

Wanderer

A Pathfinder Fanzine Made By Fans for Fans



Seas and Coasts of Golarion

Volume No. 8 Winter 2012 | Not for Sale



**PAIZO FANS
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Special Thanks To

Rob McCreary
Adventureweek.com, Archives of Nethys, Clockwork Gnome, Fire Mountain Games, Four Dollar Dungeons, Iron Hills Games, Jon Brazer Enterprises, Lone Wolf Development, Inc., LPJ Design, PathfinderWiki, Raging Swan, Rossi Publishing Games, Savage Mojo, Storm Bunny Studios, and Zombie Sky Press.

Rich Crotty, Will McCardell, Fraser Nelund, and John C. Rock for proofreading.

And thanks, as always, to the Paizo staff, and the whole Paizo fan community for their continuing support.



VOLUME No. 8: WINTER 2012 | NOT FOR SALE

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This product makes use of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Core Rulebook, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GameMastery Guide, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Advanced Player's Guide, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Magic, Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat, Pathfinder NPC Codex, Pathfinder Inner Sea World Guide and Pathfinder Advance Race Guide. These rules can be found online as part of the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Reference Document at paizo.com/pathfinderRPG/prd.

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Foreword

The smell of the salt air, the creaking of the timbers, the call of the gulls...or the tang of blood in the air, the thunder of cannons, and the screams of dying sailors! Take your pick, for the ocean offers both peace and solitude, or death and glory, and if you're going to sail the high seas in search of adventure, you'd better decide whether you're predator or prey, a pirate or a passenger, a wolf of the sea or a landlubber lamb. An entire volume of *Wayfinder* dedicated to pirates and the open sea, you say? I'm in!

Although the world of Golarion was created before I joined the Paizo team, my first freelance gig was working on the old *Pathfinder Chronicles Campaign Setting*, where I got the opportunity to expand and detail some of the nations of the Inner Sea region, including the pirate isles of the Shackles. I really loved the idea of an entire nation of pirate Free Captains, ruled by a council of pirate lords under the scurviest of the lot, the self-styled Hurricane King. There are islands of adventure everywhere, ancient ruins of a lost empire, interesting NPCs, pirate cities like the infamous Port Peril, and even a yearly race, the Free Captains' Regatta, where an up-and-coming freebooter with his own ship can win an island and a seat on the Pirate Council. I knew I wanted to revisit the Shackles in some way as soon as possible.

Fast forward a few years, and I was now working at Paizo, developing the monthly *Pathfinder Adventure Path* line. I had already developed the adventures for a few *Adventure Paths* by this point—*Serpent's Skull*, *Carrion Crown*, and *Jade Regent*—but those had been planned and outlined before my time, so I was essentially just taking the authors' adventures and making sure they fit into the outlines created by James Jacobs and Wes Schneider.

But as *Jade Regent* drew to a close, I had my first chance to plan and outline an *Adventure Path* right from the very start, and I knew exactly what I wanted to do—return to the Shackles and make an AP all about pirates! And so the *Skull & Shackles Adventure Path* was born, full of all the high seas adventure anyone could want—press gangs, keelhaulings, mutinies, naval combat, marooned sailors, uncharted isles, monsters from the deep, and of course, pirates, freebooters, and buccaneers galore.

As work on the *Adventure Path* got underway, I was having so much fun that I decided to run a *Skull & Shackles* office game before the first adventure, Richard Pett's "The Wormwood Mutiny," was even

printed. I spent an untold number of hours, not to mention sheets of cardstock and heaps of used printer cartridges, creating a three-dimensional, miniatures-scale cardstock model of the *Wormwood* for use at the game table, picked minis for all of the ship's crew, bought a bunch of pirate minis and tiny pirate ships to use for ship-to-ship combats, and I was ready to press-gang the PCs into their new lives as pirates.

That was just about a year ago, and my *Skull & Shackles* game is still going strong. The PCs are now masters of their own ship, the squibbed and renamed *Demon's Kiss* (it may come as no surprise to those of you who know him that James Jacobs named the ship, and chose its succubus figurehead) and they're currently sailing the Fever Sea to gain plunder and infamy and make a name for themselves as professional pirates. They've lost a few crewmembers along the way, made a few friends and even more enemies, seized some ships and

ransomed some captives, acquired an animated brass monkey to guard their hard-won spoils, and most recently, had a run-in with a pimp and his gang of prostitute-thieves in the port of Senghor. We're still having a blast, which is why I'm so excited for this new volume of *Wayfinder*.

There's a lot of "sandbox" in *Skull & Shackles*, and I'm always looking for new things to add to the campaign. New islands, new NPCs, new monsters, new rules—there's room for all of them, and this volume of *Wayfinder* has all of these things and then some. And it's even cooler that all of it was written by fans. I was a fan of Paizo and *Pathfinder* before I started working for the company, and every month I still eagerly await the newest products. But some of the mystery is gone—after all, I work on some of these products, and I know what we're working on long before it sees publication.

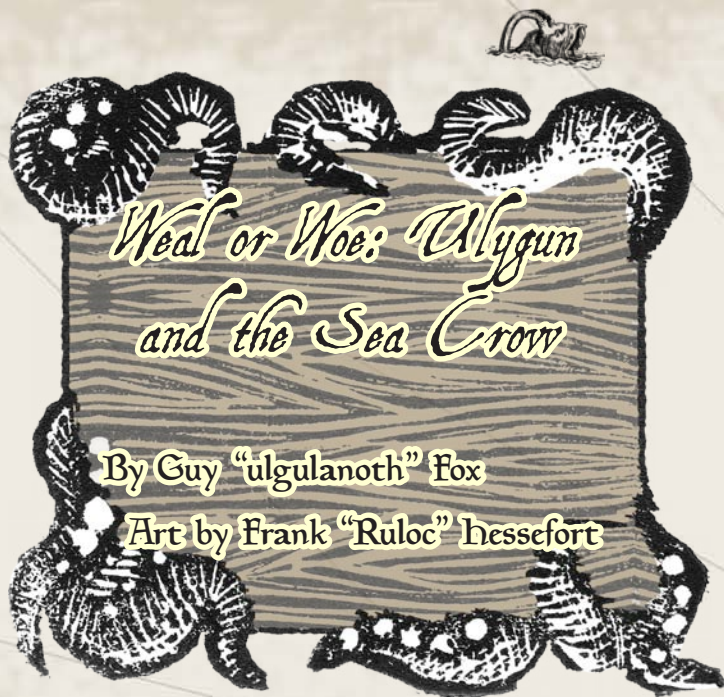
Fortunately for this fan, however, there's *Wayfinder*. Everything in *Wayfinder* is new to me, so I can get the joy of turning the pages to see what new things have been added to Golarion, what new NPCs and monsters I can meet, and what new adventures there are to be had. I just need to keep my *Skull & Shackles* players from looking too closely at everything in here—I'm sure they'll be encountering some of these things in upcoming game sessions.

So finish up your cup of grog, batten down the hatches, and set a course for the open sea! Let's see what *Wayfinder* has in store for us this time around!



Rob McCreary
Developer, Paizo Publishing





Weal: Ulygun Snow Caller

A girl of fair complexion, eyes blue as the sea and hair as white as snow stands in a white dress far too thin for winter weather.

Ulygun was born blessed with power, the favor of gods of the ocean. The vitality of the storms and the freezing winds from the northern seas flows through her veins. Since before she could walk, she showed magical prowess, a fact not overlooked by her father, the cruel Eric the Sea Crow. Her father took her to help in his raids, and while she was a great boon to her father, she was utterly miserable. She was a good child, and at heart a noble person. So, when a sea monster sunk her father's ship, off the coast of her homeland, she took the opportunity to escape her father's influence for the first time. Eric believes her lost at sea, and likely dead. Ulygun relocated herself in Iceferry, not far from where she was born, trying to atone for her past deeds. She also searches for the mother she never knew, but doing so has proven difficult, as Eric never revealed many details about her, and following any leads from her father risks exposing her connection to him, and possibly attracting his attention.

Adventure Hooks

- The forces of Irrisen have been venturing further and further into Hagreach, and even the Thanelands. Rumors say that the witches are searching for a powerful ice sorceress to add to their ranks.
- The PCs have become lost in the vast expanse of the snowfields in the Thanelands. They are approached by Ulygun,

out in the middle of nowhere, where she offers to guide them to Iceferry in exchange for assistance in following up on a clue on the whereabouts of her mother, in Asleifar.

- You overhear a conversation in a tavern in Iceferry between two rough-looking sailors. They mention a fair-complected maiden in the town, and seem to be planning to kidnap her.

Boon

Ulygun can help guide the party through the Lands of the Linnorm Kings if they are on friendly terms. She provides a +2 bonus to Knowledge (nature) and Survival checks while in the land of the Ulfen. Ulygun also knows the location of her father's treasure hoard, and may reveal its location to the party if they gain her complete trust.

