



INFAMOUS ADVERSARIES



RAXATH'VIZ, THE CREEPING ROT



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Give your players a reason to hate again. You can blame it on us.

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RAXATH'VIZ, THE CREEPING ROT

Spreading the diseased will of his doomed goddess, the cunning kobold known as Raxath'Vis, the Creeping Rot, slinks throughout the land creeping like the cold darkness of a winter's dusk. Death follows like a black cloud, the ravens and vultures in tow, foretell of the return of Maramaga, Queen of Rot, and her dark machinations. When cities and towns lie still, with naught heard but the buzzing of insects and the screams of carrion birds, you can rest assured that the Creeping Rot hath come calling.

“BIRTHED OF THE DARK”

The tiny kobold lost his footing and slid down the shattered path toward a dark tunnel ahead. He was teary-eyed and blubbering to himself in the dark yet again over the misfortune of being the absolute smallest thing in existence. The sudden fall amongst a pile of broken shale sobered him for the moment, making him most aware that he was now hopelessly lost. He was almost relieved to be lost, for it meant he'd escaped the attention of his vicious little tribe, except that it also meant he was alone and unprotected. He liked to be alone, but not without protection.

Hours ago it seemed, he'd run away like a frightened human child, screaming and bawling to the trash pits to be alone, as this was the only real place where the rest of the tribe wouldn't kick or punch him—where his only companion was self pity. But now he found himself in some part of the dark he'd not seen before,

perhaps a tunnel leading to the even older trash tunnels and pits he heard rumors about and that even the tribe feared. He'd likewise been too afraid to look for them before.

He sniffed, smearing the tears and snot from the black scales under his eyes and around his oily black snout. He could still smell rot and trash yet worse—a horrid undying offal—it seemed an older, ranker stink than ordinary kobold filth. He scratched at the bloody gashes on his arms, noticing them burn and itch. His bruises pulsed and ached too. Sniffing once more, the scent came from the tunnel ahead, at the base of which he'd just slid it seemed. He walked tentatively down the narrow tunnel, allowing his darkvision better command his footing this time. The tunnel gave way into open dark with an almost startling suddenness, no walls in range of his eyes—not even a ceiling. He stopped in his tracks.

"What are you doing, runt!"

"I am not a runt!" he suddenly heard himself howling. His anger had not subsided from the most recent round of tribal mistreatment. His eyes could not reveal the shape lurking in the darkness from which the deep gurgling voice had come. He drew his tiny bone dagger, preparing to back away.

"Huuh, huuh, huuh," the deep voice laughed, "come closer, black thing. Let us have a better look at you then."

Raxath'Vis turned to run, knowing what it meant to be invited closer by something larger than he, but the poor kobold felt his way blocked by a thick slime-coated post of bristly muscle. The stench almost made him want to wretch.

"Pleeease don't eet me!" he begged instead. He winced, shutting his eyes tight and bracing for unbearable pain. He felt the rubbery post lift and move him closer. The soft part of his fingertips touched hard plates. The muscle enwrapped him and he floated as though weightless in the dark.

After moments passed, he realized that he'd not been swallowed. Raxath slowly opened his eyes becoming gradually aware of a several diamond-shaped groups of a dozen or so eyeballs floating in the dark. They watched him intently and made a pointing gesture to yet another of the misshapen beasts. He then noted a violet glowing and pulsing beneath it as the thing shifted, as though to show him what lurked beneath.

Looking down toward the body of the enormous, bloated being, he saw a sight of both wonder and horror. The soft underside of the beast's lower jaw, bristling with horrible brown-encrusted teeth, writhed with some unborn horror, glowing beneath green elephantine skin.

"Eat you? No, far from it, most unholy," spoke the being softly, sublimely. "Are you ready now to begin a second life? For at last you have come," it seemed to finish, but continued. "For as my mother passed the dark seed on, so shall you now pass it on to the rest of the world! Are you ready to birth a goddess?" it hissed malignly.

Raxath thought for a moment but nothing really came to mind.

"No one will ever pick on you again. In fact, you will be the one doing the picking," the vile thing whispered morosely.

Raxath smiled in agreement. Finally, something he could understand--vengeance! The being's disgusting tongue wriggled forth and enwrapped him softly in a blanket of warm foulness. Fear quickly gave way to a feeling of being home at last...

RAXATH'VIZ, THE CREEPING ROT

RAXATH'VIZ, THE CREEPING ROT CR 15

Male [Kobold](#) (Black), [Cleric](#) ([Hidden Priest](#)) 10, [Divine Scion](#) 3, [Rogue](#) ([Trapsmith](#)) 3
CE/NE Small [Humanoid](#) ([Reptilian](#))
Init +4; Senses [Darkvision](#) (60 feet); [Perception](#) +15
Aura [Aura of Decay](#) (10 rounds/day)

DEFENSE

AC 29, [touch](#) 19, [flat-footed](#) 25 (+3 [armor](#), +3 [shield](#), +4 [Dex](#), +1 [size](#), +4 [natural](#), +4 [deflection](#))
hp 115 (16d8+32)
Fort +16, Ref +16, Will +25

Defensive Abilities [Evasion](#), [Trap Sense](#) +1, [Moderate Fortification](#) (50%)
Weakness [Light Sensitivity](#)

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee [Rod of Withering](#) +11/+6/+1 [20/x2]

Ranged +1 [Corrosive](#), [Seeking](#), Hand Crossbow, +15/+10/+5 (1d3+1 [19-20/x2], plus [poison](#)*)

Special Attacks [Sneak Attack](#) +2d6, [Touch of Evil](#) 5 rounds (9/day), [Tears of Death](#) ([poison](#))

Type [poison](#) (contact); **Save** [Fortitude](#) DC 22

Onset 1 minute; **Frequency** 1/minute for 6 minutes; effect 1d6 [Con damage](#) and [paralyzed](#) for 1 minute.

Spell-Like Abilities [Detect Good](#) (Constant), [Touch of Evil](#) 5 rounds (9/day)

Cleric ([Hidden Priest](#)) **Spells Known** (CL 13, +10 melee [touch](#), +14 ranged [touch](#)):

7th (1/day) [Blasphemy](#) (DC 23)

6th (3/day) [Harm](#) (DC 22), [Symbol of Fear](#) (DC 22), [Epidemic](#) (DC 22), [Plague Storm](#) (DC 22)

5th (4/day) [Slay Living](#) (DC 21), [Dispel Good](#) (DC 21), [Insect Plague](#), ["Curse, Major"](#) (DC 21), [Contagion, Greater](#) (DC 21)

4th (5/day) [Unholy Blight](#) (DC 20), [Freedom of Movement](#), [Summon Monster IV](#), [Aura of Doom](#) (DC 20), [Debilitating Portent](#), [Fleshworm Infestation](#) (DC 20)

3rd (5/day) [Inflict Serious Wounds](#) (DC 19), [Dispel Magic](#), [Contagion](#) (DC 19), [Bestow Curse](#) (DC 19), [Revelation](#), [Vision of Hell](#) (DC 19)

2nd (6/day) [Barkskin](#), [Disfiguring Touch](#) (DC 18), [Hold Person](#) (DC 18), [Darkness](#), [Dread Bolt](#) (DC 18), [Protective Penumra](#) (DC 18), [Undetectable Alignment](#) (DC 18)

1st (6/day) [Murderous Command](#) (DC 17), [Remove Sickness](#) (DC 17), [Protection from Good](#) (DC 17), [Cause Fear](#) (DC 17), [Obscuring Mist](#), [Entangle](#) (DC 17), [Diagnose Disease](#)

0th (at will) [Detect Poison](#), [Detect Magic](#), [Guidance](#) (DC 16), [Spark](#) (DC 16)

STATISTICS

Str 6, Dex 14/18, Con 11/15, Int 16/20, Wis 18/22, Cha 14/18

Base Atk +11; CMB +8; CMD 26

Feats [Channel Smite](#), [Command Undead](#) (DC 21), [Extra Channel](#), [Improved Channel](#), [Iron Will](#), [Quick Channel](#), [Rogue](#) Weapon Proficiencies, [Scribe Scroll](#), [Selective Channeling](#), [Sickening Spell](#)

Traits [Birthmark](#), [Focused Mind](#)

Skills Acrobatics +12, Appraise +10, Bluff +10, Climb +8, Craft (Alchemy) +10, Craft (Traps) +25, Diplomacy +8, Disable Device +10, Disguise +8, Escape Artist +8, Fly +6, Handle Animal +5, Heal +10, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (Arcana) +24, Knowledge (Dungeoneering) +16, Knowledge (History) +9, Knowledge (Local) +9, Knowledge (Nature) +6, Knowledge (Planes) +13, Knowledge (Religion) +24, Perception +15, Sense Motive +10, Sleight of Hand +12, Spellcraft +15, Stealth +27, Survival +7, Swim +6, Use Magic Device +15

Languages Aklo, Common, Draconic, Goblin, Terran, Undercommon

SQ Aura (Ex), [Channel Negative Energy](#) 5d6 (9/day) (DC 21) (Su), [Cleric](#) ([Hidden Priest](#)) [Domain: Decay](#), [Cleric](#) ([Hidden Priest](#)) [Domain: Evil](#), [Cunning Trigger](#) (Ex), [Disease Variant Channeling](#) (±3 Profane), [Domain Specialization: Evil](#) (Su), [False Arcanist](#) +5 (Ex), [Opposition Alignment: Good](#) (Ex), [Spontaneous Casting](#), [Talisman of Ultimate Evil](#) (6 uses), [Trapfinding](#) +1, [Unseen Devotion](#) (1/day) (Su)

Combat Gear +1 [Corrosive](#), [Seeking](#), Hand Crossbow; +2 [Acid Resistance](#), [Consecrated](#), [Fortification](#), [Moderate Dragonhide](#) Buckler, [Rod of Withering](#)

Other Gear [Amulet of Natural Armor](#) +3, [Belt of Physical Might](#) +4 (Dex & Con), [Boots of Striding and Springing](#), [Bracers of Armor](#) +3, [Cloak of Resistance](#), +5, [Headband of Mental Prowess](#), +4: [Knowledge](#) (Arcana), [Knowledge](#) (Religion), [Ring of Protection](#), +4, [Robe of Runes](#), [Talisman of Ultimate Evil](#) (6 uses), [Wand](#) of [Contagion](#), [Wand](#) of [Dread Bolt](#), [Wand](#) of [Poison](#)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura (Ex) The [Cleric](#) has an aura corresponding to his deity's [alignment](#).

