (1d3)

Ranged sling +10/+5 (1d4)

Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +15)

8/day—*summon monster V* (DC 20)

Summoner Spells Known (CL 10th; concentration +15)

4th (2)—*acid pit* (DC 19), *greater evolution surge*

3rd (4)—*dimension door*, *fire shield*, *summon monster III*, *wall of fire*

2nd (5)—*create pit* (DC 17), *glitterdust* (DC 17), *lesser evolution surge*, *slow* (DC 17), *summon swarm*

1st (7)—*daze monster* (DC 16), *expeditious retreat*, *feather fall*, *lesser rejuvenate eidolon*, *summon monster I*

0 (At will)—*acid splash*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *open/close*, *read magic*

TACTICS

Before Combat Morina herself is quite harmless, but mentioning her adopted father's name causes the dominant (and violent) personality of Lavelnial to take over. Lavelnial always tries to fight in a place that she has the tactical advantage, be it near a large body of water, over a cliff, or deep in the forest. She tries start the fight hiding or *invisible*.

During Combat Lavelnial uses her *metamagic rod* to cast *create pit* on her enemies then attacks them from above with summoned animals. If that fails, she will flee to summon her eidolon (Chexgul) and will return shortly after to attack again.

Morale Lavelnial employs hit and run tactics. She will run away if confronted, only to return when she thinks she has the advantage again.

STATISTICS

Str 10, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 20

Base Atk +8; CMB +8; CMD 22

Feats Acrobatic, Augment Summoning, Extra Rogue Talent (camouflage), Greater Spell Focus (conjuration), Nimble Moves, Spell Focus (conjuration), Summoner's Call

Skills Acrobatics +12, Bluff +20, Climb +8, Escape Artist +10, Fly +4, Linguistics +5, Stealth +17, Survival +4, Use Magic Device +20

Languages Common, Aklo, Polyglot

SQ aspect, bond senses (10 rounds/day), life link, maker's call (2/day), multiple personality disorder, shield ally, transposition, rogue talents (fast stealth), trapfinding +1

Combat Gear *wand of fireball* (12 charges), *wand of invisibility* (48 charges), *wand of lightning bolt* (12 charges), *lesser silent metamagic rod*; **Other Gear** sling with 50 bullets, *ring of protection* +2

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Multiple Personality Disorder Every morning, and each time Morina is rendered unconscious, she must make a DC 23 Will save. Failure indicates that Lavelnial takes over. Her memories and skills remain unchanged, but the various



personalities have no knowledge of each other and will deny, often violently, that these other personalities exist. Morina has a -6 penalty on Will saving throws and Wisdom-based checks because of her disorder – these adjustments have already been made to the statistics above.

Chevgul, Serpent Goddess of the Jungle

The creature before you has the upper body of a beautiful female humanoid, her lower half being that of a snake. Her head is crowned by that of a giant cobra, its hood extending from where her hair would be. Snakes emerge from her shoulders and twine down her arms.

CHEVGUL

XP 1,600

Female eidolon

CN Large outsider (eidolon)

Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +4 natural, -1 size)
hp 68 (8d10+24)

Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +6 (+10 vs. enchantments)

Defensive Abilities evasion

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee bite +12 (1d8+5 plus poison), tail slap +10 (1d8+2 plus grab), 2 unarmed strikes +12/+7 (1d4+5)

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

Special Attacks constrict (1d8+2), poison

STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 12

Base Atk +8; CMB +14 (+22 grapple); CMD 26 (28 vs. grapple)

Feats Deflect Arrows, Greater Grapple, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike, Multiattack^B

Skills Acrobatics +9 (+5 jump), Bluff +8, Climb +20, Intimidate +8, Perception +7, Stealth +5, Survival +7, Swim +17

SQ devotion, evolutions (bite, climb, constrict, gills, grab [tail slap], large, limbs [arms], poison, reach [bite], swim, tail, tail slap), link, share spells

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Poison (Ex) Injury; save Fort DC 17; frequency 1/round for 4 rounds; effect 1d4 Str; cure 1 save.



DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

i wanna get it so dat my PC has higher DPR (damage per round) than the rest of the party. How do i get my damage up so i can stick it in their faces? That would be totally sic. What do you recommend?

Sincere Regards,

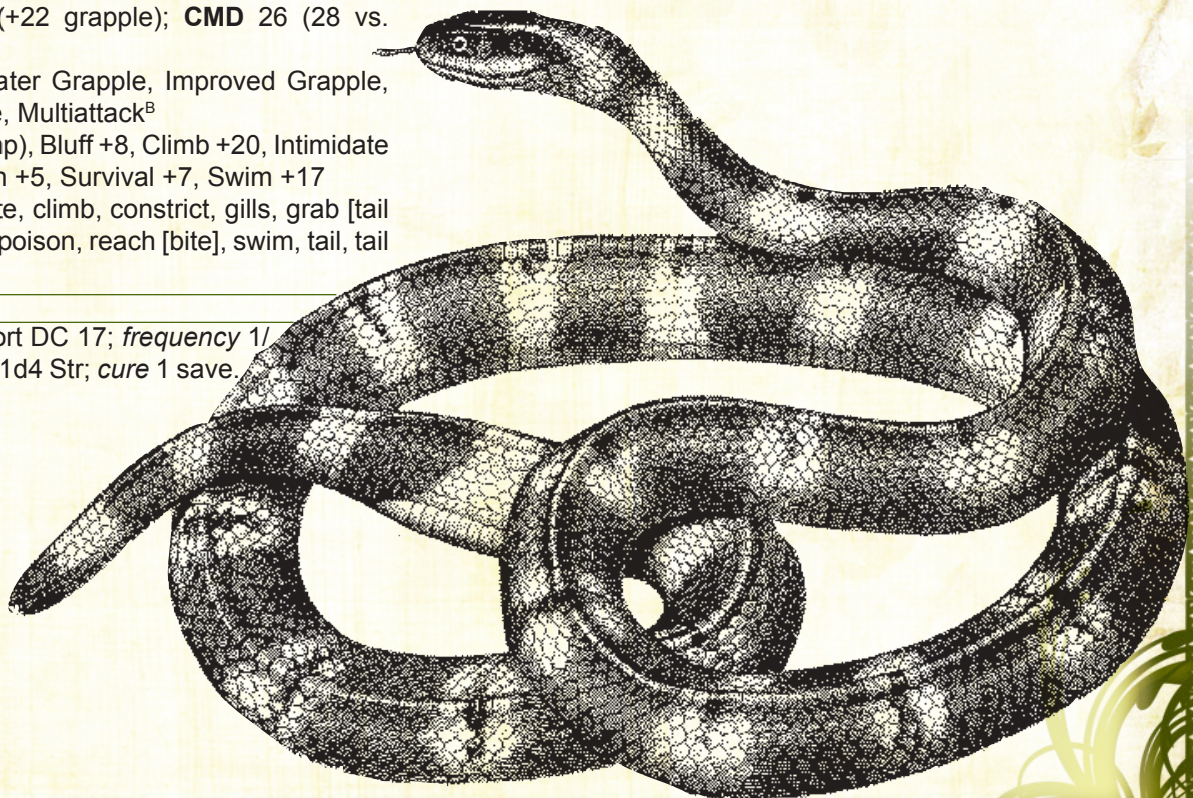
Power Gamerz

DEAR POWER [GAMER],

I respect both your efforts to better yourself as well as the competitive spirit you employ. Here's a quick and ready solution that's both time-tested and practical: when the DM hands you plastic dice to roll, roll higher numbers than you usually do. (Sigh)

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti





KEEP YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER



By Robert "Malik Joker" Gresham

Purvis Wade felt like he was in hell.

The constant spring rain of Taldor was nothing compared to the humid torrential downpour of the Kaava lands. Dominicus Rell, spymaster and head of the secretive Lion's Blade academy in Oppara, had tasked him with this mission. While he knew he would not allow himself to fail, he silently cursed Rell under his breath for sending him here. Following Nabutu, his Mwangi guide was difficult. The native man knew the jungle well and walked over the rough terrain as easily as if it were flat grass. Dark-skinned with a shaved head, Nabutu wore only tanned giraffe hides and sandals made from the underbelly of pythons. He carried a sharpened bamboo pole and a painted boomerang, whacking aside heavy foliage and curious snakes.

Wade's hair was unusually out of place, his short black curls spilling across his forehead. His thick leather coat was becoming unbearably heavy by the rain. Black knee breeches were tucked into his leather jungle boots and a shirt of mithril mail covered an undershirt of white cotton. His leather belt held a seven-inch jungle knife and a silver bladed rapier in an elaborately decorated frog.

"How much further is this place, Nabutu? I thought you said it was only a few miles southeast of Bloodcove."

"Yes. We not arrive yet for you move too slow, too loud. K'naka hut, very close."

"I certainly hope so." Wade said.

Fading sunlight spilled through breaks in the high jungle canopy, and as night grew closer, glowing insects fluttered through the air, creating a multi-colored array of dancing lights.

After hiking for another half-hour, the jungle began thinning out until finally breaking into a clearing roughly one hundred yards wide. A small bamboo building on man sized bamboo stilts stood in the

middle of the clearing. Rough wooden stairs led to a door flap made from leather. Standing in front of the building was a large insectoid effigy, fashioned together from bird feathers, reeds, and thin bamboo. Smoke rose from a chimney in the thatch roof and Wade saw light emanating from within.

Nabutu cupped his hands around his mouth and made two birdcalls toward the hut. Within moments, the door flap opened and a young, dark-skinned Mwangi man exited, carrying a torch and a bone spear. The man called down to Wade and Nabutu in a throaty voice full of groans and clicks. Nabutu replied in his native tongue and the man seemed satisfied. He reentered the hut while Nabutu climbed the steps motioning for Wade to follow.

"I will do the speaking Mister Wade. K'naka very old, proud in the old ways." Nabutu said nervously.

"You just say what I tell you to say. If the old man gets angry, that's just unfortunate." Wade replied.

Nabutu nodded and the pair entered the hut.

The walls of the building were waist high and made from bamboo bound together by braided vines. Bamboo pillars, adorned with angry looking carvings, held up the thatched roof, allowing for a panoramic view of the jungle.

Five Mwangi natives, three men and two women, occupied the hut. The women were young adults, as were two of the men. The fifth, sitting in a wicker rocking chair, was clearly their patriarch. He was a venerable old man with long, white dread locks, and the cloudy eyes of the blind. Despite the obvious handicap, the old man was carving on a solid piece of black wood with a hook bladed knife. The man carrying the torch walked over to the women who sat cross-legged and shirtless near the rear of the hut. The other young man was busy stirring a fireplace full of red-hot coals. A black iron cauldron bubbled audibly in the fire, a musky, sweet smell emanating from it.

The old man spoke, his tones raspy. He seemed wary and afraid.

"K'naka asks our names and why we come to him at night." Nabutu translated.

"Wade. Purvis Wade. I've come from Oppara to speak to you."

Hearing the translation, the old man's face hardened.

"What does a foreigner want with K'naka that

swims him across oceans?" Nabutu translated again.

Wade reached into an inner pocket of his jacket and removed a fist sized, black wooden figure, vaguely aquatic in countenance, and set it before the old man. The women in the hut gasped at the idol's appearance, muttering uneasily among themselves causing the man with the torch to usher them out the back entrance.

"An assassin in Cheliar carried this." Wade said. "Before his escape he told me you made it for him. Magical attempts to find him have failed. I want to know who you made this for, where I can find him, and now I also want to know why your women fear it."

K'naka took the idol and ran his hands over it, gingerly inspecting its surface. When he spoke it was hushed and full of sadness.

Nabutu leaned closer to Wade and whispered.

"He says this was a gift to the earthbound evil, the man who did not walk, the master of the Brotherhood of Beasts."

"The Brotherhood? What Brotherhood," Wade interrupted.

K'naka continued speaking, his voice carrying a new sense of urgency. Nabutu nodded vigorously, trying to keep up with the old man.

Finally when he was silent, Nabutu spoke.

"He says the man who did not walk came with a human man, all black with a black bird. They searched for the Stone of Woe near the Ruins of Mbaiki far east of here beyond the Hunt of the Dragon. They could not find the ancient place and K'naka says he would not tell them the path. To spare his children he gave the black man the idol."

K'naka spoke again, his voice deathly serious.

Nabutu translated. "He says the idol is the man who did not walk. That he carved his true face."

K'naka handed the carving back to Wade. Purvis took another look at its menacing, aquatic form. The thing had a humanoid shape but its crippled legs were twisted backwards beneath its body. The claws on its feet and hands were webbed and four fingered, and its head had the mixed likeness of a sharp-toothed fish and bird.

A sudden loud crack sounded throughout the hut, followed by a heavy thud and the smell of burning hair. Wade turned towards the sound, his hand falling

to the hilt of his knife. A cat-sized stirge laid smoking lifelessly on the floor of the hut. The angry faced carvings on the bamboo pillars were crackling with electricity and glowing a vibrant purple.

The young man by the fire scooped up the creature, chopped off its proboscis with a jagged cleaver, and threw the remaining body into the bubbling cauldron. He then diced up the feeding tube into bite-sized rings and began roasting them in the fire on a long metal spike. He seemed in sudden high spirits.

"Good omen when the stirge comes when travelers come." Nabutu explained. "This night, jungle good host."

The youth gave the roasted ringlets to K'naka along with a wooden bowl of stew from the cauldron. He handed Wade and Nabutu bowls but had to take stew outside to the women who would not return to the hut.

K'naka fell silent and spoke no more about the Brotherhood of the Beast. When Wade pressed Nabutu to bring it up again the guide gave him a stony look and shook his head. K'naka invited Wade and Nabutu to spend the remainder of the night in the hut and provided them with blankets made from the fur of big jungle cats. Constant rainfall fell on the thatched roof of the hut. Despite this, Wade drifted off to sleep quickly and slept soundly.

In the morning Wade awoke to find Nabutu and himself alone in the hut. K'naka had abandoned them while they slept, fleeing with his family. A quick scan of the building revealed they had taken what little belongings they owned with them. Their absence gave Wade a hollow feeling in his gut.

"K'naka said if the man who did not walk wishes to kill you, you are a ghost man and his family could not be near you," Nabutu said. "I hope you found your answers Mister Wade."

"I found answers. I'm just afraid I found more questions as well."

Walking out of the hut, Wade saw the solitary object that K'naka and his family had left behind. On the front steps of the bamboo hut was a small black woodcarving, the same wood K'naka had been whittling upon Wade's arrival. It looked like a lion, proud and standing tall, but with the head of a snake. Wade wondered if that was what K'naka thought his true face looked like. 🌿

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WEAL OR WOE

ABINBE AGITATIONS

By Jess Door

The remote jungle village of Abinbe has seen trouble in recent days. The populace is skittish and uncommunicative toward adventurers seeking entry for trading, rest, or directions. The large animal-shaped carvings scattered around the village only heighten the feeling of being watched with silent suspicion. Rather than answer any questions that strangers might have, the locals are suspicious and greet any conversation or attempts to trade with instructions that the adventurers speak to the tribe's spiritual leader, Ungozi.

Woe – Shaman Ungozi

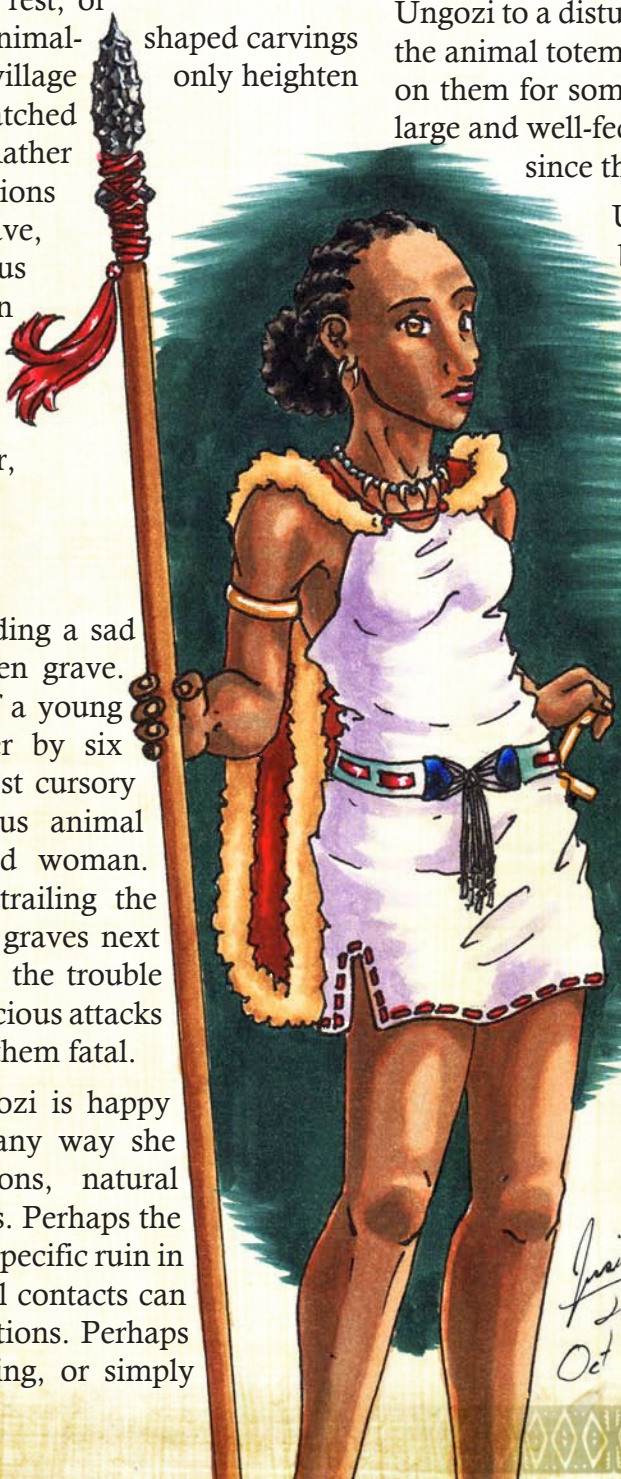
Ungozi can be found leading a sad procession toward an open grave. Behind her is the body of a young woman, borne on a bier by six young men. Even the most cursory look reveals some vicious animal has mauled the deceased woman. A weeping young man trailing the procession and two fresh graves next to the open one testify to the trouble this village faces—three vicious attacks in as many nights—all of them fatal.