ULYGUN SNOW CALLER

CR 10

XP 9,600

Female human oracle 4/sorcerer 4/mystic theurge 3

NG Medium humanoid (human)

Init +2; **Senses** Perception +11

DEFENSE

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

hp 31 (7d6+4d8-11)

Fort +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** +11

Resist cold 5, electricity 5, sonic 5

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft.

Melee unarmed strike +6/+1 (1d4)

Bloodline Spell-Like Abilities (CL 7th; concentration +12)

8/day—cold steel, thunderstaff

Oracle Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +12)

3rd (5/day)—sands of time, water walk

2nd (7/day)—cure moderate wounds, spear of purity, summon monster II

1st (8/day)—air bubble, cure light wounds, forbid action (DC 16), summon minor monster, summon monster I, touch of the sea

0 (at will)—bleed (DC 15), create water, detect magic, light, mending, stabilize, virtue

MYSTERY WAVES

Sorcerer Spells Known (CL 7th; concentration +12)

3rd (5/day)—aqueous orb (DC 18), strangling hair

2nd (7/day)—create pit (DC 17), haunting mists (DC 17), slipstream, unshakable chill (DC 17)

1st (8/day)—charm person (DC 16), enlarge person, hydraulic push, icicle dagger, obscuring mist, touch of the sea

0 (at will)—breeze, daze (DC 15), drench (DC 15), ghost sound (DC 15), mage hand, ray of frost, resistance

Bloodline boreal

TACTICS

Ulygun tries to avoid combat, resorting to spells like *charm monster* in order to do so. If combat is unavoidable she peppers the battlefield with spells like *create pit*, *fog cloud*, *hydraulic push*, and *summon monster* to gain the tactical advantage before using her more offensive spells like *ray of frost* and *strangling hair*.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 8, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 20



Base Atk +6; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 18

Feats Conceal Scent, Eclectic, Eldritch Heritage (stormborn), Elemental Focus (cold), Eschew Materials, Improved Eldritch Heritage (stormborn), Skill Focus (Knowledge [nature])

Skills Acrobatics +12, Escape Artist +12, Knowledge (nature) +13, Heal +11, Perception +11, Survival +11, Swim +10, Use Magic Device +15

Languages Skald, Taldane

SQ bloodline arcana (increase spell save DC by 1 for spells with cold descriptor), bloodline powers (icewalker, stormchild), combined spells (2nd), oracle's curse (lame), revelations (freezing spells, water sight)

Gear elixir of love, figurine of wondrous power (silver raven), headband of mental prowess +2 (Wis, Cha), horn of fog, tree feather token

Woe: Eric the Sea Crow

A large and muscular brute covered in red hair with a beard as long as a halfling wears a blue chain shirt and a long dark cloak. He carries a dark axe in one hand and a silver longbow slung on his back with a quiver of equally silver arrows.

Eric the Sea Crow was once one of the most feared men to ever call himself an Ulfen. He led raiding parties to Arcadia, Tian Xia and Vudra. He was also infamous for his brutal tactics, his dangerous adventures with clear disregard for his crew's safety, and for his ruthless treatment of his opponents. Not once did the Sea Crow ever show mercy to his enemies. Then his crew, his daughter, his ship and his pride were crushed by a fearsome sea monster in one fell swoop. Since then the Sea Crow worked on his own, far more ruthless, dangerous and evil than when he had a crew. Now the Sea Crow is looking for a ship and crew to call his own once more.

Adventure Hooks

- An Ulfen ship has gone missing, traveling from Kalsgard to Bildt. The weather for the trip had been perfect, and the crew was renowned for its ability to sail across the seas without any difficulty. The merchant who owned the ship has offered a handsome reward to those who can find it and the person responsible for its disappearance.
- Authorities have information that Eric the Sea Crow is having some custom metalwork prepared for his new ship in a smithy in Frembrudd, and have asked the PCs to either intercept Eric or the person(s) sent to pick up the items, or find out Eric's whereabouts.
- After an impressive display of fighting prowess in a local bar fight, the party is approached by Eric the Sea Crow, who asks if they would be interested in joining him on a "little expedition."



Drawback

Eric the Sea Crow is a wanted man. Travelling with, working for, or simply publicly interacting with the Sea Crow in a positive manner will put the PCs on a watchlist in most ports outside of the Steaming Sea region. Due to guilt by association, PCs visiting such ports suffer a -10 penalty on Diplomacy and Bluff checks, but a gain a +5 bonus on Intimidate skill checks. Arrival in ports will most likely result in the unwanted attention of local authorities, and uncooperative merchants and townfolk.

ERIC THE SEA CROW

CR 10

XP 9,600

Male Human barbarian (sea reaver) 7/ranger 4
NE medium humanoid (human)

Init +1; **Senses** Perception +14

DEFENSE

AC 18 touch 12 flat-footed 17 (+5 armor, +1 deflection, +1 Dex, +1 natural armor)

hp 100 (7d12+4d10+33)

Fort +12, **Ref** +7, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +2;
DR 1/—

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee great axe +17/+12/+7 (1d12+4/x3)

Ranged mithral longbow +13/+9/+4 (1d8/x3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (human +2), rage (19 rounds/day), rage powers (lesser elemental rage [cold], powerful blow +2, rolling dodge +2)

TACTICS

Eric never fights in a fair fight, always having the sea and waterways for advantage, using the weather to hide his movements and impair the movement of his enemies. He first peppers the enemy with arrows if the enemy is beyond immediate close combat range; otherwise he charges with his axe and tries to deal the most damage possible.

STATISTICS

Str 16, **Dex** 12, **Con** 16, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8


Base Atk +11; **CMB** +14; **CMD** 25

Feats Cleave, Endurance, Great Cleave, Greater Weapon Focus (great axe), Power Attack, Pushing Assault, Shield of Swings, Weapon Focus (great axe)

Skills Acrobatics +14, Climb +16, Profession (sailor) +14, Perception +14, Stealth +10, Survival +14, Swim +16

Languages Skald, Taldane

SQ eyes of the storm, favored terrain (water +2), hunter's bond (companions), marine terror, savage sailor +2, sure-footed, track +2, wild empathy -1

Combat Gear 100 alchemical silver arrows; **Other Gear** mistmail, +1 adamantite great axe, mithral longbow, amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of the mantra ray, ring of protection +1, quiver, rowboat. 



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The mysterious island of Kalva rises from the Steaming Sea, south of the Ulfen nation of Icemark. Most seafarers avoid Kalva, deterred by tales of the hulking, white-eyed cannibals known as Kalvamen. These feral humans raid coastal towns, dragging captives home to be used as concubines, food, or worse.

Recently, a ship belonging to a powerful syndicate of merchants known as the Aspis Consortium fell prey to the Kalvamen. The Consortium mounted a rescue attempt, but after losing a second vessel they issued a call to adventurers, offering a reward for the return of the first ship's cargo.

The Consortium chose not to divulge that their lost ship actually originated from Kalva. Its missions to the cannibals involved exchanging shipments of slaves in return for a strange fungus known as mindslaver mold. Unfortunately, when the Aspis Consortium's latest shipment of fresh chattel arrived, it failed to impress the Kalvamen. Swiftly, the berserkers turned on the crew of the Aspis vessel and brought them before a strange plant, an advanced moonflower the cannibals call the Oblivion Bloom.

The captain of this ill-fated mission was a despicable man named **Eric the Sea Crow** (NE male human barbarian [sea reaver] 7/ranger 4). Sensing his prowess, the Oblivion Bloom chose Eric to champion its cause. Infesting Eric with mindslaver mold, the Sea Crow now harvests the mold in an attempt to bring it to the mainland.

Eric's personal tragedy was compounded when the Consortium told his daughter, **Ulygun Snow Caller** (NG female human sorcerer [boreal bloodline] 4/oracle 4/mystic theurge 3), of his fate. Though estranged from her father, Ulygun feared that if he died, her hopes of learning the identity of her mother would die with him. She was on the Aspis Consortium's rescue vessel; however, no word has been

heard from Ulygun or her crew.

Now, deep in a flooded sea cave dubbed "the Cannibal's Maw," the Kalvamen and their Aspis thralls work tirelessly to load a boat with mindslaver mold destined for Icemark.

ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The adventure begins as the PCs arrive near Kalva on an Aspis Consortium vessel. Departing on rowboats, they journey to the Cannibal's Maw, a series of flooded sea caves. Here, the PCs must assault or infiltrate the Kalvamen's settlement and retrieve the Aspis Consortium's lost cargo. During their incursion, the PCs uncover the Consortium's partnership with the violent cannibals, trafficking slaves in exchange for a strange fungus that grows deep within an alien cyst.

