



ADVENTURE PATH ICONICS: path of pirates



Push off and get ready to set sail into an adventure filled with piracy and swashbuckling action. The book before you contains a pirate's booty specifically designed for use in a high seas buccaneer-themed Adventure Path. Much like the pieces of eight, contained within are just as many preciously detailed pre-generated characters, each complete with a full stat block, along with campaign traits, a comprehensive background and personality, and suggestions on advancement through 4th level. Just point your irons at one of these sea dogs and you're ready to play. These characters have been built using a 20-point buy, but come with instructions on how to adjust their stats to a 15-point buy should you be looking for a challenge. If your group enjoys an epic fantasy feel for their characters, adjustments up to a 25-point buy are also included. Whichever buy you choose, with a little outfitting your PC will be ready to pillage the high seas.

Looking for something a little spicier than your average mug of rum? Well, you'll find two kinds of soon-to-be pirates presented on the following pages. The first category has four humans, each ready to fit into the Adventure Path and blend in perfectly with the campaign's setting. You'll find that titles are used instead of names, and some things are abbreviated or written in short hand; this is done to respect Paizo's intellectual property. The actual names of these people, places, and things are easy enough to tie back in with the Adventure Path. Notes have been provided that detail the books where the abbreviated items can be found.

The second part of this motley crew provides something a little different, even to the oldest of salts. Each of these four characters is a race from Louis Porter Jr. Design's *NeoExodus: A House Divided Campaign Setting*. That book is not needed to play; if you should find it in a ship's hold, though, it is a great plunder indeed! These pages provide a treasure map of information, with enough background on these races and their abilities to plug them right into your campaign without feeling like you have to walk the plank to run them. The exotic races included in *Path of the Pirate* are the savage and primal enuka; the dalreans, a race of long-lived and social walking plants; the stately and linguistic prymidian; and the strange, secretive insectile race called the sasori. While they are but a few of the races found in the world of *NeoExodus*, they'll surely provide a splash of new flavor while still feeling at home in this pirate-themed Adventure Path.

Even though these freebooters are pre-generated characters, adding your own dash of individuality and creativity is encouraged, if not demanded. One thing is important to note: this campaign of piracy is not designed for goody-two-shoes or landlubbers. While it is not impossible to play a hero or a fish out of water, it

is best to keep paladins and the like ashore for this one. If the gender of a character is not to your liking, change it; if you like only part of their background and you have an amazing idea to flesh it out, do it; and, if you think you have a better idea for their feats and traits, by all means change those too! Each of these scurvy souls has been designed to stoke your creative fires; while they all should provide rich stories and roleplaying moments at the table, if all they do is provide you with an idea for your own character, then that is good too. So batten down the hatches, climb to the crow's nest, and get ready to ply the sweet trade!

Notations: ¹ Abbreviated reference "Races" in the official campaign setting book.



Bale Tenya

Male prymidian bard (sea singer)

1

NG Medium humanoid

Init +3; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

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

hp 10 (1d8+2)

Fort +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** +1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee rapier +3 (1d6/18–20) or
whip +3 (1d3 nonlethal)

Ranged shortbow +3 (1d6/×3)

Special Attacks bardic
performance 7 rounds/day (sea
shanty, distraction, fascinate,
inspire courage +1)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st;
concentration +4)

At will—*read magic*

Bard Spells Known (CL 1st;
concentration +4)

1st (2/day)—*charm person* (DC
14), *sleep* (DC 14)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *daze*
(DC 13), *ghost sound* (DC 13),
lullaby

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 16

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

Feats Lunge^B, Weapon Finesse

Traits Charming, Pirate Queen's Blessing

Skills Acrobatics +5, Bluff +7, Knowledge
(geography) +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception
+3, Perform (sing) +7, Profession (sailor) +3, Swim
–1

Languages Aquan, Common, Prymidian

SQ world traveler

Gear chain shirt, rapier, whip, shortbow with 20
arrows, explorer's outfit, bicorn hat, hair pin (silver
rose worth 15 gp), rations (5 days)

Encumbrance 38 lbs.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Arcane Polyglot (Ex): Bale can speak and understand the language of any intelligent creature he encounters, whether it is a racial tongue or regional dialect. This ability only applies to spoken languages. He does not retain the ability to speak or understand a language when not in the presence of the creature speaking it. In addition, Bale can cast *read magic* at will as a spell-like ability with a caster level equal to his Hit Dice.



Charming (Ex): Blessed with good looks, Bale uses this attribute to his advantage. Bale gains a +1 trait bonus when he uses Bluff or Diplomacy on a character that is (or could be) sexually attracted to him. Furthermore, Bale gains a +1 trait bonus to the save DC of any language-dependent spell that he casts on such characters or creatures.

Pirate Queen's Blessing (Ex): Bale was born aboard a ship at sea on an auspicious day. Old salts and sea dogs agree that the Pirate Queen has marked Bale with a greater destiny. Bale gains a +1 trait bonus on Perception and Profession (sailor) checks. In addition, once per week Bale can reroll a Profession (sailor) check and take the higher result. Use of this ability must be announced before rolling the check.

Scholarly (Ex): A prymidian gets a +2 racial bonus on all Knowledge and Linguistic checks.

Tentacles (Ex): Bale possesses retractable tentacles on each arm. This provides Bale with Lunge as a bonus feat.

POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Bale Tehya as a **15-point buy character**, reduce his Constitution by 2 and his Wisdom by 1. Lower his starting hit points, Fort save, and Will saves each by 1, and the skills Perception and Profession (sailor) each by 1.

To increase Bale Tehya to a **25-point buy character**, increase his Charisma by 2. Raise the number of daily bardic performances, concentration checks, his spell save DCs, and the skills Bluff and Perform (sing) each by 1.

Background: Born aboard the famous pirate vessel, *The Enchantress*, Bale Tehya was destined to ply the sweet trade. Son of the infamous pirate, Melisandra the Red, Bale adopted both his mother's charming smile and glib tongue. From an early age the prymidian swabbed *The Enchantress's* deck, rigged her sails, and bailed her bilge. Soon, the young boy knew his way around the vessel as well as any old sea dog. While still a boy, his mother's vessel found itself caught between the edges of a great hurricane and the Chel' armada. With no open water to sail to, *The Enchantress* was captured and the admiral of the armada's fleet had her scuttled. Rather than bring Melisandra to justice at the imperial Chel' court, the admiral fell instantly in love with the infamous pirate. To ensure Melisandra's devotion, he had her son Bale sent to a naval bastion-turned-prison as a political hostage.

Unfortunately, Melisandra did not return the admiral's love. After many forced encounters, the proud pirate took her own life during a great storm by casting her crimson body into the unforgiving sea. Word soon reached Bale, causing him to wallow in his holding cell, riddled with despair, for most of his youth. It was not until many years later, when fate would bring a kindred spirit to the Chel' prison, that Bale's lust for life would rekindle. This cellmate taught Bale the ways of the world and turned his mind onto scholarly pursuits. Years would pass where the two prisoners would spend their spare time poring over forgotten tomes in the former bastion's neglected library. They read ancient registers, crude naval maps, dusty sea charts, timeworn ship's logs, and musty books detailing Chel' naval history. After digesting every available bit of knowledge, the young prymidian decided he had to escape. With the help of his cellmate, the two slipped away during a starless sky and stole aboard a merchant vessel delivering supplies to the prison. The merchant ship finally settled in at the Chel' capital's port, and it was here that the two friends parted ways.

"Breathe in the salt air; embrace it, for the Pirate Queen smiles upon our voyage tonight. You see that star to the north, point the bow towards her and cut through these storm-filled waters. Forget the nausea, forget the roiling, and shout to the Pirate Queen, Is that all you got! Consider the ocean's spray as a wet kiss, consider the gales as a constant embrace, and finally consider the waves as a night of ecstasy. Yes, it's going to be a fun ride tonight!"

—Bale Tehya inspiring his peers during a storm at sea.

Adopting a false persona, Bale quickly turned toward revenge. Enlisting in the Chel' Navy, he proved his usefulness time and time again, and despite his low upbringing he found himself assigned to the very flotilla that had captured him and his lost mother a lifetime ago. Working his way up the ranks, he eventually came to serve on the admiral's ship. The admiral, after many years and even more unwilling lovers, failed to recognize the charming smile on Bale's face as that of his former captive, the pirate Melisandra. Rather than kill the admiral, Bale wanted to tear away every shred of respect the man had earned over his years in service to the Chel' armada. The prymidian set out to befriend the admiral, enter his inner circle, and slowly watch the admiral fall from grace.

It took several years, but after numerous failed campaigns and faced with an angry crew, the admiral was quickly losing control of his ship. Bale seized this moment and enacted his revenge. With his mother's gift of glibness, he gave an inspired speech that roused the crew to mutiny. The admiral was forced onto a jollyboat in the middle of the vast blue ocean and left to die. With his revenge complete, Bale deserted from the Chel' armada and set his sights on the pirate ports located in the rain-soaked chain of islands far to the south of Chel'.

