

SAVAGE COMPANY



RECRUIT ORIENTATION



SAVAGE COMPANY RECRUIT ORIENTATION

COMPILED FROM THE SAVAGE COMPANY CAMPAIGN SETTING

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ABOUT SHM PUBLISHING

Based in Oklahoma, USA, SHM publishing was founded in 2018 to create the Savage Company setting designed to be compatible with the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game. We intend to continue expanding the world of military themes mixed with traditional swords and sorcery and hope to release many books in the future.

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WELCOME TO SAVAGE COMPANY

If you find the idea of playing the same old fantasy races in every campaign and setting a bit boring and the idea of running or playing in a game where various monsters clash in exciting gun battles, then this is the book for you. Savage Company is mostly a campaign setting book for monstrous races and expanded modern firearms, but it is actually so much more. This book includes info for the Savage Company campaign setting, which can be used in a homebrew campaign or dropped right into your favorite world. A setting where every freak or unwanted monster with the capacity for tactics and discipline come together to carve themselves a piece of land to call home. We also include new race options, including new races, reimaginings of old classic monstrous races, PC versions of some monsters, and expanded options for existing races; without the old assumptions that ugly creatures must be universally evil. You'll also find new alternate classes, and a plethora of new archetypes that play into the setting's unique strengths; namely, monstrous characters with more guns. We've also written new feats, spells, mundane and magical gear, and an entirely new ruleset for fighting battles while the battlefield is rolling by under your wheels, all balanced to be used alongside your existing swords and sorcery settings. There is a whole section for featured iconic characters, which can be used as pre-generated characters, or as pre-written NPCs for your homebrew campaign. As well as many new NPCs, enemies, and monsters.

If you prefer expanded, well-thought out options for monstrous PCs and modern guns rather than arbitrarily banning game elements that don't appear in your favorite fantasy novel, then this is the book for you.

It's early.

The sun threatens to shine from just beyond the horizon, as a bitter, cold breeze sweeps across the salty, hard-packed ground. A massive Orc wearing full plate armor walks a line, inspecting the new recruits. They stand in somewhat evenly spaced rows, mostly straight. A pair of sergeants patrol the ranks getting them into position, barking a growl or a flash of tusk to the unruly few who fidget or make noise.

***"You are all worthless sacks of meat!"** he bellows, his deep voice booming over the sand. The plates of his armor crash against themselves as he struts down the columns with a slow, controlled pace. Sarge stands tall over the recruits, looking down on the fresh faces that reminded him of the days of his youth. The veteran still had calluses on his hands from carrying the shells of his artillery squad as a child. Though he was always more of the squad's mascot, the humans trained him on how to carry his weight and make himself useful.*

***"And in standing here before me, you are well aware,"** Sarge projects once more. He lays eyes on a recruit that reminds him of himself. Strong, determined, stubborn. There's a fire in the recruit's eyes, just as there is in his own. The huge Orc recognizes it well. That is the fire that guides the way. A sign he always looked for throughout the years, as it was the sign of a recruit that would take well to Sarge's training. Orcs have always been driven by bloodlust, but some Sarge could teach to be driven by victory.*

"we are all here for a reason, for a goal!" Sarge remembers well the old days, the fighting, the brutal reality of things. Senseless conflict, the young dying, for what? To maintain this cycle of raid and revenge? When a war finally ended, Sarge and many orcs and half-orcs like him were simply sent away. Many had nowhere to go, no home to return to. Even the warriors he had personally trained were scattered across the land with no place to go. Some would turn to banditry, and there would be another reason to raise troops.

"And with that goal, your meat is given purpose!" The brotherhood of the unit gained much by fighting together, but then they were scattered; lost without direction. They had been used as disposable weapons of war, but Sarge wanted to change that. He wanted a better way for his brothers-in-arms. He always fought to keep them safe; to teach them skills and not to turn back to raiding; to end the cycle of death for his kind.

"To anyone who would bow out, do so now..." Sarge fought in countless battles and saw much bloodshed. He put his life on the line time and time again, and somehow always came through. To the younger generations, he was a legend and a hero to look up to. In trying to rally his scattered brethren, Sarge grew to be seen as a leader.

"for the coming days will be harsh and unforgiving." The young bucks followed Sarge closely and always listened to his words. They cherished the leadership he provided and rallied under one common banner. The pack grew a bit more each day as more and more younger Orcs would arrive to learn from Sarge or his protégés and serve a greater purpose.

"But like those who would burn our homes, we must become stronger through tactics." Before long, Sarge had a small army around him, rife with contenders that shared a vision of creating a better world for themselves. One that made a difference. One that gave them a way to fight for the right reasons, and make some money while doing so.

"We have to become that which has evolved beyond the old ways and embrace something new." Sarge never wanted an army, nor did he want to be responsible for so many of his brothers, but he ultimately accepted his place and endured many hardships to give guidance to his kin.

"We must embrace our most basic instincts, and in doing so harness them!" They became mercenaries soon after, taking the name Savage Company. Sarge looked back on the memory with great pride and felt an overwhelming amount of honor in being a part of its birth. A new way of life for these beasts of war; one where they were never thrown away or had their lives spent like coin. He had set out to create a path of dignity for his kind, but he had ended up creating something else...

A Home.

"I say once more if you would bow out, do so now. To those who are staying..." Sarge planted his foot down, turning towards the formation. Now in his old age, he stood proud in front of the newest batch of recruits, his one responsibility the only job he ever felt truly suited him: training. He paused, looking across the pack for anyone who would leave of their own accord. When none left, Sarge let out a satisfied grunt and a slight nod.

"Welcome to Savage Company"



Savage Company

THE BUSINESS

Savage Company the mercenary business, was originally started as a small band of Orcs and Half-Orcs seeking to establish themselves as a legitimate enterprise in a world that normally shunned their kind. Over time, and with a newfound base of operations, their notoriety and workload flourished faster than anyone could have anticipated. The original founders never expected this small family of mercenaries to become so large or so prestigious. After setting up in the ruined desert town that would eventually become Tombstone, the place became a hub for taking jobs and assigning them to would-be adventurers. In time, this fame would draw the attention of many more hired guns aiming to make something of themselves. Over the years, Tombstone would gather and grow to meet the demands of the Company and citizens. The majority of these people came to Tombstone looking for work from the more "monstrous" races, either as mercenaries or support staff. Savage Company became widely known as an outfit where anyone could get honest work killing people, regardless of what they looked like; and Tombstone was a place that welcomed all comers. The once small-time operation grew into a fully-fledged self-sufficient paramilitary group that would account for a significant portion of strength in conflicts all over the world.

TOMBSTONE

Tombstone is a boisterous boomtown located deep in an inhospitable wasteland full of monsters. No sane person would ever want to live there. Long ago, a great war between two arcane empires blasted the land and ruined it forever, leaving twisted beasts and complete devastation in its wake. The desert itself is incredibly large, with verdant

lands and magically adept nations to the north and south. There is an industrious city-state to the west, and far to the east, massive cliffs that tumble into the sea. While the region can be described as a desert, the area around Tombstone proper is composed of hard rock covered in a shallow layer of densely packed dry soil. Immediately northeast of the town is an old quarry where the abundant natural stone was mined in ancient times, and many miles to the southeast, the hard-packed ground gives way to a sea of dunes and ever-shifting sand.

When the founders of Savage Company stumbled upon the ruins of an old town and a stone fort in the middle of a land that nobody claimed or wanted, they decided to make it home. By strong-arming, grafts, or diplomacy, the town founders managed to gain themselves independent status from the surrounding nations and even convinced them to divert railroads to stop at Tombstone. These rail lines are well protected and highly valued by the townsfolk. While the portion of the town above ground is not unimpressive, the true marvel lies beneath the surface. On the surface, a wide mile-long stretch of gravel road spans Tombstone from north to south. It is here that all notable surface points of interest can be found. A long, well-ventilated tunnel serves as the main subterranean thoroughfare, spanning a stretch of ground from the Hacienda south of town (now fortified and housing multiple clans of orcs) to the walled town to the North, passing directly beneath and connected via mechanical freight elevators to the Railroad Depot. Off of this main tunnel are many well-planned and smoothly carved rooms, side-tunnels, and complexes. Goblin, hobgoblin, and dwarven engineers work with modern tools and trox labor to continually upgrade and expand the undercity. Both literally and figuratively carving a

home out of the wasteland, Tombstone has quickly grown into a bustling hub with mercenary work bringing in gold from all corners of the world and various industries and people setting up shop to take advantage of the new economy.

OLD TOWN

This is a fortified octagonal structure originally made by dismantling and cannibalizing the local stone buildings of the ruins that used to sit here. In the years since resettlement, it has been rebuilt and improved constantly. The buildings around the original town square have been built up to adjoin and support the exterior wall. The notable structures inside include a stable, a large service elevator, the Headquarters, the Jaq Rac Saloon, and the original church with its very tall bell tower that is used for observation. Most facilities and living spaces have been relocated into the extensive undercity carved beneath the old town. Deep in the undercity beneath old town is also where Gunpowder Blood's workshop and the Bursar and Armory vaults are located.

Outside the old town is a circular field of tombstones that mark sector and range increments from the wall. Even though their bodies do not lie here, the markers bear the names of the "Ghosts of Tombstone", heroes who died defending the town in the early days before the city was fully carved out of the dangerous wasteland. Occasional small depressions mark where previously set mines in this area have been detonated by attackers. Recent construction has added a second wall and rampart around the field of tombstones. Word is that the mines have been deactivated and removed, but that might only be a rumor.

The effects of this war in ancient times have left magic permanently twisted, making spells fail or outright unreliable. If you choose to implement this in your game, there are several ways to go about it.

Low Magic: It is nearly impossible to cast spells or spell effects above 3rd level. Magic items that do not require activation that are brought into the wasteland and such things as alchemy seem to work just fine. Activating a magic item, casting a spell, or any spell effect above 3rd level requires a concentration check with a DC equal to 20 + the spell's level. This is the default for the setting.

No Magic: The city of Tombstone and the entire desert around it are under a permanent Antimagic Field.

Wild Magic: Magic is possible, but it is often uncontrollable and unpredictable.

Use the Wild Magic rules from *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game: Pathfinder Unchained*

HEADQUARTERS

This sizable building within Old Town contains multiple offices and bar-style desks that are populated by the employees that establish, track, and record all proceeds put forth by Savage Company field teams. Upon entering the lobby, hopeful prospects will notice a variety of teller windows. There is a long corridor past the initial room with multiple private offices attached in staggered offsets; each office is positioned along the walls of the main corridor. The back room at the aft-center of the main corridor houses the War Room. It is here that top-level personnel may convene to discuss delicate matters, establish battle plans, or divvy out operation orders to multiple teams all coming together for large operations. At any given point, there is a blustering aesthetic of secretaries,



suits, and stacks of paper haplessly strewn about; the multitudes of bodies rush from desk to desk with piles of documents and stamped forms. Any attempts to migrate into the deeper areas of the Headquarters is often met with accidental collisions, dropped paper stacks, and insults thrown by native languages of the employees.

ARMORY

Deep under Old Town, this series of fortified vaults are where Savage Company keeps its heavy ordnance. Always watched by armed guards, inside clerks inventory, inspect, and maintain the vast stores of weapons kept here. Combat teams can requisition and return armaments here, but be sure you have the proper hand receipts! Most of the interactions take place through the half-door of iron bars, but for larger items, they can open the whole door.

BURSAR

The Bursar is located near the armory and serves as the company treasury. Mercenary squads can go here to claim rewards for completing jobs and collecting bounties. This well-defended vault is also where the company stores its monetary wealth. Customers can interact with the clerks via a window protected with iron bars. The two main staple accountants are an elderly dwarf and a decrepit goblin. Neither one trusts the other not to embezzle company funds so they argue and oversee each other constantly.

DA CLINK (SHERIFF'S OFFICE)

The Sheriff's Office is a simple room in the undercity beneath Old Town. The main room houses a couple rarely used desks and chairs, and there is a hallway in the rear with carved out cells behind iron doors on both sides. The Sheriff, an old hobgoblin who's quick with a gun, and his couple deputies keep a watchful eye out for trouble about

town; but the lack of actual laws in Tombstone keep them relegated to investigating murders, and breaking up drunken brawls to mitigate property damage. This is aided by the fact that the orc tribes generally are kept in check by their own tribal leadership and are usually disciplined under their own tribal laws. The most frequent visitors to Da Clink are inebriated newcomers who might get in over their heads at the many drinking establishments and need some time to sober up and cool off.

GUNPOWDER BLOOD'S WORKSHOP

This enigmatic laboratory is different every time it is seen. Gunpowder Blood (actual name in goblin is Ngat Quh) is an older goblin who is greatly renowned for being a brilliant genius engineer. He is constantly experimenting with new weapons and armor and trying to puzzle out the secrets of mystical artifacts that were brought back from missions by members of Savage Company. To the well-trained eye, this room also doubles as a fire-focusing chimney, and there are slit windows where apprentices can lob alchemist's fire into the main chamber. As Gunpowder Blood is basically immune to fire, he sees this as a safety measure more than a workplace hazard. And since he often sets fires and ignites explosions in here, it's good that the room can handle it. There is a gnome statue, in his workshop, with an uncanny life-like likeness. This serves Gunpowder Blood as a good luck charm, coat rack, and test dummy for various experimental weapons. The largest room in his workshop is twenty feet tall and sixty feet long. There is a freight elevator in one corner of the room which leads to the courtyard in Old Town on the surface. This is used to bring him supplies and parts for his experiments and custom orders. The regular deliveries to the shop are the only indication that Gunpowder Blood is still alive, leaving his workshop only if he is summoned by Savage Company or if Speedy wants a second opinion about gun placements on a buggy. The official entrance to his

workshop is located in the Undercity. Inside, a sales counter can be found with a very nervous goblin behind it. Ever terrified, he will hear Gunpowder Blood bark out, "Hey get in here and hold this while I bang on it with a hammer. It's not that dangerous". His apprentice goblins rarely stay or survive long in his shop. Gunpowder Blood is tireless and will binge on a project for days on end, and in turn, expects the same ethic out of his interns. He often comments to himself about the lackluster pool of applicants applying to be his apprentice.

JAQ RAC SALOON

This three-story hotel is constantly under construction. The proprietor, a half-elf of refined tastes, is constantly expanding on the offerings of his establishment. The ground floor features a long bar made of imported wood, showcasing the expanding stock of various spirits and liquors. There are many tables spanning a 90ft floor for gambling, discrete meetings, and friendly gatherings. A large staff of various races act as ushers, bouncers, pit bosses, waitstaff, and courtesans. The second floor features private meeting rooms which savage co will use from time to time for war rooms, interviews, and the odd interrogation. The third floor features 16 luxury suites, 4 of which are rented monthly to high class, expensive courtesans. The owner, Francois Raynadiel envisions an oasis in the desert, one in which he can reap as much gold as possible. In addition to his home of operations at the Saloon, as one of the oldest residents of Tombstone, he has an extensive supply chain for bringing in goods and owns the General Store as well as several other food and drink establishments.

RAILROAD DEPOT

This wide, single-story building has a large platform and cargo ramps, along with a water tower, several rail-sidings, and a repair yard. The complex with its many dangerous rail sidings is located on the west side of the main north-south road. The buildings and structures are all new and

feature very recent construction by the surrounding nations. The relatively peaceful oasis in the middle of the blasted desert makes direct travel possible, where the previous trade routes were restricted to lengthy circumnavigation.

BOOR AND BARREL

This tavern is located across the main road from Railroad Depot. The two-story inn and restaurant is a new establishment in Tombstone, the latest in a small but well-known family chain in the greater region. A favored drinking hole of many adventurers, the Boor and Barrel features a wide variety of brews and cuisine to match the broad range of cultures in Savage Company. The internal layout features a large bar room with various tables and chairs, as well as an impressive bar that spans the length of the entire back wall. Despite the respectful reputation of the establishment, the owner often finds himself paying for broken windows and bar chairs. Always the hotbed of drunken brawls, the bouncers work around the clock to maintain the peace as much as possible. The front door is furnished with saloon-style batwing doors instead of a solid door. Seeing orc after orc thrown through the door made for an easy choice, rather than paying for a new one every week.

GENERAL STORE

The General Store is yet another business venture of Francois Raynadiel, the eccentric half-elf with lavish dreams of being a big time business tycoon. This oddly quaint store can be found in a convenient spot along the main road in Old Town. Though relatively small, the store contains everything that an adventurer could possibly need. Be it ammunition, potions, rations, or various other things, Savage Company teams can find whatever they require for survival.



TENT CITY

Both north and south of the Railroad Depot, in the land outside of the permanent structures, are many fields of tents and temporary living quarters. Set up by newly arrived supplicants to Tombstone, these campgrounds are filled with traveling animals, cookfires, and people looking for work.

BOUNTY BOARD

Outside the Railroad Depot and along the main road, is a large wooden billboard with a small roof to protect it from the elements. One of the few features in Tombstone not made of the abundant natural stone, this board is covered by many tacked up pieces of paper advertising the various outstanding jobs that Savage Company has available to independent contractors. Freelancers wishing to accept a contract must often journey to Old Town and apply in person at Headquarters.

THE UNDERCITY

While the mile-long dirt track from Old Town to the Hacienda is unimpressive above ground, its reflection beneath the surface is something else entirely. What started as hastily dug underground shelters, and then an access tunnel, has been progressively and aggressively expanded and refined over the years into a bustling underground community. With the help of dwarven engineers, goblin ingenuity, and trox industriousness, the Undercity is always growing and changing. Lighting is an afterthought as many of the races living and working here can see in the dark, so those that need it must carry their own lanterns.

Beneath Old Town is the largest concentration of underground development. Many stairs and shafts lead down but there is also a freight elevator for large cargo and even vehicles. Most of the oldest excavations are here, along with some of the better-known establishments including Gunpowder

Blood's hardened laboratory, the sheriff's office, the Jaq Rac Saloon's lower levels, and the reinforced stone vaults of the armory and bursar.

The original access tunnel from Old Town to the Hacienda is now a wide thoroughfare, complete with light rail track, multiple lanes of cargo and foot traffic, and a freight elevator to the Railroad Depot. Many offshoots from this tunnel hold pocket communities and tribal dwellings for subterranean Tombstoners.

The Hacienda's end of the main tunnel is less developed than the Old Town side, as most of the orcish inhabitants prefer open sky to tunnels. The more dangerous areas of the blacksmith and vehicle shops are relegated to underground bunkers, along with the refining and storage facilities for alchemical fuel. The freight elevator on this end continues above ground into the framework of the airship docking tower that is functional, albeit currently under construction.