Aura of Decay (10 rounds/day) (Su) 30'r aura inflicts 1d6 damage and -1 STR/round.

Birthmark +2 save vs. [charm](#) & [compulsion](#)

Channel Negative Energy 5d6 (9/day) (DC 21) (Su) A good [cleric](#) can [channel](#) positive energy to heal the living and injure the [undead](#); an evil [cleric](#) can [channel](#) negative energy to injure the living and heal the [undead](#).

Channel Smite [Channel Energy](#) can be delivered through a [Smite](#) attack.

Cleric (Hidden Priest) Domain: Decay Associated Domain: [Plant](#)

Cleric (Hidden Priest) Domain: Evil

Command Undead (DC 21) [Channel Energy](#) can take control of [undead](#).

Cunning Trigger (Ex) A [rogue](#) with this [talent](#) can use a [swift action](#) to set off any [trap](#) within 30 feet

that she constructed.

Darkvision (60 feet) You can see in the dark (black and white vision only).

Disease Variant Channeling (±3 Profane) Heal [ability damage/Sicken](#)

Domain Specialization: Evil (Su) Heal 2 x spell level damage when casting a spell from specialized domain.

Evasion (Ex) If you succeed at a [Reflex](#) save for half damage, you take none instead.

False Arcanist +5 (Ex) Gain +5 bonus on some skill checks; disguise divine spellcasting as other type with a skill check.

Focused Mind +2 to [Concentration](#) checks

Leadership (Base Score 20) You attract loyal companions and devoted followers.

Light Sensitivity (Ex) [Dazzled](#) as long as they remain in bright light.

Opposition Alignment: Good (Ex) A [Divine Scion](#) must pick one of the following alignment subtypes as her opposition alignment: [chaotic](#), [evil](#), [good](#), or [law](#). The opposition alignment she chooses must be one that she does not possess as part of her own alignment. She gains a +1 bonus on [caster level](#) checks made to overcome [spell resistance](#) of creatures with that alignment subtype.

Quick Channel [Channel Energy](#) faster by expending more uses.

Selective Channeling Exclude targets from the area of your [Channel Energy](#).

Sickening Spell You can cast a spell that [sickens](#) those injured by it (duration = spell's level in rounds, Fort negates).

Sneak Attack +2d6 +2d6 damage if you [flank](#) your target or your target is [flat-footed](#).

Spontaneous Casting The [Cleric](#) can convert stored spells into Cure or Inflict spells.

Talisman of Ultimate Evil (6 uses) An evil divine spellcaster who possesses this item can cause a flaming crack to open at the feet of a good divine spellcaster who is up to 100 feet away. The intended victim is swallowed up forever and sent hurtling to the center of the earth. The wielder of the talisman must be evil, and if she is not exceptionally foul and perverse in the sights of her evil deity, the good character gains a DC 19 [Reflex](#) save to leap away from the crack. Obviously, the target must be standing on solid ground for this item to function.

A talisman of ultimate evil has 6 charges. If a [neutral](#) (LN, N, CN) divine spellcaster touches one of these stones, she takes 6d6 points of damage per round of contact. If a [good](#) divine spellcaster touches one, she takes 8d6 points of damage per round of contact. All other characters are unaffected by the device.

Destruction: If this talisman of ultimate evil is buried in a consecrated grove and doused in holy water, it instantly crumbles to dust.

Touch of Evil 5 rounds (9/day) (Sp) With a melee [touch attack](#), target is [sickened](#) and counted as [good](#) aligned for the purpose of [Evil] spells.

Trap Sense +1 (Ex) +1 bonus on [Reflex](#) saves and AC against traps.

Trapfinding +1 +1 to find or disable traps.

Unseen Devotion (1/day) (Su) Apply both [Silent Spell](#) and [Still Spell](#) to a spell without altering its level or [casting time](#).

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MOTIVES

Raxath'Viz is dedicated completely to Maramaga, The Rot Queen. Blessed at birth, he has a fanatical obsession on restoring her to power. Raxath is cunning enough to realize that mindless slaughter in Maramaga's name will not restore her to the Decaying Throne.

Raxath is the first of Maramaga's followers in over a century to complete five of the Six Profane Boons for her ritual of rebirth. He is a patient and devious adversary, and currently in the final phases of the sixth boon. With his innate stealth and intelligence, Raxath has the foresight to plan ambushes and lead enemies into traps. He will devote weeks to familiarize himself with the terrain, knowing the best possible paths to lead his victims to their demise. Most do not even realize they are facing off against the clever kobold until it is too late – when they accidentally trigger the trap that ends their lives.

He dispenses death with an almost clinical detachment, knowing that the souls of his victims fuel Maramaga's Rituals of Profane Restoration. With each death, he brings her closer and closer to her return to power, and he believes that as a reward she will grant him the power to become a demigod. With his newfound power, he will bring pestilence and woe to all of the races and nations that have long kept the kobolds from their true place in history.

APPEARANCE

Raxath was the runt of his clutch, and is considered small even by comparison to the rest of his brood. Due to his afflictions, Raxath stands out like a festering wound among his kin with dull, ashen scales with patches missing, showing mottled skin beneath.

His horns and protrusions are cracked and worn, giving him the appearance of a kobold more than twice his age. Due to his rotting nature, Raxath lost most of his tail to a gangrenous infection. While appearing physically weak, those who are knowledgeable in religion will realize that he is touched by Maramaga, and these maladies are but a physical manifestation of her favor.

While magical in nature, Raxath's cloak is akin to a burial shroud. He wraps himself from head to malformed tail in this filthy gray garment. When moving around in public, Raxath wraps himself like a leper, sticking to the fringes of society. Few bother the sickly wretch, and fewer yet suspect him of being the harbinger of death and disease known as the Creeping Rot. Typically though, few ever see Raxath'Viz as he travels cautiously out of sight, and takes care to travel with great stealth and obfuscated movements.

HISTORY

Born under a sign of ill omen, Raxath'Viz was marked by Maramaga, Mistress of Malignancy at birth. His tribe was subject to a terrible strain of disease that killed most of his clutch. He managed to live through it, while most of the young from his brood perished.

While small, sickly and weak, Raxath'Viz was of strong will and mind. He somehow lived through the scourge of his kind, and as he grew, a pale discolored marking appeared on his chest. As he grew, it became oddly apparent that the sickle-like shape bore what appeared to be a pair of oddly shaped ravens atop it – the symbol of the dead goddess Maramaga... Queen of Pestilence. Surely, it could not be a coincidence, Raxath'Viz was touched from beyond by the ancient goddess. Some of the kobold elders still venerated her name after disease decimated several of their rivals.

But Raxath was not gifted with power. He was a simple kobold, weak and pathetic, forever cursed to be small in stature and debilitated from birth. The other kobolds mocked him for his small physique, though few would consider visiting violence upon him as horrible disasters tended to befall those that hindered him. It was whispered that Maramaga looked after her own.

Raxath took to embracing the shadows. There he found his sanctuary, and peace. He could not fend off the larger kobolds for food, but he could outsmart

them. He could even build traps for them and steal their food. Raxath grew and survived, relying on nothing but cunning and his growing reputation.

Unfortunately, so did his affliction. As he grew into adulthood, the disease he held from birth seemed to return, and worse than ever. He found himself laying in pools of his own sweat, his breath short and rasped. He had become so weak, he knew this was the end. He began to hallucinate, and crawled as far away from his kin as he could.

Maddening visions overtook his mind, and his blood boiled. A naked human woman danced in his mind, laughing and whirling. But the images took to pain and misery, and the woman was eventually drugged and tied to the earth, much like how Raxath now lay comatose, splayed out on the damp earth.

She cried out in surprise, and as realization set in, the woman turned to anger unforeseen. She spat and cursed her attackers, claiming that her blood would despoil the land, and her ashes would choke crops for centuries. As the darkness commenced, and the pyres reflected in her eyes, she vowed that she would be avenged by the weak, the fertile lands would lie in rot and the blood of all who stood today would soak the earth.

Raxath panted, his mind near a melting point. They severed the woman's head with a harvest sickle and the only sound to be heard was the laughter of the ravens. The men in robes held her head high, with her blood running down their arms. Her eyes turned and looked directly at Raxath as he viewed from afar...

He awoke from his fever, somehow better. The illness had abated. He knew he was weak, but still alive, and that was all that mattered. He also knew instinctively that the woman in his dream was Maramaga. Her mortal death was the beginning of her reign of terror, and she had clearly spoken to him. Now he must search her out and revive her once more. She had the power to make him strong once more, and would reward him with godhood. Or so he thought...

THE SIX PROFANE BOONS

Once he realized his role as a true servant of Maramaga's return, Raxath was charged with the Six Profane Boons of Pestilence. He has managed to accomplish five of the six thus far, and is only months away from attempting the sixth. This is not to say that they have been without difficulty or danger. Raxath'Viz is intelligent and patient, waiting for just the right opportunity.

1. *"The hands of the pious shall destroy that which they once built. The faithful will fall and the wicked will drink freely on hatred."*

Raxath defiled a sacred fountain and mountain shrine that villagers came to and made their prayers, hoping that their deity would grant a cure from ailment. Periodically the healing god would allow the natural spring to heal a grievous wound or in the case of great piety, cure a disease.

Here, Raxath's infinite patience paid off. Camping outside of the tiny village of Trekair which housed the shrine, he waited until several other pilgrims had come from some distance. Pretending to be a pilgrim also, Raxath poisoned the bucket that drew water from the well.

The poison had a delayed reaction, and did not inflict its pestilence until the pilgrims were well on their way home. Several months before, Raxath had traced the natural source of the water to an underground spring that went below ground three miles out from the village. He took the rotting carcasses of three calves and chained them to the bedrock, letting the putrescence slowly filter through the spring to the Holy Fountain.

Eventually the Fountain sickened more people than it cured. Pilgrims and other villages decried that the people of the town the shrine was in had angered the deity. Here Raxath's stealth had paid off, as he also snuck into the village and used an anti-toxin on several of the less reputable members of the village, keeping the impious and unpure free from ailment.