A primordial temple dedicated to the demon lord Cyth-V'sug connects the sea caves to the cyst. Within this ancient structure, the heroes encounter a few survivors of the Aspis Consortium's missing crew, held in thrall by mindslaver mold. Now shambolic puppets, the crew obey the cannibals' foul commands.

During their enslavement, the cannibals tasked the crew to construct a ship amalgamated from the salvaged remains of the Aspis Consortium's wrecked vessels and the rotting carcass of a great whale under the divine guidance of Cyth-V'sug. This repugnant longboat now crackles with blasphemous energy and blocks further entry into the temple.

After the PCs pass the animated ship, they enter a chamber dedicated to Cyth-V'sug, where they confront Eric the Sea Crow (dominated by mindslaver mold) and his fungal companions (4 advanced mandragoras) before finally descending into the alien cyst.

In a mold-caked cavern, a phosphorescent light pulses between a dull glow and a blinding blast. Eric's daughter (Ulygun Snow Caller) is held captive here, tethered with fungal tendrils similar to a caterpillar's cocoon. Before the PCs can free her, they must confront an advanced moonflower, whose furious assault stirs the chamber's mindslaver mold into a skittering frenzy.

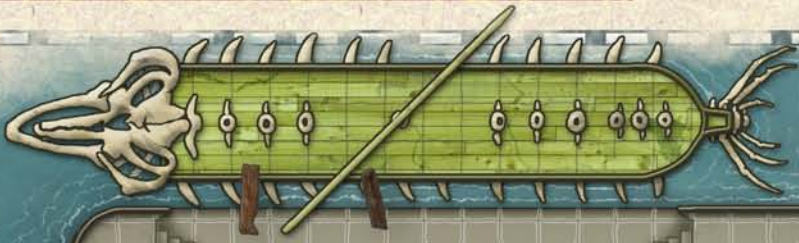
GETTING STARTED

Read the following to get the adventure underway:

Through thick mist, a sharp-toothed, mountainous island enters view. A terrified voice cries, "Land ho! Kalva ahead!" The bustling deck falls silent, the only remaining sound coming from fine boots rapping on the deck's wooden planks. Strolling into view, a stern woman takes off her tricorn hat. In a gruff voice the Aspis Consortium merchant, Vanessa Kruss, says, "This is as far as I go. You can take the rowboats from here." With a collective sigh of relief, the hustle and bustle of ship life restarts. Vanessa continues, "I won't be sticking around. If we stay, the Kalvamen are sure to attack. You can expect us back every two days at this exact bearing and at this exact time. I'll stay for two hours and then you won't see my ship for another forty-six hours. So, plan to come back at the proper time." Running her fingers through crimson locks, she gives an unapologetic look, "Do you see that rock cluster to the west? That's where our Kalvaman dwell. The Aspis Consortium holds

Advancement Track

Characters should be 9th level at the start of the adventure and should accumulate enough XP under the Medium advancement track to reach halfway to 10th level.



W6

B3

B4

B2

W5

A5

A8

A7

A7

A7

A7

A7

A6

A7

A10

A5

A5

A5

A7

A7

A4

B8

A3

A2

A1

W1

Cannibal's Maw

1 SQUARE ≈ 5 FEET



W4

A9

W3

W2



B6

B7

B5

B5

B1

a great reward in trust for you if you return our cargo.” Scanning the horizon, Vanessa continues, “The Aspis Consortium does not tolerate failure. Now, go before the cannibals detect us.”

Vanessa provides the PCs with up to four rowboats (*Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Combat* 185). If the PCs protest Vanessa’s return schedule, a successful DC 15 Diplomacy check convinces her to come every day. Before Vanessa leaves, the PCs may wish to ask questions to clarify the mission, Vanessa can provide information on the following subjects:

What is the cargo? “It’s a simple plant; well, more like a fungus that has curative properties. It sells for a king’s ransom at the godless Rahadom harbor of Azi. It’s kept in metal lock boxes marked with the Aspis Consortium emblem of a golden serpent on a shield. We want the cargo intact.”

Why are you so concerned about the cargo, what about your lost crew? “The cargo ain’t meat, and trust me, it’s been long enough since the rescue vessel landed that I fear whatever bits of crew remain fill the Kalvamen’s bellies.”

What is our reward? “The Consortium is well connected, each of you can name anything you want worth as much as 8,000 gold pieces and it shall be yours within a month. Plus, you can keep whatever you find, except for our cargo.”

As the rowboats move closer to the cluster of rocks, the black and white sails of Kruss’s ship fade into the distance. On her ship’s stern, the familiar mark of the Aspis Consortium—a golden snake on a shield—disappears as well.

PART 1: THE CANNIBAL’S MAW

A cannibalistic tribe occupies a chain of caves within a sheltered bay. These dwellings and their attached passages are hewn from solid rock. Owing to a dormant volcano located several miles below, the caves are humid and warm, and the porous rock sweats a sulfurous ichor.

Due to the warmer cave air interacting with the cold sea water, areas **A4-A10** are under a constant fog that limits visions as obscuring mist. Any effect that would disperse the fog (such as a strong wind) provides temporary relief; within 1d4 hours, the fog returns. The tunnels range in height from 8 to 10 feet, while the caves rise to a uniform 15 feet. The cliffs along the bay soar to an apex of 60 feet, where a waterfall thunders into the sea. Scattered torches cast the caves in dim light.

A1. The Perch (CR 10)

A salt encrusted bridge connects a sandy bluff to an isolated rock that juts like a jagged tooth from the rough water.

The rock is 25 feet tall and houses a lookout station. A piled stone barricade rings the entire rock’s surface and provides partial cover to creatures behind its low wall. The surprisingly stable bridge is constructed of wood and rope (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23). Climbing the slick rock from the water’s surface to the stone barricade requires a successful DC 20 Climb check.

Creatures: Hidden behind the barricade, two raging swimmers quietly scan the horizon for approaching vessels. If they spot any intruders approaching area **A1** (within 100 feet), the raging swimmers sound an alarm.

RAGING SWIMMER (2)

CR 8

XP 4,800 EACH

hp 109 each (*Pathfinder RPG NPC Codex* 14)

Waterways of the Cannibal’s Maw



W1. The Steaming Sea. A cold ocean which lies north-west of the continent of Avistan, stretching from the northern borders of Varisia and past the Lands of the Linnorm Kings, towards the frozen Crown of the World.

W2. The Bay of Broken Teeth. So named for the stalagmites and stalactites in its cathedral-like cavern, this sheltered bay creates a harbor for the Kalvamen (area **A**). Due to a dormant volcano under the bay, the water here is warmer than in areas **W1** and **W3**.

W3. The Ever Rain. A great waterfall descends into the Bay of Broken Teeth through an ancient cenote at the bay’s apex. This waterfall is created from the runoff from several mountain streams that pour their contents through the cenote and into the bay with a deafening roar.

W4. The Rending Flow. Long ago, the subterranean volcano erupted, tearing apart the active temple of Cyth-V’sug and leaving a deep crater. Freezing seawater quickly filled the gap, and now this river runs through the sea caves. At its eastern terminus, it spills into the hot springs of area **W5**. The areas upstream have been intentionally left unscripted. What lies upstream is left for whatever best suits your campaign. PCs who fall into this river move downstream at a speed of 20 feet per round towards the hot springs at **W5**.

W5. The Burning Grotto. A large enclosed hot spring occupies a spherical chamber of smooth volcanic rock. Reflective facets on the grotto’s polished walls sparkle when illuminated. The cannibals relax in the warm waters while under the effects of hallucinogenic lichens. The waters from **W4** slowly seep through the spring’s porous basin into the ocean beyond. With a successful DC 15 Climb check, PCs can scale to the northern nostrils (area **A5**) from this room.

W6. Deep Mountain River. This large river runs for miles underneath the rocky crust of Kalva and provides many access points to a larger subterranean network of caves. Six miles west of the map’s edge, the river twists out into the Steaming Sea. A thick growth of nettles hides the entrance (DC 15 Perception check to notice).

TACTICS

During Combat After sounding the alarm, the raging swimmers dive into the water and follow the tactics listed under their full statblocks.

A2. The Warning

A wide beach provides access to a bluff via a steep staircase. On the beach’s southern edge, 25 feet up, yawns a wide cave.

A successful DC 20 Climb check allows a PC to scale the cliff to area **A3**. Treat the beach as difficult terrain due to the many jagged shells. Driven into the beach by its point, a javelin sits, topped with a human skull. Written in Skald upon the skull is the warning: “Leave or your flesh shall feed the warriors who dwell beyond.” If no PC can speak Skald, a successful DC 20 Linguistics skill check or the spell comprehend languages can translate the gruesome notice.

