

# ADVENTURE PATH ICONICS: PATH OF UNDEATH



Welcome to *Obsidian Apocalypse*! This book is meant to provide you with ready-to-play characters for any game set in Louis Porter Jr Design's *Obsidian Apocalypse* setting. While that book is not required to use these characters, it will deeply improve your understanding of them.

*Obsidian Apocalypse* is a post-apocalyptic survival horror setting in which terrible evils have overrun the world of Abaddon. Over the last century, a series of tragic events have caused the world to become a shattered husk of its former glory. The most powerful civilizations have been broken, the survivors either cowering in fear or serving as cattle for the horrific undead hordes now ruling the globe. Great catastrophes have thinned the barriers between the planes, allowing demons to walk freely. A massive meteor strike destroyed much of the world and brought with it a deadly contagion. Monstrous creatures abound, and the even the environment has turned deadly; great storms of fire and necromantic energies sweeping across the world with alarming frequency though at seemingly random intervals. Safe havens are few and far between, but the thin planar boundaries have also allowed angels and other agents of good to enter the world, bringing light and hope into a world of darkness. Against this backdrop, heroes are few and far between, but even the grimmest anti-hero stands out like a shining beacon, and each victory is important, no matter how small.

Each of these characters uses a 20-point buy and starts with equipment worth 150 gp. With the notable exception of the khymer psychic warrior, which uses material from *Psionics Unleashed* by Dreamscarred Press, we designed each of these characters using only the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* and the *Obsidian Apocalypse* campaign setting. Notes are provided to take each of these characters up to 4th level.

The characters here are designed using the races found in *Obsidian Apocalypse*. Whether a dark hero or an oblivious do-gooder, each has a number of traits to help invest you in the setting. Each character includes enough detail that you should be able to add them to any campaign, not just those set on Abaddon. You should feel free to adjust the characters as presented to match your vision; they are guidelines, not restrictions.

The races presented herein represent just the tip of the iceberg of new ideas presented in the *Obsidian Apocalypse* setting. They consist of the exalted—angel-blooded humanoids fighting to make the world a better place, genesai—angel-demon cross-blooded that walk the line between good and evil, harrowed—an undead-blooded lower class from the undead empires, infernals—defiant demon-blooded folk that are often major players in the world, khymer—the psionic symbiotes spawned from the meteor that decimated much of the world, lykians—the descendants of lycanthropic blood mixed with other humans and osirians—the magical scholars and artists remaining from an earlier age.





# MIK'QUOL AN-STR-NATH

Male osirian cleric (Zebediah) 1  
NG Medium humanoid (osirian)  
**Init** +4; **Senses** Perception +2

## DEFENSE

**AC** 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +2 shield)  
**hp** 10 (1d8+2)  
**Fort** +3, **Ref** +0, **Will** +3; +2 vs. fear, negative energy

## OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.  
**Melee** warhammer +1 (1d8+1, x3)  
**Ranged** light crossbow +0 (1d8, 19–20/x2)  
**Special Attacks** channel energy 1d6 (DC 14, 6/day)  
**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 1st; concentration +3, ranged touch +0)  
**At will**—*necromantic hellfire*  
**Spells** (CL 1st; concentration +4)  
**1st**—*create water, detect magic, light*  
**0**—*bless, magic weapon, remove fear<sup>D</sup>*  
**Domains** liberation, sun

## STATISTICS

**Str** 12, **Dex** 10, **Con** 12, **Int** 10, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16  
**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 11  
**Feats** Improved Initiative, Selective Channeling  
**Traits** courageous, indomitable faith  
**Skills** Craft (weapons) +6, Knowledge (religion) +4, Stealth –2; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Craft (weapons), +4 Stealth  
**Languages** Common  
**SQ** *freedom of movement* (1 round/day), spontaneous casting (cure), sun's blessing +1  
**Gear** warhammer, scale mail, heavy steel shield, backpack, bedroll, wooden holy symbol (Zebediah), 4 trail rations, waterskin, 23 gp  
**Encumbrance** 73.5 lbs.

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Courageous:** Living on the outskirts of hostile territory, Mik'quol had a brutal childhood, yet he persevered through force of will and the hope that—no matter how hard things might get—as long as he kept a level head, he'd make it through. He gains a +2 trait bonus to saves against fear effects.

**Crafty (Ex):** Osirians are born craftsmen, gaining a +2 racial bonus on a single Craft or Profession skill of their choice.



**Indomitable Faith:** Mik'quol forsake the gods of his people and turned to worship Zebediah. His faith was not popular, but he never abandoned it. His constant struggle to maintain his faith has bolstered his drive, granting him a +1 trait bonus on Will saves.

**Necromantic Hellfire (Sp):** At will, an osirian can project an energy ray that has two distinct effects. Living creatures hit by necromantic hellfire become fatigued for 1 round/level. This ability has no effect on creatures that are already fatigued. This ability has a range of 30 feet and requires a ranged touch attack to hit. Unlike with normal fatigue, this effect ends as soon as its duration expires. To undead creatures, necromantic fire has the same effect as *disrupt undead*.

**Necrotic Resistance (Ex):** Osirians receive a +2 racial bonus to saves against spells and effects that deal negative energy damage or inflict negative levels.

**Racial Bonus:** Osirians gain a +4 racial bonus on Stealth checks.

**Quick Reactions:** Osirians gain Improved Initiative as a bonus feat.

## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Mik'quol as a 15-point buy character, reduce his Dexterity and Wisdom by 1 point each. Doing so reduces his AC, Reflex save, ranged attack bonus, and Stealth bonus each by 1.

To run Mik'quol as a 25-point buy character, increase his Wisdom and Strength by 1 point each. Doing so increases his Perception and Concentration bonuses each by 1.

**Background:** Mik'quol Ban-str-natk (MIK-kol BAN-stir-natIK) was a beloved son of a small, underground osirian settlement on the edge of Calix Sabinus' domain. He was descended from a long line of guerilla fighters who take great pride in their small war against the evil forces of the vampire lord—and any other undead they may come across. Because of his upbringing and complete fearlessness in the war against the undead, Mik'quol earned his first two extra surnames at an early age.

His people are few in number, but their organization, high level of training, and precise attacks have brought them to Sabinus' attention year after year. They only reached the top of his hit list, though, because they could consistently free entire human farms or put down whole garrisons of undead warriors with only a handful of fighters.

When Mik'quol was but a stripling youth, Sabinus appointed one of his up-and-coming lieutenants, a young vampire named Buris Stronyk, to hunt down these rogue osirians and put them out of Sabinus' misery. Quick and determined, Buris took mere months to uncover what Sabinus himself had never been able to find: the location of the osirian stronghold.

Wasting no time, the young vampire led a full-scale midnight raid into the osirian caves, intent on wiping out every last dissident. He likely would have succeeded if a tall, hooded stranger hadn't intervened. The interloper swept in through the mouth of the cave, cutting a path through the ranks of the undead from behind. This attack was so devastating and so completely unexpected that Stronyk's vicious, well-trained troops broke and fled.

Once the dust had settled, the hooded stranger stood alone—tall, imposing, and mysterious—in the midst of the surviving osirians. The grateful tribesmen and women bowed down before their savior. They begged to know his name, but he would not speak. Instead, the stranger bowed once to the tribe, turned, and left the cave, disappearing into the night.