The village turned on itself as accusations flew, and more travelers came back infected. Mob justice

prevailed and soon many corpses swung silently from trees, fires were set to homes and people murdered in public. Raxath left the village to its own devices and slow demise for a time. He then began to court some of the survivors, seeding the ground with the ideals of a new goddess of renewal and rebirth from the ravages of death and decay. Many young and ignorant followers were going to be needed for Maramaga's return.

II - "The blood of thirteen innocents shall be spilt and fed to the vile, though the vessels must be freely given."

Raxath knew that he needed a community large enough to contain numerous innocents, and enough of a population to easily hide his crimes. The city of Kenalir had enough population to hide Raxath's machinations. Maramaga required the blood of the innocent, and she would have it. He had to find thirteen innocents, though he did not know the reason (at the time) for the number, he did know he had to ensure that they would be freely given away. He found thirteen pregnant women and hatched a plan.

Using his knowledge of poisons he slowly tainted the cows and goats supplying milk to the expecting mothers. Raxath spent six months haunting the town, avoiding detection while making sure the animals did not appear too sick, but assuring that the toxins were passed on.

The children, thought stillborn, were actually comatose. Once put to their graves, and thus given away to the earth, he retrieved them and brought them back to the Temple of Rot. There, the otyugh oracle Zogulryk kept the babes in their state of torpor, ritualistically bleeding them to grow festering fungus and to feed the growing abomination that lives within her ruined temple...

III. - "When the stars align so the blue moon of the pretender rises, it should be drowned in blood, so that the rings shall once more bear holy fruit."

Raxath was aided by the otyugh oracle Zogulryk in deciphering Maramaga's demands. It appeared that he had only a short window in which to have revenge on the descendants of those that had originally wronged her. Their blood was needed to mix with the

blood of the innocent babes to create Bloodspore Mold – a sacred substance to past worshipers of Maramaga – that used to grow readily around the stumps of old oaks where sacrifices were made. This must be done in the month that has two full moons. Rax then imbibed this concoction, his reward was another vision of Maramaga's origins. He saw that the nature entities that were worshipped in the land during the time the human Maramaga had lived (and ultimately sacrificed), had evolved into the Lords of Light, and eschewed their nature worshipping origins.

Raxath's vision also showed him that the large town Maryn had the most prevalent concentration of her former tribe's bloodlines. In fact, the descendants of the tribal elders that had killed Maramaga's human form were now leaders here, and prominent members of the Church of the Lords of Light. The Lords of Light had many other followers in many cities, but the faith had its origins in Maryn. Oddly enough people here still whispered Maramaga's name to scare their children, though they no longer knew why.

He staged a delivery of candles for the Night of Banishment, a holiday on which the devout of the Lords of Light would burn candles to ward off darkness and evil spirits. Raxath had a crate of candles made with portions of the comatose babe's fat to infect the descendants with mindfire. While they fought off the disease, he crept in and murdered them all. Certainly it was no coincidence that all died in such succession. The villagers assumed they had transgressed their gods. Soon the Deadwood Circle moved into the region and led the people back to nature...

The mixed blood of innocents and the guilty would be placed in an oak grove not far from Maryn. The grove hosts 13 stumps in a sacrificial circle. Here Raxath or one of his minions would often return to gather Bloodspore Mold to feed the otyugh housing Maramaga's unborn avatar.

IV. - "In the hearts of my enemies lie the bones of the scourge which will be wrought into the frame of my rebirth. The thirteen hidden forms will cradle the coming darkness."

Here finally Raxath had difficulty. The scourge was a reference to when the Inquisitors last set out to remove Maramaga and her ilk from the lands. Eventually, he pieced together that to those of the Faith of Light, the bones of thirteen saints were cherished in the hearts of the faithful. 13 innocents, 13 transgressors, and 13 saints, Raxath no longer questioned Maramaga's choices.

He would be forced to retrieve the bones of their cherished dead, the great holy men responsible for her fall. These bones were often well hidden or well-guarded, and it took much of his time and resources to gather these relics.

These relics would not only serve as bait for the faithful of the Lords of Light; they would also become an object of twisting power and eventually the cradle of Maramaga's physical return to the prime material, begetting an unholy reign of revenge and pestilence.

V - "Those that tend the earth and serve my enemies shall eat naught but ashes. They will drinketh my blood and feel my kiss, their lives nothing more than a stain upon the earth."

The fifth profane boon requires the destruction of a peaceful city and surrounding farming community by making them unable to provide enough food and water to sustain themselves. Raxath chose the city of Cartagal for this. Tainting the livestock with a slow moving progressive disease, he corrupted the meat that the animals provided which gave Raxath more time to focus on the water supply. Using blood from dead animals mixed with the pus from his own festering wounds as well as fungus grown with the blood of the innocent from the second boon deep in the pits of the Temple of Rot – mixed with the Bloodspore Mold - Raxath created the Blood of Maramaga. Using this concoction, Raxath was able to render the water unsuitable for drinking or cooking. Even when used for bathing, skin became dry and peeled, open wounds festered and caused illness.

Raxath also faked an incurable plague by bringing contagion to the city. He poisoned food vendors' products, and infected clothiers' textiles with the dust of dead rot grubs. Finally Raxath corrupted the fields with salt and the Blood of Maramaga to ensure that

the land could not produce a harvest and left Maramaga's poisonous kiss upon this blighted landscape.

This would eventually cause the death of over a thousand citizens all centered around a cathedral of the Lords of Light, which would be considered a monumental sacrifice to the Mistress of Malignancy. Soon the Deadwood Circle would move in, preaching the folly of their devotion to deities that are not tied to the land, and that even gods thought powerful are nothing compared to the will of Maramaga and the raw power of Nature. This would fuel the belief and followers of hundreds if not thousands of new worshipers, and word of her power and prestige will eventually filter into larger and larger cities.

VI - "When the day grows dark as midnight- s shade, destruction shall be visited upon those who harvest in the loam of my corpse. Their homes shall be my homes and the palace of their worship shall be sundered. When the glutton of filth supplants the gluttony of the light, its nest shall bear the fruit of the end of days."

Raxath would call on these new followers of the Rot Queen, gathering dozens of her most fanatical subjects to complete a ritual to help desecrate the Cathedral in Casteel – one of the Lords of Light most sacred cathedrals - in the midst of a teeming city, converting it into what will become known as a new Rotting Temple.

Using kobold minions, the sewers of the city and the catacombs of the church were connected, and the basis for the Rotting Temple was formed deep in these tunnels. Here he lead the Profane Guardian Otyugh bearing Maramaga's fetus to the underground temple, where the saint's bones will be used to make a relic capable not only of changing a member of the Deadwood Circle into a devout and fanatical Cleric of Maramaga, but also leeching the will of Clerics of the Lords of Light. Once thirteen powerful members of the Lords of Light clergy has been drained of sufficient will, and then turned to Maramaga's faith, their bones along with those of the thirteen saints will form the Cradle of Filth – in which to receive a dead god into the world again, birthed by a giant otyugh's cancerous tumor.

Powerful and cunning as he is, this is no small feat. Once the church and the peace of the city has been disturbed, the Inquisitors, Paladins and other holy figures will pour forth seeking out the despoiler. Not only that, this is not a task like the others. He is not tasked to poison multitudes physically, but spiritually, as the goal is conversion – a pestilence of the soul if you will. Also, he must complete these conversions before the next solar eclipse, a time when the Lords of Light are at their weakest. Raxath knows that the Deadwood Circle venerates Maramaga as a goddess of decay – as part of a natural cycle of life – death and rebirth. He must convert 13 of these members as well, so that he can perform the rituals to convert the clergy of the Lords of Light. This requires a delicate balance as the Deadwood Circle must remain to be seen as an avowable and sustaining “religion” on the surface, and their members must believe it. If they discover that their own goddess seeks naught but rot and decay, they would fall from her following as autumn leaves from a tree. They also may seek to stop her rebirth.

Still Raxath gambles, becoming a demigod is not an undertaking to make without risk...

PERSONALITY

Raxath'Viz is first and foremost, a loner. Having been born into a race seen as a joke by the rest of the world, he has always strove to rise above his lot and bring his people their due respect. Raxath knows that should he complete Maramaga's Profane Boons and restore her to power, he will be lifted from the muck of society and be treated with the fear and respect deserving of one whose blood courses with that of dragonkind. He courts her favor in all things, and believes himself a demigod among kobolds already.

Raxath'Viz feels the burning hatred of Maramaga's chosen who have failed where he is succeeding. Because of this, Raxath will treat the lesser followers of Maramaga with great disdain, giving them the most menial of tasks. Unless he needs them for something significant, he will treat them like servants, knowing that they must follow his every command.

Being in this position of power has fed his arrogance, fueling his determination to complete the ritual and lording his power over everyone else. Raxath is firmly convinced that he will rule at his Queen's side, spreading her corruption with impunity. Being a pivotal player in the completion of the ritual has made Raxath the envy and target of Maramaga's other Chosen. He keeps his subservients at arm's length, knowing that should he falter, he will be a paving stone for someone else to seek Maramaga's favor. Raxath's aloofness and borderline paranoia has paid off as he has survived numerous attempts on his life from his “peers.”

As a kobold, Raxath'Viz is always cautious and stealthy, it is in his nature. Despite thinking himself a demigod in the flesh, and the scion of Maramaga, he will not openly deal with those that might ruin his plans. Instead he will work through his intermediaries and lay complex traps for those who wish him harm. Few will ever be allowed to gaze upon his mortal form, and even then it is likely just whispers from the shadows.

RESOURCES

With his humble beginnings as a simple thief, Raxath has a sizeable cache of money and gems that he has collected during his travels. He has no qualms stealing from the “tall folk”, and will loot any of his victims without a second thought. He knows enough of the seedy underbelly of civilization to fence what he doesn't need, and where to buy any arcane ingredients he requires. As a devout follower, Raxath keeps any excess funds, considering them to be donations to Maramaga's cause. He views all of his possessions and wealth to belong to Maramaga, and he only uses what he needs to fund his activities and organization.