A3. The Bone Yard

A haunting melody whistles throughout this “U”-shaped cavern, and with every strong breeze, thousands of discarded bones clatter in a chilling accompaniment.

A narrow opening on the northern stem of the “U” provides egress to a bluff that continues on to the wooden bridge leading to area A1, or descends a slick set of stairs to A2. The southern stem of the “U” leads to a cave mouth that sharply drops 25-feet to the jagged beach at A2. The unique “U” shape of the cave causes the wind to whistle eerily through this chamber. The cannibals dispose of their victims’ bones within this cave and they believe, due to the strange whistles, that their victims now haunt this cave. Due to this superstition, the bone yard provides a safe sanctuary for the PCs to rest.

Treasure: Mistakenly discarded amid several skeletons is a bone scroll case. A successful DC 15 Perception check picks the case out from the macabre pile. Within the case are four scrolls: *breath of life*, *mass cure light wounds*, *flame strike*, and *raise dead* (all CL 9).

A4. The Flesh Pens (CR varies)

A curving shore of rich, black soil harbors several forms of vegetation that grow rampant before a cave. Beyond the plants, a wisp of smoke escapes into the open sea.

Amid the vegetation, the Kalvamen planted six shriekers to warn them if any slaves attempt to escape what they affectionately dub “the flesh pens”.

Creatures: Huddled within the cave cower 10 poor souls who made up the Aspis Consortium’s most recent shipment of slaves. The slaves are hysterical from their ordeal and mistake the PCs for their captors; babbling and begging for mercy (treat the slaves as unfriendly with no modifiers to Charisma). If any PCs can make the slaves friendly, they snap out of their hysterics and beg for salvation. One of the slaves, an Irrisen woman named Alina, separates herself from the group and acts as their leader. If the PCs agree to help, Alina can provide several bits of information detailed below.

What is this place? “If I didn’t know better, I’d say it’s the Abyss. On our journey here, I overheard our captors telling ghost stories about an island full of cannibals called Kalva. We are on that island and in the very home of one such cannibalistic tribe.”

Who brought you here? “The Aspis Consortium. During our purchase from the slave pens at Kalsgard, a man named Eric the Sea Crow claimed we were headed to work the fields of Sargava. I cannot tell you how much I’d prefer that fate to the one we face here.”

Where is the Aspis Consortium now? “The cannibals took Eric and the Aspis crew behind the waterfall at the far end of the bay, a place they call the ‘Ever Rain’. The Aspis begged for their freedom, but they claimed their offering did not satisfy the terms of their agreement. I watched with grim satisfaction as Eric paled when the cannibals dragged them away.”

What is the Aspis Consortium up to? “From my time aboard their ship, it seems they trade slaves to the cannibals in exchange for cargo. What this cargo is, I do not know, but it seemed very

important.”

Hazard: Littered throughout the vegetation root 6 shriekers that emit loud squeals whenever any movement or light approaches within 10 feet (*Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* 416).

Development: Whenever a shrieker squawks, 8 berserker cannibals from area A6 board their kayaks and investigate the plant’s sonic emissions. The cannibals arrive in 1d4+1 rounds.

Story Award: If the PCs return Alina and the other slaves to the mainland, reward them as if they defeated a CR 8 creature.

A5. The Nostrils (CR varies)

Located throughout Cannibal’s Maw, several 5-foot openings provide a commanding view of their respective waterways below. Twenty-five feet above the water’s surface, they provide excellent ambush sites.

Development: If the raging swimmers in area A1 sound the alarm, 8 berserker cannibals from area A6 rush to the southern cave openings to defend their territory, arriving in 1d4+1 rounds. See area A6 for their stat block.

A6. Communal Beach (CR varies)

Several kayaks are moored along a large sand bar that separates the water from a series of tall caves. Large cook fires brew foul-smelling meat and blood-tinged broth. Atop crude javelins, four human skulls provide a silent, grisly warning.

This area serves as a meeting point for the tribe. Eight kayaks gently bob in the area’s bay.

Creatures: If the PCs have somehow avoided raising the alarm (either in area A1 or A4), 16 cannibal berserkers shout around the cooking fires. If the raging swimmers at area A1 have raised the alarm, 8 of the berserker cannibals have stationed the southern nostrils (area A5). Once they exhaust their poisoned javelins, they actively patrol the sea caves for the PCs’ incursion. Their patrol takes them from the southern nostrils (A5) to the communal beach (A6) to the doors of reverence (A9) and finally to the cave dwellings (A7) just north of area A4, before they backtrack. The berserker cannibals repeat this patrol until they pick up the PCs’ trail and then actively stalk them. The remaining 8 can either be found here, or have paddled their kayaks to investigate the shriekers’ protests in A4.

If the berserkers find nothing amiss, they join the patrols of their brethren. If both the alarms at areas A1 and A4 were triggered, no cannibal berserkers remain here (except when their patrol brings them through).

BERSERKER CANNIBAL (16, 8, OR 0) CR 3

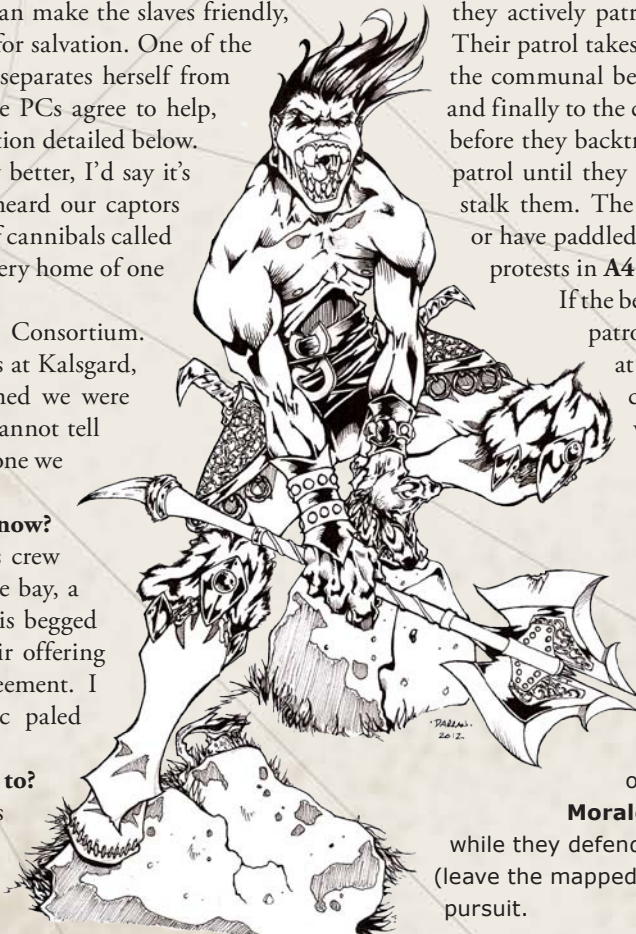
XP 800 EACH

hp 55 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings* 54)

TACTICS

During Combat The berserkers frenzy early and savagely attack intruders without regard for their own safety.

Morale The cannibals fight to the death while they defend their home. If the attackers flee (leave the mapped area), they let them depart without pursuit.



Gear masterwork hide armor, +1 greataxe, javelins (6), doses of terinav root (6)

A7. Cave Dwellings

Straw beds, thick furs, shiny trinkets, and strange fetishes decorate these simple caves.

Each of these eight caves houses two family units for the tribe. Currently, 32 concubines (CE male or female human commoner 1) and 16 children (N male or female human noncombatants) occupy these dwellings. Typically, each cave dwelling houses two berserker cannibals, four concubines, and two children.

Unless threatened, the concubines and children stare in wonderment at the intruders and do not hinder the PCs' progress. It has been several years since the concubines have seen the outside world, and any thoughts of civilization are but distant memories. PCs looking to free the concubines are met with distress and resistance. However, persistent PCs can convince the concubines and children to leave with them. If the PCs speak Skald, or somehow gain the ability to communicate with the concubines, they can convince them to leave by making them friendly (the concubine's initial attitude is unfriendly, they have no Charisma modifier).

Story Award: If the PCs convince and provide safe passage to the concubines and their children, reward them as if they defeated a CR 8 creature.

A8. Secret Tunnel

A successful DC 20 Perception check reveals a false wall leading to area **B2**. A wooden rope bridge (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23) crosses 15 feet above a river before entering the temple to Cyth-V'sug (**Part B**).

A9. The Doors of Reverence (CR 6)

The cave's rough passages converge behind a bellowing waterfall. Incongruously, an exquisite set of brass doors stands in the stone, covered in spiraled carvings of fungus-covered tentacles.

The brass doors (hardness 8, hp 60, Break DC 28, Disable Device 40) provide access to the primordial temple to Cyth-V'sug. The doors are locked with a superior quality lock and predate the Kalvamen settlement by countless centuries. The Kalvamen worship the symbols on the doors, but have learned the pain of touching them. Instead, they access the temple through area **A8**.