When he arrived at the Pirate Port, Bale celebrated with many drinks. While normally able to hold his rum, Bale found a strange hint of nutmeg in the tarnished fluid—and then all went black. Waking amid the familiar creaks and gentle bobs of a ship at sea, Bale wondered if the Chel' Navy caught up to him for his desertion. It took only a matter of seconds to realize that this was not the case, as a cruel man with a nasty whip welcomed Bale and a scraggly band of men and women aboard his pirate vessel as new "recruits."

Description: With skin the color of burning fire and eyes as blue as the deepest ocean, Bale is an attractive and commanding man. He stands just over six feet tall and is blessed with a muscled physique, so it's not uncommon for women to woo in delight and men to ponder what could be. A well-kept braid of platinum hair flows past Bale's shoulders, and a trimmed beard frames his angular face. Securing his braid is an effeminate hairpin resembling a rose—his only keepsake from his departed mother. A throwback to his ancestral prymidian heritage, a pair of retractable tentacles writhes under his muscled forearms, hidden beneath a well-tailored shirt and faded Chel' naval jacket.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

Bale is no bookworm or cloistered scholar, but rather a man who wants to experience what he learns firsthand. He believes in matching education with experience; it is simple to read about the famous pirates and their ships, but to live as one, at sea, on a ship of his own is his true ambition. To meet this end, his obsession for all things nautical drives him to follow in the footsteps of his famous mother. Each sea chart he's consumed, each ship's log or tome on a historical battle: they all come to life in his mind. And in an instant he can use that knowledge to his advantage.

Bale guards his knowledge of the prymidian language closely, for it was through this language that his mother taught him the workings of her famous ship *The Enchantress*. Bale only slips into this tongue when he is surprised or excited by a new discovery. Bale always attempts to study new things; if his subject is intelligent life, his racial ability with the spoken word compels him to parlay—something that does not always end well.

If ever a discussion on naval tactics arises, Bale drops whatever he is doing to take an active role in the debate. Bale keeps a ship's log, even if he is not the captain, so he can compare what he would do in a situation to the actions of the decision maker. If his estimations and the leader's actions don't agree, Bale is not afraid to let the person in charge know his opinion.

Level Progression: Bale advances as a bard for each of his class levels. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, he puts ranks into each of his current skills. At 2nd level, he adds *know direction* and *grease* to his known spells. The bard also attracts the services of a familiar: a parrot. At 3rd level, Bale takes the Arcane Strike feat. He adds *mage hand* and *hideous laughter* to his known spells. At 4th level, Bale raises his Charisma by 1 and he adds *blur* and *summon monster II* to his known spells.



Bilgeghost

Female sasori monk 1
LN Medium humanoid
Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.;
Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 16, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +3 Wis, +1 natural)
hp 14 (1d8+6)
Fort +4, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee unarmed strike (brass knuckles) +2 (1d6+3) or flurry of blows (brass knuckles) +1/+1 (1d6+3)
Ranged javelin +3 (1d6+2)
Special Attacks flurry of blows, stunning fist (1/day, DC 13), venom

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 16, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +0; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 18
Feats Deflect Arrows, Improved Unarmed Strike, Stunning Fist, Toughness
Traits Dockside Brawler, Reactionary
Skills Acrobatics +11, Craft (alchemy) +4, Perception +7, Stealth +11
Languages Common, Sasori
SQ carapace, analyze opponent, skulker
Gear brass knuckles, javelin (3), alchemist's fire, 50 feet of silk rope, monk's outfit
Encumbrance 14 lbs.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Analyze Opponent (Ex): Bilgeghost can take a swift action and make a Perception check to study any opponent within 30 feet. The DC of this check is equal to the target's CMD. If successful, Bilgeghost gains a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls against that target. This bonus lasts for a number of minutes equal to Bilgeghost's Wisdom modifier (minimum of 3 minutes). If the check fails, Bilgeghost cannot attempt to analyze the same opponent again.

Carapace (Ex): Bilgeghost has a hardened carapace, granting her a +1 natural armor bonus.

Dockside Brawler (Ex): Bilgeghost spent most of her time fighting in questionable establishments



and brawling within makeshift rings. This training grants her a +1 trait bonus on damage rolls with brass knuckles and improvised weapons. Furthermore, Bilgeghost starts play with a smuggled set of brass knuckles.

Reactionary (Ex): Bilgeghost has honed her reflexes to a preternatural level, granting her a +2 trait bonus on initiative checks.

Skulker (Ex): Bilgeghost has a +4 racial bonus on Acrobatics and Stealth checks.

Venom (Ex): Bilgeghost can extract poison from her blood. She can create up to one dose of lesser sasori venom per day with a successful DC 20 Craft (alchemy) check. The DC of the venom is equal to 10 + Bilgeghost's Constitution bonus. Bilgeghost is immune to her own venom.

Lesser Sasori Venom—Type injury; **Save** Fortitude DC 12; **Onset** immediate; **Frequency** 1/round for 3 rounds; **Effect** 1d3 Dex damage; **Cure** 1 save

POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Bilgeghost as a **15-point buy character**, reduce her Constitution by 4. Lower her hp, Fort saves, and lesser sasori venom save DC each by 2.

To increase Bilgeghost to a **25-point buy character**, increase her Dexterity, Wisdom, and Charisma each by 1.

Background: Brought to the Pirate Port from a distant land and sold into slavery as a youth, Bilgeghost lived amid the famous fighting pens at a local gambling establishment. Having known no other life than that of a combatant, the strange sasori made quite a reputation for herself. Bilgeghost quickly demonstrated a natural affinity within the fighting rings, under the unforgiving tutelage of the pen's owner—a grandmaster of unarmed combat. As she grew into adulthood, the insectile creature became notorious amid the locals, who saw her as a bogeyman. It was not an uncommon trick for mothers to scare away their all-too-curious offspring from playing around the docks and visiting ships by telling them that the infamous Bilgeghost nested within the darkest shadowless crannies of the wharfs. In fact, Bilgeghost herself perpetuated this legend to fuel her mystique and ensure that the fighting establishment would be chock full during nights when the sasori fought.

Surprisingly, Bilgeghost enjoyed the attention and lifestyle that being a pit fighter afforded: two meals a day, a dry space to rest in, and hours dedicated to training agreed well with the monk. While she often detested the scum and villains who frequented the gambling hall, she always enjoyed pounding their respective champions to a pulp. While many of her comrades disliked their life in the pens, the alien philosophies of the sasori kept Bilgeghost happy. For her, the fighting pens constantly fed her other passion: secrets. The clientele who frequented such establishments were rich sources from which the monk could learn the port town's affairs. The lowest scum, the most pleasing prostitutes, and every visiting pirate captain brought information from all corners of the world to her. She never forgot what she heard, and it was a well-known fact that those who brokered information should visit the port town's fighting pens and place a substantial wager on the sasori's next fight, a gesture that allowed high rollers an opportunity to meet the combatants.

After many years in the pens and enough successful business deals, Bilgeghost finally purchased her freedom from her aging and increasingly frail master. Instead of leaving the pens, however, the strange sasori stayed and continued on with her life as though nothing

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Your style is sloppy and easily telegraphed. I suggest you surrender, throw down your arms, and just give up before I humiliate you. No? I wish you would have taken my advice. What, this hurts? Listen my friend, pain is an excellent teacher, but no one wants to attend his class. Now that you have learned the lesson of pain, I give you one more chance to stand down.

—*Bilgeghost humbling an attacker during a fight.*
.....

changed, save for the fact that she could come and go as she pleased—and of course, use the pens as a front for information trading.

It was during a night away from the fighting pens that Bilgeghost found herself in a local watering hole. She had some information that a client had paid dearly for, something about a missing sibling. Whatever it was, the sasori did not care; the package she had received from her source was sealed, and its message was intended for her client's eyes only. When her client failed to show, the sasori decided to stay for a quick drink or two. When she regurgitated the final sip of the alcoholic beverage, though, Bilgeghost suddenly recognized the telltale signs of being drugged. The unmistakable taste of nutmeg, the world rapidly spinning, and a narrowing field of vision were feelings the sasori had felt before in the ring while fighting opponents with questionable morals. Failing to resist the toxin, she soon passed out. When she awoke, she quickly realized that she had been press-ganged and was most likely several leagues away from dry land. Rather than rebel and risk fighting a losing battle, Bilgeghost plays the role of helpless captive. While she feigns weakness, the sasori constantly appraises her captors and fellow captives' skill at arms. Taking particular note of a nasty man brandishing a whip with which he torments her fellow captives, Bilgeghost is sure to make this scoundrel pay.

Description: Resembling a humanoid scorpion with clawed hands and sharp mandibles, Bilgeghost is an intimidating sight to those unfamiliar with the sasori race. A carapace of hard chitin the color of rust covers her lithe body with armored plates, while the flesh left exposed is wrapped in modest grey cloths that cover her more feminine areas. Standing nearly six feet tall, the graceful sasori resembles a tightly coiled spring that is ready for action. Blotches of tan, turquoise, and terracotta decorate her rust-colored exoskeleton,



providing her with a natural camouflage against a jungle backdrop.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

Always patient, Bilgeghost approaches situations with quiet contemplation. While she seems both cautious and deliberate, the sasori actually seeks to draw out more information from periods of awkward silence. Quick to aid her allies, she looks to build strong relationships so that her peers share their secrets and discoveries with her. Having little need for gold or trinkets, Bilgeghost forgoes monetary rewards in exchange for lost lore. If someone approaches her to seek out a truth or lost secret, Bilgeghost finds this type of challenge very hard to resist. However, the sasori always demands fair compensation for any forgotten knowledge she discovers. If such information would jeopardize her closest companions, the sasori refuses to divulge the secret, no matter the price offered. However, gaining Bilgeghost's friendship is not an easy task. For one to do so, the sasori prefers actions over words.