*"I FEAR NOT DEATH, NOR UNDEATH. I HAVE SEEN THE FACE OF PURE GOOD AND I WILL CARRY ITS LIGHT WITH ME, EVEN INTO ETERNAL SLUMBER."*

*—Mik'quol Ban-str-natk, to a minor vampire lord who threatened him with execution for his beliefs; that vampire is now dead*

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Possessed by a strange compulsion, the young Mik'quol followed the stranger out into the darkness. He caught up with the man and grabbed the hem of his cloak, forcing the stranger to stop and turn. Mik'quol could feel the strength of the man's gaze on his skin. Unable to keep from speaking, the boy blurted out, "I know who you are."

The stranger seemed mildly surprised. "Oh?"

"You are the great angel Zebediah, savior of those who oppose the undead abomination. I...I wish to offer myself to your service as thanks for all you've done for my people."

Throwing back his hood, Zebediah himself bestowed a kind smile on the boy. "Your complete devotion to the cause is all I could ever want."

With that, he shook Mik'quol's hand loose and disappeared into the night.

While Mik'quol hasn't yet seen the angel again, he works tirelessly for the cause, devoting all he does to the winged savior.

**Description:** Mik'quol is slender, dark, and short, standing only 5 feet and 4 inches. However, his size is deceptive; he is quite strong—almost entirely muscle. His eyes are black and his hair tends closer to silver than white. He proudly displays the silvery markings on his skin, choosing clothing that highlights these marks of his origins and the proud history of his people instead of hiding them.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Mik'quol is not terribly bright for an osirian. He retains their cool logic, but can't quite reason everything out, which allows him to have the unshakable faith in Zebediah that he does. In his mind, worshipping the angel is the logical upshot of the experiences of his youth. He is always happy to tell people his story and try to convert them to his beliefs. The fearlessness of his youth combined with the fervor of his beliefs make him a daunting foe of the undead; when it comes to these most hated



enemies, he is always ready to attack first and ask questions later. His childhood training also gives him an edge in understanding tactics useful for fighting the undead.

To the outside world, Mik'quol comes across as dedicated and focused. He completely lacks a sense of humor, but his devotion to the cause more than makes up for it. He doesn't understand jokes and will likely jump to the conclusion that he is being insulted when someone tries to joke with him. This tendency can lead to prickly situations—and occasionally to violence. He is not completely antisocial, though; he will often have one or two friends or fellow adventurers nearby, but deep down he only puts up with people he thinks he might be able to convert.

Due to his upbringing as a guerilla fighter, Mik'quol has an uncanny sense of tactics and timing in battle. His tribe never had many bodies to spare in battle, so he is acutely aware of the need to keep his allies alive. When on a raid, he frequently prefers a well-laid plan over rushing into battle.

His unshakeable faith in Zebediah gives him a level of courage and calm that most would be hard-pressed to emulate, and his focus in battle is near impossible to shake. Having dedicated his life to the angel's cause, he lives to see Calix Sabinus' head at his feet so he might scoop it up and present it to his lord Zebediah as a true sign of his faith.

To Mik'quol, the undead are not sentient creatures, but mere rabid animals in need of being put down. Always pleased to spit in the eye of a vampire before taking his head, Mik'quol does not respect or fear even the highest ranking undead officials.

**Level Progression:** Mik'quol advances as a cleric each level. At 2nd level, he takes a rank each in Sense Motive and Spellcraft. At 3rd level, he takes a rank each in Knowledge (religion) and Spellcraft. Additionally, he takes Extra Channel as his feat. He typically chooses *remove paralysis* as a domain spell and *bull's strength* and *spiritual weapon* as prepared spells. At 4th level, he increases his Wisdom by 1 and puts one rank each into Knowledge (religion) and Sense Motive.



## XASTURIAN

### Male infernal sorcerer 1

CG Medium outsider (chaotic, native)

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

#### DEFENSE

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

**hp** 8 (1d6+2)

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

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** quarterstaff +1 (1d6+1) or 2 claws +1 (1d4+1)

**Ranged** alchemical weapon +2 (as description)

**Special Attacks** abyssal bloodline power (claws, 7 rounds/day), claws

**Spells** (CL 1st; concentration +5, +9 defensively)

1st—*burning hands* (DC 15), *charm person* (DC 15)

0—*arcane mark*, *detect magic*, *mage hand*, *prestidigitation* (DC 14)

#### STATISTICS

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

**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 13

**Feats** Combat Casting, Eschew MaterialsB

**Traits** charming, ease of faith

**Skills** Diplomacy +9, Spellcraft +5, Use Magic Device +8

**Languages** Common, Abyssal, Infernal

**SQ** bloodline (abyssal), bloodline arcane (summoned creatures gain DR 1/good), luck of the devil

**Gear** quarterstaff, acid (3), alchemist's fire (3), backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, ink, inkpen, paper (10), thunderstone

**Encumbrance** 21 lbs.

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Charming:** Blessed with good looks, Xasturian has come to depend on the fact that others find him attractive. He gains a +1 trait bonus when using Bluff or Diplomacy on a character that is (or could be) sexually attracted to him, and +1 trait bonus to the save DC of any language-dependant spell he casts on such creatures.



**Claws (Ex):** Infernals possess a pair of vicious claws, giving them two claw attacks. These attacks are primary attacks that deal 1d4 points of damage.

**Ease of Faith:** Xasturian's mentor, who invested him with his faith at a young age, took steps to ensure that the source of his magic was not so different from that of divine magic. This philosophy makes it easier for him to accept the views of others. He gains a +1 trait bonus to Diplomacy checks, and Diplomacy is always considered to be a class skill.

**Luck of the Devil (Ex):** Some infernals gain a +1 luck bonus on all saving throws.



## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Xasturian as a 15-point buy character, reduce his Charisma by 2 points. Doing so decreases his Diplomacy and Use Magic Device checks, concentration checks, and spell saving throw DC each by 1.

To run Xasturian as a 25-point buy character, increase his Strength by 1 point and his Dexterity by 2 points. Doing so increases his attack and damage bonuses, AC, initiative, and Reflex save each by 1.

**Background:** Xasturian (ZAH-stur-e-in) is the second son of a succubus named Eugonys and her favorite human male. He never really knew his parents, though: His father was killed the night of his conception when Eugonys ripped the man's head off at the height of pleasure, and his mother, true to her succubus nature, wanted nothing to do with the mewling brat once he was born. Instead, Xasturian was raised by his older brother, Norgonex.

Norgonex was ten years Xasturian's senior and a stable, sensible boy. He raised his younger brother with a good balance of fatherly discipline and brotherly mischief. The boys supported themselves by performing tricks in the street for the amusement of passers-by, Norgonex with his uncanny gift for tumbling and Xasturian with his natural-born penchant for magic. Both were natural showmen, reveling in the thrill of performance and snaring attention with their natural charisma.

Only once did any of the bigger, older beggars try to muscle in on the brothers' earnings. The resulting scuffle ended with a huge explosion from a terrified six-year-old Xasturian, which left the square they'd been performing in as nothing more than a smoking crater.

It would be nearly a decade before anyone would be brave enough to mess with the "devil brothers" again.