HACIENDA (ORC TOWN)

At the southernmost end of the main road lies what was once a traditional adobe hacienda compound, complete with a protective wall, sprawling mansion, stables and barns, and spacious courtyard. At some point, an unsuspecting fool must have come here and built this place, perhaps as a retirement home. It was obviously abandoned for many years and has fallen into ruin. The inhabitants and builders had disappeared with no trace, leaving no clues to their identity or eventual demise.

In the time since the founding of Tombstone, the hacienda area has been taken over by several industrious tribes of orcs, half-orcs, and goblins. The main building is mostly intact, and much of the space is covered in tents and banners and other orcish trappings. Goblins run a large blacksmith operation here, and there is a metal tower being constructed on top of the main building for airship docking. Visitors might wish to see the

boisterous Grog Hole, a quaint, open-air drinking establishment in old orc fashion, with occasional blood sports and other distractions. The vehicle shop is unrivaled in its bizarre discoveries. Here, mad goblins attempt to bottle fire and make metal beasts with round legs. The orcs that ride these monsters are always pushing for more; more power, more armor, more speed, and more guns.

SPEEDY'S VEHICLE SHOP

This large, industrious workshop appears to be a mess to the untrained eye. Even more so to those who know what they're looking at. Within the confines of this smokey, noisy factory lies the beating heart of Savage Company's mechanized units. Armored buggies, trucks, motorcycles, and even absurd amounts of firepower can be found in nearly every square inch of the place. Among the

chaos of grinding, riveting, and welding, one will see whole teams established at each workstation. The workstations line the floors and walls from the entrance to exit, complete with devices for raising vehicles or hoisting heavy objects. The center aisle is left clear as a passageway for completed vehicles to make their exit trip at the rear of the facility, as well as a mostly safe lane of travel for customers. Along the far side of the western wall, the Dwarves and their R&D team house their experimental units behind a locked door and a sign with a crudely written message that simply reads "DANGER! Keep Out!". The eastern wall features a balcony and a raised catwalk, the main office, and the employee locker rooms. Speedy himself is a clever orc with a knack for puzzling out the innards of alchemical engines. The generally happy orc can often be most easily found on the workshop floor, elbows deep in a project.





Races

The Races detailed below have redefined the term “savage” to refer to their ferocity in battle, their tribal sense of honor, and their new-found opportunities in mercenary combat. No longer uneducated and barbaric, they now ply their skills and base toughness in working for coin; as Sarge says, “you can pillage a village once, but you can charge them for defense as long as they’re alive!”

These races are largely reimagined versions of familiar monstrous races, but without the assumptions of slavery, evil, or entirely anti-social traits. Intelligent beings make those decisions on an individual basis and like any PC race, each alignment should be possible. The races detailed in this section are referred to as the “Savage Races,” but by savage, we do not mean bestial or stupid, we mean that they are fierce when provoked, and their paramilitary units are feared on the battlefield due to their efficacy and intimidation.

RACE	DESCRIPTION
Baade	A Proud red-skinned race that while intimidating in appearance, are actually avid traders and craftsmen.
Kemano	A blanket term for a varied race with slight and concealable animal traits. Most choose to live as humans and are largely thought to be a myth.
Lobstross	An aquatic cousin to the Trox, these large monstrous humanoids excel at underwater locomotion and combat.
Savage Bugbear	These once-thought brutes have started displaying their true cunning; allying themselves with other savage races as scouts and strongarms.
Savage Hobgoblin	This variation of Hobgoblins have set aside some of their racial animosity in favor of stronger alliances with fellow monstrous races to continue the conquest of their societal war machine.
Savage Kobolds	Less weak than the common variety, these kobolds still have questionably draconic origins, but do not hold the same xenophobia as their cousins.
Savage Orc	A surface dwelling variant that travels nomadically and lend their services as mercenaries.
Skeletal	A misunderstood creature of living bone created from the corpse of another race via an arcane ritual.

BAADE (16 RP)



OVERVIEW

The Baade race is a proud nomadic people with no homeland, often maligned by the more “enlightened races” for their frightening appearance, they are noble traders and craftsmen who journey the world in search of new experiences, opportunities, and innovation. Their traditional songs and dances tell an oral history of a world far different from our own, with two suns, erupting volcanoes, frequent earthquakes, and the constant threat of mighty predators. Baadans are a strong and durable race, often fearless in the face of death, especially when it comes to defending their close familial units. They age slower than humans, but not nearly as long-lived as the elves, and

while the women go through a similar life cycle of blossoming into adulthood and childbearing years like humans do, the men instead slowly grow larger over their entire lives, eventually reaching titanic proportions and living a mostly sedentary life in their old age.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Baadans are large, red-hued humanoids. Males average over seven feet tall and 400 pounds, with females being slightly smaller at over six feet and 250 pounds. As with humans, sizes vary greatly with the smallest of females ranging from just over five feet tall and 200 pounds while the



largest males topping out around eight feet tall and 450 pounds. The Baadan build while being somewhat similar to humans is generally stockier with aggressive musculature. Due to the unique biology of the Baadans, they uniformly have extreme muscle tone and do not retain body fat. Their bones and muscles are very dense and much heavier than they appear. The black fingernails are also thick and deeply set and are often sharpened and used as tools, especially in larger males where fine manipulation of small objects would prove difficult with extremely large fingers. Males from a young age grow a pair of large black horns on their heads, which are sometimes used defensively or for fighting, in ancient times these would be used to protect the familial herd from predators.

The skin color while generally being described as red or rust-colored, in fact, varies based on racial, genetic, geographical, ethnic and familial traits. Coloration ranges from a pale light pink to a deep crimson or magenta. Small, light-skinned Baadans can occasionally pass for humans, although the correct combination of traits necessary for this to occur is rare. Occasionally spots, splotches or stripes occur, although this has become rare as bloodlines have become interwoven in recent millennia. Hair occurs only on the top, back and sides of the head, facial and body hair is seen as atavistic and a sign of poor breeding. Hair colors are similar to human standards, ranging from white or blonde, to brown and black. Eye coloration is also similar to human standard with the exception of frequently occurring yellow or gold irises. Silver and grey eyes are also common.

Another feature unique to Baade biology is that the men do not undergo puberty or growth spurts, they gradually become adults and never cease growing as long as they live. While extremely rare, very old Baadan patriarchs have been recorded nearing sixteen feet tall and weighing several thousand pounds.

Baadans often mark themselves with ritualistic scarring and familial tattoos, tattoos being more popular among females as the scarring is often

a result of a male coming of age ritual. A similar celebration is held for females entering society as an adult with the unveiling of her tattoo denoting her bloodline. While such ceremonies are not uncommon, they are not observed across the race as a whole.

SOCIETY

Baadans are a diverse and well-cultured people. If you could ascribe a value to the race as a whole it would have to be Independence and Honor. The Baadan psyche is built around the concepts of independence and value. Not independence as in isolation, but rather one of achievement and earning. Nothing is more uniformly seen as taboo in Baadan society than the taking of something not earned, or the asking of something or someone without return. Baadans generally believe in the importance of personal freedoms and there is a strong "Noble Warrior" aspect of the culture. Nearly all adult Baadans carry weapons with them at all times and are well versed in their use. It is seen as taboo to be unarmed because it implies that an unarmed person burdens those around him to defend his life if it becomes necessary.

The majority of Baadans belong to extended family groups, often as traveling craftsmen and merchants. Family structure appears patriarchal, with the elder male leading and looking out for his family and their business, however within the family, it is often his wife, the elder female who runs things and is the final arbiter of disputes and duties. This is a tradition that dates back to the earliest days of the Baade people, the men seeking food and defending the tribe with their strength and natural weapons while the women cared for the tribe and planned ahead using their wits.

In all parts of Baadan society, dueling is looked upon as an acceptable means of dispute resolution. Most disagreements are resolved quickly and peacefully as few matters are believed serious enough to risk one's own life over. When duels are encountered with outsiders of other races,

TABLE: RANDOM STARTING AGES

Adulthood	Intuitive	Self-taught	Trained
40 years	+3d6 years (43 – 58 years)	+5d6 years (45 – 70 years)	+7d6 years (47 – 82 years)

TABLE: RANDOM HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

Gender	Base Height	Height Modifier	Base Weight	Weight Modifier
Male	6 ft.	+2d12 in. (6 ft. 2 in. – 8 ft.)	350 lbs.	+2d10x5 lbs. (350 – 450 lbs.)
Female	5 ft. 1 in.	+2d12 in. (5 ft. 3 in. – 7 ft. 1 in.)	200 lbs.	+2d10x5 lbs. (200 – 300 lbs.)

sometimes the challenged opponent will flee rather than face the somewhat legendary consequences of entering a duel with a Baadan. In these circumstances, the challenger will record the opponent's information as well as a report of the circumstances into their family ledger, sharing this info with any other Baadan caravans they come across, the result of which usually ends in the blacklisting of the individual or in extreme circumstances, their entire company or family. Once someone has been blacklisted, it is rare that any Baadan will do business with them in the future.

RELATIONS

Baadans welcome trade and interaction with all races, although they are often distrusted upon first contact with many races due to their "demonic" appearance. They have a great affinity for the toughness, ingenuity, and craftsmanship of dwarves, the creativity and ambition of humans, and the fighting spirit of orcs. Their crafting skills are renowned for adapting and combining the innovations of different races and transforming them into something new and unique.

ALIGNMENT AND RELIGION

Baadans are characterized by their respect for free will and a sense of personal honor. Often pragmatic in their dealings, fair trade, and placing the needs of their families above all else, most Baade are neutral

good and practice a light form of ancestor worship by paying respect and telling stories of the elders that came before them.

ADVENTURERS

While not common, some individuals leave the structure of their family and strike out on their own seeking independence, adventure, or just new opportunities. Often these lone Baade will be on the lookout for investments or trade deals that they can bring back to their clan and both enrich their family and raise their own status. In the event that a lone Baade is without familial or business connections due to calamity or misfortune, they tend to seek out a kind of surrogate family in the form of an adventuring party, gang, or military unit. Due to their intrinsic physical abilities, they tend towards martial classes, but their curious and inventive nature can be beneficial in any role.

MALE NAMES

Ahoeitu, Akamu, Akeakamai, Aputi, Hehu, Laniakea, Manaia, Manuia, Tamati

FEMALE NAMES

Asoese, Huali, Iosefina, Kalama, Lanuola, Lailago, Lulu, Oliana, Tiare, Tuiara



STANDARD RACIAL TRAITS

- **Ability Score Modifiers:** Specialized +2 Str, +2 Con, -2 Cha (1 RP)
- **Advanced Strength:** Baadans gain an additional +2 Str (4 RP)
- **Type:** Humanoid (Baadan) (0 RP)
- **Size:** Medium (0 RP)
- **Base Speed:** Normal Speed (0 RP)
- **Languages:** Baadans begin play speaking Common and Baadan. Baadans with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Dwarven, Gnome, Orcish, Goblin, Undercommon, Jargon, and Handsign (0RP)

DEFENSE TRAITS

- **Fearless** +2 racial bonus against fear effects (1 RP)

SKILL TRAITS

- **Skill Bonus:** Baadans gain +1 to both Survival and Diplomacy skills (2 RP)
- **Skill Training:** Baadans always treat Survival and Diplomacy as in-class (1 RP)

SENSES RACIAL TRAITS

- Darkvision 60 (2 RP)
- Low-light Vision (1 RP)
- Scent (4 RP)

ALTERNATE RACIAL TRAITS

The following alternate racial traits may be selected in place of one or more of the standard racial traits above.

- **Gore:** Baadan gains the ability to use a gore attack. Replaces Fearless
- **Pass for Human:** Some Baadans are small, dull, and hornless and do not need disguise checks to appear human. Replaces Fearless
- **Oversized Limbs:** Reduces penalty for using oversized weapons by -2, minimum 0. Replaces Scent
- **Canny:** you are adept at dealing with people but sometimes brash. You gain a +2 racial bonus to Cha but suffer a -2 penalty to Will.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

The following favored class options are available to all characters of this race who have the listed favored class, and unless otherwise stated, the bonus applies each time you select the favored class reward.

Cleric Add +1 foot to the radius of Channel Energy. This option has no effect unless the Cleric has selected it 5 times (or another increment of 5).

Bard Reduce the penalty for not being proficient with one weapon by 1. When the nonproficiency penalty for a weapon becomes 0 because of this ability, the bard is treated as having the appropriate Martial or Exotic Weapon Proficiency feat for that weapon

Barbarian Add ½ round per level to the duration of Rage

Fighter Add ½ bonus to craft(arms/armor) checks

Druid Add +½ to the damage dealt by the druid's animal companion's natural attacks.

Rogue Gain +1/6 of a new rogue talent.

Monk Add +¼ point to the monk's ki pool.

Paladin Add +1 foot to the radius of Aura of Courage. This option has no effect unless the paladin has selected it 5 times (or another increment of 5).

Ranger Add +¼ to the armor bonus of the ranger or the ranger's animal companion when they are wearing armor.

Sorcerer Add + to the sorcerer's caster level when casting Conjuration spells except those of the Summoning subschool.

Wizard Select one item creation feat known by the wizard. Whenever crafting an item using that feat, the amount of progress made in an 8-hour period increases by 200 gp (50 gp if crafting while adventuring). This does not reduce the cost of the item; it just increases the rate at which the item is crafted.

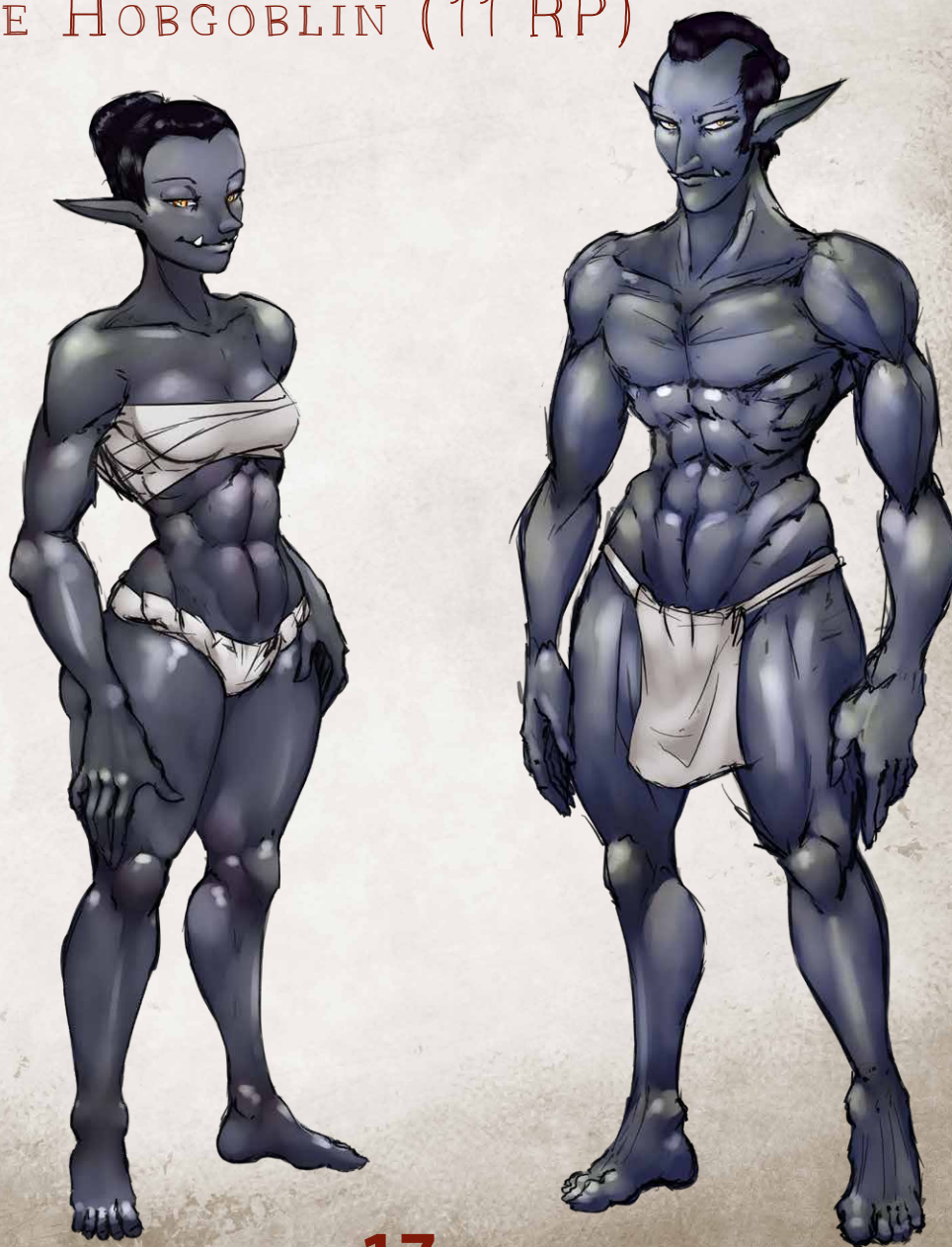
Alchemist Add +1 foot to the splash radius of alchemist bombs. This option has no effect unless the alchemist has selected it 5 times (or another increment of 5).

Cavalier Add +1 foot to the radius of Tactician class features. This option has no effect unless the cavalier has selected it 5 times (or another increment of 5).

Arcanist Add +1/6 to the number of points the arcanist gains in her arcane reservoir each day.

Infantryman Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

SAVAGE HOBGOBLIN (11 RP)





Militant and stoic, savage hobgoblins maintain order through discipline. Their society is a complex war machine fueled by conquest and raiding. Savage hobgoblins have a fairly rigid caste system, with some infighting between the tiers and vying for dominance; but when a battle is met, they present a unified front. Duty and glory are their highest values. Highly ambitious and not averse to violence, the temptation of self-elevation through assassination is checked by knowing one's superiors arrived in their positions by their own personal violent achievements, whether on or off the battlefield.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Muscular and toned, hobgoblins are close to average human height, but with longer limbs and compact torsos. Savage hobgoblin skin tones range from light grey to dark blue-green and tend to darken with long sun exposure. Eye colors are on the warmer side, with common colors being gold, fiery orange, and bright red. Their ears are very prominent, sticking straight out from either side of their heads and coming to a narrow point. All Savage hobgoblins are naturally bald and have no facial hair.

SOCIETY

Savage hobgoblins live in military meritocracies with a single general at the top. Each caste has duties to its superiors and responsibility over those below. Every hobgoblin is trained in military service from infancy, with those showing more merit receiving higher station and those with less aptitude falling into a lower caste under the protection of a warrior. Savage hobgoblins tend to be very pragmatic in their interpersonal relationships, marrying as they see fit and sending their young to be trained as all newborns are. Those young mature rapidly, becoming self-sufficient in a matter of months and fully mature after little more than a dozen years.

RELATIONS

Savage hobgoblins view most other races more as rivals than potential allies. They hold a special animosity for elves and dwarves. But orcs, half-orcs, and bugbears can often be found working in their encampments, and are their most common allies. Goblins are almost always present in savage hobgoblin society.

