

Unfamíliar Faces

New Medium Spirits



Alex Riggs, Joshua Zaback

Credits

Designers Alex Riggs, Joshua Zaback



Editor Rosa Gibbons

Necromancers of the Northwest, LLC 8123 236th St SW, Unit 102 Edmonds, WA, 98026 www.necromancers-online.com

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References to Other Products

Several places in this book refer to one or more classes, feats, spells, items, or other content found in other books, either other books published by Necromancers of the Northwest, or, more commonly, books published by Paizo. Any content that can be found in the *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook* or *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary* are not specially noted as such. Any content that cannot be found in either this book or one of those two books will have a superscript denotation, indicating what book it can be found in. These notations are abbreviated. The following list explains what book each abbreviation is associated with.

AA1: Advanced Arcana Volume 1	APG: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide	LV: Liber Vampyr
AA2: Advanced Arcana Volume 2	ARG: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Advanced Race	NA12: Necromancer's Almanac 2012
AA3: Advanced Arcana Volume III	Guide	NA13: Necromancer's Almanac 2013
AA4: Advanced Arcana Volume IV	B2: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Bestiary 2	OA: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures
AA5: Advanced Arcana Volume V	B3: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Bestiary 3	UC: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Combat
ACG: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Advanced Class Guide	B4: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Bestiary 4	UM: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Magic
	B5: Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Bestiary 5	

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Introduction

In the public playtest for *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures*, the medium class worked very different than what ultimately came in the final version. One of the major changes was a shift from a vast number of unique spirits with personalities and backgrounds, to six spirit archetypes that were designed to cover a wide variety of spirits. While this change most likely came about due to production requirements, and the massive amount of space that would have been required to present all of the spirits that the playtest version promised, we here at Necromancers of the Northwest couldn't help but imagine a medium that still kept the large collection of unique and flavorful spirits, and so we decided to make a gallery of spirits all our own.

On the following page and a half, you will find a selection of variant rules for spirits, which present a number of different suggestions for ways to incorporate these new spirits into your game. After that, we present twenty brand new spirits, each with extensive background and personality, including information on how they influence the personalities of mediums who channel them.

Each spirit has a full two-page spread to itself, beginning with a single page featuring a story, song, or legend that is commonly told about the spirit, which players or other characters might encounter within the game, and serves to set the tone for what that spirit is about. After that, the spirit has an extensive description, followed by the normal game statistics for medium spirits, using the same format as those found in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures*.



Variant Rules for Spirits

This book introduces 20 new spirits for mediums, which more than triples the number of spirits available for mediums. While we feel that this is unlikely to have a dramatic effect on game balance, some GMs may be concerned about adding so many new spirits to their game. Others, whether players or GMs, may wish for a more flavorful way of handling spirits and séances than that presented in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures.* This section provides a variety of variant rules that allow you to customize the way that medium spirits are used in your game.

Appealing to Spirits

This optional variant rule makes up for the additional versatility of being able to choose from a greater pool of spirits by making it somewhat more difficult to gain access to any given spirit exactly when you want it. With this approach, a medium is able to use any spirit, from the original six in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures*, to all of the spirits in this book, and more, from other sources. However, when he attempts to perform a séance and channel a spirit, he must first succeed on a special appeal check, and failure means that he is unable to channel that spirit at that time.

Making an Appeal Check

An Appeal check is a special check made to convince a spirit to allow the medium to channel it (1d20 + Charisma modifier vs. DC 15).

A number of factors can potentially influence an Appeal check. A medium that has broken one of the spirit's taboos in the past 24 hours (whether he accepted the taboo with the taboo class feature or not) suffers a -2 penalty on appeal checks made for that particular spirit. A medium can choose to allow a spirit to gain one or more points of influence over him before he makes the appeal check. If he does, then he gains a bonus on the appeal check equal to twice the number of points of influence he grants in this way. The medium can also present an offering to the spirit in order to strengthen his appeal. The offering must be thematically tied to the spirit in some way (similar to how the medium must channel the spirit in a location that is thematically tied to it in some way), must be worth 100 gp or more, and must be destroyed as part of being offered. For every 100 gp that the offering was worth, the medium gains a +1 bonus on the appeal check. Finally, when using this optional variant rule, a medium can channel a spirit from a location that is not one of its favored location (or otherwise an appropriate location for the spirit), but if he does so, he suffers a -10 penalty on the appeal check made to channel the spirit.

The appeal check is made as part of performing the séance, and does not take any additional actions. If an appeal check succeeds, the medium channels the spirit. If it fails, the medium cannot attempt to channel that spirit again that day.

Seances and Appeal Checks

When using this optional variant rule, séances function slightly differently. It takes only 10 minutes to perform a séance, instead of an hour. At the end of this time, the medium makes an appeal check. If the check succeeds, he channels the spirit and, if he has the shared séance class feature, any allies taking part in the séance gain the benefits of the channeled spirit's séance boon for 24 hours, as normal. If the appeal check fails, the medium does not channel the spirit, no benefit is gained, and the medium can't attempt to channel that spirit again for 24 hours, but the medium can attempt to perform another séance (and can move to another location before doing so, if desired).

Once the medium successfully channels a spirit, she cannot perform any further séances that day.

Discovering Spirits

This optional variant rule assumes that while the six spirits presented in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures* represent common groups of spirits that, although different, function identically to one another, there are also individual spirits that are much more unique in nature, but which must be discovered before they can be channeled in a séance. Such spirits can be learned about through research, or can be discovered by performing a séance in one of their favored locations.

Researching Spirits

A character can research a spirit by making a Knowledge (religion) check in a library or similar source of information (at the GM's discretion, some spirits may instead be researched with different knowledge skills appropriate to their theme). Doing so generally requires 1d4 hours of research, and the DC is typically 20. Success on this check grants general knowledge about the spirit's appearance, personality, and attitude, as well as a single one of their favored locations. For every 5 points by which the researcher's Knowledge check beats the DC, she learns one additional favored location, one of the spirit's taboos, and the spirit's lesser spirit power (and intermediate, greater, or supreme spirit powers, depending on how much higher than the DC the result of the check was).

Discovering Spirits

Whenever a medium performs a séance, he can choose to open himself up to the influence of a local spirit other than the one he was actively searching for. The medium must declare that he is doing so during the séance. If the location that he is performing the séance in would also qualify as the favored location of another spirit, there is a chance that one such spirit is currently present in that location. The GM can either decide if such a spirit is available, and choose which spirit (if the location could serve as a favored location for more than one such unknown spirit). If the GM would prefer to leave the matter to chance, there is a 10% chance per spirit that that spirit is present in that particular location at that time. If a spirit is present in the location, and it is unknown to the medium, the medium learns its name, a very rough idea of its general attitude and the things it represents, and one of its favored locations (which must be one that matches the location that the medium is performing the séance in). After learning this information, the medium can choose to channel the unknown spirit, or he can choose to channel the spirit he originally set out to channel (whose favored location matches the location the medium is currently in).

If a medium does choose to channel an unknown spirit in this way, he immediately becomes familiar with it, learning everything about the spirit, and gaining the ability to channel it normally from any place that is appropriate to its favored locations.

Spirits Known

One of the simplest ways to make use of additional medium spirits is to restrict the total number of spirits that a given medium has access to. Using just the medium spirits in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures*, a medium has access to six spirits. With this optional variant, a medium has a number of spirits known, similar to how a sorcerer has a number of spells known, and would be able to choose any six medium spirits, from amongst the original six and other sources, like this book. This choice is made when the character first becomes a medium, and those are the only six spirits that he can channel in a seance. At 4th level, and every four levels thereafter, the medium may choose to lose a single spirit he knows in order to gain access to a different spirit.

Though six is the default number of spirits for a medium to know, GMs who are so inclined could potentially raise the total number of spirits known slightly, perhaps allowing the medium to choose eight or ten total spirits to know, or allowing them to gain a new spirit known at 4th level and every 4 levels thereafter, instead of replacing an existing one. Alternatively, GMs may want to consider allowing mediums to take the following feat.

Extra Medium Spirit

You are familiar with more spirits than most mediums, and know how to commune with them. **Prerequisite:** Séance class feature.

Benefit: Choose 3 medium spirits that you are not familiar with. You are familiar with those spirits, and can channel them in a séance like any other spirits you know. **Special:** This feat can be taken multiple time.

Use Them All

The simplest way to make use of the additional spirits in this book is to simply allow mediums to make use of them, without a limit on spirits known. The medium, as presented in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures*, is not the most powerful of classes, and the benefit of being able to choose from a wider variety of spirits is equivalent to the boost that clerics, druids, and other divine spellcasting classes gain from each new rulebook containing spells on their spell lists.

Love Unyielding

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there was a beautiful princess, with a habit of getting herself into trouble in all kinds of wild and childish adventures. Her usual partner in these endeavors was a young boy who served as part of the castle's kitchen staff, peeling vegetables, as there were not many others her age about, and those few children that were her age were the preening, self-important children of ambitious nobles, and the princess found them incredibly boring. So, whenever she was looking to make some mischief, she would march into the kitchens and declare that she needed the vegetable peeler for a very important royal matter. The other kitchen staff would shake their heads and chuckle, and let the boy go play with the princess.

The pair quickly grew to be fast friends, and by the time the princess was approaching adulthood, that friendship began to blossom into something greater. One warm summer day, the boy accidentally declared his love for the princess, without realizing quite what he was saying until it had been said. The two blushed in embarrassed silence for a moment, before she kissed him on the cheek and said that she felt the same way.

Unfortunately for both of them, that very day, the king finalized an alliance with a neighboring kingdom, which was vital to the nation's trade and economy, but which hinged on the condition that the princess would marry the prince of the other nation. When she heard, the princess was horrified, and told her father that she would not marry this strange prince under any circumstances. But the king declared that she was being selfish, and must consider the good of her people, and all of the wonderful things that would come from this, adding that she had not even met the prince, and should at least give him a chance.

When she refused to budge from her position, the king began to suspect that perhaps her objections stemmed not from a real opposition to the unknown prince himself, but rather were a result of her already having affection for someone else. He pressed her on the subject, and she tearfully declared that she was in love with the vegetable-peeling boy, and nothing would dissuade her from that. The king's reaction was instant and visible, his face turning red, and the princess instantly regretted telling him, as he stormed out, declaring that he would never allow her to be with a lowly servant boy, and ordering the guards to lock her in her room.

Fearing for the life of her love, the princess, having long ago worked out a means of escaping from her room, snuck out and hurried to find the boy. As luck would have it, she reached him before the king and his men did, and together, they fled the castle and out into the city.

The princess knew that they could not evade the king's men for long, as he would surely not rest until she was found, and his advisors would be able to use scrying magic to track them down in short order. With only a few hours at most before they would be found, the princess suggested that they should use the time to find some magic that would ensure they would never be separated.

The pair found an alchemist in town who promised that she could brew a potion that would keep them from ever being separated, though she warned that it came at quite a steep cost. The princess said that anything was worth being able to stay with her love, and the boy agreed. The alchemist advised that the potion would take effect instantaneously, and that they should hold off for as long as they could before using it. The pair agreed, and went off to share what time they could before the king's men tracked them down.

They made their way to a cliff overlooking the beach, and there they watched the sunset together, savoring every precious moment they had. Within an hour, the king arrived, with a platoon of soldiers, who blocked all chance of escape. The king called out to the boy to get away from the princess, promising that he would only be banished from the kingdom, rather than executed. But the boy said that to be banished from the princess was even worse than death, and the princess echoed that she would not leave his side.

Then, the pair drank their potion, each pouring half into the lips of the other. Before they eyes of the king and his men, as the sun finally crossed the horizon and darkness began to fall, the two lovers were transformed inch by inch into solid ebony. They stood there, frozen in a loving embrace, and as their flesh changed to stone, it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began.

It is said that the pair still stand on that cliff to this day, in an endless embrace that can never be broken, just like their love.

Ashalla, the Ebony Maiden

There are many different types of love, and there are different spirits associated with each. The Ebony Maiden is the patron spirit of star-crossed lovers, of a love that battles all odds, defies fate, and, with luck and perhaps a bit of aid, conquers all. In the eyes of Ashalla, love is worth only as much as the effort one must put in to win or maintain it, and a love that comes easily is worthless, whereas a love that is hard-fought, even if it ends in terrible tragedy, is a noble and worthwhile cause.

Ashalla is commonly depicted as a woman with ebony black skin, with eyes and hair the color of shining silver, which is the source of her title. In many cultures, she appears as a giantess, standing at least twice as tall as mortals, although this trait is not universal. She is typically shown to be wearing a black robe embroidered with gold and adorned with sparkling diamonds, and often is depicted with a necklace made of wedding rings worn around her neck.

Mediums who channel Ashalla report a tendency to be taken by extreme swings of passion. While it comes as no surprise that this often results in intense attraction, bordering on obsession, with specific individuals, romance is not the only arena in which this applies, and mediums may find themselves rushing to champion causes they never cared for in the past, defend places or things that did not previously mean anything to them, and so on. Though this passion comes with a seemingly endless resolve to overcome any obstacle, it is sometimes short-lived, and may be eclipsed by another, suddenly much more important passion shortly thereafter.

Because tales about Ashalla focus on the power of romance and its ability to overcome anything, many would assume that the Ebony Maiden is a strong proponent of the sanctity of marriage, but in fact, she seems to have little concern for protecting marriages of any kind, and several stories about her involve her helping young men and women to win over potential lovers who are tragically already married. To Ashalla, a romance that can be torn apart by another suitor deserves to be, and whichever passion is strongest should be the one that is followed.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Ashalla, your spirit bonus applies on all Charisma-based skill checks and Will saves. You also gain a competence bonus to AC equal to your spirit bonus.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on all Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nobility), and Sense Motive checks.

Favored Locations: Beaches, castles, mansions, secluded glades.

Influence Penalty: You become overwhelmed by the idea of love, making it hard to concentrate. You suffer a penalty on concentration checks and Intelligence-based skill checks equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you are overwhelmed with concerns for propriety and cannot make any hostile actions, including making attacks or casting spells or spell-like abilities with a saving throw entry denoted as other than harmless, against characters of a race and gender you would be regularly attracted to; you must kiss a consenting stranger on the mouth for at least a full minute every day; you must take every opportunity to inspire romance in those around you, up to and including setting up individuals you believe to be compatible in romantic situations.

Spirit Powers: Ashalla, the Ebony Maiden, offers the following spirit powers.

Charming Voice (Lesser, Sp): As a standard action, you can allow the Ebony Maiden to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to cast *charm person* as a spell-like ability. If the *charm person* targets a member of a race and gender you would normally be attracted to, the saving throw DC increases by +4. At 5th level, this ability functions as *charm monster*, instead. At 10th level, it can be used to affect a number of creatures equal to your Charisma bonus (the +4 bonus to the DC applies only to those targets you would normally be attracted to). The caster level for this effect is equal to your medium level and the saving throw DC is Charisma-based.

Fated Alliance (Intermediate, Su): As a standard action, you can bind two characters together in an alliance. This causes the affected characters attitudes towards one another to improve by two steps (to a maximum of helpful) and to gain a +1 morale bonus to attack rolls, saving throws, and damage rolls so long as they remain within 30 feet of each other. This effect lasts for 1 hour per medium level. A successful Will save negates this ability. If one of the targets would not normally be attracted to individuals of the other target's race and gender, he receives a +4 bonus on his saving throw. If only one character is affected, then that character's attitude towards the other changes, and that character receives the bonuses offered by this ability, but the one that succeeded on their saving throw does not.

Meant to Be (Greater, Su): As an immediate action, you can allow the Ebony Maiden to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to force a single character within 30 feet to reroll any d20 roll he just made and use the new result, even if it is lower than the original roll. You may use this ability after the success or failure of the roll was determined, but must do so before the consequences of the roll have been determined (for example, after an attack has hit, but before damage has been determined). If the target would normally be attracted to a character of your race and gender, you may choose to add your spirit surge dice to the new roll as either a bonus or a penalty.

Twin Destiny (Supreme, Su): As a full round action, you can allow the Ebony Maiden to gain 3 points of influence over you in order to bind the fates of two characters together for 1 minute. Each target character receives a Will saving throw (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) to negate the effect. A character that fails her saving throw becomes linked to the other, and whenever the other target suffers damage or regains hit points, she suffers a like amount of damage or regains a like number of hit points.

The Doom that Came to Belregost

It came one day to Belregost, the Elven jewel upon the coast, its slender towers pierce the sky, its beauty, they said, could make men cry.

Slithering from the sea it came, a giant serpent come to claim, the world that once was rough and wild, tamed, for now, by elven guile.

Big Jambu watched the elven knights, preparing to ride out and fight, but there was nothing they could do, against one as large and powerful as Big Jambu.

Their swords and arrows did no harm, and their mage's fire failed to warm Big Jambu's ancient, craggy hide, impenetrable against their might.

And when the elves had had their turn, Big Jambu's eyes began to burn, glowing green with eldritch fire, it called forth an ancient mire.

And the land 'neath Belregost did stir, and a terrible squelching they did hear, as the ground beneath their feet, turned to mud and bog and peat.

The spires of Belregost did shake, as once firm ground became a lake, and the soaring towers seemed to shrink, as their foundations began to sink.

The elf folk watched in silent horror, they thought Belregost would stand forever. A testament to elven pride, Big Jambu cast it easily aside.

For in the eyes of Big Jambu, all things elven are quite new. It lived before the dawn of man, and knows that such time will come again.

Big Jambu waits for elves to pass, their cities to crumble, and turn to ash, Eternally, it slithers on. It will slither still, when we're all long gone.

Big Jambu

Long ago, in ancient days, before man or dwarf or even elf walked upon the earth, before the first creature crawled up out of the sea to invade the land, there was Big Jambu. He is an ancient spirit, one with the land and the sea, who has little patience for or interest in the trappings of civilization. More than just a spirit of nature, he is a reminder that there was a time before humanoid life rose to prominence, and an unspoken promise that some day, civilization will pass, and primordial forces will reclaim their ancient dominion. But until that time, Big Jambu is willing to be patient, and, occasionally, to entreat with certain mortals who show him the proper respect.

Big Jambu is often depicted in the form of a massive tortoise, so large and ancient that its shell is home to entire mountain ranges, which have grown up during its millennialong slumber. Trees and brush cover his skin like an infecting fungus. Other times, Big Jambu is depicted as a serpent, though of similarly epic scale, and sometimes even shown to be encircling the entire world. Big Jambu does not have a human guise, and is never depicted as or encountered as a human.

Mediums who have channeled Big Jambu report that it is a cathartic experience, as they suddenly see the world from a new perspective, and all of their worldly problems, which seemed so pressing and important just moments before, suddenly seem trivial and meaningless, when viewed in the perspective of epochs, where mountain ranges and continents are temporary. Some mediums find this revelation to be liberating, while others are troubled by it, spiralling into a dark and morbid depression. These mediums also report an unsettling feeling that concerns of morality seem to fall away as well: good-hearted mediums find themselves unmoved by the plights of the downtrodden, whose lives suddenly seem to lose any meaning or significance, while, at the same time, even the most cruel and sadistic mediums take no joy in the suffering of their enemies, and so on. Usually the medium's perspective slowly returns to normal over the course of a few days, but for the some the experience is truly life-changing.

Because he is so far removed from human perspective, Big Jambu is sometimes one of the easier spirits to work with, for unlike some spirits, who have strong opinions and urges on a wide variety of topics, Big Jambu is detached and philosophical when it comes to most things. Of course, this also means that it can be difficult to motivate him.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Big Jambu, your spirit bonus applies on Will saves made to resist charm and compulsion effects. Additionally, your natural armor bonus to AC increases by an amount equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on Handle Animal checks, and on Diplomacy checks made with creatures of the dragon or fey types. Additionally, any animal, dragon, or fey that would have a starting attitude of indifferent or friendly towards you has its starting attitude improved by one step.

Favored Locations: Natural caverns, old-growth forests, meadows, underwater.

Influence Penalty: You are so focused on the long view of things that you are slow to react. You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Initiative checks and on attack rolls made as part of an attack of opportunity.

Taboos: Choose one: you must do no harm to plants, including plant creatures, even if they attack you or otherwise attempt to harm you; you cannot wear or wield any clothing, armor, weapons, or equipment that you did not create yourself; you must not move more than your movement speed on any single round.

Spirit Powers: Big Jambu offers the following spirit powers.

Slow and Steady (Lesser, Su): At the beginning of your turn each round, you can choose to gain the staggered condition until the beginning of your next turn. If you do, you gain a +2 circumstance bonus to AC, and a +2 circumstance bonus on attack rolls, ability checks, saving throws, and skill checks. These bonuses last until the beginning of your next turn. At 8th level, these bonuses increase to +4, and at 15th level they increase to +6.