As such, the Creeping Rot enjoys having most all mundane items he needs at his disposal, and is capable of purchasing scrolls and other minor magic items with little effort. Better items come from his many victims and he has no qualms murdering for that which he wants, or what happens to simply be shiny and seen as suitable offering for his Mistress.

LAIR

Raxath'Viz has managed to secure a huge section of abandoned sewers. As the great city of Kazeel expanded, they simply built over the old sewers several times. There are vast passages here, hitherto unknown by those living there today – even tunnels leading to the main cathedral of the Lords of Light. He has “extravagant” furnishings there, with a throne of rotting refuse and bone in the main area that he holds his court in and separate filthy chambers in side tunnels to sleep in. For a kobold, he wants for nothing.

His sewer/catacomb lair is an assault on the senses to the uninitiated. The smell of sewage, fecal matter, and the decaying dead is cultivated and spread everywhere. The filth drips from the rooftops and pools in low places. The leaking sewer canals add liquid sludge and gas that burns the eyes and nostrils. Somehow the kobolds live here. *The otyughs thrive.*

Raxath's followers wait on him hand and foot, groveling for his favor, whilst many secretly despise him for his successes. Some wish they had his strength and power so they could be the next great kobold hero. It is usually those kobolds that are sent off on errands to fetch things from the darker recesses of his lair, where he tests his newest devices – instruments of destruction that he cunningly crafted to spread fear, disease and the blood of his enemies.

Deep within the abandoned sections of sewers, piles of refuse gather in dank, disgusting, filthy pools. Here lies the home of his personal brood of otyugh pets. He brings them the corpses of fallen heroes and religious figures from the “above-world,” and they mix with the refuse to create the great birthing stew needed to give life to Maramaga's new form. Only the most loyal of his followers, and the otyugh are allowed to live in this section.

To be certain, Raxath's lair is more dangerous than the worst downtrodden street above. If the kobold guards do not bring their filthy barbed spears to surprise you in the darkness, there are always the scores of mechanical traps ready to lay the unex-

pecting and unwary to waste. Even the slightest wound earned here will soon fester and spread, for the touch of Maramaga is strong here, and filth cakes everything. The lair of the Creeping Rot is no place for those without true purpose and their own divine will to drive out his pestilent stain upon the countryside.

NETWORK

Although Raxath is seen as a chosen follower of Maramaga, he is still beholden to her whims. While his brethren of the rotting cloth are jealous of him for his successes, they both fear and respect his work on Maramaga's Profane Boons. With an outward sneer of contempt, they will put on great airs to complain when he demands aid.

As a Scion of Maramaga, Raxath's path to ascension is secured – provided he can find a way to bring the goddess back to life that is. In his quest to complete her Sacred Boons, he has found his own loyal band of kobold acolytes, the Festering Lesion.

They are loyal to him, and fully believe that they will ride on the curtails of his power. They see Raxath'Viz as a demigod already, and are eager to please him.

The strongest ally within his network is Zogulryk, the Unholy Mouth of Maramaga, an otyugh oracle. The filth-spawned oracle assists Raxath, and guides him with his wisdom. He does his best to understand the fragments of visions sent to him by the Queen of Rot, and direct Raxath'Viz to his final destiny.

Curiously enough, the Deadwood Circle is mostly unaware of Raxath's existence, and the fact that he has completed a majority of the Sacred Boons. Eventually they will learn of his deeds, and it is unlikely they will accept that the return of Maramaga is to be heralded by a kobold.

TACTICS

Despite purporting that he has the magical blood of black dragons coursing through his veins, and the divine guidance of the Queen of Rot, Raxath'Viz is, after all, a kobold at heart.

He still prefers to strike from the shadows, using magic and the unholy relics gifted from Maramaga to confuse, weaken and overwhelm his enemies. Despite his advanced levels, Raxath does not comprehend a fair fight, and will do everything within his power to escape direct confrontation.

While a potent divine spellcaster, Raxath travels via stealth or disguise and knows that drawing attention to himself as such will draw unwanted attention. He carefully uses his False Arcanist powers to appear as a simple alchemist, or pest-ridden beggar. If needed, he can even cast a spell completely unnoticed with the use of his Unseen Devotion ability.

His skill with crafting traps is wicked. Raxath will lure his opponents into areas laden with his personally devised traps. He frequently specifically designs them for his intended victims, taking great pains to follow his enemies, learning their strengths and weaknesses. Many of his traps are ingenious devices and often augmented by magic.

If he is somehow lured into melee combat, he will not hesitate to make it as painful as possible for his opponents, and then flee. He will make liberal use of his aura of decay and channeling of negative energy. Those that come too close could be struck with the rod of withering (plus a divine smite).

Raxath also takes great pride in the slaying of clerics of opposing alignments. If confronted by another powerful good cleric, he will have no qualms unleashing his talisman of ultimate evil.

MORALE

Raxath uses every dirty trick he has access to, and he is just about as cunning a kobold as they come. He prefers to arrange ambushes instead of head to head combat.

Should he drop to less than 50% hit points, Raxath will flee as soon as possible, to lick his wounds and plot revenge on those who dared stand in his way. He will use any stealth or magic at his disposal to escape unharmed.

ADJANGEMENT OPTIONS

In his current incarnation, Raxath'Viz is a 16th level character and a healthy challenge at CR 15. However, if you are using our attached Hero Lab files, you can easily raise or lower the power level of Raxath to fit your campaign.

This means that you can determine what stage he is on in regards to completing the Profane Boons of Maramaga, and recreate him to that period in time.

PROLOGUE

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3

FIRST BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 2

SECOND BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 3, Divine Scion 1

THIRD BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 5, Divine Scion 1

FOURTH BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 6, Divine Scion 2

FIFTH BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 9, Divine Scion 2

SIXTH BOON

Rogue (Trapsmith) 3, Cleric (Hidden Cleric) 10, Divine Scion 3

As Raxath continues along his path, he will only progress in Divine Scion, growing more and more powerful a spellcaster in the service of his evil goddess.

QUOTE

"MAY YOUR FLESH FEED HER MALIGNANT SOUL. MAY YOUR SOUL FEED HER CURSED FLESH."

-RAXATH'VIZ

PLOT HOOKS

- An older member of the Royal Inquisitors of Kazeel have begun putting the pieces together of Raxath's activities. Well-versed in religious doctrine, he thought it somewhat plausible that Maramaga's followers were at work again. The Inquisitors are unfortunately already locked in pitched efforts with the infamous rogue's guild of the great city and they do not have the available manpower to send looking for a possible outbreak of Maramaga worshippers. Instead, they offer the players a boon to look into it for them. Good or other opposed religions should take the threat considerably more serious than the Inquisitors.
- The players are approached by a lowly scrub of a kobold, with patchy scales. He calls them to the shadows and professes a desire to tell them everything they need to know on how to defeat Raxath'Viz. What they do not realize is that this kobold is merely an opportunistic player in the greater game of their divine struggle. He wishes Raxath to fail so that he can take his place and succeed in his stead. How much does he know, and has Raxath prepared for this eventuality?
- Plague comes to the town/village the players reside or visit. It seems resistant to standard cures, and even magical means holds no guarantee. In only a few days, the plague has spread beyond measure. The townsfolk are panicked, and the clergy even affected as the sick flock to their gates. What can be done?

LORE

Clever players can attempt to learn more about Raxath'Viz by making Knowledge: Dungeoneering, Local or Religion checks.

DC 20 – Raxath'Viz is a kobold cleric of great strength. He leads a retinue of zealous kobolds that worship some ancient patron goddess of kobold-kind.

[Religion Only] The dark goddess worshipped by Raxath and his ilk is Maramaga, a minor fertility goddess thought long dead, wiped out by the Lords of Light ages ago.

DC 25 – Raxath'Viz is more than a simple cleric, he is a Divine Scion, a literal instrument of the will of the Queen of Rot.

DC 30 - Raxath'Viz plans to resurrect his goddess, Maramaga, The Rot Queen. Doing so will allow a great darkness to spread, as she will wreak vengeance with her divine disease, the kiss of Maramaga.

Her malignant influence is resistant to curative measures, and will slowly kill those it comes into contact with. Her power at full height has the ability to raise her victims as plague zombies, and bring an end to the world as it is known.

DC 35 – In order to bring about the rebirth of Maramaga, one of her chosen must perform six Profane Boons, tasks of great magnitude, deeply rooted in the influence of Maramaga. Raxath'Viz is the first of her Scions to ever accomplish five, and he nears upon the sixth.

“THE GLUTCHES OF EDIL”

Father Candor closed the door to his quarters with a heavy sigh. He was tired of this backwoods church, listening to the plights of the farmers, the woes and indiscretions of the farmers' wives and daughters.

Shrugging out of his heavy mantle, he saw that Whent has already poured his wine and placed it next to a small pile of letters. A fat tallow candle burned sickly on a tarnished brass plate. The room was stuffy, the warm air tinged with a musty smell. Passing by his battered desk, Candor grabbed the candle. Shadows danced in the corners of the small room as the light fluttered in the air.

The thin smoke burned his eyes, making the darkness feel like a living thing surrounding him. He lunged for the tiny window as the room threatened to close in on him. Sucking in lungfuls of clean air, Candor whispered a silent prayer to the Lord of Light. He hadn't had a panic attack since being sent to this church of mud and wood.

Moments later, the fresh air made him feel better, but his vision still swam. However, he was breathing easier now and could focus. He moved over to his desk, leaning heavily on the wall for support. This panic attack took a lot out of him. His legs felt leaden, his arms weak. Through sheer force of will he managed to keep the candle upright in its base. The deepening shadows swirled menacingly around him. It seemed to take eons to reach his cushioned chair. He dropped himself heavily into the seat. There was a muffled popping sound beneath him. Leaning his forehead on the desk, Candor felt sweat beading up on his face. The thick iron catacombs key hung from the leather cord around his neck, dangling between his knees. He watched it sway lazily. A faint scent of dried flowers tickled his nostrils.

His throat started to itch. Candor sat up and reached for his wine. His hands were shaking badly, but he managed to slurp down some of the liquid. It burned his throat, which started to close quickly. Candor dropped the wine cup, the thick liquid soaking the pile of letters on the desk. He tried to speak, to summon the help of his Lord, but all that came out was a hissing, wet wheeze.