ALIGNMENT AND RELIGION

Savage hobgoblins trend strongly toward lawful alignments due to their rigid societal pressures; these same pressures toward violence as a way of life often lead savage hobgoblins down a path toward evil. Good savage hobgoblins are the rarest and are usually found amongst other races, while those with a chaotic bent will often choose to branch out from their clan if they were born within one. Religion is not a primary pursuit among savage hobgoblins but there are those who hold a token or sometimes devout patronage to deities of battle and dominion, and monk orders dedicated to martial arts are not unheard of.

ADVENTURERS

Savage hobgoblin adventurers are usually those with enough individual ambition to disagree with the strict duties required by savage hobgoblin society; whether they left voluntarily or were cast out. There are some that seek wealth and prestige enough to make their way back into savage hobgoblin society, and some of those were sent out with this mission by a general playing long odds. Most savage hobgoblins tend to martial classes like cavaliers, fighters, monks, or rogues, but alchemists are also prized for their value in siege warfare; other forms of magic are rare and not greatly encouraged.

MALE NAMES

Aiko, Jentu, Raiden

FEMALE NAMES

Balka, Jai-ho, Reika

TABLE: RANDOM STARTING AGES

Adulthood	Intuitive	Self-taught	Trained
15 years	+1d4 years (16 – 19 years)	+1d6 years (16 – 21 years)	+2d6 years (17 – 27 years)

TABLE: RANDOM HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

Gender	Base Height	Height Modifier	Base Weight	Weight Modifier
Male	4 ft. 2 in.	+2d8 in. (4 ft. 4 in. – 5 ft. 6 in.)	165 lbs.	+2d8x5 lbs. (175 – 245 lbs.)
Female	4 ft. 0 in.	+2d8 in. (4 ft. 2 in. – 5 ft. 4 in.)	145 lbs.	+2d8x5 lbs. (155 – 225 lbs.)

STANDARD RACIAL TRAITS

- **Ability Score Modifiers:** Savage hobgoblins are fast and hardy. They gain +2 Dexterity, and +2 Constitution (2RP)
- **Type:** Savage hobgoblins are humanoids with the goblinoid subtype (0RP)
- **Size:** Savage hobgoblins are Medium creatures and thus have no bonuses or penalties due to their size (0RP)
- **Base Speed:** Savage hobgoblins have a base speed of 30 feet (0RP)
- **Languages:** Savage hobgoblins begin play speaking Common and Goblin. Savage hobgoblins with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Draconic, Dwarven, Infernal, Giant, Orc, Jargon, and Handsign (0RP)

FEAT AND SKILL RACIAL TRAITS

- **Sneaky:** Savage hobgoblins receive a +4 racial bonus on Stealth checks (5RP)
- **Quick Reactions:** Savage hobgoblins gain improved initiative as a bonus feat (2RP)

SENSES RACIAL TRAITS

- **Darkvision:** Savage hobgoblins can see perfectly in the dark up to 60 feet (2RP)

ALTERNATE RACIAL TRAITS

The following alternate racial traits may be selected in place of one or more of the standard racial traits above. This is in addition to the alternate traits normally available to savage hobgoblins.

- **Commanding:** These hobgoblins have a natural demeanor that inspires those around them and gain a +4 racial bonus to their leadership score. This racial trait replaces sneaky.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

The following new favored class options are available to all characters of this race who have the listed favored class, and unless otherwise stated, the bonus applies each time you select the favored class reward. This is in addition to the favored class options normally available to hobgoblins.

- **Infantryman** Add +¼ point to the infantryman's grit points.



SAVAGE ORC (9 RP)



Savage orcs are aggressive, tough, and strong. Warriors by nature, they respect strength and honor as the highest virtues. On an almost instinctive level, orcs believe they are a mighty empire, and will conquer their neighbors unless someone stronger can stop them. They rarely exert themselves off the battlefield except for building weapons and defenses; they leave more intricate engineering work to more technically savvy goblinoids. Savage orcs rarely traffic in slaves; and orc society is brutal to all its members, not out of malice, but as a byproduct of the short violent lives they tend to lead. Forever among the other races that despise and fear them, savage orcs uplift and empower an attitude of indifference to suffering, malicious intent, and a blood sworn oath to strike upon their enemies with swift and glorious retaliatory fury.

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Slightly larger surface dwelling cousins to your typical orc, they typically stand just a few inches taller than most orcs and have greater muscle mass to match, their broad shoulders and thick, brawny hips often giving them a slightly lurching gait. They typically have dark green skin, coarse dark hair, red or orange eyes, and protruding, tusklike teeth. The tough hide on their feet mean that many chose not to wear shoes.

SOCIETY

Savage orcs usually live primitive tribal gatherings, and mysticism and tradition are the glue that holds orc culture together. They settle disputes by making increasingly grisly threats until, when a rival fails to back down, the conflict

escalates into ritual combat. Depending on the situation that called for combat the stakes may be loss of personal property, physical humiliation, maiming, or even death. While their culture has remained largely unchanged by the outside world, savage orcs have found new slang and ways to integrate Common into their tongues. Many savage orcs simply find convenience in using Common-friendly names, rather than deal with the frustrations of hearing “Ulgothin” constantly mispronounced. Savage orcs tend to build massive yurts that can be moved from hunting ground to hunting ground, and when stationary, they prefer to live in fortified structures made from earth or stone and often surrounded by a palisade.

RELATIONS

Savage orcs value strength over all other virtues. Even lifelong enemies can sometimes win a savage orc’s grudging respect, or at least tolerance, if they prove themselves a worthy combatant.

Savage orcs regard dwarves with a begrudging respect, they can see a kinship with the strength and endurance of the mountain people. They tend to dislike elves, seeing them as shifty and untrustworthy creatures that lie with silver tongues and prefer luxury to hard work. Savage orcs dismiss halflings and gnomes as runts who are only good for punting and sometimes eating. They often regard half-elves much the same as humans. Savage

orcs view the humans as a varied race with rare exceptional members, but often weak and whining. They welcome Baade traders who exhibit the same propensity for strength and hard work they admire in themselves, and the Baadans rarely look down on them like other races, often treating them like equals.

Savage orcs view half-orcs with with pride. Though weaker than typical orcs, these half-breeds are also usually smarter, more cunning, and better leaders. Tribes led, or at least advised, by half-orcs are often more successful than those led by pure-blooded orcs. Savage orcs treat each half-orc as a favored son, a blessing to ensure victory to the tribe.

ALIGNMENT AND RELIGION

Savage orcs revel in the thrill of combat and have little love of complicated social situations, but they value honor and some orcs even develop personal codes of conduct, though they may seem a bit crude or violent to others. Savage orcs as a whole tend more towards neutral than good, often indifferent to the fate of others; but can vary from wildly chaotic to lawful in their own way. Savage orcs pay tribute to the gods of vague concepts like war, the hunt, duels, and mating.

TABLE: RANDOM STARTING AGES

Adulthood	Intuitive	Self-taught	Trained
12 years	+1d4 years (13 – 16 years)	+1d6 years (13 – 18 years)	+2d6 years (14 – 24 years)

TABLE: RANDOM HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

Gender	Base Height	Height Modifier	Base Weight	Weight Modifier
Male	5 ft. 7 in.	+2d12 in. (5 ft. 9 in. – 7 ft. 7 in.)	210 lbs.	+2d12x7 lbs. (224 – 378 lbs.)
Female	5 ft. 3 in.	+2d12 in. (5 ft. 5 in. – 7 ft. 3 in.)	190 lbs.	+2d12x7 lbs. (204 – 358 lbs.)



ADVENTURERS

Savage orcs often leave their tribes in search of individual fame and fortune. Sometimes traveling from tribe to tribe seeking to trade their prowess for the spoils of war. Savage orcs who fail to rein in their tempers and the instinctive drive to solve problems with violence rarely last long once they strike out on their own. Though orcs who do manage to get by in other societies often enjoy the luxuries and comforts these societies can deliver, they still tend to dream of returning home, and using their newfound riches to further their positions in their tribes.

MALE NAMES

Ruk, Striker, Gash, Punt, Maw, Skar

FEMALE NAMES

Shift, Gryll, Raven, Slice, Lithe, Keen, Bright

STANDARD RACIAL TRAITS

- **Ability Score Modifiers:** Savage orcs are hearty and strong. They gain +4 Strength, -2 Intelligence, -2 Wisdom, and -2 Charisma (1RP)
- **Type:** Savage orcs are humanoids with the orc subtype (ORP)
- **Size:** Savage orcs are Medium creatures and thus have no bonuses or penalties due to their size (ORP)
- **Base Speed:** Savage orcs have a base speed of 30 feet (ORP)
- **Languages:** Savage orcs begin play speaking Common and Orc. Savage orcs with high Intelligence scores can choose from the following: Dwarven, Giant, Gnome, Goblin, Undercommon, Jargon, and Handsign (ORP)

OFFENSE RACIAL TRAITS

- **Ferocity:** Savage orcs possess the ferocity ability which allows them to remain conscious and continue fighting even if their hit point totals fall below 0. Orcs are still staggered at 0 hit points or lower and lose 1 hit point each round as normal (4RP)

- **Weapon Familiarity:** Savage orcs are always proficient with greataxes and falchions, and treat any weapon with the word "orc" in its name as a martial weapon (2RP)
- **Darkvision:** Savage orcs can see perfectly in the dark up to 60 feet (2RP)

ALTERNATE RACIAL TRAITS

The following alternate racial traits may be selected in place of one or more of the standard racial traits above. Consult your GM before selecting any of these new options. This is in addition to the alternate traits normally available to orcs.

- **Plains Runner:** Some savage orcs are fleet of foot and spend their days running and chasing down game. These individuals gain the Run feat. This racial trait replaces Ferocity.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

The following new favored class options are available to all characters of this race who have the listed favored class, and unless otherwise stated, the bonus applies each time you select the favored class reward. This is in addition to the favored class options normally available to orcs.

- **Infantryman** Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

Classes and Archetypes

This section details new class options for a gritty, militaristic setting with expanded firearms and tactical selections. Entries are written for standard Emerging Firearms rules in mind, but are designed to work well with Guns Everywhere campaign settings with the following adjustments: Early firearms are seen as antiques,

and advanced firearms are widespread. Firearms are simple weapons, and all guns and their ammunition are bought or crafted for 10% of the listed cost in this book. Iconics listed are level 12, but the full book will have full stats for them at 1st, 7th, and 12th levels.





Class	Archetype	Description
Alchemist	Combat Medic	A tough Alchemist who fights alongside soldiers and keeps his squad members alive.
Bard	Bugler	An inspiring instrumentalist for accompanying armies and bolstering morale.
Brawler	Operator	Trained for military black ops, this elite special operations soldier excels in multiple forms of combat.
Cavalier	Driver	Gas! Gas! Gas! Burn through the enemy with your steel beast of fire and thunder!
Cleric	Battle Chaplain	A combat Cleric who heals and destroys in equal measure.
Gunslinger	Infantryman	Shooting on the move in coordinated assaults, the infantryman is the heart of any military offensive.
Kineticist	Lodestone	Master the battlefield by controlling the metal around you with a new element involving magnetism.
Monk	Zen Gunman	An ascetic who seeks nirvana by living on the razor edge between life and death, finding inner peace through the way of the gun.
Paladin	Steel Saint	A holy warrior that wields sanctified guns and smites all foes near him.
Ranger	Roughneck	A loner who ventures deep behind enemy lines with his animal companion and can craft his own items and traps.
Sorcerer	War Orphan (Sorcerer Bloodline)	Their power is born of battle and the scars it leaves behind
Spiritualist	Phantom Warrior	Channel the ghosts of long dead warriors to enhance your combat prowess.
Unchained Barbarian	Blitzkrieg	A berserking warrior so mad that his anger makes guns do things once thought impossible.
Unchained Rogue	Covert Infiltrator	A Rogue who excels in intrigue and espionage and specializes in a single finesse weapon or firearm.
Unchained Rogue	Skirmish Marauder	A combat Rogue who focuses on strength and martial weapon training.
Unchained Summoner	Dominus	Summons a unique mechanical eidolon with scaling cannons to devastate foes at range and crush them beneath its feet.
Warpriest	Retribution	A battlefield controlling Warpriest who commands siege engines and destroys armies.
Witch	Apocalypse	A seeker of dark arts who burns magic to fuel horrifying explosions.
Witch	Hexslinger	A Witch with a powerful firearm familiar.

INFANTRYMAN

It's raining again. I slide my helmet forward to make a dry space in front of my face to light my last stub of a cigar. At least the rain will batter down the smells of blood, shit, and death. After it's lit I put my helmet back and use my curled hand to block the rain as I puff its last; a little trick I picked up. I was already soaked through and smelled from days of not washing and weeks of not bathing, but my socks were dry. I took meticulous care in waxing and sealing my boots and kept any good socks I could; I even mended the holes when I had downtime and kept them all tightly rolled at the bottom of my ruck in an oil-cloth with a spare sock of rice; another little trick I picked up. Greenhorns never understood the thing about socks but let me tell you, socks = morale. I tried to teach those I was assigned, but I suppose they're all dead now. That last charge didn't leave many standing in this trench. I check my flint again. Though it's pitch dark I can see some movement down the line. They're filling the ranks, shifting some men this way to try this charge again. We get to the ladders and wait for the whistle.

The whistle blows and we're over the side, into no man's land. I don't sprint right off, it's those that pull ahead get targeted by the long rifles. I make sure not to drag ass either; if the brass notice you sandbagging you get some shit detail, and in these parts shit details often get dead. I stick to the middle of the pack. We're into the trench and a kid comes at me with a knife, I stave his face in with my rifle-butt, all the fight puffs out of him through a froth of blood and teeth. I don't go looking for victims, I wait for them to make themselves known. All of a sudden a fat Dwarf with a trench broom pops around a corner, I raise and fire my carbine past a comrade's shoulder without even thinking. It works this time. My hands do their reloading thing while I keep my head on a swivel looking for trouble. The carbine is both deadly and unimpressive and both in the right amounts for my taste; I wouldn't trade more of one for less of the other. Impressive weapons get you dead.

After we're back in our trench some dough-faced private tries to thank me or something for the bit with the dwarf. I show him a bit of fang and he pales and shuts up. Better for us both if he doesn't get too attached; next charge it might be me that doesn't make it back. I open my last tin of beans and look both ways before adding the spice I hide in my pocket. Spice is the spice of life. It may burn my backside at the latrine trench in the morning, but it will warm my belly tonight.

I doze off standing right before the sun comes up. It's wet and cold even though the rain has stopped. I wake up a little later, something is bugging me. The doughface next to me looks like he's about to shout when a knife hilt appears sticking out of his eye socket. I fall on my back as another knife buries itself in the wall where my head used to be. I look up and see a slight figure covered in mud; the sumbitch must've crawled half the night to get here. He tries to close the distance to use his stilettos so I blast him in the knee; now we're both down. We rise warily and eye one another. He tries a feint but I don't take the bait and manage to dodge his thrust. I quickly draw my holdout pistol one-handed and pull the trigger. FZZzzzt. Fuck. I cleverly let him stab me all the way through my fucking shoulder like an idiot. Damn, that smarts. I wipe the flint clean with my thumb and try it again. BAM, a .44 caliber ball turns his head into an artistic new shape. Looking around I see he's been busy, I might be the only one left in this section. I move steadily to the rear, we might lose this length of the trench but I need to report this and I'll be damned if I'm going to die trying to hold it by myself. Being a hero is for suckers.



INFANTRYMAN CLASS

Gunslinger alternate class for a trained soldier.

For a few brave men, battle sounds different than it does for the typical fighter. The clash of steel and the sizzle of spell energy are drowned out by the thunderous rhythm of gunfire, the pounding of marching feet, and the clear commanding voice of the infantryman.

Infantrymen are a brave and disciplined force. The only way to take and hold ground in modern combat is to put infantry boots on the ground. Using their three main tools: shoot, move, and communicate; infantrymen bring the power of firearms to bear in a unique way, using cover and movement to their advantage and compounding their fighting prowess with a force-multiplying morale boost to their allies.

Role: Infantrymen are precise strikers, often moving from place to place, they value mobility over defensive positions. Brave, tactical, and sometimes suicidal, many infantrymen know that violence of action can often overcome planning shortcomings, and they always run toward the sound of gunfire.

Alignment: Any.

Hit Die: d10.

Starting Wealth: 5d6 x 10 gp (average 175gp) In addition, each character begins play with an outfit worth 10 gp or less.

Class Skills: The infantryman's class skills are Acrobatics (Dex), Climb (Str), Craft (Int), Heal (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (engineering) (Int), Perception (Wis), Profession (Wis), Ride (Dex), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Survival (Wis), and Swim (Str).

Skill Ranks per Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Infantrymen are proficient with all simple and martial weapons,

In a "Guns Everywhere" campaign setting: Guns are commonplace. Early firearms are seen as antiques, and advanced firearms are widespread. Firearms are simple weapons, and early firearms, advanced guns, and their ammunition are bought or crafted for 10% of the cost listed. The Infantryman loses the gunsmith class feature (but retains the starting firearm) and instead gains the gun training class feature at 1st level.

and with all firearms. They are proficient with light and medium armor.

Gunsmith (Ex): The Infantryman begins play with a firearm worth no more than 150 gp (according to the cost adjustment of firearms in the campaign setting.) The infantryman also gains Gunsmithing as a bonus feat.

Bonus Languages (Ex): An infantryman's bonus language options include Military Handsign and Hand-sign, a basic set of gestures that can be used to convey information that is often expanded with specialized or secret signs known only within a single organization. This choice is in addition to the bonus languages available to the character because of his race.

An infantryman also knows Jargon, an ever-changing assortment of acronyms, in-jokes, and occupationally specialized verbiage, which he learns upon becoming a 1st-level infantryman. Jargon is a free language for an infantryman; that is, he knows it in addition to his regular allotment of languages and it doesn't take up a language slot.