After the service, Ungozi is happy to assist adventurers in any way she can, with her divinations, natural knowledge, skills, or spells. Perhaps the adventurers are seeking a specific ruin in the jungle, and her animal contacts can provide guidance or directions. Perhaps they are in need of healing, or simply

need Ungozi to convince the villagers to allow them to trade or ask questions. In return, she asks for their help tracking down the creature that is terrorizing her people.

Her affinity for birds and canine creatures allows her to speak with them, but they have revealed only a reluctance to speak with her these last few days, and if pressed will only say that a “strange” animal attacks the villagers. The animals’ reluctance to come near her or the village and their refusal to describe the attacker in detail worries Ungozi. This, along with the dead woman’s husband’s fleeting glimpse of a large spotted cat vanishing into the forest lead Ungozi to a disturbing suspicion – that Khatzi, one of the animal totem protectors of the village, has turned on them for some reason. Khatzi, who appears as a large and well-fed leopard, has proven elusive as well since the attacks began.

Ungozi hopes the adventurers might be able to track Khatzi down in the nearby ruined ziggurat where he seems to make his home, and either appease or destroy the angry animal guardian.



UNGOZI	CR 4
XP 1,200	
Female human afflicted weredog oracle* 4	
N Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)	
Init +0; Senses Perception +3	
DEFENSE	
AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor)	
hp 29 (4d8+8)	
Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +7	
OFFENSE	
Speed 30 ft. (20 ft. in armor)	
Melee mwk longspear +6 (1d8+1/x3) or club +4 (1d6+1)	
Ranged club +3 (1d6+1)	
Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft. (10 ft. with longspear)	
Special Attacks natural divination, 2/day	
Oracle Spells Known (CL 4th; concentration +11)	
2 nd (4/day)— <i>barkskin, cure moderate wounds, sound burst</i> (DC 15)	
1 st (7/day)— <i>bless, charm animal</i> (DC 14), <i>cure light wounds, obscuring mist, shield of faith</i>	

*Jess Door
Oct 7, 2010*

0 (at will)—*create water, detect magic, ghost sound* (DC 13), *guidance, mage hand, resistance, spark*, stabilize*

Mystery nature

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +3; CMB +4; CMD 14

Feats Combat Casting, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longspear)

Skills Diplomacy +9, Heal +9, Knowledge (nature) +5, Knowledge (religion) +6, Linguistics +0, Sense Motive +9, Survival +9

Languages Common, Polyglot; speak with animal (bird, dog)

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, dog; polymorph), oracle's curse (haunted), revelation, speak with animals (bird, dog)

Combat Gear *potions of cure moderate wounds* (3); **Other**

Gear mwk longspear, +1 *hide armor*, club

SHAMAN UNGOZI (HYBRID)

Init +1; Senses low light vision, scent; Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 18 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +3 natural)

hp 378 (4d8+16)

Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +7

DR 5/silver

OFFENSE

Melee mwk longspear +7 (1d8+3/x3), bite +0 (1d6+2) or

club +5 (1d6+2/), bite +0 (1d6+2)

Ranged club +4 (1d6+2)

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 16

Base Atk +3; CMB +5; CMD 16

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, dog; polymorph), lycanthropic empathy, oracle's curse (haunted), revelation, speak with animals (bird, dog)

SHAMAN UNGOZI (DOG)

N Small humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +1; Senses low light vision, scent; Perception +3

DEFENSE

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

hp 378 (4d8+16)

Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +7

DR 5/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bite +6 (1d6+3)

STATISTICS

Str 15, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 16

Base Atk +3; CMB +5; CMD 16 (20 vs. trip)

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, dog; polymorph), lycanthropic

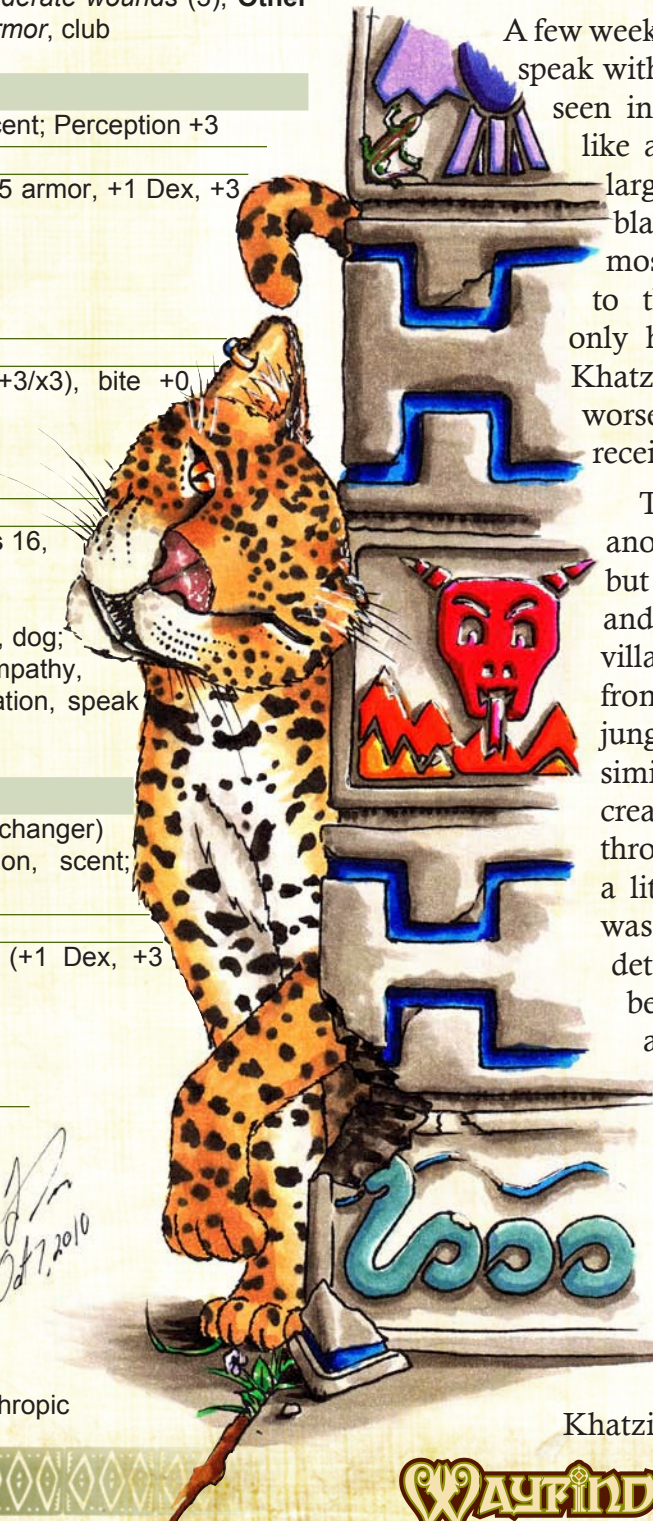
empathy, oracle's curse (haunted), revelation, speak with animals (bird, dog)

Weal – Tribal protector Khatzi

Khatzi doesn't clearly remember when he began to understand the tongues of the villagers, he only remembers a kindly voice and gentle hands. However he came to awareness, he has felt a kinship for humans ever since. He settled near the village of Abiinbe a few years ago and has given them his protection in exchange for the respect and conversation of the villagers and their shaman Ungozi.

A few weeks ago, he saw Ungozi trying to speak with a strange red dog he'd never seen in the jungle before. It looked like a giant fox, with reddish fur, large rounded ears, and a fluffy black tail. The dhole, unlike most canines, reacted violently to the shaman's overtures and only her skill with her spear and Khatzi's intervention prevented a worse injury than the bite Ungozi received.

Two nights ago, however, another dhole—different in scent but similar in looks—attacked and killed a young man in the village. Khatzi chased the creature from the village and lost it in the jungle. The next night's attack was similar, and Khatzi again lost the creature after an extended chase through the darkness. Khatzi was a little insulted that the creature was able to evade him, and was determined to catch the creature before it preyed on the villagers again. He spent the next day setting small dry twigs as noise traps along the forest game trails to help him track the fleeing creature the next night. Again, the creature seemed to come out of nowhere to attack a villager, but after the attack, the twigs did their work and Khatzi tracked the strange creature





DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

Thanks to random treasure tables my encumbrance is quickly reaching its maximum limit. How should I arrange my equipment? Should I get a backpack?

Sincere Regards,

Type II Fanny Pack

DEAR TYPE II,

Absolutely not. According to the Core Rulebook, a backpack costs 2 gp and adds 2 pounds of weight. It actually increases your encumbrance instead of reducing it. It is a fact of our world that non-magical receptacles have no functional value of any kind. Whenever your GM asks where you keep anything – anything at all – always answer “at the ready, in the sheath at my side”. If after a time your GM begins to ask you just how many #*\$# sheaths do you have, answer him thusly: “one, of course” and look at him as if he were a Korvosan loon. If he’s a GM of any skill he will have better things to do than pursue it.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

into a hidden glade deep in the jungle. As dawn first lightened the sky, the red dog shifted into the gasping, confused form of Ungozi.

Khatzi is horrified and confused on his next step. He is hopeful that other humans may assist him in stopping Ungozi from committing further attacks. Khatzi is unaware of the nature of lycanthropes and does not realize that as tonight is the last night of the full moon this month, Ungozi will be unlikely to transform for another month after tonight.

Khatzi is sleeping or hunting during the day in preparation for another night of trying to thwart the strange vicious creature that hunts the villagers of Abiinbe. He could come across the party as they seek him out and follow them stealthily for a while to gauge their intentions before asking for their assistance. He could be surprised from sleep when the adventurers enter the ziggurat’s cool central stone chamber where he rests from the heat and humidity

of the jungle in the afternoon. If attacked, Khatzi will defend himself, retreat to a defensible position, and try to communicate with the party. He will flee if brought below half his hit points, however.

Khatzi’s main concern is seeking assistance to deal with the depredations of his old friend Ungozi, evidently gone mad. In exchange for curing or stopping Ungozi’s depredations on her own people, Khatzi is willing to share his knowledge of the local jungle, act as a guide and protector, or show secret caches of ancient knowledge and treasure that he has no use for.

KHATZI

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male awakened leopard

NG Medium magical beast (augmented animal)

Init +4; **Senses** scent; Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 14, flat-footed 11 (+4 Dex, +1 natural)

hp 32 (5d8+10)

Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee bite +7 (1d6+3 plus grab), 2 claws +7 (1d3+3)

Special Attacks pounce, rake (2 claws +7, 1d3+3)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 19, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +6 (+10 grapple); **CMD** 20 (24 vs. trip)

Feats Combat Reflexes, Skill Focus (Stealth), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +8, Climb +15, Diplomacy +4, Perception +5, Stealth +11 (+15 in undergrowth), Survival +6, Swim +7; **Racial Modifiers** +4 on Stealth in undergrowth

Languages Common, Polyglot

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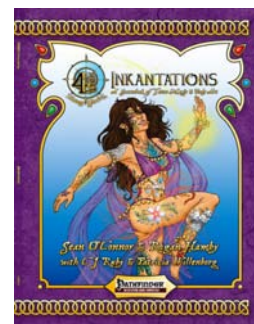
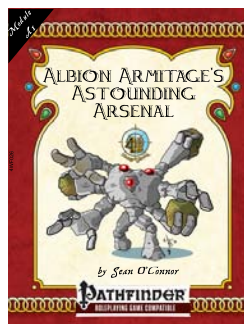
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ORCS OF THE BONE MOUND



By Darrin Drader

The Primal Horror

Savage, primal, and malevolent, orcs are the enemies of civilization throughout Golarion. The orcs of Bone Mound, which lies in the western jungles of the Mwangi Expanse, within raiding distance of the Sodden Lands, strike fear into the hearts of any who have encountered them. The few survivors tell tales of muscular horrors who wear bronze caps adorned with human skulls, capes made from the tanned skin of their victims, and mummified hands strung through iron rings around their necks. Whispers abound describing disturbing customs, where the orcs drink the blood of their prey and chant a single name, Duthm'zha!

Numerous expeditions into the jungle to end this threat have met with no results; they either find nothing, or do not return at all. Many have discounted these horrific orcs as jungle induced creations of the collective imaginations of the people. The truth of the matter is far more sinister.

A mere fifteen miles into the jungle lay the ruins of an ancient human temple. The site's original function is lost to time, the statues of its forgotten gods long since smashed to pieces, and the runic texts honoring its original masters have worn away to nothing. What remains is a hidden pyramid constructed of the blackest basalt, which is overgrown with vines, trees, and foliage, and has sunk into the boggy earth.

They refer to this structure as Bone Mound. Built upon the original top tier of the pyramid is another layer that the orcs have added themselves, made entirely of the bones of their sacrifices. Each piece has been carefully fitted with the ones around it and mortared into place with the jungle mud to form a solid surface. At the center is an altar, also constructed from bones. It is here that the orcs perform their wretched ceremonies.

The point of the orc raids on the people passing through the area is not to simply kill them and plunder their belongings. Instead, they seek to only to appease their dark demigod, Duth'zha with a dark ceremony that the entire tribe witnesses. Whenever possible, they capture those their prey and bring them back here, where the victims are tied to posts made of bone near the altar. The orc shaman goes to each of them and makes a dozen precisely placed cuts, bleeding them slowly. He then forces his sacrifices to drink their own blood from a ceremonial cup. Once this has transpired, he reverently passes the cup to the tribe, who in turn drink. He repeats the process for each captive then, one by one, separates their heads from their bodies.

Their lives extinguished, the orcs catch blood for drink, roast the bodies, cut meat from bones, and feast until the morning, knowing that they have pleased Duthm'zha. In the following days, what remains of the bodies of their sacrifices is used for a variety of purposes. Hair is harvested for blankets, roasted eyeballs are delicacies, the hands are made into ornaments, and the skin that was flayed from their victims is tanned and turned into various items, from capes, to throw-mats, and even roofing materials.

Duth'zha, the Lurking God

Despite the stories that have circulated about the demigod worshipped by this unusually bloodthirsty band of orcs, none have been able to learn the nature of the orc's god. Most orcs of Golarion worship a handful of deities, including Lamashtu, Rovagug, and Zon-Kuthon. The orcs of Bone Mound have no need for gods that they cannot see. A stairway at the top of the pyramid leads to its depth, where Duth'zha itself resides.

The creature they worship is a horror from the Abyss, a shoggti qliphoth. In pre-historic times, the creature had been part of a qliphoth raiding band seeking out slaves. The raid was successful, but it was wounded in the effort. For weeks the creature lay amid the trees in a blind, dreamlike state. With every day, its grasp on life became more and more tenuous. With no food, no ability to move, and no awareness, it was forced to use its immense mental abilities to perceive its surroundings through the creatures around it. Eventually, it overpowered the minds of several animals, which it used to drag its

body to the nearest settlement, a temple belonging to the serpentfolk of the Mwangi Expanse. Duth'zha quickly took control of a number of these creatures, forcing them to turn on the others. In short order, only the serpentfolk who served him survived. His new thralls proved excellent replacements for his own failed faculties. He could see through their eyes, speak through whichever one of them that he chose, and he could have them move him around. In little time he had regained his mental strength, if not his eyes or his ability to directly interact with the environment. When the pyramid came under attack by the other nearby serpentfolk who had noticed that their brethren were missing and their temple no longer serving its original function, Duth'zha had recovered enough of his mental fortitude to once again divide the serpentfolk, forcing some to serve him and have them kill the ones who did not fall to his influence.

In time, the serpentfolk who served him died of various causes, though he channeled a great deal of energy into preserving the life of the one that served him. Eventually the site was found by a tribe of orcs. Mentally weak, the qliploth found them easier to dominate than the serpentfolk, and their brute strength was able to serve him better than the serpentfolk had. Better, they continued to breed and produce offspring, and after the first two generations of orcs had died off, the others regarded him as a god. He no longer needed to dominate his subjects unless it was to have them perform specific tasks for him.

The blood ceremony the orc shaman performs adds to his overall strength, allowing him to make brief connections with the outer planes of the Abyss. At first he wasted his energy simply trying to make contact with his homelands, but over time he realized that if he were to store the energy within himself, he might one day be able to transport himself back to his home plane, where he would become whole again. The orcs, who regarded him as a god, were all too willing to continue performing these dark rituals. He would absorb the energy from the sacrifice's souls, and the orcs would feast while they worked themselves into religious fervor.

Today the qliploth lies surrounded by a protective cocoon of rotted vegetation, mud, and dung. He is still served by the one serpentfolk whose life he preserved, and the creature still obeys him mindlessly. The orcs take orders from the scaly intermediary when necessary, and have come to view it as a sort

of divine figure itself. After millennia of sacrifices, Duth'zha suspects that he has nearly accumulated enough power to return to the Abyss; just a few hundred sacrifices to go before he will be certain that he is ready for the journey.

How to Use the Orcs of the Bone Mound

In game, the Orcs of the Bone Mound should not be used as fodder. The PCs should hear about them through whispered tales of horror from the people local to the area. They speak in hushed tones, afraid that speaking openly of them will bring the wrath of these demons upon them. Also, the temple is not visible from a distance because of the overgrowing foliage of the jungle.

The orcs should possess levels in fighter or barbarian, while their shamans should have levels of cleric. Also amid their inner ranks are sorcerers. They should prove a difficult challenge for PCs to overcome in ordinary encounters, and encounters near or in the temple should be one to two challenge ratings above the PCs' level.

