

ADVENTURE PATH ICONICS: LORDS OF UNDEATH



ALBERDEEN

Male uzamati magus 1
NG Medium uzamatic (uztamati)
Init +1; **Senses** Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (Dex +1, armor +4)
hp 12 (1d10+2)
Fort +4, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3
Defensive Abilities uzamatic traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee longsword +2 (1d8+2/x2)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Magus Spells Prepared (CL 1; concentration +3)
1st—*shocking grasp* (2)
O (at will)—*detect magic, read magic, spark*
Special Attacks spell combat

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 12, **Con** 14, **Int** 15, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 11
Base Atk +0; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 13
Feats Arcane Strike, Necromantic Phasing
Skills Climb +6, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (planes) +6, Spellcraft +6
Languages Common, Celestial, Infernal
SQ arcane pool (3 points)
Gear magus's kit, longsword, chain shirt
Encumbrance 66 lbs. (light load)



Background: Alberdeen had always thought Izusa to have been the most beautiful city in the world, capped with towering citadels and temples that stretched towards the heavens and sprawling streets with the perfect blend of chaos and order. When the city's astromancers first saw what would become known as the Omenstone in the sky, barreling towards Abaddon, Alberdeen knew that his services would be needed. Having studied under some of the best scholars and wizards that the city had to offer, Alberdeen spent weeks helping to prepare his beloved Izusa for the coming cataclysm.

No izusian was prepared for the fate that would befall fair Izusa and its people.

Alberdeen would never forget the first time he manifested in Izusa, now a demiplane all of its own. He was no longer a being of flesh and bone, but a being of will and spirit. His body was gone forever. At least, for a time. Whenever a problem arises, it isn't long before the great arcaists of Izusa devise a solution.

Alberdeen waited in hopeful anticipation as the first of his people left Izusa and returned to Abaddon. When news returned of the outside world, of devastation and death, of a sunless sky and nations ruled entirely by the undead, none were as crushed as Alberdeen. Without beautiful, fair Izusa, the world had died.

POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

15 Points: Decrease Alberdeen's Dexterity by 2, and his Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma by 1, Constitution, and Intelligence by 1. Doing so decreases Alberdeen's Will save, Reflex save, and initiative by 1.

25 Points: Increase Ko'Siriah's Strength by 1 and her Intelligence by 1.

Immediately, Alberdeen reported to his former master and teacher, begging to be among the next to leave Izusa for Abaddon.

"Why would you want such a thing?" Alberdeen's master asked. "You have heard what awaits those who leave Izusa. You know the horrors that have befallen the world. Why seek to rejoin it when your precious city and its people remain here?"

"I seek to return," Alberdeen replied, "Because now, more than ever, Abaddon needs the light of its shining star. Abaddon needs Izusa. And even if we cannot return in full force yet, Abaddon needs to be reminded of us. Abaddon needs me." Seeing that his apprentice would not be swayed, Alberdeen's master solemnly agreed to send Alberdeen to Abaddon. Just two months later, Alberdeen arrived, exhausted, naked, but among friends, his fellow izusians.

"We have called ourselves uzamati, brother," one spoke as he provided Alberdeen with sodden rags for clothes, all that could be scavenged from the wreckage that was their former home.

"Uzamati or man," Alberdeen replied, "I am an izusian, now and forever more." He stayed only several weeks, long enough to gather better equipment and prepare a serviceable spellbook for his ends, before leaving. When asked why he would leave and face the horrors of Abaddon alone, Alberdeen had only one response.

"Abaddon needs heroes."

Description: Alberdeen stands roughly six and a half feet tall and weighs just under 200 pounds. He possesses olive skin and thick, dark hair and his body is powerfully built with muscle. Although he appears human, Alberdeen's eyes are an unnatural shade of purple that seems to fluctuate with an unseen power. When he phases, Alberdeen's body becomes a translucent, hazy purple and the dark outline of his skeleton becomes visible.

"Now, more than ever, Abaddon needs its heroes."

—Alberdeen, replying to a question asked by a young man whose life he had saved.

PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES

Alberdeen is outspoken about his disdain for the condition that the people of Abaddon find themselves in. He recounts memories from before the cataclysm fondly and frequently and he often has trouble adjusting to the changes in societal culture that has happened since Izusa ripped itself from reality. He is patient but has a violent temper when provoked.