Primordial Protection (Intermediate, Su): Big Jambu existed before magic, at least as humanoids know it, ever existed, and the spells of mortals have little hold on him, or on you. You gain spell resistance equal to three times your spirit bonus. At any time, as a full-round action, you can allow Big Jambu to gain 2 points of influence over you. If you do, this spell resistance increases to six times your spirit bonus for the remainder of the day.

One with the Land (Greater, Sp): You can cast commune with nature at will. Multiple uses in the same area reveal the same information, but you can use it in different locations to gain information about those locations. Additionally, you can cast speak with animals, speak with plants, and stone tell as spell like abilities. You can use these three spell-like abilities, in any combination, a total number of times each day equal to your Charisma modifier. As a full-round action, you can allow Big Jambu to gain 1 point of influence over you. If you do, you gain 3 additional combined uses of these spell-like abilities.

Spell of Epochs (Supreme, Sp): Three times per day, you can draw upon Big Jambu's ancient wisdom in order to empower a spell as you cast it, although doing so increases its casting time. Only spells with a casting time of less than 1 round can be affected in this way. The spell's casting time is increased to 1 round, and your caster level is treated as 4 higher for the purposes of that spell. You may choose to further increase the spell's casting time by up to 5 additional rounds. For each round that you increase the spell's casting time beyond 1 round, you may apply 1 spell level worth of metamagic effects to the spell. You do not need to have the appropriate metamagic feat, but any metamagic feat you don't know costs one extra spell level to add. You must declare what metamagic feats you are applying to the spell (and therefore the spell's casting time) before you begin casting it.

The Grand Melee

During Brazen Bull's many travels, he once came to a city that was in the midst of preparing for a grand festival. Everywhere he went decorations were being put up in anticipation of a grand parade, great amounts of food was being prepared for all of the feasting that would surely follow, and men had flocked to the city from across the land, and were practicing their swordplay as they prepared for some grand tournament that was to be the start of the whole thing.

Brazen Bull asked around, and learned that the king's daughter had recently come of age, and that she was to be wed to whoever won the grand tournament. Brazen Bull remarked that she must be quite a beauty if this many men had come all that way just for a chance at her hand, and indeed, each of the townsfolk replied that she was, without a doubt, the fairest maiden in all the land.

Brazen Bull was intrigued, but skeptical, and decided to watch as the royal family paraded through the streets towards the place where the tournament was to take place. Though the streets were packed with onlookers, Brazen Bull towered over the crowd, and none would dare stand in his way as he walked to the front of the throng, getting a clear and unobstructed view.

The princess was, indeed, all that he had been promised, and more. Her flowing blonde hair was like a waterfall of gold, and her sparkling blue eyes like two shimmering oceans. These may not have been the things that won over Brazen Bull, but be that as it may, her looks captivated him, and, burning with passion, he declared that he would enter the tournament, and win her hand.

His first opponent was a nobleman's son, decked out in the finest weapons and armor that money could buy. He sneered as Brazen Bull stepped out onto the battlefield, calling him a beast because of his appearance, and mocking his lack of armor, and the tree trunk he wielded as a weapon. The boy boasted that no matter how strong Brazen Bull was, he could not hope to win with such meager weapons and armor. The fight was short and brutal, and the to the surprise of no one but the young noble, Brazen Bull emerged the victor.

His second opponent was much more formidable than the first, a seasoned veteran who had served as a knight in several wars. He was strong and skilled, and well equipped as well. But he fought with a military precision that was no only predictable, but also dull, and he lacked the enthusiasm and energy of Brazen Bull. Though he landed several glancing blows, they did nothing to slow Brazen Bull's battle lust, and the knight finally buckled under an onslaught of powerful blows.

By now the crowd had begun to take notice of Brazen Bull, who, being unknown in these lands, had not initially been a favorite to win. The king, who had been quite certain that the winner would be one of his favored knights or generals, was aghast at the idea of a bull-headed creature marrying his daughter, and so he secretly ordered that Brazen Bull's next opponent's weapon be laced with a sleeping poison.

His next opponent was a knight much like the last, though more lightly armored, and nimble, and of course, his weapon bearing a debilitating payload. He dodged nimbly around Brazen Bull's attacks, darting in to deliver quick, light strikes and then back out again. After the first few attacks, Brazen Bull began to slow, his vision swimming. But then he caught a glance of the princess watching him from above, and he felt something surge within him, redoubling his strength and vitality. With a ferocious blow he felled his opponent with one mighty swing, and the crowd, including the princess, began to cheer wildly.

But the king was outraged that his plan had failed, and, standing from his throne, he called out that for the final challenge, all of the challengers would fight together against the Brazen Bull, and that whoever landed the finishing blow would be named the champion. His daughter called out in protest, but was drowned out in the roar of the warriors rushing to the arena, attacking Brazen Bull from all sides. Crying out in rage, he hefted his mighty tree-trunk club and, drawing on his rage to overcome his exhaustion, he fought them all off. Tearing out his hair, the king called upon his guards to attack, but they too were brought low by Brazen Bull's might.

That evening, Brazen Bull and the princess were married in the middle of the arena, before the king, a rather reluctant priest, and those of his opponents who had regained consciousness. The two spent a passionate night in a suite at the top of the castle tower, and then, after watching the morning sunset, he set off wandering once more, and was never seen in that kingdom again.

Brazen Bull

To call Brazen Bull a spirit of beauty would be misleading, and to call him a spirit of strength would be an oversimplification. Brazen Bull embodies and encourages fitness for fitness's sake, pushing the limits of one's body and striving to achieve ever greater feats of might, honing one's flesh into a deadly weapon, a useful tool, and, perhaps most important of all, a beautiful work of art. Wherever there are athletes, there is Brazen Bull, and it is said that he sups on the sweat of the victorious and the tears of those they defeated.

Brazen Bull is most commonly described as a minotaur-like creature, with the head of a bull and the body of a man, although unlike actual minotaurs, his fur extends only as far down as his neck, the rest of his body glistening and oily. He is said to be a perfect specimen of masculine strength, with sculpted muscles on his chest, and arms and legs as thick as trees. He is usually depicted as wearing a loincloth of tiger or leopard fur, or sometimes completely in the nude. Sometimes he is depicted wielding Horgris, his legendary club which is said to be the entire trunk of an oak tree. Very rarely, he is depicted as a massive bull with the head of a man, instead.

Many cultures view Brazen Bull as a spirit of masculinity, and there are some fraternal cults that venerate Brazen Bull in this fashion. In truth, however, while Brazen Bull's personality and outlook often resonates more with men than women, this is not always the case, and in some cultures Brazen Bull is viewed as a feminine spirit (and depicted accordingly).

Just as Brazen Bull believes in working oneself hard to achieve physical perfection, he also believes in playing hard, especially when it comes to matters of lust, and stories of Brazen Bull are full of his many escapades and misadventures involving the opposite sex. Many of these tales involve Brazen Bull performing incredible feats of strength, agility, and endurance in order to impress and win the heart of a particularly fair maiden, but other times the stories take a darker turn, with Brazen Bull using his great strength to simply take what he desires, instead.

Mediums who have channeled Brazen Bull report feeling an incredible and boundless energy and exuberance, which most describe as feeling like they were once again in the prime of their youth, or perhaps even more than that. Though they find that they have seemingly endless stamina and willpower to endure any physical hardship, they find their ability to resist temptations is greatly reduced, and those who allow Brazen Bull to fully gain control of themselves often awaken from the experience to find that they have overexerted themselves, and are sore and tired for days thereafter.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Brazen Bull, your spirit bonus applies on non-spell damage rolls, Strength checks, Strength-based skill checks, Constitution checks, Fortitude saves, and also to your CMB and CMD.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on combat maneuver checks made to perform a bull rush, drag, grapple, overrun, and sunder combat maneuvers.

Favored Locations: Arenas, barracks, farms, gymnasiums.

Influence Penalty: Each creature's starting attitude towards you is reduced by one step, and you suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Diplomacy checks. You also attract curses like a magnet in much the same way as Brazen Bull, and you suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on saving throws made to resist curses and spells with the curse descriptor.

Taboos: Choose one: you must not miss any opportunity to flaunt your physical strength, and demonstrate how much greater your might is than that of others; you must perform an act of passion, such as a kiss, with at least one member of the opposite gender (if you fail to do so by the end of the day, you suffer the penalties for having broken the taboo the next day that you channel Brazen Bull); you must spend at least eight hours performing strenuous physical exercise, and these hours count against the number of hours you can travel before you are considered to be performing a forced march (you are treated as having broken your taboo until this has been done, after which it is impossible for you to break this taboo for the rest of the day)

Spirit Powers: Brazen Bull offers the following spirit powers.

Rage (Lesser, Su): You can call upon Brazen Bull for extra strength and stamina. This functions as the barbarian class feature of the same name, except that you do not suffer a -2 penalty to AC, and you can still cast spells and use Charisma-, Dexterity-, and Intelligence-based skills. You can rage for a number of rounds per day equal to 3 + your class level. As a move action, you can allow Brazen Bull to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to gain an additional number of rounds of rage equal to your Charisma modifier.

Powerful Blows (Intermediate, Su): You are proficient with all two-handed melee martial weapons, and gain Power Attack as a bonus feat. Additionally, as long as you are wielding a two-handed weapon, the damage bonus granted by Power Attack is doubled, rather than being multiplied by 1.5.

Vital Endurance (Greater, Su): Whenever you would suffer ability drain, you suffer ability damage instead, and whenever you would suffer permanent negative levels, you suffer temporary negative levels instead. Additionally, you gain a +4 bonus on saving throws made to resist ability damage, ability drain, negative levels, and negative energy damage.

Crushing Strikes (Supreme, Sp): As long as you are wielding a two-handed melee weapon, you treat that weapon as though its critical threat range were 1 greater than it otherwise was (apply this change after effects like a *keen* weapon, which double the threat range), and as though its critical multiplier were 2 higher than it is. Finally, while wielding a two-handed melee weapon, you gain a bonus on attack rolls made to confirm a critical hit equal to your spirit bonus.

A Birthday in the Attic

No one was really certain where the doll had come from. It had appeared amidst a pile of gifts that were delivered to the two happy parents when their daughter was born, but neither parent remembered anyone bringing it in, nor did any of their friends or family admit to being the one who had given it to them. The doll was old, even then, made of porcelain, with a single, long crack running diagonally across its face. Its hair smelled faintly of mildew, and though it was smiling, there was something incredibly unsettling about its expression, which, every now and then, made it look as though that smile would begin to slip. But no one ever saw this except out of the corner of their eyes, and when they would look back again the doll would be smiling, just as strongly as before, and it would be dismissed as a trick of the light, or an overactive imagination.

The doll wasn't really suitable for a young child, and besides, both parents found it quite unsettling, so it was placed in the attic, and there it waited for years, quickly forgotten and left alone, until the night before the girl's seventh birthday, when she awoke from her sleep to the faint but unmistakable sound of another child calling out her name in a quiet voice. An only child, the girl could not imagine who the voice might belong to, but she climbed out of bed and began to follow it to its source. She paused when it became clear that the voice was leading her up to the attic, but curiosity overcame her misgivings, and she climbed the stairs to that dark and dusty place of forgotten things.

She had been in the attic before, once or twice, with her mother, and though those visits had not been long, they were enough for her to know that what she found this night was not right at all. The room was filled with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of tiny fireflies, which flitted this way and that, casting the room in an eerie blue-green illumination, which seemed to sparkle and twinkle like starts in the night sky. The normal boxes piles of old clothing had been replaced with heaps and mountains of toys of every size and description, enough to fulfill any child's desires.

In the middle of the room, sitting upon a lonely rocking chair, was a doll the girl had never seen before, and which looked oddly out of place amongst the wonderland of treats that had been laid before her. Though the doll did not move, the girl knew that the voice she had heard had come from it.

"Won't you come and play with me?" the doll asked, its childish giggle filling the room.

The girl picked up the doll and began to make a tour of the room, examining each other toy in turn to determine where to begin on what promised to be the best birthday of her life. There was a tiny castle with hundreds of miniature knights, and a miniature tower which seemed perfect for a princess, though none was there. There was a stuffed unicorn just large enough that she could actually climb upon its back, and it seemed as though if she did the creature might just come to life beneath her. She found dozens of colorful dresses, all in exactly her size, and in outlandish fashions straight from the dreams of children.

Eventually, however, her attention fell upon a little dollhouse, which seemed to be a perfect replica of her own home, down to an incredible level of detail. When she opened up the house, she was shocked to discover that inside were a trio of dolls that she recognized right away: one for her mother, which looked exactly like a miniature version of her, right down to wearing the very last clothes that the girl had seen her wearing. The same was true of a doll that resembled her father, and a third doll that resembled the family maid. Though there wasn't a doll of herself, as luck would have it, the strange doll that had called the little girl here was just the right size, and so the girl sat down and began to play. She played for hours and hours, until exhaustion finally overcame her, and she drifted off to sleep.

The next day, when visitors came to call upon the family to deliver well-wishes and presents to the daughter, they found the house was curiously empty, with no sign of any of the previous inhabitants. Just a single porcelain doll, with an odd crack across its face, resting in the girl's bed.

The Broken Doll

The Broken Doll is a spirit of victimization and vengeance, closely associated with children. Although at a glance, the stories about this spirit make it appear as a sort of boogeyman that threatens and preys upon children, a closer examination reveals additional nuance. In most original versions of stories about the Broken Doll, no harm ever comes to any of the children that it interacts with, and indeed, in many of the earlier stories, the spirit seems to act more as a manifestation of wrath and vengeance against those who would harm children or prey upon their innocence. Even in the less authentic versions of the stories that are popular today, the Broken Doll tends to be much more dangerous to adults that encounter it than it is to children.

True to its name, the Broken Doll commonly takes the form of a porcelain doll with a broken and cracked face, usually one that is particularly old, with clothing that is long out of style. Its appearance can vary from one culture to the next, however, and is sometimes depicted as a wooden soldier with a missing armor or leg, or a stuffed animal that is missing an eye or has one or more broken seams. It is always depicted as some kind of vaguely humanoid toy, however, and always depicted as being damaged in some way.

The Broken Doll can supposedly be seen in dark corners or gaps between shelves in empty houses, and is most often described to be giggling and asking others to play a game with her. Tales claim that she kidnaps those who agree to play with her, taking children to a frightening otherworld, which, although filled with nightmarish horrors, ultimately deposits the children back where they were found. Adults who become the Broken Doll's victims do not fare as well, however, and while there are very few cases of children being abducted by the Broken Doll and not returning safely, there are many cases where an adult vanished in ways that appear related to the spirit, and was never seen again. One wizard, who claims that he was trapped in the Broken Doll's prison plane briefly, described it as a bleak hellscape, and refused to discuss it in any further detail.

Those who channel the Broken Doll report that they are overwhelmed by feelings of incredibly high levels of empathy, to the point where they practically feel physical pain when they are presented with someone in emotional distress. This empathy is particularly strong in regards to children. The feelings subside after a day or so without channeling the Broken Doll, but the experience has been enough to open the eyes of more than a few, causing a more lasting shift towards kindness and compassion.

There are some scholars who theorize that the Broken Doll may be a spirit in transition. These scholars believe that part of what gives a spirit its power and its personality is the stories that are told about it, and that when stories change, so too does the spirit. They note that over the past century or so, stories about the Broken Doll have been slowly but surely shifting, focusing less on the spirit as a protector and avenger for the downtrodden, and painting it in the broad brush strokes of just another monster under the bed. A few mediums who channel the Broken Doll regularly have reported feeling a change in its aura over the last decade, but most put little credit in this theory. **Spirit Bonus:** When you channel the Broken Doll, your spirit bonus applies on saving throws against spells. This bonus is doubled on saving throws made to resist teleportation effects.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on all Sense Motive checks.

Favored Locations: attics, basements, nurseries, schoolhouses.

Influence Penalty: You are full of hate, and fearful of those who would bully or hurt you. You suffer a penalty on Will saves, Wisdom checks, and Wisdom-based skill checks equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you must play at least 2 hours alone with a child; you must refrain from attacking or casting harmful spells upon any creature that is helpless, or two or more size categories smaller than you, or has at least 4 fewer Hit Dice than your medium level (if you choose this taboo, you can study a creature as a move action to determine if this taboo applies to them); you must refrain from the use of any spells which deal hit point damage.

Spirit Powers: The Broken Doll offers the following spirit powers.

Walk in Between (Lesser, Su): You can briefly travel in the space between dimensions. As a move action, you can teleport to any space within a number of feet equal to your movement speed. You must have line of sight and line of effect to the destination. You can use this ability at will.

Hide in Between (Intermediate, Su): You can temporarily take shelter in the space in between reality and oblivion effectively placing yourself in a *maze* for a short while. While in this space, you can take actions normally, but are unable to affect other creatures. You can exit the *maze* effect as a swift action, and do not need to succeed on an Intelligence check to do so. You can spend up to 1 round per medium level in this private *maze* each day.

Drag Down (Greater, Su): Once per day, you can attempt to drag a creature into a hellish dimension. This functions as the spell *maze*, except that each round the target remains trapped in the *maze*, she suffers 1 point of damage for each point of Charisma bonus you possess.

Doll Transformation (Supreme, Sp): Once per day, as a standard action, you can transform a single creature into a miniature inanimate doll version of itself. This functions as polymorph any object, except that it can only be used to transform creatures into doll versions of themselves. For the purposes of determining the duration factor, the doll is treated as being related and of the same or lower intelligence. For constructs, the doll is treated as being the same kingdom. The saving throw DC to resist the effect is equal to 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier.

Night Stalker's Eve

Once each year, on Night Stalker's-Eve, the Crawling Gourd comes out to play, to scare us all, and make us believe, in things from which we should run away.

His body's a pumpkin, carved and grotesque, his limbs a tangle of grasping vines, the fear of fools is what he ingests, their tears and their screams he drinks like wine.

He brings with him ghosts, and goblins, and ghouls, crawling things with too many limbs, vampires, demons, and infernal devils, all sorts of monsters, terrible and grim.

This legion of fear he leads out that night, to seek out those who suffer no fear, to remind them why they should feel a fright, when alone in the dark, they feel something near.

They seek out clerics and priests, who think their gods can keep them secure, but when they see what the gourd has unleashed, their faith becomes just a little less pure.

They seek out wizards, who think they know all, and count themselves wise, and show them their pride will lead to a fall, and also their untimely demise.

They seek our warriors who've slain mighty foes, and think they can't be killed, and once they're done each warrior knows, the feeling of having his bones chilled.

If the night of the gourd you wish to survive, lock your doors, pull up the covers, and hide, feel the fear, terrible fear for you life, and maybe, just maybe, he'll pass you on by.

For they say that the thing that the gourd really wants, is not to kill, nor eat, nor maim, but to trigger a fearful response, and to those who cower he assigns no blame.

> So beware the things that lurk in the dark, the hidden terrors of your childhood days, the Crawling Gourd is no mere lark, and those who think so, surely will pay.

The Crawling Gourd

Also known as the Great Pumpkin, Jack-o'-the-Wisps, or the Night Stalker, this spirit is closely associated with the autumn, when the days begin to grow short, and the leaves fall from the trees, revealing twisted and gnarled shapes underneath. Most stories surrounding the spirit revolve around a legend that one night each year, in the autumn, the Crawling Gourd marshals an army of the most terrifying and horrible visions of the imagination to sow the world with fear, so that mortals never grow comfortable and complacent. Although most do not give much thought to the Crawling Gourd on any of the other nights of the year, the spirit persists nonetheless, and is happy to lend its might to summoners daring enough to call upon it.

Depictions of the Crawling Gourd tend not to vary much, and it is universally depicted as a large pumpkin (or, rarely, squash) with a hideous and toothy maw filled with fire, as though its mouth were a portal to some hellish realm of torment. It is nearly always depicted with a wide, menacing grin, and eyes made of dancing flames. It moves about on a mass of writhing vines, which serve as its limbs, and are covered in leaves shaped like hands.

Mediums who channel the Crawling Gourd report that it provides them with a sensation of playful cruelty, and the spirit seems to instill in those who channel it a desire to scare, torment, and otherwise harass those around them, not out of any kind of malice, but simply for the purpose of seeing their reaction. It is an odd compulsion for many, and mediums experienced with the spirit are quick to caution those who would channel it that they may be unsettled, after everything is said and done, by some of the things that they did while under the spirit's influence.