If the PCs are able to fight their way into the inner sanctum and disturb the qliploth, they are first faced with the serpentfolk wizard, who is attended by six orcs. Should the PCs defeat them, the released energy floods into the qliploth, granting it enough energy to make a solid connection with the Abyss. The energy from its home plane floods into it, granting it the strength to heal its ancient wounds and fight the PCs. Depending upon the PCs level, this might be a partial recovery, leaving it at less than its full strength. If the party is higher than 5th level, substitute the shoggti with whichever qliploth from *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game: Bestiary 2* is between two and four CRs higher than the party's level.

If the PCs defeat the qliploth, any surviving orcs from the tribe will consider the party the ultimate blasphemers, and they will follow them until they have either killed the PCs, or they have been eliminated. If initial attacks fail, they do not waste their remaining members on suicide attacks, but instead attempt to draw more powerful creatures into fights with the PCs. They are relentless, following them from location to location, into cities if necessary, even going so far as to pursue them across the oceans. In the end, however, only the orcs or the PCs will remain. ☉

CHILDREN OF THE JUNGLE

By Adam "Nicodemus Finch" Strasser
Art by Ashton "N'wah" Sperry

The first thing Dalia noticed was all the damned baboons. Less than a mile from the settlement, the vine-strangled trees and bushes were infested with them. It didn't take long before the constant screeching, grunting and rustling of branches joined the heat and humidity grinding at her nerves.

"Watch where you step, Pixie, these baboons seem to prefer this trail for their latrine, and it would be a shame to see your fine Osirian boots ruined." Dalia looked down at the trail in alarm, but quickly regained her poise. She could see her companion convulsing with silent laughter.

Dalia's temper flared, "I thought I made myself clear, Major Greganis, that you will address me as Priestess Dasvidal in public." The man couldn't get it through his thick gray head that she wasn't the girl he used to teach the art of the scimitar to anymore. She was a grown woman of nineteen and had been celebrated into the church of Sarenrae for more than a year. So what if she preferred fine boots? The only reason Cain was here was that in his youth he had been among missionaries who explored this region and spoke some of the local languages and dialects.

Cain gestured to the thick jungle surrounding them. "Is this what passes for public in your eyes, Dalia? I would have thought that this grand adventure outside the Sun Hall would have broadened your horizons."

"Grand adventure? Grand adventure? What is this grand adventure you speak of, Cain? Was it the weeks at sea, crossing from Andoran to Osirion? I recall my fine boots touching soil in the port of Sothis for all of an hour before being bundled onto an even smaller ship for several more weeks."

"Oh come now, Dalia. You saw the Isle of Kortos, the legendary fallen city of Kho..."

"Looking at a grey mass on the horizon isn't a tour of Absalom, Cain! As for the ruins of Kho, back in Kho-Rarne Pass you merely pointed towards some mountains! Is that what passes for..." Her words were lost as she banged her nose on Cain's armored back. She drew in a deep breath, grasped her nose, and prepared to deafen the man with a stream of profanity, but Cain stole those words as well.

"I fear we have arrived at the colony."

Past the fingers clutching her throbbing nose, Dalia saw a large clearing. It was not filled with the neat rows of corn or beans she would have expected at a village of more than fifty. It was a field of weeds and saplings with thin game trails leading to what looked like a heap of vegetation in the distance. The worst fears of her church had been realized.

Cain moved swiftly past Dalia and spoke to their short, dark-skinned guide in his native tongue. The porters began to set down their bundles, bags and crates, while Cain prepared for battle. He dropped his backpack, tightened armor straps, examined his weapons and tucked-in loose clothing. As he prepared, Dalia recovered from her initial shock at finding the village deserted and joined him.

"It doesn't appear the village has been lived-in for years. Why are we preparing for battle?"

Cain did not reply immediately, but eventually he spared her some of his concentration. "What have I taught you, Dalia?"

"Prepare for the worst and hope for the best." she replied in a singsong voice.

"That's right. Did you think I intended that rule to be applied only when the enemy stands across from you, blade bared?"

Dalia stewed for a few minutes while Cain continued his preparations. She was perturbed at his tone and his lack of respect for her authority. She looked across the field towards the overgrown mass of vines that covered the village. She could see the remnants of flimsy wooden palisades surrounding the village and the skeletal remains of thatched roofs. The only sign of life was the occasional baboon.

Almost without thought, Dalia announced, "This is ridiculous," and began walking purposefully towards the village.

"Dalia!" Cain shouted at her back. She couldn't help but grin ever so slightly. For some reason she imagined him hopping along after her with one boot on. It almost made her chuckle.

Cain moved quickly to block Dalia's path. He stared down at her with wide-eyed intensity and bellowed, "What in the name of the Dawnflower do you think—" The flash and crack that wrenched his jaw was like a stroke of lightning.

"You will not blaspheme in my presence Cain Greganis!"

Cain slowly returned his jaw to its proper facing, but wasn't able to force his eyes any wider. Dalia's face was a storm cloud in its own right. There they stood, thousands of miles from home, facing one another, each willing the other to submit.



It was Cain who first softened his visage and spoke in a tone fairly dripping with sarcasm. “Priestess Dalia, please accept my apology. I vow to do penance as soon as circumstances allow. I cannot, however, allow you to proceed. I swore an oath to High Priest Lissel to keep you safe, and in this regard, I act under her authority alone. Do we understand one another?”

Dalia’s eyes flitted towards the ground for just a moment as her own face softened. “We do. Please lead,” was all she could think to say. Cain had outmaneuvered her.

The small village was similar in layout to thousands of others that dotted the Andoran countryside – a roughly circular placement of homes and other necessary buildings surrounding an open patch of ground in the center. The only significant difference was that this jungle village surrounded a temple of Sarenrae.

It was only natural that Dalia felt drawn to investigate the temple first and Cain agreed. They found few surprises. It was an open-air structure typical of the worship of Sarenrae and remarkably well preserved for being abandoned in the jungle climate for so many years. When they stepped out of the shadowed interior of the temple into the light of the courtyard, Dalia saw the large block of intricately carved wood and was relieved. She had attended the consecration of the altar before it made

the long trek to this land.

She was caressing the altar’s smooth surface when something caught her eye. There was a young girl squatting in a far doorway. She looked to be no more than six or seven years old. She was also as naked as the day she was born and possibly the filthiest child Dalia had ever seen. Matted clumps of hair hid her eyes.

“Hello there,” Dalia said in a motherly tone. She glanced around for Cain, but the man was probably urinating on something somewhere. Dalia didn’t take her eyes off the girl as she began to slowly stalk forward and speak in soothing tones as if to a frightened cat. She got to within a few paces, but the girl shrieked and scrambled away. Dalia immediately chased after her, but lost sight of the girl when she leapt through an open window. When Dalia emerged on the far side of the temple the child was already slipping into a small building that appeared to be a storage shed or smokehouse.

Dalia could barely hear Cain calling her name over the din of howling baboons. She called back to him as loud as she could, but ran to the shed. The door was slightly ajar, but was stuck or barricaded by something. She could see through the opening that the girl was crouching in a dark corner, screeching along with the baboons.

“There-there, now,” said Dalia. “There’s no reason to be afraid. I’m not going to hurt you. Let’s go find your mommy and daddy.” The girl just ignored Dalia and kept howling and barking with the baboons.

She began to rummage through her pockets looking for some colorful candied meats she had purchased at the market in Osirion. Every child likes candied meats. Perhaps sweets would coax her out, or at least calm her down.

Cain finally reached the shed. With all the noise, Dalia could barely hear him shouting behind her. “Dalia! I’ve had enough of your games! I tried to reason with you, but if you’re going to continue to act like a child...”

“Shut your mouth, Cain! There are enough howling baboons in this village.” Gesturing toward the shed, Dalia continued, “There’s a child in there.”

Cain was silent for a few moments, and then spoke hesitantly, “Dalia?”

“Cain, I’m trying to find some candied meats. I think I still have one or two.”

“I think we’ve found that adventure you were praying for.”

She grinned as she turned to respond. Her grin faded. They were surrounded by a large troop of agitated baboons. Interspersed among them were numerous filthy, naked, children. Howling ferociously, these feral children were nearly indistinguishable from the baboons.

She was going to need more candied meats. 🍬

BESTIARY

By Jesper "Kajehase" Haglund,
David "Hill Giant" Schwartz, and Justin
"Black Fang" Sluder

Art by Danny "Gworeth" Krog and Johnnyathan Salazar

Agogwe

Flashing large canine teeth from behind scarlet red lips and gums, this agile ape has mottled fur and a gleam of intelligence in its bright green eyes.

AGOGWE CR 3
XP 800

N Small monstrous humanoid

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft; **Perception** +10

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size)
hp 22 (3d10+6)

Fort +3, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., climb 40 ft.

Melee bite +5 (1d3+1), 2 slams +5 (1d2+1)

TACTICS

Morale Agogwe don't enjoy fighting and tend to attempt to escape when given the chance. The only time an agogwe will remain in a fight when the chance to escape is presented, is if it's mate or children are in danger.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 18, **Con** 15, **Int** 6, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 8

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

Feats Run, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Finesse^B

Skills Acrobatics +13, Climb +9, Perception +10, Sleight of Hand +12, Stealth +16; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Acrobatics, +4 Sleight of Hand, +4 Stealth

Languages Agogwe

SQ filcher

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Filcher (Ex) All agogwe are adept at stealing things. Sleight of Hand is always a class skill for an agogwe.

Agogwe are capricious little hominids. Not particularly intelligent, but well above animal intellect. They tend to live in nomadic family oriented tribes. They are capable of using simple tools, but not making much more than crude, stone clubs, generally.

Funtum-Denkyem

This creature appears to be two crocodiles joined crosswise: it has two snapping mouths and two lashing tails. Despite its ungainly appearance the reptile moves forward on its eight legs with predatory swiftness.

FUNTUM-DENKYEM CR 8
XP 4,800

N Large magical beast

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +11

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 10, flat-footed 19 (+1 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)
hp 102 (12d10+36)

Fort +11, **Ref** +9, **Will** +7

Defensive Abilities of two minds

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.; sprint

Melee 2 bites +15 (1d8+4/19-20) and 2 tail slap +10 (1d12+2)

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

Special Attacks double slap, rend (2 bites, 1d8+8)

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 12, **Con** 17, **Int** 1, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 2

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 28 (can't be tripped)

Feats Bleeding Critical, Critical Focus, Iron Will^B, Improved Critical (bite), Improved Initiative, Skill Focus (Perception, Stealth)

Skills Perception +11, Stealth +11 (+19 in water), Swim +12;

Racial Modifiers +8 on Stealth in water

SQ hold breath

ECOLOGY

Environment warm rivers and marshes

Organization solitary

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Double Slap (Ex) If a funtum-denkyem hits a creature with both its tail slaps in a single round, that creature must make DC 19 Fortitude save or be stunned for 1 round. The saving throw is Constitution based.

Hold Breath (Ex) A funtum-denkyem can hold its breath for a number of rounds equal to 4 times its Constitution score before it risks drowning.

Of Two Minds (Ex) The two minds of a funtum-denkyem are disagreeable, even at times to each other. It gains Iron Will as a bonus feat.

Sprint (Ex) Once per minute a funtum-denkyem may sprint, increasing its land speed to 40 feet for 1 round.

In Mwangi legend there is not one spiritual ancestor of crocodiles, but two: Funtum and Denkyem. Ever envious of each other, the two ur-crocodiles would rather steal a kill from the other's mouth than to hunt their own prey. It matters not, however, which of the two eats the food as Funtum and Denkyem share



the same stomach. In Mwangi iconography two crocodiles joined crosswise in the middle symbolizes unity despite diversity.

New Spells

These spells, based on the myth of Funtum and Denkyem, are popular among the faithful of Gozreh, god of duality and unity. Such priests often share these spells with their animal companions.

SHARED STOMACH

School conjuration (creation); **Level** cleric 4, druid 4

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (crocodile tooth)

Range touch

Targets two living creatures

Duration 1 hour/2 levels

Saving Throw Fortitude negates (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)

For the duration of this spell, the two targets effectively share a single stomach. As long as they remain on the same plane, both targets are satisfied by any food consumed by either, and any potion consumed by one affects the other as well. In addition, any disease or poison ingested by one affects both targets, though they roll individually to resist the effects. The effects of anything consumed can continue

after this spell ends.

TWINNING

School transmutation (polymorph); **Level** cleric 4, druid 4

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (crocodile scale)

Range personal

Targets you

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw Fortitude negates (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)

You grow a second set of limbs (heads, arms, legs, tails, wings, etc.), though you retain only a single body. Any weapons you hold are also reproduced, though not ammunition or limited use items.

When making a full attack action, you may make one extra attack with each natural attack or weapon you are holding. The attacks are made using your full base attack bonus, plus any modifiers appropriate to the situation. (This effect is not cumulative with similar effects, such as that provided by *haste* or a *speed* weapon, nor does it actually grant an extra action, so you can't use it to cast a second spell or otherwise take an extra action in the round.)

Additional motive limbs do not improve your speed, but each additional leg provides a +2 bonus to CMD vs. trip, as normal.

Multiple *twinning* effects don't stack.

Guribast, Herald of Milani

Before you stands a bare-chested male of clearly celestial origin with glistening ebony skin. The long, curly locks of his dark hair fall in cascades down his broad shoulders from a head crowned by a diadem of green laurel intertwined by brightly orange roses. His majestic wings shine with the deep orange hue of a sunset, and in each hand he carries an exquisitely forged morningstar. On his face he has a mien that can only be interpreted as righteous holy wrath.

GURIBAST, HERALD OF MILANI

CR 15

XP 51,200

CG Medium outsider (azata, chaotic, extraplanar, good, shapechanger)

Init +11; **Senses** darkvision 120 ft., low-light vision; Perception +27

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 22, flat-footed 24 (+4 deflection, +7 Dex, +1 dodge, +10 natural)

hp 229 (17d10+136); regeneration 5 (evil weapons, evil spells)

Fort +18, **Ref** +17, **Will** +17; +8 vs. mind-affecting effects

DR 10/cold iron and evil; **Immune** electricity, petrification; Resist cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 26

OFFENSE

Speed 60 ft., fly 120 ft. (perfect)

Melee *freedom and liberty* +32/+27/+22/+17 (1d8+15)

Special Attacks entangling crown

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th; concentration +27)

Constant—*freedom of movement, mind blank*

At Will—*animate objects, blur, charm monster* (DC 24), *lightning bolt* (DC 23), *mirror image*

5/day—*chain lightning* (DC 26), *heal*

1/day—*breath of life, regenerate*

1/week—*true resurrection*

STATISTICS

Str 28, **Dex** 24, **Con** 27, **Int** 23, **Wis** 24, **Cha** 31

Base Atk +17; **CMB** +26; **CMD** 44

Feats Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improved Disarm, Improved



Initiative, Mobility, Quick Draw, Run, Step Up, Wind Stance

Skills Acrobatics +24 (+36 jumping), Bluff +30, Diplomacy +30, Disable Device +27, Escape Artist +27, Fly +35, Intimidate +30, Knowledge (planes) +26, Knowledge (religion) +26, Perception +27, Sense Motive +27, Stealth +27

Languages Celestial, Draconic, Infernal; truespeech

ECOLOGY

Environment any (Axis)

Organization solitary

Treasure triple (*entangling crown, freedom, liberty, additional gear*)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Entangling Crown (Sp)

Guribast's rose and laurel crown is his symbol as Milani's herald. The crown grants Guribast the ability to entangle his foes as the *entangle* (DC 29) spell. This functions with a caster level of 20th and is heightened to 9th level.

Freedom and Liberty These twin morningstars are gifts from Milani to her herald. When used together, the wielder can make full attacks with both of them at no penalty, and the wielder cannot be disarmed. They are effectively +6 *morningstars* and grant the wielder a +6 sacred bonus to all ability scores.

What made Milani leave the path of her lord Aroden and blaze a trail into the minds of Golarion's worshippers is now mostly forgotten and hidden in many contradicting myths. Of those myths, one of the better known tell the tale of how, ages ago, when Milani was still merely a saint of Aroden, she met the vivacious and vibrantly rebellious azata Guribast. According to those same stories, the two celestials fell in love with each other, and the passionate romance led to Milani developing a gradually more independent spirit and mindset, leading to her subsequent change of dogma once she rose to godhood.

If the two were indeed lovers once, today they are not, although Guribast certainly holds the position of his mistress's most trusted confidante and right hand. Used less as a messenger to the other gods – Milani realizes that she is a fairly minor deity and visits her fellow deities in person unless the matter to be discussed is a trivial one –

Guribast is instead often sent to the Material Plane when Milani feels a situation could benefit from her personal attention.

Guribast is a creature of mercurial passions who can a close friend, or a bitter and persistent enemy, should he take a disliking. He adores children and the young, and has been known to disguise himself as a youthful human or half-elf youth simply to take part in their frolicking and games. Coupled with his passionate nature, it is far from surprising that many sorcerers with celestial bloodlines and aasimar claim to trace their lineage back to him. Considering the goddess he serves, it is no surprise that the thing that angers him more than anything else is the oppressive ways of tyrants everywhere, and when he encounters such behavior, he needs little provocation before he starts whirling his two morningstars, smiting the wicked and liberating the subjugated.

Guribast's closest ally and friend other than his lady goddess is the herald of Cayden Cailean, Thais, of whose many lovers he is said to be the foremost. According to Milanaran stories, it was Guribast who saved Thais from the clutches of Asmodeus when she had made the mistake of challenging that dark god on his home turf of Hell – though it should be noted that this is disputed by both the followers of the Drunken God and those who follow the Prince of Law and Lies.

Guribast in Golarion

Guribast has appeared in Golarion on numerous occasions. A few of the most notable of his appearances have been recorded for future generations.