Grit (Ex): At the start of each day, an Infantryman gains a number of grit points equal to his Wisdom modifier (minimum 1). His grit goes up or down throughout the day, but usually cannot go higher than his Wisdom modifier (minimum 1), though some feats and magic items may affect

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+1	+2	+2	+0	Deeds, Grit, Gunsmith
2nd	+2	+3	+3	+0	Firing Advance +1
3rd	+3	+3	+3	+1	Deeds, Ruck
4th	+4	+4	+4	+1	Bonus feat
5th	+5	+4	+4	+1	Rally +1, Gun Training
6th	+6/+1	+5	+5	+2	Firing Advance +2
7th	+7/+2	+5	+5	+2	Deeds
8th	+8/+3	+6	+6	+2	Bonus feat
9th	+9/+4	+6	+6	+3	Rally +2
10th	+10/+5	+7	+7	+3	Firing Advance +3, Layout
11th	+11/+6/+1	+7	+7	+3	Deeds,
12th	+12/+7/+2	+8	+8	+4	Bonus feat
13th	+13/+8/+3	+8	+8	+4	Rally +3, Infantryman's Advance 1/day
14th	+14/+9/+4	+9	+9	+4	Firing Advance +4
15th	+15/+10/+5	+9	+9	+5	Deeds
16th	+16/+11/+6/+1	+10	+10	+5	Bonus feat
17th	+17/+12/+7/+2	+10	+10	+5	Rally +4, Infantryman's Advance 2/day
18th	+18/+13/+8/+3	+11	+11	+6	Firing Advance +5
19th	+19/+14/+9/+4	+11	+11	+6	Deeds
20th	+20/+15/+10/+5	+12	+12	+6	Bonus feat, One Man Army

this maximum. An Infantryman spends grit to accomplish deeds (see below), and regains grit in the following ways.

Critical Hit with a Firearm: Each time the infantryman confirms a critical hit with a firearm attack while in the heat of combat, he regains 1 grit point. Confirming a critical hit on a helpless or unaware creature or on a creature that has fewer Hit Dice than half the Infantryman's character level does not restore grit.

Killing Blow with a Firearm: When the Infantryman reduces a creature to 0 or fewer hit points with a firearm attack while in the heat of combat, he regains 1 grit point. Destroying an unattended object, reducing a helpless or unaware creature to 0 or fewer hit points, or reducing a creature that has fewer Hit Dice than half the Infantryman's character level to 0 or fewer hit points does not restore any grit.

The infantryman gains access to the following Deeds:

Infantryman's Dodge (Ex): At 1st level, the infantryman gains an uncanny knack for getting out of the way of ranged attacks. When a ranged attack is made against the infantryman, she can spend 1 grit point to move 5 feet as an immediate action; doing so grants the infantryman a +2 bonus to AC against the triggering attack. This movement is not a 5-foot step, and provokes attacks of opportunity. Alternatively, the infantryman can drop prone to gain a +4 bonus to AC against the triggering attack. The infantryman can only perform this deed while wearing medium or light armor, and while carrying no more than a medium load.

Quick Clear (Ex): At 1st level, as a standard action, the infantryman can remove the broken condition from a single firearm she is currently wielding, as long as that condition was gained by a firearm misfire.



The infantryman must have at least 1 grit point to perform this deed. Alternatively, if the infantryman spends 1 grit point to perform this deed, she can perform quick clear as a move equivalent action instead of a standard action.

Change Socks (Ex): At 3rd level, as a move action, the infantryman can spend 1 grit point to replace his socks, allowing him to negate the following effects: fatigued, exhausted, shaken, and frightened conditions.

Pistol-Whip (Ex): At 3rd level, the infantryman can make a surprise melee attack with the butt or handle of his firearm as a standard action. When he does, he is considered to be proficient with the firearm as a melee weapon and gains a bonus on the attack and damage rolls equal to the enhancement bonus of the firearm. The damage dealt by the pistol-whip is of the bludgeoning type, and is determined by the size of the firearm. One-handed firearms deal 1d6 points of damage (1d4 if wielded by Small creatures) and two-handed firearms deal 1d10 points of damage (1d8 if wielded by Small creatures). Regardless of the infantryman's size, the critical range/multiplier of this attack is 20/x2. If the attack hits, the infantryman can make a combat maneuver check to knock the target prone as a free action. Performing this deed costs 1 grit point.

Push Up (EX): At 3rd level an Infantryman can as a move action stand up from Prone without provoking an AoO. By spending 1 grit point this is reduced to a free action.

Lightning Reload (Ex): At 7th level, as long as the infantryman has at least 1 grit point, he can reload a single barrel of a one-handed or two-handed firearm as a swift action once per round. If he has the Rapid Reload feat or is using an alchemical cartridge (or both), he can reload a single barrel of the weapon as a free action each round instead. Furthermore, using this deed does not provoke attacks of opportunity.

Covering Fire (Ex): At 11th level, as long as he has at least 1 grit point, an Infantryman can as a full round action expend 5 uses of ammunition (10 uses of ammunition if the

Infantryman's weapon has the Automatic quality) to lay down covering fire. For one round he is treated as threatening a cone area within line of sight that extends from one face of his square to his first range increment. During this round he may make a number of additional attacks of opportunity per round equal to his Dexterity bonus.

Evasive (Ex): At 15th level, when the infantryman has at least 1 grit point, he gains the benefit of the evasion, uncanny dodge, and improved uncanny dodge rogue class features. He uses his infantryman level as his rogue level for improved uncanny dodge.

Menacing Shot (Ex): At 15th level, the infantryman can spend 1 grit point, shoot a firearm into the air, and affect all living creatures within a 30-foot-radius burst as if they were subject to the fear spell. The DC of this effect is equal to 10 + 1/2 the infantryman's level + the infantryman's Wisdom modifier.

Slinger's Luck (Ex): At 15th level, the infantryman can spend grit to reroll a saving throw or a skill check. It costs 2 grit points to reroll a saving throw, and 1 grit point to reroll a skill check. The infantryman must take the result of the second roll, even if it is lower. The deed's cost cannot be reduced by the true grit class ability, the Signature Deed feat, or any other effect that reduces the amount of grit a deed costs.

Cheat Death (Ex): At 19th level, whenever the infantryman is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, he can spend all of his remaining grit points (minimum 1) to instead be reduced to 1 hit point.

Death's Shot (Ex): At 19th level, when the infantryman scores a critical hit, he can spend 1 grit point to deal normal damage, and the target must succeed at a Fortitude saving throw with a DC equal to 10 + 1/2 the infantryman's level + the infantryman's Dexterity modifier. On a failed saving throw, the target dies. This is a death attack. Performing this deed does not allow the infantryman to regain grit from confirming a critical hit or making a killing blow.

Firing Advance (Ex): Starting at 2nd level an Infantryman gains a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with ranged weapons when he has moved more than five feet in that round. This bonus increases by 1 at 6th level and every 4 levels thereafter (6th, 10th, 16th, 18th) to a maximum of +5.

Ruck (Ex): At 3rd level the infantryman adds a bonus equal to 1/2 his class level to his Strength score for the purpose of determining his carrying capacity. In addition, an infantryman can move at his normal speed while carrying a medium load.

Gun Training (Ex): Starting at 5th level, an Infantryman can select one specific type of firearm (such as an axe musket, blunderbuss, musket, or pistol). He gains a bonus equal to his Dexterity modifier on damage rolls when firing that type of firearm. Furthermore, when he misfires with that type of firearm, the misfire value of that firearm increases by 2 instead of 4.

Rally (Ex): At 5th level, an Infantryman's voice becomes a source of inspiration to his allies and companions. As long as the Infantryman's voice is clear, all allies within 30 feet receive a +1 morale bonus on attack and damage rolls. At 9th level, and every four levels thereafter (9th, 13th, and 17th), these bonuses increase by +1. These bonuses stack with the Morale bonus provided by other Infantryman's Rally abilities up to a maximum of the recipients' HD.

Layout (Ex): At 10th level an Infantryman gains the Halfling feat Well Prepared even if he does not meet the prerequisites.

Infantryman's Advance (Ex): At 13th level, an infantryman can once per day move up to twice his base speed as a move action. He may use Stealth as part of this movement, but takes a -10 penalty to his check for doing so. At 17th level, he can do this twice per day.



One Man Army(Ex): At 20th level the Infantryman becomes a dynamic force multiplier causing a paradigm shift in modern combat tactics and changing the conventions of asymmetric warfare. The infantryman can now wield a two-handed firearm in one hand, and can make a Full Attack after a move action.

FAVORED CLASS OPTIONS

Dwarves: Add ½ point to strength score for determining carrying capacity

Elves: Add +¼ bonus to AC bonus granted by infantryman's dodge deed.



Gnomes: The infantryman reduces the amount of time needed to restore a broken firearm using the Gunsmithing feat by 5 minutes (maximum reduction of 50 minutes).

Half-elves: Add +¼ point to the infantryman's grit points.

Half-orcs: Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

Halflings: Add a +½ bonus to the skill check for well prepared feat.

Humans: Add +1/5 bonus to rally class feature, does not stack with other infantryman's rally class feature.

Baade: Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

Savage Orcs: Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

Savage Hobgoblins: Add +¼ point to the infantryman's grit points.

Savage Bugbears: Add +¼ point to damage bonus from firing advance class feature

Savage Kobolds: Add +¼ bonus to AC bonus granted by infantryman's dodge deed.

Goblins: Add +1/3 on critical hit confirmation rolls made with firearms (maximum bonus of +5). This bonus does not stack with Critical Focus.

ICONIC INFANTRYMAN JOE "SKIN" GREEN

Joe Green has never met his parents. His first name was given to him by a well-meaning human couple who adopted him as a baby. While they originally wanted another pair of hands around the farm, they grew to love him in their own simple way. Growing up as the only Half-Orc in a human village was not exactly easy, the frequent fights and shunning from the townsfolk soured relations early on; but Joe always managed to make it by the skin of his teeth. He volunteered for military service once he could pass for an adult; the promise of guaranteed purpose, pay, and a place to belong appealed to him. He soon discovered that no matter how dedicated you are, being cannon fodder gets old even for a person with the knack for pulling their chestnuts out of the fire and the grit to carry on.

Once he had gained the skills of an Infantryman, Joe "Skin" Green didn't have many other options, so he tried to move up the ranks, but institutional bias blocked him from climbing any higher than Sergeant. So Sgt Skin became a staple of military conflicts throughout the region. Sometimes training up a team only for their careers to overmatch his own, and sometimes being the only one unlucky enough to still be alive when his whole squad died as "heroes."

But everything changed for Skin when he found Savage Company. A band of like-minded fighters that valued his hard-won skills and didn't begrudge him his heritage. Skin now makes a name for himself as someone unrivaled in his professionalism and dedication to completing the mission. With private sector pay and the respect of his leadership, he can really be the ball-busting NCO with a heart of gold that he was always meant to be.

XP 19200

Male half-orc infantryman 12

N Medium humanoid (human)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision, Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 24, touch 18, flat-footed 18 (+6 armor, +5 dex, +1 dodge, +2 deflection)

hp 102 (12d10+36)

Fort +14, **Ref** +16, **Will** +9

DR 3/slashing

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee advanced bayonet +15 (1d6+4/19–20)

Ranged +1 reliable lever-action rifle +20
(1d10+8/x4)

Special

TACTICS

During Combat The Iconic Infantryman uses position and mobility to keep foes at the right range to deliver his ranged attacks, and keep his allies motivated.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 22, **Con** 18, **Int** 12, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +15; **CMD** 31

Feats Rapid Reload, Dodge, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Shot On The Run, Vital Strike, Deadly Aim, Prone Shooter, Precise Shot

Skills Craft (firearms) +16, Intimidate +18, Perception +19, Sleight of Hand +21

Languages Common, Orc, Jargon

Gear +1 reliable lever-action rifle with advanced bayonet, +3 shooters plate, backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, gunsmith's kit, iron pot, mess kit, powder horn, rope, torches (10), trail rations (5 days), waterskin, belt of physical perfection +4, headband of mental superiority +2, cloak of resistance +2, ring of protection +2, sustaining spoon, bag of holding type IV, operators suppressor, boots of the enduring march, speedloader magazine (10), human bane bullets (50), law of fire, grenade kit, small trauma kit, 6400 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Grit (Ex) 4

Gun Training (Ex)

Firing Advance (Ex) +3 (+3 extra damage from favored class)

Ruck (Ex)

Rally (Ex) +2

Layout (Ex)

Deeds (Ex): Infantryman's Dodge, Quick

Clear, Change Socks, Pistol-Whip, Push Up, Lightning Reload, Covering Fire





COMBAT MEDIC ALCHEMIST

"DANGER CLOOOSE!" Shouted Sgt "Skin" Green, bellowing above the hail of bullets coming from seemingly every direction. The veteran half orc dove to the side behind a log and lobbed a grenade over the hill, turning his rifle on the enemy. Ripper unlimbered his four belt fed machine guns and started firing, slowly rotating and dumping live rounds over his killzone as he identified additional targets. The massive orc chuckled as he was hit with several enemy bullets, but no one could hear it over the cacophony of his guns. "Dregg's dead, Doc!" Skin shouted, pushing the corpse of the ambush's first victim to the side.

Doc Akoni prepared and threw a bomb opposite to the direction of Skin's grenade. Awaiting the blast, Doc then spotted something in the trees. He pumped his shotgun and fired, striking true on an enemy that managed to sneak in close. Skin continued returning fire, almost carelessly taking up a better fighting position by using the fresh corpse as a rifle rest.

Aleeshrak started banging out a cadence on her war drum, her reptilian teeth gleaming in a grin. She pumped a tiny green fist in the air, shouting "Goooo team! We can do it!" The small Kobold bit down on her drumsticks, shouldered her stout tube gun, and launched a grenade into the trees. An ear-shattering thump rocked the vines and leaves, overshadowed by the screams of wounded men as they sailed through the air.

For just a moment in time, Doc pulled his mind into a place he always went. A source of motivation, and of his drive. The baade medic was a man fueled by his desire to aid those in need and to give succor to the wounded. To him, his skill was his art, and his tools and potions were his brushes. Much to the dismay of some of his teammates, Doc was a man unafraid to throw himself headlong into danger to save those around him. Fear was never a factor to him, only the thoughts of how he could best aid his team. "Looks like Skin is unhurt so far... How's Aleeshrak? She's doing fine, no injuries... Ripper's taken a few hits. Gonna have to patch him up, but he can run and keep up for now... Snot's ok...", Doc thought to himself, running through his mental checklist.

Skin tipped his helmet back and looked up in time to see enemy tracer fire lancing into a flight of friendly airships; tracer fire from the anti-air guns that his team was tasked with taking out. "This objective is FUBAR, we're pulling out!", Skin declared to his team.

Ripper bellowed a wacry that could deafen the gods, the glowing barrels of his machine guns continued to spit lead; literally cutting down trees and enemies alike. An occasional spray of blood flew up from his body as he caught more and more gunfire. "GOGGLES!" he shouted. Snot hastily climbed to the top of Ripper's ammo drum and wiped the soot from his goggles. "NOW PULL OWT, WUT IN HELLZ ARE YA WAITIN FER?!" He admonished his goblin cohort as he grabbed him from the drum in one hand and threw him in the direction of retreat. "FRAG OUT! GET IT?" He jested.

Doc merrily hummed an upbeat tune to himself while keeping his horns down as he closed in on Ripper. He expertly loaded a green concoction into the injector on his pack's mechanical arm, which then swung around to

firmly embed itself in Ripper's chest.

"I'll get you patched up proper once we're out of here, but for now that'll have to do!", Doc blurted with cheer.

"Oooo-KAY!" cheered Aleeshrak as she launched a smoke grenade to cover the exfil. She changed the tempo on the drum and batted her long, curled eyelid scales at Skin. "I told you I was useful, Sar'nt!" she did a little pirouette and skipped nimbly over a fallen log with her clawed, scaly feet; head frill waving cheerily. Doc certainly appreciated Aleeshrak's efforts, never minding her presence among the team. To him, she was a boon and an entertainer all the same. Skin rolled his eyes with mild annoyance as he pushed swiftly to his feet, moving toward the rear. Ripper covered their retreat, seemingly not wanting to relent in his barrage on the enemy. Doc threw a bomb and the thick foliage started to catch fire; they used the fire to cover their retreat.

BANG!

Everyone flinched as the burning skeleton of a rigid hull airship came in low, clipping the treetops as it sloughed sideways into the field ahead of them; tossing a thick spray of mud and smoke into the air. The airship crashed down at the edge of the lightly wooded area the team had just come from, opening on a wide marshy plain. Ankle deep standing water filled the field among tall grassy plants that grew about five feet high. Doc circled to the far side of the craft and began pulling men out of the melting crew compartment. One was clearly done for, but the other three still had a chance to survive. He grabbed a half-orc crewman by the pack and dragged him out of the burning wreckage. "Hello! My name is Doctor Akoni, and I'm here to help! Please bite down on this...", Doc said, handing the man a rather large lollipop.

Confused, the crewman looked back up at the huge horned and red skinned man, hesitantly placing the confection on his tongue. Doc reached into his pack and pulled out a large pair of tweezers and some gauze. He tore the man's sleeve open a bit more, revealing the point of entry and a trail of blood running down the arm. The crewman looked at the oddly shaped tweezers and then back at the Baade looming over him with a smile. "Uhhh.... Doc, is this gonna hurt?"; the crewman inquired with a bit of worry in his voice, stifled by the lollipop.

Doc let out a bellowing belly laugh, complemented by the way he threw his head back. "Ahhh hahahaha.... You're going to feel a little pressure. As I said, bite down on that for me", Doc replied. The crewman's heart dropped as the Baade medic's huge hand spread the wound open a bit more. Doc's mechanical arm jabbed its sharp-pointed jaws into the hole, aiming for a piece of shrapnel that had buried itself in the man's shoulder.

Skin hunkered down in the lee of the wreck, an already lit cigar in his mouth. Ripper flopped down next to him and accepted the second lit cigar. He puffed it lightly with his breath coming shorter, little wisps of smoke coming from some of the many holes dripping blood from his chest. Snot darted about, his fluttery hands trying to apply bandages to his master's perforated torso. The second crash survivor let out a scream as Doc sawed through his lower leg, humming softly to himself all the while. Skin looked up from changing his socks and motioned for silence. Doc ceased his humming and injected his patient with something using the armature of his field dok, and the patient fell silent. Skin gave his boot strings a final tug and leaned



towards the team medic with an inquiry. "Why do you keep telling people you're a doctor?", he whispered. Doc shrugged and smiled, preparing a long-winded reply to the Sergeant. "Well, if you're bleeding out on a battlefield, what would you rather hear? Hello, I'm a doctor, or hello, I'm part of a mercenary hit squad that ki—" Skin swiftly interrupted his ally with a quick motion of bringing his finger to his mouth. "Shh! We've got company." Said Skin. "Everyone down!"

The enemy had spread out and began to circle the downed and fiery behemoth, lobbing potshots over the top of the grass as their fellows closed in. Coming in from almost a 180-degree arc, they meant to close in and surround the crashed airship.

"Let's move!" Shouted Skin, hopping to his feet and handing the third survivor a revolver. The man accepted it gratefully and checked the shells, apparently familiar with its use.

Doc turned to Ripper and injected another green potion into his unhinged ally. "Come on, big guy. We've got more work to do!", the jolly medic said to the huge orc, patting his ally on the back.