Nine years after what the boys had taken to calling "the incident," they came to the attention of an ambitious, young merchant named Poncini. This young man, desperate to woo a wealthy young girl who'd turned him down because of his poverty, came up with a scheme to make himself financially worthy to his beloved. He took it upon himself to oversee and organize all criminal activities in the city, skimming a cut off the petty thieves and muggers he allowed to ply their trade. It wasn't long before Poncini decided to branch into manufacturing and sales, hawking cheap knockoffs made by slaves for full price and pure profit. Excited by this opportunity, he sent his

"YOU ASK OLD XASTURIAN HOW HE LIVES WITH HIMSELF? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU. EVERY MORNING, OLD XASTURIAN GETS UP, LOOKS HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR, AND SAYS: WHAT'S IT GONNA BE TODAY, OLD BUDDY? WENCHING OR BLASTING YOUR WAY ACROSS THIS MESSED UP WORLD? AND LET ME TELL YOU, THE ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME: WHY CHOOSE?"

—Xasturian, apologizing to a local tavern girl after a night of debauchery as he walks out the door

goons out into the streets at night to kidnap the poor, the wretched, and the homeless, whom he put to work in his new factory.

Norgonex and Xasturian had never bothered with a home, and on warmer nights they were frequently to be found sleeping in a cozy doorway or dark alley. It was on one such night that Norgonex disappeared, supposedly stolen by Poncini's men.

It didn't take long for Xasturian, with his natural charm, to uncover what had happened to his brother. Angry beyond all reckoning, the young infernal stormed Poncini's complex, single-handedly laying waste to the entire organization, but he never found his brother.

Xasturian now wanders Abaddon searching for his long-lost brother, though he is always happy to stop for a little diversion—be it female company or a rousing quest—along the way.

**Description:** Xasturian is perfectly muscled and tall, standing six foot seven, with sleek, chocolate-brown hair and glowing, sulfurous yellow eyes. His pearly-white horns sweep against the sides of his head like slicked-back hair, curling up into elegant points just behind his ears. His body is perfect and he knows it, as he shows off his smooth, sweeping muscles and defined abs at any available opportunity. He tends to dress with flair, ensuring that every piece of clothing is both unique and perfectly tailored catch the eye and complement his myriad charms.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Xasturian is, for lack of a better term, a rock star—not that he can play an instrument, but because of his big personality. People are drawn to his swagger and easy confidence, and he's always ready with a quip, cheesy one-liner, or perfect joke. His favorite persona is that of the wise man; nothing makes him

happier than sitting in a tavern, a beer in hand, with everyone's attention on him as he drops piece after piece of golden wisdom on their fertile, eager minds.

Of course, some people would call his wisdom no more than the occasionally lucid ramblings of a lunatic—meant in the best way possible, of course, because how could they hate a man as charming and gorgeous as he?

Because of his youth relative to his brother and the succubus blood flowing through both of them, Xasturian discovered women—and how much he enjoyed them—at an early age. And women, in turn, were happy to discover him. He's very smooth with the fairer sex, often literally charming their clothes off, but he holds no real respect for them, viewing them more as playthings than fellow sentient beings.

His charm mixes well with his easygoing and laid-back nature; virtually nothing ruffles him. His utter faith in his right to wield magic leaves him unthreatened by other magic users, be they divine or regular. When it comes to other schools of magic, Xasturian has a “live and let live” attitude, which makes him an easy fit for any party.

**Level Progression:** Xasturian advances as a sorcerer. At 2nd level and each level after, he increases each of his existing skills by one point. Additionally, he adds *read magic* to his spells known. At 3rd level, he adds *cause fear* and *magic missile* to his spells known; he also gains the demon resistances bloodline power and takes Weapon Focus (claws) as his feat. At 4th level, he adds *acid splash* and *scorching ray* to his spells known as well as increases his Charisma by 1 point.





# ILITA FAARA

Female khymer psychic warrior 1

N Medium aberration

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

## DEFENSE

**AC** 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +1 Dex, +2 shield)

**hp** 13 (1d8+5)

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

**Defensive Abilities** toxic blood; **Immune** disease

## OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** rapier +3 (1d6+3, 18–20/x2)

**Ranged** sling +1 (1d4+3)

**Powers** (CL 1st; concentration +6, 3 PP)

1st—*biofeedback*, *call weaponry*

## STATISTICS

**Str** 17, **Dex** 12, **Con** 12, **Int** 12, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 14

**Feats** Psionic Body, Psionic Weapon

**Traits** Deft Dodger, Focused Mind

**Skills** Acrobatics –1, Autohypnosis +7, Diplomacy +4, Knowledge (history) +2, Perception +7, Perform (wind) +1

**Languages** Common, Khymer, Osirian

**SQ** enhanced psionics, warrior's path (mind knight), unnatural metabolism

**Gear** rapier, dagger, sling with 20 bullets, scale mail, heavy steel shield, backpack, bedroll, block and tackle, candle, compass, flute, shovel, silk rope, trail rations (7), waterskin, 19 gp

**Encumbrance** 99 lbs.

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Deft Dodger:** Ilita's traumatizing experiences in the dangerous environment around Monad has honed her senses. She gains a +1 trait bonus on Reflex saves.

**Focused Mind:** Ilita's childhood was dominated by lessons both musical and militaristic, which improved her ability to block out distractions and focus on the immediate task at hand. She gains a +2 trait bonus on concentration checks.

**Toxic Blood (Ex)** The khymer's blood is highly toxic and poisonous to both the living and undead. Any creature that attempts to bite, swallow whole, or blood drain a khymer in blood form will know of their toxicity and will often become unwilling or unable to use that attack against that khymer again. Any that persist or are forced to swallow khymer blood must make a Fortitude save (DC 15 + the khymer's Constitution modifier) or take 1d6 points of Strength damage each round for 10 rounds or until 2 consecutive Fortitude saves are made to purge the blood.



**Disease Immunity:** A khymer is immune to disease, whether magical or non-magical.

**Naturally Psionic:** Khymer gain 1 bonus power point at 1st level. This benefit does not grant them the ability to manifest powers unless they gain that ability through another source, such as a psionic class.

**Enhanced Psionics (Su):** At will, khymer can enhance their natural psionic powers and abilities beyond the levels of normal psions. Any time a khymer enhances one of its abilities, it must make a Fortitude save (DC 25). On success, it takes 1 point of Con damage. On failure, it takes 2 points of Con damage and is staggered until the end of its next turn. Only one effect can be enhanced at a time; the khymer must roll a new Fortitude save each time it enhances one of its abilities. This enhancement can be one of the following effects:

- A khymer can expand its power point total at the expense of its body vessel. A khymer doing so recovers 5 power points, which are added to the khymer's power point reserve as if they had been gained by resting overnight.
- A khymer can manifest its powers to greater effect. All variable numeric effects of an empowered power are increased by one-half. An empowered power deals half again as much damage as normal, cures half again as many hit points, affects half again as many targets, and

so forth, as appropriate. Augmented powers can also be empowered (multiply  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times the damage total of the augmented power). Saving throws and opposed checks (such as the one you make when you manifest *dispel psionics*) are not affected, nor are powers without random variables. Using this ability does not increase the power point cost of the power.

- A khymer can manifest its powers farther than normal, increasing the range of a power with a range of close, medium, or long by 100%. An enlarged power with a range of close has a range of 50 feet + 5 feet per level, a medium-range power has a range of 200 feet + 20 feet per level, and a long-range power has a range of 800 feet + 80 feet per level. Powers whose ranges are not defined by distance, as well as powers whose ranges are not close, medium, or long, are not affected. Using this ability does not increase the power point cost of the power.
- A khymer can manifest its powers for longer than normal. An extended power lasts twice as long as normal. A power with a duration of concentration, instantaneous, or permanent is not affected by this ability.