Ollo: In the decades following the death of Aroden, the pirate outpost Ollo in the Shackles was ruled by the pirate Captain Rasantedaren, a worshiper of Zon-Kuthon whose most particular wickedness was the practice of having prisoners fed limb by limb to hungry sharks, all the while using his healing spells to keep the victim at full consciousness. After twelve or fourteen years of Rasantedaren's misrule, Milani's herald appeared with a message to the previously mercenary pirate captain HooksloUGH Haenrol. The contents of the message are lost to history, but HooksloUGH managed to gather an alliance of townfolk and locally-based pirate crews, and toppled the tyrant, replacing him by a council of pirate captain and town guildmasters under the leadership of the town's new hero. As with many Milanaran heroes, however, he met an untimely death, as the pirates who had supported him quickly turned when they discovered that their former comrade had designs on making Ollo a peaceful, law-abiding haven for the common folk of the Shackles.

Ostenso: In 4254 AR, Cheliox attempted to expand its holdings on the Inner Sea's southern coast by invading its neighbors Rahadom and Thuvia. The conflict dragged on for fifteen years without either side gaining the upper hand. After some early gains, Chelioxian troops did manage to maintain a



DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

Tomorrow night I will be taking the Test of the Starstone. While my cultist are preparing for my inevitable rise to godhood, just between you and I, I am secretly a bit nervous about the test. Got any tips for me?

Sincere Regards,

Anxiously Ascending in Absalom

DEAR TRIPLE-A

Tomorrow eh? It's probably too late to take the prep course. However, I do have some tried and true methods to get you through this. First, studies have shown that the answer "C" appears a disproportionately large number of times in standardized multiple choice questions + when in doubt the answer will be "C". Secondly, when you're stumped go with "all of the above". Let's face it, when that option appears, it's usually the answer. Is it too late to get a hold of some sample tests? Maybe see how you'd fare with the Pop Quiz of the Moonstone or a series of True and False questions from the Sunrock? If so, your best bet might be to sneak a peak off a colleague who has done their homework. I hear that Norgorber guy knows what he's doing.

Yours very truly,

Ask a Shoanti

hold of some territories outside the country's borders, but the cost of war far outweighed the gains. In 4259, the crown was no longer able to pay full wages to the sailors of the fleet based in the naval base at Ostenso. In response to this, the sailors rose up in revolt, and when the king at the time, Beditti II, attempted to squash the rebellion by force, Guribast appeared in the sky above the harbour, entangled the monarch, and smote him with his two morningstars. The sailors pressed on into the city proper, gathering the populace with them as they then marched on Westcrown, where they gained entry to the palace complex. The cohort of sailors was then able to convince the assembled nobles and generals of the court that it was time for a new royal dynasty. The choice fell on one Admiral Antonius, a minor count from the Sallow Coast, but a direct descendant of Aspex the Even-Tongued.

Taldor: In 2500 or thereabout, the Taldan Grand Prince instituted a tax on the purchase of salt. Since the peasants and

farm-slaves of Taldor worked in very warm conditions, they needed large amounts of the mineral, making the tax a safe source of income for the nobility. The peasants, their already meager earnings cut nearly in half, were less happy about the tax, and in 2534, led by a half-celestial called Sonahadm who claimed to be the son of Guribast, a group of more than 10,000 of them marched toward the sea where they intended to gather enough salt to feed their respective villages for a year. When the Grand Prince's troops came at them with swords, they held their ground, allowing themselves to be cut down where they stood. The soldiers, many of peasant stock themselves, soon refused to continue the slaughter, as even the veterans among them found themselves horrified. When a contingent of noble knights fell upon them, the soldiers made to defend the unarmed peasants. Sonahadm placed himself between the two groups, declaring that he would take his own life if anyone did harm in his name. This impressed even the haughty noble cataphroi, and, once he had heard of it, the Grand Prince. A week after the second encounter the peasants reached the sea, and a month later, the tax was repealed.

Nandi Bear

Hunch-backed with dark brown fur and lighter spots, this creature blends the features of a bear and a hyena. Its forelimbs are powerful with thick, jagged claws.

NANDI BEAR CR 6
XP 2,400

N Large animal

Init +5; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (+1 Dex, +8 natural, -1 size)
hp 76 (8d8+40)

Fort +10, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee bite +7 (3d6+16 plus trip), 2 claws +7 (1d8+11 plus grab)

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

Special Attacks rend (2 claws, 1d8+16)

TACTICS

During Combat A nandi bear always attacks using its Power Attack feat.

Morale A nandi bear fights until it has 15 or fewer hit points remaining.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 13, **Con** 19, **Int** 2, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +12 (+16 grapple); **CMD** 23 (27 vs. trip)

Feats Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception, Stealth), Toughness^B

Skills Climb +17, Perception +10, Stealth +11, Swim +17;

Racial Modifiers +4 Stealth

SQ powerful bite

ECOLOGY

Environment warm forests and plains

Organization solitary, pair, or pack (3-8)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Powerful Bite (Ex) A nandi bear's jaws are more powerful than they appear. Add 1-1/2 times its Strength bonus to damage. When used with Power Attack, a nandi bear's bite is effectively a two-handed weapon.

The nandi bear is a carnivorous creature that supposedly feeds off humanoid brains, sneaking into villages and enter huts to claim its victims. Often mistaken for a hyena, it favors traveling in packs, but hunting alone. It is ferocious, and often attacks without provocation.

Rompo

The sick amalgamation of a badger, bear, and rabbit with human-like ears, the thick stench of rotting flesh surrounds this animal.

ROMPO CR 7
XP 3,200

N Medium magical beast

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +12

Aura stench (DC 19, 1 minute)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 17 (+3 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 87 (7d10+49)

Fort +11, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7

DR 5/-; **Immune** disease

OFFENSE

Speed 50 ft.

Melee bite +12 (1d8+4 plus grab/x3), 2 claws +11 (1d6+4 plus grab)

Special Attacks gnaw, rage

TACTICS

During Combat A rompo attacks in a rage.

Morale A rompo only flees combat once its rage effect wears off.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 17, **Con** 22, **Int** 4, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +7; **CMB** +11; **CMD** 24

Feats Iron Will, Run, Skill Focus (Stealth), Toughness^B, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Acrobatics +12 (+24 jumping), Perception +12, Stealth +12; **Racial Modifiers** +4 Acrobatics, +4 Perception

SQ leap

ECOLOGY

Environment warm forests and swamps

Organization solitary, pair, or throng (3-6)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Gnaw (Ex) Once a rompo has successfully grappled an opponent, it begins to ravage the opponents body, dealing damage as if a critical hit with it's bite as a free action each round the grapple is maintained. A rompo must succeed on a melee touch attack against the grappled opponent to do this. A creature immune to critical hits takes only normal damage while being gnawed on.

Leap (Ex) A rompo is an amazing jumper. When jumping, a rompo can take 20.

Rage (Ex) A rompo that takes damage in combat flies into a rage as an immediate action. It gains a +4 rage bonus to Strength and Constitution, and a -2 rage penalty to AC. This rage lasts until either the rompo, or its opponent, are dead.

Rompos are roamers and scavengers, following the smell of the dying and weak to feast on their flesh. They consume all parts of their corpses they consume, storing indigestible items in their gizzards.

Taotaomona

Hovering inches over the detritus-covered jungle floor, a translucent warrior lets out a bone-chilling battle cry, twirling a jagged-edged spear.

ANUFAT CR 10
XP 9,600

Male human taotaomona savage barbarian 9 (*Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide™* 74–79)
CG Medium undead (augmented humanoid, incorporeal)
Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +21

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 18, flat-footed 21 (+2 deflection, +3 Dex, +3 dodge, +3 shield)

hp 100 (9d12+36)

Fort +8, **Ref** +6, **Will** +6; +2 vs. fear

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +4, improved uncanny dodge, incorporeal, naked courage +2, natural toughness +1, rejuvenation, uncanny dodge; **Immune** undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed fly 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee spear +13 touch (1d4 ability drain)

Ranged spear +13 touch (1d4 ability drain)

Special Attacks draining touch (spear), empowering malevolence (DC 16), frightful moan (DC 16), rage 22 rounds/day, telekinesis

TACTICS

Before Combat Anufat uses his empowering malevolence ability on his strongest kinsman.

During Combat Anufat targets whomever he perceives as the strongest foes, using

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 27

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (spear)

Skills Fly +23, Knowledge (history) +9, Perception +21, Survival +13, Stealth +23; **Racial Modifiers** +8 Perception, +8 Stealth

Languages Polyglot

SQ fast movement, rage powers (disruptive, lesser spirit totem, superstition, witch hunter)

Gear +1 ghost touch heavy wooden shield

Anufat was a mighty warrior in his tribe, surviving countless battles, even a spear blow through his head. Eventually, he did fall in combat, the last warrior standing against an attack by a rival tribe. Though his body had failed him, his spirit lifted itself from his corpse and continued to fight on. The sight of his ethereal form was enough to turn back the attackers, saving his village from slaughter and slavery. Since the day of his rebirth, Anufat has watched over his people, and his people have guarded his remains, venerating him with a near god-like fervor.

Creating a Taotaomona

Similar to a regular ghost, taotaomona are tied to the blood of their dead relatives. Taotaomona are free-willed undead, able to possess their family members (no matter how distantly related), and use this ability to teach important lessons and proper respect for the past and its remains.

“Taotaomona” is an acquired template that is added to any living creature that died defending their communities or family and has a Charisma score of at least 6. A taotaomona creature gains the same abilities as a ghost, with the following exceptions.

Special attacks: The taotaomona gains the following special attacks, but otherwise uses the rules for a ghost’s special attacks.

Corrupting Touch (Su): Taotaomonas do not possess this ability.

Draining Touch (Su): A taotaomona’s draining touch manifests in the form of whatever weapon they preferred to wield while alive. If the weapon can be used in both melee and ranged combat, then so can a taotaomona’s draining touch.

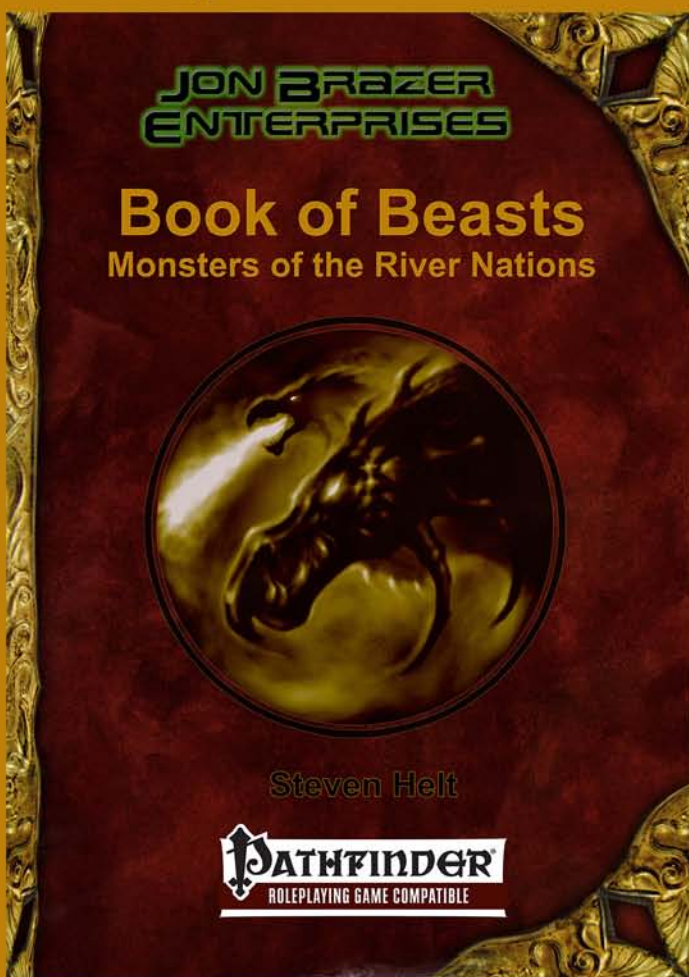
Empowering Malevolence (Su): Instead of the standard malevolence ability, a taotaomona can only possess members of its bloodline for a number of rounds equal to the taotaomona’s hit dice plus Charisma modifier (minimum 1 round). After possessing its kinsman, a taotaomona cannot possess another relative for 60 minutes minus 10 minutes per point of Charisma bonus. The taotaomona empowers its physical host, granting a +4 bonus to Dexterity, Strength, and Wisdom. A possessed creature can still control their own body, but rarely do so if they respect their ancestor’s spirit. The possessed creature can resist this effect with a successful Will save (DC 10 + ½ the taotaomona’s Hit Dice + the taotaomona’s Charisma modifier). ☼

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SIDE TREKS

By Phil "Electric Cascade" Tucker and
Mike "Taig" Welham

Midnight Logging of the Avaricious Heart

Plot Hooks

- A druid known only as The Walking Man hires the PCs to stop a logging operation that has begun to target isolated dryad trees deep in the jungle.
- A wealthy logging rival of Kolorpue Klink hires the PCs to uncover the new and no doubt illicit source of revenue that has saved Klink's company from being bought out and taken over.

Backstory

Kolorpue Klink is solely responsible for reducing his father's logging empire to a small, third-rate outfit. Cowardly, self-pitying and without backbone, he has allowed his fortunes to dwindle until closing and selling out seemed inevitable. That is when Hrushkar, a callow satyr whose advances on a dryad were spurned approached Kolorpue and informed the dwarf of the dryad tree's location. Spurred by greed, Kolorpue led his team deep into the jungle, leveled the tree and the surrounding grove and sold the timber for a fortune on the black market.

To Hrushkar's dismay, Kolorpue found this source of revenue much to his liking, and in a fit of determination forced the satyr to reveal where other dryad trees were located or have his involvement in the first dryad's murder revealed to the other creatures of the jungle. To date, Hrushkar has revealed a further six trees, each increasingly remote and hard to reach, but giving increasing wealth to Kolorpue with deliveries to discerning buyers.

Kolorpue's logging team is composed of two trained ogres who traditionally drag a heavy chain between them to knock down the shallow rooted trees of the rainforest, along with a mixed company of some fifty dwarves and humans who load the logs on carts to bring back to camp. They are indifferent to the nature of their work and will grimly light entire swathes of the jungle on fire in order to burn away the foliage and leave only the great trunks behind for collection. Once every month Kolorpue, leads his ogres and best men out in the middle of the night to collect a dryad's tree, leaving with maximum discretion and delivering the tree to a special warehouse unconnected

to Kolorpue's logging yard.

Potential Resolutions

The prime difficulty lies in stopping Kolorpue without breaking the law themselves; they will need evidence lest they be called murderers and embroiled with local law enforcement.

The PCs can work on Hrushkar's guilt if they catch him slipping in and out of the logging yard, convincing him to reveal the truth, the location of the secret warehouse and to testify against Kolorpue if they take the matter to authorities.

The PCs could attempt to catch Kolorpue's team red-handed by tracking them into the woods and surprising them in the act of knocking down a dryad's tree, choosing to then either fight or apprehend the mercenary dwarf.

The Monkey Prince's Trial

Plot Hook

An NPC friend of the PCs in Kibwe has been transformed into a monkey through a potent curse. The PCs learn about a powerful altar devoted to an ancient benevolent primate demi-god, which may remove the curse. The Monkey Prince, a mysterious creature who has been thwarting the Gorilla King's plans and undermining his power with the altar's assistance, will divulge its location.

Backstory

The Monkey Prince claims to be an avatar of the demigod, supposedly empowering only him to command the altar. As was the mischievous way of the ancient being, its magic transforms a creature into a monkey and back to its original form, in order to teach humans humility and respect for their fellow primates.

The Prince requires the PCs to raid a slave convoy returning to Usaro. He foresaw them as his best hope, as well as the best way to attract their attention, by taking a brick from the site to "curse" their friend. He attempts to show his good intentions if the party confronts him, especially when he explains how they must be transformed into monkeys to conduct the raid.

Potential Resolutions

While transformed, PCs reduce their Strength by 4, increase their Dexterity by 4, but can still cast spells and use class abilities, subject to their changed stats. The characters may decide to retain their humanoid forms, which makes the task much more difficult. If the party succeeds in the raid, they and the rescued slaves are teleported back to the altar where the Monkey Prince makes good on his promise to restore their friend. Additionally, he gifts the PCs with magic items, appropriate to his nature. The characters will have made an enemy of the Gorilla King, who fortunately will not go too far to seek revenge. 🍌

TASTE OF GOLARION

By Robert "captramses" Andrade, Jonathay
"Wicht" McAnulty, Mike "SirGhido" Richards
and Theodore "Zluxils" Thompson
Art by William Dodds, Kirk "moorluck" Moore, and
Carlos Torreblanca

Hearty Peasant's Soup

Ingredients

1 ½ cups dried red kidney beans, picked over, rinsed and soaked overnight in water to cover by 3 inches

2 tbsp. olive oil

12 oz. chorizo, linguica, or other dried and cured spiced sausage, cut into ¼-inch coins

2 large yellow onions, chopped

1 bay leaf

3 garlic cloves, minced

½ tsp. crushed red pepper flakes

4 cups beef broth plus an equal amount of water

1 ½ pound red potatoes, peeled and cut into ½-inch cubes

½ pound kale or collard greens, rinsed

Kosher salt to taste

Freshly ground black pepper to taste

Directions

Prepare the kale by removing the thick center stems and large veins and chop roughly.

Drain the beans and place them in a medium saucepan, covering with water. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat to low and simmer, partially covered, until the beans are tender but still hold their shape (about 45 minutes).

Meanwhile, heat the olive oil in a large pot over medium heat until it shimmers. Toss in the sliced sausage and cook until browned, 7–10 minutes.

Remove the meat slices with a slotted spoon and drain on paper towels. Pour off all but 3 tbsp of the fat from the pot (or add more if needed). Reduce the heat to low, then add the onions and bay leaf and cook, stirring often, until the onions are a deep golden brown, 20 to 25 minutes.