If a close bond forms between Bilgeghost and her companions, she soon etches lines and paints symbols into her carapace that represent her new friendship. Anyone she bonds with is treated forever as family. In public and especially in areas where the sasori are rare, Bilgeghost drapes herself in a cowled robe that covers every inch of her body. If brought to battle in this dress, she hopes to catch her foe off guard as she springs into action while disrobing, revealing her sasori heritage. When in the company of those she considers family, she flaunts her body proudly.

Bilgeghost comes across as both alien and awkward in social situations. When manners and etiquette are at the forefront, the sasori often disgusts those of high society, revolted by her strange ways. For instance, Bilgeghost eats by regurgitating acidic juices over her food, which allows her meal to dissolve before she slurps it up with her outstretched mandibles, a process that can take many hours.

When excited, Bilgeghost chatters loudly and emits a cricket-like chirp much like a purring kitten. Her language is much more than the sounds she emits, though; it also includes gestures, pheromones, and clicks that are almost impossible for mammalian tongues to reproduce.

If one of her companions seeks to learn unarmed fighting, Bilgeghost eagerly provides her mate with a lesson. In fact, any discussion involving unarmed fighting causes her to chirp and clack uncontrollably with glee. Furthermore, any secret fighting style or sect excites the sasori—even to the point that, when faced with an opponent who fights with such a style, she draws the battle out even by fighting defensively so she can learn as many of her opponents moves as possible.

Level Progression: Bilgeghost advances as a monk for each of her class levels. At 2nd level, she puts one rank each into any two Knowledge skills of the player's choice and takes Scorpion Style as her bonus feat. At higher levels, she spreads her skill points evenly between Acrobatics, Perception, and Stealth. At 3rd level, she takes the feat Improved Initiative. At 4th level, Bilgeghost raises her Wisdom by 1.



Flowing Kelp

Male dalrean sorcerer 1

N Medium humanoid

Init +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +1

DEFENSE

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

hp 9 (1d6+3)

Fort +3 (–1 vs. environmental effects), **Ref** +2, **Will** +3

Immune mind-affecting effects

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee longspear –1 (1d8–1/×3)

Ranged light crossbow +2 (1d8/19–20)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +7)

7/day—elemental ray

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 1st; concentration +7)

1st (4/day)—*air bubble*, *sleep*

0 (at will)—*acid splash*, *detect magic*, *read magic*, *resistance*

Bloodline elemental (water)

STATISTICS

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

Cha 18

Base Atk +0; **CMB** –1; **CMD** 11

Feats Eschew Materials, Spellbud^{NE}

Traits Focused Mind, Touched by the Sea

Skills Swim +4, Use Magic Device +8

Languages Common

SQ bioluminescence, sunlight sustenance, temperature vulnerability, photosynthetic regrowth

Gear longspear, light crossbow with 20 bolts, backpack, explorer's outfit, *scroll of identify*, waterskin

Encumbrance 29 lbs.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bioluminescence (Ex): At will, Flowing Kelp can cause any part of his body to glow, giving off light as would a torch.

Focused Mind (Ex): Flowing Kelp's childhood was dominated by academia that encouraged his ability to focus on the task at hand. Flowing Kelp gains a +2 trait bonus on concentration checks.

Photosynthetic Regrowth (Ex): Flowing Kelp recovers lost hit points every hour rather than every day as long as he remains in direct sunlight for the entire hour.



Sunlight Sustenance (Ex): A dalrean does not eat food, but must consume water. As long as Flowing Kelp receives at least six hours of sunlight per day, he requires only a fourth of the water a normal humanoid would. If he is deprived of adequate sunlight for more than two days at a time, he becomes fatigued until he gets at least six hours of sunlight. If he does not get sunlight for more than a week, he becomes exhausted until he gets at least six hours of sunlight. Exposure to a *daylight* spell for one hour fulfills Flowing Kelp's daily needs.

Temperature Vulnerability (Ex): Flowing Kelp has trouble regulating his body temperature and receives a –1 penalty to Fortitude saves made against environmental effects.

Touched by the Sea (Ex): Flowing Kelp has always felt the call of sea, and his life essence surges with the ebb and flow of the tides. Perhaps the dalrean's patch descended from an aquatic origin. Whatever the reason, Flowing Kelp is as comfortable in the water as he is on land. Flowing Kelp gains a +1 trait bonus on Swim checks, and Swim is a class skill for him. Additionally, penalties to attack rolls made underwater for Flowing Kelp are reduced by 1.

POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Flowing Kelp as a **15-point buy character**, reduce his Dexterity, Constitution, and Wisdom each by 1. Additionally, lower his initiative, AC, Reflex save, ranged attack rolls, starting hit points, Fort save, and Will save each by 1.

To increase Flowing Kelp to a **25-point buy character**, increase his Dexterity by 2 and raise his Initiative, AC, Reflex save, and ranged attack rolls each by 1.

Background: Deep within a sprawling tropical rainforest, the dalrean known as Flowing Kelp led a scholar's life. Tied to his dalrean patch, a conclave of like-minded floral creatures living as one with nature, Flowing Kelp graduated from the Flowing Way, a prestigious school dedicated to the principles of green magic. Based upon the four elements of nature—air, earth, fire, and water—this school taught its students to master the dalrean practice of growing spellbuds. Unique to the dalrean race, spellbuds are cultivated from their spellcasters and are used to store magical energies that can be discharged at a later time. Flowing Kelp was the youngest of his conclave to ever grow a spellbud, and he quickly mastered the Flowing Way, especially when dealing with his favored element: water.

As with all dalrean youth, the urge to leave the patch and scatter like a seed in the wind struck Flowing Kelp. The prodigy packed a few belongings and ventured into the world. Pulled in the direction of the nearest sea, Flowing Kelp's affinity with the element of water urged him forward. After many months of wanderlust, the excited dalrean came upon the Pirate Port.

When Flowing Kelp entered through the port's gates, he was thrilled by the city's proximity to the sea. The scent of salt-laced water, the cries of gulls, and the strange, impossibly large vessels that floated on the sea's choppy surface fascinated him. However, it was not long before the cruel city taught him his first lesson of life beyond the patch. Years of isolation had made Flowing Kelp quite naïve to the outside world, and within hours of entering the city, a pair of con men took the poor dalrean for everything he owned. Making matters worse, Flowing Kelp failed to understand the concept of private ownership, for in his conclave what was owned by one was shared with all. Thinking nothing of it, the copperless dalrean simply took several items from nearby merchant stalls to replace what he lost. Within moments, the confused dalrean

Oh I agree, they are funny looking, all covered in hair and sheathed in meat. They are not like you and me: natural, fragrant, and floral. Say, how do you get your petals to open that way? Since I learned to store my magic in them they unfortunately stay closed until discharged...You don't say much do you, that's ok, it's nice to have someone just listen to me for a change.

—*Flowing Kelp rambling on for hours with a flower he stumbled upon.*

was surrounded by angry merchants demanding his arrest.

Just then, Flowing Kelp was suddenly dragged off his feet and whisked down a dark alley, away from the angry merchant mob. When the baffled dalrean looked up at his savior, he was surprised to be faced with another of his kind. Adopted into the port's resident patch of displaced dalreans, a pathetic tangle of mangrove roots and seaweed, Flowing Kelp was ecstatic to be amid his kind in this alien world. Over the following months, the local dalreans taught Flowing Kelp the ways of the port's society. While the city seemed a truly barbaric civilization, Flowing Kelp was nonetheless enthralled by the great ships that would skim the sea's cerulean surface before disappearing over the horizon. No matter how pleased he was within his new patch, Flowing Kelp's wanderlust could not be sated, and a single question tugged at every fiber of his existence: what's beyond the great blue expanse?

The only way to find out, he thought, was to board one of the strange floating vessels and ride it to the horizon's edge. And that's what Flowing Kelp sought out to do. Making his way to a tavern frequented by the sailors of the awkward and mystifying vessels, the innocent dalrean was bombarded with sights and sounds he had never before experienced, and soon he was swept up by the excitement. After a couple quick drinks of a burning, spicy liquid, Flowing Kelp crashed to the tavern's hard wooden floor. The dalrean felt withered when he awoke, and found he was locked within a dark room. Before he could even stand, Flowing Kelp felt a sickness rise from within his stomach. As he became wracked with dry heaves, he heard the loud crack of a whip snap past his head as a sinister man welcomed him aboard.