Traps: A *symbol of pain* triggers when the PCs attempt to open the doors.

SYMBOL OF PAIN TRAP

CR 6

Type magic; **Perception** DC 30; **Disable Device** DC 30

EFFECTS

Trigger location; **Bypass** unlocking the door's mechanism with Cyth-V'sug's unholy symbol; **Duration** 90 minutes; **Reset** automatic (every 90 minutes)

Spell Effect (*symbol of pain*, CL 9th, DC 19 Fortitude save negates); multiple targets (all targets in a 60 ft.-radius burst)

A10. The Sea Crow's Jolly Boat

A stout row boat bobs in turbid waters, chained to the cave's walls. A painted emblem of a golden snake on a shield marks the boat's stern.

Player Handout #1

To whoever finds this, let this be my last will and testament. A pax on the Aspis Consortium and damn me to hell for my actions in their scheme. Tell my daughter, Ulygun Snow Caller, that I love her. Tell her to dig under the site of her birth and she shall find answers to what she seeks. I am sure she will reward you well if you share this with her.

*From a defeated father's repentant heart,
Eric the Sea Crow*

The boat recently belonged to Eric the Sea Crow, and its emblem gives it away as Aspis property (it matches Vanessa Kruss's ship emblem exactly). In a desperate attempt to flee, Eric abandoned his ship, leaving his crew to fend for themselves. Unfortunately, the Kalvamen overtook the jolly boat and returned Eric to the caves, where they prostrated him before the Oblivion Bloom.

Sensing his strength and prowess at sea, the bloom infested Eric with mindslaver mold and he became her champion. Before his capture, Eric attempted to place a message in a bottle and throw it out to sea; however, the Kalvamen's advance came too quickly and the bottle fell from Eric's grasp and rolled under the stern sheets. If any PC searches the ship, a successful DC 20 Perception check reveals the message, detailed in **Player Handout #1**.



ACT 2: SHRINE TO CYTH-V'SUG

The smooth ceilings, floors, and walls of this temple-complex are covered in tiles ranging from bright emerald to sickly jaundice and vomitous chartreuse. Except where noted, their patterns spiral and twist, suggesting some sprawling, tentacled monstrosity. Phosphorescent lichen and fungus sprout between the tiles, casting the temple in a soft purple glow (treat as dim light). The air is muggy and reeks of rotting vegetation. Hallways and chambers rise to 8 feet and what doors remain are constructed of rusty, pitted iron that crumbles under stress.

B1. The Sundered Vestibule (CR 10)

A wooden rope bridge connects a rift between two identical chambers. Where the room separates, a mural of sickly colored tiles depicts a vicious drow warrior cleaved in half. The otherwise smooth floor ends in jagged shards at the fissure's edge; if one could pull the room together, it would join cleanly like a pair of giant puzzle pieces. Four mildewed statues populate this otherwise barren chamber. Below the wooden rope bridge, a river rages eastward.

The bridge (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23) offers passage across a river (**W4**) 15-feet below the bridge's planks. A successful DC 20 Knowledge (religion) check identifies the bisected warrior as Johysis Udrinor, a drow witch who offended Cyth-V'sug; for this behavior, the Prince of Blasted Heath sundered her temple and trapped her soul within a fungal spore. A successful DC 15 Perception check reveals several crude cave paintings along the fissure walls. These

rudimentary paintings clearly depict Johysis as a many bloomed plant.

Creatures: The statues are, in fact, living men and women from Eric the Sea Crow's crew. Now infected with mindslaver mold, they guard the temple entrance.

ASPIS SAILORS (4)

CR 5

XP 1,600 EACH

hp 41 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Isles of the Shackles* 56—use the stats for the pirate captain).

TACTICS

Before Combat The dominated sailors stand perfectly still (DC 18 Perception check to notice slight undulations) with their arms apparently supporting the ceiling. They remain still until the PCs either interact with them or step onto the bridge.

During Combat The infected sailors attempt to use their sneak attack ability and Power Attack feat as much as possible while defending the passage into the rooms beyond.

Morale While the mindslaver mold still clings to their bodies, the sailors fight to the death. If the mold is destroyed or ripped free, the Aspis sailors immediately surrender.

Gear +1 chain shirt, +1 rapier, masterwork light crossbow with 20 bolts, *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), bronze badge of the Aspis Consortium (worth 50 gp), 100 gp

MINDSLAVER MOLD (4)

CR 3

XP 800 EACH

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings* 61)

TACTICS

During Combat The mindslaver mold directs its host to attack the intruders. It uses its spore pod to drain its target's Wisdom.

Morale The mindslaver mold fights until its host dies or it is ripped free. If this happens and there are no appropriate hosts nearby, the mindslaver mold attempts to launch itself in the river (W4) and escape.

Development: If rescued, the Aspis sailors no longer have the stomach to fight, but depend on the PCs for a way off the island of Kalva. The sailors can confirm the Aspis Consortium's plot to cultivate the mold, but for what purpose is beyond them. Furthermore, the sailors can warn PCs about the animated ship in area B3, and can even tell the PCs that channeling positive energy can harm it.

Once the mindslaver mold or its host is attacked, the molds in area B5 and B8 become aware of the PCs' intrusion through its mold mindlink special ability.

Treasure: On the mural, Johysis Udrinor's eyes are actually violet garnets. The two garnets are worth 500 gp each.

B2. The Shattered Corridor

A blasted section of the tiled wall exposes a narrow 5-foot tunnel that crosses another rope bridge and terminates at a stone wall.

A 30-ft. passage leads to a seemingly solid wall. Unless the PCs have already discovered the secret door (area A8), a successful DC 20 Perception check reveals the secret door.

B3. The Bleached Whale (CR 11)

The north side of this corridor opens onto a subterranean river. A colossal longship abuts a crude dock, splashing gouts of water across the ancient temple tiles. The decaying ship's figurehead is

a menacing whale skull, and the hull has been reinforced by the creature's massive ribcage. Stacked vertebrae comprise the mast, and a sail of stitched humanoid flesh and sinew undulates in the cavern breeze. At the stern, a rotting whale tail slumps amid a cloud of flies.

After the berserkers defeated the Aspis Consortium, they pulled their ships here through the Deep Mountain River (W6). The Kalvamen forced the surviving crew to cobble their vessels together, making one massive longship.

To christen the boat, the cannibal's invoked the power of Cyth-V'sug to call a great whale, binding its soul to the longship to create an artifact called *The Bleached Whale* (see **Creatures**).

After the artifact's completion, most of the Aspis crew were sacrificed to Cyth-V'sug in area B4. What crew remains is either located in areas B1, B5 or B8.

Located in the longship's hold is the Aspis Consortium's lock boxes (hardness 8, hp 60, Break DC 28, Disable Device 40).

The boxes are locked with a superior quality lock. If the PCs are able to open them, they discover a single mindslaver mold within each of the metal boxes. Fortunately, this mold is in some strange hibernation. In all, there are 50 mold-filled boxes.

Creatures: The *Bleached Whale* follows Eric's command to guard the passage and prevent further exploration of the temple and cyst beyond. Whenever he needs to, Eric forces Ulygun to activate the artifact with her Use Magic Device skill.

THE BLEACHED WHALE

CR 11

XP 12,800

hp 151; see pg. 13

TACTICS

Before Combat The ship remains still until the majority of the PCs are at the midpoint of the hallway, or anyone attempts to board it. Then, it animates in a crackling of black eldritch fire.

During Combat The *Bleached Whale* uses its bite on PCs near its bow and slams those PCs near its stern. It beaches itself and blocks further passage into the temple with its massive bulk.

Morale When reduced to 0 hp or less, the ship goes inert.

Development: Once the ship is inert, and the PCs discover the writings in area B7, they can choose to use the artifact to navigate themselves and any NPCs off of Kalva as an alternative to waiting for the Aspis ship to return.

Treasure: *The Bleached Whale* (see page 13).

B4. The Shrine to Cyth-V'sug

A grotesque statue depicting a spherical clot of fungal matter dominates the eastern side of this room. A stained altar rests beneath the statue, its slab still steaming from a fresh offering of blood.

A successful DC 18 Knowledge (planes or religion) identifies the statue as a depiction of Cyth-V'sug's Abyssal home, both a place and

Too Powerful?

For some GMs, the *Bleached Whale* is too powerful an item for their game. If this is the case, simply use the provided statblock as a monster and ignore the rest. This way you can choose whether to allow the *Bleached Whale* into your campaign.



a being called the Jeharlû. The fresh blood belonged to the sacrificed Aspis Consortium crew. Their bodies have been divided between the cannibals and the Oblivion Bloom in area B8.