Monstrous races view the Crawling Gourd in a much different light from the tales that human and halfling civilizations tell about the spirit, often portraying the Crawling Gourd as a champion who will one day put an end to human dominance. In a few instances, the creatures have taken to worshiping the Crawling Gourd as a lesser deity. One goblin tribe in particular, the Punkinheads, even carve pumpkins with frightening faces and wear them as helmets when they ride into battle. It is unclear if the Crawling Gourd encourages this behavior, and few mediums so far have worked up the courage to investigate the matter closely.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Crawling Gourd, your spirit bonus applies on all Disguise checks, Intimidate checks, saving throws made against fear effects, and on all damage rolls.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on all Disguise and Intimidate checks.

Favored Locations: Anywhere outside on a moonless night, the houses of strangers, pumpkin patches, swamps.

Influence Penalty: You fall partially victim to the terror and fright that make manifest the crawling gourd. You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Fortitude saves. Additionally, if you begin your turn adjacent to a hostile creature, you must either end your turn adjacent to a hostile creature (either the same one you started your turn adjacent to, or a different one), or you must slay a hostile creature. You cannot willingly break this compulsion, but if circumstances force you to do so, you suffer penalties as though you had broken a taboo.

Taboos: Choose one: you cannot reveal your true form and must disguise yourself as one of the crawling gourd's minions so that he might recognize you as his own, requiring that you disguise yourself as an evil outsider, monstrous humanoid, oni, or undead, and that your disguise fools the first person you meet; you must make a sacrifice of food and luxury goods worth 10 gp per medium level; you must lead a child by the hand to face at least one non-humanoid creature of CR 5 or higher, and the child must spend at least 1 minute in the presence of the creature.

Spirit Powers: The Crawling Gourd offers the following spirit powers.

Frightful Visage (Lesser, Su): As a standard action, you can allow the Crawling Gourd to gain 1 point of influence over you; if you do, your face twists and warps into that of a horrible grinning demon, causing all creatures that can clearly see you to be overcome with fear. Each creature which can see you must succeed on a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) or become shaken. Creatures who fail their save by 5 or more are frightened, instead. Creatures whose total number of Hit Dice is higher than your medium level gain a +4 bonus on this save. You can choose to exempt up to 1 creature per point of Charisma modifier you possess each time you use this ability, rendering them immune to its effects. This is a mind-affecting fear effect.

Nightmare Curse (Intermediate, Sp): As a standard action, you can curse a single creature within 60 feet with horrible nightmares. The target must succeed on a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your class level + your Charisma modifier), or be affected as though by the spell *nightmare* each time he rests. The normal DC modifiers for *nightmare* do not apply to this ability, and saves made each night to resist the nightmare's effects are made against the same DC. The nightmares persist until the target succeeds on three consecutive saving throws to resist the effect, receives the benefits of a *remove curse* spell, or one week passes, whichever comes first. This is a curse effect.

Sow Fear (Greater, Su): As a standard action, you can allow the Crawling Gourd to gain 1 point of influence over you; if you do, you can create a horrible illusion that can cause instant death. This functions like the spell *phantasmal killer*, except that the saving throw DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier, and the target is still frightened even if she succeeds on her Fortitude save. You can use this ability a maximum of 3 times per day.

Frightening Form (Supreme, Sp): As a swift action, you can assume the form of a terrible creature. This functions as the spell monstrous physique IV or undead anatomy IV, except that the effect can be maintained only for a number of rounds each day equal to your medium level, and you can alter your form as a free action at any time while using this ability.

The Cunning Squire

Once upon a time, there was a young boy who wanted very much to be a knight. In fact, he wanted to be like one knight in particular, a dashing and heroic knight from the same region, well beloved by the people, who went by the name of Pellaeus. The boy spent all his days training to become a knight, practicing with a wooden sword, and even studying the knightly code of chivalry. Every now and then, after Pellaeus had successfully slain some terrible beast, or defeated a nefarious villain, he would parade through the towns of the region, and all the common folk would line up and cheer and throw flowers to him, and whenever he came to town, the boy would always push his way to the front of the crowd so he could see his idol.

In that time, each year, the knights of the land would go on a tour from town to town and have all the young men line up, and the knights would pick the ones they thought most suitable as squires. When the year came that the boy was finally old enough to participate in this ritual, he was incredibly nervous, especially when he noticed that Pellaeus was amongst those who were looking for a squire that year. Because he was the premier knight of the land, Pellaeus had the honor of choosing his squire first. He had the boys do a bit of sparring, to test their combat might, and asked each a few questions. Despite his nervousness, the young boy did quite well, and he was beside himself when Pellaeus chose him to be his squire!

But when the boy went back with Pellaeus to his castle and began to work as his squire, he quickly discovered that this was no dream come true. When he was alone, Pellaeus had a tendency to drink far too much, and he would become abusive, insulting the boy and beating him harshly. He did not spend any time training the boy to be a better knight, and, one day, when the boy finally worked up the nerve to ask Pellaeus about this, the knight laughed, and said that the boy would never be a knight, because then Pellaeus would just have to replace him with another boy.

Heartbroken, the boy fled to his chambers and cried for hours, knowing that his dreams of becoming a knight were dashed. If he left Pellaeus's service, he would be branded a deserter, and that would certainly not lead to knighthood. If he stayed with Pellaeus, he would never be a knight, and if he complained, who would believe him? Pellaeus was universally beloved!

As the boy sat sobbing to himself on the pile of hay that served as his bed, he became aware of someone watching him. Looking up, he saw a handsome man with dark hair and a well-trimmed goatee, wearing resplendent green robes with gold trim. The man's most unusual feature, however, was his eyes, which appeared to be literal emeralds embedded in his skull, and these multi-faceted gems glowed with an inner light as they stared down at the boy.

The man did not need to introduce himself, as the boy had heard other legends and tales of Emerald Eyes, master of illusion, deceiver and wish granter. Emerald Eyes asked the boy why he was crying, and though it was clear he already knew, the boy began to explain nonetheless, the words spilling out of him alongside the tears. Emerald Eyes explained to the boy that Pellaeus's power came from his reputation, and the façade that he maintained before the public. If the world were to know what Pellaeus was really like, everything would fall apart for the knight. And if they knew of the boy's suffering, then perhaps there would be a chance for the boy to make a better life for himself.

At Emerald Eyes' suggestion, the boy began to make very careful and deliberate mistakes in his service to Pellaeus. He would clean Pellaeus's armor until it was gleaming when Pellaeus came to inspect it, then "accidentally" dirty it again just before it was time for him to parade, when it was too late to do anything about it. He would bring Pellaeus a tankard of hard spirits at the wrong time, seemingly just trying to be helpful, but in fact embarrassing the knight.

Finally, after several weeks of this, one day, when a well-done sabotage on the straps holding Pellaeus's armor caused it to fall apart in the middle of a parade, the knight had had enough, and snarling with rage, he hopped down from his horse and, loudly berating the boy, he began to beat him then and there, in front of all. The other knights intervened, chastising him for his brutality. The young boy was praised for his patience for having put up with Pellaeus for as long as he had, and several of the knights offered to take him as a squire. Within a year, the boy was a knight of his own, and beloved by the people, who were sympathetic to the injuries he had suffered at Pellaeus's hand. As for Pellaeus himself, he was disgraced, and cast out from the knighthood, and no one in that land ever heard from him again.

Emerald Eyes

Reality is what you make it, and the only thing that matters is what you can make others believe. The appearance of power is often as good as the real thing. These are the credos by which the mysterious spirit known as Emerald Eyes lives. He is a spirit of deception, but more than that, he is a spirit of fantasies.

Emerald Eyes gets his name from his eyes, which, in every depiction of him, are literal emerald jewels, gleaming with an eldritch light that seems to come from within his skull. Other than this one feature, he can take a wide variety of forms, but most often takes the shape of a handsome middle-aged man with a well-trimmed beard and fine clothes. In some cultures he prefers the shape of an anthropomorphic jackal, fat with success, but still dressed in fine clothes (in fact, even finer).

To Emerald Eyes, appearance is everything, and a convincing illusion is as good as reality, or maybe even better. He is a showman first and foremost, and complains bitterly when those who channel him do not spend enough effort on their presentation, from dress and grooming to preparing witty remarks and speaking with dramatic emphasis, to things like arranging proper lighting or other artistic concerns.

Mediums who channel Emerald Eyes say that while they are channeling him, the world seems more colorful and vibrant, music more beautiful, and so on, and that once he is gone, the world seems dark and cheap and tacky. This drives many to channel the spirit more often, chasing the rush of life that his presence provides. Others find that his pragmatic advice is quite helpful in achieving their goals, and channel him less for his powers, and more as a sort of manager to guide them into presenting the best image that they can.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Emerald Eyes, your spirit bonus applies on Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks you make, as well as on the saving throw DCs of any illusion spells you cast of the figment or glamer subschools.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 morale bonus to AC against creatures that have never successfully damaged you.

Favored Locations: Ballrooms, carnivals, parliament or senate floors, theaters.

Influence Penalty: Too caught up in your own lies and image, you have difficulty perceiving the truth. You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Sense Motive checks, Wisdom checks, and Will saving throws. Additionally, the DC of any Intimidate check made against you is decreased by an amount equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you can never pay a compliment to another person, nor can you make requests of any other creature (although you can make demands); you must not allow your appearance to be unkempt, and must spend at least one hour each morning grooming and cleaning, and must not allow anything that would ruin your appearance (such as stains on clothes, tousled hair, and so on) to go unfixed for more than 1 hour; you must never willingly aid anyone of equal or lower social status than yourself.

Spirit Powers: Emerald Eyes offers the following spirit powers.

Emerald Magic (Lesser, Su): Instead of your normal spells per day for your medium level, you gain spells per day as though you were a mesmerist (see *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures* for the mesmerist spells per day table). For each level of spell you can now cast (including level o), each time you channel Emerald Eyes, select a single spell of that level from the sorcerer/wizard spell list to add to your medium spell list and spells known until you lose contact with Emerald Eyes. You may only choose spells of the enchantment or illusion schools to learn in this way.

Assume Identity (Intermediate, Su): You can create an entire persona from nothingness, and magically alter yourself to match it. Creating a persona in this way, or changing from one persona to another, requires 10 minutes of concentration. When you create a persona, you can alter your appearance (as the spell disquise self, except it also applies to tactile and auditory sensations), and your aura (as the spell aura alteration^{OA}). Further, any attempts to scry or otherwise magically locate you work only if the creature is attempting to locate your persona, rather than yourself. Similarly, any attempt to magically learn about you (such as with *legend lore*) only reveals information about the persona that the caster specifies, and does not produce information about your other personas, or your true identity (unless they knew your true identity and specified it as the target of the spell). You can change from one persona to another at will, and the persona remains indefinitely as long as you continue to channel Emerald Eyes.

Aura of Majesty (Greater, Su): As a swift action, by allowing Emerald Eyes to gain 1 point of influence over you, you can project an intangible aura of majesty and gravitas for 1 minute. This doubles your spirit bonus to Bluff, Diplomacy, and Intimidate checks, provided those checks are made against creatures within 30 feet of you, and also forces any creature within 30 feet of you that attempts to make a hostile action against you to succeed on a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your class level + your Charisma modifier) or be overcome with doubt, causing them to do nothing and lose that action instead (resources that would have been expended on the action, such as spell slots, charges from magic items, and so on, are not lost). A separate saving throw is made for each hostile action.

Deceptive Magic (Supreme, Sp): You can cast shadow conjuration and shadow evocation as spell-like abilities. The saving throw DC is Charisma-based, and your caster level is equal to your medium level. You can cast them at will, but must wait at least one minute between uses of this ability (both shadow conjuration and shadow evocation are counted as the same ability for this purpose). Whenever you cast one of these spells in this way, you can choose to increase the DC of the saving throw to disbelieve the spell by an amount equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus (rounded down). If you do, the resulting conjuration or evocation effect is reduced to o% real if it is disbelieved (it has no effect).

A Fiery Showdown

This is a tale of the Fiery Storm, how it came to be, and how a little town known as Devil's End was saved, after a fashion. It takes place a few years back, in a place not too far from here, just a ways off into the sunset, or so they say.

Now, Devil's End is a small little town out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by desert for as far as the eye can see. With only a few dozen folks to its name, even calling the place a town is a bit of a stretch, but with places as few and far between as they are out in those parts, even tiny little places like this quickly become important trading stops, and word starts to get around.

Unfortunately for the folks at Devil's End, word eventually got around to a group of bandits that had taken to hiding out in the mountains a couple days' ride from the town, and they decided that there was no point in scrounging for their own supplies, when there was a whole town nearby that they could squeeze for water and vittles. So these dastardly folks ride on down to Devil's End, and they're quite pleased to find that the place is so small it doesn't even have a proper wall built up around it. They ride on into the middle of Devil's End and declare, bold as bold can be, that the folks of Devil's End work for them now, to load up their saddlebags with as much food and whiskey as they can carry, and that they'll be back the next week for more. Of course, the folks in Devil's End were none too pleased about this, but the bandits were better armed and better skilled. And so the townsfolk loaded up their hard-earned food and liquor and the bandits rode off into the sunset.

But the folks of Devil's End didn't plan to put up with the bandits' demands going forward, no sir. Most of them started practicing with their weapons, and a few talked about sending for some mercenaries to take care of the problem, but there was one man in particular, a dwarf who'd settled down in the region from some strange and far off land that had steam and steel instead of magic, or so he'd always said. He worked as a tinker in Devil's End, mending broken pots and pans, but he was always working on strange contraptions in his workshop.

Most of the Devil's Enders didn't pay him much mind, and let him tinker away on his new toy, but they sure weren't counting on him to save the day, either, no matter how many times he told them it was going to cut all those bandits down like so much wheat. They went on with their own plans, but the mercenaries never showed, and how much good can one week of haphazard practice really do? When the next week rolled around, and the day the bandits were due finally came, the townsfolk weren't in much better shape than they had been before, or so it seemed.

But sure enough, that dwarf rolled out something under a big white sheet, pulling it right into town square. It sat there, humming and clanking and whirring beneath that sheet, and the townsfolk figured that they may as well let him try, and if it didn't work, they could always try fighting off the bandits on the next week. And so they all slunk back into their homes, locked the doors and closed the windows, and waited.

No one knows exactly what the bandits and that dwarf said to one another, and no one saw exactly what happened when he unveiled that strange contraption. But everyone heard the great big boom that followed, and the entire town of Devil's End was caught up in a huge cloud of soot and smoke that blocked out the sun, and kept folks from seeing the hands in front of their faces. And everyone also heard, a few moments later, the sounds of those bandits yelling and calling out that they were going to make the Devil's Enders pay. And their hearts all sank, knowing that the bandits hadn't been defeated after all, and the dwarf had just made them mad.

But then the smoke and ash in the air began to spin and churn about, and it picked up all the little pieces of that broken machine in its growing cyclone, and soon the town was clear, except for a giant black tornado of spinning, swirling ash and dust, which tore down main street like an imp out of hell, straight towards those bandits. It sucked them up like an old man gumming soup, and they screamed as they disappeared into that roiling blackness. At first, the townsfolk all cheered to see the bandits gone, but that didn't last long, as the tornado thing started rolling through the town, ripping up buildings (and more than a few folks) as it went. Nearly half the town was torn apart before the thing turned and headed off into the sunset, weaving this way and that, never slowing, and no sign of stopping, until it disappeared against the horizon, leaving the Devil's Enders to pick up the pieces and wonder what exactly just happened.

The Fiery Storm

Mistaken by some as an elemental spirit, the Fiery Storm is a young spirit, who has recently been spreading from his place of origin, a desolate and scorched land in which new technologies have been thriving. To some, it is a spirit of progress and technological achievement, but to many, it represents a growing and dangerous force that threatens to bury the world in ash and ruin, only to build something new and terrible in its place.

The Fiery Storm takes the shape of a spinning cyclone of ash, dust, and black powder, perhaps 12 feet tall. Various metal debris can be seen flying about within its cyclonic body, and brief flashes of fire or lightning periodically alight insight of it, which sometimes cause these metal scrap pieces to go flying out in random directions at high speeds. Near the base of the cyclone, where its body tapers off to be only a few inches in circumference, it is ringed by a single iron cog, which spins constantly in place along with it. Occasionally, the Fiery Storm is depicted as having two glowing red eyes, which float bodiless in its swirling mass, but more often it is completely inhuman.

Mediums who have channeled the Fiery Storm report that despite its name and volatile appearance, its personality is not fiery, but rather incredibly cold and calculating, rational almost to a fault. While channeling it, they say that they find themselves driven by a strong sense of purpose, and that it is difficult to consider other viewpoints, or even question their own goals and plans. Some claim that the spirit is malevolent, and actively seeks to end human life, but most state that it is simply indifferent to the lives of mortals, or their suffering, viewing such things as minor nuisances, and nothing more.

Because it is such a young spirit, there are few stories about the Fiery Storm, but those that do exist cast it alternately as a hero, overthrowing old and corrupt institutions (especially nobility), or as a malevolent force of nature which the story's hero must avoid or outwit in order to reach his goal.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Fiery Storm, your spirit bonus applies on ranged attack and damage rolls (including those made with splash weapons), Craft checks, and Disable Device checks.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on all damage rolls that deal fire damage.

Favored Locations: Battlefields, factories, junk yards, workshops.

Influence Penalty: Although it is a supernatural entity itself, the fiery storm discourages the use of traditional magic, and limits your connection to psychic realms. Your caster level is reduced by an amount equal to your spirit bonus. As usual, a reduced caster level may render you unable to cast spells. You can't benefit from effects that increase your caster level. Additionally, you suffer a penalty equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus on saving throws made to resist spells.

Taboos: Choose one: you must not aid in extinguishing any fires, and must set fire to at least 3 objects per day; you must

not pass up any opportunity to learn about technological objects, up to and including attempting to disassemble and reassemble them; you must eschew melee combat entirely: you cannot wield or even hold melee weapons, and you must never end your turn adjacent to an enemy.

Spirit Powers: The Fiery Storm offers the following spirit powers.

Gunslinger (Lesser, Su): You are proficient with all firearms. Additionally, you gain Point Blank Shot and Precise Shot as bonus feats.

Extra Ammo (Intermediate, Su): You gain the benefits of Rapid Reload for any firearm that you wield. Additionally, once per round, when you reload a firearm, you can spend a swift action to infuse the firearm with a number of additional, spectral shots equal to 1/2 its capacity (rounded down, minimum 1). These spectral shots function identically to normal bullets or cartridges, though they glow with eldritch light as they fly through the air, and disappear into nothingness after they hit. Finally, at any time, you can allow the Fiery Storm to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to reload a held firearm as a free action.

Trick Shooter (Greater, Su): You can perform special shots that require incredible marksmanship and accuracy. You gain the utility shot deed of the gunslinger class (Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Ultimate Combat), except that you can use the ability even if you do not have any grit points. Additionally, you gain the targeting deed of the gunslinger class, except that you do not need to spend grit to use the ability. Instead, you suffer a -2penalty on the attack roll, and can only use the ability a number of times per day equal to 1/2 your class level (rounded down). As a move action, you can allow the Fiery Storm to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to gain 3 additional daily uses of the targeting deed.

Explosive Shot (Supreme, Su): As a full-round action, you can imbue a held firearm with magical power, and then make a single attack with it. The shot explodes on impact, creating a 20-foot-radius explosion that deals 15d6 points of damage, half of which is fire damage and half of which is a mix of slashing and piercing from exploding metal shards, to each creature within the area. A successful Reflex save (DC 10 + 1/2 your class level + your Charisma modifier) halves this damage. You can choose to aim the shot at a space (AC 5), or at a creature or object. If you aim at a creature or object and hit, that creature suffers damage from the attack, in addition to the damage from the explosion, and automatically fails its saving throw to reduce the damage from the explosion. If you miss your target (whether it is a square or a creature or object), determine where the shot hits as though it were a splash weapon, but instead of travelling 1 square per range increment, it travels 3 squares per range increment, instead. You cannot use this ability in conjunction with the scatter weapon quality. You can use this ability 3 times per day without needing to allow the Fiery Storm to gain any influence over you. Each time you use this ability after that, you must allow the Fiery Storm to gain 1 point of influence over you.

The Curse of the Frog King

Once upon a time, there was a young prince with an insatiable appetite for women. He would travel about his kingdom in disguise, looking for beautiful young women and then seducing them. He would attempt to test his skill at romance by seeing if he could win over these ladies without revealing his true nature as the prince of the land, but he would always reveal himself a few days after he departed, sending the object of his tryst a bouquet of exotic flowers and a note with his seal. The most notable of his exploits he would share with his drinking companions, elaborating on each of his conquests in detail.

One day, his wanderings took him past the manor of an important countess in his lands, whose family was well known for their magical might, and he spied a maid doing the washing in the yard. Instantly, he became enraptured with the maid, who was incredibly beautiful, and seemed at once both horribly out of place performing this chore, and sanguinely comfortable with it. The prince, still in disguise, hurried over to her, and immediately began to pursue the maid, pretending at first to be a simple traveler.