Description: With skin the color of sea foam and eyes as white as the brightest pearl, Flowing Kelp blends in

with the waters he is so fascinated with. A large olive fin emerges from his head and cascades down his spine before ending in a small split tail that resembles twin strands of kelp. Standing just over five and a half feet tall with a wiry build, it is an easy task for Flowing Kelp to disappear into a crowd. Multicolored floral buds blossom from the young dalrean's arms and legs and emit a pleasing perfume to those in close proximity. Besides the fin that adorns his head, Flowing Kelp has a long tangle of what appears to be midnight-green seaweed, resembling hair, that hangs to his shoulders.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

Inquisitive to the core, Flowing Kelp cannot resist the lure of adventure. As he is gregarious and very social, the dalrean attempts to make friends and strike up conversations with strangers at every possible opportunity. If faced with a threat, he prefers to use magic that soothes or incapacitates his foe rather than brute force. Always reluctant to deal the killing blow, Flowing Kelp believes that every living creature should be given the chance for redemption, *unless* the target is mindless or wholly vile. Due to his separation from his patch, Flowing Kelp quickly looks to bond with his fellow captives and to form a community with them. If such a bond is reciprocated, the dalrean defends his new "patchmate" with an unrivaled loyalty.

To most others, Flowing Kelp is a chatterbox. However, those who pay close attention see that Flowing Kelp does not actually talk when he communicates. Instead, the sorcerer emits spores invisible to the naked eye. These spores elicit an emotional response from those "listening" to the dalrean, one which affects them on a much deeper level than if they had just been hearing him out. Two thin slits where humans have ears allow Flowing Kelp to process and understand the sounds of others as intelligent language. It is not uncommon for the dalrean to attempt to talk with mundane flora, causing onlookers to snicker and think he is a bit off in the head.

On matters of magic, Flowing Kelp is fast to join a dialogue and first to volunteer his services to retrieve artifacts, lost lore, or ancient books. The promise of new magic often causes the dalrean to forget his current missions, so his peers must constantly urge him to stay the course.

Level Progression: Flowing Kelp advances as a sorcerer for each of his class levels. At 2nd level and each level thereafter, he puts ranks into each of his current skills. At 2nd level, he also adds *purify food and drink* to his known spells. At 3rd level, Flowing Kelp adds *burning hands* to his known spells and takes the Tough Bark feat (+1 natural armor). At 4th level, Flowing Kelp raises his Charisma by 1 and adds *web* to his known spells.



Shark~Stalker

Male enuka barbarian 1
N Medium humanoid
Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision;
Perception +0

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +1 Dex)
hp 16 (1d12+4)
Fort +7 (+2 vs. inhaled or ingested poisons),
Ref +1 (+1 vs. traps),
Will +0

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft., swim 40 ft.
Melee trident +4 (1d8+3)
Ranged trident +2 (1d8+3)
Special Attacks rage (8 rounds/day)

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 12, **Con** 18, **Int** 8, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 8
Base Atk +1; **CMB** +4; **CMD** 15
Feats Power Attack
Traits Bully, Peg Leg
Skills Acrobatics +3 (+7 when jumping), Climb +5, Intimidate +3, Swim +13
Languages Common, Euka
SQ fast movement, mutations
Gear chain shirt, trident, fishing hooks (3), fishing net (25 sq. ft.), signal horn (conch shell), trail rations (5 days), traveler's outfit, waterskins (2)
Encumbrance 47 lbs.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bully (Ex): Shark-Stalker gains a +1 trait bonus on Intimidate checks, and Intimidate is always a class skill for him.

Mutations (Ex): For creatures so highly physically evolved, enukas are quite genetically diverse. Shark-Stalker begins play with the following two mutations:

- **Gills (Ex):** Shark-Stalker can breathe water as well as air. His gills allow him to remain underwater indefinitely, and he gains a +2 racial bonus on Fortitude saves against inhaled or ingested poisons.
- **Webbed Feet (Ex):** Shark-Stalker's feet and hands have thick webbing that helps him move in water. Shark-Stalker gains a swim speed equal to his base land speed.



Peg Leg (Ex): Shark-Stalker's right leg was bitten off below the knee by a shark and is now replaced by a wooden peg leg. Shark-Stalker has long since gotten used to his prosthetic, however, and he takes none of the normal penalties from having a peg leg. Having learned to better deal with the pain of his injury, he also gains a +1 trait bonus on Fortitude saves. Shark-Stalker has respected sharks ever since his accident, providing him a +1 trait bonus on damage rolls against sharks and other animals with the aquatic subtype.

POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Shark-Stalker as a **15-point buy character**, reduce his Constitution by 2. Also, lower his starting hit points, Fortitude save, and number of rounds of rage per day each by 1.

To increase Shark-Stalker to a **25-point buy character**, increase his Strength by 2. Also, raise his melee and range attack rolls with the trident, melee and ranged damage rolls with the trident, CMB, CMD, and the skills Climb and Swim each by 1.

Background: Shark-Stalker grew up an alpha male within his isolated coastal tribe. While Shark-Stalker was next in line to lead his clan, his chance to assert his birthright never came. During a ritualistic challenge against the current enuka silverback, a deafening barrage of cannon fire interrupted Shark-Stalker's claim. Off in the distance, four great warships flying the Chel' Imperial Navy's infernal flags bombarded the enuka's peninsula home and burnt it to the ground. Amid the deafening chaos, raiding parties of Chel' soldiers decimated the stunned and confused enuka. Shark-Stalker escaped the massacre thanks in part to his unique mutations, which allowed him to disappear into the ocean's depths.

Shark-Stalker did not roll over that night; instead, he chose the closest of the departing Chel' warships and climbed aboard. In a rage-filled fury, Shark-Stalker murdered the Chel' crew to the last man under the blanket of darkness. Exhausted, the savage enuka succumbed and passed out. When he woke, the crewless vessel was lost at sea. Without the means to sail such a boat, Shark-Stalker was at the mercy of this floating prison. He sustained himself off the ship's larder for some time, but it couldn't last forever. Even though Shark-Stalker knew he could supplement his diet with the ocean's inhabitants, he was quickly running out of water. Weak from the lack of proper drink, the desperate enuka looked to hunt larger marine life to quell his thirst with blood. Unfortunately, during one of his dives, his deteriorated state made him an easy target for a school of sharks. While he was able to fend off his attackers, the battle was not without loss and he sustained a savage wound. Worse, a storm quickly rolled in, preventing the injured enuka from reaching the Chel' vessel before the winds blew it adrift. Stranded, he succumbed to the idea that the mighty ocean would be his conqueror.

It was to his amazement when he awoke near a low-burning fire. The smell of chowder filled the room

"Oh this thing, I consider it a gift from the sea. It's not too bad once you get used to it. Trust me I'd prefer this to what I gave those bastards who did this to me. Let's just say it wasn't quite just an eye for an eye."

—*Shark-Stalker, telling the tale of how he acquired his peg-leg.*

and an old man sat hunched near the flames, soaking in its warmth. A bloody saw sat near the man, and at that instant Shark-Stalker felt a searing pain from his right leg—a leg no longer there! In its place, a crude wooden appendage stuck out like a pathetic toothpick from the enuka's massive quadriceps. The old man smiled kindly and explained the circumstances. After several tense seconds, Shark-Stalker nodded in understanding and accepted the man's help. Having discovered that his savior was a struggling fisherman, Shark-Stalker used his talents for hunting marine life to help the good samaritan. The two became fast friends and business partners.

Recently, after a successful haul, Shark-Stalker was celebrating the catch at a local tavern. While he did not like the way a group of humans were eyeing him up, he was determined to let nothing spoil his celebrations. After many drinks, the mighty enuka began to make the short trek to the old man's home. While he thought himself sober enough, he staggered, and soon the wet cobblestones of port's streets began to spin, making the large enuka lurch before passing out. What happened next is hazy, but Shark-Stalker's pretty sure he was dragged onto a ship at the docks. At least they didn't throw him to the sharks...

Description: Powerfully built, Shark-Stalker stands well over six and a half feet when he stretches upright and weighs in at over 350 pounds. He has deep navy fur, tipped with hints of silver. His face is simian, with an ample, flat nose, and has sharp tusks that protrude from his wide mouth. His cold, black eyes are framed by thick ram-like horns. He wields a barbed trident decorated with shark teeth and other trophies taken from the sea.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities:

Shark-Stalker is a loud and boisterous brute, quick to anger and even quicker to defend his friends. Filled with pride, Shark-Stalker is no one's slave. These attributes often get the enuka into trouble, but the hulking barbarian believes that might makes right and that there is no one mightier than him. In combat he



often flies into a rage and enters melee with a savage lust similar to the aquatic beasts that claimed his leg.

Enuka gain their names from feats performed during their lives, often taking many new names over their adventuring career to describe their ultimate achievement so far. The more daring the name, the more prestige the enuka feels he has earned.

Enuka are fatalistic regarding life and death. They acknowledge no higher power than the greatest predator, no life beyond the short, passionate existence on the mortal plane. Shark-Stalker is no exception. Attempts to prove to him the existence of a higher power fall on deaf ears, for Shark-Stalker sees reliance on faith as a crutch only used by the weak.