B5. Chamber of Ceremony (CR 11)

The walls of this two-tiered irregular chamber are covered with depictions of perverse vegetation. Four clay pots of stagnant water ring the lower tier's perimeter, while in the center, a statue depicts a horrid mass of tubers, fungus, and rot, shot through with grasping tentacles and claws. The statue is topped by a vaguely draconic head with puffball eyes and a maw of broken teeth. Three steps rise toward a second tier where four pallid statues support the chamber's ceiling. At the room's southern end, a wooden rope bridge spans a mist-shrouded chasm into the unknown. A rush of water rages below the blanket of fog.

Three pitted iron doors exit this chamber: the door entering this chamber, and doors leading to areas B6 and B7. A DC 20 Knowledge (planes or religion) check identifies the statue as Cyth-V'sug. Finally, at the chamber's southern end, a blanket of fog covers a wooden rope bridge (hardness 5, hp 15, Break DC 23) that crosses the gap 15-feet over the Rending Flow (W4).

When the PCs cross the wooden rope bridge and pierce the fog, read the following aloud:

A reflection of the chamber just explored appears through the mist. However, in this room, the lower tier is in ruin. The clay pots are shattered, and the chamber's walls collapsed to reveal a strange natural cave where an alien light pulsates between a dull glow and a blinding blast.

Creatures: Below the rope bridge, clinging to the chasm's wall, four mandragoras rise to harass anyone (besides Eric) who attempts to cross. On the upper tier's far end (just north of the stairs); Eric awaits the PC's arrival.

ERIC THE SEA CROW CR 10

XP 9,600

hp 100; see pg. 3

TACTICS

See pg. 3

MINDSLAVER MOLD CR 3

XP 800 EACH

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings* 61)

TACTICS

During Combat The mindslaver mold directs Eric. It uses its spore pod to drain its target's Wisdom.

Morale The mindslaver mold fights until Eric dies or it is ripped free.

ADVANCED MANDRAGORA (4) CR 5

XP 1,600 EACH

hp 47 each (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 185, 292)

TACTICS

During Combat The mandragora block the PCs from reaching Eric using their abilities to the most brutal effect.

Morale While Eric lives, the mandragoras fight to the death. Otherwise, they retreat when reduced below 10 hit points.

Development: Once Eric becomes aware of the PCs presence (either by excessive noise, or through the mold mindlink ability, he feeds his daughter to the Oblivion Bloom (area B8). If Eric is freed from the mindslaver mold's influence, he immediately surrenders and remembers everything and urges the PCs to rescue his daughter from the moonflower.

B6. Forgotten Sanctuary

Mildew-covered curtains cling to the tiled walls of this empty chamber. The curtains depict pallid worms writhing amid unrecognizable fungoid creatures. At the room's northern half, a moss-covered splotch provides a soft cushion to offer prostration before a sinister altar in the shape of a spiraling coil.

An area for worship and solitude, Eric spends much of his time here when he is not tending to the vegetation within the alien cyst.

B7. Boudoir

A lavish bed chamber contrasts the furnishings found elsewhere within the temple and caves. An exquisite bed, armoire, and footlocker snuggle atop a soft carpet of moss. The air smells fresh and floral and the entire chamber is decorated with exotic fungal blooms.

Within the armoire, written on several strips of flayed skin, are details describing the *Bleached Whale*. If the PCs decipher the Skald writing (DC 20 Linguistics check), they learn information about the artifact from the entry on page 13.

Treasure: See pg. 3 for Ulygun's gear.

B8. The Cyst (CR 12)

A collapsed wall opens into a mold-caked hollow where a soft phosphorescent glow showers an alien jungle of moss, lichens, and other overgrown fungus in a warm violet light.

A large central crater sinks into the cavern's floor and is draped in strange undulating mold. Several multi-hued blooms sprout out of the crater and shoot towards the cavern's domed ceiling.

Near the crater, tethered with fungal tendrils similar to a caterpillar's cocoon, Ulygun Snow Caller struggles to free





herself from her pod prison. Within the pit, an advanced moonflower, the Oblivion Bloom, nests within this foul cavern, calling it home for countless eons. Punished by her master, the demon lord Cyth-V'sug, the moonflower was once a drow priestess named Johysis Udrinor, who offended the Prince of the Blasted Heath long ago.

Creatures: The Oblivion Bloom nests within the pit as four clusters of mindslaver mold infest the cyst.

THE OBLIVION BLOOM CR 9

XP 6,400

Advanced moonflower (*Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* 2 192, 292)

hp 126

TACTICS

During Combat The Oblivion Bloom opens combat with its light pulse special ability. It then attacks the closest target with its bite attack (with the goal of trapping it within a pod prison). It uses its tentacle attacks on those who have damaged it most recently. If the light pulse special ability was effective, it uses this ability once more when it is reduced below 75 hit points.

MINDSLAVER MOLD (4) CR 3

XP 800 EACH

hp 30 each (*Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Lands of the Linnorm Kings* 61)

TACTICS

During Combat The mindslaver mold use their spore pod in combat. If any targets becomes helpless the mold attempts to use its infestation special ability and then use *dominate person* to control its actions. If the mold commandeers a host, it attempts to make the nearest enemy

helpless so one of its brethren can infest it as well.

ULYGUN SNOW CALLER CR 10

XP 9,600

hp 39 (currently 35 trapped within a pod prison); see pg. 3

Development: If Ulygun breaks free from her pod prison, she immediately helps the PCs to the best of their abilities; however, her gear is currently located at area B7.

Story Award: If the PCs save Ulygun, reward them as if they defeated a CR 10 creature.


Treasure: The cyst is filled with rare plant life used in many alchemical and healing formulae. A successful DC 18 Craft (alchemy) or Knowledge (nature) identifies several plants, roots, and blooms worth 4,250 gp in total.

CONCLUSION

With the area cleared, the PCs can return to the mainland. Whether they wait for the Aspis vessel, or make use of the *Bleached Whale* is up to them. Do the PCs give the Aspis Consortium the dangerous mold, or do they destroy it? What the PCs decide may fuel an entire campaign.