Add the garlic and red pepper flakes for 1 minute. Add the potatoes, beef stock and water, making sure you have enough liquid to cover the potatoes. Bring to a boil over high heat, then reduce the heat to low and simmer, covered, until the potatoes are tender, 10–12 minutes.

While the soup is simmering, mash 1/3 of the beans and a bit of the broth to make a paste and set aside.

When the potatoes are cooked, stir in the greens, meat slices, bean paste and the beans. Mix lightly, cover tightly and turn off the heat, letting the soup ingredients get to know each other and become happy. Remove the bay leaf.

Serve in warm bowls.

TIPS

You can use canned kidney beans, but you will need to drain them first.

You can replace the water with more beef broth – whatever liquid you bring to the dance changes the music at the end.

A cup of the soup, drained and warmed, is an excellent omelet filling.



Mwangi Spit!

Mwangi spit is a tart beer brewed regionally in Kibwe. The recipe was taken from a Karlsjford, a brewer that hailed from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings. He ran this Kibwe brewery using Mwangi natives

with an airtight supervision over all operations. Covetously, he never shared his recipes and was secretive with all his yeasts. One day, Karlsjford contracted a terrible illness, but before his death he burned his recipes and exposed all his yeasts to contamination. His foreman, Tutwe, took over the brewery and tried to replicate Karlsjford's recipes. With no choice, Tutwe was forced to use the contaminated yeast, which failed in some aspect to recreate the brew. Nonetheless, this is the only beer one can find in the Mwangi Expanse, far from the more civilized world. People from out of town that visit the local bars call it, "Mwangi spit!" for it seemed to offend their beer sensibilities so much that they spit it out!



Pathfinder's Stew

Good tidings Raoul,

I hope my letter finds you well. My chronicles are enclosed, brother; please make sure they find their way to the venture captain. I've had some amazing adventures in the last few months, sometimes my life is amazing. How is mother? Is she still asking for father? I hope the healers can find a way to bring her back to herself soon, I miss exchanging letters with her. While I'm writing I wanted to share with you the most fantastic recipe I was able to charm out of a fellow traveler on the road. He calls it pathfinder's stew. It's one of the heartiest and most savory things I've had the pleasure of eating since mother's pasta. Don't tell her, but I think it may be my new favorite. Here is the recipe should you wish to attempt it yourself.

I'm telling you now brother, it's powerfully good. Perhaps you could get the cook to make some one night for you and mother? I think it would do her well to try something from other parts of the Inner Sea than her normal Westcrown fare. This is what most of the chroniclers are eating I hear, she should like that. She always did like the idea of the Pathfinders, even if father did not. I hope you enjoy the stew Raoul, I will be in touch again soon.

My best,

Sir Guido Santucci Grulios, Order of the Dragon

Ingredients

- 4 lbs. of game, cut in 1-inch chunks
- 2 small onions, sliced
- 1 bottle of beer
- 2 cups of beef stock (or water should you be traveling light)
- 2 bay leaves

- 2 tbsp of seasoning sauce
- 4 garlic cloves, sliced
- 6 cups vegetables, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Directions

Season your meat with the salt and cook it off in a hot cast iron pot until all brown on the outside.

Add the rest of the ingredients, except the vegetables, and put the lid on your pot. Bury it in dying coals and let cook for a few hours.

Unbury the pot and add the chopped vegetables and cook another hour before dipping your bread and spoon in.

Makes enough to feed four to six of your companions, unless you got an orc-blooded or some

gnomes in your party.

TIPS

Those of you not traveling through the Inner Sea may choose to use beef chuck roast in place of the game, Worcestershire for the seasoning sauce, and for the vegetables half a pound of carrots cut in one inch pieces along with four medium potatoes peeled and diced and half a pound of white mushrooms quartered.

Seasoning is generally to taste but for real depth of flavor, a few teaspoons of beef soup base and a couple tablespoons of steak sauce will work wonders.

If available, a handful of chopped parsley at the very end will help to lighten the dish and give it a fresher flavor.

In lieu of dying coals, a slow cooker set on low for 6-8 hours will do nicely.

Pickled Squid and Mushrooms

A favorite in coastal communities of halflings, this easily prepared treat makes a suitable, though greasy, traveling snack. Regularly served with cheese and crackers as an appetizer to a larger meal and is on occasion used as an accompaniment to plain rice.

Marinade

½ cup olive oil (pref. extra virgin)

¼ cup lemon juice

¼ cup white wine vinegar

5-6 garlic cloves, minced

¼ cup parsley, chopped

1 tbsp dried herbs (marjoram, oregano, rosemary and thyme)

Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Ingredients

1 lb. button mushrooms, cleaned and dried

1 lb. squid, cleaned

Directions

Prepare the marinade in a suitably sized container by mixing all the ingredients together.

Separate the mushroom caps from the stems. Prepare the squid by slicing each tube in half lengthwise and then each piece lengthwise again so that you have four strips of meat. Slice the tentacles so that they are separated from one another.

Bring a gallon of water to a rapid boil and add the mushrooms, both caps and stems. Blanch the mushrooms for 2 minutes and then remove them from the water into a colander. As the water returns to a boil, pat the mushrooms dry with paper towels and add the mushrooms, still hot, to the marinade.

Add the squid to the rapidly boiling water and cook for approximately 5 seconds. Pour the squid and water through your colander and, using paper towels, pat the squid dry and add it to the marinade while still hot.

Allow the marinade to sit for about 4 hours and then serve at room temperature. The mixture can be refrigerated, and the longer the ingredients soak the better they taste, but the oil will eventually congeal in the fridge making it unappealing. Thawing it to room temperature will quickly right that however.

TIPS

You should probably try to purchase pre-cleaned squid if you can. Cleaning squid is easy, but it is not for the squeamish (especially for those that don't like cleaning fish) and it is a very smelly endeavor. If you purchase squid you have to clean yourself, remember to double or triple the weight as you will be throwing a good portion of your purchase away. 🍀



DEAR ASK A SHOANTI

These are important times. Can we count on you to get behind Proposition 19?

Sincere Regards,
Power Attack Politics

DEAR POWER ATTACK POLITICS

Regrettably, I'm not much of a flanker. I'm more of a charge-right-at-the-enemy type of guy. I'll more typically follow-up that up with a full attack or flex my stratospheric CMB. Sorry I could not have been of more help.

Yours very truly,
Ask a Shoanti

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT

By Ryan Costello, Jr.

Alchemists are as willing as any other class to head into the wild looking for adventure, discovery, and fortune, but every day's travel they get from the nearest fully stocked laboratory leaves them feeling more vulnerable. The alchemist's natural habitat is indubitably urban. There exist savage pseudoscientists who, with access to nothing but the chemicals of the natural world, can brew as well as any alchemist. "Herbalist" is an alchemist archetype. For more information on how archetypes work, see Chapter 2 of the *Pathfinder® Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide™*.

Herbalist

Some of the most potent brews occur naturally. Although their methodology and ingredients vary, alchemy and herbalism function similarly in many ways. An herbalist has the following class features.

Herbalism (Ex): Herbalists can forage any patch of desert, grass, or swamp for components. Their intuitive understanding of the concoctions that can be created using naturally occurring ingredients compares to the laborious study of their urban counterparts. In addition to creating alchemical items from biological components, an herbalist can fashion magic potion-like extracts from nature itself. At worst, an extract will stain cloth or irritate skin, but multiple extracts combined can be as potent as spells.

An herbalist applies her Wisdom modifier to Craft (alchemy) skill checks in place of her Intelligence modifier. When using Craft (alchemy) to create an alchemical item, an herbalist gains a competence bonus equal to her class level on the Craft (alchemy) check. In addition, an herbalist can use Craft (alchemy) to identify potions as if using *detect magic*. She must hold the potion for 1 round to make such a check.

Herbalism operates exactly like alchemy with the following exceptions: To learn or use an extract, an herbalist must have a Wisdom score equal to at least

10 + the extract's level. The Difficulty Class for a saving throw against an herbalist's extract is 10 + the extract level + the alchemist's Wisdom modifier.

This replaces the alchemy ability.

Noxious Bomb (Ex): Created by mixing reactive gases within the sealed shell of a nut or a turtle, noxious bombs are useful for knocking out living prey or scattering predators. An herbalist can use a number of noxious bombs each day equal to her class level + her Wisdom modifier. If not used in the round they are created, noxious bombs degrade and become inert. In order to create a noxious bomb, the herbalist must burn a mix of wild ingredients in a container that can be quickly but temporarily sealed airtight. These ingredients are commonly available to those who know what to look for and are typically replenished when the herbalist creates her extracts in the morning. Creating and throwing a noxious bomb requires a standard action that provokes an attack of opportunity. Throwing a noxious bomb is a touch attack with a range of 20 feet. Noxious bombs are considered weapons and can be selected using feats such as Point-Blank Shot and Weapon Focus. On a hit, a noxious bomb deals 1d6 points of nonlethal damage + additional nonlethal damage equal to the herbalist's Wisdom modifier. The damage of a noxious bomb increases by 1d6 points at every odd-numbered alchemist level. This damage is not multiplied on a critical hit or by using feats such as Vital Strike. Additionally, the herbalist chooses an effect that the noxious bomb inflicts upon the target for 1 round. A successful Fortitude save negates the effect (the DC of this save is equal to 10 + 1/2 the herbalist's level + the herbalist's Wisdom modifier). The herbalist chooses one of the following conditions, chosen at the time of creation: blinded; deafened; fatigued; or shaken. At 11th level, the herbalist adds the following conditions to the list she can choose from: confused, exhausted; sickened; staggered. Discoveries that an alchemist can apply to bombs cannot be applied to noxious bombs. This ability replaces bomb.

Balm (Ex): Revered for her empowering topical creams, an herbalist's allies do not question the side effects.

Balm functions like the alchemist's mutagen ability, with one exception. A balm, made with the hairs and skin of the herbalist's allies, only affects the ally it was created for. A balm is inert in the hands of any other creature, including the herbalist. Discoveries that apply to mutagen apply to balm instead. At 14th level, the effects of a balm last for 1 hour per level. This ability replaces mutagen and persistent mutagen. ☼

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BALLAD OF GLINTAXE



By Oliver "sir_ollibolli" von Spreckelsen



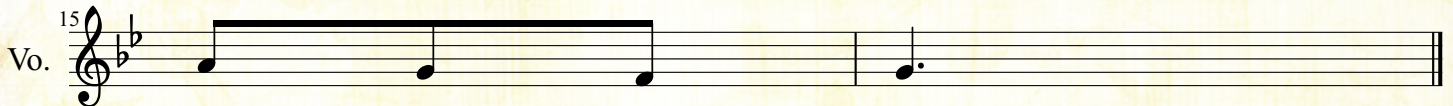
1. Glint - axe, migh - ty he - ro'of the dwar - ven race
 2. His re - st - less spi - rit still stalks the night.
 3. So ma - ny peo - ple have fol - lowed his tale,



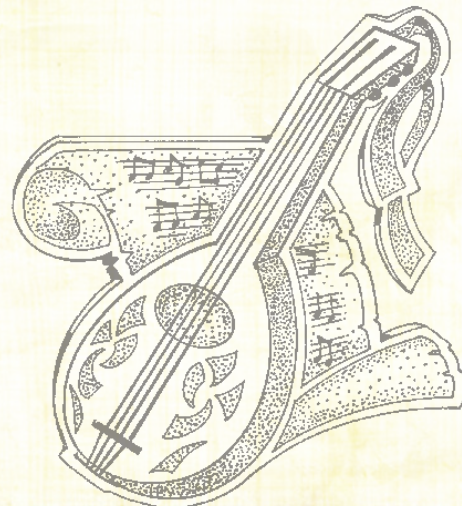
See - ker of heir - looms lost with - out trace. He ven - tured the
 His shi - ning a - xe sti - ll glows bright. - I've seen his
 ven - tu - ring for - th in sun and in hail. None have re -



deeps, where old e - vil sleeps. He pe - rished in the ha - lls of
 ghost, and this is no boast. I've ne - ver laid - eyes on a
 turned. Their pra - yers been spurned. How ma - ny fa - ces will'his



so - me dark place
 more fear - ful sight.
 shi - ning axe pale?



THE REGISTRY

MERCENARY IN SANDPOINT

By Jodi Lane Reynolds

Art by Gerald Lee

Hazel is a tall, bronze-skinned woman of five feet and nine inches with a very muscular physique. Her hair falls all around her shoulders in tight curls looking somewhat messy with many unintended dreadlocks. Paying close attention to her face, a grey scar that starts at her forehead, runs down the right side of her eye, and ends at the right side of her mouth. Her face is not the only place scars are noticeable, but the most visible scar is the one that runs the entire length of her left arm – all proof of an intense conflict, which she cannot recall. When approached, she seems very confident without any appearance of arrogance, but always stands with her hands on the hilts of the maces attached to her hips.

Hazel's past is somewhat foggy to her. She can recollect only her training, disapproving parents and then waking up in blinding pain soaked with blood in unfamiliar surroundings. The scars on her body are the only part of her past she cannot understand. Hazel continues to wonder, "Who made these scars?"

It was near Magnimar that she was found by paladin of Abadar, Howell B. Talbot III, and taken to the local temple for healing. They helped to recover her from her injuries and guided her to help the town of Sandpoint until she felt the need to move on.

She lives and works as a mercenary in Sandpoint helping the locals with any extra force they

may need. Bearing no official title, she is well-known for being very helpful. The name “Hazel” comes from the name that was carved on both of her weapons. That is what Howell decided to call her after finding her severely injured and unable to speak or remember anything. Even from her persistence and curiosity, she has found out little about her past. What she does know is that corrupt people, in what she thinks is her former village, will burn or mark outcasts and leave them for dead. There are also mysteries around Sandpoint about a substance called “midnight milk” that can wipe one’s memory. There seems to be no proof of a link to her amnesia, however. While she does not know what to think of her village or family, and these findings made her decide to give up the ultimate quest of locating them.

Hazel may not remember much about her recent past but what she never will forget is her fighting style, as if it was inborn. She recalls training with the boys in weaponry as a child, but not entirely enjoying the somewhat forced and typical fighting techniques. She despised using shields or swords that were as tall as she and did not like the bulk of most other weapons. After a grueling day’s training, she was clearing the training room of discarded weapons when she picked up two light maces – one in each hand – and as she walked to the weapon rack, realized how good it felt to hold both of these. She noticed her shadow and began whirling the maces around as if fighting off an intruder – It was almost as if she were dancing. It felt amazing to her so much that at the next chance to choose her permanent weapons she wanted to focus on her paired light maces. Hazel felt balanced fighting with two maces. The two maces she carries around today have her name, “Hazel” carved into each hilt, but that is all that she recalls calling herself. Perhaps it was her given name, or perhaps a chosen name.

Boon: Hazel is well versed with the numerous hazards of the Lost Coast. If Hazel is traveling

in a party with the PCs (such as part of a caravan), she grants a +2 bonus to Initiative against surprise attacks to her allies.

HAZEL

CR 5

XP 1,600

Female human fighter 6 (two-weapon warrior, *Advanced Player’s Guide* 109)

CN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 20 (+8 armor, +1 deflection, +2 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 shield) (+1 dodge when making a full attack with both weapons) (+1 dodge when adjacent to two allies)

hp 56 (6d10+15)

Fort +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3; +2 vs. fear; +1 Reflex when adjacent to at least 2 allies

Defensive Abilities bravery +2, defensive flurry

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *light mace* +11/+6 (1d6+6), or +1 *light mace* +10/+5 (1d6+7), +1 *light mace* +10 (1d6+7)

Special Attacks twin blades (+1 on attack and damage when making a full attack with both weapons, included in the above totals)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 23

Feats Dodge, Double Slice, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (light mace), Weapon Specialization (light mace)

Traits Heart of the Streets

Skills Acrobatics +7, Appraise +1, Climb +10, Perception +7, Stealth +2, Survival +5, Swim +6

Languages Common

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), antitoxin, holy water (2)

Other Gear +2 *mithral chainmail*, +1 *light mace* (2), *ring of protection* +1, *everburning torch*, *ring of water walking*, traveler’s outfit, 2,754 gp

THE GREENHORNS, PART IV

By Trevor "Tarren Dei" Gulliver, Johnathan

"Wicht" McAnulty, and Neil Spicer
Art by Liz "Lilith" Courts



Akklunis' Journal

Late, 21 Sarenjith, 4707 AR

I remember, Nellatantha, when I stood before you, head bowed and blindfolded, as leader of your armies, lover, and slave. As your tongue probed mine, the snakes in your hair bit at my neck. Their venom left me fatigued. Weakened, I crumpled to your bed, unable to stand.

I feel that way now, Nellatantha. This damned tomb exhausts me. I will find you and kill you for bringing me back here. I will kill you for what you did to my armies. I will kill you for what you did to Osirion. I will kill you for the love you never promised and never gave.

We fought your guardian again in the halls. He stepped from the wall before we finished resting. He fought like I would—stepping close and swinging in wide arcs, threatening all around him. My new companions proved their worth in these narrow halls. They may have been as useless as teats on a bull in the desert, but here in the underground, they know their jobs and do them well.

The gnome, Tanglehead, tumbled under the bull soldier's axe even before I saw him emerge from the stone. I tried to stand but stumbled backwards when the blade came too close.

The dwarf, though standing, moved back from the fight. I thought him cowardly until I heard his horn ... until I felt its sonorous peal strengthening me, pulling the best from me. We needed more of these in our armies—the sound of a horn carries far in the desert.

As the axe swung around again, it would have found me if Tanglehead hadn't surprised the yoked minotaur by leaping on his back. It seemed like a desperate and foolish move, but then he whipped the

spiked garrote around the bull soldier's neck. The minotaur hesitated for a moment. A moment was all I needed. My hand found my axe resting against the wall and I brought it up to match his. We exchanged swings, but he was distracted by the tightening chain and thrown off balance by the weight of the gnome. The desperate look in his eyes told me the guardian was about to flee into the wall again. He would have taken mad Tanglehead with him.