"Your God will not save you, priest." A sibilant voice hissed from the shadows. "Prayers cannot be answered if they cannot be heard."

Candor turned towards the voice. His legs had already gone dead, unresponsive to his instinctual flight response. His hands sat like fat, dead spiders in his lap.

A short figure emerged from the shadows. It was the height of a child, but had an awkward build. The kobold was wrapped from head to toe in a dirty white cloth reminiscent of a burial shroud. Dark reptilian eyes peered from beneath the wrappings, and a draconian snout smiled cruelly, showing sharp glistening teeth.

"For two years you have sat in this pitiful church, tending to the mindless masses. But why? Why would the Church send you here, to a dying farmstead? Not because you could help these people. They cannot help themselves, let alone follow your divine wisdom."

The kobold stepped closer to Candor, who was struggling to draw breath. He knew he had been poisoned, but how? And who was this kobold?

A scaly hand reached out, and gently picked up the spilled goblet. Examining the contents, he produced a small flask and poured a bit back into the cup. Candor watched the clawed hand disappear within the cloak, only to reappear gloved.

"They sent you to protect a secret. To watch over something valuable. Something the Church thought was sacred. The bones of Welach the Pious. Hidden deep within the catacombs, the remains of a saint lie." The kobold walked around the back of the paralyzed cleric, to the door. He opened it slightly, then returned to his position on the far side of Candor.

"Now I have found what I needed, hidden in a muddy hole beneath a dying town. All thanks to your servant, Whent."

The kobold reached for the goblet and dipped the gloved hand into the liquid. The door opened and Whent, tow headed, dim witted Whent entered. His small eyes flicked to the priest and back to the kobold.

"Here is your payment, Whent. A pittance for a priest. Sealed and delivered."

The kobold flipped a small gem to the man. Whent caught the gem and hugged it to his chest. He absent mindedly wiped a hand down his shirt, leaving a thick smear of dark liquid. Without a word, the man fled out the door and down the steps. The kobold followed Whent through the door.

Four loud steps followed by a crash. Gurgling and choking gasps floated up as Whent suffered from the same poison as the priest. A whisper of steel and a strangled yell, and the stairwell was silent.

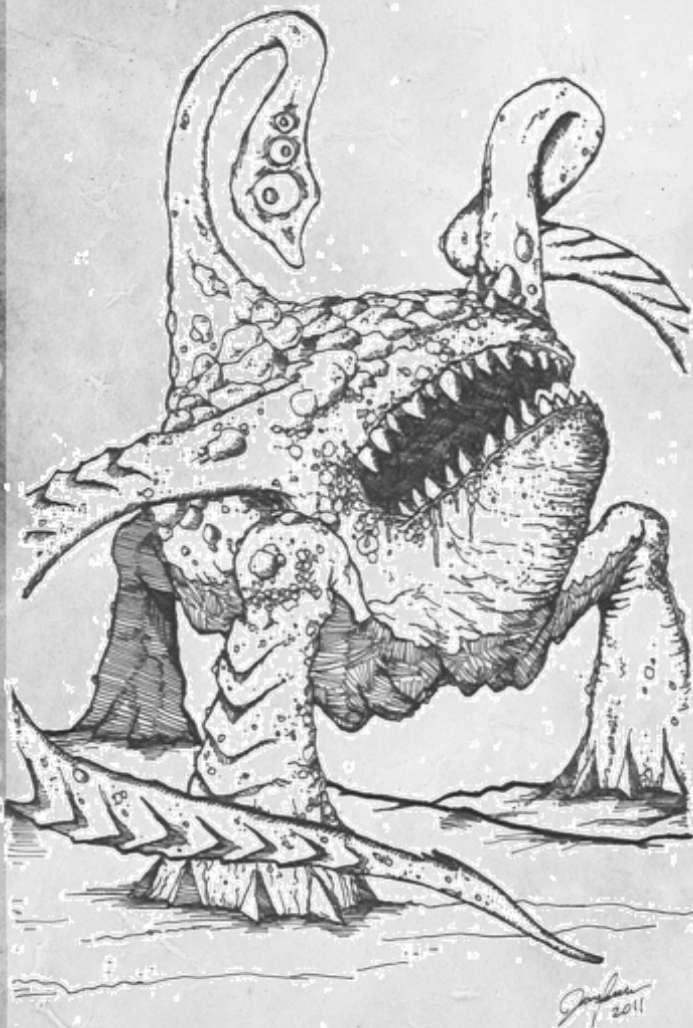
Candor's vision, blurred and darkened, started to clear a bit. He felt his body fighting off the poison's effects. His fingers twitched as he started regaining control of his extremities. Filled with righteous anger, Candor lurched to his feet. His numb lips formed the prayers to his God, surrounding him with divine protection. As the kobold re-entered the room, he cocked his head at the priest.

"Who are you that has come into my church, tried to kill a follower of the Lords of Light by trickery and cowardice? Give me your name, so I may carve it on your grave stone!" Father Candor's voice echoed with the power of Light, filling the room and causing the kobold to avert his eyes.

"I am Raxath'Viz! I am Maramaga's *Chosen*, and the Harbinger of her Rebirth!" He reached into his cloak and pulled out a small blackened, cracked sphere that dangled from a filthy black steel chain. He leapt up, wrapping the chain around the Priest of Light's neck, and the old man's worn and faded skin began to redden and smoke. His flesh bubbled and his arms clawed desperately, but far too weakly to loosen the kobold's scaly grip. Raxath watched on dispassionately.

Black tendrils of energy raced across the old man's skin, into his mouth, and out of his eyes. His skin blackened and shriveled up, and his eyes oozed out of his burnt skull. Raxath calmly retrieved the Vile Talisman from the hand tightened around it, and broke the iron key loose from around the charred neck.

It was time to collect the bones of a saint...



ZOGULRYK, THE UNHOLY MOUTH OF MARAMAGA

Deep in a cavernous subterranean complex known as the Fangs of Everdark there are numerous strange beasts that have never been seen the eyes of surface-dwellers. Various tribes of kobolds call the region home, and the deeper one traverses in the Everdark, the stranger and more exotic beasts are encountered.

And so it was for Raxath. Once he had overcome the Kiss of Maramaga, he found himself wandering through the Fangs of the Everdark, seeking out a tugging notion that he was to find his destiny here.

In an unlikely turn of events, the wretched kobold did indeed find his calling, or perhaps fate found him.

The great otyugh known as Zogulryk found the kobold, nearly dead and certainly traumatized from his ordeal. The disease-ridden beast realized his potential and nursed the pathetic creature back to health. Surely, it knew that appearances could be deceiving.

For Zogulryk was no ordinary otyugh, should such creatures ever be called such a mundane word. No, Zogulryk was both wise and possessed of a silver tongue. He spoke kindly to the young kobold, knowing that their fates were intertwined, for Maramaga had spoken to him too. He was one of the keepers of her whispers, charged with passing the Six Profane Boons to those worthy of attempting them.

Once Raxath'Viz was rejuvenated, the two began to get to work. With Raxath's cunning, and Zogulryk's wisdom, they were a formidable pair. Soon, they had plotted their way through several of the boons, and it seemed there was no stopping them.

Zogulryk is fiercely loyal to Raxath. He has a deep understanding of the forces at work, even if Raxath sees things only through his own eyes. The otyugh will defend the kobold runt with his very life if need be, as he knows the Queen of Rot will reward him in the end.

be, as he knows the Queen of Rot will reward him in the end.

Raxath also values the monstrosity greatly. Not just for his strength, or his power, but his friendship. Zogulryk is the one being that he truly trusts. Neither would purposely endanger the other.

Their partnership is one of Raxath's greatest strengths. Rarely is he alone, and the oracle serves as protection and guidance, capable of rapidly healing the kobold should he encounter danger. Truly, when combined they are a force to be reckoned with.

ZOGULRYK, THE UNHOLY MOUTH OF MARAMAGA CR 14

Male [Otyugh Oracle](#) 10

NN Large [Aberration](#)

Init +2; **Senses** [Darkvision](#) (60 feet), [Scent](#); [Perception](#) +21

DEFENSE

AC 27, [touch](#) 11, [flat-footed](#) 25 (+6 [armor](#), +2 [Dex](#), -1 [size](#), +10 [natural](#))

hp 215 (16d8+128)

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

Immune [disease](#); [resist](#) fire 20

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee Bite +22 (2d6+11 [20x2]), 2 Tentacles +18 (1d8+7 [20x2]) plus [grab](#)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks [Grab](#), [Constrict](#) +22 (1d6+11 [20x2])

Oracle Spells Known (CL 10, +19 melee [touch](#), +13 ranged [touch](#)):

5th (3/day) [Cure Light Wounds](#), [Mass](#) (DC 19), [Feeblemind](#) (DC 19), [Contagion, Greater](#) (DC 19)

4th (6/day) [Black Tentacles](#), [Cure Critical Wounds](#) (DC 18), [Aura of Doom](#) (DC 18), [Debilitating Portent](#)

3rd (7/day) [Tongues](#) (DC 17), [Cure Serious Wounds](#) (DC 17), [Contagion](#) (DC 17), [Bestow Curse](#) (DC 17), [Vision of Hell](#) (DC 17)

2nd (7/day) [Dust of Twilight](#) (DC 16), [Desecrate](#), [Cure Moderate Wounds](#) (DC 16), [Hold Person](#) (DC 16), [Instant Armor](#) (DC 16), [Shield Other](#)

1st (7/day) [Protection from Good](#) (DC 15), [Divine Favor](#) (DC 15), [Entropic Shield](#) (DC 15), [Detect Good](#), [Cure Light Wounds](#) (DC 15), [Diagnose Disease](#), [Ray of Sickening](#) (DC 15)

0th (at will) [Resistance](#) (DC 14), [Mending](#), [Bleed](#) (DC 14), [Stabilize](#), [Read Magic](#) (DC 14), [Light](#), [Detect Magic](#), [Guidance](#) (DC 14), [Vigor](#)

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 14, **Con** 20/24, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16/18

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +21 (+25 Grappling); **CMD** 32

Feats [Alertness](#), [Blighted Critical](#), [Deadly Finish](#), [Extra Revelation](#), [Improved Natural Attack](#): Bite

(Otyugh), [Improved Natural Attack](#): Tentacle x2 (Otyugh), [Toughness](#) +16, [Weapon Focus](#): Tentacle

Skills Acrobatics +9, Appraise +6, Bluff +10, Climb +13, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +9, Escape Artist +7, Fly +1, Heal +9, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (Dungeoneering) +11, Knowledge (History) +6, Knowledge (Planes) +9, Knowledge (Religion) +11, Linguistics +4, Perception +21, Ride +3, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +4, Spellcraft +9, Stealth +11, Survival +7, Swim +13, Use Magic Device +6

Modifiers +8 Stealth in lair

Languages Abyssal, Aklo, Common, Draconic, Orc, Undercommon; [Tongues](#) (understand)

SQ Brain Drain (10d4) (3/day) (DC 19) (Su), Cloak of Darkness +6/+4 (10 hours/day) (Su), [Disease](#) (DC 25) (Ex), Gift of Madness (10r) (7/day) (Su), Read the Tapestry (1/day) (Sp)

Other Gear [Amulet of Mighty Fists](#) +3, [Belt of Mighty Constitution](#) +4, [Bracers of Armor](#) +6, [Ioun Stones](#):

Amber Spindle, Ioun Stone, Pale Green Prism, Ioun Stone, Pink and Green Sphere, Pink Rhomboid, [Ring of Fire Resistance](#), Major

SPECIAL ABILITIES

+8 Stealth in lair (Ex) You gain a bonus to [Stealth](#) Checks under the listed conditions.