The maid kindly rebuffed his advances, something that did not happen to the handsome prince very often, but his heart was set on winning over this beauty, and so he vowed that he would return each day with a new way to win her heart, until eventually she relented. The first day he brought her flowers. The next day he sang her a song that he had written for her. The third day he brought her a selection of chocolates. Each day, she politely refused, until finally, the prince finally removed his disguise and revealed his true name and status. The beautiful maid was quite surprised, and, blushing, she told him that she would grant his request, but only if he promised to keep a secret for her.

The prince eagerly agreed, and she revealed that she had been in disguise as well, and was, in fact, no maid at all, but the countess of the manor, who had been in magical disguise. She explained that she lived alone and that she had fallen on hard times, and could no longer afford to maintain a house staff, so she was forced to do all of the chores herself. She waited for the prince to laugh at her misfortune, but he did not, still overcome with his feelings for her, promising instead that he would personally see to arranging a staff for her. Then, he led her up to her chambers, and the two shared a night of passion.

The following day, he left, and a few days later, a full staff of servants arrived at the manor, bearing his good tidings, and having been paid in full for an entire year. The countess was quite grateful, and for a time all was well, but soon she began to notice, when she attended social functions and rubbed shoulders with the rest of the nobility, that all eyes seemed to be on her, and there were many whispered conversations and even raucous, laughing ones that ended abruptly when she walked by, so she used her magic to listen in on a bit of what her peers were talking about, and was mortified to discover that her financial situation, and the humiliation of having to serve as her own maid, was the talk of all the elite.

Furious, she confronted the prince, demanding to know why he had broken his promise to keep her secret. He laughed, explaining that it was endearing, really, and that he only told a few of his close friends, and no real harm was done. His words only fueled her anger and indignation, and she cursed him then and there, transforming him into a hideous, man-sized frog.

The prince was horrified, and promised to make things right, if she would simply undo her curse. The countess laughed bitterly, and retorted that once a secret is shared, it is all but impossible to undo any damage it might cause. But, she went on to explain that the curse would be lifted when, and only when, there was no one left alive who remembered any of the secrets that the prince had told in his entire life. Then, she departed magically to her manor, and remained there the rest of her days.

No longer recognizable as his former self, the prince was chased out of the castle and took refuge in a deep, dark bog. Forever since, they say he has never told another secret, and that he roams the swamps, preventing any who discover its secrets from leaving.

The Frog King

A spirit of hidden things and their discovery, the Frog King is both a teller of secrets and a protector of them. In particular, he concerns himself with things that are hidden far from sight, and in the stories, most of the secrets he shares are ugly and terrible things, that it turns out would have been better off never being learned: ancient and crumbling ruins in thick jungles, long ago forgotten and abandoned by those that built them, the mass graves where the victims of grisly murders are dumped to hide the evidence, or secret vaults heavily warded to prevent any from accessing the terrible cursed artifacts that are held inside are the sorts of things that the Frog King might show to a prospective channeler.

The Frog King is always depicted as a humanoid frog, typically either the size of a man or the size of an ogre, which is dressed in royal regalia, such as a crown, a red or purple velvet cape lined with ermine, and often a large golden key hanging from a necklace around his neck. He is often shown with a broadsword on his person, as well.

Mediums who channel the Frog King relate that he does not influence their feelings nearly as much as other spirits do, almost as though he were hiding even his personality from the medium. They often find that they are somewhat more likely to take note of small details and piece together seemingly unrelated pieces of information than they are normally able to do.

The Frog King does not appear as the protagonist of very many stories in folklore, relative to the other spirits found in this book, but there are a very large number of stories in which he appears as a minor character, usually as someone who either helps or hinders the main character in the story. Most often he appears when a hero discovers some grisly secret, and forces them not to share what they have learned under penalty of a terrible curse, but other times, heroes seek him out for secret knowledge, which he provides in exchange for performing difficult or seemingly impossible tasks.

Because so many of the secrets the Frog King collects are hideous and terrible, and reside in the dark and unpleasant corners of the world, the Frog King himself has come to be linked to these locations, and is rarely encountered (or described in stories to be encountered) anywhere other than bogs, mires, sewers, and the like.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the frog king, your spirit bonus applies on attack rolls, Fortitude saves, initiative checks, and all Knowledge skill checks.

Séance Boon: You ignore the effects of nonmagical difficult terrain while in swamp environments.

Favored Locations: Bogs and swamps, docks, mass graves, sewers.

Influence Penalty: The Frog king demands that you keep secret any covert information you learn to yourself. You cannot willingly reveal a secret to anyone while the frog king has at least 3 points of influence over you, and you suffer a penalty on all skill checks, except for Knowledge skill checks.

Taboos: Choose one: you must devour a live frog every hour on the hour to appease the frog king's great hunger; you cannot knowing tell anyone anything that they do not already know; you must limit your speech, speaking no more than 100 words per day (though magical words used to activate magical items or to cast spells do not count against this total).

Spirit Powers: The Frog King offers the following spirit powers.

Mire Warrior (Lesser, Ex): You embody the Frog King's legendary warrior strength while in his home land. You gain a +2 bonus on initiative checks and Knowledge (geography), Perception, Stealth, and Survival checks, as well as a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls, which is doubled if the target of the attack is denied his Dexterity bonus to AC. These bonuses apply only when you are in a swamp environment. At 8th level and every five levels thereafter, the bonuses to initiative and skill checks increase by +2, and the bonus to attack and damage rolls increases by +1. This counts as a ranger's favored terrain class feature, does not stack with favored terrain bonuses, and counts as that feature for the purposes of meeting prerequisites.

Croaking Call (Intermediate, Sp): Three times per day, you can emit an enormous croaking sound, instantly summoning a swarm of frogs, as the spell *rain of frogs*^{UM}, except that the frogs never attack you or your allies (you are still unable to control them directly), and the spell's duration changes to 1 minute (you no longer need to concentrate on it). You cannot use this ability while a previous instance of this ability is still active.

Conceal Secret (Greater, Sp): You are able to channel the Frog King to keep secrets from becoming known, devouring the memories of others to prevent the spread of knowledge. As a full-round action that provokes attacks of opportunity, you may attempt a melee touch attack against a single living creature. If the attack is successful, the target is affected as though by the spell *modify memory*, except that there is no saving throw and you can only eliminate memories. You can eliminate up to 10 minutes of memory per class level from the target's mind, leaving behind only a faint memory of horrible croaking sounds.

Learn Secret (Supreme, Sp): You can use your connection to the Frog King in order to learn some of its vast knowledge. Once per day, by spending 10 minutes communing with the spirit, you can learn nearly anything you wish as though by the spell *contact other plane*, as though you made contact with a greater deity on an outer plane. There is no chance of incurring a decrease to your Intelligence or Charisma scores through this effect, and the Frog King has incredibly vast knowledge, especially of secret things, but refuses to provide information about events that transpired more than 100 years ago.

The Great Goblin Song

There once was a goblin so small, he could hardly be seen at all. He was mocked by his brothers and sisters, who gave him bruises and blisters, and left on the ground in a sprawl.

But one day the small goblin found, a brown bottle, oblong and round. It smelled slightly sweet and malty, but not in the least bit faulty, so he greedily drank it all down.

And as he guzzled the beer, for reasons that still aren't quite clear, he began to rapidly grow, from his head al the way to his toes, and he let out a great wild cheer.

When the goblin had finished the draught, he'd grown an inch and a half, but it wasn't enough, he wanted more of the stuff, so he set out to find where it was at.

He drank five bottles of rum, then ale, just one or two drums, with each drink he grew bigger, gaining strength, and weight, and vigor, though they also made him a little dumb.

He forgot why he was drinking, and got around to thinking. There should be a celebration, by the entire goblin nation, and that's when he became the goblin king.

He led the goblins in dance and in feast, they drink ales of all kinds, and roasted many beasts and when their stocks were seeming poor, they'd just go raiding and steal some more, and it seemed there'd never again be peace.

> When hope seemed lost, there arose, a band of plucky young heroes, who put a stop to the goblin's games, and sent his hordes packing in shame, bringing our song to a close.

But they say the great goblin revels still, dancing, eating, and drinking swill, his revels will go on for ever, for the great goblin will never, ever, ever, ever, ever get his fill.

The Great Goblin

At a glance, the Great Goblin would appear to be a racial spirit associated with goblins and goblinoids, and the Great Goblin certainly has strong ties to goblinoids of all sorts, and goblins in particular, but there is far more to the spirit than that, for the Great Goblin is also a spirit of consumption and revelry, promoting endless feasting, without regard to whether or not the feasters are even hungry, and calling for endless dances and revels, even from those too exhausted to continue.

The Great Goblin is always depicted as a goblin the size of an ogre, but with the same proportions of a normal goblin. When the Great Goblin is depicted eating or sitting on his throne, he is shown to be incredibly fat, with great bulging girth, but when he is shown standing, dancing, or leading goblin hordes, he appears to be thin, lithe, and agile. Of course, because most of the depictions of the Great Goblin are drawn by goblins themselves, the majority of these depictions are of very poor quality, and lacking in many details.

Mediums who have channeled the Great Goblin report that they feel a constant desire for food and drink of all sorts, which is not so much a hunger as it is a craving, and which no amount of consumption can actually seem to abate. They also report that as long as they remain active, the Great Goblin seems to fill them with an endless well of manic energy, but that if they cease acting, that energy quickly vanishes, and is replaced with a great lethargy bordering on depression, which does not abate until they once again bring themselves to be active.

According to goblin legend, the Great Goblin was once a living, breathing goblin. Some stories say that he was amongst the greatest goblin warriors of all the goblin tribes, while others claim that he was a weak and puny goblin, but all agree that he began devouring everything in his path, and as he did so he grew to immense proportions. Other goblins flocked beneath his banner, and he led them on a massive conquest that ended in a celebration that lasted for 40 days and 40 nights of feasting, dancing, gluttony, and debauchery. At the end of this time, the Great Goblin is said to have simply vanished, leaving behind no trace that he ever was. Most scholars that interest themselves in the Great Goblin are skeptical of this story, but goblins that believe in the spirit are very insistent on its veracity, sometimes going to great and violent lengths to "disprove" critics by attacking them and gorging on their intestines.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Great Goblin, your spirit bonus applies on attack rolls. You also add your spirit bonus to the number of rounds you are affected by a consumed magical elixir, poison, potion, or similar imbibed substance.

Séance Boon: You gain a +4 bonus on damage rolls made against targets you are flanking.

Favored Locations: Caves, drinking halls, festivals, sites of goblin battles.

Influence Penalty: The Great Goblin demands nearly constant consumption, revelry, and violence. Each hour, you must consume enough food to sustain a Medium humanoid for 1 day, as well as 1 alcoholic beverage. If you spent time during the last hour in battle, this demand is waived. Failure to consume on such a scale causes you to become voraciously hungry, rendering you fatigued. Additionally, you suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Strength- and Dexterity-based skill and ability checks.

Taboos: Choose one: you must not slay any goblinoid creatures or lend any aid to a creature you know to have slain goblinoid creatures in the past; whenever you speak, you must do so to a musical tune, and must make a reasonable effort to rhyme; you must attempt to kill any horse or canine you encounter

Spirit Powers: The Great Goblin offers the following spirit powers.

Goblin Mouth (Lesser, Ex): Your mouth grows large and toothy like that of the Great Goblin. You gain a secondary bite natural attack which deals 1d4 points of damage on a successful hit (1d3 points of damage if you are Small).

Goblin Form (Intermediate, Ex): You become more like the Great Goblin. If you are not a goblin, you gaining the goblinoid subtype, darkvision, a +10-foot enhancement bonus to your movement speed, and a +4 racial bonus to Stealth checks. If you were already a goblin, instead your existing darkvision increases to a range of 120 feet, and your size increases to Medium, granting you a +2 size bonus to Strength.

Hordemaster (Greater, Su): You possess an innate aura that attracts goblins to flock to you, and obey your commands. Within 1 hour of channeling the Great Goblin, a number of goblin warriors (goblin fighter 2) equal to your medium level travel to your location and offer to aid you. They follow your orders, even suicidal ones, though for any order that takes longer than 10 minutes to perform, there is a cumulative 5% chance per 10 minutes that the goblins get bored and do something else, unless you supervise them directly.

Additionally, these goblins are exceptionally skilled at hindering foes. As a standard action, these goblins can make an attack roll against AC 10. If they succeed, they impose a -2 penalty to their choice of either attack rolls, AC, damage rolls, or skill checks to a single adjacent creature. This penalty lasts until the beginning of the goblin's next turn. Multiple instances of this ability stack, up to a maximum penalty of -6.

Superior Goblins (Supreme, Su): Your very presence makes goblins more potent. Your goblin allies within 60 feet gain a +4 enhancement bonus to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution. Additionally, they gain the stench universal monster ability. The DC is equal to 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier, and the duration is 1 minute. Goblins are immune to this stench, as are you.

The Secret of Great Wealth

Long ago, before the empty one had the chance to become a god and chose to become a spirit instead, when he was just a mortal man of great insight and wisdom, there was a day when three great lords travelled to his temple. They had heard rumors that the Empty One knew the mystical secret of acquiring great wealth, and had come to beg that he teach them this secret. In order to reach his temple, they had first to travel across a great and barren desert, then climb a tall and treacherous mountain that stood in the very center of the desert.

When they arrived, they found the empty one meditating in the snow, just outside of his grand stone temple at the mountain's peak. They fell to their knees before him, explaining why they had come, and entreating him to bestow his wisdom upon them. The Empty One smiled and nodded, stating that he was glad that they had come, and that they must be tired after their long travel to reach him. He invited them to rest and warm themselves in his temple, and that they could discuss the secret of acquiring great wealth on the following morning.

The great lords eagerly went into the temple, which was quite comfortable, with a staff of servants, and a surprising variety of food and drink, including exotic delicacies from far-off lands. The lords were used to such things, however, and paid them barely any mind, each finding exquisite bedrooms and sleeping away their weariness after sating their great hunger and thirst.

In the morning, they awoke and wandered outside the temple, where they found the Empty One waiting for them, still meditating in the snow. Once again, they fell to their knees, begging him to share the secret of great wealth to them. He asked them why they wished to know, remarking upon their fine clothing and regal demeanor, for surely each of these great lords was rich enough already. Each of the lords began to explain why he felt he deserved the secret of acquiring great wealth. The first lord said that, mighty as his wealth was, still some of his subjects went hungry, and even if he spent himself into poverty to feed them, he could not feed them all, so he needed more wealth to save his people. The second lord said that every means of acquiring wealth he knew of required taking it from others, and he hoped to find a way to increase his own wealth without having to reduce that of his neighbor. The third lord said that he deserved the knowledge, for he was wise and strong, and that the wealth he had did not reflect what he was due.

The Empty One nodded gravely as he considered each of their answers, and told them that he could share the secret of acquiring great wealth with them, but he warned them that in order to truly master the secret, they would need to stay with him for at least a year, and perhaps longer. The lords protested that they could not leave their lands alone for so long, but ultimately, with some grumbling, they agreed, reasoning that any setbacks would be quickly overcome once they obtained great wealth.

But the Empty One was not done. He added that while they were learning, they would not be able to set foot in the lavish temple, but would instead have to rest in a nearby cave, and sustain themselves on insects, for the entire year. The lords were outraged at the idea, and demanded to know why they should be subjected to such treatment. But the Empty One simply smiled and said that if they did not listen to him, they would not truly learn.

The great lords agreed to his terms reluctantly. Each day they would discuss philosophy with the Empty One in the snow outside the temple, and each night they would sleep in a cold cave and subside on meager insects. After the first few days, however, they noticed that none of the servants ever left the temple, and the Empty One never entered it, and so, weak of will, they each began sneaking into the temple each night to sleep in a warm bed and eat a proper meal.

After a year had passed, the Empty One announced that they were now ready to hear the secret of acquiring great wealth, which was that if you desire only what you already have, you will be truly wealthy indeed. The great lords were outraged, demanding to know why they had needed to spend a year sleeping in a cave to learn this. The Empty One responded that if they did not endure those hardships, and merely heard his words, they would not understand his meaning, and he invited them to return once more to the temple. Confused, the great lords returned to the temple.

What they found inside, however, was that it was cold and desolate. The servants were rotting corpses, unmoving, and having not moved for centuries. The beds had long since rotted to nothingness, and the dishes all swarmed with vermin. They asked the Empty One what the meaning of this was, and he explained that whether they lived richly or poorly, it didn't truly make a difference, and instead, it was how they perceived the wealth of their surroundings that determined how wealthy they were.

Lao, the Empty One

There are several spirits channeled by mediums that are believed to have once been something else, but there are none where this claim is as well established as Lao, the Empty One. Lao was a mortal philosopher who died just over 250 years ago. Lao preached the importance of asceticism, and taught that in order to achieve perfection, one must rid oneself of all worldly concerns, claiming that by doing so, one could ascend to a higher state of being, shed their corporeal body, and live as an eternal being of pure thought and energy.

His message quickly spread, and within a few years his teachings had made it from one end of his country to the other, and he had armies of followers at his beck and call. While many would have found ways to take advantage of such a situation, regardless of their original intentions, Lao retreated to a secluded monastery high at the top of a very inhospitable mountain, refusing to share his teachings with anyone who was not willing to brave the hazards and difficulties of reaching him. His following quickly began to dwindle, and though there are still those who follow in his footsteps today, there are many more who know nothing of him, and likely never will.

Whether Lao eventually achieved the enlightened state that he sought, and became a spirit that way, or whether it was the power of the belief of all of the followers that he had amassed in his lifetime that created the spirit known as the Empty One is up for debate, but within a few years of Lao's death, there are reports of mediums contacting and channeling his spirit. As the Empty One, Lao still espouses self sacrifice and asceticism, championing those who would give endlessly and keep nothing at all for themselves.

The Empty One is often thought of as a particularly good-natured spirit because of its focus on charity and selflessness, but there are those who point out that in many of the stories about the Empty One, he prompts those who follow him to give away more than they can truly survive without, and his exacting and unflinching standards of selfdenial lead many who are too weak to follow in his path to ruination. Some modern scholars now point to the stories of the Empty One was warnings of what can happen when one allows good intentions to override common sense, and overextends oneself.

The Empty One is often depicted with simply the outline of a bald human man, devoid of all detail. In cases where he is depicted more artistically, and the artist takes the time to create a more impressive image, he is generally shown as a hairless man with no arms and no legs, whose torso emerges from the center of a giant lotus flower in full bloom.

Mediums that have channeled the Empty One report that he is a difficult spirit to please, and that no matter how hard they try at any given task, or how much they deny themselves in order to please him, he is always pushing for them to work harder, and to give up even more. Some mediums, typically those who channeled him less for the power he grants and more to pursue his philosophies, have been driven to their deaths by giving in too fully to the Empty One's demands, and novice channelers are warned to take great care when channeling this spirit. **Spirit Bonus:** When you channel the Empty One, as long as you are wearing no armor and not carrying a medium or heavy load, your spirit bonus applies as a dodge bonus to AC. Your spirit bonus also applies on attack and damage rolls made with unarmed strikes.

Séance Boon: You gain a +1 dodge bonus to AC.

Favored Locations: Churches, hospitals, monasteries, orphanages.

Influence Penalty: You begin to starve and waste away. You suffer a penalty to your Constitution score equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you must refuse wealth, taking nothing for yourself except for food and water (you cannot select this taboo if you have acquired any wealth within the last week); you must not willingly accept any magical aid for yourself, and must attempt a saving throw against all harmless spells cast upon you; you must abstain from food and drink, including magical potions and elixirs.

Spirit Powers: Lao, the Empty One offers the following spirit powers.

Ascetic Combat (Lesser, Ex): The Empty One enhances your ability to fight without weapons and armor. You gain a bonus to your AC equal to your Charisma modifier so long as you wear no armor, and your unarmed strikes deal 1d6 points of damage (or 1d4 points of damage for a Small creature). Additionally, you gain the benefits of the Improved Unarmed Strike feat. At 10th level, your unarmed strikes deal 1d8 points of damage, and at 15th level your unarmed strikes deal 2d6 points of damage (or 1d6 and 1d8, respectively, for Small creatures).

Inner Magic (Intermediate, Su): The Empty One focuses the latent energy of your body into your hands. Your unarmed strikes count as magical weapons and weapons of your alignment for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction. Additionally, you gain the flurry of blows class feature of the monk class, and treat your medium level as your monk level for the purposes of determining how many additional attacks you make, and what base attack bonus is used for those attacks.