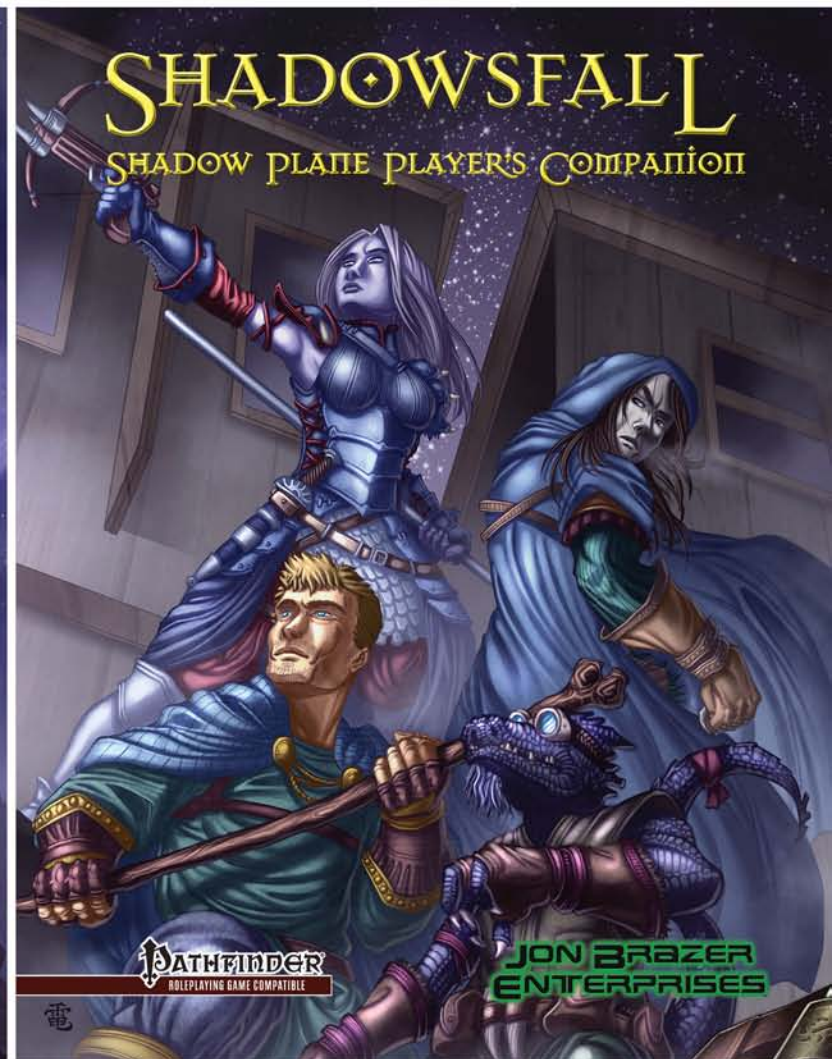
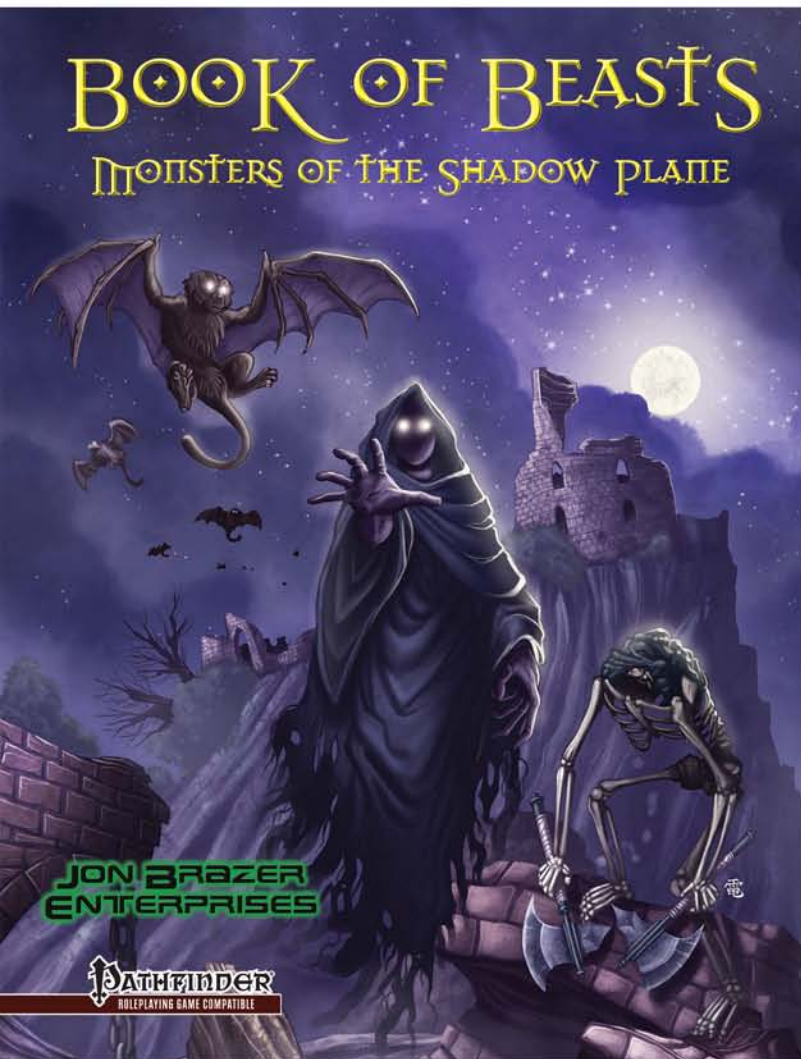
Feel free to use this site as a series of further exploration adventures or an ongoing campaign.

Several exploits await the PCs. What lies upstream of the Rending Flow? What punishment awaits the PCs if they fail to provide the Consortium with the mold?

And, even worse, what plan does the Consortium have for the mold? 



FIGHT THE DARK SIDE ON THE SHADOW PLANE

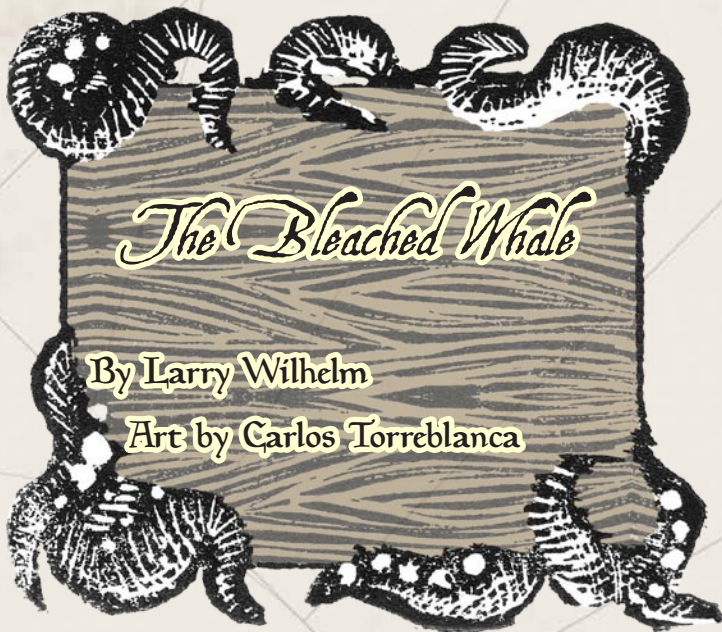


Deadly Monsters

Player Options

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JON BRAZER ENTERPRISES



The Bleached Whale

By Larry Wilhelm

Art by Carlos Torreblanca

THE BLEACHED WHALE

Aura strong necromancy and transmutation; CL 12th

Slot none; Weight 26 tons

DESCRIPTION

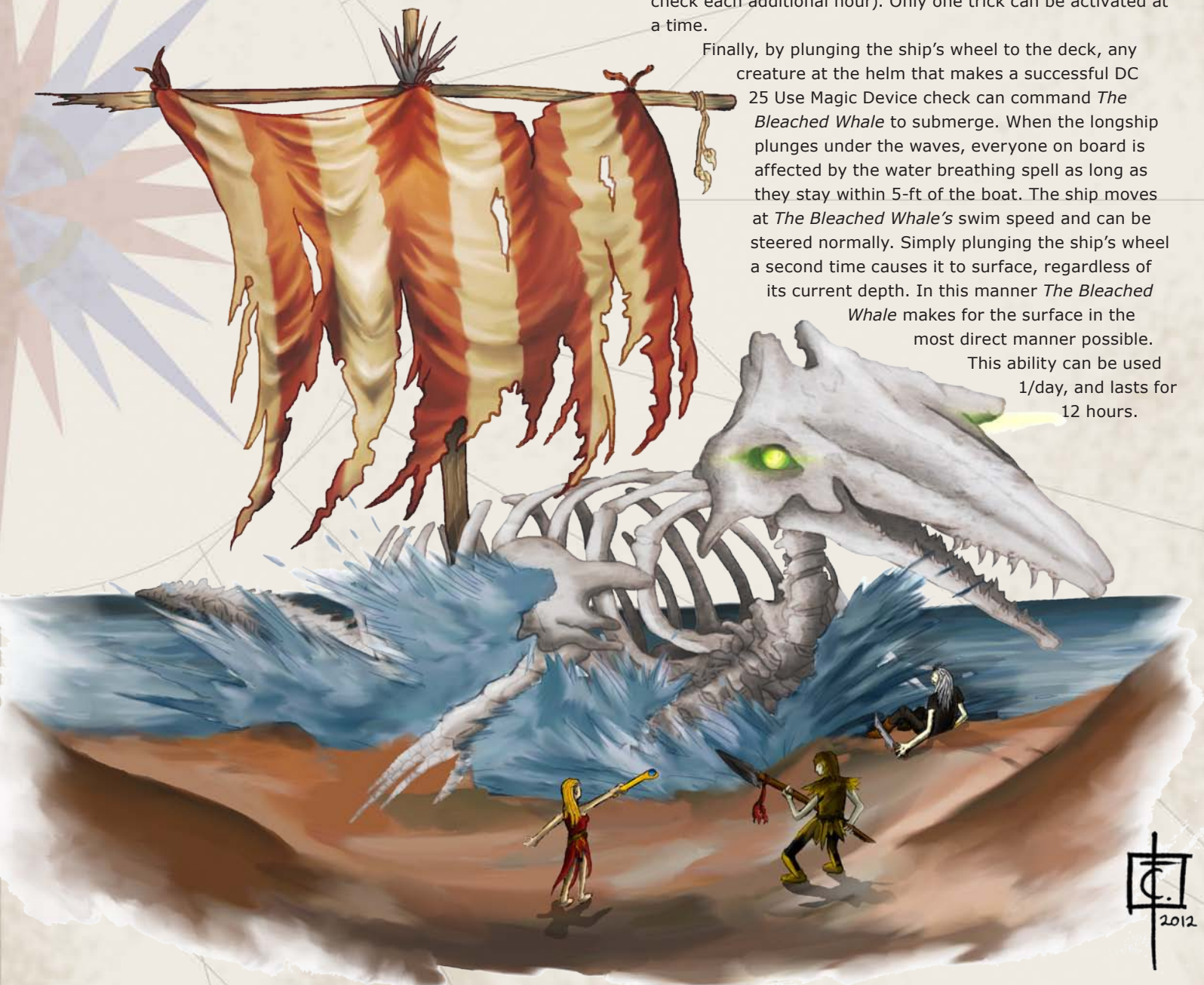
The Bleached Whale is a colossal longship (*Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Ultimate Combat* pg 185) with a whale skull figurehead, a hull reinforced with a massive ribcage, a mast of stacked vertebrae, a sail of stitched humanoid flesh, and a rotting whale tail slumped off the stern.