Enuka live simple lives within their clan, viewing the world in terms of predator and prey. Shark-Stalker has lived amid the civilized world for a short time and finds his time fishing below the port's waves as a sanctuary

from the hustle and bustle of city life. He still struggles with the concept of law and that he cannot simply take whatever he desires; in his previous life, this was the way of the world.

Level Progression: Shark-Stalker advances as a barbarian for each of his class levels. At 2nd level, Shark-Stalker takes animal fury as his first rage power, puts a skill rank each into Acrobatics and Climb, and picks up his first rank in Stealth. At 3rd level, he takes Cleave as a feat, puts 2 ranks into Stealth, and adds his first rank to Survival. At 4th level, he increases his Strength by 1 and puts a skill rank each into Acrobatics, Climb, and Stealth. He takes scent for his second rage power.



Trista Rask

Female human gunslinger 1
NG Medium humanoid (human)
Init +4; **Senses** Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +4 Dex)
hp 12 (1d10+2)
Fort +4, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee rapier +1 (1d6/18–20)
Ranged pistol +5 (1d6/×4)
Special Attacks grit (2)

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 15

Feats Gunsmithing, Point-Blank Shot, Rapid Reload (pistol)

Traits Ancient Explorer, Rich Parents

Skills Acrobatics +6, Craft (alchemy) +5, Knowledge (engineering) +5, Knowledge (local) +6, Perception +6, Stealth +3, Swim +2

Languages Common, Giant, Cyclops

SQ deeds (deadeye, gunslinger's dodge, quick clear), gunsmith

Gear chain shirt, pistol with 20 paper alchemical cartridges (bullet), black powder horn with 10 doses of black powder, adamantine bullets (2), silver bullets (4), rapier, bejeweled amulet depicting the Rask insignia (worth 100 gp), explorer's outfit, noble's outfit (2), gunsmith's kit, 125 gp

Encumbrance 62 lbs.



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ancient Explorer (Ex): As a student of ancient history, Trista has traveled to this famous port to explore the nearby crumbling and vine-choked ruins of an ancient nation of cyclops. Trista gains a +1 trait bonus on Knowledge (history) and Knowledge (local) checks, and Knowledge (history) is considered a class skill for her. In addition, Trista gains Cyclops as a bonus language.

Rich Parents (Ex): Trista was born to a long line of wealthy explorers; however, her family demands she makes her own mark in adventure. To this end, her family gifted her 900 gold pieces to finance her initial expedition.

POINT BUY OPTIONS:

To run Trista Rask as a **15-point buy character**, reduce her Constitution and Intelligence each by 2. Also, lower her hit points and Fortitude save each by 1, and lower her Craft (alchemy), Knowledge (engineering), and Knowledge (local) skills each by 1. Finally, remove her knowledge of the Giant language.

To increase Trista Rask to a **25-point buy character**, increase her Dexterity and Constitution scores by 1 each.

Background: The daughter of famous adventurers, Trista Rask lived in the spoils of her family's glories. Campaign after successful campaign afforded the Rask children a life of luxury; however, no amount of gold could compensate for absent parents. Lacking parental guidance and accustomed to the finer things in life, Trista grew up an overconfident, spoiled brat. This demeanor left her friendless, a fact that deeply hurt the poor girl. To compensate for her lack of companionship, Trista would often come off as cruel and emotionless while in public, only to sob herself to sleep behind closed doors at night. Being constantly surrounded by sycophants did nothing to teach Trista how to interact with the world outside of Rask Manor. Luckily, Trista had an older brother named Rigel who would return home between adventures. Rigel showered her with affection, and the two were very close. During his visits, the siblings would read stories of great adventures and play games of pretend exploration, all while skipping meals and coming home well past the setting of the sun. It was during these visits that Trista felt true happiness.

When it came time for her brother's next adventure, he set off in search of a lost civilization of cyclops that he and his sister had researched extensively during their youth. At first, Trista received a letter from Rigel every few months detailing his latest exploits, from vine-choked ziggurats and monuments to great one-eyed monstrosities. When a year passed with no correspondence from her brother, though, Trista became both worried over and obsessed with her sibling's whereabouts. She spent the next year researching her brother's letters, trying to piece together his journey. Researching maps and history books of the places her brother mentioned in his correspondence passed many hours, and whatever time was not spent nose-deep in books was spent at the target range perfecting her shot with her favorite firearms. Unfortunately, demands to her parents to rescue her missing sibling fell on deaf ears. Trista was flabbergasted when they simply stated

How dare you! You can't talk to me like that, I'm a Rask. Do you know who my parents are? Well, is anyone going to do something about this... anyone?

—*Trista reacting to a ruffian who obviously doesn't recognize her famous name.*

that Rask would never need a rescue and that, if the boy was a true son of theirs, he would find his way home eventually. Furious with her parents' cavalier attitude, Trista began to see what a sheltered life she led. Thus, when she came of age, she set off in her beloved brother's footsteps to find him.

Like all Rasks, Trista received a sizable sum of money from her famous but often wayward parents to make her stake in the world. With money in hand, Trista set off to the Pirate Port, her brother's last known location, to bring him home. She spent many months exploring the mosquito-filled jungles surrounding the port and many more interrogating the filthy vagrants and lowlifes of the scummy docks for clues and leads to her brother's whereabouts. Unfortunately, both endeavors proved fruitless. As a last-ditch effort to uncover her brother's path, Trista set out to meet contact that supposedly had an old map of the lost cyclops ruins to sell. Unfortunately, the drink at the tavern that night was uncharacteristically strong, and she passed out before the meeting. When Trista awoke, she found herself locked in a room with several others; within seconds of regaining her composure, a man with a vicious whip smiled sarcastically and welcomed her group aboard. In a rage, she reached for her pistol to end his vile existence, but much to her chagrin her beloved firearm—along with the rest of her gear—was missing.

Description: Thick locks of curly scarlet hair frame a stern face with piercing eyes of emerald green. If not for her perpetual frown, Trista would be a comely woman. Standing just over five and a half feet tall with a thin, lanky body, she weighs in at about 115 pounds. Her freckled skin, looking like splashes of brown paint on a milky field, rivals a starry sky. Always overdressed for the occasion, Trista wears the finest quality of clothing, making her stick out like a sore thumb among her fellow adventurers.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

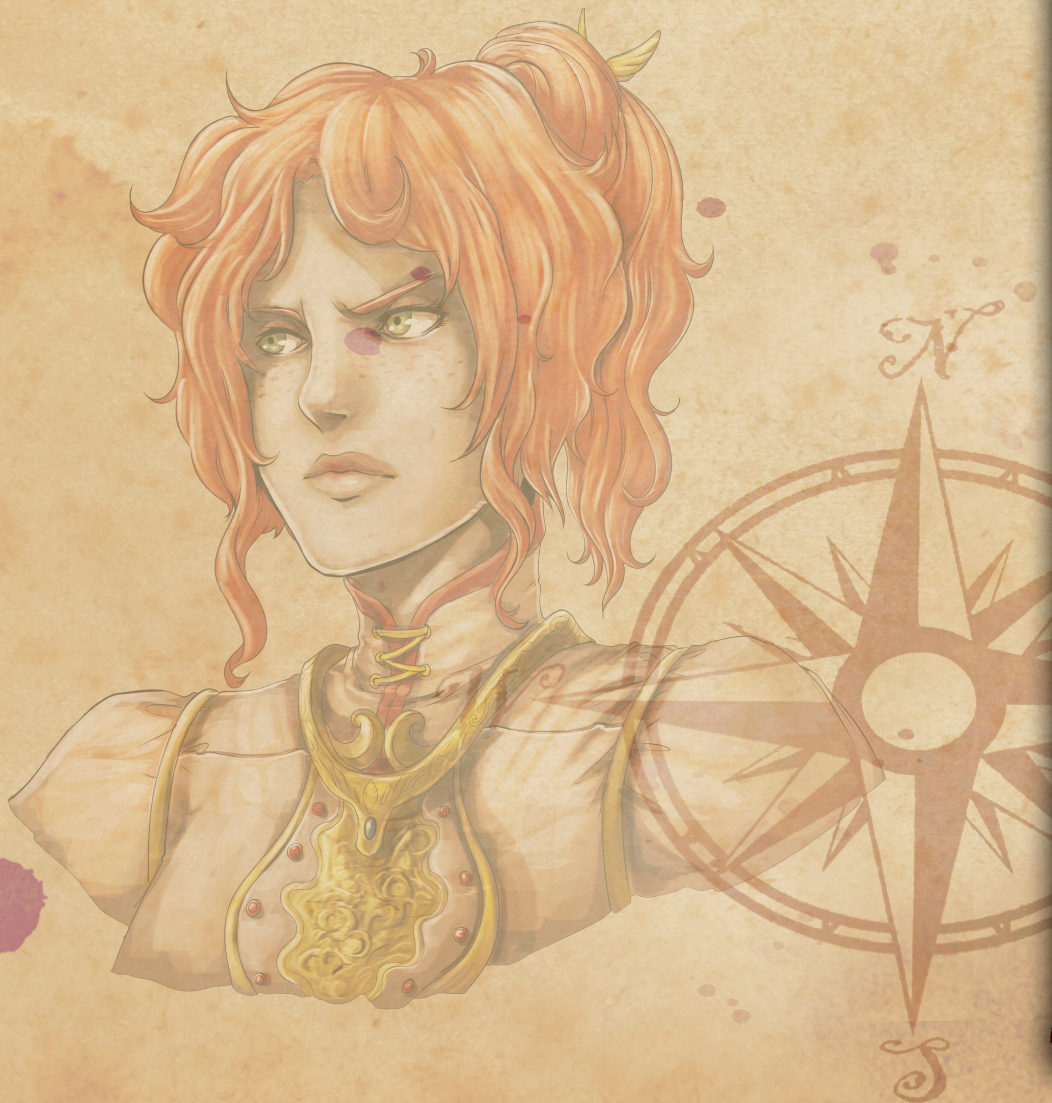
Spoiled to the bone, Trista complains at every opportunity when not provided with the finer things in life. She is used to being doted on and finds life

difficult now that her constant flock of servants is not at her beck and call. While she would never admit it, she questions if her journey is even worth all the effort. At any rate, her drive to discover her brother keeps her moving forward. Ever jealous of attractive women, Trista constantly looks for flaws in others and reminds those she views as competition of their shortcomings. However, she easily befriends men who show her kindness, much like her brother did during her youth. If she establishes such a bond with a brother figure, she will defend him to her death.