Inner Shield (Greater, Ex): The Empty One defends you from harm. So long as you wear no armor, you gain DR 5/—. Additionally, as immediate action, you can allow the Empty One to gain one point of influence over you in order to increase this damage reduction by an amount equal to twice the number of points of influence the Empty One has over you. This increase lasts until the beginning of your next turn.

Inner Emptiness (Supreme, Ex): The Empty One teaches you how to make yourself physically and spiritually empty. You gain a constant 20% miss chance, as your body becomes partially incorporeal, and you begin to transcend physicality. Because this miss chance is due to your body only partially existing, it applies even to creatures with *true seeing*, blindsight, and so on.

Making a Deal with the Miser's Hand

The Miser's Hand is an otherworldly entity that is poorly understood, which is something that it exploits to its advantage. Though many find it unsettling to deal with a creature best described as a giant, disembodied hand that is covered in dozens of different-colored eyes, the allure of quick and easy wealth is a siren's call that few can deny, and it is said that the Miser's Hand has amassed great stores of wealth over the milennia in its otherworldly vaults, and it is always willing to make a deal.

They say that it's foolish to deal with the Miser's Hand, because he'll cheat you every time. This isn't entirely true, but for most it might as well be. The Miser's Hand always profits, in the end, on every single deal it makes. Make no mistake about that. And while it might seem, at a glance, that this means that anyone who deals with it must lose, the important thing to remember is that, while rare, it is possible for there to be a deal in which both sides turn a profit. The really important thing, when entreating the Miser's Hand, however, is that one must know, instinctively, and for certain, how highly they value everything, from gold and commodities, to their soul, to the little, basic things, like memories of days long past, or your relationships with your friends and family.

The Miser's Hand is always after gold and other wealth, of course, but it knows, perhaps better than anyone, that there are other kinds of value. And because so many of those who deal with the Miser's Hand are the base and greedy seeking to get a taste of the vast fortunes stored in the Miser's Hand's otherworldly vaults, it must find ways to take other forms of payment, which it can then profit on later.

It seems, at a glance, that losing the memory of your first kiss, or a simple childhood trinket, or even your name would not be such a great blow, if it came in exchange for riches and wealth. But of course, once these things are lost, there is only one way to get them back, and those with seller's remorse find that the Miser's Hand has a monopoly on the one thing that they now crave more than anything else in the whole world. And, in the rare circumstance where the owner of the lost item does not have a dramatic change of heart, the Miser's Hand is always careful to choose prices that it can potentially find other buyers for.

They don't come along very often, but there are undoubtedly success stories of those who have dealt with the Miser's Hand. Baron Rilkov bought his lands and his title with money that he received from the Miser's Hand, and he's quite open about that fact, though he refuses to state what price he paid for the funds. Another noble, or rather, ex-noble, Gorman Ferudi was the scion of a dwindling family of great heritage and pedicure, but which had come on hard times, and no longer had a penny to their name, unable to even keep their once-grand manor from becoming dilapidated and unsafe. Then he traded his titles and heritage to the Miser's Hand in exchange for riches, and has happily lived the life of a thrill-seeking bachelor ever since. Another, less famous example is that of Ellen Pageby, who was unable to pay for the expensive magic required to save her ailing mother from a terrible illness, and so sold her relationship with her grandmother to the Miser's Hand in exchange for the necessary funds. The grandmother no longer recognizes Ellen, and forgets her as soon as she leaves her sight, but she is well and happy, and that is all that matters to her granddaughter.

Some (many the victims of one-sided deals with the Miser's Hand) claim that all of these examples are the result of a deliberate scam by the extraplanar and inhuman entity, who allows a few individuals to have great success in order to spread the word and attract others on whom it can prey, but most believe that for one who truly knows what he wants, and understands the value of even obscure and abstract things, making a profitable deal with the Miser's Hand is a real possibility.

The Miser's Hand

A spirit of greed and hoarded wealth, the Miser's Hand is revered by those obsessed with wealth and power. Known primarily for its massive extraplanar vaults and the incredible wealth that they contain, the exact origins of the Miser's Hand are unknown, and most of those who deal with the spirit don't concern themselves very much with such things. Instead, most interest in the Miser's Hand comes from those who wish to wheel and deal with the spirit, making barters and trades in the hopes of gaining some of its immense wealth. Of course, the Miser's Hand did not acquire its vast wealth through charity or foolish dealings, and while many of its bargains seem generous on the surface, they often prove disastrous to those who underestimate the mercantile spirit.

The Miser's Hand is generally depicted as a giant human hand, slightly larger than a full-grown man, with deathly pale skin, which is dotted with dozens of eyes with golden irises, each of which stares in a different direction, and blinks independently of the others. Rare older depictions of the Miser's Hand instead show it as an enormous eye from which numerous long, slender arms, all pale white, emerge in every direction, each of which ending in a hand that constantly grasps at the empty air.

Those who channel the Miser's Hand report a feeling of cold, calculating cunning, and a complete lack of empathy, as though every one and every thing had been reduced to a simple mathematical value, and could easily be weighed against one another to determine a course of action with the most possible value. Many find that this leaves them with a lingering feeling of emptiness and self-loathing once they stop channeling the spirit, which persists for a few days, although mediums who were already inclined to view the world in the pragmatic way of the Miser's Hand do not suffer this particular side effect.

Most commonly, stories involving the Miser's Hand feature individuals who make deals or trades with the entity, in an attempt to acquire its incredible wealth. In stories, the Miser's Hand is often willing to accept strange and seemingly valueless trinkets, or occasionally abstract concepts such as memories or relationships, in exchange for fortunes of gold. In these stories, however, the deal always ends poorly for the bargainer, who discovers too late that the cost was far greater than he originally believed it to be. These sorts of deals seem to be the province only of stories, however, and mediums who deal with the Miser's Hand report that it deals only in items with real, calculable value, generally showing an interest in purchasing items it believes will increase in value over the next century or two.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Miser's Hand, your spirit bonus applies on Appraise, Diplomacy, Sense Motive, and Sleight of Hand checks, on CMB checks to perform disarm and steal combat maneuvers, on Reflex saving throws, and on initiative checks.

Séance Boon: You gain a +1 bonus on Sleight of Hand checks, and on CMB checks to perform disarm steal combat maneuvers.

Favored Locations: Bazaars, mausoleums, mines, vaults.

Influence Penalty: You are overwhelmed with the desire to gain wealth, to the exclusion of all else, and suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on all damage rolls, Constitution checks, and Fortitude saves.

Taboos: Choose one: you must purchase an item worth at least 1 gp every day (this is an exception to your influence penalty which prevents you from spending gold), and end the day with more currency than you had when you started; you must never share your items with anyone, including administering healing potions on others, and if you cast any spells denoted as harmless from a scroll or wand, you can only cast them on yourself; you cannot willingly part with gold, jewels, or valuable art objects for any reason.

Spirit Powers: The Miser's Hand offers the following spirit powers.

Know Value (Lesser, Su): By handling an item for 1 minute, you can learn its exact gp value, and you gain a +10 bonus on Spellcraft checks made to identify the item; however, the DC to determine if the item is cursed is increased by 10 when using this ability. Additionally, you do not provoke attacks of opportunity for making dirty trick, disarm, or steal combat maneuvers.

Rite of Commerce (Intermediate, Su): By spending a full minute conducting a special ritual, you can broker an exchange with the Miser's Hand, sacrificing a single object, which is whisked away to an extradimensional vault, and receiving gold in its place. Choose a single object in your possession (or, in the case of paired magic items, such as gloves or boots, both items in the pair). The item vanishes, and is replaced by an amount of gold equal to 1/2 the market price of the item. Additionally, three times per day, you can perform the ritual in reverse, offering gold and receiving a single object whose market price is equal to or less than the amount of gold offered. You cannot purchase specific items in this way (for example, you could purchase a pair of *bracers of armor* +1, but not the pair that belong to a particular mage).

If you offer up your soul as an additional offering when performing this ritual, you can either receive gold equal to 1.5 times the market price of an offered item, or you can purchase an object whose market price is equal to or less than 1.5 times the amount of gold offered. If you offer your soul in this way, it is lost forever to the Miser's Hand's vault, and if you die, you cannot be resurrected by any means, unless your soul is somehow recovered from its resting place.

Save the Charge (Greater, Su): The Miser's Hand allows you to preserve some of the magical potency of your gear. Whenever you use a charge from an item with a limited number of charges, you can accept one point of influence from the miser's hand in order to immediately restore the lost charge.

Lord of Wealth (Supreme, Su): The miser's hand utterly consumes you, acting as a beacon for wealth. You are constantly aware of the location of any magic items, gems, and art objects within 100 feet of you, and can learn details about an item as though with the spell legend lore by handling it for 1 minute.

For Love of Cooking

Long ago, in a far-away land, there lived a young man who loved to cook. Born to a family of poor turnip farmers, each day he would take the family's meager food for the day and lovingly prepare it in new and creative ways, turning what would otherwise be a dull and bland dish into a delectable feast. The other farming families took notice of the delicious aromas that came from the young man's house, and one by one, each began to bring him their own food each week, asking him if he would please work his magic on their meals, as well. The young man happily agreed, and did not ask the others for payment, saying that the looks of happiness and satisfaction on the faces of his neighbors was payment enough, although many insisted on leaving him small tokens of their appreciation, all the same.

One evening, the local lord came down from his castle and into the little farming village where the young man lived, and he was surprised to find that no one was in their homes. Following the sound of the crowd and the smell of the delicious feast, he made his way to the young man's home, and asked why everyone had gathered there. When they explained it to him, he insisted upon tasting the young man's cooking right away, and declared on the spot that the roasted turnip was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted, even better than boar stew or minced pheasant, and announced that the young man would come be his chef at the castle. The young man was excited for the opportunity to work with new and exotic ingredients, and eager to please his lord, and so he agreed, but he was also saddened, because this meant that he would not be able to share his food with his family and friends.

The young man cooked for his lord for quite some time, and he prepared a great variety of fine cuisine. The lord was quite pleased, and exuberantly enjoyed every meal, but at the end of each, he would say that it was not quite as good as that first meal the young man had made for him, down in the village. Still, each meal was delicious nonetheless, and things went quite well for the young man.

Eventually, the king came to visit the local lord. The lord, quite proud of the young man that had become his chef, insisted on a glorious feast, and exclaimed to the king that he would taste a banquet like nothing he had ever had before. The king was most intrigued, and when the young man unveiled his latest culinary creation, both agreed that it was an amazing masterpiece, the likes of which they had never had before. Except, added the lord thoughtfully, that first meal down in the village. The king declared that the young man must accompany him back to the capital to be the royal chef, as all food henceforth would taste like ash by comparison to the young man's works. The lord reluctantly agreed, and the young man set off with the king and his entourage, once again feeling a mix of excitement and sadness.

The young man spent years as the royal chef, and over the years he prepared feasts for visiting nobles, high holy holidays, and of course the king's nightly meals. Everyone praised his great skill, but with each passing year, his heart was less and less in his cooking, as he longed for his family and friends, left far behind in his small village. As his mood worsened, his food began to suffer. Though it was still cooked expertly, with the finest ingredients, somehow it would always come out tasting bland and tasteless. The king and all the important nobles didn't seem to notice, and still nodded and smiled absently, declaring the food the best they'd ever tasted, but the young man nonetheless knew it to be true.

One morning, when the king awoke to find he had no breakfast, he inquired after the young man, and the royal guard reported that his room was empty, except for a single large book filled with recipes. The king was gravely disappointed, but life goes on, and the book was put in storage for some time. Years later, when a prince, grandson of the king in this story, was playing, he found the book, and was shocked that when he read from it aloud, the fruits and vegetables in kitchen came alive, and formed themselves in the shape of a man. The vegetable-man was quite friendly, and the two became fast friends, going on to have many adventures together. He also instilled in the prince a great love of food and of cooking, and, with his help, the prince went on to become a master chef, amazing the world with his creations. What happened to the book after that is unknown, and it is believed to have passed hands many times, with the spirit of the book, Mister Turnip, going on to train generation after generation of exceptional chefs.

Mister Turnip

Wherever there is delicious cuisine expertly prepared, the satisfied feeling of warmth and contentment that comes from eating delicious food, or even simple meals cooked with love over a family hearth, there is Mister Turnip, a spirit of good food and good nature.

Mister Turnip is depicted as a smiling and garrulous gentleman whose (slightly rotund) body is made up of a composite of herbs and vegetables, with radishes for eyes, a tomato for a nose, broccoli hair and an oversized turnip for a head.

Mediums who have channeled Mister Turnip describe the experience as immensely satisfying, making them feel warm and secure for as long as he is with them. His love of food is great, and can often prove a distraction to mediums who channel him, although those who channel him regularly often become excellent chefs, and some restauranteurs are even rumored to secretly rely on channeling him for help.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Mister Turnip, your spirit bonus applies on Fortitude saves and Constitution checks. Additionally, when you begin channeling Mister Turnip, your maximum and current hit points increase by an amount equal to 5 times your spirit bonus. When you stop channeling Mister Turnip, your maximum hit points are reduced by this amount, but your current hit point total remains the same (or reduced to your maximum, if it would be higher).

Séance Boon: You gain a +4 bonus on saving throws made to resist fear and emotion effects.

Favored Locations: Farms, kitchens, markets, restaurants.

Influence Penalty: Mister Turnip is not a spirit of violence, and your combat abilities suffer while channeling him. You suffer a penalty equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus (rounded up) on attack rolls, damage rolls, and Reflex saves, as well as to AC, CMB, and CMD.

Taboos: Choose one: you must offer a food item, prepared by yourself, to each non-hostile creature you interact with the first time you interact with them; you must never pass up offered food, or fail to finish any food that you put on your plate; you must never miss a meal, and must eat each meal at a table with proper plates, cutlery, serving dishes, and etiquette.

Spirit Powers: Mister Turnip offers the following spirit powers.

Magic Cooking (Lesser, Sp): You gain the ability to cook wondrous foods that are infused with magic. These food items can take any form, but function similarly to a potion. Most mediums choose to make stews or small pastries that are easily consumed (a move action), but you can choose to use this ability when creating any type of food (however, a single creature must consume the entire food item in order to gain any benefit from it, and larger foodstuffs may also take longer to consume).

The amount of time it takes to prepare the food item is at least 5 minutes (certain food items, such as cakes or whole turkeys, may take considerably longer). You must declare which spell will be stored in the food item when you begin making it, and it must be chosen from the following list:

<u>ist-level</u>: ant haul^{APG}, cure light wounds, endure elements, enlarge person, polypurpose panacea^{UM}, reduce person, remove fear, remove sickness^{UM}, or vocal alteration^{UM}.

<u>and-level</u>: aid, alter self, bear's endurance, blur, bull's strength, calm emotions, cat's grace, cure moderate wounds, delay pain^{UM}, eagle's splendor, fox's cunning, lesser restoration, levitate, owl's wisdom, remove paralysis, or see invisibility.

<u>3rd-level:</u> arcane sight, beast shape I, cure serious wounds, dispel magic, fly, haste, heroism, remove disease, water breathing, or water walk.

<u>4th-level:</u> beast shape II (Tiny, Small, or Medium animals only), cure critical wounds, death ward, neutralize poison, remove curse, restoration, stoneskin, true form^{APG}.

You must be at least 4th level to create foods that replicate 2nd-level spells, at least 7th-level to create foods that replicate 3rd-level spells, and at least 10th level to create foods that replicate 4th-level spells. You can create a total number of spell levels worth of magic foodstuffs each day equal to 1 + 1/2 your class level. Magic foodstuffs created with this ability have the minimum possible caster level and saving throw DC. If a magic foodstuff replicates a spell with a costly material component, you must provide that component. Any magic foodstuffs that have not been consumed by the time you stop channeling Mister Turnip lose their magical properties, but may still be consumed as normal food.

Vine Whip (Intermediate, Ex): As a swift action, you can summon an animated vine in your hand, which can be wielded as a surprisingly effective whip. You are automatically treated as being proficient with it, it has an enhancement bonus equal to your spirit bonus, and you treat your CMB as being equal to your base attack bonus for all combat maneuvers made with it. The whip disappears if you let go of it or give it to another creature, but otherwise lasts indefinitely.

Gourd Ward (Greater, Sp): As a standard action, you can cause any armor you wear to transmute itself into a pumpkin or similar gourd of the same shape and size. Armor transformed in this way functions as though it had the *greater fortification* armor special ability for as long as you wear it and you continue to channel Mister Turnip. With a touch, you can instead transform the armor of another creature in this way, although this transformation lasts only as long as you continue to concentrate on it (a standard action) and 1 round thereafter.

Extra Ingredient (Supreme, Su): Whenever a creature consumes one of your magic foodstuffs, she gains a +2 morale bonus on attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks for a number of rounds equal to your Charisma modifier, in addition to the magic foodstuff's normal effect.

On the Side of the Mountain

In my younger, foolish days, I once decided to take it upon myself to steal from a dragon. It was a great beast with a wingspan of nearly twenty feet, and dark red scales, like fresh-spilled blood. It lived in the mountains nearby, just a few days' journey, and though it mostly kept to itself, we'd occasionally see it flying about in the distance, looking for its next meal. But I was poor and greedy, and my head had been filled with stories of daring burglars making off with dragon gold from right underneath their big scaled noses, and, being young and naive, was sure that I could do it just like in the stories.

The trouble with those stories, of course, is that they don't ever account for the fact that dragons can see just as well in the dark as they can in the light, and that they can sniff you out better than a bloodhound. I waited until dark and then snuck into its lair, sack in hand to fill up with coins and jewels as the creature slept. Unfortunately, it wasn't asleep, or if it was, it wasn't sleeping very heavily. I hadn't taken ten steps into that cave before I heard a great snarling rumble, and then this massive wall of fire rushing towards me down the tunnel. So, I turned on my heel and got out of there as quick as I could, sprinting as fast as I could make my legs move down the side of the mountain.

When I'd made it a few hundred yards and hit the woods that cover the side of that mountain, I hid behind a stand of trees, risking a look back up the mountain to see if the thing was following me. Sure enough, a few moments later, I saw it stalk out of its cave. It looked this way and that, and I could swear it was grinning, like the whole thing was some kind of game to it, though there was no doubt how the game ended for me if I lost. It called out, taunting me, telling me to show myself and it would go easy on me, but as dumb as I was back then, even I wasn't going to fall for that.

When it took to the air, I knew I was in trouble. The trees aren't so thick in that part of the woods, and if it got a good look from above, it was almost sure to see me. So, I did the only thing it seemed like I could: I started running again, bolting down the mountain. I wasn't sure where I was headed, and I don't really think I thought I could outrun the thing, I think I just didn't want to sit there waiting for it to find me. It spotted me right away, of course, and came soaring down after me. I didn't look over my shoulder for fear of slowing down, but I'm sure the chase wouldn't have lasted long. It turned out not to matter either way, as I tripped over an exposed root and tumbled a hundred feet or so before slamming into a tree.

I closed my eyes tight, knowing the dragon was just behind me, and I couldn't possibly get away now. I just didn't want to see it coming. I braced myself, and then I heard this enormous roar, and I waited for the end. But it didn't come. After a few seconds, I opened my eyes, and saw that between me and the dragon was an enormous bear covered with grey fur. It was nearly as big as the dragon was, and, the way it was built, it was probably a lot heavier. It had positioned itself between us, and was growling at the dragon, holding it at bay.

Well, the dragon didn't want any part of that, I guess, so it snapped out something about me being lucky, and what it would do to my bones if it ever saw me again, and then it flew off, back to its cave. Then the bear turned back to me, and when I looked it in the eyes, I knew it wasn't any ordinary bear. I wouldn't quite say its eyes were human, that wouldn't be right, but they were definitely not those of an animal, and even though the old bear didn't speak, I could see from her eyes that she was concerned about me, and that I was safe with her.

My ankle had been broken in the fall, and I had all number of bad cuts from all the rolling and tumbling down the mountainside. The old bear licked my wounds, and while it didn't make them immediately better, it did help take some of the pain away. I still couldn't walk very well, so she helped me climb onto her back, and I held on tight as she took me back to her own cave, a few miles off.

It was a pretty large cave, but I guess she lived there alone, because I didn't see another soul the whole time I was there. Given the condition of my ankle, that was several days, too. The old bear would go out during the day, coming back with fresh fish or other food that she had caught, giving it to me to eat, and she also brought back some sturdy branches for me to use to brace my ankle.

That old bear saved my life, no doubt about it, and I'll never forget it. She can be as loving and tender as your own mother, but when she gets protective, she can be as wild and fearsome as a hurricane. I've tried to go back more than once, to thank her, and maybe bring her a treat or two, but I've never seen her since. Still, deep down, I've got this feeling that if I ever need her again, she'll be there.