**Unnatural Metabolism:** Khymer do not heal physical ability damage normally; instead, all damage must be healed magically. If a khymer enters a new body, all damage is healed automatically.

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## KHYMER BODY SWITCHING

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A khymer can sustain a body for up to one month before requiring a new one. If a khymer is at 50% or less of its total HP or its current body vessel is within 2 weeks of expiring, the khymer can willingly separate from its current body. When it expires, the khymer's body vessel falls to dust and the khymer reverts into its natural blood state. In their blood form, khymer can only survive for a number of hours equal to  $2d12$  plus their Constitution modifier before they congeal and die. A khymer in blood form can fit through spaces three sizes smaller than itself, but takes a -10 penalty on all Dexterity-based checks and melee attack rolls.

They also cannot wear armor or cast any spells requiring verbal components. They retain any ability scores they had in their old body with a reduced speed of 20 feet. Integrating into a new body is a long and private process that takes all of the khymer's attention. The body must have flesh on it, cannot have been dead for more than one month, and must be from a Medium humanoid creature. The process takes eight hours to complete. If this process is disrupted by an attack or destruction of the body, the khymer must begin the process again with a new body. Once integrated into the new body, the khymer is healed of any physical ability damage it retained from its old body.



## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Ilita as a 15-point buy character, decrease her Strength, Wisdom, and Charisma each by 1 point. Doing so decreases her Diplomacy and Perform (wind) checks each by 1 point.

To run Ilita as a 25-point buy character, increase her Strength, Dexterity, and Intelligence by 1 point each. Doing so increases her bonus to melee attack and damage rolls each by 1.

**Background:** Ilita Faara (ill-LEET-ah FAH-rah) was quite content as an elite member of an order of warrior-poets before the fateful day the meteor struck Abaddon. She passed her days merrily defending her home city of Monad and composing glorious melodies on her flute. She was truly gifted in both aspects of her training, equally at home swinging a sword in battle or playing a complex melody in front of a royal court.

The day the meteor arrived, Ilita, like many others, was reduced to a sentient liquid smear. However, her tenacity and discipline allowed her to keep hold of her identity and survive the disaster, rising as part of the khymer pool at Monad. At first she simply wandered the dangerous lands of her former home, her memory shattered by the catastrophe. But slowly, flashes of her former life began to come back to her. These memories drove her to find a host body to latch onto, so she could once again practice the two arts she loved so dearly: music and war. She had little trouble finding a host, even one that closely resembled the physical traits she remembered.

While she could control these walking meat-puppets with ease, her pride quickly turned to frustration. With only the ungainly motions of her host, the skills she had worked so hard to hone were diminished to those of a newly christened acolyte. With time those frustrations only grew: not only did her host body fail at producing even the most rudimentary sound on her flute or swinging even a training sword, it also deteriorated rapidly, lasting no more than a month. Forced to move between host after host, she found none that had the dexterity or agility she desired.

Eventually, she discovered that what she lacked in memory and skill was somewhat mitigated by a new mental power. She was soon able to augment her skills with a simple thought, toughening her body against attacks or sharpening her aim with a chosen weapon. More to her liking, she found she could use her memories to fight—literally calling forth

“I HAVE SEEN MORE DECADES THAN I CARE TO COUNT, WITNESSED MORE WONDERS AND TERRIBLE THINGS THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW, BUT I WOULD TRADE EVERY MOMENT OF IT FOR FIVE MORE MINUTES IN MY BODY—FOR TIME TO PLAY ONE MORE ARIA ON MY BELOVED FLUTE.”

—Ilita, murmuring over a tankard of ale to a young adventurer in one of her rare social moments

weapons she had wielded or virtuoso instruments she had once played from a long-forgotten age.

**Description:** In her natural form, Ilita appears as a typical khymer—a deep red pool of blood that glows faintly. In her idealized human form, she is a lithe and powerful woman, standing 6 feet tall and weighing 170 pounds. She is not beautiful in a traditional sense, but her blond hair and green eyes have a fierceness that some find attractive.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Ilita is devoted and fierce, though frustrated by her current state. She strives constantly to match the memories of her former greatness—and hopefully return her human form.

She wishes she could figure out why playing the flute, which had always come as easily as breathing, now proves such a challenge. She was once a virtuoso, but now she can barely complete a song. If she could push through the mental block preventing her from performing well, she believes she might remember more of her life and perhaps regain her human form. Ilita has grown to dislike and envy those who can play great music, ruining any enjoyment she might have found in the music itself.

She tries to live her life by the ancient code that once bound her, though she has only scattered memories of what these tenets were. Her confusion over the past manifests in a disjointed philosophy: one day she might fight furiously to defend a wronged woman, while the next she might believe that lending aid only invites weakness in others, who should be strong and stand up for themselves.

Ilita seldom enjoys the company of others, preferring to lend help and then leave before she can even be offered thanks. Many take her behavior as a sign of rudeness, but every moment she spends among those still inhabiting their own bodies reminds her of all she has lost. She simply does not like to dwell

on the differences between her new form and her past life.

**Level Progression:** Ilita advances as a psychic warrior each level. At 2nd level and each level after, she increases each of her skills by 1 point. Additionally, she takes Up the Walls as a bonus feat (remember that Psionic Body grants 2 bonus hit points per psionic feat) and adds *metaphysical weapon* to her powers known. At 3rd level, she gains trance and takes Speed of Thought as her feat. She also gains *inertial armor* and *stomp* as powers known. At 4th level, she increases her Strength by 1 point and gains *body adjustment* as a power known. Additionally, her warrior's path skill bonus is added to Autohypnosis.





# (TREESHEARER) SNARLTOOTH SWIFTTONGUE

## Female lykian ranger 1

NG Medium monstrous humanoid

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6

### DEFENSE

**AC** 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +3 Dex)

**hp** 11 (1d10+1)

**Fort** +3, **Ref** +5, **Will** +2

**Defensive Abilities** shadowy stalker

**Weaknesses** vulnerable to silver (double damage)

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft. (sprinter 30 ft.)

**Melee** battle axe +3 (1d8+2, x3) and bite -2 (1d3+1)

**Ranged** shortbow +4 (1d6, x3)

**Special Attacks** diseased bite, favored enemy (undead +2), howl

### STATISTICS

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

**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 16

**Feats** Quick Draw

**Traits** Armor Expert, Bully

**Skills** Climb +5, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (geography) +5, Perception +6, Stealth +4, Survival +8, Swim +3; **Racial Modifiers** +2 Climb, +2 Survival

**Languages** Common, Lykian

**SQ** sprinter, track +1, wild empathy +1

**Gear** battle axe, dagger (2), handaxe, light mace, shortbow with 20 arrows, shortsword, smoke arrows (2), scale mail, heavy wooden shield, backpack, bear trap, bedroll, flint and steel, pot, rope, torch (4), trail rations (7), water skin, whetstone, 5 sp, 4 cp

**Encumbrance** 106.5 lbs.

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Armor Expert:** Swifttongue has worn armor for as long as she can remember, seeking to emulate the great heroes of her tribe. While her childhood armor wasn't the real thing as far as protection was concerned, it was just as encumbering. She has grown used to moving in heavy suits with relative grace. Swifttongue reduces the armor check penalty of any armor she wears by 1, to a minimum check penalty of 0.

**Born Survivors:** A lykian's animalistic heritage enhances their physical skills, giving them a +2 racial bonus to Climb and Survival checks.