Snot and Aleeshrak helped the newly amputated survivor to his remaining foot and started moving him. Doc picked up the unconscious man and tucked him under one arm, holding his shotgun easy in his other hand. Doc never seemed bothered one way or the other, merrily humming along as he rushed from cover. Skin bounded forward once more, cracking off a few more rounds from his lever-action rifle. They left the wreck and traversed across the open field to avoid getting cornered, but the enemy had them in a crossfire. Everyone that could was fighting their hardest while they fled; Doc took an impact in his armor, Skin lost his helmet but it saved his head, the survivor with Skin's revolver caught a round in the throat and went down gurgling, his blank eyes staring. Even the implacable Ripper stumbled, then staggered, then fell face down. In the heat of the moment, Doc knew what he must do. The hulking giant quickly realized that the man with a new breathing hole was gone. Sad, but there were still those yet to be saved. Doc rushed to Ripper and promptly rolled him onto his back. "Hey pal, I've got something real special worked up for you! Here, have a lollipop", Doc grinned as he replaced Ripper's half-smoked cigar with another confection. Doc looked at the cigar with mild disgust and tossed it away as the mechanical arm on his ruck swung around with haste, positioning itself for the next potion. Doc pulled a dull-glowing blue potion with a cork top from his chest plate and loaded it into the arm's injector. "Deep breath in, please..." Doc instructed, positioning the arm. Ripper heaved and huffed, half-heartedly raising an eyebrow at the rather large needle that was floating near his neck. "Aaaand... Exhale!" The needle slammed into Ripper's neck and the plunger rushed the blue liquid into Ripper's vein. Almost instantly, the barbarian's eyes lit up with an ominous glow, and the bulky beast roared as his skin began to vitrify. Ripper stumbled to his feet with renewed purpose and slammed his strapped fists against his chest, complete with a mighty warcry.

"Ripper! Cover us! Doc, cover Ripper!", Skin bellowed. The unchained blitzkrieg barbarian flashed a wily, evil grin at his red ally and simply replied to the squad leader with a thumbs up. Snot hopped up onto Ripper's ammo drum with his submachine gun in hand and the duo began firing wildly in a wide arc, tearing apart the partially destroyed woodline aft of the party. Round after round struck the beast, yet most seemed to bounce off his now stony hide. Doc quietly whistled to himself from behind the cover of his ally's body and grabbed hold of one of the ammo drums wide straps. The medic gave his battle buddy a light tug, signaling his partner to move with him. The open air of the crash site was awash with rampant gunfire, lead flying in all

directions as it ricocheted from his skin and poured out in an unending cacophonous roar from the four red hot machine guns on his arms. Realizing their gunfire did little against the buffed Orc, the enemy mercenaries brought their bigger guns to bear against the unhinged maniac and his medic ally. Thick volleys of mortar fire rang out from the trees, rattling the canopies and filling the skies with steel rain. Ripper reacted quickly, grabbing the Baade and his own cohort, and shoved them away with all the might he could muster. Ripper was left standing in the impact zone and received a shower of explosive death that would kill any mortal. "Ripper! God damn it, we're almost to the exfil!", Skin said. "Aleeshrak, fire the signal! I just hope Warboi and Mav are ready...! I've gotta help those boyz!"

Aleeshrak shrieked with glee and loaded a colored flare into her grenade launcher. With a deafening pop from the tube, a red flare soared high into the sky. Skin gave a hand signal to Aleeshrak and the remaining survivor to continue toward the ridge and broke away to rush to the other party. Doc got back up on his feet and shook the dirt loose, thankful yet worried that no one but Ripper took the brunt of the attack. Skin yelled out to Doc as he drew closer. "Doc! Just go, I'll get Ripper! Keep moving to the exfil!", Skin shouted at the medic.

"Sarge, I ca-", Doc was cut off before he could argue the order.

"I said GO! Don't worry, I'll catch up!", Skin blurted as he passed the medic and closed in on the downed Orc. Doc knew the Sergeant was good for it and trusted him. As he began picking up the pace to catch up to Aleeshrak, Doc grabbed Snot and tossed him onto his shoulder. Skin slid hastily into a prone position next to Ripper, kicking up dirt from the crater he now found himself in. "And just what do you think you're doing down here?" Skin asked Ripper, whose granite skin had returned to normal.

"I slow... Huff... Them down, Sarn't. Take many... Huff... Wif me too, I rekkin. I dun... Huff... runnin. Got me too many... Huff... Good death." Ripper said as he struggled to get the words out.

"Big fella," said Skin, "Shut your ass up." Skin hopped to his feet and grabbed the much larger Orc by the belt and bandoliers. The Halforc lifted him like a sack of potatoes and dropped him belly down on top of his ruck and across his shoulders. "I'll do the runnin, and you do the gunnin, how's that sound, you daft git?" Skin said, turning his head to face Ripper.

"Dat sound fine, Boss," he replied through a tusky smirk with only one eye open.

Skin quickly took off towards the ridge that broke the horizon over the standing plants, seemingly unfazed by the 400lbs green gorilla on his back, his long strides left a splashing wake in the mud and water. Ripper blasted away with his four light machine guns, spraying hot lead with wild abandon so that he could cover the retreat in spite of his wounds. Sergeant Green made good on his word and swiftly caught up with Doc, who was nearly at the low embankment on the far side of the marshy field. "Doc! Keep going! Don't stop until you hit that far treeline!", Skin screamed at his ally, who looked back over his shoulder with a thumbs up. As the two converged into a running duo, Doc slammed his final potion into the robotic arm's injector. The arm swung around and slammed into Ripper's hind side, stabilizing his wounds enough to cover the remainder of their escape.

Skin and company continued their rush towards their objective beyond the current horizon, catching up to Aleeshrak, Snot, and their hobbled survivor. Upon converging into a single element once more, Aleeshrak and Doc lobbed smoke to cover their tracks. As the group crested the ridge and began their descent into another swampy field, Doc ran through his mental checklist once again. "Aleeshrak is fine... Skin is ok... Snot is somehow fine. Resilient little guy. Definitely gonna have to work my magic on Ripper... Gotta get the big guy



into better spirits", Doc thought to himself. Despite having broken line of sight from their attackers, indirect fire still rained down with completely random aim. Skin lead the pack with no visual indication of slowing down, though Ripper had taken the time to get what little rest he could upon the squad leader's shoulders.

"Split up! Don't catch that mortar fire!", Skin barked, and the squad spread out to avoid being clustered together. The party followed suit and hastily trudged through the wet field. "Go for the treeline!", the squad leader continued. The team was only able to make it halfway through waist-high wet grass before the enemy forces began to crest the ridge. Gunfire hammered into second field, ripping through the water and flora indiscriminately. Many of the foes bunkered themselves at the apex and fired down upon the company with increasingly accurate fire. Aleeshrak and Doc barely had time to face their attackers before the treeline at their destination erupted with dense, overwhelming firepower.

A massive bipedal machine with two enormous automatic cannons stomped its way out of concealment on bulky reverse-jointed legs. A high pitched cackle could be heard from up above while "TARGETING UNLUCKY BASTARDS, MISTRESS" bellowed the mechanical titan.

At its flank, Warboi's buggy had burst forth from behind the warmachine. The vehicle accelerated ahead and kicked out sideways before coming to a sliding halt just as the party reached their newfound companions. Warboi himself hopped up from the driver's seat and leaned over part of the armor.

"GET IN LADZ, WE'Z GOT GITS TA KRUMP!", the deranged and half-mad Orc shouted over the intense cannon fire that now pummeled the ridge. Skin and Doc worked together to lift Ripper into the buggy.

"We need to get the hell out of here. Can you fit us all?", Skin inquired. Warboi looked down at his buggy and then back to the squad leader.

"Grotz climb on top an da rest of ya jump in or hang on to the sides", Warboi instructs. The mercenaries follow suit with Aleeshrak and Snot climbing to the top of the buggy, while Skin climbed into the passenger turret and manned the heavy machine gun. The survivor found a place to ride on the sideboards. Doc climbed into the buggy with Ripper and began a more thorough triage of the wounds. Warboi shouted up to the giant robot just before stuffing himself back into the driver's seat. "Mav! Cover our asses on the way out! Drinks iz on me!", the rowdy driver bellowed over the sustained fire Skin was laying down from the heavy machine gun.

"COVERING FIRE IN ACTION. PLOTTING INTERCEPT COURSE." The intense vocalization from the summoned machine rumbled in their chests even over the intense gunfire. Doc glanced up and could see the tiny goblin summoner perched on the shoulder of the colossus, a huge grin peeking from under her helmet.

"Don't worry, Ripper. We're getting out of here. Everything is going to be just fine!", Doc said with charm. His robotic arm diligently removed bullets and shrapnel as he cleaned and dressed the myriad of wounds that had turned his body into fresh hamburger. Apply pressure here, stop bleeding, bandage there... Doc could find his element no matter what the setting was.

As the buggy peeled away and the eidolon began a firing withdrawal, Skin released the paddles and looked to the rest of the party. "Hey, good job today, everyone. I know things didn't go exactly as planned, but you all did a great job of not dying", Skin told his team, expressing his pride and satisfaction with his fellow mercenaries. Each one responded in kind in their own ways, but Doc simply turned towards the squad leader for just a moment.

"All in a day's work, Sergeant. I'm happy to help!", Doc said, as he reached into his pack once more for one last item... "Lollipop?"

COMBAT MEDIC

ALCHEMIST ARCHETYPE

While some alchemists like to conduct experiments in their laboratory, the combat medic takes his expertise to the battlefield; applying his skills to both heal his allies and take the fight to the enemy as long as possible. Eschewing the use of poisons, these adept practitioners of combat and alchemy can deliver dangerous bombs or healing buffs.

Role: Combat Medics use their expanded weapon and armor proficiencies to be a stronger presence on the battlefield, getting up close and personal to damage the enemy and heal their friends either by granting infusions or injections. They are also adept at maintaining a forced march, sleeping in their armor, and shrugging off mortal wounds. A combat medic could be an alchemical healer that hangs back and hands out potions he crafts out of combat; a bomb-throwing berserker wading into the fray tossing bombs, self-healing, and firing a weapon; or anywhere in between.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Combat medics are proficient with all simple and martial weapons, firearms, and bombs. They are also proficient with light and medium armor, but not with shields. This replaces the combat medic's weapon and armor proficiencies and replaces poison resistance and poison immunity.

Last Man Standing: At 2nd level, a combat medic gains Endurance and Diehard as bonus feats. This replaces poison use and swift poisoning.

Suggested Discoveries: Healing Bombs, Injections, Swift Alchemy, Precise Bombs

NEW ALCHEMIST DISCOVERY AVAILABLE TO ALL ALCHEMISTS: INJECTIONS

Benefit: When the alchemist creates an extract, he can distill it in a special way that allows it to be used on others. The extract does not persist after the alchemist sets it down like infusions, and as long as the extract exists, it continues to occupy one of the alchemist's daily extract slots. An Injectable extract can be used on a non-alchemist to gain its effects, but the alchemist must make a touch attack with a syringe on a non-willing or non-restrained patient, this touch attack gains a bonus of one half the alchemist's level, deals 1 point of lethal damage, and does not provoke.

DOC AKONI ICONIC COMBAT MEDIC ALCHEMIST

"Doc" Akoni is a large Baadan striding through adulthood, hailing from a smaller family clan. Though not as successful or as rich as other clans, his family tried to provide him with the best education and opportunities they could. Much like Baadan culture, his family was everything to Doc. The honor and independence of his family were of utmost importance to him, and it was some of these things that motivated him to become a doctor.

Always a dreamer, Doc sought to empower his clan and bring back as much knowledge and skill as possible. When he was young, he often felt drawn to help patch the warriors' injuries. In adolescence, he would continue to use these meager skills alongside his brothers in battle. Being a middle child with no certain destiny, he decided that learning medicine was the best option for a career that held promise



both for himself and his clan. With his pack and all his dreams, Doc left to seek training among the most skilled doctors in the land.

The Baade's training went well for the most part. Doc was a quick study and even began modifying well-known techniques to better work with his oversized hands. However, the dream of striking out and seeing the world was always in the back of his mind. Sometime before his graduation, Doc heard of a job that would put his skill to the test. This "Savage Company" he read about desired those with a strong aptitude for learning and an even stronger will. The reward was adventure, fame, and more money than

any one person could carry. With stars in his eyes, Doc knew that this paramilitary group would give him exactly what he wanted in life.

Soon after, Doc became a well-known asset among Savage Company field teams. Always cheerful, always motivated, and always on time. The red medic was exactly the kind of man you wanted in your foxhole. Even today, tales of the imposing Baade make their ways around the taverns. Tales of a cheerful, upbeat man with a heart of gold, throwing himself headlong into danger to save those in need. What the tales often fail to mention is Doc's care packages that make their way back

to the clan. Money, supplies, books, anything Doc gathers along the way that can aid his family. Even the occasional lollipop.

XP 19200

Male Baadan Combat Medic Alchemist 12
NG Medium humanoid (baadan)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision, low-light vision, scent, Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 18, flat-footed 21 (+7 armor, +4 dex, +1 dodge, +3 deflection)

hp 102 (12d8+48)

Fort +15, **Ref** +16, **Will** +11 (+13 vs fear)

DR 3/— against impacts and attacks that cause bludgeoning damage

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft (30 ft. without armor)

Melee advanced bayonet +11/6 (1d4+3/19–20)

Ranged trench sweeper +14/9 (1d8+1/x2)

Special Attacks bombs 18/day +14 (DC 22, 6d6+7, 15ft splash 13 damage)

Alchemist Extracts Prepared (CL 12th)

4th—*cure critical wounds, restoration, stoneskin, freedom of movement*

3rd—*cure serious wounds, remove disease, communal protection from arrows, disable construct, communal endure elements*

2nd—*fox's cunning, bull's strength, cat's grace, cure moderate wounds, lesser restoration, bullet shield, cat's grace*

1st—*cure light wounds, ant haul, enlarge person, expeditious retreat, shield, phantom blood, true strike*

TACTICS

Before Combat The Iconic Combat Medic imbibes his Mutagen.

During Combat The Iconic Combat medic rapidly eliminates threats with bombs if at range and with his bayonet in melee, and injects allies with extracts using his field dok. After combat, he assesses his allies and administers heal checks and crafted potions as necessary.

Base Statistics

With Mutagen his statistics are AC 30, touch 19,

flat-footed 24, hp 126.

STATISTICS

Str 14, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 22, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +9; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 26

Feats Brew Potion, Throw Anything, Heavy Brute, Endurance, Diehard, Dodge, Mobility, Toughness, Point Blank Shot, Iron Will

Skills Craft (alchemy) +23, Disable Device +17, Heal +21, Knowledge (nature) +21, Perception +16, Spellcraft +21, Survival +17

Languages Common, Baadan, Orc, Jargon, Goblin

Gear +3 riot gear, trench sweeper with advanced bayonet, large trauma kit, *field dok*, *belt of physical might* +4 dex/con, *headband of vast intelligence* +4, *ring of protection* +3, *cloak of resistance* +4, alchemy crafting kit, portable alchemist's lab, crucible, filter, retort, backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, ink, inkpen, iron pot, mess kit, soap, torches(10), trail rations (5 days), waterskin, adamantine mobile cover, 998 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Mutagen (Su) Mutagen prepared +6 Dex, +4 con, +4 natural armor, –2 Wis, –2 Cha for 120 minutes

Discoveries (Su): Injections, Healing Bomb, Precise Bombs, Greater Mutagen, Underwater Demolition

Swift Alchemy (Ex)



BLITZKRIEG UNCHAINED BARBARIAN

The air was heavy with the scent of copper and cordite. All was still but for the steady drip, drip, dripping of blood. The dripping came from the remains of a man rent asunder by the antlers of a large deer head mounted on the wall; what remained of him still dangling in the rack. The scene was carnage. Bodies everywhere. Bullet casings littered the floor. One poor sod had a street sign impaling him like a bug in some kid's science show exhibit, from mouth to anus. Ripper lay dying in the middle of it all. His entire hulking form was covered in blood, and some intestines were visible beneath the edge of his shirt. "Ow did Oi end up 'ere?" He pondered to himself, "Oh, yeah," he remembered, "Loik all great prolemz, it startz wit a dame."

Ripper sat behind his desk smoking a cigar. The overhead fan of stretched hide spun lazily, giving the light in the room a slow staccato. The room was silent but for the soft rush of air as the fan turned, an occasional squeak of gears from the diminutive goblin Snot pedaling a bicycle in the corner to power the fan, and the occasional shuffle of a chair or tinkle of glassware from the bar downstairs. They wouldn't open for a few hours. Ripper was interrupted in his relaxation by the sound of footsteps outside his door. The figure paused outside the glazed window and turned in profile, he could make out a feminine jawline and a thick braid of hair in the shadow cast on the glass. Trouble he thought. Hoaka opened the door and strode through, her metallic sabatons clanking on the floorboards. She was clad from neck to toe in bulky, dull grey, metal armor plates; helmet tucked under one arm. "Ripper, we need you to get something for us," she said.

WAAAAAAw, thought Ripper, the gams on that one. Oi don' know whut she's on about, but she obviously wants some. "Hugh," Ripper grunted in reply. "Just go into Oldtown and buy us a keg of beer. I'm hosting a celebration while the whole squad is here for downtime. Can you do that?" Hoaka asked. Of all da grog joints in all da woild, she had to walk into moin. What kinda cocked up scheme was this dame getting me caught up in? But when all da chips fall, we all just animals in da end. "Uuuuuuh huh," Ripper grunted again.

Hoaka nodded slowly, presuming that for an affirmative and started backing out the door. "Ok, big fella, and whatever you do, try to keep a low profile. We don't want to cause any trouble." Her face showed lines of deep concern as she walked back down the hall and away. One thing Ripper knew, he needed answers.

The orc grabbed up his quad machine guns and ammo pack, and after a moment's consideration, donned a trenchcoat as well. The back was split open to allow it to fit over the ammo drum. Ther, Ripper thought, suttel, as he lowered his goggles onto his face.

Ripper traversed the streets over to the 'oomie quarter, oblivious of the looks he garnered from passers-by. Two desperate thugs jumped out of an alley brandishing blades, "give us yer gold, ya mook," one of them shouted.

Ripper needed answers, so the tavern was the place to go.

The other mugger rushed Ripper and tried to stab him through the trench coat but his blade caught in the ammo belts crisscrossed underneath and broke. The two thugs stood dumbfounded looking between the broken knife and Ripper's back as he continued walking, apparently lost in thought.