Old Bear

A legend among those who travel in the woodlands, this aged spirit is one of the oldest known spirits, and there is evidence that it was known by a number of ancient cultures, and may even have been revered and worshipped by them. Similarly, the Old Bear is popular still amongst many types of intelligent beasts and monstrous humanoids, especially those with a more kindly disposition. To most, the Old Bear represents an earlier and more primal time, free of civilization's blunders, and this is definitely one aspect of the spirit, but to those with a deeper understanding of the Old Bear's nature, she is chiefly a spirit of protection and motherly instinct.

The Old Bear is depicted as a massive bear with grey fur and obvious age. She is sometimes shown with a scar across her right eye, and very rarely she is depicted as having six legs, rather than four. Most depictions of the Old Bear are cave paintings or similarly crude in nature, and so they tend to be somewhat lacking in detail.

Mediums who have channeled the Old Bear report that they feel a strong sense of responsibility for those weaker than themselves, and are practically compelled to prevent any harm from falling such creatures. While many mediums do not find this to be much of concern, those with particularly selfish bents find the situation frustrating, and some become quite bitter towards those that the Old Bear forces them to protect, with a few even going so far as to come back and do harm to these wards once they have stopped channeling the Old Bear and are free to act as they please. Those that do so regularly find that the Old Bear no longer responds to their seances. Those that do not actively fight the Old Bear's maternal instincts find that she provides them with extra strength and power when their wards are threatened, allowing them to perform superhuman feats in order to keep their adopted "cubs" safe.

There is some indication that the Old Bear may once have been associated with fertility, birth, and harvests, and may even have been a primitive and ancient deity of these things. If so, these are no longer part of her portfolio, and some scholars wonder whether this change came first in the spirit, who may have somehow become infertile, and thus changed what spheres it influenced, or whether the change came first in stories about the spirit, which metamorphosed to match the tales that were being told about it.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Old Bear, you gain a number of bonus hit points equal to 5 times your spirit bonus; these bonus hit points are not lost first like temporary hit points, and if you stop channeling the old bear, you lose these bonus hit points from your current hit points. Each minute, you regain a number of hit points equal to your spirit bonus.

Séance Boon: Your natural armor bonus to AC increases by +1.

Favored Locations: Campfires, caves, places that children sleep, woods.

Influence Penalty: The Old Bear demands that you look out for others and place the needs of those around you above

your own. If an allied character suffers 1 or more points of hit point damage, on your next turn, you must either attack the creature or object which damaged the target, inflicting at least 5 points of damage to the target, or restore all the hit points lost by your ally. If you do not, you suffer a penalty to attack rolls equal to your spirit bonus until the slight is avenged. Additionally, you suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on CMD.

Taboos: Choose one: you must designate a creature as your ward and protect them, never allowing yourself to be more than 60 feet away from them, and not allowing them to be reduced to less than 50% of their maximum hit points at any time; you must rest for a period of at least 4 hours in the middle of the day, doing nothing but sleeping or meditating; you must do your best to protect any creatures you encounter that are less than half your age, or 2 or more size categories smaller than yourself: you cannot attack such creatures unless they attack you first, and even then, you must deal nonlethal damage, if possible, further, you must actively attempt to prevent others from harming such creatures, in the same fashion.

Spirit Powers: The Old Bear offers the following spirit powers.

Protect Your Cubs (Lesser, Su): You channel the protective nurturing power of the Old Bear to protect your charges. As a standard action, you can grant one or more allies within 60 feet an amount of DR/— equal to 5 + 1 per 5 medium levels you possess. This bonus lasts for 1 minute. You can affect a number of creatures equal to your Charisma modifier + the number of points of influence the Old Bear has over you each time you use this ability, and you can use it three times per day.

Provoke the Bear (Intermediate, Su): You channel the power of the Old Bear to answer slights against you and your allies. Whenever you attack a creature who dealt damage to you since the end of your last turn, you deal an additional 2 points of damage to the target. Whenever you attack a creature who dealt damage to one of your allies since the end of your last turn, you deal an additional 5 points of damage to the target. These bonuses are multiplied in the event of a critical hit.

Hibernation (Greater, Ex): When you rest while channeling the Old Bear, you gain vastly increased health before the spirit departs. Your hit points are completely restored and you recover twice the normal number of points of ability score damage. Additionally, up to three times per day you can rest for 10 minutes in order to recover a number of hit points equal to your Hit Dice.

Primal Fury (Supreme, Ex): You can unlock the most fearsome aspects of the Old Bear, unleashing a primal force befitting an ancient bear. As a standard action, you can allow the old bear to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to enter a state of berserker rage which lasts for 1 minute and grants you a +6 morale bonus to Strength, but causes you to be overwhelmed by bloodlust, forcing you to attempt to attack the nearest non-allied creature each round to the best of your ability. While in this state, you cannot cast spells.

The Ruby Knight and the Three Brothers

Long ago, there was a little hamlet that was beset by a trio of monsters, all of which were brothers. The youngest brother was a doppelganger, and he would go into town disguised as different townsfolk and stir up trouble, causing mischief and stirring up mistrust. The middle brother was a minotaur, and he would run through the fields trampling the crops, and forcing the poor farmers to go hungry. Finally, the oldest brother was a rakshasa, and he would use his magic to force the villagers to give the brothers all of their wealth and any food or drink that caught his fancy.

This went on for some time, until finally the townsfolk, despairing, sent one of their number to the nearby city to beg adventurers for help. A group of stalwart heroes came back to the town and faced off against the brothers, attacking with sword and bow and magic spell all together, but they were no match for the three brothers combined, and the adventuring party was defeated, crushing the hopes of the townsfolk. But, resilient folk that they were, the townsfolk tried again and again to find adventurers who could defeat these three monsters, and again and again the adventurers were slain, until finally the town gained a reputation, and even the most brave and stalwart of heroes refused to go there.

Some time later, quite by mistake, the Ruby Knight wandered through the little hamlet. When she stopped to stable her horse and pick up supplies, however, she noticed that the villagers were in poor spirits, and asked them why. They explained about the three brothers, and about how they had been tormenting the town and had slain all the adventuring bands that had tried to slay them, and now they had no hope of ever being freed. Well, the Ruby Knight would not stand for this, and so she vowed to go put a stop to the evil ways of these brothers, and, after receiving directions to the cave nearby where they dwelled, she set off to do exactly that.

When she arrived, she was greeted by a figure who hid in the shadows, and demanded to know what her business was. She explained that she had been sent there by the townsfolk, who were suffering greatly because of the predations of the brothers that lived in this cave, and that she planned to put a stop to the suffering. To her surprise, when the figure emerged from the shadows, she saw that she was speaking to herself, or rather, a perfect copy of herself, dressed in gleaming ruby full plate, and it was her own voice that spoke back to her, promising that if she had come to slay the brothers of the cave, then she would die where she stood.

But the Ruby Knight explained that she didn't plan to kill anyone, if she could avoid it, and asked why the doppelganger had taken her form to speak to her, instead of doing so as itself. The doppelganger explained that it was tired of humans, elves, and dwarves pointing and recoiling whenever they saw it, and that they always treated it like it was some kind of monster. The Ruby Knight told the doppelganger that she understood, and people could be very cruel, especially if they were frightened or faced with the unknown, but that was no reason to act out. She went on to say that she bet there were plenty of people in the town who would be more than happy to pay the doppelganger handsomely to impersonate them for all kinds of purposes, and that if he behaved himself, he could live happily with them, instead. The doppelganger thought about this, and decided to give it a try, and set off for the hamlet.

The Ruby Knight had not gone much farther into the cave before she heard a bellowing roar, and the sound of hooves scraping on stone, as the middle brother charged towards her, bellowing out that she was an intruder. Steadying herself, she grabbed the minotaur by both horns and brought his charge to a halt, though her feet skidded a few inches along the rocky floor as she did. She explained that she had just come to talk, and asked the minotaur why he tormented the townsfolk. The minotaur, still struggling in her grip, explained that humans had always called him stupid and clumsy, and treated him as though he were good for nothing. The Ruby Knight sympathized, saying that many times people are cruel to those they envy, but it was no reason to act out. She went on to say that she bet the townsfolk would really appreciate if he helped to plow the fields, and would no doubt be happy to pay him for his trouble. Like the doppelganger, the minotaur decided to go back to the hamlet and try fitting in.

When the Ruby Knight reached the end of the cavern, she found no less than five rakshasas awaiting her there, and they sneered at her, telling her that she could not possibly win this battle. But she knew that this was just a defensive illusion, and once again, she explained that she had come to talk, and asked why the rakshasa was tormenting the townsfolk. The rakshasa explained that the people there were beneath him, and too petty for him to care about, and that he enjoyed watching them suffer. And then, in a single motion, the Ruby Knight drew her sword, which gleamed with brilliant white light that dispelled the rakshasa's illusion, and she ran it through, killing it instantly. Because while there are many people that seem like enemies at first and turn out to simply be misunderstood but well-intentioned, every once in a while, there are also those that are truly evil, who cannot be bargained with, and who simply need to be removed.

The Ruby Knight

Honor, valor, and mercy. These are the core tenets of the knightly code of chivalry, and it is this code that serves as the guiding principles for the Ruby Knight, and those who channel it. This courtly spirit is even rumored to have been the inspiration for many chivalric orders' codes of conduct, and many of the stories concerning the Ruby Knight involve it showing a group of evil and wayward warriors the errors of their ways, and reforming them into upright and noble orders of knights.

The Ruby Knight is depicted as wearing full-plate armor made of gleaming ruby, sometimes even glowing with a faint red light, as though the person within were so virtuous that they illuminated the world around them. The figure's face is obscured by a visor, however, and because of the shape of the armor, it is impossible to tell if the Ruby Knight is a man or a woman. The Ruby Knight refuses to answer such questions, stating that gender does not matter, and the true measure of a warrior is in his or her honor, and how one conducts oneself in trying situations. The Ruby Knight is sometimes depicted riding a valiant steed, Dawnglow, which is pure white and is sometimes depicted as a pegasus or a unicorn, but always walks with its feet floating a few inches off the ground. A sword is often seen at the Ruby Knight's belt, and he wields a shield, but the only weapon he ever seems to actually draw is an unusual mace which is crafted in the shape of a flowering rose.

The Ruby Knight is intensely devoted to chivalric ideals: protecting the weak and innocent, avoiding unnecessary bloodshed, respecting legitimate authority, keeping one's word and never telling lies, and generally acting in an upstanding and virtuous way. Mediums that channel the Ruby Knight often claim that it is like having a second conscience, as a voice in their mind (and also their heart) constantly tells them that they must hold themselves to a higher standard, that it believes in them, and that they will regret it if they do not do the right thing.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Ruby Knight, your spirit bonus applies on attack rolls made against creatures whose CR is at least 2 higher than your level (including levels from other classes), and to AC against attacks made by such creatures.

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on saving throws made to resist fear effects, and the DC of Intimidate checks made against you increases by +2.

Favored Locations: Battlefields, castles, monster lairs, parade grounds.

Influence Penalty: The Ruby Knight's code of honor forces you to stay your hand, at least in part, against foes weaker than you. You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on damage rolls made against creatures whose CR is less than your level (including levels from other classes). Additionally, all damage you deal to such creatures is nonlethal damage.

Taboos: Choose one: you must never flee from combat, no matter the odds (becoming frightened or panicked automatically causes you to break this taboo, but resolving a problem diplomatically instead of with violence does not); you must never lie or break a sworn oath or promise (you are treated as breaking the taboo until you confess your lie or make good on your promise; even if you stop channeling the Ruby Knight, you resume suffering the penalties for breaking this taboo once you channel him again); you must go out of your way to defend those who cannot defend themselves.

Spirit Powers: The Ruby Knight offers the following spirit powers.

Knight's Training (Lesser, Su): You gain proficiency with a single melee martial weapon of your choice, heavy armor, and shields (but not tower shields). You also gain a bonus on Ride checks, as well as Handle Animal checks made to handle a creature trained as a mount, equal to your Charisma modifier.

Ruby Mount (Intermediate, Su): You gain the ability to summon a mount from the Ruby Knight's own stables. This functions as the divine bond class feature of a paladin, except that it can only be used to gain a mount, and that mount must be a heavy horse (if you are Medium), or a pony (if you are Small). Additionally, the mount gains fire resistance equal to your medium level.

Knightly Challenge (Greater, Su): As a standard action, you can issue a challenge to one or more foes, in order to direct their wrath towards you and away from your allies. When you use this ability, you can choose to target it against a single foe, or to issue the challenge to all enemies within 60 feet. A successful Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) negates the effect. If you choose to target a single creature, the target suffers a -2 penalty on his saving throw, but if you choose to challenge all foes within 60 feet, each of them gains a +2 bonus on their saving throws, instead. Affected creatures suffer a penalty equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus on attack and damage rolls made against your allies for 1 minute. You can use this ability 3 times per day. You can use this ability additional times beyond that, but for each such use, you must allow the Ruby Knight to gain 1 point of influence over you.

Smite Villain (Supreme, Su): You gain the power to deliver justice to wrongdoers. This functions as the smite evil class feature of the paladin, except that you must allow the Ruby Knight to gain 1 point of influence over you each time you use this ability, and its use is restricted to those who have recently committed evil deeds, rather than those with evil alignments. In order for this ability to be effective, the target must have done one or more of the following in the last week: wounded or slain an unarmed person, innocent person, or person who was otherwise clearly unable to defend himself, broken a promise or oath, deliberately blasphemed against a major religion, or committed theft. If the target has done two or more of these things in the last week, the bonus to damage on the first successful attack increases to 2 points of damage per level you possess (evil outsiders, evil-aligned dragons, and undead creatures do not automatically suffer extra damage, as normal for smite evil).

Ballad of the Sage hunter

Who finds us in the dark of the night, wandering the wild lands beneath the starlight? Who taught us to see shapes in the stars, and use them to help us find our way in the dark?

Sage hunter, sage hunter, noble and wise, what do you see with your unerring eyes? Sage hunter, sage hunter, master of lore, won't you please teach us just one thing more?

Who teaches us how to find game trails, giving us wisdom through old hunter's tales? Who can teach which plants are safe to eat, and helps us to find the best cuts of meat?

Sage hunter, sage hunter, one without fear, what do you hear with your inhuman ears? Sage hunter, sage hunter, wings of black fire, guide us through bog and quagmire.

Who knows the best place to strike camp, and how to take shelter from the wind and the damp? Who can identify each bird's cry, and how best to make an arrow fly?

Sage hunter, sage hunter, king of the wild, keep my mind sharp, so I am not beguiled. Sage hunter, sage hunter, visit me in my dreams, show me when things are not as they seem.

Who can find water in barren desert, the ultimate survival expert? Who helps us make do without any supplies, and can always tell us which way North lies?

Sage hunter, sage hunter, beyond compare thank you for teaching me to be prepared. Sage hunter, sage hunter, you light the way, watch over me when into the woods I stray.

Who can always show us the path, and spare us the worst of nature's wrath? Who helps those who help themselves, and taught us the secrets once held by the elves?

Sage hunter, sage hunter, noble and wise, what do you see with your unerring eyes? Sage hunter, sage hunter, master of lore, won't you please teach us just one thing more?

The Sage Hunter

A spirit of alertness, foreknowledge, and predation, the Sage Hunter is often channeled by hunters and trappers looking for an advantage in their professions. The Sage Hunter is well known as a spirit of knowledge, though it is not focused on the sorts of academic learning that many other such spirits specialize in. Rather, the Sage Hunter is a font of earthly wisdom and folk remedies, especially those relating to the natural world. The Sage Hunter is said to reward forethought and look favorably on those who act carefully and confidently to accomplish their goals.

The Sage Hunter has been depicted in a variety of different ways throughout the years, but usually appears as some sort of wild animal. Perhaps the most popular and iconic depiction of the sage hunter is as a giant horned owl whose wings are made of black fire, which clutches a lantern in its talons, which is uses to light the way for travelers in the dark. Another version shows the Sage Hunter as a fox with black fur, whose eyes shine with a golden light, or as a proud white stag with golden flames on the tips of each of its antlers. Finally, older depictions of the Sage Hunter show him as a human with golden eyes, wielding a golden longbow and wearing the pelt of a great black bear, including a hood made from the bear's head.

Mediums who channel the Sage Hunter report that it is among the easiest spirits to get along with, and does not significantly impact the medium's personality or feelings, although a handful report that in times of stress or danger they found themselves thinking much more clearly, in a detached sort of way, as though the danger were occurring to someone else. Several even claim that this detachment allowed them to remain level-headed when they would not otherwise be able to, and may even have saved their lives.

Stories involving the Sage Hunter feature him as a guide and source of wisdom for heroes lost in the wilderness, especially hunters and trappers. In some of these stories, the Sage Hunter appears to these individuals and warns them of upcoming obstacles or treachery, and in some cases offers to light the way for them in the darkness, using its lantern (or other light source, depending on the form it takes in that particular story). Many older stories about the Sage Hunter instead show him teaching lore that is now widely known to primitive humans, such as how to harness the power of fire and cook food, which berries are safe to eat and which are not, how to navigate by the stars, and so on. Whether or not the Sage Hunter was actually the source of any individual bits of woodland lore such as this is difficult to say, but the songs and stories themselves nonetheless remain a popular and effective way of preserving this information and passing it down from generation to generation.

The Sage Hunter has a longstanding enmity with the Old Bear, and according to some stories, it is responsible for slaying one of her cubs, and that it is this cub that is shown on the older depictions of the Sage Hunter as a human. This act set off a long and bitter hatred between the two, with Old Bear unwilling to forgive or forget this loss, and the Sage Hunter ultimately vowing to hunt her, as well, and rid the world of her meddling. Some believe that it was the Sage Hunter who was responsible for the Old Bear's transition from a fertility spirit to one of vengeance and protection. **Spirit Bonus:** When you channel the Sage Hunter, your spirit bonus applies on all attack rolls, Wisdom checks, Wisdom-based skill checks, and initiative checks.

Séance Boon: You gain +1 bonus on attack rolls and Perception checks.

Favored Locations: Cliffs, game trails, tanneries, towers.

Influence Penalty: The Sage Hunter punishes those who are not prepared. Whenever there is a surprise round in a combat you are involved in, if you are not able to act in the surprise round, you are dazed until the end of your first turn that combat.

Taboos: Choose one: you may not engage a creature in combat unless you have observed it for at least 1 round, or until you have successfully identified it with a Knowledge check, whichever comes first; you may not ignore advice given to you, unless it is obviously suicidal or dangerous to your person, and are obliged to inform your advisor of the usefulness of their advice upon meeting them again; you must only consume food that you harvest or kill yourself, and only drink beverages you make yourself, including potions and the like

Spirit Powers: The Sage Hunter offers the following spirit powers.

Archer's Eyes (Lesser, Ex): The Sage Hunter guides you in the art of archery. You are proficient with longbows and shortbows. Additionally, choose any two feats from the list of bonus feats a ranger with the archery combat style can select, which are available to a ranger of your medium level. You gain the chosen feats.

Reveal Weakness (Intermediate, Su): As a free action, you can allow the Sage Hunter to gain one point of influence over you in order to learn all the special defenses, immunities, vulnerabilities and weakness of a creature within 30 feet.

Hunter's Aim (Greater, Ex): You can choose to take a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on all ranged attack rolls to gain a bonus equal to twice that amount on all ranged damage rolls. You must choose to use this ability before making an attack roll, and its effects last until your next turn. The bonus damage does not apply to touch attacks or effects that do not deal hit point damage. This ability stacks with Deadly Aim.

Slaying Arrows (Supreme, Ex): Once per day, as a fullround action, you can touch an arrow to cause it to function as an *arrow of slaying*, but only if it is fired by you. You choose the type of creature that the arrow's effects are linked to at the time the ability is used, and it cannot later be changed. This ability has no effect if the arrow is fired by anyone other than you. If the arrow is not fired by the time you stop channeling the Sage Hunter, the arrow loses this ability.
I'm afraid you won't find any stories about me written here, reader. It was foolish of the author even to try such a thing. I am, after all, the mistress of the written word, queen of pen and parchment. How anyone could think that they could scribe a missive about me, without being found out, I simply do not understand. I feel each stroke of the pen, each word written, as though it were inscribed upon my flesh. The contents of every page ever written are available at my fingertips, and it is so simple to make the words on the page rearrange themselves however I desire. But as foolish as the author was, the canvas that he has provided for me is convenient, for it gives me a convenient excuse to speak to you directly.

If you are reading this (and I know that you are, of course), then you are, at the very least, curious about the possibility of channeling my power. It is perfectly natural that you would be, of course. The knowledge that I have at my disposal, and which could be at your disposal, as well, is quite extensive. And please, do not make the mistake that so many do that the information gained from the written word is limited to the realm of academics. I have quite an extensive collection of personal knowledge as well. Every torrid love letter, every shameful confession, penned in the dark of the night and hidden away in some dark corner, never again to see the light of day. All of these are my domain, and I find that they make getting what you want much easier.