**Bully:** Dealing with humans on behalf of her tribe has shown Swifttongue that the meek are ignored and that she often must resort to violence to be



heard. She gains a +1 trait bonus on Intimidate checks, and Intimidate is always a class skill for her.

**Diseased Bite (Ex):** Lykians gain a bite attack that deals 1d3 damage. This bite is a primary attack; however, if the lykian currently wields a manufactured weapon, then it becomes a secondary attack. A number of times per day equal to the lykian's Constitution modifier (minimum 1/day), the lykian can coat a weapon it wields with its diseased saliva. Applying saliva in this way is a swift action. Diseased Saliva—disease, injury; *save* Fortitude DC 10 + 1/2 lykian's Hit Dice + lykian's Constitution modifier *onset* 1 day; *frequency* 1/round for 6 rounds; *effect* 1d2 Dex damage; *cure* 2 consecutive saves.

**Howl (Su):** Once per hour as standard action, Swifttongue can emit a thunderous howl. Any non-lykians within 20 feet must make a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 Hit Dice + Charisma modifier) or become shaken for 1d4 rounds. Non-lykians that succeed the save cannot be affected again by the howl of any lykian for 24 hours. Non-lykians that fail the save who are already shaken become frightened for 1d4 rounds instead.

**Shadowy Stalker (Su):** Attacks made against a lykian while in dim light have a 50% miss chance instead of the normal 20% miss chance. This ability does not grant total concealment, it only increases the miss chance.

**Sprinter (Ex):** Lykians gain a +10 ft. racial bonus to speed when using the charge, run, or withdraw action.

## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Swifttongue as a 15-point buy character, reduce her Strength, Wisdom, and Charisma each by 1 point. Doing so decreases her Will save by 1 and her bonus to Handle Animal, Intimidate, Perception, and Survival each by 1.

To run Swifttongue as a 25-point buy character, increase her Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution by 1 point each. Doing so increases her melee attack and damage rolls each by 1 as well as her bonus to Climb and Swim checks each by 1.

**Background:** Swifttongue (SWIFT-tung) was born to Snarltooth Wordreader, a former pet of the powerful magus, Ansul Timmerman, who was torn to shreds under suspicious circumstances. Wordreader maintains to this day that she had nothing to do with her master's death, though her words mattered little to the local humans at the time. The simple farming folk were terrified of the wolf-woman and sought any reason to put the hated lykian to death. Locked in prison and awaiting almost certain execution, Wordreader's fear turned her feral. She broke loose from her captors and fled into the jungle, where she encountered the savage Treeshearer tribe.

She was captured and taken to the Treeshearer chieftain, Clawflesh, who was ensnared in equal parts by Wordreader's beauty and her story of fleeing from the evil humans. Against the advice of his elders, Clawflesh did more than take pity on Wordreader: he took her as his mistress. Swifttongue was the only product of this union.

Being the only daughter of the chief's mistress made Swifttongue both the most respected and reviled member of her tribe. Her mother's insistence that she learn her letters and adopt some form of social grace did not help her fit in.

While most of the lykians could only see Swifttongue's irritating veneer of civility, Clawflesh was more perceptive. He saw the young lykian's potential as a liaison between his tribe and the human settlements ringing their land on the edges of the jungle. As soon as Swifttongue was old enough to find her way through the jungle, her father sent her out to the neighboring human settlements. Using her knowledge of the human tongue and her "pretty" manners, she encouraged the local chieftains to pay a tithe of livestock to the Treeshearer tribe once a month. In exchange, the tribe's warriors would defend the settlements from the countless marauding forces of the Abaddon wilds. In short, she set up and ran a protection racket on her father's behalf.

"I MAY SEEM CUDDLY, BUT WATCH YOUR TONGUE, FOR I AM POINTY ON THE INSIDE — AND THE OUTSIDE."

—*Swifttongue, speaking a few last words a human chieftain before ripping him limb from limb for insulting her mother*

She operated this little scheme for many years with great success. In the end, though, the lykian heart is a violent and treacherous thing. One day, while negotiating a new tithe agreement with a budding human settlement, the local chief—a former student of magus Timmerman—decided to stand up for his people. He refused to pay the tithe; instead, he accused the entire lykian race, particularly Swifttongue's parents, of being nothing more than mindless murdering machines.

That was the last straw. The years of being reviled by humans and her tribe alike bore down on Swifttongue, breaking her fine manners and unleashing her inner animal. She tore the offending human limb from limb before biting and clawing her way out of the settlement.

It wasn't long before word of her attack found the other human settlements, who felt understandably betrayed. They launched a concerted attack on the Treeshearer tribe, who fought back with every weapon they possessed. By the time the dust settled, it was clear to her adoptive tribe that Swifttongue held no more sway with the humans and was, in other words, useless. She was cast out to wander the wilds, forbidden on pain of death to ever return to the jungles she'd called home her entire life.

**Description:** Swifttongue is a typical lykian, standing 6 feet—an average height—with a stocky build. Her slightly shaggy fur is an unmemorable tawny brown. In general she is an unremarkable example of her species, except for one thing: her eyes, which are colored a rare stormy grey and glitter with malignant intelligence and savage cunning. No one who has met her forgets these eyes—or her skills as a "negotiator."

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Swifttongue is very intelligent for a lykian, which made her an outcast in her father's tribe even before the debacle that drove her out completely. Her mother's insistence that Swifttongue learn to read and write subjected her to much mockery from



fellow lykian children, but also honed her sense of self-discipline. As a result, she can focus fully on whatever task is at the forefront of her mind while still remaining vigilant and ready for trouble.

To others, Swifttongue comes across as both imposing and remote due to her years of solitary study and her expectation that everyone will treat her with the same disdain her father's tribe did. She speaks gruffly and keeps a firm wall around herself to protect against the taunts and jeers she believes will surely come.

Being born from the "pet" of a human master and through her own dealings with often-terrified human tribes, Swifttongue has developed a strong distaste for all humanoids, and she is quick to treat them with disrespect and even scorn. While she recognizes that these creatures can be useful, which she uses to her advantage without moral issue, it is rare for her to actually like one.

The years of living on her own since her exile have taught Swifttongue to value everything useful she comes across. She is particularly fond of collecting items, mostly weapons, from those she defeats in combat. In some twisted way, she sees each conquest as another step toward earning the respect that her father never offered. She hopes, one day, to present him with the weapons of her fallen enemies as proof of her prowess and worthiness, and is therefore very attached to them.

**Level Progression:** Swifttongue advances as a ranger each level. At 2nd level and each level after, she increases each of her skills by 1 point. Additionally, she chooses the two-weapon combat style and gains Improved Shield Bash as a bonus feat. At 3rd level, she chooses jungle as her favored terrain, gains Endurance as a bonus feat, and takes Shield Focus as her feat. At 4th level, she increases her Strength by 1 point, gains hunter's bond (companions), and typically prepares *longstrider*.