"The ring in his nose," I yelled in the new tongue to the gnome. "Twist it out!"

Tanglehead heard and understood but the bull soldier guessed my intent. He moved to his left but I swung my axe toward him, forcing him back. He moved then to his right, but instead of swinging between him and the wall, I punched out with my axe, striking his chest with bludgeoning force. The gnome, meanwhile, left the garrote twisted around the bull soldier's neck and reached around for the nose ring—the *yoke of eternal servitude* your arcane crafters named it. Our vows were not enough for you.

The ring slipped out, but the minotaur was already moving. I let him complete his movement. His ability to slip through stone lost with the yoke removed, your guardian slammed hard into the wall. The gnome, shaken, leapt off and pulled out his blades. I knew the look in the minotaur's eyes—one of defeat and resignation; I'd seen it on the faces of many I'd killed.

"Were you one of mine?" I asked him in the old tongue. He looked like he recognized me. My axe cut him shoulder to sternum before he could answer. I do not remember him. There were so many strong, young bulls in my army; there were so many who died bringing the elemental lords to bow at your feet, Nellatantha. (What has their blood bought you?)

Tanglehead's Diary

22 Sarenjith, 4707 AR

Darling Diary,

Observing the flow of the energies through the walls of the tombs, I could not help but recall an amusing anecdote today. You may remember Chatty Fingletouch, who was rather chummy with me before that whole affair with his sister, Florigold. Chatty was studying to be a "great wizard," mostly to impress

his girl, Berby Hafflehouse, who had a thing for men who could blow up buildings and whatnot with a word and a wave. So Chatty was taking lessons from Old Man Bluebottom and every day, when he went to classes his spells went off like a bolt, but then when he would get home and try to do them to impress Berby, they would all fizzle. So this went on, day in, day out, until finally Chatty gets up the nerve to confess to his teacher that he's having these issues in conjuring for his girl. Bluebottom agrees to help and they go off together to see what's up and all that. But you know, before Chatty can visit Berby, he has to get ready. And so he heads home, gets his hair combed, puts on his best pants—that sort of thing. In the middle of his preparatory procedures, up pops Bluebottom and he points at Chatty's belt where Chatty has the biggest belt buckle ever: solid steel and built like a brick. "What's that?" snaps Bluebottom in consternation. "What's what?" asks Chatty. "That abominable metal thing at your waist, you confounded imbecile," says Bluebottom. Turns out the buckle was a gift from Berby and Chatty made sure to wear it whenever he went to court her. But the thing was so big that it actually interfered with his arcane energies, stopping the flow or what-have-you. We all had a good laugh at Chatty over it and he ends up chucking the buckle, which broke Berby's heart and, as her old man was second head elder, forced Chatty to flee to South Wampi-gappi, or some godsforsaken place like it, for two years where he ended up getting hitched to some tribal girl who fancied his hair.

Anyway, as I was staring at the walls today, that whole affair popped into my head because it seemed to me that something was actually slowing down the flows of the energy through the sub-runic conduits. There were not, of course, any giant belt buckles to be found so I had to do some pretty heavy calculations to figure it all out. I started out by calculating the fluctuations of the waves using the theorem of sonic inverse audibles. Turns out that the whole thing pulses according to a set rhythm, suggesting some inhibition to the flow. That is to say, it's like a big pipe and somewhere along the way there's a trap and it all flows along smooth till it hits the trap. Then it just sits there until it builds up enough pressure and then it releases. Which all seems terribly inefficient. I am convinced that if I can spot the source of this resistance, it would be a fairly simple procedure to uncap the whole mess and let the energy flow without

restriction. While it may not actually be a steel inhibitor, if it's all built like I think it's built, I expect I'll know it when I see it. Possibly some sort of arcane gem-arrangement-thingy or a set of runic symbols set slightly askew.

In the meantime, you would not believe the day we've been having. We finally beat that overgrown bully, you know the one: looks just like Akkhunis, but can walk through walls. Thanks to clever calculations and the application of inspired maneuvers, I was rather helpful in finally taking him out today. I don't like to brag, but I figure I've finally made an impression on the minotaur. Of course, after we were done, Akkhunis was very close-lipped about the nose-ring that the other bull-man wore. He pulled out of my hands and wouldn't let me touch it. Said it was too important or something. Frankly, I believe he was acting very suspicious and ungrateful, seeing how I was the one that got it from the rival minotaur's nose. Still, Ashallah was even worse. She has been hovering around each of us like a mother hen all day, afraid we're going to break. I like the fairer sort well enough myself, but a gnome can only take so much of the maternal affections. Still, she continues to patch us up, so I'll not complain too much.

Anyway, my beloved diary, that is all I have at the moment. Until the next time I put pen to paper, I am affectionately yours forever and ever.

With Kisses,

Tanglehead Mortarmason,
Pathfinder and Engineer Extraordinaire.

Ashallah's Journal

23 Sarenjith, 4707 AR

I call down a thousand curses on anyone who reads this journal without my blessing. And that includes you, my Prince of Rabbits. It's a rare thing when I feel compelled to share my true emotions. And yet I feel them most deeply now, so far away from home, buried beneath the sands of Osirion.

Jealousy. I feel it most intently towards Nellatantha. The Ravenous Queen. Your appetite for power and influence precedes you. But that's not what I covet. The relationship you once had with Akkhunis is what gnaws at me, grinding sand into a wound I did not know I had. He hates you. And so do I. For what you



did to him. For what you do to him even now.

Spite. I feel it for those who sent me here. Spying for Absalom has left me unfulfilled. The Rabbit Prince has never seen me as anything more than a dalliance. Or worse...a resource. Someone upon whom he can draw, wielding me with whip-like precision against the enemies of our country. Absconding with whatever treasures or secrets I can pry from the hands of our rivals. I tire of that game. And I resent what it's done to me. Too long I waited to trust in anyone but myself. And now that I do, I'm about to lose them. And my life's work made me this way. I hate it. And, because of that, I hate myself.

Rage. A familiar emotion. One I've know many times over the years. I wrap myself in it now like a warm blanket...comforting, even in the fiercest Osirion sun. I feel it now towards Akkhunis. For leaving us behind. I knew it would happen. I read his thoughts, night after night. He only used us to get him to this point, so he could face the queen alone. How dare he! He thinks we're too weak to face her. He thinks he's strong enough by himself. He's wrong. And my rage burns now, hotter than any hell...and ready to scour a path through this ancient stone.

Akkhunis took the guardian's nose-ring. The *yoke of eternal servitude*, he called it. A gift from Nellatantha so her loyal servants could ease their way through any element, be it fire, ice, cloud...or stone. He passed through the wall as easily as the guardian. And now he's lost to us. And us to him.

24 Sareyith, 4707 AR

It took me awhile to prepare the right spell. Shaping stone is an arduous task. And first I had to strip away the runes of power marking the wall. But we broke through. Akkhunis underestimated our determination. My determination. He's such a fool sometimes, made no less evident by the fact that his *yoke of eternal servitude* carries that name for a reason. Yes, its power may have let him step from one chamber to another a hundred times faster than the rest of our team. But it also gave Nellatantha control of him again.

Stupid minotaur! Bull-headed freak! I had half a mind to lash *you* with my whip if the Ravenous Queen hadn't presented a more tempting target. Bloated beyond belief, the medusa could scarcely avoid my sting. But her hair. That damnable hair. Grown longer and more sinuous than the tentacles of the Great Old Ones. Snakes, every last strand, slithering out of her bloated head and spitting poison upon our entry.

Each one appeared tied to a different element. Serpents of flame, water, poisoned air, and acidic mud or hardened stone, cracking and snapping all around us. I've never wielded Calistria's whip with more fury, trimming the queen's hair with every strike. But for every fanged head I cut away, three more found my flesh. I'd prepared myself for the poison and conjured the goddess' protection from the elements. But when they wrapped their coils around me, I thought all would be lost.

Thankfully, Tanglehead and the dwarf knew what to do. I'd told them the plan...leaving out the part where I'd likely have to sacrifice myself. They sought out Akkhunis, battling the charmed minotaur until the gnome could execute the same maneuver he'd used on the guardian. Once he'd twisted the nose-ring free, we had a much stronger arm on our side. Before I blacked out in Nellatantha's grasp, I gave Akkhunis a gloating smile...no matter how fleeting...to show him he was wrong. We were just as capable as him. In fact, without me, he'd have spent another ten thousand years serving his mistress.

Akkhunis' Journal

24 Sarenjith, 4707 AR

I thought, Nellatantha, that you sought to become a goddess. Was I wrong or did you fail? That bulging, flatulent aberration we fought today was no goddess. You became a mother of monsters. And, though I did not need another reason to kill you, you gave me one. You stole another soldier from me.

You made me bow before you, once again, Nellatantha. I never sought to betray you when I was yoked before; I did not realize the strength of the charms placed upon these damnable rings. You made me lower my head and accept your caresses. You made me allow your serpents to nip at my neck. You made me kneel.

From the corners of my eyes—eyes stinging with sweat as I tried to resist your intrusion into my mind—I could see the eggs half-buried in the sands on the floor of your chamber. I took them for stones at first, hundreds of them, each as large as a jackal, of different colors and textures. What have you turned yourself into, my queen?

I was lost as your mind probed mine like a flickering tongue. When Tanglehead pulled the ring free and I shook off the searing pain of your pets' venom, it was already almost over. What did we do to cause this disturbance in your chamber? Was it our presence that caused the elemental energies to stream in unfiltered? Were the energy flows linked to your moods? Did the gnome touch something? Whatever we did, it won us the day. My only regret is that I did not get the chance to bring my axe down upon your neck – slaying you with the same axe that you had me use to execute each of your husbands, the four elemental princes.

As the ceiling cracked and pieces began to fall upon the sand, splitting and cracking a few of the eggs, you shrieked, Nellatantha. I thought it was with rage but then I saw your children being born. They slid from the eggs slowly, after thousands of years of incubation, their long snake like bodies uncoiling onto the sand. They turned toward me, and I saw they had their mother's face. Your final screams were those of triumph.

I heard the others at the door, calling me to follow. A loud snap and grinding noise convinced me to listen to them. The ceiling came down upon your nest.

We are a day away from the tomb now. Far enough away to rest. Safe enough to stop and grieve.

Garrett's Journal

24 Sarenjith, 4707 AR

And Lo, I see, stretched out behind me the fallen, the fathers of my fathers and the heroes of the deep places. They stretch out as a line, unbroken by weakness, untainted by fear, unswerving in their loyalty. A new comrade has joined their number. And though our hearts despair, we know his courage. And we honor his strength.

We found ourselves without the inner chambers of

the Ravenous Queen. Akkhunis was within, having stolen away from our company whilst we rested. We know not why he did this, and even yet we have not questioned him. I believe he thought himself strong enough for the test, but he was wrong. The same ring that allowed him to walk through the stone did verily bring him into the power of the one he had served so faithfully in ages past.

With the power of her goddess, the priestess managed to create an entry through the stone doors of the chamber, reshaping the very rocks. We were scarce prepared for what we found within. The monstrosity that was the Ravenous Queen towered over the submissive form of Akkhunis. She was a thing of snakes and death, a foul sight not meant for mortal eyes. Were I the son of a lesser race I might have quaked, but the blood of my forefathers strengthened me and I did rush in.

According to the plan she had devised, Ashallah moved to confront the ancient fiend even as Tanglehead and I strode to face the minotaur who had been our companion. Had he been more himself, we might have had more difficulty. We managed to subdue him long enough for our purpose. Tanglehead, remembering the lessons of our previous battles pulled the cursed yoke from the Akkhunis' nose and the beast-man was freed from his mental domination. It was then that I noticed the losing battle the priestess was fighting. Pulling Akkhunis to his feet, I motioned and he nodded stalwartly. With the righteousness of our cause and the blessing of our forefathers, we did charge in to do battle, the minotaur and myself, side by side. We battled snakes and the elements as frost, fire and acid all crackled in the air around us.

We did not, in our lust for battle, consider Tanglehead or his actions.

Looking back, I think it was the colored stones on the furthest wall that drew his attention. Having freed his comrade, he turned his keen mind to the problem at hand. While we cleaved through a multitude of snake-things, he sought a speedier solution. I know not how he accomplished his task, but as we fought, it soon became apparent that the Ravenous Queen was growing distracted from the battle. Her very limbs began to pulse and the chamber began to quake. The monstrosity turned her attentions away from our blades and looked with fury toward the small gnome on the far side of the room. With a cry of arcane rage

she flung a spell at his small frame and the gnome vanished. Stifling my shock, I took advantage of the situation and pulled Ashallah's unconscious form from where she had fallen. We could not very well fight a being capable of disintegrating us with a touch.

"Come!" I shouted to Akkhunis, who stood as one stunned. For a moment he wavered, desiring above all things to cleave asunder his hated foe. It was then that a beam fell from the ceiling, crashing into the floor before him with a roar like thunder. He turned and fled with me, helping me carry Ashallah between us.

As we fled, we heard the roar of the ceiling as it crashed down upon the Ravenous Queen, burying her in her own tomb.

Rest well, noble Tanglehead Mortarmason. You have earned your long rest in the halls of your fathers. We shall toast your victory and sing songs in your honor. When the hammers fall upon the anvils we will hear the beating of your brave heart and know that it was you, in your wisdom, who saved us and destroyed an ancient evil.

Tanglehead's Diary

???, 4707

Well, my darling Diary,

This is quite a pickle we find ourselves in. I thought I was done for when that hideous witchy monster turned her spells on us, following the removal of the arcane-resistors. I still have little idea of where we are, but it appears to be mostly a place of rocks. I have seen, in the last hour, some wonderful quartz formations unlike any I have encountered in my travels and the magnemite pebbles that little rock monster was eating were incredible in their perfection. Fortunately there seems to be enough air in these seemingly endless tunnels, and I must confess the lichen was pretty tasty. Unfortunately, my favorite purple socks seem farther away than ever and I despair of ever seeing the interior of Milmoth's Pub again. Nevertheless I shall continue stalwartly on in my quest for the perfect flavor of masonry.

Thus I remain affectionately and faithfully yours,

Tanglehead Mortarmason,
Pathfinder and Engineer Extraordinaire

GUILD OF QUERYING PHYSICKS

By Ghy "Ilgulanoth" Fox
Art by Hugo "Blutterfrog" Solis

Generally feared and loathed, the Guild of Querying Physicks, or pain merchants as they are more commonly called, are among the strangest and most obscure guilds in Avistan and northern Garund. No pain is foreign to them: they are assassins, drug dealers, healers, soothers, and torturers all in one, their acts lost behind their distinctive mirrored face masks.

Dedicated to their patrons, pain merchants have a reputation for dedication, loyalty and secrecy. Once assigned a job, a pain merchant will go out of their way to make sure the job is done, that their patron is satisfied, and that their patron's name is not for sale.

Goal: Mastery of Pain

Members of this guild devote vast energies to the study of pain and its uses on living victims. Particularly skilled members have learned to sublimate their own natural responses to pain, achieving mastery over their own bodies. Less often, guild members use their knowledge to lessen the suffering of others, though there are a few altruistic members within the Guild for whom that is their main goal.

Alignment: NE

Overwhelmingly, the Guild consists of members for whom pain is pleasure. Followers of Calistria and Zon-Kuthon are very common, though the Guild itself is not a religious organization. Less common are followers of Nethys, who embrace their god's duality by both harming and healing. Kuthites are starting to join the guild in overwhelming numbers, using some of its benefits for their dark god's twisted ends.

Leader

Founded 80 years ago, the Guild of Querying Physicks uses the *Codices of Agony* as its guide to pricing its

services, as well as containing the guild's philosophy and religious verses. The author, the head of the guild and in charge of every major decision and with the final word is Grand Master Edavous Visicum (N male elf cleric of Nethys 15). Beneath him are sixteen Masters, each quartered in major countries throughout the Inner Sea. Masters oversee every practicing pain merchant found in their country. Below the Masters are the House Masters, individuals who ruin the Guild Houses. Each guild house is autonomous from each other – none are reliant upon each other. At the bottom of the hierarchy are pain merchants. By far the most numerous members of the guild, despite their rank they are respected by all the upper echelons as fellow members. Two different kinds of specialized pain merchants exist: those that deal solely with the pain created from fear, and those that specialize on the pain caused by death.

Good Class Choices

Alchemist, cleric, inquisitor, rogue, witch.

Challenging Class Choices

Bard, druid, monk.

Headquarters

Grand Master Visicum keeps an estate in the city of Elidir, in Isgar. Each new moon, he sends shadowy messengers to speak with his Masters in other regions.

Joining

A character wishing to join the Guild must pay an entry fee of 125 gp. Suitable candidates must have at least 5 ranks in four of the following skills: Bluff, Craft (alchemy), Diplomacy, Heal, Intimidate, Knowledge (local), Profession (torturer), Sense Motive. In addition, a character must be of a neutral alignment to become a pain merchant. Wise House Masters insist on a demonstration of the applicant's interest and proof of their skills – what this consists of can vary wildly from house to house.

Once a member is inducted into the guild, they are required to pay a monthly due of 25 gp as well as pay 15% of their profits from guild work. A pain merchant can get free accommodation and food in

any guild house with proof of their membership – a *mirror mask*. The Guild can offer some legal immunity, particularly with the possession of illicit substances. The patrons that hire these merchants make sure the source of their pain (which is their pleasure) remain free to operate in their circles.

Resources

The Guild of Querying Physicks have an immense variety of curative magic at their disposal, as well as a variety of curses, drugs, and poisons. Any guild member can make purchases at a guild house with a 15% discount from the prices listed in the Core Rulebook.

Those looking for knowledge about obscure diseases would do well to inquire at a Guild house – the Guild keeps extensive records on the treatment (and application) of many exotic ailments.

Assassinations are sometimes quietly requested at a guild house – the price can vary depending on the target (approximately 100 gp per HD of the targeted creature).