Although he recognizes that causing any lasting change on Abaddon will be impossible should he choose to work alone, Alberdeen is somewhat distrustful of Abaddon's natives and holds those who have surrendered themselves to undead lords in contempt. In this regard, he gets along well with any exalted that he meets but he is equally careful to hide his true nature as a uzamati from such folk, as they often assume him as being an undead agent. In an act he deeply regrets, Alberdeen was forced to kill an exalted in self-defense, which leads him towards an aloof disposition towards any exalted he meets.

Alberdeen seldom works with other uzamati, as he notes that those who have come to Abaddon have often done so without purpose or hope. Alberdeen's greatest hope for his people is that through his own deeds, he will help his fellow uzamati, the survivors of the Omenstone cataclysm, find their rightful path in the world as agents of balance and healing in a world that has been devastated by tragedy.

Level Progression: Alberdeen advances each level as a magus. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, Alberdeen increases his skills by 1 rank. In addition, Alberdeen gains spellstrike at 2nd level, the flamboyant arcana magus arcana and Weapon Focus: longsword at 3rd level, and spell recall at 4th level. Alberdeen spends his time collecting as much spell known as possible and records as many spells as possible in his spell book. He seeks to be prepared for any situation in his quest to free the soul of Abaddon.

Joa

Male flesh promethean barbarian 1
CN Medium humanoid (half-undead, promethean)
Init +0; **Senses** carrion sense, darkvision 60 ft.;
Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 13 touch 10, flat-footed 13 (armor +3, **Dex** +0)
hp 16 (1d12+4)
Fort +6, **Ref** +0, **Will** -2; +2 vs. disease and mind-affecting abilities
Defensive Abilities ferocity, necromantic essence, resilient

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.
Melee greataxe +4 (1d12+4/x3)
Ranged javelin +1 (1d6+4/x2)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Special Attacks rage 6 rounds/day

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 10, **Con** 18, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +1; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 14
Feats Intimidating Presence
Skills Climb +7, Intimidate +6, Perception +3, Survival +3, Swim +7
Languages Common, Necril
SQ fast movement, fragments of memory
Gear barbarian's kit, greataxe, javelins (3), studded leather armor
Encumbrance 54 lbs. (light load)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fragments of Memory: Once per day, Joa can gain an insight bonus equal to her character level on one skill check for any skill which she has 0 ranks. For the purpose of this check, Joa is considered trained in the corresponding skill.



Background: Joa's first memory was one of agonizing pain. Strapped to a cold, iron table without arms or legs, he looked up from his prison at a man in white who was busily sewing flesh together. Joa grunted and the man looked up.

"Not now, sweetie. Daddy's busy putting the finishing touches on your arms," he replied, but not before the voices began echoing in Joa's mind. There was the silky voice of a lonely girl, the high-pitched voice of a terrified boy, and the raspy voice of an elderly man. Though they said nothing but gibberish, Joa could not remove their words from his ears, so he howled in frustration and pain. The world turned black.

The next time he awoke, it was in a ragged bed with ancient sheets, torn and yellowed. The man in white sat there again and although Joa had many questions for the man in white, none were answered. "Do not worry, my sweet," he replied. "You must focus on learning to use your new body."

Joa knew his "new body" was terrifying to behold. He was stitched together, piece by piece. A young man's face stapled to a woman's torso, sewed to an elderly man's legs and an preadolescent boy's arms. Joa heard their voices in his mind and he fought to keep them under control. Their emotions were his emotions. When the lonely girl wept, Joa's heart began to sink. When the boy was frightened, Joa's body quivered with fear. And when the elderly man

POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

15 Points: Decrease Joa's Strength by 1 and his Intelligence by 2. Doing so decreases Joa's Climb and Swim skill bonuses by 1, his greataxe and javelin damage by 1, and he loses his Survival skill rank.

25 Points: Increase Joa's Intelligence and Charisma by 2 each. Doing so grants Joa one additional skill rank, which he spends on Sense Motive (+1 bonus), and increases his Intimidate bonus by +1.

was nostalgic, Joa mourned all that he had lost. For Joa was no longer human. He was an abomination.

One day, after many weeks of what the man in white had called "rehabilitation," he sat Joa down to explain to him what he was.

"You are a promethean, a woman reborn from the corpses of the dead using powerful Shaan magic. And you are my daughter, Claire."

Joa was many things. He was confused. He was an abomination. But neither he nor the boy nor the old man was the man in white's daughter. The man in white tried to console Joa as he began to panic. The boy screamed and shouted, begging for death. The old man whimpered, fearing what he had become. But it was Joa who became angry. Angry with the warring voices inside of his head. Angry with fate. But most of all, angry with the man in white.