He stopped in front of the tavern door and waited. Snot looked up at Ripper, "Ya sure about this, boss, you can get kinda confused about stuff other than fightin' and shootin'" After a moment he kicked Snot forward. Snot looked confused for a second and then resigned. He walked into the tavern and climbed atop the bar. "Hey. HEY! Listen up," he shouted over the din, "may I present, The incomparable, invincible, unstoppable Ripper, taker of heads, duke of duking, and baron of bloodshed." He finished with a bow and flourish as Ripper stepped through the batwing doors, turned slightly sideways to accommodate his shoulders. The music from the small piano came to an abrupt halt and all activity ceased as the patrons took in the sight of this 7-foot tall Orc brute bedecked in ammo belts and a trench coat, twin-linked machine guns strapped to each arm. He strode forward, occupied benches and chairs sliding and tipping, and tables scraping across the ground as they were pushed aside by his forward progress. Several of the patrons seated on those benches or at those tables cried out in objection. Ripper got to the bar and rested his massive gun-strapped fists on it.

The large man working the door stood up with his shotgun cradled in his arms, "Look, fella, we don't want no trouble," the man said.

Ripper turned to see the man with his shotgun seemingly pointed at Snot and his gun-toting left hand shot up on instinct to level on the man. "No! You!" Shouted Ripper, wanting the man to know who was being addressed. The disgruntled patrons all pulled their firearms at seeing Ripper threaten the doorman, so Ripper raised his other machine gun barrels and started brandishing them in the tense bar-goers faces.

The bartender then drew his own shotgun from under the counter and pointed it at Ripper's head stating, "Hey guys, let's all calm down." Snot did not appreciate a gun being pointed at his boss's skull, so he aimed his submachine gun squarely between the bartender's eyes, a dribble of mucus running down his upper lip. The tension grew as everyone held their breath, fingers shaking on hairpin triggers, eyes darting about looking for a way out of this deathtrap; the air was thick with the smell of fear and sweat, and the rising dust of the shuffling feet and furniture in the sawdust ground cover...

Snot sneezed.

The carnage that followed was too fast to track accurately, but thanks to his quick instincts Snot was able to dive to the floor and roll under a table. He then crawled through the sawdust as the firefight raged, men screamed and died, their bodies tossed through the air; Ripper fought like a rabid beast, gun barrels and bullets tearing through flesh as he crushed through the masses. Snot made it behind the bar as the bartender fell down dead, he crawled over the body and through the kitchen doorway as another tavern patron's corpse came flying through the window. The fight raged on for some time, so Snot made himself a snack. After he was finished he walked back into the common room and climbed up on the blood-smeared bar to survey the area. There was the drip drip, dripping body on the antlers. Over there was the impaled man with the very much out of place street sign. And there in the middle, lying perfectly still on his back, was his boss Ripper, covered in blood and guts. "Hey, boss, shouldn't we get goin'?" Asked Snot.

Ripper stood up and brushed the gore from himself and said, "Thoisty."

Snot hopped down and rolled a keg from behind the bar, "here ya go, boss!" Ripper lifted the keg and held it above his head to take a drink from the spigot.

"We go now," said Ripper, as he tucked the keg under his arm and walked out.



By the time they made it back to the grog joint where Ripper had his office, the place must've been open because there was quite a ruckus coming from inside. Ripper pushed through the door intending to pass through the crowd on his way up to his office but stopped short when he realized the crowd was his squad. And there was Hoaka, all done up in her best outfit, obviously trying to tantalize him. Hoaka clanked over to him with a surprised look on her face, "you made it, and you got the beer!"

Ripper stared at her slack-jawed, still covered in now-drying gore. Oi jus' can't read dames.

"Wasn't too much trouble I hope." Hoaka looked at him incredulously.

Snot walked past the pair polishing a shotgun that he didn't have earlier in the day, "nothin' we can't handle, miss."

BLITZKRIEG UNCHAINED BARBARIAN ARCHETYPE

While most barbarians are relatively crude with technology, the Blitzkrieg Barbarian has an uncanny knack for using firearms in interesting ways. They can deploy multiple guns at once and even use them as bashing weapons. Their uniquely developed rage works well with their firearm prowess as they demolish foes with superior firepower.

"IF GUNZ IS GOOD, FINK ABOUT 'OW MUCH MORE GOOD LOTZ OF GUNZ IZ."

Role: The Blitzkrieg Barbarian is solely focused on delivering and absorbing damage. his light armor means he's unlikely to avoid taking hits, but he has the hit points to handle it. His abilities are focused on having a profusion of firearms at the cost of inaccurate fire. His method of hitting targets is to put enough bullets in the direction of the enemy that some of them must surely hit. Accuracy by volume.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A blitzkrieg barbarian is proficient with all simple weapons, firearms, and light armor. This modifies weapon and armor proficiencies.

Gun Rage (Ex): A blitzkrieg barbarian can call upon inner reserves of strength and ferocity,

granting him additional combat prowess. At 1st level, a blitzkrieg barbarian can rage for a number of rounds per day equal to 4 + his Constitution modifier. For each level after 1st he possesses, the blitzkrieg barbarian can rage for 2 additional rounds per day. Temporary increases to Constitution, such as that gained from bear's endurance, do not increase the total number of rounds that a blitzkrieg barbarian can rage per day. A blitzkrieg barbarian can enter a rage as a free action. The total number of rounds of rage per day is renewed after resting for 8 hours, although these hours need not be consecutive.

While in a rage, a blitzkrieg barbarian gains a +2 bonus on all attack and damage rolls made with firearms (even when using them as a melee weapon), and on Will saving throws. In addition, he takes a -2 penalty to Armor Class. He also gains 2 temporary hit points per Hit Die. These temporary hit points are lost first when a character takes damage, disappear when the rage ends, and are not replenished if the barbarian enters a rage again within 1 minute of his previous rage. While in a rage, a barbarian cannot use any Charisma-, Dexterity-, or Intelligence-based skill (except Acrobatics, Fly, Intimidate, and Ride) or any ability that requires patience or concentration (such as spellcasting). In addition, any Rage Powers that apply to melee attack or damage rolls instead apply only to firearms for the blitzkrieg barbarian.

A blitzkrieg barbarian can end his rage as a free action, and is fatigued for 1 minute after a rage ends. A blitzkrieg barbarian can't enter a new rage while fatigued or exhausted, but can otherwise enter a rage multiple times per day. If a barbarian falls unconscious, his rage immediately ends. This ability modifies Rage.

Barrel Bludgeon (Ex): At 2nd level, a blitzkrieg barbarian may choose to use a firearm as a melee weapon. When he does, he is considered to be proficient with the firearm as a melee weapon and gains a bonus on the attack and damage rolls equal to the enhancement bonus of the firearm (and his bonus from gun rage while raging). The

damage dealt is of the bludgeoning type, deals the same base damage as the firearm, and the critical multiplier is treated as 20/x2.

This ability replaces uncanny dodge.

MORE GUNS (Ex): At 3rd level, a blitzkrieg barbarian may choose to wield a two-handed firearm in one hand with a –2 penalty on attack rolls while doing so. The weapon must be appropriately sized for him, and it is treated as one-handed when determining the effects of feats.

This ability replaces danger sense.

Twin-Linked (Ex): At 5th level, a blitzkrieg barbarian learns how to strap two identical firearms together linking them into a single weapon. The firearms must be the same base weapon, but may have different enchantments or ammunition. When firing a twin-linked weapon the blitzkrieg





barbarian may choose to make two separate attack and damage rolls against the same target with a –4 penalty on attack rolls while doing so, this also consumes twice the normal amount of ammunition.

Example: The blitzkrieg barbarian may choose to use this in conjunction with MORE GUNS, suffering a –6 penalty per attack for two twin-linked two handed firearms, plus the normal penalties for two weapon fighting.

This ability replaces improved uncanny dodge.

Greater Gun Rage (Su): At 11th level, a blitzkrieg barbarian's bonus on all attack and damage rolls made with firearms, and Will saving throws while raging increases to +3. In addition, the amount of temporary hit points gained when entering a rage increases to 3 per Hit Die.

This ability modifies greater rage.

Rain of Hate (Su): At 14th level, a raging blitzkrieg barbarian never has to reload their guns and never has a jam or misfire. Ammunition is consumed normally and is supernaturally transported from their pack or person into the firearm as it is expended, if no additional ammunition is available the gun cannot fire. This effect only lasts for the duration of the blitzkrieg barbarian's rage.

This ability replaces indomitable will.

Mighty Gun Rage (Su): At 20th level, a blitzkrieg barbarian's bonus on all attack and damage rolls made with firearms, and Will saving throws while raging increases to +4. In addition, the amount of temporary hit points gained when entering a rage increases to 4 per Hit Die.

This ability modifies mighty rage.



RIPPER ICONIC BLITZKRIEG UNCHAINED BARBARIAN

Born to a roving warband of Orcs, Ripper learned the hardships of life at a very young age. Be it scraps of food to eat or scraps of cloth to wear, the younglings of his nomadic tribe had to fight for everything they had. What some would view as a brutish, unloving way to raise children, Ripper would later come to appreciate. The rough and tumble lifestyle infused him with a survival instinct and sheer force of will that few could ever hope to match.

Ripper soon after learned the ways of combat, loving the thrill of tense, death-defying battles. As early as he could hold an axe, Ripper found ways to prove his worth and gain strength. Always pushing for more power, more strength, and more guns; Ripper quickly established himself as a force to be reckoned with.

While some would assume the massive Orc simply wanted to be stronger than anyone else, the truth was that Ripper had a secret desire to become a warlord of legendary proportions. Simply winning the fights was never enough for him. Establishing his name among the tribes and spreading the tales of his victories was all but a stepping stone to taking his throne of skulls at the top of the body pile.

Much like his unhinged approach to combat, Ripper's view of things has changed over the years. His overwhelming strength leads him to begin assuming that he, above all, is destined for greatness and strength beyond measure. Every damsel desired him, every lord would bow at his feet, every shop would issue a discount at the mere mention of his self-proclaimed title of "The Taker of Heads." No members of the Company shared Ripper's twisted view of the world but instead chose to simply let the Orc live in his delusions. What nobody could ever take from Ripper are his self-esteem and confidence. The very same confidence that leads him to believe he had absolute dominion over all those in his wake.

One creature that actually *did* fall sway to Ripper's

questionable leadership tactics was Snot, a small, almost sickly person of untenable presence. Somewhere along the way, Ripper had convinced the jittery goblin that he was the boss, or at least that's what he believes. So long as the massive Orc could still fight, Snot is protected from harm. Snot often finds jobs and handles the mundane details of life for his boss; it's a symbiotic relationship. While largely successful in his fights for glory, Ripper has been downright terrible with his money. Be it guns or ammunition, the brute simply cannot turn down the chance to obtain more firepower. The most expensive pieces of gear are his twin-linked machine guns, two sets of two, strapped to each arm with a central trigger on each handle. No one was really sure if Ripper was smart enough to come up with the design on his own, or if Snot was far more crafty than he let on, but all knew the terrifying power Ripper could bring to bear if need be. It was also these machine guns that often brought Ripper's bank account to ruin, as he had to fund four individual belt-fed weapon systems. Of which, he is unafraid to use at literally any given moment.

XP 19200

Male Savage Orc Blitzkrieg Unchained

Barbarian 12

CN Medium humanoid (orc)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision, Perception +16

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 17, flat-footed 15 (+4 armor, +6 dex, +1 deflection)

hp 114 (12d12+36)

Fort +15, **Ref** +14, **Will** +9 (+14 vs spells and spell-like abilities while raging)

DR 2/- (4/- when raging), DR 3/slashing

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee bludgeon +14/+14/+9/+9/+4/+4 (2d8+4)

Ranged +2 modern light machine gun(one-handed, automatic) +17/+12/+7 (2d8+2/x4)

Special Attack two-weapon fighting +15/+13/+10/+8/+5/+3 (2d8+2/x4), or two-weapon fighting/twin-linked +11/+11/+9/+9/+6/+6/+4/+4/+1/+1/-1/-1 (2d8+2/x4)

TACTICS

During Combat The Iconic blitzkrieg uses his movement to line up enemies for line attacks, if he has trouble hitting or takes damage he rages.

Gun Rage Statistics

When gun raging his statistics are modified as follows: +6 firearm attack, +3 will saves and damage (+6 bonus on damage rolls against creatures possessing spells or spell-like abilities), -2 AC, and +36 temporary HP.

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 22, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +12; **CMB** +17; **CMD** 33

Feats Heavy Brute, Two-weapon Fighting, Improved Two-weapon Fighting, Leadership, Weapon Focus (modern light machine gun), Greater Two-weapon Fighting

Skills Craft (firearms) +15, Intimidate +16, Perception +16, Survival +16

Languages Common, Orc

Gear +2 modern light machine gun x4, +1 mithral shooters plate, backpack, belt pouch, blanket, flint and steel, iron pot, rope, soap, torches (10), trail rations (5 days), waterskin, belt of physical might +4 str/dex, ring of protection +1, headband of alluring charisma +2, cloak of resistance +4, personal ammo drum, 3850 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ferocity

Fast Movement

Gun Rage 41/day

Barrel Bludgeon

MORE GUNS

Twin-linked

Greater Gun Rage

Rage powers: Accurate Stance, Superstition, Witch Hunter, Increased Damage Reduction, Deadly Accuracy, Flesh Wound

SNOT (COHORT)

XP 9600

Male goblin pack-mule fighter 10

CN Small humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision, Perception +0



DEFENSE

AC 22, touch 16, flat-footed 17 (+6 armor, +4 dex, +1 size, +1 dodge)

hp 85 (10d10+30)

Fort +13, **Ref** +11, **Will** +7

OFFENSE

Speed 40 ft.

Melee advanced bayonet +14/9 (1d3+4/19–20)

Ranged Medium +1 sub-machine gun +16/11 (automatic) (1d8+4/x4)

TACTICS

During Combat Snot tries to stay out of his master's way while staying useful. He mends guns, carries ammo, and sometimes uses his sub-machine gun to defend his master.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 11, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +10; **CMB** +12; **CMD** 26

Feats Exotic Weapon Proficiency (one-handed sub-machine gun), Goblin Gunslinger, Ankle Biter, Roll With It, Dodge, Mobility, Underfoot, Tangle Feet, Amateur Gunslinger (Quick Clear), Gunsmith

Skills Acrobatics +14, Craft (firearms) +13, Escape Artist +14, Sleight of Hand +16, Stealth +25

Languages Common, Goblin

Gear Medium +1 sub-machine gun with masterwork advanced bayonet and sling, +2 chain shirt, backpack, bedroll, belt pouch, flint and steel, gunsmith's kit, iron pot, mess kit, powder horn, rope, torches (10), trail rations (5 days), waterskin, muleback cords, bag of holding type IV, grenade kit, cloak of resistance +4, boots of striding and springing, belt of physical might +2 str/dex, large trauma kit, 500 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Unobtrusive

Efficient Packer

Weight Training

Weapon Training (firearms +2)

Advanced Weapon Training (Weapon

Specialist(Weapon Specialization (sub-machine gun)/Weapon Focus (sub-machine gun))) [if you know a better way to write this plz help]

Grit 1



ZEN GUNMAN MONK

There is something to be learned from a rainstorm. When a shower comes down on you suddenly, you may try to run quickly and not get wet. But even dashing from tree to tree seeking cover, you still get rained on. When you are at peace and have a strong purpose no storm will vex you, though you will still get soaked.

Awareness returned to Seika in a blink with the dawn. She breathed deeply; another day, and with it another chance at drawing closer to peace. She rose soundlessly, the motion catching the eye of the companion on the third watch shift. She checked her attire, unruffled; she checked her body, firm and sound; she checked her tools, present and without blemish. The fire had burned low so she set some small sticks precisely arranged in the coals; now they needed time and the fire would be ready for cooking before the others awoke.

They had camped in a pine grove near a small mountain lake so she walked to the pebbled beach to perform her morning routine. With slow deliberation she moved through the kata; now as firm as a mountain; now supple like a willow bough. Once complete she knelt and arranged the cloth from her kit. Disassembling her firearms she checked each piece; having no cause to draw them on the previous day, there was no reason to expect anything other than perfection, but complacency kills. By now Seika heard the grumblings of her companions rising from their beds. She walked back to camp and began preparing the morning meal. A thick porridge with a hint of savory fatback. There was some complaint about this the first time she prepared it, some wanted bacon, others bread; but none could argue with the extra miles the hearty concoction had added to their morning trek, or the fullness of their uncomplaining bellies until the noon meal; and since that and rice were the things she could add to the meal preparations they obliged her.

After breakfast, while her party rubbed the sleep from their eyes and saw to their relieving and ablutions, she saw to other often overlooked things about camp. The devil is in the details, as they say. She replaced the rocks that had been moved to make bedrolls more comfortable, replaced moss scuffed aside by logs being used for seats, and scattered loam over the now buried fire; it would remain warm for hours but one would have to find it first. Everything in its place.

They set out with the party leader setting the pace. Ever humble, Seika slipped into the middle of the pack. All who worked with her knew her value, she had nothing to prove. A few hours into the patrol, when some were tempted to contemplate their own feet, Seika caught sight of some birds taking flight, and her awareness heightened like a floodlight. She tapped the leader and silently communicated a signal where all could see, and then leaped soundlessly into the brush to one side. A moment later, as the party still tried to identify the threat, the ambush sprang. Two lines of weapons fire opened up from either side of the trail ahead, but Seika was not in the crossfire. Seika was among them. She slowed her sprint through the brush on the side of the road by dropping down and sliding between the akimbo legs of the nearest raider. Coming back up smoothly she disarmed the second man in line. As the first man was realizing what was



happening and went to change targets, Seika smoothly drew her twin pistols and simultaneously blew the brains out of both of the nearest enemies. By now the party had recovered and started returning fire, breaking for cover, and tossing grenades. One of the grenades landed a bit too close to Seika, so she leaped and rolled out of the way. Realizing they had an enemy in their midst, the raiders attempted to surround Seika with close weapons drawn. Seika closed her eyes and assumed a placid stance until the first attacker fired a shot. She went from her fully erect height to nearly brushing her face on the grass in the blink of an eye, bringing one pistol to bear on the first attacker and the other firing at a different raider. Her front leg was sticking straight out in front of her, then she smoothly pivoted into a kneeling position near the side of the enemy's ring. She reached behind her and grabbed a raider by the neck with her forearm and launched him bodily over her shoulder, speeding him along with a kick before shooting him with both pistols. In the confusion she had time to carefully place her next few shots; standing firm and taking aim to bring down the rest nearby.

After the last shot was fired she reloaded both weapons and breathing deeply, regained her center. She then holstered the pistols and walked back to the party. They were discussing the next steps and arguing about the conflicting trail sign left by the raiders. One thought to follow the broken foliage to the west, another the boot prints to the northeast. After a pause in the discussion, Seika pointed out the reddish mud on the raider's boots and the bluish tinting from local berries on their fingertips; their tracker knew those were found near the streambed to the northwest. The age of the mud and tinting suggested they had been camping near there recently and for some time. A couple of her companions looked at her in shock with open mouths, perhaps waiting to see if she would gloat; then made preparations to circle around the streambed area from an unexpected location. Seika thought if they had any discipline these enemies would post guards in all directions, not just those from which they expected an attack. It was fortunate they had not followed the broken foliage, as they discovered a trip-wire detonated grenade planted in that direction.