Sample Guild Members

Proud of their skills, many pain merchants boast of their ability to deal (or remove) the most agonizing wounds. Spread thin across the Inner Sea with just over a thousand members, guild members charge exorbitant fees to fund their research. The common pain merchant can be hired for 50 gp a day, while the more obscure death and fear merchants can be hired for 75 gp per day. Sometimes guild members are hired for long expeditions to distant lands, their ability to remove pain a boon to such expedition leaders.

bomb +13 (2d6+4 fire)
Special Attack bomb (8/day, 2d6+4 fire, DC 16), favoured enemy (human +2), poison use, sneak attack +2d6
Alchemist Formulae Known (CL 4th; concentration +8)
 2nd (2/day)—*fire breath*^{APG}
 1st (4/day)—*ant haul*^{APG}, *crafters' fortune*^{APG}, *cure light wounds*, *disguise self*, *endure elements*, *expeditious retreat*, *shield*, *true strike*

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +10; CMB +11; CMD 22

Feats Bloody Assault^{APG}, Brew Potion^B, Focused Shot^{APG}, Master Alchemist^{APG}, Point-Blank Shot^B, Power Attack, Precise Shot, Shield of Swings^{APG}, Skill Focus (Profession [torturer]), Throw Anything^B

Skills Appraise +18, Bluff +14, Craft (alchemy) +23, Diplomacy +14, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (local, nobility) +18, Perception +7, Profession (torturer) +21, Sense Motive +17, Sleight of Hand +15, Stealth +15, Use Magic Device +14

Languages Common, Draconic, Infernal, Ignan, Undercommon

SQ alchemy +2, combat style (archery), discoveries (concentrate poison, smoke bomb), favored community (any one +2), hunter's bond (companions), master poisoner +2, mutagen, rogue talents (lasting poison, swift poison), swift alchemy, track +2, trapfinding +2, wild empathy +5

Combat Gear acid (3), drow poison (5), oil of taggit (5), tanglefoot bag (5), thunderstone (5); **Gear** +1 *adamantine scythe*, +1 *composite* (+1 Str) *longbow* with 10 *adamantine arrows* and 20 arrows, *mithral breastplate*, *cloak of resistance* +2, *mirror mask*, *alchemist's kit*^{APG}, *healer's kit*, *mutagen* (+4 Dex), *mwk manacles* (2), *mwk torturer's tools*, *spell component pouch*

A pain merchants as presented here the standard of the guild, though they vary hugely in ability and prowess. Although they tend to work alone, some can be found as part of an assassination team, a drug cartel, a hunting party, jail staff, or as part of the royal torturers.

FEAR MERCHANT CR 11

XP 12,800

Human rogue (poisoner) 4/witch^{APG} 8

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +5; **Senses** Perception +13

DEFENSE

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

hp 49 (12 HD; 4d8+8d6)

Fort +5, **Ref** +10, **Will** +10

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *adamantine scythe* +9/+4 (2d4+2/x4)

Ranged +1 *composite* (+1 Str) *longbow* +10/+5 (1d8+2/x3)

Special Attacks hexes (cauldron, disguise, evil eye, healing,

PAIN MERCHANT CR 11

XP 12,800

Human alchemist^{APG} 4/ranger (urban^{APG}) 4/rogue (poisoner^{APG}) 4

LN Medium humanoid (human)

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

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +2 Dex)

hp 62 (12 HD; 4d10+8d8)

Fort +11, **Ref** +16, **Will** +9; +2 vs. poison

Defensive Abilities evasion, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee +1 *adamantine scythe* +4/-1 (2d4+11 plus 1d4 bleed/x4)

Range +1 *composite* (+1 Str) *longbow* +13/+8 (1d8+2/x3) or

misfortune), poison use, sneak attack +2d6

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 8th; concentration +12)

4th—*crushing despair* (DC 18), *phantasmal killer* (DC 18), *shadow conjuration* (DC 18)

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 17), *deeper darkness*, *lightning bolt* (DC 17), *twilight knife*

2nd—*darkness*, *inflict moderate wounds* (DC 16), *vomit swarm*, *web* (DC 16)

1st—*burning hands* (DC 15), *chill touch* (2, DC 15), *obscuring mist*, *silent image* (DC 15)

Cantrips (at will)—*bleed* (DC 14), *detect magic*, *guidance*, *tough of fatigue* (DC 14)

Patron shadow

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +7; CMB +8; CMD 21

Feats Alertness^B, Brew Potion^B, Eclectic^{APG}, Eschew Materials, Improved Initiative^B, Martial Weapon Proficiency (longbow, scythe), Master Alchemist^{APG}, Skill Focus (Profession [torturer])

Skills Appraise +20, Bluff +13, Craft (alchemy) +23, Diplomacy +13, Heal +14, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (local) +17, Perception +13, Profession (torturer) +14, Sense Motive +13, Use Magic Device +13

Languages Common, Draconic, Infernal, Ignan, Undercommon

SQ master poisoner +2, rogue talents (lasting poison, swift poison), witch's familiar (raven)

Combat Gear alchemist's fire (5), drow poison (5), *wand of fear* (15 charges), *wand of fog cloud* (22 charges), *wand of pox pustules*^{APG} (43 charges);

Gear +1 *adamantine scythe*, +1 *composite* (+1 Str) *longbow* with 10 *adamantine arrows* and 20 *arrows*, *bracers of armor* +4, *cloak of resistance* +2, *mirror mask*, *ring of protection* +1, *mwk torturer's tools*, *portable alchemist's lab*, *spell component pouch*

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Cauldron (Ex) The witch receives Brew Potion as a bonus feat and a +4 insight bonus on Craft (alchemy) skill checks.

Disguise (Su) As a standard action that does not

provoke an attack of opportunity, a witch can change her appearance for 8 hours, as if using *disguise self*. These hours do not need to be consecutive, but they must be spent in 1-hour increments.

Evil Eye (Su) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a witch can use the evil eye to cause a visible foe within 30 ft. to take a -2 penalty on one of the following (witch's choice): AC, ability checks, attack rolls, saving throws, or skill checks. This effect lasts for 7 rounds. A DC 18 Will save reduces this duration to 1 round. This is a mind-affecting effect.

Healing (Su) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a witch can soothe the wounds of those she touches. This acts as a *cure moderate wounds* spell, healing 2d8+8 points of damage. Once a creature has benefited from the healing hex, it cannot benefit from it again for 24 hours.

Misfortune (Su) As a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity, a witch can cause a creature within 30 ft. to suffer grave misfortune for 1 round. Anytime the creature makes an ability check, attack roll, saving throw, or skill check, it must roll twice and take the worse result. A DC 18 Will save negates this effect.

A single creature cannot be targeted by this ability more than once per day.

Witch's Familiar A witch forms a close bond with a familiar, a creature that teaches her magic and helps to guide her along her path. Instead of a spellbook, a witch must commune with her familiar each day to prepare her spells.

A witch's familiar otherwise functions like the wizard's arcane bond class feature.



HS
09

RAVEN FAMILIAR CR —

LN Tiny magical beast

Init +2; **Senses** low-light vision; Perception +11**DEFENSE****AC** 18, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+2 Dex, +4 natural, +2 size)**hp** 24 (8 HD)**Fort** +2, **Ref** +8, **Will** +9**Defensive Abilities** improved evasion**OFFENSE****Speed** 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (average)**Melee** bite +11 (1d3-4)**Space** 2 1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.**Special Attacks** deliver touch spells**STATISTICS****Str** 2, **Dex** 15, **Con** 8, **Int** 9, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 7**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +0; **CMD** 6**Feats** Weapon Finesse**Skills** Fly +6, **Perception** +9**Languages** Common; speak with birds, speak with master**SQ** empathic link, share spells, store spells**DEATH MERCHANT** CR 11**XP** 12,800Human alchemist^{APG} 4/cleric 8

LN Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +11**Aura** law (strong)**DEFENSE****AC** 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16 (+6 armor, +2 Dex)**hp** 57 (12d8)**Fort** +12, **Ref** +8, **Will** +12; +2 vs. poison**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft.**Melee** +1 *adamantine scythe* +11/+6 (2d4+1/x4)**Ranged** +1 *longbow* +12/+7 (1d8+1/x3)**Special Attacks** bomb (6/day, 2d6+2 fire, DC 14), channel negative energy (4/day, 4d6, DC 15), poison use**Domain Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 8th; concentration +11)6/day—*bleeding touch*, *rebuke death***Alchemist Formulae Known** (CL 4th; concentration +6)2nd (2/day)—*fire breath*1st (4/day)—*ant haul*, *crafter's fortune*, *cure light wounds*, *disguise self*, *expeditious retreat*, *shield***Cleric Spells Prepared** (CL 8th; concentration +11)4th—*cure critical wounds* (DC 17), *poison* (DC 17), *rest eternal*3rd—*animate dead*, *bestow curse* (DC 16), *blood biography* (DC 16), *contagion* (DC 16), *speak with dead*2nd—*blessing of courage and life* (DC 15), *cure moderate wounds* (2, DC 15), *darkness*, *sound burst* (DC 15)1st—*bane* (DC 14), *cause fear* (DC 14), *doom* (DC 14), *endure elements*, *obscuring mist*, *sanctuary*Orisons (at will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *detect poison*, *resistance*, *stabilize***D** domain spell; **Domains** death, healing.**STATISTICS****Str** 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 15, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 12**Base Atk** +9; **CMB** +9; **CMD** 21**Feats** Brew Potion^B, Eclectic^{APG}, Elemental Channel, MartialWeapon Proficiency (longbow, scythe), Master Alchemist, Skill Focus (Profession [torturer])^B, Throw Anything^B, Weapon Focus (scythe)**Skills** Appraise +15, Craft (alchemy) +19, Diplomacy +14, Heal +16, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (local) +12, Perception +11, Profession (torturer) +22, Sense Motive +11**Languages** Common, Draconic, Undercommon**SQ** alchemy +4, death's embrace, discoveries (concentrate poison, smoke bomb), healer's blessing, mutagen, swift alchemy**Combat Gear** acid (5), drow poison (5), thunderstone (5); **Gear** +1 *adamantine scythe*, +1 *longbow* with 10 adamantine arrows and 20 arrows, mithral breastplate, *cloak of resistance* +2, *mirror mask*, alchemist's kit, mwk manacles, mwk torturer's tools**MIRROR MASK***Worn by the pain merchants as a way to identify each other, the mask is a symbol of the oath to be the reflection of their employer. More than just a symbol it is an iconic tool of the Pain Merchants, synonymous with this organization.***Aura** faint abjuration and illusion; **CL** 7th**Slot** head; **Price** 3,000 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.**DESCRIPTION**

Constructed of a molded two-way mirror, this mask grants the wearer a +2 bonus on Disguise, Intimidate, and Sense Motive skill checks. Due to its reflective surface, the wearer gains a +8 bonus on all saving throws against effects that require sight, such as gazes. Finally, there is a 10% chance that any gaze attack directed against the wearer is reflected back upon the attacking creature.

CONSTRUCTION**Requirements** Craft Wondrous Item, *eagle's splendor*, *protection from spells*, *spell turning*; **Cost** 1,500 gp. ☉

KAIDAN

Curse of the Golden Spear



The Shores of Kaidan Beckon ... Beware

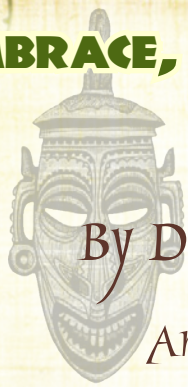
For centuries Kaidan has been isolated from the world. Now, at long last, by Imperial decree, its ports are open to gaijin sailors and merchants. You come to Kaidan, escorting a merchant and the gift he carries, a gift meant for a powerful Kaidanese lord. But Kaidan is cursed and once within its borders you may find that not even death will release you from the Islands' powerful grip. Do you have what it takes to survive the *Curse of the Golden Spear*?

The first of a three part campaign, *The Gift* is an adventure set in the cursed land of Kaidan and is suitable for a group of 5th level characters. Drawing inspiration from Japanese folklore, and fully compatible with the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game*, Kaidan is a land of horror and mystery. In Kaidan, demons stalk the land in human form, the dead seldom rest easy, and life is cheap. This adventure serves to introduces players and game masters alike to the cursed realm of Kaidan.

An adventure for 4 players of 5th level
Designed for use with the
Pathfinder Roleplaying Game

by Jonathon McAnulty





PART II

By Dane Pitchford

Art by Isaac Royo

I feel it's time we had a talk about our father..."

Those words echoed in Ailyn's head, ominous and cold. Her brother was not the man she had known, and even if it were not for the blackness that consumed his eyes she would have been able to tell. Their meeting had proven to be less a discussion and more of a rant, an angry diatribe against the very man that had raised them.

"But...you know he cares about us, Rhevan. He always has..." She had protested, but to no avail. The statement had merely angered the man more, and he raised a hand as if to lash out at her, barely managing to restrain himself.

"You! He cares about you and the elven harlot that birthed you!" He growled in reply, seething as he turned back toward the fire. "No...I was an afterthought. Worse – a disappointment. No matter what I did, it was never enough for that withered husk of a man. That is why I left."

Unable to make him see reason, Ailyn quickly fled from the room, returning to her chambers. In the days after, she barely saw her brother, and even in passing, he was silent and grim. She then chose to take her meals in her room; away from her hateful sibling and the rough men he'd hired to guard his home. Outside of her room, she could feel their eyes on her, and she did not dare to consider what those men might have been thinking about her.

Still, she felt restless. She had spent far too much time by herself, and without knowing when Rhevan would allow her to return home, if ever, she knew she would have to make the best of it. Hesitantly, Ailyn rose from the edge of her bed and stepped toward the door, opening it a crack to glance out at the two men that guarded her chambers.

"I would like to take a walk in the garden," she said, trying to keep the nervousness from her voice. One of them nodded, stepping aside and allowing her

to step into the hall. The other merely leered at her, grinning as she turned her back to him, though she caught the expression out of the corner of her eye. For once, she was glad her father had insisted that she not wear the low-cut gowns favored by some daring young noblewomen. Most of her dresses, while made from rich silks in the blacks and reds favored by the Egorian noble houses, were more reserved in design. Her current dress was of crimson silk with a high collar that encircled her throat, the fabric worked with black and gold embroidery along the sleeves, hem, and bodice in patterns reminiscent of flames. Still, the man eyed her, and it made her shudder in disgust.

Thankfully, her walk to the garden was silent, and the men remained by the entryway into the house as she walked among the beautifully flowering plants that her brother, or more likely his groundskeeper, had chosen. It was while she paused to sniff a particularly vibrant rose that a shadow fell over her, blotting out the afternoon sun.

"Good day to you, sister," Rhevan said coldly, not even bothering to smile as she turned to face him as calmly as she could. "Forgive me for my... brusqueness, when last we spoke. My feelings about our father are strong, as you can plainly see, and I lost my head." He offered her his arm, and she took it, trying not to look up at him as they began to walk casually along the path between the plants.

"I should have been more...sensitive, Rhevan." Ailyn replied, pointedly examining their surroundings. She did not want to see those cold, empty eyes again. Not if she could help it.

"Still, it was in poor taste to lash out at you so. I asked you here because I do care, sweet Ailyn, and I wished to offer you a chance to see something spectacular."

Ailyn paused, finally facing him, a dark brow arched curiously.

"Something spectacular? Like what?" she asked.

"Ah, but you must see it. If I tell you it will ruin the surprise." Rhevan actually managed a smile, though it still did not reach his eyes. He turned back to the guardsmen and clapped his hands. "Rolph, Marrek... tell Master Toloth that I am ready to proceed."

The pair nodded once, turning and retreating into the building as Rhevan took Ailyn's arm once more.

“Now, my dear...you won't be disappointed.”

* * *

Rhevan seemed to return to the cold demeanor that had become his norm as they made their way back inside, the older man leading Ailyn down a spiraling stair into the home's basement. It was in a large chamber that they finally stopped, an older man with graying hair on hands and knees, hastily inscribing the last of a massive and ornate diagram onto the stone floor.

“Almost done, m'lord, almost done,” he said, his words coming out in a rush. He sounded half-mad, and looked even worse, his thinning hair in disarray and his robes stained and torn.

“Excellent, Master Toloth. We will proceed as soon as you can finish.”

It did not take long, and as the maddened old man rose, he beckoned Rhevan over. Ailyn tried to stay back, but her brother grabbed her hand tightly, his grip almost crushing, and dragged her along behind him.

“Now, sister. This is just the beginning,” he said, pulling her into the circle as more of his men who had been waiting nearby stepped inside of it with him. Ailyn struggled, her fear rapidly rising as the old man began to chant in a harsh tongue she didn't understand, and she felt the air around them become energized, with light crackling around them.

“No! Brother, stop this! Let me go!” She protested, but he just held her tighter. A high-pitched whine filled Ailyn's ears, and she screamed, pressing her free hand to her head to muffle the sound. Toloth raised his hands, shouted a final word, and suddenly the world turned upside down and Ailyn felt herself fall into darkness.

* * *

The world spun as it resolved itself once more, and Ailyn collapsed to her knees, retching on the stone floor.

“And so my dignified sister is reduced to being sick upon the floor. I never thought I'd see the day,” Rhevan said coldly, as he grasped her roughly by the arm and pulled her to her feet. She staggered, still gripped by a sense of vertigo, but before she could pull herself together, she was forced forward. They had appeared in a familiar room, almost as large as the chamber they had been in, but for a few



moments, Ailyn had no idea where they were. Then the familiarity sank in, and she gasped.

“B-brother, what...what are we doing here? I thought you hated father! Why have we come back?”

She twisted, trying to look at the man behind her, but the way he gripped her arm made it difficult to turn without causing pain to shoot up through her shoulder. As they marched into the hall, Rhevan stopped, pushing her to the floor with surprising force.