Blighted Critical Confirm a [critical hit](#) with a spell or [spell-like ability](#) to inflict a random minor [spellblight](#)

Brain Drain (10d4) (3/day) (DC 19) (Su) You can take a [standard action](#) to violently probe the mind of a single intelligent enemy within 100 feet. The target receives a [Will](#) save to negate the effect and immediately knows the source of this harmful mental prying. Those who fail this save are wracked with pain, taking 1d4 points of damage for every oracle level you possess. After successfully attacking with this ability, you may use a full-round action to sort through the jumble of stolen thoughts and memories to make a single Knowledge check using the victim's skill bonus. The randomly stolen thoughts remain in your mind for a number of rounds equal to your Charisma modifier. Treat the knowledge gained as if you had used detect thoughts. This is a mind-affecting effect.

Cloak of Darkness +6/+4 (10 hours/day) (Su) +6 AC, +4 Stealth.

Damage Resistance, Fire (20) You have the specified Damage Resistance against Fire attacks.

Darkvision (60 feet) You can see in the dark.

Deadly Finish Foes you knock out must make a [Fort](#) save or die

Disease (DC 25) (Ex) [Filth fever](#): Bite-injury; save [Fortitude](#) DC 14; onset 1d3 days; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 [Dex damage](#) and 1d3 [Con damage](#); cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is [Constitution](#) based.

Gift of Madness (10r) (7/day) (Su) You tap into the unthinkable void between the stars and cause a single living creature within 30 feet to become [confused](#) for 1 round. A successful [Fortitude](#) save negates the effect. This is a mind affecting [compulsion](#) effect. At 7th level, the [confusion](#) lasts for a number of rounds equal to your [oracle](#) level. You can use this ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + your [Charisma](#) modifier.

Grab (Large) (Ex) You can start a [grapple](#) as a free action if you hit with the designated weapon.

Immunity to Disease You are immune to diseases.

Read the Tapestry (1/day) (Sp) Once per day, you can spend 10 minutes meditating on the mysteries of the Dark Tapestry to send your mind to another plane and communicate with the strange or alien beings there. This functions as the [contact other plane](#) spell.

Scent (Ex) Detect opponents within 15+ feet by sense of smell.

Tongues (understand) (Ex) Understand any language.

Tongues (curse): Aklo, Abyssal You can only understand and speak two languages in combat.

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THE FESTERING LESTON

Raxath'Viz is a zealous kobold who cares little for others and will let nothing stand in his way with regards to completing Maramaga's Profane Boons. To that end, he did not call for aid, but rather it began to slowly grow like cancer. Other kobolds from several various tribes have now heard his name and sought him out. They still whisper the name of Maramaga, and once they heard that he was gaining strength by her hand, it did not take long for the subservient to fall in tow.

Always the pragmatist, Raxath'Viz knew the value of dependable, albeit disposable allies. Over time he collected a handful of acolytes, who fervently believed in his words, and the return of Maramaga as well.



Collectively, their words and divine promises lead others to flock to his call. Those that failed him were killed in wicked fashion and fed to his pet otyughs. Over time, even the bred otyugh fell to believing his doctrine – or perhaps they eventually revealed it; few can say the truth...

And so the Festering Lesion was born. They are a rag-tag band of followers, converted acolytes and subservient whelps fearing their own demise. Together though, they provide Raxath with a dangerously zealous band of allies and servants to carry out his nefarious plots.

SIMZIK, KOBOLD 4th LEVEL CLERIC EVANGELIST

Simzik fervently believes in the rise of Maramaga, and his powerful charisma and voice helps sway the herd. The kobolds listen to him, though Raxath sees him as a potential rival. He grows stronger in power and could eventually turn the pack against Raxath should he ever begin failing.

KRAL, KOBOLD 5th LEVEL ANTIPALADIN

Kral, is a dragonbreath kobold and Captain of the Guard. Kral leads the defense of Raxath's demesne and views himself as the defacto leader when Rax

is not around. He rules the warriors with an iron fist.

CLERICS OF DISEASE AND DECAY (15)

These are his acolytes and range between 1st and 2nd level. These are the converts and newly awakened worshipers of Maramaga. Some venerate her directly, while others merely worship the philosophies of evil and decay. Not all of the clerics are completely loyal to Raxath'Viz, believing they can rise in Maramaga's favor and take his place.

DRAGONBREATH FIGHTERS (20)

These kobolds are strong, ferocious and believe they are destined to overthrow the surface dwellers and take their revenge for ages of mistreatment. They serve Kral as his legionaries.

ROGUE SCOUTS AND TRAPMASTERS (20)

There are also at least 20 rogues that are in the employ of Raxath, either as scouts, spies or trapsmiths, ensuring that his enemies never get too close, and those that do are fed to the otyugh.

GRAK'SIZ, KOBOLD 4th LEVEL ALCHEMIST

Grak'siz, the 4th level Alchemist is commonly known as the Otyugh Breeder. While most would not want such a title, he relishes in it. He uses alchemy and divine ritual to feed the otyugh their meals in a ritualistic fashion, and has created some horrific variations. He is also the primary caretaker to the Profane Vessel. Grak'siz is never found without several of his half-mad two-headed otyugh guards.

THE DARK THREE

Lastly, three young female kobold witches serve the group as keepers of lore and healers. Few trust the witches and they keep to themselves, aiding the rest when needed. Raxath appears to favor them, and to whom or what they truly hold their loyalty to is unknown.

GUSTOM TRAPS

THE DEVOURING BOX

CR 11

XP 12,800

Type mechanical; Perception DC 29; Disable Device DC 29

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; Reset automatic

Effect Atk +15 [combat maneuver bonus](#), 2d10 physical damage for 10 rounds. ([Reflex](#) 20 to avoid [bleed](#) damage).

Creation Cost: 16,500 gp, Craft DC: 30

This particularly insidious trap is aptly named. It appears as a small cube-like box, frequently an ornamental or gilded wooden crate or metal container. Sometimes the device even appears as a jack in the box or dancing figure that needs winding.

Regardless of its form, the devouring box lives up to its namesake. Once the target holds the box and sets off the trigger, either by winding a crank or unlocking a mechanism, the mechanical devices within attempt to latch on to the target's hands and arms (initiating a CMB check). If the trap's CMB check fails, the target is able to free themselves. A trapped character may substitute an Escape Artist check in place of their CMD against the trap in a given round should they choose.

If the CMB check is successful, the box's clockwork gears begin to unwind and the box begins to unfold. The device continues to unfold, growing larger each round and with larger openings. Every round, the device continues to pull the target into the grinding gears and blades causing damage and 1 bleed per cumulative round trapped. The victims blood and flesh is ejected in a spectacularly messy fashion on the opposing side of the device.

Each round the target fails, the damage continues until the victim's arms, head and torso are destroyed. Few beings can survive the full brunt of this horrific device. There are rumors of versions of this device which upon nearing completion eject a laughing kobold figure on a spring to torment the victim in their final moments.

THE FETID BREATH BLOWER

CR 4

XP 1,200

Type mechanical; **Perception** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 25

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Reset** manual

Effect Aerosol mist in 20' line (10' wide), all within the area of effect are exposed to [anthrakitis](#).

Creation Cost: 4,000 gp, **Craft DC:** 20

Anthrakitis

Type [disease](#) (contact, inhaled or ingested);

Save [Fortitude](#) DC 20

Onset 1d6 days; **Frequency** 1/day

Effect 1d8 [Str damage](#); **Cure** -

The Fetid Breath Blower is a frightening trap, despite its relatively low level of challenge. This trap is designed around an ornamental object that hides a nozzle, capable of projecting a wide line of diseased mist, infecting all within its radius.

Most parties will quickly assume that they've been exposed to disease and will expend resources attempting to combat it. Worse, once inflicted with Anthrakitis, you will pass it to others you come in contact with, ensuring that the disease spreads quickly to the rest of the party if it is not treated.

The kobolds realize this, and sometimes fill the traps merely with dank water, a ruse to force intruders to slow down and expend valuable resources as a precaution.

THE CLUTCHES OF FEAR

CR 15

XP 51,200

Type spell; **Perception** DC 31; **Disable Device** DC 31

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic

Effect all creatures within 60 feet of the [symbol of fear](#) instead become [panicked](#) for 1 round per caster level.

Creation Cost: 36,000 gp, **Craft DC:** 35

This trap is relatively simple in its elegance, and the real danger is not even this trap, but rather the traps that it is partnered with.

Once an intruder activates the pressure plate, another plate rises on hidden hinges some ten feet ahead, releasing the [symbol of fear](#) and also triggering the [knock](#) spell. This causes the intruders to likely be panicked into running away from the symbol, directly over a pair of newly unlocked traps. The GM is encouraged to be creative with what traps are used, but pit traps are common.