After traversing the woods for several more hours, they came to a camp near the streambed. The careless raiders had not posted lookouts on the far side of their camp, opposite the main path, and Seika's brow furrowed at the shame of it. The raiders had erected a small palisade, however; likely as a defense against hostile wildlife as much as a defense against attacks. Until Savage Company took up the contract on these raiders, they likely had no opposition in these dense woodlands. Unlike Seika, the rest of her party did not want to try and jump or climb over the palisade so they moved back out of earshot and spent the time until nightfall to craft ladders. They crept close to the wall after full dark and waited there by the wall until the evening festivities and most of the fires died down. Her party could mostly see in the dark, and that made the night their time to shine. Rising smoothly they set their ladders and one by one climbed up and were helped down by the companion in front of or behind them. Seika gave a single silent leap and passed cleanly over the pointed palisade tops and slid smoothly down the far side. No alarms raised so far. No people anywhere in sight, actually. Seika felt an unease creep into her.

Striding noiselessly forward to gaze into the torchlit circle at the center of the encampment, Seika saw not a single person. As her team moved forward to the edge of the light there came a deep laugh from the far side of the round central area. There was a ripping sound and the largest round tent across the camp rose up, tore, and fell away to reveal a massive creature. He must have been using some kind of enlarging magic because no half-orc Seika had ever seen measured anywhere close to this beast's 17-foot height. He had one milky eye, was bare to the waist, and every visible inch of him was covered in the dots, lines, and swirls of raised ritual scarring. One hand dragged some kind of cleaver bigger than a goat cart, while the other hand was wrapped to the elbow in leather straps and enlarged spiked wire.

The ambient light had grown. They must have lit the logs of the palisade on fire while her team was distracted by this behemoth's entrance. No doubt they were set up to fire down into the camp should it be necessary as well. "So be it." Seika said aloud as she calmed her mind. If this was the day of her death, perhaps she might find some measure of perfection in the trial of battle. She shrugged out of the robe over her shoulders and drew her pistols. She strode into the makeshift arena bare to the waist herself but for her chest wrap. She planted her feet and raised her weapons in a challenge; her mouth a hard line, and her eyes burning cold from her furrowed brow. She resolved herself that if she was to be killed by this creature, she would make him work for it. He bellowed as he swung the cleaver overhanded, Seika turned her shoulders and let it fall past her a hair's breadth away. She focused her ki into each bullet and fired away, closing the gap to reduce his reach advantage. He tried a grab with the gauntleted hand but Seika turned it away. She attempted to trip the brute but he recovered without going down. On and on they fought, trading blows, stepping in, dodging back, her reloading, him heaving gallons of air. The rest of the camp was fighting too as the tents caught fire. Bullets whizzed through the air as men on both sides screamed and died.

And then something miraculous happened. Not an opening, or a chance to win. Not a slip that would cause a failure on one side or the other. No, this miracle was in the matching of these two foes. In the balance of brute strength with honed reflexes, in precise striking and wild swings. Seika saw the world anew at that moment. She saw what she sought was not perfection; for surely perfection was the opposite of this. She saw what she truly sought was balance. And at that moment she knew; whatever happened she had won her goal, she could not ask for a better day to die.

There are tens of thousands of students who have studied meditation and obtained its rewards. Do not doubt the possibilities because of the simplicity of the method. If you cannot find the truth right where you are, where else do you expect to find it?



ZEN GUNMAN MONK ARCHETYPE

Some monks seek to become one with another weapon entirely—the gun. The zen gunman takes a weapon most other monks eschew and seeks perfection in the pull of a taut trigger, the flex of a gun's stock, and the flight of a bullet fired true. While these scions of firepower are still dangerous in hand-to-hand fighting, their true mastery shines through in their use of firearms; mastering feats of skill that seem wholly unnatural.

Role: Zen Gunmen may not be massive damage dealers like some powerhouse classes, but their abilities and choice of weapon means they are always on target when it comes to delivering many accurate hits. Even though they are unarmored they excel at avoiding hits and damage. Zen gunmen can focus their energies to avoid misses and heighten their damage output and accuracy.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: Zen gunmen are proficient with firearms (but not firearms with the automatic or scatter property) as well as the normal brass knuckles, cestus, club, crossbow (light or heavy), dagger, handaxe, javelin, kama, nunchaku, quarterstaff, sai, shortspear, short sword, shuriken, siangham, sling, spear and temple sword. This alters weapon and armor proficiency.

Flurry of Blows (Ex): Starting at 1st level, a zen gunman can make a flurry of blows as a full-attack action, but only when using a firearm (even though it is a ranged weapon). She may not make a flurry of blows with her unarmed attacks or any other weapons. A zen gunman does not apply her Strength bonus on damage rolls made with flurry of blows. A zen gunman's flurry of blows otherwise functions as normal for a monk of her level.

A zen gunman cannot use Rapid Shot when making a flurry of blows with her firearm. This alters flurry of blows.

Bonus Feats: A zen gunman's bonus feats must be taken from the following list: Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Far Shot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, and Rapid Shot.

At 6th level, the following feats are added to the list: Smart Shot, Improved Precise Shot, Rapid Reload, Mobility, and Parting Shot.

At 10th level, the following feats are added to the list: Improved Critical, Pinpoint Targeting, Shot on the Run, and Snatch Arrows.

A zen gunman need not have any of the prerequisites normally required for these feats to select them. These feats replace the monk's normal bonus feats.

Perfect Strike (Ex): At 1st level, a zen gunman gains Perfect Strike as a bonus feat, even if she does not meet the prerequisites. A zen gunman can use Perfect Strike with any firearm. At 10th level, the zen gunman can roll her attack roll three times and take the highest result. If one of these rolls is a critical threat, the zen gunman must choose one of her other two rolls to use as her confirmation roll. This ability replaces stunning fist.

Way of the Gun (Ex): At 2nd level, a zen gunman gains Weapon Focus as a bonus feat with one type of firearm.

At 6th level, the zen gunman gains Weapon Specialization with the same weapon as a bonus feat, even if she does not meet the prerequisites. This ability replaces evasion.

Zen Gun Mastery (Ex): At 3rd level, a zen gunman may use her Wisdom modifier instead of her Dexterity modifier on ranged attack rolls when using a firearm. This ability replaces maneuver training.

Point Blank Master (Ex): At 3rd level, a zen gunman gains Point Blank Master* as a bonus feat, even if she does not meet the prerequisites. This ability replaces still mind.

Ki Pool (Su): At 4th level, in addition to the normal abilities of her ki pool, a zen gunman may spend 1 point from her ki pool to increase the range

increment for her firearm by 50 feet for 1 round. This alters ki pool.

Ki Bullets (Su): At 5th level, a zen gunman may spend 1 point from her ki pool as a swift action to change the damage dice of bullets she shoots to that of her unarmed strikes. This lasts until the start of her next turn. For example, a Medium zen gunman's pistol normally deals 1d6 damage; using this ability, her bullets deal 1d8 damage until the start of her next turn.

This ability replaces purity of body.

Reflexive Shot (Ex): At 9th level, a zen gunman can make attacks of opportunity with bullets from her firearm. The zen gunman still threatens squares she could reach with unarmed strikes, and can still only make one attack of opportunity per round (unless she has Combat Reflexes).

This ability replaces improved evasion.

Trick Shot (Su): At 11th level, a zen gunman may hit targets that she might otherwise miss. By spending 1 point from her ki pool as a swift action, the zen gunman can ignore concealment. By spending 2 points, she can ignore total concealment or cover. By spending 3 points, she can ignore total cover, even firing bullets around corners. The bullet must still be able to reach the target; a target inside a closed building with no open doors or windows cannot be attacked. These effects last for 1 round.

This ability replaces diamond body.

Ki Focus Firearm (Su): At 17th level, as long as she has at least 1 point of ki in her ki pool, a zen gunman may treat bullets fired from her firearm as if they were *ki focus* weapons, allowing her to use her special ki attacks as if her bullets were unarmed attacks.

This ability replaces tongue of the sun and moon.

SEIKA ICONIC ZEN GUNMAN MONK

Born in the far east of the world, in a warrior caste among a vast hobgoblin army, Seika was no stranger to conflict. She saw countless battles, many with great losses on both sides. The young Hobgoblin felt immortal, untouchable... until the day she was proven wrong.

While the scars she carries allude to something terrible had taken place, Seika does not reveal a single shred of the detail. Many have tried asking or offering brews in exchange for her stories, but the woman has always maintained her silence. She felt that no one should know the pain and suffering that she has known. It was her burden to bear alone.

In the wake of the turning point of her life, Seika awoke to a new purpose that drove her to seek the answers of the universe. Whatever happened to her, she found it necessary to delve into chapels and temples, eventually settling on a small group of monks that taught her to think less of herself, and more of the balance of life. Over time, Seika sought to master the words of her fellow monks, finding a way to combine her past life with her future. And thus, the way of the gun became Seika's path to enlightenment.

Through her travels, Seika met many good people, and killed many more who weren't; she studied art and defended the helpless. She eventually found herself on speaking terms with a Sergeant Green, who offered her a job with Savage Company. While originally hesitant, Seika accepted the offer. She assumed that she would have the best chances of traveling the world and seeking the balance to live among the company of those who also lived and died by the gun. Seika grew to secretly adore her comrades and their hijinks. Despite this, she knew that mercenary work was only a means to an end. Though she thrived, the Hobgoblin felt that this was simply another step along the path to perceiving the true nature of the universe.



But in the meantime, Seika had never felt quite as alive as she did when fighting alongside her comrades. Even in the tensest of situations, the absolute hardest moments to overcome, even on the very brink of death itself... Seika found life in the balance.

XP 19200

Female savage hobgoblin zen gunman monk 12
LN Medium humanoid (goblinoid)

Init +7; **Senses** Perception +19

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 26, flat-footed 22 (+5 wis, +3 dex, +1 dodge, +4 monk, +3 deflection)

hp 102 (12d8+48)

Fort +14, **Ref** +15, **Will** +17

OFFENSE

Speed 70 ft.

Melee unarmed +13/+8 (2d8+4)

Ranged +1 frost semi-automatic handgun
+15/+10 (1d8 +1d6 cold +2/x4)

Special Attacks flurry of blows
+16/+16/+11/+11/+6 (1d8 +1d6 cold +2/x4)

TACTICS

During Combat The Iconic Zen Gunman attacks from range, but switches to unarmed if pressed into melee.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 14, **Wis** 20, **Cha** 13

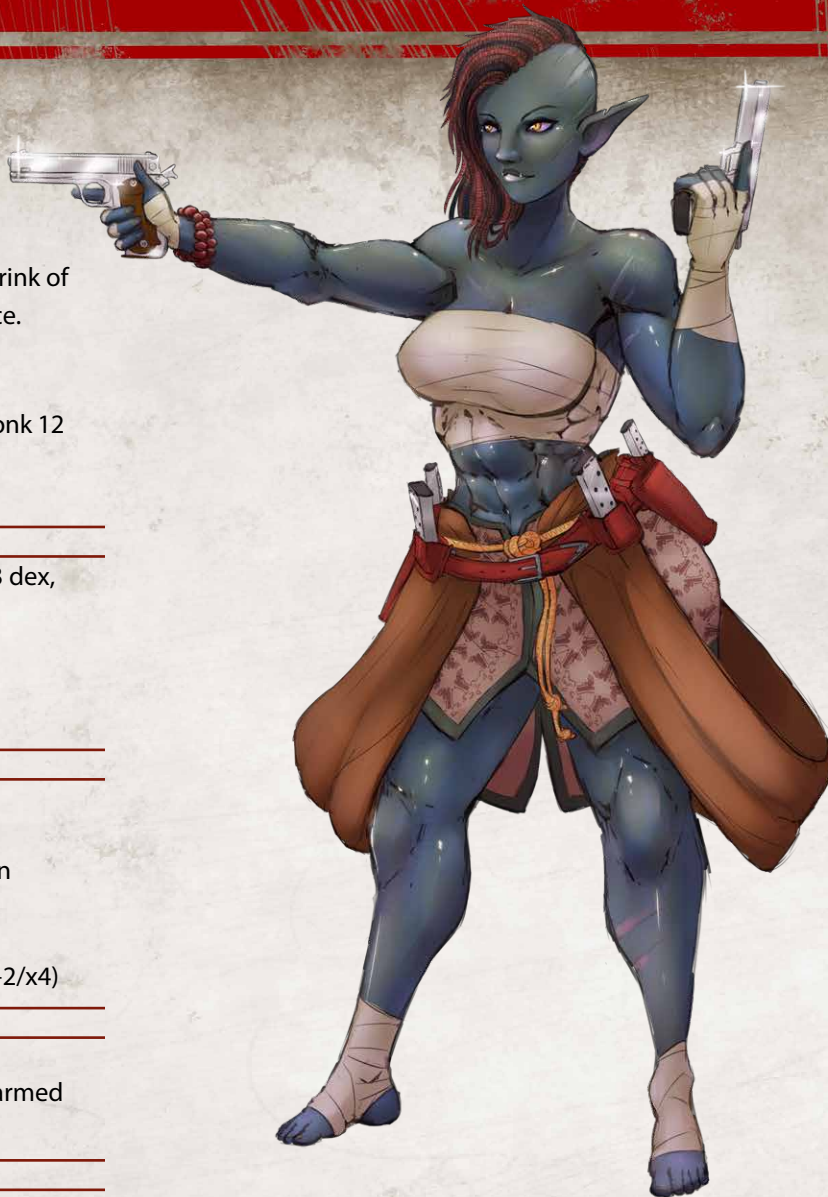
Base Atk +9; **CMB** +12 (+15 grapple/trip);
CMD 30

Feats Point Blank Shot, Improved initiative, Dodge, Perfect Strike, Improved Unarmed Strike, Point Blank Master, Deflect Arrows, Rapid Reload, Amateur Gunslinger (Quick Clear), Amateur Deed (Lightning Reload), Weapon Focus (semi-automatic handgun), Combat Reflexes, Snatch Arrows, Deadly Aim

Skills Craft (firearms) +17, Escape artist +18, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +14, Perception +19, Ride +18, Stealth +22,

Languages Common, Hobgoblin, Jargon, Handsign

Gear +1 frost semi-automatic handgun with pistol lanyard x2, backpack, belt pouch, blanket, rope, soap, torches (10), trail



rations (5 days), waterskin, monk's robe, belt of physical perfection +2, small trauma kit, cloak of resistance +4, ring of protection +3, headband of mental superiority +2, amulet of mighty fists +1 ghost touch, 2190gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

AC bonus

Perfect Strike 12/day

Ki Pool 11 (magic/cold iron/silver)

Ki Bullets

Fast Movement

Slow Fall 60 ft.

High Jump

Grit 1

Reflexive Shot

Trick Shot

Abundant Step

Feats

The following are a selection of new feats included in the Savage Company Campaign Setting that appear in the iconic characters listed in this book.

AMATEUR DEED (COMBAT)

Although you are not a gunslinger, you have and can use deeds.

Prerequisite: Grit or panache class feature, see text.

Benefit: You gain a single deed from a class that grants deeds. You must be the character level of the deed you wish to take per the gunslinger deed class feature.

Special: You may take this feat multiple times, each time it grants one additional deed.

HEAVY BRUTE (RACIAL FEAT)

You might be called a freak, but you're built on a more massive scale than the rest of your kind.

Prerequisite: Goblinoid, Orc, Oread, or Baade.

Benefit: You treat your size as one category larger for the purposes of calculating CMB, CMD, carrying capacity, and any size-based special attacks you use or that are used against you. A creature with this feat qualifies as Large for the purpose of taking the feat Awesome Blow.

PRONE SHOOTER (COMBAT)

Your training with ranged attacks gives you an edge when firing while prone.

Prerequisite: Proficiency with firearms or crossbows.

Benefit: You gain a +4 bonus on ranged attack rolls made while Prone.

Normal: You only gain a +4 bonus to AC against ranged attacks for being prone.



Equipment

If there is something that keeps a soldier alive other than his training, it's his gear. We've worked on bringing you a greatly expanded list of weapons, adventuring equipment, explosives, armor, and alchemical creations to outfit your team and help them complete their objective. Many items are non-magical replacements for items you already know. This helps if you don't have a healer or caster in your party, or are running a low-magic campaign. Depending on your adventures, some equipment or even weapons may be issued as part of an assignment, their disposition to be accounted for upon completion of the mission. Some of the larger weapons come with a high cost and are intended as part of an army or large operation, these might not make sense for a PC to own individually, are often impractical for adventuring, and can be downright game-breaking in the wrong hands. The list below shows the currently completed weapons, but there are many more that will be added to the finished book.



WEAPONS

The following weapons are a selection that appears with the featured iconic characters.

Bayonet, Advanced

Cost 15 gp; **Weight** 1 lbs.

Damage 1d3 (small), 1d4 (medium) 1d6 (large)

Critical 19–20 x2 **Type** piercing and slashing

Category light, two-handed **Proficiency** martial **Weapon Group** blades, light; close **Range** 10 ft.

The advanced bayonet is designed to fit under the barrel of specifically manufactured firearms without preventing the firearm from

being used normally. The blade is made with a sawback that can be used for cutting wood and when joined with its sheath it forms a wire cutter.

Semi-Automatic Handgun

Cost 1,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

Damage 1d6 (small) 1d8 (medium) 2d6 (large)

Critical x4 **Type** bludgeoning and piercing

Category light **Proficiency** firearms **Weapon**

Group firearms **Range** 20 **Misfire** 1 **Capacity** 7

With enough knockdown power to put a man in his grave and a slim profile, this tried and true mechanical marvel has been the final word in sidearms throughout many major wars.



Modern Light Machine Gun

Cost 1,500 gp; **Weight** 27 lbs.

Damage 2d6 (small) 2d8 (medium) 3d8 (large)

Critical x4 **Type** bludgeoning and piercing

Category two-handed **Proficiency** firearms

Weapon Group firearms **Range** 100 ft. **Misfire** 1–2

Capacity belted **Special** automatic

This fully automatic machine gun is a force multiplier that will act as the anchorpoint to many balanced squad loadouts.



Infantry Rifle, Lever Action

Cost 1,000 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

Damage 1d8(small) 1d10(medium) 2d8(large)

Critical x4 **Type** bludgeoning and piercing

Category two-handed **Proficiency** firearm

Weapon Group firearms **Range** 80 ft. **Misfire** 1
Capacity 5

The lever action infantry rifle is the pinnacle of firearms design. Accurate, reliable, and able to put rounds on target to devastating effect. The box magazine can be loaded with a stripper clip through the open action on top, or quickly ejected and replaced with a fresh loaded magazine, and it comes ready to be equipped with an advanced bayonet and weapon sling.