“You truly want to know? And spoil the big surprise?” Any shred of warmth that had remained in his voice since she had first arrived at his estate was gone, and he looked at her with disgust as she tried to pick herself up. “Fine, sister.” He spat the words out, sneering. “Daddy's little pet. I'm here because I deserved more. I deserved better than to be cast aside for some bastard half-breed daughter who is little better than her whore of a mother!”

Ailyn gazed at him, speechless, as he stepped toward her and leaned close, his smile malicious and wicked.

“And now, I will make you watch as I gut our dear father, and take what is mine.” ❁

PRESTIGIOUS

DAWA DEFENDER

By Troy E. Taylor

Art by Hugo "Blutterfrog" Solis

Many jungle warriors adorn themselves with fetishes — representations of the things they wish to protect themselves from — in the hopes it makes them impervious to such weapons in battle. A warrior may adorn himself in arrowheads to keep away their sting, or wear smooth pierced river stones for defense.

A select few possess such a deep belief in this kind of sympathetic magic, undergoing rituals to bind magics to their body. With the assistance of a village shaman or witch doctor who empowers the fetish worn by the defender, the warrior finds they can shrug off the damage caused by a particular type of weapon.

As dawa defenders grow in power and prowess, they become accustomed to magic, and find they become resistant to the effects of magical spells, and eventually, some magical spells.

Role: Dawa defenders put trust to the magical fetishes for protection and can enhance characters that opt not to wear heavier armor, such as barbarians, druids, and rangers.

Hit Die: d10.

Requirements

To qualify for a dawa defender, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Armor: Dawa defenders can wear only padded, leather, hide armor or no armor at all.

Base Attack Bonus: +5.

Skills: Knowledge (religion) 3 ranks, Use Magic Device 3 ranks.

Special: Must undergo a ritual led by a village elder, shaman, or magic user who empowers the fetishes worn by the character.

Class Skills

The dawa defender's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Craft (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Perception (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int) and Survival (Wis).

Skill ranks at each level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

Weapon and Armor proficiency: The dawa defender is proficient with all simple and martial weapons. Dawa defenders are proficient with light and medium armor, but are prohibited from wearing metal armor (as a druid). Dawa defenders are proficient with all shields but must use those only crafted from wood. A dawa defender who wears prohibited armor loses any dawa or juju benefits while doing so and for 24 hours afterward.

Dawa (Su): Beginning at 1st level and every level thereafter, the dawa defender has the choice of the type damage reduction it benefits from, by choosing the associated fetish. As the dawa defender progresses in levels, he can increase the damage reduction in a given type by 1 or choose another.

There are three types of damage reduction available at each level. A dawa defender must pick one of the following fetishes.

- **Beads.** Adorning himself with pebbles, seeds or other round objects, the dawa defender gains a +1 damage reduction to bludgeoning damage.
- **Points.** The dawa defender decorates himself with pointed objects such as arrowheads, nails and needles. This grants a +1 damage reduction to piercing damage.
- **Razors.** Thin slivers of metal, bone fragments or obsidian flakes grant the dawa defender a +1 damage reduction to slashing damage.

At each level, the dawa defender has the choice of selecting a new type of fetish, or by selecting one it already wears, and increasing the corresponding damage reduction by +1.

Juju (Su): Beginning at 3rd level, a dawa defender gains a +2 bonus to their saving throws against magic. At 6th level, this bonus increases to +3, and at 9th level this increases to +4. The fetish associated with this is a star.

Greater juju (Su): Beginning at 5th level, the damage reduction granted from the dawa class ability becomes “and magic” (ex. DR 5/magic and slashing). At 10th level, the dawa defender gains SR 18. The fetish associated with this is a collection of stars. ✨

Level	Base Attack					Special
	Bonus	Fort	Ref	Will		
1st	+1	+0	+0	+1		Dawa
2nd	+2	+1	+1	+1		Dawa
3rd	+3	+1	+1	+2		Dawa, juju
4th	+4	+1	+1	+2		Dawa
5th	+5	+2	+2	+3		Dawa, greater juju
6th	+6	+2	+2	+3		Dawa, juju
7th	+7	+2	+2	+4		Dawa
8th	+8	+3	+3	+4		Dawa
9th	+9	+3	+3	+5		Dawa, juju
10th	+10	+3	+3	+5		Dawa, greater juju



REALM BUILDING

NEW CITY BUILDINGS

By Charles Evans
Art by Jonathon Roberts

Presented in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #32 "Rivers Run Red"* are rules for overland exploration, and creating and expanding kingdoms. Supporting the kingdoms are their cities, and offered below are a number of new buildings for characters to use when expanding their cities.

New Improvements

Vineyard (3 BP)

A vineyard is a specialized farm that is built in hill hexes. A vineyard hex reduces consumption by 1 BP. If a vineyard is adjacent to a city, a Brewery can be built in that city for one less BP (minimum 1 BP).

New Building Types

Foreign Quarter (94 BP)

An area of the city for ambassadors, entertainers, entrepreneurs and merchants from far lands, these areas are designed to bring foreign interests to a city. A Foreign Quarter reduces the build cost of Markets and Theaters in the same city. Paying the Consumption cost introduces the new Kingdom Events below, which can be selected at the beginning of the Event phase (with the exception of the Foreign Spy event). A demolished Foreign Quarter can be used to build a new Market or Theater for half of its build cost.

City base value +3,000 gp; Halves cost of Market and Theaters in the same city; Consumption +1, Economy +3, Stability +3; limit one per city.

Fortress of the Faith (80 BP)

Citadels built by belief as much as the mortar that binds them, these edifices educate and train fellow followers. Paying an additional point of Consumption cost grants kingdom armies with the Crusader

special ability (detailed in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #36 "Sound of a Thousand Screams"*) are doubled. In addition, paying this Consumption cost reduces Unrest by one point. A demolished Fortress of the Faith can be used to build a new Garrison or Temple for half of its build cost.

Halves cost of Garrison or Temples within 6 hexes; Consumption +1, Loyalty +3, Stability +3; Defense Modifier +8.

Millpond (3 BP; must be in a hex with a river)

A millpond is a body of water formed by damming a small river or stream, which provides power for a mill. It often doubles as a fishing lake. A millpond functions as a water border for mills.

Loyalty +1.

University (110 BP)

A center of intellectual excellence where all manner of architects, engineers, inventors, and sages gather to experiment, philosophize and otherwise innovate. Paying an additional point of Consumption opens up several options to kingdom builders:

- The cost to build farmlands and roads up to three hexes away from the University's city is reduced by half (minimum 1 BP).
- The time to prepare a city district site for building is reduced by one month (minimum of immediate). The site must be in the same city as the University.
- The BP cost of one new building that occupies no more than a four-block area is reduced by half (minimum 1 BP).

A demolished University can be used to build a new Academy or Guildhall for half of its build cost.

City base value +1,000 gp; halves cost of Academy or Guildhalls in the same city; Consumption +1, Economy +3, Loyalty +3; Defense Modifier +4.

New Kingdom Events

Entertainers' Troupe

A travelling circus or entertainers' troupe from a neighboring kingdom visits your realm. You gain 1d4 BP and a +4 bonus on Stability checks until your next Event phase. Reduce your Unrest by 2.

Foreign Spy

A spy from a foreign kingdom is discovered trying to find out the kingdom's weaknesses. Increase Unrest by 1.

Mercantile Contacts

You can attempt to use merchant contacts to find a specific magic item, making an Economy check for each item. If successful, a merchant finds the items and delivers them at the beginning of the next build phase. These items are available for purchase at the market price and are only available until the end of the month. Artifacts are not able through mercantile contacts.

Kingdom Size	Minor Magic Items	Medium Magic Items	Major Magic Items
1 - 10	1	-	-
11 - 25	2	-	-
26 - 50	3	1	-
51 - 100	4	2	-
101 - 200	5	3	1
201+		+1 for every 100	

Visiting Diplomats

Diplomats from neighboring kingdoms arrive to participate in a fete held in their honor. If the kingdom size is between 3 and 25 hexes, the kingdom rulers can invite one diplomat; between 26 and 50 hexes, two diplomats; 51 and 100 three diplomats; and over 100 hexes, an additional diplomat for every 100 hexes. Whether or not the diplomats show up depends on the relationships between the kingdoms (the GM is encouraged to roleplay this out). You gain a +2 bonus on Economy checks for every diplomat that shows up to the fete until your next event phase. 🍀

NEW MAP TILES

FOREIGN QUARTER



FORTRESS OF THE FAITH



MILL POND



UNIVERSITY



ADVICE

BORED PLAYERS

By Carl "Tokoz" Rossi

I joined the Army when I was 28. Going through basic training with a bunch of people 10 years younger than me made me feel unduly old. Them calling me "Gramps" didn't help either. After a bit of a hiatus from the gaming world outside my own groups, I've recently returned to find that I'm not immune to having the same feeling around fellow gamers.

It's not the age difference that's doing it to me this time. There's plenty of people in my age category and older that are still gaming. What ages me is having to constantly stop myself from saying things like, "When I first started gaming..." or "Back in First Edition, they did it this way—and we liked it." or more telling, "I walked back and forth to all my games in three foot snow drifts. Uphill. Both ways." Old cranky man syndrome.

There are lots of differences between RPGs when I started gaming in the mid-seventies, and how things work today. But the same really can be said about cars, music, telephones, computers, architecture, and even art. Despite those changes, people are the same, and when I listen to the things that gamers talk/argue about or the things that they like and don't like, I realize that mostly what has changed is my view—not the way people are.

I say mostly because while people are still the same, the environment around them isn't. This becomes really apparent when you look at the amount of printed material available for the Pathfinder setting, less than a year after its official release as a stand-alone RPG, and compare it to what was available for First Edition by the early eighties. As amazing as it is, Pathfinder already has at least as much material for it as the original game had after five to seven years. And that doesn't count the available 3.5 material that can be easily adapted.

Has that wealth of information changed things?



I think it has, and I've noticed it rather sharply recently. Limited amounts of information required a higher emphasis on house rules, since no official post on the internet was ever going to come out adjudicating a rule any time soon. It meant that most of the content in your adventures had to be made up, because playing by the sourcebooks only could get really repetitive really fast.

So while GMs that have started later in the gaming history seem able to hold quite a bit more facts and figures in their heads than I ever could, many (of course, not all) seem to have difficulty adapting things on the run.

Since I can take memory classes or herbal supplements will help improve my ability to digest the large canon of rules available, I thought it might be a good idea to share with fellow gamers some things that might prove useful to GMs that need to make quick adaptations to their games. Think of it as a sort of an extra toolbox outside the usual canon that you can dig through when you need it.

Have you ever lost a player because they felt like they didn't add anything to the adventure? I've been with groups that would call out the player on this for building a character that had high points in Knowledge (geography) and nothing on Perception

or whatever the cause might have been. In some ways, you could even blame the other players in the group for not informing her what would be most useful.

To me though, it mostly comes back to the GM.

Wrong Type of Character for the Campaign

The first thing that should go in your toolbox is what I like to think of as a character template. It doesn't have to be written down, but it helps—especially over time. This template shows what things are of particular use in your campaign. Is a low perception going to cause problems? Is the world too lawful to support rogues? Is the world too chaotic to support paladins? Record these things as you notice them happen in games or as you realize them without prompting and make sure you cover these things with the player during character creation.

As a general rule, I don't rely much on skills to move the story along, so as part of what I tell new players in my group, I mention that I use skills mostly for when roleplaying fails. On my system, that rogue with the negative Charisma modifier might still have a totally strange moment where he finds himself suddenly diplomatic. If it's roleplayed as an odd thing, but presented believably enough, I'll let it pass. One of my friends that GMs for me, realizes that I personally have trouble wording things very diplomatically, so if I'm playing a character who is supposed to be able to be very diplomatic, he'll give me the chance to simply roll the dice, instead of forcing me to think in an odd direction.

Disclosing this information in advance (and forcing yourself to think about it in advance) can make a huge difference on player decisions during character creation. If a player really wants to go against this well intentioned advice, you should still let them. All it will take is a few more tools to go your toolbox. And since it happened at the start, you can pick and choose what the campaign will need later.

We Really Needed a Cleric, but the New Guy Made a Dwarf Wizard

Alchemy is your friend. Before the game, go through and do a rough guess of how hurt people are going to get in the fights. Add a lot of potions to the treasure. I've found that for my group, I tend to need about

one or two less of the normal heal for the level than the number of characters per encounter. So a group of four 1st level characters can expect to need two or three potions of *cure light wounds* after each fight. If it looks like they're getting too many, stop having them show up until you hear them say something about it.

Dropping more potions isn't your only option either. You can reduce the monster's hit points so that the combat doesn't last as long. As little as 10% can reduce the amount of healing the party needs by half (depending of course, on the luck of the dice.) A reduction of about 20% can usually see a party through with the normal amount of potions found in an adventure. Reducing hit points much more than that will make the encounters far too easy and remove the risks that make it fun and exciting.

Some groups might know the exact number of hit points your creatures should have and try and tell you that you're doing it wrong. In this case, I find it easiest to simply adjust the AC of the characters up by one or two. Since I do all of my rolls behind the screen, this is a great way to make changes without (hardly ever) getting caught.

My <insert class name here> is Bored

I'm amazed (and have been from the start to be honest) with the number of GMs that don't realize that it's their job to entertain their players. I was glad when the *GameMastery Guide* included that in its pages. If a player is bored you have two choices: lose the player or entertain them.

This tool can be a little more complex to prepare. Each class has a role that they were specifically designed for in the game. Clerics and fighters are easy to accommodate. If there's battle, then there's a need for someone to fight it and someone to heal those that are fighting. Some other classes can pose a bit more of a problem – I'll cover rogue to give you some ideas and get the brain juices flowing.

Rogues can start feeling a little useless if the encounter areas are too small to accommodate flanking and tumbling. Consider changing the map from a base of five feet per square to a base of 10 feet per square. Many adventures are written to be nicer to parties that lack a rogue (i.e. they don't lock the doors or set traps). So... lock a few doors, and add a trap or two from the *Core Rulebook*. Keep a set of index cards with appropriate traps handy at the game so you can make it just as much of a surprise for you as it is for the players when one appears. Thirty seconds of prep time might be all it takes to keep your rogue at the table. ☺

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SCROLL



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WALFINDER

GREAT AXE



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WALFINDER

CLAY POT



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BELT



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POTION



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STONE DAGGER



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LEATHER ARMOR



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WALFINDER

MACE



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WALFINDER

This pot is shape to look like a bird with his beak open. It is made of clay and it has hand paint strips and eyes

Notes

WALFINDER

This axe appears to be broken, made out of a antique solar calendar; but otherwise it works fine as a Great Axe

Notes

WALFINDER

In a piece of tree bark a magic rune has been carve.

Notes

WALFINDER

Regardless of its look, this dagger is perfectly balance. It looks like it would be usefull in some kind of ritual

Notes

WALFINDER

The empty shell of a coconut has been use to store a liquid. A small cork protect the liquid from getting spill

Notes

WALFINDER

Three brigh beads and a couple of feathers adorn this belt. A strap of leather with a rope in it.

Notes

WALFINDER

This is a wood mace with stones incrusted along the side.

Notes

WALFINDER

This leather armor is painted with bright colors and decorated with blue feathers around the neck

Notes

WALFINDER

In the front face of a large leave, a magic rune is written over. The strange symbol glows and shines light

Notes

WALFINDER

WAND



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WALFINDER

LIGHT WOODEN SHIELD



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WALFINDER

DAGGER



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FEATHER CROWN



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COMPOSITE LONGBOW



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PUNCHING DAGGER



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GREAT SWORD



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LONGSWORD



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WALFINDER

SHORT SWORD



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WALFINDER

The blade of this dagger is made out of silver; the handle is made out of wood. It has a ceremonial motive between the blade and the handle

Notes

WALFINDER

The face of this wooden shield is cover with leather and feathers hanging from the bottom

Notes

WALFINDER

This twig has been fashion with strips of fabric. It has been pulish in the middle to make a handle for this wand

Notes

WALFINDER

This is a simple and beautiful dagger . It has a long blade and the handle cover is made out of brass. The handle is a small piece of wood.

Notes

WALFINDER

This hunting bow is carve out from a single piece of wood. The handle are decorated with runes

Notes

WALFINDER

The top of this crown is decorated with exotic feathers. The crest plate is a arrange of jade stone mosiacs.

Notes

WALFINDER

The blade of this sword is made out of silver; the handle is made out of wood and precious stones. It has a rune between the blade and the handle

Notes

WALFINDER

The blade of this sword is made out of silver; the handle is made out of wood and precious stones. It has a rune between the blade and the handle

Notes

WALFINDER

The material in this great sword is very peculiar. It is made of a blue unknow metal

Notes

WALFINDER

HIDE ARMOR



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WALFINDER

STEEL SHIELD



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RING



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STAFF



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POTION



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HAND OF GLORY



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ROBE



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CROWN



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LONGSPEAR



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WALFINDER

This gold ring has a rune that looks like an eye.

Notes

WALFINDER

This steel shield is cover with leather and painted in yellow, orange and red. It has four metal ball hangin at the bottom

Notes

WALFINDER

This hide armor looks like a vest. It is decorate with brown fur. It is a simple design, useful for combat.

Notes

WALFINDER

This head looks like it is eating a hand. It is carved out of a small stone and it can be worn as a necklace. The thumb can fit a medium size ring in it.

Notes

WALFINDER

This bottle is made out of blue clay its surface polish and shiny and it is shape as a frog.

Notes

WALFINDER

This is really colorful staff, made out of wood and hand painted. It looks like it could have a ceremonial purpose

Notes

WALFINDER

This spear it is speacially made for throwing. It has a sharp metal tip ideal for hunting.

Notes

WALFINDER

This crown is made out of leaves and plant; magically grown to have this shape.

Notes

WALFINDER

Made out of thick fabrics, this robe look like it is worn by a member of high society.

Notes

WALFINDER