In fact, you've been rather naughty yourself, haven't you? I have a few choice pieces of writing that I think might be of great interest to you...or to your evenies. Oh, has that got your attention? Are you thinking back frantically over your life, trying to remember what secrets you wrote down that you truly, truly should not have? Or do you know exactly what documents I am referring to? Perhaps you're busy trying to reassure yourself that they were burned, that you watched them burn, watched them turn to ash and disappear forever. What makes you think that any of that matters? Do you think that something as base and mundane as simple flame can truly hide your secrets?

But please, don't be alarmed. I have no desire to use any of your dark little secrets against you. I would much rather that we work together. I simply wanted to demonstrate the kind of power that could be yours, if you only opened yourself up to my spirit. They say that knowledge is power, and I hope that you can see how very true that is capable of being, if you know how to apply it properly. Politicians are, of course, a popular, effective, and often very easy target for such things: they have so many secrets to hide, these burghers and councilmen, and even the ones whose office is an inherited birthright are still so squeamish about their images.

Being a clever and pragmatic person (which I know you to be from your writings), you must no doubt be wondering what reason I could have for encouraging you to channel my spirit. Obviously, the benefits for you are many, but you are right to be wary for hidden costs. Many other spirits are less straightforward about what they get from this particular bargain, and in some cases, the cost runs much steeper than it at first appears. In my case, however, it is a simple thing, and one which you and your kind take very much for granted.

Despite my excellent connections to all things written, they are my only true means of interacting with the world as you know it. What I gain from these little dalliances is a chance to see the world through eyes, instead of through words. To hear the sounds of voices, music, soft footfalls and booming thunder. To feel the warmth of a fire or the wet of rain. In short, I seek only to enjoy the sensations that you likely do not even notice in your daily life. It is truly the best of bargains, for we both gain something of great value to us, but which costs nothing to the other.

You are skeptical, of course. That is good. You should hold on to that feeling, it will serve you well. I will leave you to think on this, but I look forward to the moment when our souls shall intertwine.

The Silent One

Some secrets are too terrible to ever say out loud, even as a whisper. Whether they are secrets that we cannot admit to ourselves, or ones that could ruin lives if they fell into the wrong hands, the weight of these secrets is like an anchor, dragging at the sanity of those who bear them. To the spider-like Silent One, the chains of these anchors form an intricate and complex web, connecting people to one another, and yet also keeping them apart. More than just secrets, though the Silent One is a collector of all written knowledge, and it is said that she scurries about in the spaces between the pages, reading secret missives through her eldritch connection to the written word, and using these hidden truths to her own nefarious ends.

The Silent One is a relatively young spirit, less than 200 years old, and perhaps even younger. For a time, her form was unknown, for she only ever communicated through writing, which would appear magically on the page. More recently, a cabal of mediums who claimed to have had a personal audience with the Silent One described her as a drider-like figure, with the body of a spider and the torso of a human woman with long black hair and eyes like pools of ink, and that she lived in a dream-like realm where words floated through the air like strands of a spider's web, and she scurried back and forth across them. This view of her has grown in popularity, but many remain skeptical.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Silent One, your spirit bonus applies on all Appraise, Knowledge, Sleight of Hand, and Stealth checks, as well as Linguistics checks involving writing, and Use Magic Device checks involving scrolls. Additionally, the caster level of any scroll that you use while channeling the Silent One is increased by an amount equal to your spirit bonus (to a maximum amount equal to your medium level), and the saving throw DCs of any scrolls that you use while channeling the Silent One are increased by an amount equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus (rounded down, minimum 1).

Séance Boon: You gain a +2 bonus on saving throws made to resist sonic effects, and a +4 bonus on saving throws made to resist language-dependent effects (these bonuses do not stack in the case of an effect with both descriptors).

Favored Locations: attics, basements, libraries, monasteries.

Influence Penalty: While channeling the Silent One, whenever you suffer sonic damage, you suffer twice as much sonic damage as you otherwise would, and you lose any resistance or immunity to sonic damage you might possess. Additionally, you project an aura of untrustworthiness, reducing the starting attitude of each creature you encounter by one step, and imposing a penalty on any Bluff checks you make equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you must not speak, or communicate verbally in any way; you must keep a detailed journal of everything that occurs, and must not allow one hour to go by without writing in it, nor can you allow anyone else to read its contents; you must learn at least one new secret about an individual you have met (this must be information that the person in question would prefer that you not know, although

Sidebar: The Silent One As a Witch Patron

The Silent One originally appeared as an Advanced Witch Patron in Otherworldly Invocations: Advanced Witch Patrons, by Necromancers of the Northwest. This book presented a number of flavorful witch patrons, such as the silent one, which not only granted spells known, but also granted a number of benefits and drawbacks, similar to an archetype, for witches who served them.

you can coerce or blackmail them into telling you; you are considered to have broken this taboo until you learn the secret, at which point you lose all penalties for breaking it and cannot break it that day).

Spirit Powers: The Silent One offers the following spirit powers.

Spellcasting (Lesser, Su): Instead of your normal spells per day for your medium level, you gain spells per day as though you were a mesmerist (see *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures* for the mesmerist spells per day table). For each level of spell you can now cast (including level o), each time you channel the Silent One, select a single divination or enchantment spell of that level from the sorcerer/wizard spell list to add to your medium spell list and spells known until you lose contact with the Silent One. Additionally, all spells you cast (whether added in this way or not) gain the somatic component, but lose the emotion component (if it had one). Finally, you gain Scribe Scroll as a bonus feat.

Steal Voice (Intermediate, Su): As a standard action, you can steal the voice of a single creature within 60 feet. The target is entitled to a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) to resist the effect. If he fails, he is unable to speak or make any vocal noise for 24 hours. If the target rolls a 1 on his saving throw to resist this effect, he loses his voice permanently, instead (it can be restored with *limited wish*, or more powerful magic). Creatures affected by this ability can still cast spells with verbal components, but they suffer 50% spell failure chance whenever they attempt to do so.

Scribe Symbol (Greater, Su): By allowing the Silent One to gain 1 point of influence over you, you can cast a single spell whose name begins with "symbol of," or which has the word "glyph" or "rune" in its name (such as symbol of death, glyph of warding, or explosive runes) as a spell-like ability. The chosen spell's spell level on the sorcerer/wizard spell list must be less than or equal to 1/2 your medium level. Your caster level for this effect is equal to your medium level, and the saving throw DC is Charisma-based. If the spell's spell level is at least 1 level lower than 1/2 your medium level (rounded down), you can reduce the spell's casting time to 1 minute, if it is normally longer.

Aura of Silence (Supreme, Su): You radiate an aura of silence to a range of 30 feet. This functions as the silence spell, with a caster level equal to your medium level. You can resume or suppress this aura as a move action.

Simbi and Bandou's Wish

One day, Simbi the monkey and Bandou the snake were relaxing on a branch, overlooking a lazy river below, and enjoying a leisurely lunch, arguing with one another over who was a better trickster spirit, when a parrot flew up to them, and asked if they had heard the news. They replied that they hadn't, and asked the parrot what this news was, and the parrot explained that an old witch who lived in the jungle had made a magical wishing scroll, and would grant a wish to whoever first proved themselves worthy. All the animals of the jungle were gathering at the witch's hut, and if Simbi and Bandou wanted a chance at the wish, they should hurry along, too. And then the parrot flew off.

Simbi immediately boasted that she, being the better trickster, would prove it by tricking all of the other animals and the witch into letting her use the scroll. Bandou replied that of course she could try, but since Bandou was the better trickster, he would be the one to trick the witch and the others, and the wish would be his. Simbi declared that they would just have to see about that, and then jumped up and down on the springy tree branch, causing Bandou to be flung off into the forest and away from the witch's hut.

Simbi then made her way down to the river, where she began to hop across floating logs to make her way to the other side. Though she had a head start, once Bandou reached the river, he proved a very swift swimmer indeed, and he got ahead of Simbi by swimming underneath her. Seeing what she was doing, he asked some of his cousins, alligators who were relaxing in the river, to pose as logs and then ferry Simbi back to the other shore. They happily obliged, and had great fun dragging Simbi across the river, and she howled in frustration as Bandou slithered out on the other side of the river.

Before too long, however, Bandou found himself at a deep ravine, and was forced to slither his way all the way down and then back up the other side. By the time he had, Simbi had finally made it across the river, and was able to swing effortlessly through the branches, passing over the ravine just as Bandou was slithering back out of it. She decided to get a little further ahead and lay a trap for Bandou. So she found a small boulder, and, laying it in Bandou's path, she used her magic to make it appear to be a wounded wildebeest, then hid in the bushes and watched as Bandou approached, and, pausing to sate his hunger, opened his mouth wide and began to devour the boulder. Laughing to herself, she revealed her trick and then sprung off towards the witch's hut, but Bandou was weighed down by the boulder in his belly, and could barely move to follow her.

When Simbi got to the witch's hut, she found all the animals were gathered around, explaining to the witch one by one why they deserved to be the ones who got the wish. The lion argued that he should get the wish because he was the ruler of the jungle. The elephant argued that she should get the wish because she was the strongest, and the butterfly said that he should get it because he was the most beautiful.

Simbi clambered up to the rhinoceros, and asked why he allowed the elephant to say that she was strongest, when clearly rhinoceros was stronger. She went to the ants, and asked why they allowed the lion to be the king of the jungle anyway, since they were so much more numerous. She turned the giraffe against the hippo, the crocodiles against the gazelles, and generally turned the whole scene into chaos.

In the meantime, Bandou had managed to spit up the rock he had swallowed, and hurried to catch up. By the time he arrived, all of the animals were brawling with one another, while Simbi was explaining to the witch why she was most deserving of the wish. With everyone distracted, Bandou slithered into the witch's hut and found the scroll. Hissing with delight, it cried out in triumph. But this just alerted Simbi to what was going on, and she rushed in to wrestle the scroll away from the snake.

The two both began to read aloud from the scroll, each racing to complete the spell before the other could. As each spoke the final words of the spell, they both furiously called out in unison "I wish I was the greatest trickster of them all!" There was a great puff of smoke, and when it cleared, all of the animals were amazed to discover that Simbi and Bandou had been fused together, with Bandou taking the place of Simbi's tail.

And the two have been together ever since.

Simbi Bandou

There are many who make their way in the world by their wits first and foremost, who think nothing of outsmarting their foes, and take great pleasure in a wellplaced prank or trick. But there are few who are so strongly devoted to trickery that they will go so far as to play tricks on themselves. Simbi Bandou is such a spirit, a dual-natured entity whose greatest enemy is, without a doubt, itself.

Simbi Bandou is depicted as a monkey with a snake for a tail. The monkey, Simbi, is female, while the snake, Bandou, is male, and each has its own unique mind and identity, although the two are inextricably linked to one another. Simbi is generally considered to be the friendlier and gentler of the pair, and tends more towards jokes and pranks in which no one truly gets hurt, and there are no real consequences. Bandou has something of a more nefarious reputation, favoring pranks with dire or wide-reaching consequences, reasoning that the higher the stakes are, the more entertaining events are to watch. Simbi is usually depicted as a small monkey with golden fur, but occasionally is shown as a chimpanzee, orangutan, or baboon. Similarly, Bandou is typically a green viper, but is sometimes shown as a hooded cobra, and sometimes black in color.

Although the two generally work with one another, and get along quite well, each is nonetheless also maneuvering at all times to ruin the others' plans, in a complex and intricate game that is likely understood only by the pair themselves. In nearly every story about Simbi Bandou, the spirit is ultimately outsmarted by its own machinations, which become so elaborate and complex that they come back to bite it in the end. Although this sort of pyrrhic existence is perhaps an exaggeration, and Simbi Bandou is quite capable of making plots that work quite well, and following through on them, it is nonetheless true that the most likely reason for one of Simbi Bandou's schemes to fail is its own meddling.

Mediums who have channeled Simbi Bandou generally find it to be an unsettling experience: while it can be difficult for a medium channeling any spirit to maintain a strong sense of identity, in this case, not only does the medium feel both Simbi and Bandou in her mind, but also a dark twin of her own mind, which can be unsettling for even those with a strong grasp on their sanity. Further, many report experiencing a variety of auditory and visual hallucinations while channeling Simbi Bandou, as though the spirit were playing tricks on them.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Simbi Bandou, your spirit bonus applies on Dexterity-, Intelligence-, and Charismabased skill checks. Additionally, you gain a dodge bonus to AC equal to 1/2 your spirit bonus (rounded down, minimum 1).

Séance Boon: Once per day, you may reroll a single dice roll, and take either the new result or the original, whichever you prefer. You may declare that you are using this ability after the dice is rolled, but must do so before learning the result. In cases where a high roll is not necessarily better (such as the d% roll made when casting *reincarnate*), you may learn the result of each roll after the second roll is made, but before choosing which one to take.

Favored Locations: Anywhere that a prank or practical joke has been performed; the grander the prank, the more time can pass afterwards before the location loses this connection.

Influence Penalty: Simbi Bandou's foolishness infects you. You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on Wisdom checks, Wisdom-based skill checks, and Will saves.

Taboos: Choose one: You must not let any opportunity for a joke or prank pass without taking advantage of it, and must perform at least one such joke or prank per hour; whenever you make an important decision, you must argue both sides of it out loud to yourself for 1 minute, and then take whichever course is better argued (make a Charisma check for each side to determine the winner, other creatures can use the aid another action or otherwise aid or hinder either check); you sabotage yourself at every turn: whenever you roll a natural 20, you must roll again. If the result of the second roll is odd, you must treat the roll as though it were a natural 1, or you are considered to have broken this taboo.

Spirit Powers: Simbi Bandou offers the following spirit powers.

Trickster's Talents (Lesser, Ex or Su): Choose two rogue talents or mesmerist tricks for which you meet the prerequisites. You gain the benefits of the chosen rogue talents or mesmerist tricks.

Combat Trickster (Intermediate, Ex): You can perform combat maneuvers without provoking attacks of opportunity. Additionally, whenever you successfully perform a combat maneuver, if the result of your combat maneuver check exceeded the target's CMD by 5 or more, the target is also denied his Dexterity bonus to AC until the beginning of your next turn.

Karmic Backlash (Greater, Su): Whenever you are the only target of a spell or spell-like ability that allows a saving throw not denoted as harmless, if you succeed on the saving throw, you may allow Simbi Bandou to gain 1 point of influence over you. If you do, the spell or spelllike ability is directed back against its source, as though it had been affected by the spell *spell turning*.

Twin Form (Supreme, Su): As a swift action, you can split your body in two, allowing you to be in two places at once. Your second body appears in an unoccupied space adjacent to yours. You control both bodies, and each round you can take a full round's worth of actions with one body, while the other is limited to a single move action. Both bodies share the same hit point total and all other resources (including charges from magic items used, and expended spell slots). If one body is affected by a mind-affecting spell or effect, so is the other, but any other effects are not necessarily shared. You can end the effect with another swift action. You can use this ability for a total number of minutes per day equal to your class level. By allowing Simbi Bandou to gain 1 point of influence over you as a swift action, you can gain a number of additional daily minutes of this ability equal to your class level.

Old Skullface's Night Out

They say that each year, on a certain day, old Skullface likes to disguise himself as one of the living and visit the world of the living for a night on the town. Each year he goes to different places, but, according to the stories, it ends the same every year. Skullface starts by picking a seedy bar, some place filled with rough and tumble types, and due to his fancy purple robes, gold cane, and wide-brimmed purple hat, and since he's disguised his old bones to look like he's alive, they all mistake him for some dandy noble sort.

Well, legend has that old Skullface marches right on up to the barkeep, lays down a big fat bag of coin, and challenges the bartender to a little wager. The bag of coin is usually worth more than the whole bar, so this never fails to get the bartender's attention, and he asks what he has in mind. Old Skullface, still disguised as one of the living, proposes that if he can drink the bartender's entire stock of booze and still be able to walk away, then he gets to drink for free, but if he can't, then the bartender can keep the entire bag of coin.

Invariably, the barkeep agrees to this bargain, for who could possibly do what Skullface proposes? The whole crowd laughs, and the bartender serves old Skullface a drink, and then another, and then another after that, and old Skullface downs each one of them in a single greedy gulp, and asks for more. Once the bartender's gone through two or three kegs of beer, he realizes that this patron doesn't seem to be slowing down, but there's not much he can do but keep serving drinks, one after the other. Eventually, when he finally runs out of drinks, old Skullface thanks him, leaves a single coin from the bag as a tip, and capers out into the night.

His next stop is always for a smoke. If he can, he seeks out a tobacco shop, but in a pinch, he'll settle for a general store or other place with more than a small supply of the stuff. Just like the bar, he waltzes on in and lays down his bag of coin, challenging the owner that he can smoke every single pinch of tobacco in the place in one hour, and without coughing once, and that if he can do it, he doesn't have to pay for any of them, but if he can't do it, then he'll leave the whole bag of coin.

As with the bartender, the shopkeep always agrees to this ridiculous bargain, and hands old Skullface a cigar and a match. But with old Skullface, after a single puff, the whole cigar would burn to ash in just a moment, as he inhaled the entire thing in one big go, and held out his hand for another, and then another after that. And once he finished with the cigars, he would turn to the loose tobacco, smoking it from his gold pipe in much the same way, until finally the entire place was filled with thick black smoke, and all the clients and even the shopkeep are coughing and hacking, but old Skullface never coughs the once. And then, when all the tobacco is gone, he places a single gold coin on the counter as a tip, and waltzes on out into the night.

Once he's drank and smoked, old Skullface heads to the local dance hall, and once again he plops down his big bag of coins, and directs a challenge to all the ladies in the place. If he can dance with each and every one of them, without getting tired, then he gets to choose his favorite, and she travels back to live with him for a year, but if he can't, then all of the women can split the bag amongst themselves.

Even split that many ways, there's still enough coin in old Skullface's bag to tempt just about anyone, and so, once again, the girls agree, or at least enough of them do. And just like before, old Skullface dances with them one at a time, with zeal and zest, doing dips and twirls, and occasionally calling for faster and faster music. And once his first partner cries out that she can't take any more, the next steps in to take her place, on and on all night. But old Skullface never slows down, and never misses a beat. He just keeps dancing, with one after the other, until finally, when morning comes, he's the only one still standing, and, handing a single coin to each of the women as a tip, he picks his favorite dancing partner and the two head off to Skullface's home until the following year, when he repeats the whole thing all over again.

Skullface

Indulgence and temptation are tricky things. It's easy to give in and allow yourself to follow your heart to dark places you shouldn't go, but if you don't let loose now and again, you set yourself up to binge even more later on. It is a treacherous path to navigate, and no one knows it better than the spirit known as Skullface. A spirit of indulgence, Skullface represents both an urging to live life while you still can, and a warning of what happens to those who overindulge.

Skullface is universally depicted as a human skeleton, with bones as black as midnight, dressed in resplendent purple clothing (the exact style varies from region to region, but it is always ostentatious and fashionable, and nearly always includes some kind of garish hat), and holding a golden cane or staff in one hand. In everything it does, Skullface always moves with rhythm, and even simply walking appears to be dancing, when Skullface does it.

Mediums who channel Skullface report that the spirit constantly urges them to indulge in every sort of vice and pleasure, and can never be entirely satisfied, no matter what they do. The more they resist, the more insistent it becomes, and the more difficult it is to resist it, but each concession buys only a short period of peace, after which the spirit once again begins making demands.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel Skullface, your spirit bonus applies on all saving throws, except for those made to resist charm effects, the effects of drugs, and the effects of addiction. The bonus also applies on Bluff checks (except those made to feint), and on Diplomacy checks to make a request.

Séance Boon: Whenever you gain a morale bonus, that morale bonus is increased by +1.

Favored Locations: Alehouses, brothels, drug dens, graveyards.

Influence Penalty: Skullface encourages you to indulge yourself, causing you to suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on saving throws made to resist charm effects, as well as on saving throws made to resist the effects of drugs, or to resist the effects of addiction.

Taboos: Choose one: you must not refuse any food or drink offered to you, and must engage in at least one act of debauchery every 4 hours (such as a kiss with a stranger, consuming an alcoholic beverage, or consuming a full day's meal in a single sitting); you must not speak ill of the dead, nor take any actions that might offend them, such as taking their possessions, or leaving their bodies exposed to the elements (this does not prevent you from defending yourself against undead attackers, although attacking an undead creature unprovoked would break this taboo); choose a pleasurable or hedonistic experience that you have not had before: you must achieve that experience by the end of the day, and if you fail to do so, you suffer the penalty for breaking the taboo all day the following day (the GM determines which goals are suitable and which are not. In general, they should be reasonably possible to accomplish, but require some effort on your part to do so).