# YEREMIL AL ZEBEDIAH

## Male exalted monk 1

LN Medium outsider (lawful, native)

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

### DEFENSE

**AC** 16, touch 16, flat-footed 13 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +3 Wis)

**hp** 10 (1d8+2)

**Fort** +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +6

**Defensive Abilities** AC bonus

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** unarmed strike +3 (1d6+3) or unarmed strike +2/+2 (1d6+3)

**Ranged** sling +2 (1d4+3)

**Special Attacks** flurry of blows, stunning fist (1/day, DC 13)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 1st; concentration +1)

1/day—*cure light wounds*, *remove fear*

### STATISTICS

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

**Base Atk** +0; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 19

**Feats** Crane Style, Dodge **Traits** Highlander, Sacred Touch

**Skills** Acrobatics +6, Escape Artist +6, Perception +7, Sense Motive +7, Stealth +7

**Languages** Common, Exalted, Celestial

**SQ** divine spells, hand of grace, sacred touch

**Gear** kama, sling with 20 bullets, *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of endure elements*, backpack, bedroll, grappling hook, mirror, rope, silver holy symbol, trail rations (7), waterskin, 2 gp, 2 sp

**Encumbrance** 46 lbs.



### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Divine Spells (Sp):** Yeremil can cast *cure light wounds* and *remove fear* as spell-like abilities that can be used once per day with a caster level equal to his Hit Dice.

**Hand of Grace (Ex):** Exalted gain a +1 racial bonus on all saving throws.

**Highlander:** His time spent in the badlands has made Yeremil something of an expert when it comes to avoiding predators, monsters, and worse in the region. He gains a +1 trait bonus to Stealth checks, and Stealth is always a class skill for him. This trait bonus increases to +2 in hilly or rocky regions.

**Sacred Touch:** Yeremil's auspicious birth exposed him to potent divine energy. As a standard action, he may automatically stabilize a dying creature by touching it.



## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Yeremil as 15-point buy character, reduce his Dexterity and Intelligence by 2 points each. Doing so decreases his initiative, AC, Reflex save, and bonuses to Acrobatics, Escape Artist, and Stealth each by 1. This also removes his skill point from Sense Motive, reducing his bonus by 4, and removes Celestial as a bonus language.

To run Yeremil as a 25-point buy character, increase his Strength by 2 points. Doing so increases his bonus to melee attacks and damage each by 1.

**Background:** Yeremil (ye-REH-mil) was born in a small human settlement to Caranah, a naive farmer's daughter who had been shunned by her fellow townsfolk as a whore after she was caught in her father's barn taking her pleasure from a nameless winged stranger. She was thrown in the stockade for a week, and the stranger was driven out of town by a livid, pitchfork-wielding mob led by Caranah's father. Her father used his considerable influence to erase the memory of her mistake from the minds of their friends. It almost worked, until nine months later, when Caranah birthed a young boy with the obvious touches of the angel.

The townsfolk were quick to judge her, but the angel's blood in her son's veins protected them both. Not one of the superstitious farming folk was willing to touch the child imbued with angelic goodness. In fact, they soon began to revere him—and her, as the woman who brought the boy into the world.

Caranah reveled in their reverence, feeling it was her due. Filled with pride, she raised her son in the utter and complete knowledge that he was god-touched and better than the petty folk of their simple town.

By his early teens, Yeremil realized that he was meant for more than a life in the dismal little settlement of his birth. He delivered a brief, harsh farewell to his mother, in which he reminded her that he was a god and she was no more than one of the cattle she'd taught him to hate. With that, he set out into the heart of the badlands.

Ten years later, all the while without word from Yeremil, Caranah caught a fever and fell ill. To this day, no one can explain how he found out—but out from the jungle Yeremil returned, covered in thick red designs and grown from a skinny youth to a heavily muscled man. He knelt by his mother's bedside and placed a hand on her forehead. Without a word between them, she gave a contented sigh and passed on.

*"MY BLOOD MAY HAVE MADE ME EXALTED, BUT IT IS MY GOOD DEEDS THAT SHALL MAKE ME A GOD."*

*—Yeremil, giving his last announcement to the men and women of his settlement before striking out to make his name*

.....

Back from his solitude, Yeremil set out from his mother's grave, determined to convince Abaddon's nameless cattle of his godhood.

**Description:** Yeremil is a man of average height and stocky build. His skin, the color of pale honey, is decorated with thick sweeps of blood-red ink in bold patterns, whose meanings are known only to Yeremil himself. His ascetic taste informing his choices, he wears clothing both bland and austere. He carries no real weapons, but one look at his heavily corded limbs makes it clear that he can more than take care of himself. His eyes are a luminous sky blue, but no one can recall the color of his hair—or if he ever, in fact, had any. Those from his village who knew him in his infancy insist that he was born hairless as an early sign of his inner purity.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Yeremil's supreme confidence in himself and belief that he is above mere mortals shows in everything he does. He will only step into a situation if he sees a chance to sway those involved into believing in his godhood. He will only enter combat if there is no other recourse and if it seems in his best interests. Once he engages, though, he knows he is unlikely to lose, so he fights with recklessness and a total disrespect for his own mortality.

Yeremil exudes arrogance and a smug sense of self. When he deigns to speak to humans, his speech tends to be filled with tones ranging from condescension to outright contempt. His sense of superiority also leads people to believe that he has no real care for their safety or causes, only his own glory. As such, he tends not to make a good first impression, and many people simply never warm up to him. Most will be more than happy to let him use his superior fighting skill to assist them with any troubling matters, though.

As an ascetic, Yeremil does not care much for money. He takes what he requires and donates the rest to a cause he deems worthy. He is unlikely to be tempted into adventuring by the promise of

money, but will gladly go along if he believes that the adventure will add to his legend.

Yeremil seeks godhood. He is convinced that his angelic blood has predestined him to the greatness of his unknown—but undoubtedly godly—father. Given half an ear and any interest at all, he is always happy to go on at length about his qualifications for godhood and why he should be worshipped. He will try to convert listeners at any given opportunity. He is also gifted with the ability to stabilize any creature near death that he touches, an ability he points to as a clear sign of his divinity.

#### **Level Progression:**

Yeremil advances each level as a monk. At 2nd level and each level after, he increases each of his skills by 1 point. Additionally, he takes Improved Grapple as a bonus feat and gains evasion. At 3rd level, he gains fast movement +10 ft., maneuver training, and still mind. He also takes Weapon Focus (unarmed strike) as a feat. At 4th level, he increases his Strength by 1 point and gains ki pool (magic) and slow fall 20 ft.





# SETIPHET SIR LYKASH

## Female harrowed fighter 1

LG Medium living dead

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +0

### DEFENSE

**AC** 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +2 Dex)

**hp** 12 (1d10+2)

**Fort** +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +0; +2 vs. disease, mind-affecting effects

**Defensive Abilities** living dead traits

### OFFENSE

**Speed** 20 ft.

**Melee** greatsword +6 (2d6+6, 19–20/x2) or improvised weapon +5 (1d6+4)

**Ranged** sling +3 (1d4+4)

### STATISTICS

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

**Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 16

**Feats** Catch Off-Guard, Weapon Focus (greatsword)

**Traits** Killer, Militia Veteran

**Skills** Climb +4, Survival +5, Swim +4

**Languages** Common

**SQ** undead killer

**Gear** greatsword, shortsword, sling with 20 bullets, scale mail, backpack, bottle (broken), candles (2), crowbar, grappling hook, hammer, lute, rope, shovel, whetstone, 24 gp

**Encumbrance** 91 lbs.

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Killer:** Setiphet made her first kill at an early age and found the task of war to her liking. She takes particular pride in a well-placed blow. She deals additional damage equal to her weapon's critical hit modifier when she scores a successful critical hit with a weapon; this additional damage is added to the final total, and is not multiplied by the critical hit itself. This extra damage is a trait bonus.