As Joa's anger grew, it spread first to the boy and then to the old man. In that moment, three were one as rage took hold of Joa and he strangled the life out of the man in white. On that day, Joa left the man in white's laboratory behind forever, now wandering Abaddon without reason or purpose. Joa's frightful demeanor and talent for killing has given him many opportunities within the desolate wastes of his new home, but he seldom stays in one place very long for fear what may happen when he is provoked to answer by a foolish drunk or a clumsy oaf. And for fear of a voice that sobs in the back of his mind. The voice of a young lady named Claire.

Description: Joa stands nearly six feet tall and possesses a patchwork assortment of skin that has been sewed together in a quilt-like pattern. Joa's head, arms, torso, and legs each come from a radically different person: his head is that of an effeminate, male youth with short, chestnut hair, his legs of a lanky, elderly man, his arms of a scrawny, preadolescent boy, and his torso of a particularly busty woman. Because of his appearance, Joa is often confused for a female promethean, a mistake that he does not take lightly to.

"CALL ME 'BABE' ONE MORE TIME
AND I'LL CARVE A RACK OF YOUR
VERY OWN INTO YOUR TORSO."

—Joa, replying to the advances of
another male flesh promethean

PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES

Joa is gruff and cares little for social company. Because of the voices of trapped souls that echo in his mind, Joa is constantly growling and snarling, which makes him off-putting to those who don't know him. Those who manage to become close to Joa find a confused, distraught man who feels trapped by the hand that life (or unlife as the case may be) has dealt him. The most surefire way of angering Joa is to emasculate him. Despite his appearance, Joa considers himself male and he has been known to savagely beat and murder those who mistake his gender.

In combat, Joa is free. Free to unleash the confusion and hatred felt by himself and the four souls trapped inside of him. He savagely charges at foes, greataxe drawn, and seeks to end the engagement as quickly as possible. Despite his fierce rage and the freedom from conflicting emotions that raging affords him, Joa does not relish the carnage of combat, though he claims that at least one of his four souls does. His raging ends the moment that no more enemies are visible and unlike others like him, the words of a close friend or loved one can sometimes quiet the screaming personalities within Joa's heart, soothing the beast, so to speak.

That said, close friends and lovers are rare for Joa these days, as few "whole folk" (as flesh prometheans sometimes call the living) are willing to associate with a patchwork abomination such as Joa. When Joa does bond with another, he becomes jealously attached to them and would walk to the edge of Abaddon and back for them, if asked. Ultimately companionship is what Joa craves more than anything else in the world.

Level Progression: Joa advances each level as a barbarian. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, he increases his skills by 1 point and the number of rounds per day of rage he possesses by 1. In addition, he gains uncanny dodge and the intimidating glare rage power at 2nd level, trap sense +1 and Power Attack at 3rd level, and the powerful blow rage power at 4th level. Additionally, Joa's Strength increases by +1 at 4th level.

MIXER

Asexual clockwork promethean alchemist 1
CN Medium humanoid (half-construct, promethean)
Init +0; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (Dex +0, armor +4, natural armor +2, shield +1)
hp 8 (1d8+0)
Fort +2, **Ref** +2, **Will** +1; +2 vs. death effects, disease, energy drain, mind-affecting abilities, negative energy effects, necromancy spells, poison, and effects that cause exhaustion or fatigue
Defensive Abilities deathless spirit

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.
Melee great club +3 (1d10+4/x2)
Ranged bomb +1 (1d6+4/x2)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Extracts per Day (CL 1; concentration +5)
1st—*cure light wounds*, *enlarge person*
Special Attacks bomb 1d6 (5/day; DC 14)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 11, **Con** 10, **Int** 18, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +0; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 14
Feats Brew Potion, Point-Blank Shot, Throw Anything
Skills Craft (alchemy) +8, Heal +5, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (nature) +8, Perception +5, Spellcraft +8, Use Magic Device +4
Languages Common, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Necril
SQ alchemy, mutagen
Gear alchemist's kit, greatclub, buckler, chain shirt
Encumbrance 76 lbs. (light load)

Background: ‘Waking up,’ if one could call it ‘waking,’ inside of a tin can was one of the most unusual sensations that Mixer had ever experienced. Unusual, but yet so refreshing. The first bit of information that his optical systems relayed to him was the reflection of his brain, free floating amidst a life-giving cocktail of alchemical admixtures. Many of Mixer’s colleagues and cohorts were horrified by this revelation. They clung to strange, organic names such as “David” or “Frodden.” They cursed their former gods, begging to know why their minds were trapped within a clockwork prison.