Raxath frequently uses traps that hold his enemies in place, causing great hysteria as they are both locked in place and affected by the [symbol of fear](#).

THE DREAD CANNONADE

CR 11

XP 12,800

Type magic; **Perception** DC 27; **Disable Device** DC 27

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity; **Reset** automatic (recharge)

Effect Atk +10 ranged touch attack, 5d8 damage (Will 18 for half), as per the spell [dread bolt](#).

Creation Cost: 28,500 gp, **Craft DC:** 30

Onset 1d6 days; **Frequency** 1/day

Carved into stone or woodwork, this bas-relief is typically that of a kobold or other sneering draconic face. When nearby creatures pass by without first deactivating the firing mechanism, the sneering face pops out from its location and fires [dread bolts](#) at the unfortunates.

PETS

Raxath'Viz quickly realized the strength inherent in the grotesque otyugh. He began bringing them large quantities of filth and "other" nutrients, even alchemically treating their food sources. They quickly became loyal to him and he bred them stronger and more dangerous. The alchemical mixtures he fed them mutated some and before long he had several varieties of otyugh capable of serving in his nefarious schemes.

Once Raxath found Maramaga's ancient temple, it was merely a matter of transplanting the otyugh and feeding them the appropriate *diet*.

CORPSEFEASTER OTYUGH – The corpsefeasters are very holy creatures to Raxath, as they are fed the flesh and bones of Maramaga's enemies, and it is that mixture of alchemy and divine refuse that is allowing the divine vessel otyugh to grow Maramaga's new body as a tumor within itself:

PLAGUEBEARER OTYUGH - The plaguebearers also are seen as touched by Maramaga, having been fully infused by her wicked kiss.

OOZING OTYUGH - These beasts were dangerous breeds crafted through alchemy gone wrong. They still wander the farthest reaches of the maze-like lair of Raxath'Viz, seeking out enemies, or merely lost kobolds.

TWO HEADED OTYUGH - These abominations were bred as little more than guard dogs, gifted with extra attacks and high perceptions. Most of the beasts are crazed and zealous, attacking anything that comes near Raxath's sewer lair or the ruined temple.

TWO HEADED GUARDIAN OTYUGH

CR 5

Male [Otyugh](#)

NN Large [Aberration](#)

Init +2; **Senses** [Darkvision](#) (60 feet), [Scent](#); [Perception](#) +14

DEFENSE

AC 21, [touch](#) 11, [flat-footed](#) 19 (+2 [Dex](#), -1 [size](#), +10 [natural](#))

hp 57 (6d8+30)

Fort +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +8

Immune [disease](#)

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee 2 Bites +9 (1d8+6 [20x2]), 2 Tentacles +5 x2 (1d6+3 [20x2])

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks [Grab](#), [Constrict](#) +9 (1d6+6 [20x2])

STATISTICS

Str 23, **Dex** 15, **Con** 18, **Int** 9, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +11 (+15 Grappling); **CMD** 23

Feats [Alertness](#), [Combat Reflexes](#) (3 AoO/round), [Improved Natural Attack](#): Bite, [Toughness](#) +6, [Weapon Focus](#): Tentacle

Skills Acrobatics +6, Intimidate +9, Perception +14, Sense Motive +5, Stealth +5, Swim +10 **Modifiers** +8 Stealth in lair

Languages Common

SQ [Disease](#) (DC 17) (Ex), Double Bite (Ex), Improved Multiple Attacks (Ex), Two Heads are Better

SPECIAL ABILITIES

+8 Stealth in lair (Ex) You gain a bonus to [Stealth](#) checks under the listed conditions.

Combat Reflexes (3 AoO/round) You may make up to 3 [attacks of opportunity](#) per round, and may make them while [flat-footed](#).

Darkvision (60 feet) You can see in the dark (black and white vision only).

Disease (DC 17) (Ex) [Filth fever](#): Bite-injury; save [Fortitude](#) DC 14; *onset* 1d3 days; *frequency* 1/day; *effect* 1d3 [Dex damage](#) and 1d3 [Con damage](#); *cure* 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is [Constitution](#) based.

Double Bite (Ex) If the base creature has a bite attack, it now has two bite attacks.

Grab (Large) (Ex) You can start a [grapple](#) as a [free action](#) if you hit with the designated weapon.

Immunity to Disease You are immune to diseases.

Improved Multiple Attacks (Ex) Because the two-headed creature has two brains, it can easily control multiple attacks without penalty.

Scent (Ex) Detect opponents within 15+ feet by sense of smell.

Two Heads are Better A two-headed creature with a special attack based on the head (usually a [breath weapon](#) or [gaze](#) attack) has two special options.

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THE PROFANE VESSEL

Deep within Maramaga's ruined temple lies a beast that dwarfs all of its kind. Through the use of alchemy and divine ritual, Raxath'Viz and Zogulryk have been "growing" the perfect vessel for Maramaga's return.

This gargantuan otyugh has been harboring the body of Maramaga's return, and as each of the Profane Boons are completed, her essence grows stronger within and gifts the creature with powers much greater than standard for its kind.

Even if Raxath'Viz is somehow defeated, the Profane Vessel will still live, and wait for the next Scion to come along.

THE PROFANE VESSEL OF MARAMAGA

CR 20

Male [Otyugh](#), Corpsefeaster

N Gargantuan [Aberration](#)

Init +5; Senses [Darkvision](#) (60 feet), [Scent](#); [Perception](#) +30

DEFENSE

AC 29, [touch](#) 12, [flat-footed](#) 28 (+1 [Dex](#), -4 [size](#), +17 [natural](#), +5 [deflection](#))

hp 282 (6d8+190); [Fast Healing](#) 5

Fort +15, Ref +7, Will +16

Defensive Abilities Ability Healing; Immune [disease](#), mind-affecting, [poison](#)

Weakness Bound to the Faith

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee Bite +23 (4d6+24 [20x2]), 2 Tentacles +22 (3d6+13 [20x2])

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

Special Attacks Corpse Spew (DC 30), [Dimension Door](#), [Grab](#)

Spell-Like Abilities [Alarm](#) (3/day), [Arcane Lock](#) (1/day), [Augury](#) (1/day), [Banishment](#) (1/day), [Clairaudience/Clairvoyance](#) (1/day), [Commune](#) (1/day), [Dimension Door](#) (Within Sacred Site) (At will), [Dismissal](#) (1/day), [Forbiddance](#) (1/day), [Guards and Wards](#) (1/day), [Hold Portal](#) (1/day), [Knock](#) (3/day), [Repulsion](#) (1/day), [Screen](#) (1/day)

STATISTICS

Str 36, Dex 13, Con 28, Int 9, Wis 21, Cha 14

Base Atk +14; **CMB** +31 (+35 Grappling); **CMD** 47
Feats [Ability Focus](#): Corpse Spew, [Alertness](#), [Combat Reflexes](#) (2 AoO/round), [Deadly Finish](#), [Eldritch Claws](#), [Improved Natural Attack](#): Bite, [Improved Natural Attack](#): Tentacle, [Multiattack](#), [Power Attack](#) -4/+8, [Toughness](#) +19, [Weapon Focus](#): Tentacle

Skills Acrobatics +5, Fly -5, Intimidate +24, Knowledge (Arcana) +4, Knowledge (Dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (Religion) +9, Perception +30, Sense Motive +20, Stealth -5, Swim +17 **Modifiers** +8 Stealth in lair

Languages Common

SQ Blessed Life (Ex), [Disease](#) (DC 28) (Ex), Sacred Site (Ex)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

+8 Stealth in lair (Ex) You gain a bonus to [Stealth](#) Checks under the listed conditions.

Ability Healing (Ex) This creature heals 1 point of [ability damage](#) per round in each damaged ability score.

Blessed Life (Ex) A divine guardian does not age or breathe. It does not require food, drink, or sleep.

Bound to the Faith (Ex) A [cleric](#) or [paladin](#) of the deity that granted the divine guardian its power can [rebuke](#) or [command](#) the divine guardian as though it had only 1/2 the total Hit Dice (character level) it actually possesses.

Combat Reflexes (2 AoO/round) You may make up to 2 [attacks of opportunity](#) per round, and may make them while [flat-footed](#).

Corpse Spew (DC 30) (Ex) 20' cone causes 1d4 rounds of [Nausea](#) and exposes victim's to the [Otyugh's disease](#).

Darkvision (60 feet) You can see in the dark (black and white vision only).

Deadly Finish Foes you knock out must make a [Fort](#) save or die

Dimension Door (Su) At will, a divine guardian can use [dimension door](#) as the spell to reach any location within its sacred site.

Disease (DC 28) (Ex) [Filth fever](#): Bite-injury; save [Fortitude](#) DC 14; onset 1d3 days; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 [Dex damage](#) and 1d3 [Con damage](#); cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is [Constitution](#) based.

Eldritch Claws Your [natural weapons](#) are considered both magic and silver for purpose of overcoming [damage reduction](#).

Fast Healing 5 (Ex) You heal damage every round if you have > 1 HP.

Grab (Gargantuan) (Ex) You can start a [grapple](#) as a [free action](#) if you hit with the designated weapon.

Immunity to Disease You are immune to diseases.
Immunity to Mind-Affecting attacks You are immune to Mind-Affecting attacks.

Immunity to Poison You are immune to poison.

Power Attack -4/+8 You can subtract from your attack roll to add to your damage.

Sacred Site (Ex) Each divine guardian is assigned to guard a specific site sacred to the deity that invested it with power.

Scent (Ex) Detect opponents within 15+ feet by sense of smell.

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MARAMAGA

[DEAD GODDESS]

The Queen of Rot, The Scythe Mother, The Midnight Plague, Mistress of Malignancy and Empress of the Decaying Throne



Adjective: Maramagan

Home: Limbo

Alignment: CE

Portfolio: disease, decay, death, harvest, sacrifice, vengeance, vermin

Worshippers: Evil Druids, Kobolds, Witches

Cleric Alignments: CE, NE, CN, N

Domains: [Air](#), [Blood](#), [Chaos](#), [Death](#), [Decay](#), [Destruction](#), [Earth](#), [Evil](#), [Plant](#), [Water](#)

Favored Weapon: Sickle

Ages ago, Maramaga was once a mortal teen. After a particularly horrible drought and the looming threat of starvation, the druidic priests of her ancient tribal culture decided that restoring nature's balance necessitated a youthful blood sacrifice. Maramaga was bound to a fertility totem and flayed over the course of weeks as she wept for mercy and release from pain.