**Living Dead:** The Harrowed are a very unique race, said to be somewhere between life and death, an unholy fusion of the living and the undead. A harrowed has the following features:

- Harrowed have the darkvision 60 ft. racial trait
- Harrowed gain a +2 racial bonus on saving throws against disease and mind-affecting effects.
- Harrowed take no penalty from energy-draining effects, though they can still be killed if they accrue more negative levels than they have Hit Dice. After 24 hours, any negative levels they have gained are removed without any additional saving throws.



- Harrowed are harmed by positive energy and healed by negative energy. A harrowed with fast healing still gains its benefits.
- Harrowed only need to eat, sleep and breathe half as a normal being of similar size. They can hold their breath for a number of rounds equal to four times their Constitution score before risking suffocation or drowning.

**Militia Veteran:** Setiphet's first job was serving in a civilian militia, and the skills learned from military life have been drilled into her. She gains a +1 trait bonus to Survival checks, and Survival is always a class skill for her.

**Undead Killer (Ex):** Thanks to their familiarity with the undead, harrowed gain a +1 bonus on attack rolls against undead.

## POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Setiphet as a 15-point buy character, reduce her Dexterity by 2 points. Doing so decreases her initiative, AC, Reflex save, and ranged attack bonus each by 1.

To run Setiphet as a 25-point buy character, increase her Strength by 2 points. Doing so improves her melee attack and damage bonus each by 1, as well as her bonus to Climb and Swim checks each by 1.

**Background:** Setiphet Sir Lykash (se-TEE-fet sir lu-KA-sh) began life as a dismal reminder of her mother's rape. Her mother Sinat, a human living in a small settlement on land held by the vampire Lykash, was the daughter of a gentleman farmer. In her late teens she met Tomasz, a hired hand on her father's dairy farm. The two promptly fell in love and made plans to wed.

But before they could say their vows, Lykash's men swept through their community, collecting healthy young men to work the vampire's farm—which, in reality, was nothing more than a glorified feeding ground for the lord and his minions.

Desperate for her true love, Sinat snuck into the camp and attempted to free her beloved. However, they were captured as they tried to flee the grounds. Tomasz was put to death before Sinat's very eyes as punishment—but that wasn't enough for Lykash. He was so enraged by their disobedience that he raped Sinat, getting her with child. After brutally assaulting Sinat, he had her bound to a prison cot for the duration of her pregnancy to ensure she did not try to kill the child while still in the womb.

In spite of the wretched circumstances of her daughter's conception and birth, Sinat truly loved Setiphet and raised her with care and kindness.

However, the townsfolk were not so kind to her. While somewhat protected by her status as the daughter of the vampire lord, Setiphet was still persecuted and shunned. Her status as a reviled outsider, blended with her mother's compassion, formed a girl with no tolerance for injustice and no respect for class or position. In her eyes all respect was earned, not given.

On her ninth birthday, Setiphet was walking through the town square when she came upon two boys beating a dog. Without a thought she grabbed the nearest weapon at hand, a large rock from the fountain wall, and fell on the boys. Though they were bigger and older than her, she fought without fear, driven by a blinding need for justice. By the time

"If you let the girl go now, I may not be forced to shred you into a fine red mist."

—Setiphet, speaking with utter calm to a man about to beat his daughter in the town square

the dust had settled, one boy had a broken nose and a concussion and the other was limping on a broken ankle.

That was the moment she realized her true calling. For the last twelve years, Setiphet has traversed Abaddon as a mercenary and vigilante, righting wrongs and punishing those she deems guilty based on her strict moral code.

**Description:** Setiphet is slightly taller than average for a woman, splitting the difference between her short mother and towering undead father to stand at five foot seven. She is thin, but her limbs are corded with muscle all the way down to her long-fingered hands. Her skin is a waxy medium grey, a perfect match for her eyes, and her hair is a lanky black curtain that frequently falls about her face, obscuring her expression. Her features have a defiant cast to them, and she usually appears to be snarling.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

In Setiphet's world, things are very simple: you're a good guy or a bad guy, no shades of grey. Her mother's unconditional love has counteracted some of the mistrust and abuse she has received, making her more personable and engaged in emotion than most harrowed. Her reasons for adventuring are two-fold: first, she will take any opportunity to seek out the beaten or oppressed and free them; second, she will collect wealth to give to those in need or to make herself a more efficient agent of justice by improving her equipment.

To others she appears the strong, silent type. She is tough as nails and fights with a savage ferocity that can provoke surprise. She is unshakably kind, even motherly, to those she deems good or victimized. However, those who do not pass her test, or prove themselves evil, must face her considerable wrath.

Setiphet has been a scrapper from an early age, often battling with no preparation. As such, she is skilled in using pretty much anything she can get her hands on as a weapon.

Passionate about the rights of others, Setiphet believes that no being should be cast out or treated poorly because of their birth. She judges people on



their actions and morals, not on their backgrounds. She is a true egalitarian and is just as confident spitting in the eye of a morally bankrupt undead lord as in the eye of a local baker for gouging starving families with his bread prices.

**Level Progression:**

Setiphet advances each level as a fighter. At 2nd level and each level after, she increases each of her skills by 1 point. She also gains bravery and takes Power Attack as her bonus feat. At 3rd level, she gains armor training and takes Throw Anything as her feat. At 4th level, she increases her Strength by 1 point and takes Weapon Specialization (greatsword) as her bonus feat.



## MOUSE

### Female genesai rogue 1

CN Medium outsider (native)

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +4

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +3 Dex)

**hp** 10 (1d8+2)

**Fort** +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** +0 (+2 vs. mind-affecting effects)

**Defensive Abilities** unnatural aura

#### OFFENSE

**Speed** 30 ft.

**Melee** dagger +2 (1d4+2, 19–20/x2)

**Ranged** dagger +3 (1d4+2, 19–20/x2)

**Special Attacks** sneak attack +1d6

#### STATISTICS

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

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

**Feats** Stealthy

**Traits** Poverty Stricken, Vagabond Child

**Skills** Acrobatics +7, Climb +6, Disable Device +10, Disguise +4, Escape Artist +9, Intimidate +4, Perception +4, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +9, Survival +5, Use Magic Device +4; **Racial**

**Modifiers** +4 Intimidate

**Languages** Common, Celestial

**SQ** trapfinding +1, unnatural aura

**Gear** daggers (6), leather armor, belt pouch, hourglass (6 seconds), masterwork thieves' tools, silk rope

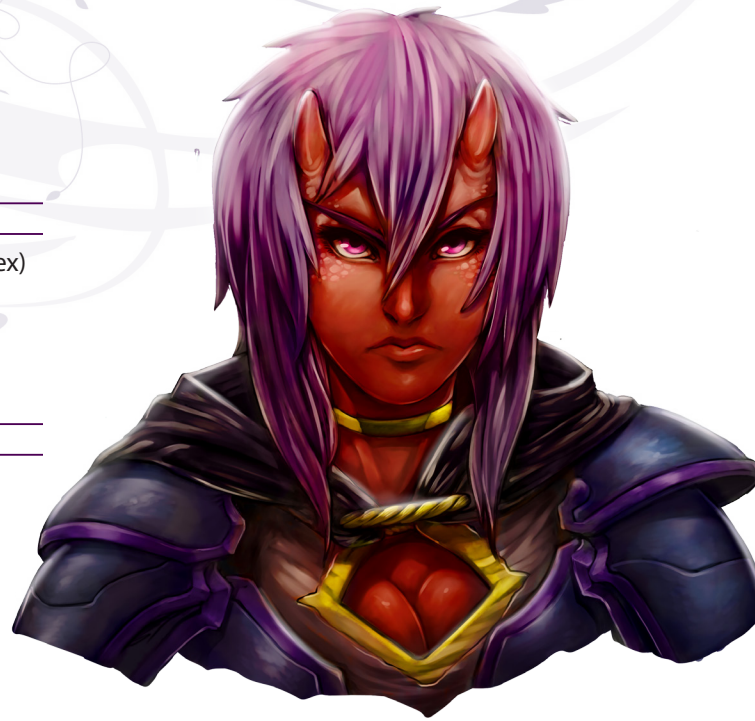
**Encumbrance** 29 lbs.