Human thoughts such as this passed through Mixer’s organic component the first time she came online, but such emotions were useless, so Mixer promptly discarded the notion by overheating the part of her brain tube that housed her former memories to



destroy that spec of useless, sensitive mortal tissue. Mixer never mourned again.

Mixer spent many years working with its fleshy creator, an apprentice to another fleshy organism called ‘Elsbeth.’ Mixer didn’t care at all for the flesh bag that stylized itself as its master, but he provided Mixer with every chemical, every compound, and every tonic that Mixer had ever dreamed of combining both before Mixer’s organic component died and after Mixer came online, so Mixer tolerated the imbecile and continued mixing whatever struck its fancy until the day that the whispers started. The whispers told Mixer to do terrible things with its flasks, to break them and smash them and shove them their broken bits into the optic organs of the flesh bag. Mixer wasn’t sure who would bring it new flasks if he were to shove broken flasks into the flesh bag’s eyes, so Mixer discarded the whispers by massaging select regions of its organic component with more heat, but every time Mixer did so the whispers would come back as vexing as ever.

After many months of trying to discard the whispers, Mixer finally decided that it had no other options. Mixer took its least favorite flask, shattered it, and shoved the broken bits into the optic organs of the flesh bag. Predictably, the flesh bag howled in agony, so Mixer decided to use another broken bit of flask to cut out his tongue. Although that didn’t

POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

15 Points: Decrease Mixer's Intelligence by 2, its Wisdom by 1, and its Intelligence by 1. Doing so decreases Mixer's Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (history), and Knowledge (nature) bonuses by 1, decreases the number of times per day that Mixer can use the bomb class feature (as well as the DC of Mixer's bombs) by 1, the number of skill ranks that Mixer possesses by 1, Mixer's Will save bonus by 1, and Mixer's Perception bonus by 1.

25 Points: Increase Mixer's Strength by 2. Doing so grants Joa one additional skill rank, which he spends on Sense Motive (+1 bonus), and increases his Intimidate bonus by +1.

stop the screaming, it did cause flesh bag to bleed out faster, thus producing Mixer's desired result. Physical and mental silence.

Mixer continued on, working alone for what might have been weeks, months, or perhaps years. Mixer cared little for the passage of time. That is, until his surplus of alchemical components ran out. With nothing else to do, Mixer packed up what little remained and left in search of more chemicals to mix.

Description: Mixer stands over six and a half feet tall when fully erect and is constructed from an assortment of brass and bronze clockwork. His 'eyes,' or 'optic sensors' as Mixer calls them, blink with quick, red light and the gears that comprise Mixer's body spin and reel loudly whenever Mixer moves. Despite the wondrous nature of Mixer's body, most organic folk that Mixer encounters have their vision transfixed upon the clockwork promethean's lone organic component, a humanoid brain that floats in free fall in a translucent canister that is connected to Mixer's head, soulless eyes.

PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES

A brilliant alchemical surgeon in life, when the human who would become Mixer first awoke within her clockwork body and realized that her brain had been surgically removed and placed within a construct, the surgeon attempted to kill herself by heating her brain canister to destroy her own mind. However, her self-lobotomy destroyed only her personality memories and left Mixer in her place. Despite this, Mixer's mental facilities are surprisingly in-tact, and Mixer would claim that it is far more intelligent as a promethean than could have ever been possible for its feeble, organic mind.

"I DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR SENSELESS FIXATION WITH MINERALS. UNLESS YOU ARE ABLE TO PROCURE THE ALCHEMICAL COMPOUNDS THAT I REQUIRE, I SEE LITTLE REASON TO LEAVE YOUR ESTABLISH INTACT."

—Mixer, 'bartering' with a shopkeeper.

Mixer is surprisingly straightforward when confronted. Mixer desires the means to continue its alchemical experimentation and those who offer a means to achieve that end will find a steadfast, if brutish, ally in Mixer. Those who stand between Mixer and its goals, however, are quickly and efficiently dispatched. Mixer has little combat training, so instead it relies on its artificial strength and a multitude of alchemical cocktails to augment its physical form so that it may crush those that stand between Mixer and its objectives.

Mixer cares little for others, even other clockwork prometheans, and as a result Mixer has few true comrades. Mixer's 'affections' are mercurial at best, but are often indifferent as Mixer lacks any social drive and sees little benefit in keeping company. That said, Mixer is intelligent enough to know when a task is too difficult to accomplish alone, so it is not above attempting to recruit help to meet its ends. That said, Mixer holds no true allegiances to such folk and has little objections to abandoning its allies after a task has been completed.