People who take the time to get to know Trista and constantly show her affection despite her spoiled and catty behavior will realize it to be a simple defense mechanism against low self-confidence. If a female companion shows patience with Trista, they will find a friend for life.

Trista never forgets her mission to locate her brother. If she feels measures are not being taken to meet this end, she can easily rotate between a severe melancholy and a fierce tantrum. When desperate, Trista will even attempt to bribe others with promises of riches and rewards, paid in full upon her brother's discovery. To her, there is nothing money cannot buy; unfortunately, her famous name and empty coffers do little to motivate those at sea.

Level Progression Trista advances as a gunslinger for each of her class levels. At 2nd level and each level after, she puts ranks into all of her existing skills. At 3rd level, she takes Precise Shot. At 4th level, Trista raises her Dexterity by 1 and takes Deadly Aim as her bonus feat.



Sabine Finn

Female human druid of the God of Storms and Seas (shark shaman) 1
NE Medium humanoid (human)
Init +2; **Senses** Perception +7

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +2 Dex, +1 dodge)
hp 12 (1d8+4)
Fort +3, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.
Melee quarterstaff +2 (1d6+3)
Special Attacks icicle (1d6 cold damage, 6/day)
Druid Spells Prepared (CL 1st; concentration +4)
1st—*cure light wounds*, *obscuring mist*^D, *shillelagh*
0 (at will)—*create water*, *guidance*, *purify food and drink*
Domain water

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 10
Base Atk +0; **CMB** +2; **CMD** 15
Feats Dodge, Toughness
Traits Eye for Plunder, Poverty Stricken
Skills Handle Animal +4, Heal +7, Knowledge (geography) +5, Knowledge (nature) +7, Perception +7, Survival +10, Swim +3
Languages Common, Druidic, Sylvan, Polyglot
SQ nature bond (Water domain), nature sense, wild empathy +1
Gear hide armor, quarterstaff, explorer's outfit, silver holy symbol, backpack, canteen, waterproof bag (2), *scroll of cure light wounds*
Encumbrance 35 lbs.



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Eye for Plunder (Ex): Sabine has a keen eye for hidden wealth. Her time spent seeking warmth and shelter within the dockside markets let her watch many visiting ships offload valuable cargo; this pastime now gives Sabine a feel for where the most valuable plunder is hidden. Sabine gains a +1 trait bonus on Appraise and Perception checks to find concealed or secret objects (including doors and traps). In addition, Sabine has scrounged together trade goods worth 50 gp during her first day on her new ship.

Poverty Stricken (Ex): Sabine grew up as an orphan seeking shelter amid the bustling trading stalls near the docks. Her childhood was tough, and hunger was her constant companion. Due to this harsh upbringing, Sabine gains a +1 trait bonus on Survival checks.

POINT BUY OPTIONS

To run Sabine Finn as a **15-point buy character**, reduce her Strength and Constitution each by 1 and her Charisma by 2. Also, lower her melee attack rolls, weapon damage, CMB, and CMD each by 1. Finally, reduce her Handle Animal and Swim skills each by 1.

To increase Sabine Finn to a **25-point buy character**, increase her Constitution, Wisdom, and Charisma each by 1. Additionally, raise her starting hit points and Fortitude save each by 1.

Background Sabine Finn was born to parents of a local primitive tribe. Superstitious to the core, her people quickly abandoned Sabine at the gate of the port town due to an inauspicious birthmark found on her back. The mark, a dark-brown blotch resembling a rearing shark, twists its way from the nape of her neck down the flat of her back before terminating at her left flank. The tribal elders decided to exile the infant for this stain, as sharks were responsible for much devastation and destruction in their culture. As the elders set the infant Sabine down near a muddy gate, the sky darkened and began to pour as if an observant god was watching the girl's abandonment in sorrow. Fortunately, the torrent of heavy rain caused a member of the port town's mission to stop his daily fishing expedition and return home. On his journey back, he heard the abandoned girl's whimpers and took the rain-soaked girl in.

Growing up amid the mission was difficult for the wild and free-spirited Sabine, and no matter what tenants the old men attempted to teach her, they all felt wrong. The missionaries often scolded her to cover up and hide her birthmark, for its shape was distasteful to the populace of the port town, but the young girl hated the restrictive clothes they forced upon her. It wasn't until she was stranded far from the mission during a severe storm that she finally felt alive. Each arc of lightning and each boom of thunder shook Sabine to her core, and as the fury of the ocean's waves crashed against the port town's shores, Sabine knew she had to live near this primeval force. It was then that the orphan took her refuge amid the bustling market stalls at the wharf's edge. While it was a hard life, Sabine enjoyed the freedom, enjoyed the sounds of the market, and especially thrilled at the forces of nature that regularly assailed the town.

Over her adolescence, Sabine wandered through the stalls, living off what she could steal or beg for. While

It's not that I don't respect your passion for the god you speak to me of, it's just I don't acknowledge its existence. When I look before me I do not see any evidence of your divine entity. But look here, feel my God's breath as the wind, hear his anger as thunder, and feel his bite as the lightning. The God I speak of is tangible. His domain is all encompassing, from the sea to the sky he can be felt and his anger is doom to us all, but fear not, you have me and I shall guide you through. Speak to me no more of your false god and turn to the Storms and Sea before his wrath finds us all.

—Sabine discussing her beliefs with a rival worshiper.

her life often felt empty between the deluges of rain, they always brought with them a divine spark that hit the girl. While those around her would run for shelter, Sabine rushed to the ocean's edge to meet the full force of the storm head on. During one such blissful event, an old worshiper of the God of Storms and the Sea spied Sabine and recognized the fervor she displayed for his god. When the storm subsided, the old man approached the girl and offered to teach her the way of his master. Recognizing their shared passion, Sabine quickly agreed.

Under the man's tutelage, Sabine finally felt purpose. She no longer felt ashamed of her mark, for the old man told her that sharks were guardians who consumed those lost at sea so their spirits could reach the afterlife. Everything seemed perfect; unfortunately, that was about to change. One evening, when Sabine returned from foraging in the jungle to provide the next morning's breakfast, she came upon a group of rough-looking men dragging a slumped and obviously unconscious body aboard a ship. With her own salvation coming from freedom, Sabine attempted to intervene. While the men before her were no match for her fighting skills, an unseen figure behind her quickly rendered her unconscious. Waking up in a dimly lit room, Sabine snapped to attention at the harsh cracking of an unforgiving whip. Turning to face her captors, a callous voice cut the air and sarcastically welcomed her and her fellow captives aboard.