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Dual Minded (Ex)** Genesai receive a +2 racial bonus to Will saves to resist mind-affecting spells and abilities.

**Poverty Stricken:** Mouse had a tough childhood. Coppers were scarce and hunger was her constant companion. She gains a +1 bonus to Survival, and Survival is always considered to be a class skill for her.

**Terrifying (Ex):** Genesai receive a +4 racial bonus on Intimidate checks.



**Shattersoul Blade (Su):** A number of times per day equal to 3 plus her Constitution modifier, Mouse can summon a 3-foot-long scintillating shard as a standard action. The shattersoul blade is wielded as a short sword. Attacks with a shattersoul blade are melee touch attacks that deal 1d4 points of damage, plus 1 point per level (maximum of +10). Since the blade is immaterial, her strength modifier does not affect the damage dealt. To lawful or chaotic creatures, the shattersoul blade deals 1d6 points of damage plus 2 points per level (maximum +20). The shattersoul blade lasts 1 minute per level.

**Unnatural Aura (Ex):** Animals become uneasy around genesai due to their dual nature. Dogs bark and horses become unruly, even people become generally uneasy. Genesai take a –4 penalty on all Charisma-based skill checks to affect creatures of the animal type, and receive a +4 dodge bonus to AC against animals. The starting attitude of animals toward genesai is one step worse than normal.

**Vagabond Child:** Mouse grew up among the outcasts and outlaws of her society, learning to forage and survive in an urban environment. She gains a +1 bonus to Sleight of Hand checks, and Sleight of Hand is always considered to be a class skill for her.



## POINT-BUY OPTIONS:

To run Mouse as a 15-point buy character, decrease her Strength by 2 points and her Wisdom by 1 point. Doing so decreases her Will save and melee attack and damage bonus each by 1; it also reduces her bonus to Climb, Perception, and Survival checks each by 1.

To run Mouse as a 25-point buy character, increase her Dexterity and Intelligence by 1 point each. Doing so grants her an extra skill point, which she spends on Appraise, granting her a +6 bonus.

*"PLEASE, FEEL FREE TO UNDERESTIMATE ME.  
YOUR ARROGANCE IS MY GREATEST WEAPON."*

*—Mouse, speaking to a local  
guard captain just before  
dueling over an intimate evening  
she had spent with his wife*

.....

Somewhere in Mouse's eighteenth year, Boss Gruntag decided to reward his best thief with a finely wrought set of thieves' tools and put her to work in the higher-end sector of their business: cat burglary.

She turned out to be even more adept at this trade.

One night after a near miss with the night watch, Mouse formulated a plan to free herself from the Boss' cruelty. She purposely tipped off the guard about her next heist, broke into the appointed house, and waited to get arrested. At the first sign of the watch, Unter bolted for the safety of the guildhall—leaving Mouse to face her fate alone—to inform the Boss that he would need to fetch his thief from jail. She allowed the guard to throw her in the paddy wagon and waited until it trundled through the darkest part of town, at which time she picked the padlock with her cleverly hidden tools and disappeared into the night.

She wanders Abaddon now, taking any contract that interests her. She takes pains to avoid her hometown, though, for she knows Boss Gruntag would snatch her up and, as punishment for escaping, put her to death—in the slowest and most painful way possible.

**Description:** Mouse stands a mere five feet, lean and thin from years of living on nearly nothing. Her clothes are dark without being black, and her style is understated and unmemorable. Her hair is a shaggy amethyst mass, and her expressive eyes a deep honey color. Her skin is a soft, burnt sienna color, which extends up through a soft fur that covers the small horns rising from her forehead.

## PERSONALITY & ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES:

Due to the constant persecution she has endured, Mouse is quiet by nature, only speaking when absolutely necessary. She moves lightly and silently and remains constantly on guard for trouble, which also makes her a little skittish. Extremely slow to trust, Mouse prefers striking off on her own to working with a team. She will never engage an enemy face to face, preferring to use her superior agility and small

**Background:** Merego Tarimal (MER-e-go ta-RE-mel), known to virtually everyone as Mouse, has never known her parents. Worse, the master at her orphanage was fond of reminding her that her parents, upon seeing the abomination they had created, dumped her without ceremony on the orphanage's doorstep in a burlap sack with a tag stating her name.

By the age of eight, Mouse was thoroughly fed up with the constant verbal abuse heaped on her by the master and the beatings administered daily by her fellow orphans. Seeing the only available alternative, she slipped out of the orphanage in the middle of the night to try her luck on the streets. Refusing to sell her body to afford food, Mouse turned to thieving. She started small, filching a piece of fruit here or there from a merchant's cart to stave off her ever-present hunger. Emboldened by her success with food, Mouse turned to picking pockets, sneaking money and the occasional shiny trinket for her private collection.

It didn't take long for her skills and stealth to catch the attention of the local thieves' guild. Boss Gruntag, head of the guild, called in a favor of his good friend, Police Chief Bunnnett, to have the ten-year-old girl arrested and brought before him.

It took only a few pretty promises of a soft bed, a roof, and regular meals—and the threat of jail—to convince the tough yet terrified little girl to join their society.

Being diminutive, deft, and stealthy, she proved to be a great asset to the guild. In spite of his pretty promises, though, Gruntag treated her no better than the master at the orphanage had. The Boss sent her out on the streets during the day under the watchful eye of her brutal handler Unter, only to commandeer her entire take and lock her in a windowless cell when she returned each night.

stature to dart around the target while harrying it from all sides.

Because of the abuse she sustained from many men, Mouse much prefers the company of women—both social and sexual—though she rarely engages in trysts or other amorous activities. Her distrust toward men is so complete that she tends to avoid even speaking with them, preferring to conduct her business and negotiations through wives or female companions.

Mouse cultivated total silence in her movements during her time at the orphanage, a place where drawing attention was enough to get beaten up. While not opposed to attaching herself to a group, she tends to stay at a safe distance from all other party members and refuses to be touched, responding

with violence to any attempt. Mouse has a mind for strategy, relying heavily on street smarts to read people and situations quickly and effectively. As a result, she tends to be adaptable and clever in combat, outsmarting her opponent whenever possible and using her surroundings creatively.

**Level Progression:** Mouse advances each level as a rogue. At 2nd level and each level after, she increases each of her skills by 1 point (note that she has no points in Intimidate; her bonus is purely racial). In addition, she gains evasion and takes fast stealth as her rogue talent. At 3rd level, she gains trap sense +1 and takes Weapon Focus (dagger) as her feat. At 4th level, she increases her Dexterity by 1, gains uncanny dodge, and takes ledge walker as her rogue talent.





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