Level Progression: Mixer advances each level as an alchemist. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, Mixer increases its skills by 1 rank and the number of bombs per day that Mixer can create increases by 1. In addition, Mixer gains the infuse mutagen discovery, poison resistance +2, and poison use at 2nd level, an additional 1d6 points of bomb damage, swift alchemy, and Precise Shot at 3rd level, and the preserve organs discovery at 4th level. Mixer also commonly prepares the stone fist extract and when it receives 2nd-level extracts at 4th level, Mixer also commonly prepares barkskin and bull's strength. Additionally, Mixer's Dexterity increases by 1 at 4th level.

SIRIAH

Female raijin cavalier 1
CE Medium humanoid (augmented human)
Init +0; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18 (Dex +0, armor +8)
hp 12 (1d10+2)
Fort +6, **Ref** +1, **Will** +3
Defensive Abilities refuse to die

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee greatsword +3 (2d6+3/x2), lance +2 (1d8+2/x3)
Ranged shortbow +2 (1d6/x4)
Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.
Order Knight Errant
Special Attacks challenge 1/day (+1 damage), tactician 1/day (Precise Strike)

STATISTICS

Str 15, **Dex** 12, **Con** 15, **Int** 12, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14
Feats Endurance, Precise Strike
Skills Diplomacy +3, Intimidate +3, Perception +2, Ride +5, Survival +5
Languages Common, Necril, Undercommon
SQ ego 16, from beyond, mount
Gear cavalier's kit, greatsword, shortbow, 20 arrows, half-plate
Encumbrance 66 lbs. (light load)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

From Beyond (Su): Siriah unarmed strikes and wielded weapons are treated as magical weapons for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction and the defenses of incorporeal beings.

Refuse to Die (Ex): Siriah gains the benefits of Diehard, even if she doesn't meet the feat's prerequisites. If she possesses both Diehard and this ability, Siriah may continue acting and fighting with taking any penalties until she is dead.



Background: Life on Abaddon was seldom kind, but it had been especially cruel to Siriah. As a young girl, Siriah watched as her father was beaten and devoured alive by their ghoulish overlords. All who watched and heard the man's pleas for mercy were horrified, and most were frightened. But not Siriah. It was a curious feeling. In her young heart, Siriah knew that she ought to feel afraid for what she had seen. Feel sadness for her father's death. But young Siriah could not find these emotions in her heart. Instead, as her mother wept and her siblings cowed before their new masters, Siriah searched her heart and found only contempt.

Despite her hatred and frustration, Siriah was no fool. AS she grew older, she waited and schemed for the day that she would take her revenge upon her father's killer and the undead lords who sponsored him. She trained harder and longer than any of her peers, and in time she was named a lieutenant in an army of living cavalrymen. After many successful battles, Siriah was stationed in a unit that would run parallel to her general's personal contingent. Finally, her plan was ready to be set in motion. When the battle had begun, she would make her way to the general, her father's killer and devourer, and slay him herself. She would have her revenge.

But something went horribly, horribly wrong. When the enemy attacked her unit's flank, as predicted, the general ordered his archers and siege weapons to reign death down into the melee, decimating both the enemy and Siriah's troops. As an arrow pierced her heart, Siriah's spent her final moments watching the general march his own unit away from the carnage. In the end, she had been as much a fodder to the general's appetites as her father had.

POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

15 Points: Decrease Ko'Siriah's Strength, Constitution, and Intelligence by 1. Doing so reduces her skill ranks by 1.

25 Points: Increase Ko'Siriah's Strength by 1 and her Charisma by 2.

"YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, CHILD, OR I WILL BE FORCED TO UNLEASH MY BLIZZARD UPON YOU. YOU WILL NOT SURVIVE THE EXPERIENCE."

*—Sirriah, interrogating
a rude adolescent boy*

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At first, death was an inky darkness to Sirriah. But soon a blood-red glow engulfed her senses as someone, or something, spoke to her.

"You seek vengeance?" Sirriah's soul screamed her response.

"Yes."

Much later, Sirriah awoke. She held in her hands the wrangled body of the ghoul that had devoured her father and sacrificed her life and the lives of her fellows. Her heart was silent, hollow, and empty. Memories of anger and single-minded hatred filled her mind. She did not regret them, nor did she regret the actions of the spirit that gave her body life.