Description: With skin the color of a coconut husk yet smooth like a flawless pearl, Sabine is unmistakably an island native. Thick, straight black hair is kept cropped at the shoulders and bobs above an intricate birthmark that bears an uncanny resemblance to a shark. Sabine stands just over five feet tall and has an athletic, muscular body weighing in at 105 pounds. While she may be slight of stature, the force of her personality more than compensates for her diminutive size. Wild grey eyes constantly scan the horizon as if she hears some distant call. She wears revealing clothes and drapes herself in fetishes and jewelry found in nature such as sea shells, shark teeth, and polished stones.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

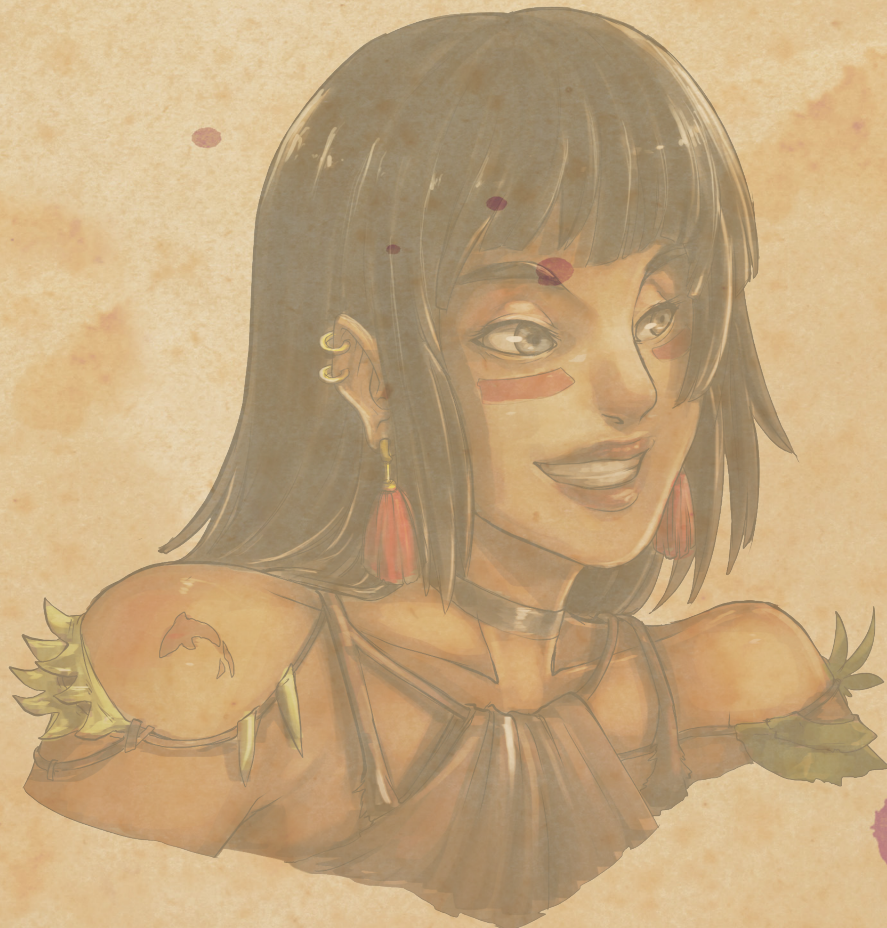
Impulsive, passionate, and quick to frenzy, Sabine is eager to draw blood from those who threaten her and those she feels close to. Her frenzy is akin to both the totem creature depicted in her birthmark and to the furious storms she worships; once it begins, there is little that can stop her until her fury runs its course. As a conduit of divine power who exalts the God of Storms and the Sea, Sabine is a source of immense and unpredictable power. She is a free spirit much like the

wind, and any attempts to subjugate the devout girl are often met with furious resistance.

Those who show reverence to the sea and respect the fury of storms gain the admiration of the young druid; those who fail to admire the sheer force of nature's power are met with contempt. Sabine is drawn to companions who show unbridled passion, and if those companions are attractive to her, she will fight for their affection. Her zest for life makes her a staunch defender of the natural world.

Sabine is easily drawn into discussions about divinity, the gods, and religion. She is opinionated and narrow in her views and only accepts an answer of the God of Storms and the Sea as the proper response. If confronted by worshippers of other gods, Sabine sternly points out their flaws and dismisses their viewpoint as false.

Level Progression Sabine advances as a druid for each of her class levels. At 2nd level and each level after, she puts ranks into all of her existing skills. At 2nd level, she also adds *know direction* and *charm animal* to her known spells. At 3rd level, she takes Power Attack as her feat and adds *bull's strength* to her known spells. At 4th level, Trista raises her Constitution by 1 and adds *produce flame* and *barkskin* to her known spells.



Ral Payden

Human ranger (freebooter) 1
CG Medium humanoid (human)
Init +4; **Senses** Perception +5

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 armor, +4 Dex)
hp 12 (1d10+2)
Fort +4, **Ref** +6, **Will** +1 (+2 vs. fear effects)

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee cutlass +3 (1d6+2/18–20)
Ranged longbow +5 (1d8/×3)
Special Attacks freebooter's bane +1

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +1; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 17

Feats Point-Blank Shot, Rapid Shot

Traits Buccaneer's Blood, Courageous

Skills Acrobatics +3, Climb +4, Craft (sails) +4, Craft (ships) +4, Perception +5, Profession (sailor) +6, Stealth +6, Swim +4

Languages Common

SQ track +1, wild empathy +0, freebooter's bane

Gear chain shirt, cutlass, longbow with 20 arrows, explorer's outfit, tri-cornered hat

Encumbrance 43 lbs.



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Buccaneer's Blood (Ex): One of Ral's ancestors was an infamous pirate captain, whose very name struck fear in the hearts of those who sailed the seas in search of an honest living. Wanting to follow in his infamous father's footsteps, Ral sets to live a life of plunder. Ral gains a +1 trait bonus on Intimidate and Profession (sailor) checks. In addition, Ral gains a one-time +1 trait bonus to an infamy roll.

Courageous (Ex): Growing up the bastard son of a famous pirate captain, Ral's childhood was brutal. Even so, he persevered mostly through force of will and the faith that, no matter how bad it got, as long as he kept a level head he'd make it through. Ral gains a +2 trait bonus on saving throws against fear effects.



POINT BUY OPTIONS

To run Ral Fayden as a **15-point buy character**, reduce his Strength and Wisdom each by 2. Additionally, lower his Will save, melee attack rolls, weapon damage, CMB, and CMD each by 1. Finally, reduce his Climb, Perception, Profession (sailor), and Swim skills each by 1.

To increase Ral Fayden to a **25-point buy character**, increase his Dexterity and Constitution each by 1.

Background: Ral Fayden—or to those in the know, Baby Bonehand—was born a bastard son to an infamous Pirate King that scourged the waterways around the port town. His mother, an island native, was one of many lovers the pirate kept. Her devotion to the fierce free captain led her to keep and raise his child with full knowledge of his heritage. Unfortunately, being a son of well-known pirate scum afforded Ral no sympathy. While Ral may not have been as ruthless or murderous as his father, he still hoped to follow in his father's famous footsteps. Growing up was not easy for Ral, for many souls eager to make names for themselves looked to the boy—or more specifically, to his famous legacy—to test their mettle. Ral was never one to turn a fight down, and it was an upbringing of fisticuffs, rusty blades, and back-alley brouhahas that turned Ral into the man he is today.

No matter what he did, Ral could never step out from the shadow of his wayward father. Even though the young boy eventually became more accomplished in his own right, his sire's reputation grew a thousand fold until it climaxed to his becoming the Pirate King. Now, those aware of the young ranger's birthright either steer clear of him or cater to his needs in obvious attempts to win favor. The irony, though, is that his father must have nearly a hundred sons and daughters, and he could not care at all for any last one of them. This fact was not lost on Ral with every birthday that came and went and with every great accomplishment passed by, all without acknowledgement from the man who gave him his life's essence. He'd never admit the damage this neglect caused him, but Ral's ambition was now to have a ship of his own, steer it toward the Pirate King's stronghold, and take what is rightfully his.

Taking his mother's family name to avoid notoriety, Ral has spent some time working aboard ocean-going vessels, where it quickly became evident that a life at sea coursed through his veins. On his most recent assignment, Ral rose through the ship's ranks to become its first mate. His captain, an overweight

I do not want to hear about my father, I am my own man. If I hear one more phrase escape your pretty lips comparing me to that scoundrel, I'll tear them off and force feed them to you for supper! You see, I am a much more calm and reasonable man than my vile father.

—Ral daring a poor soul to talk more about the similarities between him and his infamous father.

drunkard who spent most of his time below deck stuffing his gullet, let Ral run the day-to-day functions of ship life. If it were not for the fact that the captain's fists hit even heavier than his enormous girth, the crew would have taken the ship from him long ago. And so life has gone on for several years. Thankfully, under Ral's direction his crew has scuttled and sacked a few ships. Their latest plunder, an undermanned Chel' naval vessel, was their biggest haul to date.

Finally back at the Pirate Port to spend his share of plunder, Ral looked to get drunk at his favorite tavern. As he guzzled his beloved brew, though, he quickly realized something was very wrong. Ral could normally drink with the best of them, but after just one swig Ral could not keep his footing. As the world turned upside down, he felt the familiar meaty hand of the tavern's bouncer toss him out to the back alley. Falling hard to the rain-soaked and mud-caked alley, Ral looked up one last time. Before the darkness took him, he saw four men in tricorn hats smile deviously at him as they scooped his helpless body up and into a cart. When he awoke, Ral knew he was far out at sea, for the gentle sway of a ship on the water was all too familiar to him. Even worse, Ral knew his predicament as well, for press-ganging was a method he had employed to swell the ranks of his captain's ship. With a determined breath, Ral awaited his fate, but it did not take long for the familiar snap of a leather whip to break the silence. From the calm, a grainy, sneering voice welcomed him and the rest of the new recruits aboard.