Just before dying from her terrible ordeal, Maramaga spat an angry curse at her people. Yet the tribal elders, well satisfied with their efforts, collected and spread her mortal blood over the scorched summer crops in hopes that it would bring the long-absent rains.

Instead, some dark power sympathized with her long and tortured suffering whilst hearing her final curse. It granted her black divinity so that she might exact the vengeance of her dying words. She eventually brought the sweet summer rains her people had so long sought, but not without price.

After the miracle of her rebirth, Maramaga installed herself as the de facto harvest goddess over the multitudes. She began her rule by taking the blood of those who murdered her, the tribal elders, then demanded the sacrifice of the old, the infirm and the weak. Her hatred for the elderly and those dependent on others knew no bounds. When these were gone, she would eventually demand the sacrifice of young animals and children by the same twisted logic. In return for bountiful harvests, she continually demanded blood sacrifice, coming to value only the strong and the virile, which formed her new priesthood.

She also commanded the construction of tens if not hundreds of bizarre log ziggurats. In these, she ordered the composting of the dead, as well as living victims, heretics, criminals and infidel defilers, along with the common unwanted refuse of the many tribes under her onus. She also drew vermin, vultures and insects to her as divine servants, sending them as punishment for any demands left undone.

Also at her direction, her priests prepared an incredibly accurate solar calendar marking the passage of the seasons. She prophesied the final decadence and decay of the future world on this weird triangular calendar, coinciding with the end the calendar itself (which may be only a year or two away on your own campaign calendar). She secretly prophesied her own death and eventual rebirth before the calendar's end, sharing this information only with her most trusted inner circle of young priests, the Deadwood Circle.

At the height of her frightening power, she visited crippling disease, decay and infestation on those who failed to answer to her divine will, even the primitive peoples of neighboring human and humanoid tribes. Ironically, it was the conquests of foreign soldiers from a more advanced nation, bringing new diseases with them, which eventually helped end her dark and bloody reign.

Her people died by the thousands to new disease as well as military conquest for the exquisite gold and jade treasures crafted by her culture. Taking advantage of her weaker state from lessened

worshippers, the famous explorer-knight Jhalian and his paladins eventually destroyed and burned her immortal body, putting an end to centuries of blood sacrifice, the ravages of pestilence and, ultimately, unsatisfied divine retribution.

The world has all but forgotten about Maramaga. Meanwhile her burned husk, the dead remains of her divine form, have long awaited rebirth. Her priests secreted the shriveled husk into the underworld long ago though Maramaga never imparted how to proceed from there. Yet knowledge of her divinity has been passed on to modern generations of druids through the Deadwood Circle, which is still very much alive.

APPEARANCE

Maramaga appears as a crooked and bent crone, almost doubled over with an affliction. She is thin to the point of emaciation, and her skin is festered with pustules and sores. She drapes herself in a robe patterned after dead leaves, and she leans on a gnarled black cane made of rotted wood.

SERVANTS

Her ragged clergy exist in secret, knowing that the Catagonians listen for any rumor of Maramaga or her followers. The order is trying to free Maramaga, but cannot yet find her body. Their movements are constantly blocked by the intuitive and zealous Royal Inquisitors of Kazeel. Druids, Oracles and Witches within the ranks are picking up garbled messages and portents from their Mistress, showing that the prison is weakening, but are helpless to aid her thus far.

SERVANTS

Zogulyrk- This otyugh is Maramaga's voice, a divine vessel for her rotten voice. He was given the gift of Oracle's Sight by her, allowing him to spread her word and influence across the land. Zogulyrk has defeated a number of holy men seeking the truth about Maramaga's return and simply awaited for the appropriate time to present himself to a worthy new scion.

Raxath'Viz- Known as The Creeping Rot, Raxath started his career as a thief, who stumbled upon the ruins of Maramaga's temple. Seeking the riches within, he bypassed the traps and dangers, only to stumble across the otyugh Zogulyrk. Raxath was gifted with Maramaga's Kiss, and became one of her

scions, destined to free her.

CHURCH

Maramaga currently has no set church, but those few who still pray and sacrifice to her pay homage in places rife with decay. Sewers, stagnant pools and pockets of blight still serve as her altars.

WORSHIPPERS AND CLERGY

Most of the world is unaware that Maramaga still exists, believing that the Catagonians destroyed her over two hundred years ago. A few still remember the Scythemothers, and pay tribute to her in blood sacrifice.

Her scions try to spread the word from the shadows. They have no formal organization, struggling to find a central goal for their order. With no real structure, the scions squabble amongst themselves, and are seen as a nuisance instead of a threat. They hold no real power, nor gain any benefits from Maramaga as her priests.

TEMPLES AND SHRINES

Maramaga's ancient and destroyed temple is the only temple truly dedicated to her. It is also her prison while her body is being reforged within the gullet of a giant otyugh. The scions have set up shrines to her in out of the way locations, so as not to attract attention. They typically haunt areas that only vermin would occupy.

She has a few dedicated followers, aspiring divine scions, spread throughout the lands. They are a loyal but sorry lot, lacking in leadership and guidance from their Queen. None of them have been able to enter her Cathedral, having succumbed to the traps and the Guardian.

THE DEADWOOD ORDER

[FACTION]

Alignment: NE

Headquarters: None

Leaders: The Creeping Rot (in the future)

Prominent Members: Zogulyrk (in the future)

Structure: Multiple druidic circles sharing the same beliefs and end-of-days agenda

Scope: Regional

Resources: Numerous secret groves, hospices, halfway houses and safe houses in multiple cities and in many poorly developed rural areas

The Deadwood circle is a secret order of malign druids who've moved on from worshipping Maramaga to venerating the violent, bloody and decaying aspects of nature. They find special beauty and divinity in the decaying pattern of bones, fur and flesh of animals killed and left to rot in the wild. They dine on the remains as well as insects and worms, making it a secret habit to assume the many forms of vermin or take disease on to themselves. They believe doing so makes them more capable spies as well as physically stronger, respectively.

GOALS

They patiently watch for hidden signs that the rebirth of their goddess is at hand. They believe she is in the winter of her divine life and that an eternal spring is coming. They prepare for her return by making themselves strong in her service and by assuming key places in what they perceive to be a dying social order. Their fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers have long instilled in them tribal tales of her great divinity. They believe it is her destiny to rule at the end of days, when decadence, corruption and decay finally hold sway. She offers them a new vision of the world with vermin at the top of the social and natural order as well her protection from the rotting of the world. They also keep vigilant watch for the Creeping Rot, the one who will master the circles, rebuild the *Cradle of Maramaga* and lead them into the fullness of her power. She will then exist forever, redefining the natural order the way it

should be while granting the circles missing clerical power. Little do they know that a kobold is about bring about their "rebirth."

PUBLIC PERCEPTION

Members of the circle haunt the wild-forested areas near rural farmlands or well outside the polluted drainpipes near cities dumping their own decay into local rivers. Since they aid ignorant rural folk using their druidic powers on sick animals, blighted crops and vermin infestations most people see them as little real threat to anyone. They gradually and carefully seek small animal and blood sacrifices to Maramaga as they minister to the downtrodden, the homeless, the hopeless and the destitute—what even the order considers society's trash. At worst, the druids are seen as a little creepy since people have observed them eating bugs, requesting small libations of blood and because of the unwanted company they keep. However, since they generally offer free social services no one else cares to offer, people tolerate their presence at the very least.

THE KISS OF MARAMAGA

Should Maramaga be reborn, she will infect the surrounding lands with a devastating disease known as the *Kiss of Maramaga*. This disease will not only spread like her wrath manifested, but those slain will rise again infecting all they come in contact with. *Maramaga's vengeance will be swift and pustulent.*

Type disease, contact; **Save** Fortitude DC 18

Onset 1 day; **Frequency** 1/day

Effect 1d2 Con damage (this damage cannot be healed while the creature is infected); **Cure** 3 consecutive saves.

Note Anyone who dies while infected rises as a [plague zombie](#) in 2d6 hours.

ADDITIONAL CONTENT

Still hungry for more? Come join us on [Facebook](#) or visit the [tpkgames.com](#) discussion forum dedicated to Raxath'Viz located [here](#). We will gladly share our design thoughts, cutting room floor content and additional ways to modify Raxath'Viz to meet your needs. You can even come chat with the designers and ask them how to fully utilize the villainy of Raxath'Viz, the Creeping Rot.



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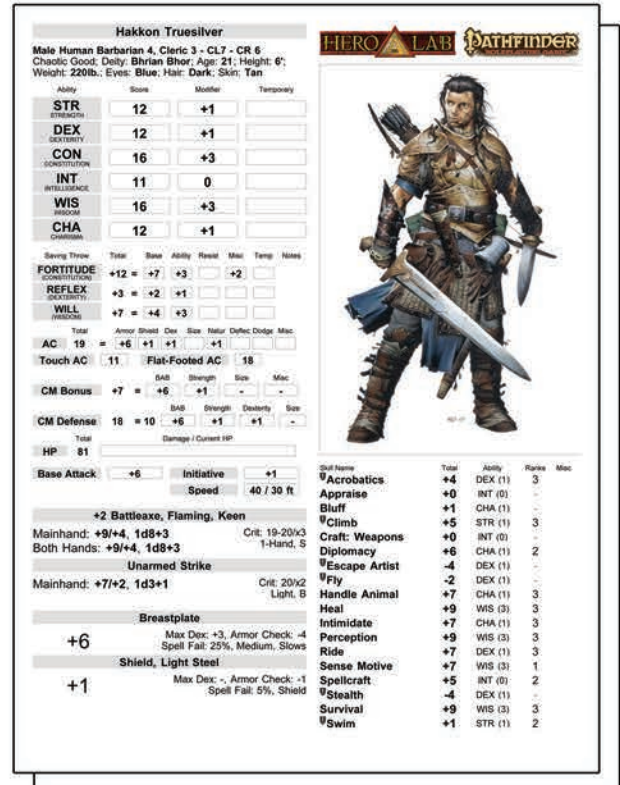
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