"What now?" She asked aloud, aware that no one was listening, no one but the spirit that her corpse now housed, hissing only for vengeance. Sirriah closed her eyes. Her father's killer was dead. She had her vengeance. But the ghoul was nothing more than a pawn. There were plenty of other, more powerful undead lords in Abaddon. Undead lords who did the same, if not worse, to their living captives. As she thought about them, contempt flooded her heart and vengeance filled her mind. But this type of vengeance was different. It wasn't the blind, fiery vengeance that allowed her broken body to animate once more and take revenge upon her father's killer. This sense of vengeance was as cold as ice. It did not require immediate gratification. It could wait, plot, and scheme. This was a vengeance that Sirriah could use, a vengeance that she savored. She dropped the ghoul general's body to the ground, called for her mount, and rode away into the eerie Abaddon dusk, already plotting the demise of the next undead lord that she happened across.

Description: Sirriah stands just over five feet tall and weighs roughly 175 pounds. Sirriah is thick and her frigid, dark skin is made even darker by the lack of living blood in her veins. Although in life she preferred to keep her long, flowing hair in tidy cornrows, death has not been kind to Sirriah's appearance and now her dirty and unkempt hair flows raggedly behind her. Her eyes, once a warm chocolate color, are unnaturally blue and star out from a gaunt face with contempt. As a rajin, a spirit of vengeance inhabits Sirriah's body and it manifests like a twister of snow and ice. Sirriah possesses a horse that has been specifically trained to tolerate her unnatural appearance and although she

carries numerous banners and pendants, Sirriah does not associate herself with any known knightly order, choosing to wander the world in search of enemies to slay instead.

PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES

Even before her death, Sirriah was a cold, emotionless woman. Though she would live for nearly two decades more, Sirriah's mother would have said that her daughter died on the day that she was forced to watch her father get beaten and then eaten alive by a ghoul general of one of Abaddon's undead lords. Some might argue that becoming possessed and transformed into a rajin only expanded upon her personality. She despises the undead aristocracy of Abaddon and actively works to overthrow it. Although her goals may be pure, innocents be damned to Sirriah, as she sees any who continue to fight for and support her enemies as little better than swine and will not hesitate to butcher them if necessary. That said, Sirriah does not kill others simply for her own amusement; she takes lives only when she deems necessary.

Sirriah will refuse to work with anyone who is even remotely loyal to the undead establishment of Abaddon. Despite her selfish aims and brutal methods, Sirriah values the companionship of others, although she believes that all should be willing to lay down their lives if it means striking a fatal blow against the tyrannical undead lords of Abaddon. As a result, she will not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of her companions like pawns in a chess game if doing so will place Sirriah in a more advantageous position with which to meet her end goals.

Level Progression: Sirriah advances each level as a cavalier. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, Sirriah increases her skills by 1 rank and the damage bonus of her challenge by 1. In addition, Sirriah gains her order ability, self-reliant, at 2nd level, cavalier's charge and Diehard at 3rd level, and expert trainer at 4th level. Additionally, Sirriah's Strength increases by 1 at 4th level.

Written By Alexander Augunas

Editing By Joshua Yearsley

Artwork By Juan Diego Dianderas

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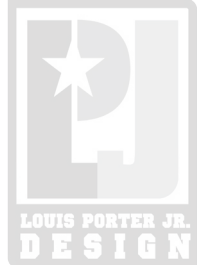
COMBAT & INITIATIVE TRACKER






LPJ9XXX


	INITIATIVE & ROUNDS														
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#1:															
#2:															
#3:															
#4:															
#5:															
#6:															
#7:															
#8:															
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
NPC #1:															
NPC #2:															
NPC #3:															
NPC #4:															
NPC #5:															
NPC #6:															
NPC #7:															
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	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
CONDITION:															
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COMBAT/ENCOUNTER NOTES:															


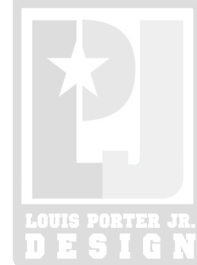
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Languages						
						


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Languages						
						
Special / Notes						
						


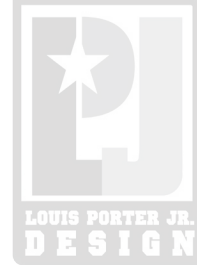
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Languages						
						

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Languages						
						
Special / Notes						
						

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Languages						
						

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Special / Notes						
						

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Languages						
						

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Languages						
						
Special / Notes						
						

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take up the fight?



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