Description: Black eyes the color of night peer through a thick sable beard that runs down past Ral's muscular, barrel-like chest. Bands of bright yellow, red, and green tie his well-kept facial hair together, and thick arms sculpted by hard work aboard a ship end in calloused hands. Ral stands just over six feet tall, and his powerful build puts him near 220 pounds. Even with his burly build, he displays an amazing agility. He wears a leather doublet tailored from a variety of hides scavenged from his many plunders. His bushy head is covered by a multi-hued bandana, which in turn is

capped with a three-cornered hat. Both ears and his left eyebrow are pierced with tribal jewelry fashioned from his mother's hand.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

Ral meets life head-on. Tired of living in his father's shadow, he jumps at any opportunity to prove himself, often without assessing the dangers first. Ral's voice is quiet despite his size, and while he knows his way around a ship better than most, he lacks the confidence to take command. For now, Ral is happy to take a secondary role, a product of having to hear about his father's accomplishments at every turn. Determined to get over this, Ral has assumed his mother's last name and hides the fact that he is a son of a famous pirate from those who do not yet know him well.

Under his gruff exterior, Ral is quick to take others under his wing, and while his temper can be unpredictable, Ral always helps those who need it the most. If he sees others struggling or being bullied, Ral invariably becomes a protective figure, even at the risk of his own safety.

In battle his friendly nature disappears, as does his shyness. When aboard a sailing vessel, Ral shouts out commands and displays an obvious knack for tactics. He is a resolute and brave soul whose deep jet eyes show no fear. If pressed about his father, Ral might show his insecurity over growing up a bastard or just as easily fly into a rage, daring the speaker to continue under the threat of violence. How he responds depends on whether the speaker has cultivated a caring relationship with the sailor, something difficult at first. However, he warms quickly to anyone with his mother's island features—such as silky black hair, almond eyes, or dusky skin—or who shows a shared love for sailing.

Level Progression Ral Fayden advances as a ranger for each of his class levels. At 2nd level and every level thereafter, Ral puts his ranks into his existing skills. At 2nd level, he also takes Precise Shot as his first combat style feat. At 3rd level, he takes the feat Deadly Aim and chooses water as his first favored terrain. At 4th level, he increases his Dexterity by 1 and gains freebooter's bond.



Salty Jake

Male human rogue (poisoner) 1
CN Medium humanoid (human)
Init +8; **Senses** Perception +3

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)
hp 8 (1d8)
Fort +0, **Ref** +6, **Will** -1

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.
Melee dagger +1 (1d4+1/19-20) or cast-iron skillet (club) +1 (1d6+1)
Ranged shortbow +4 (1d6/×3)
Special Attacks sneak attack +1d6

STATISTICS

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

Base Atk +0; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 16

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative

Traits Fast Talker, Scum City Native

Skills Acrobatics +8, Appraise +6, Bluff +7, Craft (alchemy) +6, Diplomacy +6, Disable Device +8, Escape Artist +8, Perception +3, Profession (cook) +3, Sense Motive +4, Stealth +8, Swim +5

Languages Aquan, Common, Giant

SQ poison use

Gear leather armor, dagger, shortbow with 20 arrows, cast-iron skillet (treat as club), oil of taggit, explorer's outfit, backpack, iron pot

Encumbrance 36 lbs.



SPECIAL ABILITIES

Fast Talker (Ex): Jake often found himself in sticky situations; luckily, time and time again his silver tongue and gift of gab have bailed him out of trouble before those situations fell to violence. Jake gets a +1 trait bonus to Bluff checks.

Scum City Native (Ex): Jake grew up in a Pirate Port infamous for both the scoundrels who visit it and the feared populace who govern it. Jake has been around pirates all his life, and he's learned to be wary in his dealings. Jake gains a +1 trait bonus on Sense Motive checks. In addition, Jake's familiarity with the pirating life allows him to make untrained Knowledge (local) checks regarding pirates or the region.

POINT BUY OPTIONS

To run Salty Jake as a **15-point buy character**, reduce his Charisma by 4. Additionally, lower his Bluff and Diplomacy skills each by 2.

To increase Salty Jake to a **25-point buy character**, increase his Intelligence by 2. Additionally, Salty Jake puts his extra skill rank due to his increased Intelligence into the Climb skill and raises his Appraise and Craft (alchemy) skills by 1 each.

Background: A native to the Pirate Port, Salty Jake doesn't remember a time when he wasn't out at sea. Small in stature, Jake was bullied by his fellow crew members; however, the scrawny lad soon learned that a fast tongue could delay a thrashing from those who looked to torment him. Often relegated to menial jobs due to his inability to keep up with others, poor Jake often felt the lash.

While serving under a particularly nasty pirate captain, Jake found himself constantly beaten. The sadistic skipper used him as an example to keep the rest of his crew in line. However, even pirates have their limit; when they revolted against their captain, Jake found his opportunity for retribution—carried out with a saw. After the mutiny, the newly appointed captain sent Jake to the galley to keep him out of the way. In the ship's bowels, Jake became the understudy to a grim old man, rumored to have served with the Chel' armada, but deserted for unknown reasons.

Jake and the old man grew fond of one another. While cooking stews, peeling vegetables, or salting meats, the old Chel' man would regale Jake with a story or two about his time with the navy, usually after Jake plied the old salt with copious amounts of rum. Jake would always ask his elder how he ended up working in the kitchen and why he did not plunder with the pirates above. Each time, the old Chel' man responded, "I've done enough killing in my lifetime. It's best someone else has that job now."

Jake finally carved a role for himself. Life was good and the ship's hold was full of plunder. Unfortunately, a successful pirate ship attracts powerful individuals, and a letter of marquis was sent out against them. As the fates would have it, the very armada from which the old cook had fled intercepted Jake's vessel and boarded it. After Jake's captain was hung from the crow's nest, the flotilla's admiral stepped aboard. When the survivors were paraded past the Chel' admiral, he instantly recognized the cook—his old friend—and

Listen fellas, really, I'm not worth your time. Say, are ya hungry? Try these. Tasty hey, ya...enjoy those, take another bite. What? Sleepy you say, well why don't you just lie down, I'll make sure you're safe and sound.

—*Jake avoiding a beating by convincing would be attackers to eat food laced with oil of restlessness.*

without hesitation put his rapier through the helpless man's chest. At that instant, a part of Jake died as well.

Taken as prisoner, Jake was forced to help prepare meals. In the kitchens he met a woman who claimed to be a simple spice merchant. Every time the two would cook together, the strange woman would tell Jake about the toxic properties of the foodstuffs they worked with. After a month, Jake had stowed away enough poisonous material to lace the officers' next meal. Without a single swing of a blade, Jake killed well over 20 men. With the Chel' crew in chaos, the prisoners overwhelmed them and steered the vessel toward pirate-infested waters. Jake eventually returned to the Pirate Port, but his mass murder left him a damaged man. Taking a job as a tavern cook, Jake drank heavily to bury his guilt. One night, Jake noticed a group of ruffians lacing a customer's drink. Reminded of his own demons, Jake resolved to prevent the same fate from befalling another soul—maybe then he would even find atonement. Unfortunately, the ruffians intercepted him and delivered a devastating blow to his head, rendering him unconscious. When he awoke, he found himself aboard a ship, locked away with several others. It was not long before a bald man with a whip sarcastically welcomed him aboard.

Description: A man of small stature, Salty Jake looks older than his years. Dark circles surround his eyes and he seems a haunted man. Shortly cropped, mousy blond hair clings to his gaunt head, save for a rat's tail that skitters down his slender back. Standing less than five and a half feet tall and weighing in at 120 pounds when soaking wet, Jake is very unassuming. He wears a simple leather apron over a cotton shirt, and loose pants threaten to fall away from his scrawny hips.

Personality & Roleplaying Opportunities

Salty Jack is a gloomy individual haunted by his past. He swore long ago that he wouldn't be anyone's punching bag. Years of abuse during his youth have left the man with little patience for bullying; while he may not meet bullies head-on, rest assured he will mete out revenge. He speaks in a raspy tone that is often



mistaken for mumbling, a by-product of too much drink. If encouraged, Jake will seek out opportunities to be a better sailor this time around, but normally he will gravitate toward the galley if allowed. Curious by nature, Jake looks to explore the ship and its hidey-holes in search of a place he can call his own.

While his appearance is unkempt, Jake is actually a fairly likable guy with a silver tongue. When faced with open aggression, Jake tries to talk his way out of the situation. Make no mistake, though: he takes notes—and when the time is right, usually when his target is left unaware, Jake has his revenge. However, wracked with guilt over the lethal poisoning of the Chel' crew many years ago, Jake often looks to humiliate his targets rather than harm them. If the situation is extreme, though, Jake quickly finds the backbone to kill again.

The only place Jake seems happy is in the kitchen. In his downtime, he is always preparing food, and if food is scarce, he is cleaning. If someone is hungry, Jake will sneak him food. If someone misses their share, Jake will go without. In conversation Jake prefers to be a wallflower, but if the topic changes to a culinary bent, he stands tall and joins in.

Level Progression: Salty Jake advances as a rogue for each of his class levels. At 2nd level, Salty Jake takes swift poison as his first rogue talent and puts a skill rank into Craft (sails) and Profession (sailor). He spends his remaining skill points to either fill a need or increase commonly used skills. At 3rd level, he takes Skill Focus: Craft (alchemy) as a feat and puts his skill points where they are best needed. At 4th level, he increases his Dexterity by 1 and spends his skill points to boost existing skills. He also takes lasting poison for his second rogue talent.



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