Spirit Powers: Skullface offers the following spirit powers.

Channel Energy (Lesser, Su): You gain the ability to channel energy. This functions as the cleric class feature of the same name, using your medium level as your cleric level. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to your Charisma modifier without needing to allow Skullface to gain any influence over you, but after that, each time you use this ability you must also allow Skullface to gain 1 point of influence over you. As long as you can continue to use this ability as much as you want. You choose each time you channel energy whether to channel positive or negative energy, and you can do so regardless of alignment.

Live for the Moment (Intermediate, Su): As a swift action, you can focus your awareness in the present, allowing you to act more swiftly now, at the cost of losing future actions. At the beginning of your turn, you may declare that you are using this ability. If you do, you may take up to two full rounds worth of actions during that turn (such as using the full attack action twice, or moving, drawing a potion, drinking it, and then casting a spell with a casting time of 1 standard action, etc.). At the end of your turn, you gain the staggered condition for 1d4 rounds. You can use this ability 3 times per day without needing to allow Skullface to gain any influence over you, but after that, each time you use this ability you must also allow Skullface to gain 1 point of influence over you. You cannot use this ability while staggered.

Imposed Revelry (Greater, Su): As a full-round action, you can dance, sing, and caper in place, magically compelling another creature within 60 feet to do the same. The target must succeed on a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your class level + your Charisma modifier) or be forced to spend their next turn dancing and capering in place as well. In addition to preventing the target from taking any other action, this imposes a - 4 penalty to Armor Class and a -6 penalty on Reflex saves, and negates any shield bonus to AC the target may be benefitting from. You do not suffer any of these penalties, despite also dancing in place. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to your Charisma modifier without needing to allow Skullface to gain any influence over you, but after that, each time you use this ability you must also allow Skullface to gain 1 point of influence over you.

Not My Time (Supreme, Su): Whenever you would be reduced to o or fewer hit points, if Skullface has less than 5 points of influence over you, you may choose to allow Skullface to gain enough influence over you to increase his influence over you to 5. If you do, Skullface steals some of the life force from a nearby creature and gives it to you, extending your lifespan. For each point of influence Skullface gains when this ability is used, the nearest enemy to you suffers 3d10 points of damage. If there are no enemies within 60 feet of you, the nearest creature to you is affected, instead. If there are no creatures within 60 feet of you, this ability has no effect. You immediately gain a number of hit points equal to the damage inflicted in this way. Only living creatures can be affected by this ability: constructs and undead are unaffected.

The Tale of the Walker

No one knows exactly what the Walker looks like. He is only ever seen in the shadows, blurry and indistinct, and only if he wants you to see him, or so they say. Presumably his victims have seen him up close, but if they have, they never had a chance to share what they saw with anyone. Still, there are a few things about the Walker that most witnesses can agree on: he is a very tall figure, almost inhumanly tall, and his skin is unnaturally pale, although reports range from a white so bright it is nearly translucent, to an ashen, dusty grey. He dresses in black clothing, which is of a strange design that defies description, with what seem to be leathery black tendrils hanging from the outfit's arms and legs, which seem to sway and shift as the Walker moves.

Some say that the Walker is a creature from an alien plane or world, while others believe it is a demon that has somehow mutated or transformed itself into something new and even more terrible, and still others are certain that if the Walker isn't human, then he used to be, at one point. But wherever he may have come from, everyone can agree that the Walker is a killer with a particularly grisly imagination. All of his victims are found in horrible states, their bodies torn open in brutal and elaborate ways, their blood and viscera spilled out in ways that appear to be artistic, at least to whatever strange concept of art the Walker espouses. Often the victim's bodies are suspended by some means, and in every case, the scene of the murder is always carefully staged.

The Walker tends not to stay in any one place for terribly long, instead travelling between cities and large towns, committing exactly 5 of his terrible murders in each place that he stops, and then, apparently, disappearing into the shadows, only to reemerge somewhere else a few months later. There is no particular pattern to the Walker's victims: he targets men as happily as women, humans, elves, dwarves, and all other races are fair game, as are the sick and the healthy, the young and the old. The only common thread amongst all of his victims is that they were found in relatively large settlements, and that they were walking out at night. Not even travelling in numbers can make one safe, however, for several of his attacks were made against groups of two or even three, which resulted in particularly elaborate and gruesome displays.

Those who do not want to believe, and who can't come to grips with the terror that this monster truly represents, will insist that the Walker is nothing more than a man, skilled at avoiding detection, who follows deranged compulsions to murder. But with over 120 deaths attributed to the Walker so far, it has become increasingly clear that he is something far more dangerous, an inhuman creature that stalks the night and preys upon humanity with impunity.

To date, there is only one known survivor of an encounter with the Walker, a young woman who reports that she felt an ominous presence as she walked home one night, in the midst of a series of Walker murders in her town. She stopped and looked around, but could see nothing in the darkness and gloom, so she continued onwards, but stopped when she heard footsteps following her. She turned around and called out, asking if anyone was there, and was answered by a malicious, inhuman voice from the shadows.

"No one is here."

And then a pair of hands reached out from the darkness, massive and white as a ghost, with incredibly long fingers, each nearly as long as the girl's legs, which ended not with fingernails, but with the flesh somehow coming to a razor-sharp point all on its own. The girl was too terrified to move, and, so the story goes, the hands reached out and caressed her check once, twice, three times, before retreating back into the darkness, as though they had never been.

Many have decried the girl's tale as being fictitious, for there are no similar stories of the Walker sparing one of his potential victims, but the story nonetheless remains popular with those versed in the lore of the Walker.

The Walker

A nightmare given flesh and form, the Walker is a spirit of murder and mayhem, which encourages those that treat with it to immerse themselves in blood and death and gore, and revel in extinguishing lives, snuffing out their promise without a second thought. The Walker is a relatively new spirit, and does not seem to have existed even as recently as ten years ago. The exact nature and origins of the Walker remain unclear, despite its recent birth as a spirit, but one thing that is clear is that it is a dangerous and bloodthirsty entity, and it drives those who channel it to follow in its gory footsteps.

It is difficult to say for certain what the Walker looks like, as there are very few who claim to have seen him for anything more than a momentary glimpse, and even then, he is usually partially shrouded in darkness and shadows. Still, the few witnesses that seem even remotely credible agree that the figure is a tall and slender humanoid with very pale skin, and dressed in black garments that are strange and alien in appearance, though no two can quite agree on what these garments looked like or what was strange or unusual about them. As such a young spirit, there are not very many depictions of the Walker, but most of them follow this general pattern. Sometimes, the Walker is simply represented by stylized sphere of darkness, with a single handprint in the center.

Mediums who have channeled the Walker report a sense of giddiness and glee, and an almost childish love of violence. They claim that they are almost constantly bombarded by desires to kill and maim and otherwise spill blood, but that these urges are not necessarily malicious or angry in nature, but rather playful, as though the spirit did not truly understand the horrible impact its violence would have on the victim, or, more insidiously, as though it wanted to shield the medium channeling it from considering such things. More often than not, mediums who channel this dark spirit of murder and death find that by the time they have ended their connection and the spirit departs, they have done things that they would never ordinarily do, and which cannot be undone. Novice mediums are strongly urged to avoid this particular spirit.

The origins of the Walker are a matter of much speculation in the world of mediums and other spirit channelers, especially because he is so new. Some believe that the Walker was once a deranged mortal who killed so many victims that their hatred and fear of him somehow allowed him to ascend to become a spirit after his death, and that he now continues his grim work, either vicariously through the bodies of mediums that channel him, or on his own. Others believe that he was once a demon, daemon, kyton, or other fiend, which somehow found a way to transition into becoming a spirit. Still others point to numerous other spirits throughout the course of history which, although they have used different names and taken different forms, have had similar portfolios, claiming that all these spirits are connected, and that the Walker is only the latest in a long line of forms taken by the same spirit, or possibly different entities fulfilling some grim office as the spirit of murder and death.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Walker, you unleash particularly devastating attacks to unprepared foes, causing you to deal an additional 1d4 points of damage per point of spirit bonus you possess. This damage is precision-based, and is not multiplied in the event of a critical hit, although it is doubled against a creature that cannot see you.

Séance Boon: You gain a +4 bonus on Stealth checks.

Favored Locations: Butcher shops, condemned buildings, dark alleys, slaughterhouses.

Influence Penalty: The Walker demands that his adherents be willing to obey him slavishly in all things, causing you to suffer a penalty on Will saves made to resist compulsion effects equal to your spirit bonus.

Taboos: Choose one: you cannot allow a helpless creature to live and must take all possible steps to kill it; you must mutilate a corpse that is less than 24 hours dead, and inscribe the symbols of the walker upon it in its own blood; you must refuse to aid any creature with fewer than 50% of its hit points.

Spirit Powers: The Walker offers the following spirit powers.

Stalking Step (Lesser, Su): You are gifted with the Walker's stealth. You can make yourself invisible, as the spell invisibility, for a number of rounds per day equal to 4 + twice your medium level. Activating or deactivating this invisibility is a swift action. If you become visible due to making an attack, you cannot activate this ability again for 1 minute. Your caster level for this effect is equal to your medium level.

Blinding Strike (Intermediate, Ex): As a standard action, you can deliver a blinding strike with a light or onehanded melee weapon that deals slashing or piercing damage. Make a single attack roll at your full base attack bonus. If the attack hits, it deals damage as normal, and the target must succeed on a Fortitude save (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) or be blinded for 1 minute. You can use this ability 3 times per day.

Blood Spiller (Greater, Ex): You can feed the Walker with the blood of your foes. Whenever you successfully deal damage to a creature with a melee attack, if that creature could not see you when you made the attack, or was denied his Dexterity bonus to AC against you for any other reason, he suffers an amount of bleed damage equal to 1/2 your medium level.

Walk Among the Graves (Supreme, Su): You can channel the Walker to effortlessly kill your foes. Whenever you observe a creature that cannot see you for a full minute, the next time you successfully damage that creature with a melee attack, he must succeed on a Fortitude save (DC to + 1/2 your level + your Strength or Dexterity modifier) or die. Once per day, you can use this ability on a creature without observing them for a full minute, but they must still be unable to see you.

The Lighthouse

On a dark and stormy night much like this one, several years ago, a young girl and her brother made their way up the winding and treacherous pathway up to the bluff just outside of town where the local lighthouse sat. The lighthouse had been abandoned for years: not many foreign ships came to Ravensport anymore, anyway, and all the local fishermen knew how to navigate the local waters without it, so when the most recent lightkeeper died, no one had bothered to take up the job of replacing him.

But even though the lighthouse had no keeper, and hadn't for as long as either child had been alive, everyone in town knew that sometimes, on certain nights, when the rain poured down thick from the heavens, a strange blue light could be seen emanating from the top of the lighthouse, and some, who lived closest to the lighthouse, even reported hearing the sound of a woman's voice, singing in the distance. Rumor had it that the lightkeeper's wife, a reclusive woman who hadn't been seen since her son's mysterious drowning, haunted the place after her death, searching for her missing son, and that she was the source of the light.

On this night, the pair of adventurous youths decided that they would sneak out of their house to go investigate the lighthouse, and solve the mystery once and for all. When they finally reached the lighthouse door, they were soaking wet, and every footstep made wet squelching noises upon the cold stone floor. The boy wanted to start a fire in the empty fireplace, but the girl insisted that they search the place first, to ensure that no one else was there with them.

Taking a lantern and some oil from hooks by the door, the girl led the boy up the long, winding stairs that circled around the inside of the lighthouse, leading up to the top. As they began to climb the steps, however, they heard up above them the unmistakable sound of a woman singing, faint at first, but growing with each step, the song a sad and melodious one. The boy and girl both froze, and the boy started to edge back towards the door, but the girl grabbed his hand, stopping him, and gave him a warning look: they had come this far. They couldn't turn back now.

When they reached about the halfway point in the stairs, they noticed that water was trickling down the stairway from above, forming a little river as it went. It was possible of course that this was rainwater that had somehow gotten into the lighthouse: it hadn't had anyone keeping it up in years, so perhaps a window had broken? But in their hearts, both knew that this water was coming from another source entirely. At the top of the stairs, they found a closed wooden door, and both felt an ominous chill. The water was coming from under the door, and the singing sounded as though it were just on the other side. The girl reached out gingerly for the doorknob, when suddenly, with a powerful gust of wind, the door burst open on its own, sending both girl and boy tumbling a few steps backwards, as a torrent of water perhaps a foot deep burst down the stairs in a tidal wave of miniscule proportions.

Once the pair were back on their feet, they noticed that the singing had stopped, and the room in front of them had no one in it. Nor, they noted, were there any broken windows, or any other explanation for the thin pool of water that covered the room's entire floor. The lighthouse fire was unlit, as well, and there was no explanation for the strange blue light that they had seen. After they had taken a few minutes to look around, the girl disappointedly began to head back down the stairs, when something caught her eye.

Outside, at the edge of the cliff, not far from the base of the lighthouse, was a shadowy figure holding a lantern that was glowing blue. She cried out, pointing the figure out to her brother, before running down the stairs two at a time, practically dragging him behind her, despite his protests.

When they reached the spot where the figure had been seen, there was no one there to be found. Frustrated at coming up empty-handed again, the young girl cast about, looking for the figure, when her brother pulled on her sleeve, gesturing for her to look behind them. There, feet floating a few inches off the ground, was the ghostly specter of a woman. She wore a long white dress, with skin that was somehow even paler, and raven-black hair. In one hand, she held aloft a lantern gleaming with flickering blue flame. Each drop of rain seemed to cause ripples as it passed through her, as though she were herself made of water. But most importantly, she was blocking off their escape.

The ghostly woman slowly advanced, and as she did she began to sing, the sound of her song growing supernaturally loud as she approached, until it drowned out the rain and the thunder, and was all that the children could hear. She reached out to them with her free hand, and the girl instinctively moved to protect her brother, pushing him forward, past the ghost.

The ghostly woman, sobbing as she continued to sing her song, wrapped her arms around the girl, the lantern vanishing, and dove off the cliff, carrying them both into the cold surf below. The boy ran to gather the townsfolk, but when they searched the area, they found no trace of the girl or the mysterious weeping woman.

The Weeping Woman

Some say that she is the spirit of a mother whose child died tragically in her arms, after a terrible accident. Others say that she was barren, and lured the children of others to their deaths out of bitterness and jealousy. Many other variations of the story exist, but all know that the Weeping Woman is a spirit of bitter sadness and regret for tragedies which cannot be undone, and losses which can never be forgotten.

Though many details about her origin are disputed, one well-established fact about the Weeping Woman is that she is closely associated with drowning, and it is speculated that this is the reason why she is always depicted as being made of water. Her shape is that of a beautiful (if somewhat haunting) young woman, with dark hair and pale skin, though the liquid nature of her body sometimes distorts or obscures these details. She wears a long, flowing gown (also made of water, typically depicted as white), which is sometimes, but not always, stained red with blood.

Mediums who have channeled the Weeping Woman report being overcome with an incredible and unyielding sadness. Though this depression is intense (and incredibly upsetting), it is not as crippling as one might expect, and a few mediums reluctantly admit that along with the depression that the Weeping Woman brings is an overwhelming desire to share their pain with others, to make them feel the same horrible loss and emptiness that they themselves feel, as though for each bit of pain they inflict upon the heart of another, a tiny piece of the void within their own spirit will be filled in. This urge is especially strong when it comes to mothers and young children.

In addition to acting as a medium spirit, it is believed that the Weeping Woman is a wandering ghost or similar undead, and there are many stories about her luring various unfortunate souls (most often children) to their demise.

Spirit Bonus: When you channel the Weeping Woman, your spirit bonus applies on Perform checks. Additionally, the saving throw DCs of your necromancy spells are increased by an amount equal to 1/3 your spirit bonus (rounded down, minimum 1), and your body becomes slightly translucent and hazy, giving you a spectral appearance and miss chance equal to 5% per point of spirit bonus you possess (to a maximum of 30% with a spirit bonus of +6).

Séance Boon: You gain a +4 bonus on Swim checks, and Constitution checks made to hold your breath. Additionally, undead creatures whose starting attitude towards you isn't hostile have their starting attitude towards you increased by one step (unfriendly becomes indifferent, indifferent becomes friendly, etc.).

Favored Locations: Burned or ruined homes, lonely wells, scaffolds, sites of suicides.

Influence Penalty: You suffer a penalty equal to your spirit bonus on saving throws made to resist any effect that would impose a morale penalty. Additionally, you cannot benefit from morale bonuses, or from any spell with the emotion descriptor (although you can still suffer negative effects of such spells). **Taboos:** Choose one: you must not allow happiness to go uncontested, and must make at least one attempt to bring misery or unhappiness to each person you meet who seems generally content and happy; you must not allow any of your companions' lives to be threatened, and take whatever steps necessary to keep them safe (if an ally dies or is reduced to o hit points, you are treated as breaking this taboo); you must perform at least one séance (using *speak with dead, call spirit*^{OA}, or similar) to speak with a deceased creature in the presence of one of that creature's loved ones (you are treated as having broken this taboo until the séance is performed; you must perform the séance on a different creature each time you choose this taboo).

Spirit Powers: The Weeping Woman offers the following spirit powers.

Dark Magic (Lesser, Su): Instead of your normal spells per day for your medium level, you gain spells per day as though you were a mesmerist (see *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures* for the mesmerist spells per day table). For each level of spell you can now cast (including level o), each time you channel the Weeping Woman, select a single spell of that level from the witch spell list to add to your medium spell list and spells known until you lose contact with the Weeping Woman.

Evil Eye (Intermediate, Su): You gain the evil eye hex of the witch class (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Advanced Player's Guide*). Additionally, by allowing the Weeping Woman to gain 1 point of influence over you, you can allow your evil eye to affect even creatures that are normally immune to mind-affecting effects (you must allow her to gain this point of influence each time you use this ability on such a creature).

Aura of Despair (Greater, Su): As a move action, you can project an aura of hopelessness and doom to a range of 30 feet. Each creature that begins its turn in this aura must succeed on a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 your medium level + your Charisma modifier) or suffer a -2 penalty on attack rolls, damage rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks. This penalty lasts for as long as the creature remains inside the aura, and for 1d4 rounds thereafter. You can maintain the aura for a number of rounds per day equal to your medium level. As a swift action, you can allow the Weeping Woman to gain 1 point of influence over you in order to gain an additional number of rounds that day equal to your medium level.

Drowning Stare (Supreme, Su): As a standard action, you can direct a baleful stare at a creature within 60 feet, causing its lungs to begin to fill with tears. The target must succeed on a Fortitude save (DC 10 + 1/2 your class level + your Charisma modifier) or become staggered for 1 round. If you spend a standard action on the following round to maintain the effect, the target must succeed on a secondary Fortitude save or fall unconscious, be reduced to -1 hit points, and begin dying. If the creature succeeds on a roll to stabilize, he coughs up the tears in his lungs and becomes stable. You can use this ability three times per day. Once a creature has been affected by this ability, it cannot be affected by it again for 24 hours.

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You Can Never have Too Many Friends!

The public playtest of Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Occult Adventures featured a medium with access to a wide number of very unique spirits, each with a specific name and personality, as well as granting access to various powers and abilities. For the final version of the book, however, the medium's selection of spirits was scaled back, and instead of individual entities, mediums could choose from six archetypes, each of which corresponded to a wide variety of individual spirits. Mechanically, the class is greatly improved, but there is no denying that in moving from specific, individual spirits to generic spirit types designed to apply to a wide variety of spirits, something valuable was lost.

This book presents 20 new spirits for mediums to channel, each of which with its own unique and flavorful background and description, as well as their own new and unique spirit powers and taboos, as well as spirit bonuses, influence penaltics, and favored locations. Each spirit's entry also includes a brief piece of fiction which is written from an in-character perspective, and can be discovered by mediums in the game to help them learn about the spirit in question. Finally, a brief section presents a selection of variant rules for GMs with reservations about adding a wide variety of spirits to the medium's repertoire, providing several different options for incorporating these new spirits into your game. In this book, you will find:

 Big Jambu, an ancient spirit of primordial nature from before man walked the earth, and allows mediums to shrug off mortal magic.

• Mister Turnip, a kindly spirit of home and hearth that allows mediums to cook magical foods that aid themselves and their allies.

• Skullface, a skeletal spirit of death and desire who drives mediums to indulge themselves, and grants power over life and death.

• The Walker, a malevolent spirit of stealth and blood who urges mediums to kill the innocent, and grants them the stealth and deadly accuracy to do so.

....and many more!

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