Trench Sweeper

Cost 1,000 gp; **Weight** 8 lbs.

Damage 1d6(small) 1d8(medium) 2d6(large)

Critical x2 **Type** bludgeoning and piercing

Category two-handed **Proficiency** firearm

Weapon Group firearms **Range** 20 ft. **Misfire** 1–2
Capacity 5 **Special** scatter

A combat shotgun designed for the front lines, the trench broom shoots in a 30-foot cone when firing pellets, has a 20-foot range increment when firing a bullet(slugs), and it comes ready to be equipped with an advanced bayonet and weapon sling. A trench sweeper uses metal cartridges (loaded with either a bullet or pellets) as ammunition.



Submachine Gun

Cost 800 gp; **Weight** 6 lbs.

Damage 1d6(small) 1d8(medium) 2d6(large)

Critical x4 **Type** bludgeoning and piercing

Category one-handed **Proficiency** exotic **Weapon**

Group firearms **Range** 20 ft. **Misfire** 1–2 **Capacity** 30 **Special** automatic

A submachine gun is a compact automatic weapon, however it is too large to use in one hand without special training; thus, it is an exotic weapon. A character can use a submachine gun two-handed as a standard firearm.

Fragmentation Grenade

Price 350 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

This thick metal sphere is finely grooved with furrowed lines and holds a compact charge of potent explosive. The grenade detonates on contact releasing a shower of metal fragments that deal 4d6 bludgeoning and piercing damage in a 5-foot-radius burst (Reflex DC 18 halves). You throw a fragmentation grenade as if it were a splash weapon.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 175 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Flashbang Grenade

Price 350 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

This metal cylinder holds a small charge of flash powder and alchemical agents. The grenade detonates on contact releasing a loud report and blinding flash that staggers all creatures for 1 round and blinds for 1d4 rounds in a 10-foot-radius burst (Fortitude DC 18 negates). You throw a flashbang grenade as if it were a splash weapon. Creatures behind improved cover gain a save bonus to this fortitude save the same as their normal bonuses to reflex saves.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 175 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Smoke Grenade

Price 350 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

This metal cylinder holds a charge of alchemical agents that react and ignite to create a large column of colored smoke. The cloud functions as fog cloud, continually filling an area in a 10-foot-radius for 10 minutes. Smoke grenades come in



Type	Description
Melee	
Light	
Bayonet, Advanced	A new bayonet that attaches adjacent to a firearm barrel via specialized lugs or can be wielded as a melee weapon
One Handed	
Battle Censer	This large flail has a hollow head that can hold objects or alchemical concoctions
Two Handed	
Killa Lance	This long pole is used to deliver a one-time use explosive charge
Exotic	
Donkey Puncher, Goblin	This crude flail has a long handle and a head that is little more than a large rock
Hatemail	Nothing says "I hate you" quite like this two-handed hammer that can be used to deliver a round of buckshot on impact
Firearms	
Light	
Semi-Automatic Handgun	A light magazine-fed handgun with an exposed hammer, perfect for dual-wielding
One Handed	
Cattlemen's Revolver	A larger caliber revolver with reduced capacity. A working man's gun.
Two Handed	
Crude Zipgun	Barely recognizeable as a firearm, these one-shot zipguns are cheap enough to throw away
Grenade Launcher	This device is used to launch alchemical grenades long distances
Infantry Rifle, Lever Action	This reliable rifle can be used to place a high volume of accurate fire on target within normal firefight ranges.
Modern Light Machine Gun	Your basic belt-fed fully automatic machine gun. Can be carried and fired by a single soldier.
Take jū Zipgun	A more masterful form of the zipgun, can be used to deliver alchemical treatments to bullets
Trench Sweeper	A pump-action shotgun that delivers devastating scatter attacks at short distances.
Exotic	
Anti-materiel Rifle	This single-shot bolt action rifle is designed for taking out vehicles, but the ballistic range makes it a favorite among long-distance marksmen.
Big Iron Revolver	This big bore revolver takes a lot of wrist strength to control since it packs the same punch as a rifle with a one-handed firearm
Coach Gun	A chopped-down version of a double-barrel shotgun, can be fired one-handed
Minigat	A truly devastating weapon, the minigat needs time for its six barrels to "spin up" before firing
Submachine Gun	This small automatic machine-gun can be fired two-handed or one-handed with special training
Thrown Weapons	
Flashbang Grenade	A less-lethal grenade for more nuanced operations
Fragmentation Grenade	Your basic anti-personnel explosive device

Gas Grenade	Creates a cloud of noxious gas that irritates the eyes, lungs, and skin
Incendiary Grenade	Creates a short-term area of extreme heat for blocking enemy movement or destroying equipment
Smoke Grenade	Can be used to lay down temporary concealment or for signalling allies

Explosives

Black Powder Keg	A small barrel of black powder that can be dosed out for loading ammunition cartridges or used as an explosive
Breaching Charge	A special Shaped Charge designed to open avenues of egress
Compound Explosive Brick	Through special alchemical means, this explosive can be molded like clay but is much less susceptible to accidental discharge
Dynamite Bundle	7 sticks tied together, a more potent version of the Dynamite stick
Dynamite Stick	A small but potent explosive device used in construction, mining, and demolition
Law of Fire	A one-time use direct fire missile intended for destroying vehicles and hard structures
RPGL	Launches a projectile that trails a wire that becomes a conduit for delivering an electrical charge
Shaped Charge	A small amount of compound explosive molded into a special charge the has a more directed discharge

Vehicle and Mounted Weapons

Big Gat	A larger version of the gat that delivers a near-constant stream of bullets once the barrels have "spun up"
Buzzsaw	A large machine-saw for dealing melee damage from vehicles
Excavator Claw	A multi-purpose vehicle appendage for grabbing and stabbing
Grenade Machine Gun	This weapon is extremely expensive and not very reliable but capable of delivering a lot of ordinance in a short amount of time
Harpoon Launcher	This pneumatic system launches a large harpoon for tethering other vehicles
Heavy Flamethrower	A weapon for spouting a long stream of fire for taking out enemy troops or cooking them in their vehicles
Heavy Grenade Launcher	A very long range grenade launcher too heavy to carry
Heavy Machine Gun	The go-to for most vehicle turrets, this automatic machine gun can chew through enemy troops and buildings alike
Net Launcher	A reloadable short range net gun for capturing single targets
Rocket Pod	A vehicle mounted system for launching multiple rockets one at a time
Wreckin Ball	This heavy iron ball can be swung into vehicles or buildings to cause massive impacts
Autocannon	A direct fire siege gun that reloads itself from a magazine
Heavy Autocannon	An extremely large autoloading direct fire siege cannon that can only be placed on the largest of vehicles.

Siege Weapons

Mortar Tube	The smallest true siege weapon, can be quickly deployed by a two-man team and used to deliver accurate indirect fire
AP Mortar Shell	A round used with the mortar tube for shredding through enemy personnel with shrapnel and overpressure
Incendiary Mortar Shell	A round used with the mortar tube for raining fire down on a large area



many colors and can also have their color changed by such effects as prestidigitation before they are thrown. You throw a smoke grenade as if it were a splash weapon.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 175 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Incendiary Grenade

Price 350 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

This metal cylinder holds a volume of highly volatile alchemical reagents. The grenade ignites on contact releasing intense flames that burn all creatures and objects in a single 5-foot-square with 6d6 fire damage for 1d6 rounds (Reflex DC 18 halves). You throw an incendiary grenade as if it were a splash weapon.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 175 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Gas Grenade

Price 350 gp; **Weight** 3 lb.

This metal cylinder holds a charge of noxious alchemical agents that react and ignite to create a volume of thick foul smelling dark green smoke. The cloud functions as fog cloud, continually filling an area in a 10-foot-radius for 1d6 rounds, any creature in this area who breathes the smoke is sickened (Fortitude DC 18 negates). You throw a gas grenade as if it were a splash weapon.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 175 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Law of Fire

Cost 1,500 gp; **Weight** 10 lbs.

Damage 10d6(medium) **Critical** x2 **Type** fire

Category two-handed **Proficiency** firearms

Weapon Group explosives **Range** 800 ft. **Capacity** 1

Activating the law of fire with a standard action, this launcher tube with a single alchemical rocket places an explosive payload on target dealing 10d6 points of fire damage to anyone within a 20-foot burst (DC 18 Reflex half).

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 750 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

ARMOR

Along with new weapons, comes a large quantity of new armor to wear. The following armors are a selection that appear with the featured iconic characters.

Shooters Plate

Light Armor

Cost 400 gp; **Weight** 12 lbs.

Armor Bonus +3; **Max**

Dex Bonus +6; **Armor**

Check Penalty -1 **Arcane**

Spell Failure Chance 20%;

Speed 30 ft./20 ft.

Designed for use by military riflemen, this armor consists of metal chest and back plates

with a leather or heavy cloth

enclosure. Often the rugged canvas carrier has

many pouches affixed to it for carrying various

types of gear. The plates are constructed in a way to

mitigate damage from firearms, this armor has DR

3/Slashing.



Riot Gear

Medium Armor

Cost 500 gp; **Weight** 12 lbs.

Armor Bonus +4; **Max Dex Bonus** +5; **Armor**

Check Penalty -1 **Arcane** **Spell Failure Chance**

30%; **Speed** 20 ft./15 ft.

A full coverage collection of plates that are backed

by heavy quilted padding. This special type of

armor provides DR 3/- against impacts and attacks

that cause bludgeoning damage. The special

padding of the armor has no effect on other kinds

of damage.

Type	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Dmg (L)	Critical	Range	Area	Misfire	Capacity	Weight	Type	Special
Melee												
Light												
Bayonet, Advanced	15 gp	1d3	1d4	1d6	19-20 x2	10 ft.	-	-	-	1 lbs.	P and S	
Firearms												
Light												
Semi-Automatic Handgun	1,000 gp	1d6	1d8	2d6	x4	20 ft.	-	1	7	2 lbs.	B and P	Light
Two Handed												
Modern Light Machine Gun	1,500 gp	2d6	2d8	3d8	x4	100 ft.	-	1-2	belted	27 lbs.	B and P	Automatic
Infantry Rifle, Lever Action	1,000 gp	1d8	1d10	2d8	x4	80 ft.	-	1	5	10 lbs.	B and P	-
Trench Sweeper	1,000 gp	1d6	1d8	2d6	x2	20 ft.	-	1-2	5	8 lbs.	B and P	Scatter
Exotic												
Submachine Gun	800 gp	1d6	1d8	2d6	x4	40 ft.	-	1-2	30	6 lbs.	B and P	Automatic
Thrown Weapons												
Fragmentation Grenade	350 gp		4d6		x2	10 ft.	5 ft. radius			3 lbs.	B and P	Splash
Flashbang Grenade	350 gp		N/A		x2	10 ft.	10 ft. radius			3 lbs.		Stunned 1d4 Rounds
Smoke Grenade	350 gp		N/A		x2	10 ft.	10 ft. radius			3 lbs.		Opaque Smoke per Fog Cloud
Incendiary Grenade	350 gp		6d6		x2	10 ft.	5 ft. square			3 lbs.	Fire	Duration 1d6 rounds
Gas Grenade	350 gp		N/A		x2	10 ft.	10 ft. radius			3 lbs.		Opaque Smoke per Fog Cloud
Explosives												
Law of Fire	1,500 gp	-	10d6	-	x2	800 ft.	20 ft. radius	0	1	10 lbs.	Fire	



OTHER GEAR

Field Dok

Price 3,600 gp; **Slot** -; **Aura** moderate conjuration; **CL** 9th; **Weight** 10 lbs.

This heavy duty metal framed backpack is constructed from rugged dark green waterproofed canvas and has multiple straps securing it about the shoulders and waist, but what is most noticeable is the long articulated metal arm extending straight up from the top of the pack that curves down to about waist level ending with a set of pincers adorned with hypodermic needles, shears, or rolled bandage dispensers. The pack functions as a handy haversack and the arm functions like an alchemist's Vestigial Arm.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 1800 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *secret chest, mage hand*



Mobile Cover

Price: 96 gp.

Layered panels of metal connected with spring loaded tracks and levers make up this heavy device that looks like a stack of tower shields. While it is far too heavy and bulky to be wielded as a shield, it can be deployed to provide cover much like a tower shield, panels sliding apart to reveal two firing ports and aiming windows. As a standard action, you can extend and deploy a mobile cover to grant you and another creature total cover until the mobile cover is retrieved. When deploying the mobile cover you must choose one edge of your space and a matching edge of an adjacent square. The mobile cover extends and becomes a solid 10ft wall firmly

attached to the ground. Any creatures adjacent to the mobile cover gain total cover for attacks that pass through it from the other side. Retrieving a mobile cover is a full round action. A mobile cover has a hardness of 10, 60 hit points, and weighs 135 lbs.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 48 gp

Skill Craft (armor) DC 20

Operators Suppressor

Price 12,000 gp; **Slot** -; **Aura** faint illusion; **CL** 3rd; **Weight** 2 lbs.

This hollow cylinder is made out of a dull gray metal and feels cool to the touch. When pressed against the muzzle of any one or two handed firearm, it resizes itself and attaches to the end of the barrel. When the firearm is used, all audible noise caused by the firearm is eliminated, this effect is also conferred upon the ammunition, but only to eliminate the noises associated with gunfire. With rapid and prolonged use the Suppressor will start to radiate heat and may even begin to glow, however its sound dampening effect is not diminished. A full round action is required to remove the device allowing it to be used on a different firearm.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 6,000 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *Silence*

Personal Ammo Drum [insert picture]

Price 5,800 gp; **Slot** back; **Aura** moderate transmutation; **CL** 9th; **Weight** 10 lbs.

This large rigid backpack is made of a drum constructed from lightweight metal. Its internal storage holds 1,000 rounds of ammunition and up to 80 pounds of additional gear. Magazines, projectiles, powder, casings, and loose bullets are kept in individual containers that mount inside the barrel, and belts of linked ammunition are fed into the barrel from the bottom and magically arrange themselves onto serpentine racks for easy dispensation. The inside of the barrel alters itself as needed to accommodate any combination.

There is also a compartment for a gunsmith's kit

and powder barrel. Regardless of what quantities of these items are placed within the *personal ammo drum*, its weight does not change.

As a swift action, the wearer can command the drum to fully reload a single firearm that he is wielding. When the wearer reaches into it for a specific item, that item is always on top. Thus, no digging around and fumbling is ever necessary to find what a *personal ammo drum* contains. Retrieving any specific item from a *personal ammo drum* is a move action, but it does not provoke the attacks of opportunity that retrieving a stored item usually does.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 2,900 gp

Craft Wondrous Item, *abundant ammunition*, *secret chest*

Speedloader Magazine

Price: 50 gp

This device allows for the rapid reloading of a single type of magazine fed firearm or revolver. If it has been loaded with cartridge ammunition ahead of time (such loading requires a full round action) the specific firearm that it fits may be loaded with the Speedloader Magazine as a free action, this action empties the Speedloader Magazine until it has been reloaded again. Speedloader Magazines can be used on different identical types of firearms, but each type of firearm requires its own specific Speedloader Magazine that has been crafted to fit.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 25 gp

Skill Craft (gunsmithing) DC 20

Trauma Dressing

Price: Small 50 gp, Medium 300 gp, Large 750 gp.

This field-expedient combination of styptics, medicated salve, gauze, and tight wound wrappings can be applied to negate the effects of most flesh wounds and control bleeding. Applying any Trauma Dressing takes a standard action and a successful DC15 Heal check. Trauma Dressings come in three sizes, treat this as non-magical healing equal to the following spells: Small = Cure



light wounds, Medium = Cure moderate wounds, Large = Cure serious wounds.

CONSTRUCTION REQUIREMENTS

Cost 25 gp, 150 gp, 375 gp

Skill Craft (alchemy) DC 30

Grenade Kit

Price: 7000 gp.

This kit contains a bandolier, grenade sabot (20), and 4 each of the following alchemical grenades: fragmentation grenade, flashbang grenade, smoke grenade (different colors), incendiary grenade, gas grenade.

Trauma Kit

Price: Small 2000 gp, Large 4500 gp.

The small kit contains the following items: small trauma dressing (5), medium trauma dressing (3), large trauma dressing (1), troll styptic, all in a small pouch.

The large kit contains the following: small trauma dressing (10), medium trauma dressing (5), large trauma dressing (3), troll styptic (3), in a shoulder bag.



Vehicles

If you're like us, whenever you watch one of those road warrior movies your mind starts playing with the idea of how fun some of those over-the-top vehicle mods, crashes, battles, and highflying acrobatics could be in a tabletop game. We have added numerous base vehicles and a new modular vehicle customization system that allows you to build thousands of vehicle variants for your game, anywhere from weaponized dirtbikes to tanks. In addition, sometimes the existing vehicle rules can be a bit clunky so we have added things like Thrashcans, medium sized vehicles for small sized pilots that have no facing rules and function similarly to a mount, and for more exciting and fast paced vehicle combat, we've created rolling road combat rules.

Rolling Road is a ruleset that lets you simulate with d20 rules any battle where the majority of the combatants are moving at a similar speed and direction, and the ground is largely similar and unmoving. These rules can be used for a variety of vehicles in conjunction, or even mounts and fast running characters. We tried to mesh them with the existing vehicle and vehicle combat rules, but add a layer of freedom to move at higher speeds, with the excitement and danger intrinsic to that speed, while still being a fun addition to the game.



THIS DOCUMENT IS A SMALL EXCERPT FROM THE UPCOMING SAVAGE COMPANY CAMPAIGN SETTING FOR THE PATHFINDER ROLEPLAYING GAME. IF YOU LIKE MORE THAN THE CLASSIC RACIAL OPTIONS, OR ENJOY MILITARISTIC FLAVOR TO YOUR CAMPAIGNS, THEN THIS BOOK IS FOR YOU. OUR PRODUCT HAS HUNDREDS OF PAGES OF MATERIAL, INCLUDING NEW AND REIMAGINED MONSTROUS RACIAL OPTIONS, A BOATLOAD OF NEW CLASS OPTIONS FOR MILITARY THEMES, EXPANDED MODERN FIREARMS AND VEHICLES BALANCED TO CURRENT ITEMS, A WHOLE NEW ROLLING ROAD COMBAT RULESET, AND SO MUCH MORE. PLEASE VISIT US ON FACEBOOK FB.COM/WEKILLPEOPLEFORMONEY, FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM @WEKILLPEOPLEFORMONEY, AND CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WWW.WEKILLPEOPLEFORMONEY.COM](http://www.WeKillPeopleFormoney.com).



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