This vessel is sea worthy; however, the repugnant ship can animate; swimming on its own, and even taking its crew underneath the waves. The statistics for the animated *Bleached Whale* are detailed below.

By turning the longship's scrimshaw wheel like a dial, any creature at the helm that makes a successful DC 25 Use Magic Device check can command it to animate for 1 hour. When animated this way, *The Bleached Whale* can follow commands described under the Handle Animal skill. *The Bleached Whale* knows the attack, come, defend, down, guard, and stay tricks. An additional DC 25 Use Magic Device check is needed to deactivate the trick before the hour lapses or if the user wants to continue the trick past the initial hour (having to remake the check each additional hour). Only one trick can be activated at a time.

Finally, by plunging the ship's wheel to the deck, any creature at the helm that makes a successful DC 25 Use Magic Device check can command *The Bleached Whale* to submerge. When the longship plunges under the waves, everyone on board is affected by the water breathing spell as long as they stay within 5-ft of the boat. The ship moves at *The Bleached Whale's* swim speed and can be steered normally. Simply plunging the ship's wheel a second time causes it to surface, regardless of its current depth. In this manner *The Bleached Whale* makes for the surface in the most direct manner possible.

This ability can be used
1/day, and lasts for
12 hours.



DESTRUCTION

The Bleached Whale consumes itself in a blast of black fire if it ever sails the length of the river Styx.

The Bleached Whale

Resembling a decaying whale carcass, a colossal longship encased in crackling black flames cuts the waves with ferocity, thrashing forward like the enraged whale it once was.

THE BLEACHED WHALE

CR 11

XP 12,800

Unique colossal animated object

NE construct

Init -2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Perception** +2

Aura evil

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 0, flat-footed 18 (-2 Dex, +18 natural, -8 size)

hp 151 (13d10+80); fast healing 5

Fort +4, **Ref** +2, **Will** +4

Defensive Abilities hardness 5, immortal structure; **Immune** construct traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 50 ft.

Melee bite +23 (4d6+18 plus burn), slam (tail slap) +23 (2d8+27)

Space 30 ft.; **Reach** 30 ft.

Special Attacks burn (2d6, DC 16)

STATISTICS

Str 46, **Dex** 6, **Con** --, **Int** --, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +13; **CMB** +39; **CMD** 47 (can't be tripped)

Skills Perception +2

SQ construction points (6 CP; additional movement [swim], additional natural attack [bite], burn, faster, guardian, haunted

ECOLOGY

Environment any water

Organization solitary (none)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Additional Movement (Ex, 1 CP) The object gains a new mode of movement (swim) at a speed equal to its base speed.


Additional Natural Attack (Ex, 1 CP) The object gains an additional natural attack (bite from the whale skull).

Burn (Ex, 2 CP) The object gains burn (2d6) with its bite attack.

Faster (Ex, 2 CP) The object gains +20 feet to its swim speed.

Guardian (Ex, 1 CP) The object is granted the ability to follow basic orders and watch for enemies, changing its wisdom to 10 and granting it a +2 racial bonus on Perception checks.

Haunted (Ex, +1 CP) The object is haunted by a malevolent spirit. It takes damage from positive energy as if it were an undead creature and can be detected by detect undead.

Immortal Structure (Ex) Reducing *The Bleached Whale* to 0 hit points causes it to flounder, bringing the longship to a halt. The longship remains immobile and unresponsive to its owner's commands to move or use any of the special abilities described in its creature stat block for 24 hours. The longship cannot be reduced to fewer than 0 hit points, no matter what damage, circumstances, or environment it might be subjected to after its defeat. After 24 hours, the longship regains half its hit points (75 hp) and its fast healing ability reactivates. *The Bleached Whale* can only be destroyed by the method detailed in the artifact's destruction entry. 

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Well, this is decidedly not how I envisioned today going.” Miranda squirmed, her nose crinkling as her bonds refused to give. If there was one thing every pirate knew well, it was how to tie a damn knot.

“Don’t worry about losing them, you said,” Caleb muttered sourly beside her. “They can’t follow us through the mists, you said.”

“Shut it!”

The young man grunted as one of the surly thugs left to guard the pair cuffed him in the back of the head. Caleb shot him a dirty look in reply. Miranda kept her attention focused several yards ahead, where the bulk of their captors had clustered around an ornately carved stone door that rose up nearly forty feet, dominating the far wall of the cavernous temple chamber.

The plan had been simple, really. Travel through the mist surrounding Blackwater Isle off the western coast of Garund, using the Jewel of Vanus to guide their way. Somehow, the pirate Black Kain had followed them through. Miranda was beginning to regret the decision to have only herself and Caleb go ashore.

“Remind me to have a word with Laird when we get back to the *Solace*,” the demonspawned woman hissed at her companion, her words followed by a painful jolt as she was given a cuff as well.

“I said shut it.”

Mira held her tongue, any retort she would have had vanishing as Black Kain, one of the most notorious pirates of the Shackles, strode past them toward the knot of men still trying to force the door. As he passed, their eyes met, and she could feel the hatred burning behind those black pools. Caleb caught the look as well, the man arching a brow at the horned woman beside him.

“Gods, Mir. What did you do, kill his family?”

“Worse,” she replied with a grimace. “I sank his ship and stole his favorite coat.”

Caleb looked at her incredulously, and Mira could only smile. “Hey, he really loved that coat.” She braced herself, expecting another rough whack from one of their guards, but it never came. The two men looked on as their captain bulled through his crew, barking gruffly for them to stand aside.

“Stop wastin’ time, ye sods!” He growled, shouldering past the man trying to pry open the door, whose crowbar was not even scratching the surface. “Ye need a very special key for a door like this.”

Miranda’s breath caught in her throat as Kain fished something

from within his coat. Kain held high a pendant of polished silver set with a gleaming emerald the size of a hen’s egg. It caught the light shining down through the crumbled gaps in the temple ceiling, sparking within it a fire that seemed to dance and writhe as if trying to escape.

“The Jewel of Vanus...” Caleb gasped, and even Kain’s men were in awe of the thing. In all of the time she’d held it, the jewel had never done *that*. Only Kain seemed immune to the gem’s dazzling effect, his scarred face merely crinkling into a smile as he reached out and placed the gem in a hollow depression in the center of the twin doors.

With a deafening crack, the fire was let loose from the jewel, emerald flame racing along the seams of the door as the temple rumbled and shook around them.

“Captain?” Her young companion stammered, his eyes wide with alarm.

“In my experience, Caleb, when a door unlocks this dramatically, something very, very bad is about to happen.”

Another quake rocked the temple. Stone dust fell in thin streams as ancient masonry shook loose. Miranda braced herself. The door lurched outward and the jewel fell inert to the floor at Kain’s feet.

“Gentlemen, beyond this door lies our destiny! The greatest treasure of the ancient cult that built this temple vault, and first shrouded the island in mist to protect it!” Kain’s voice boomed over the rumbling. “With what lies on the other side, we could be—”

His words were cut off mid-stream, replaced by a sudden, startled cry as the door exploded outward in a violent motion that sent him flying into a nearby pillar. The doors themselves had cracked with the force of the blow that had flung them open, and in the great archway stood a hulking beast covered in blackened bone plates and curving horns.

“What in Besmara’s name is that?” Caleb screamed, nearly tripping over himself as he stumbled backward.

“The reason they needed such a big door!” Mira whirled, ramming her shoulder into the thug behind her, her amethyst-colored eyes darting toward her companion. “Run!”

Caleb shook off his shock, wheeled and bowled over the other guard. The escaping pair ran as fast as they could down the narrow walkway that led through the long, vaulted chamber. Behind, the beast bellowed, the cry soon joined by the dying screams of the pirates who had been clustered by the door.

As she ran, Miranda struggled desperately with her bonds, but still couldn’t break the ropes that held her wrists together behind her back. The body of a pirate crashing through one of the nearby pillars nearly caused her to stumble, and the demonspawned woman spared a glance behind to see the spiky beast already barreling down on her. Changing course, Mira charged toward one of the low walls that lined the path, exhaling sharply as she struck the edge and flipped her slender frame over the top just as a bladed claw gouged the stone tile where she’d been scant moments before.

She landed hard on her back, the blow dazing her for a split second before she pulled herself together and scrambled up. Pressing her back flat against the wall behind her, she heard the beast scream in anger, its thundering steps heading off in the opposite direction, leaving her for some more obvious prey.

“Desna smiles...” she gasped, casting her gaze about and spotting a jagged piece of masonry lying on the floor not far from where she sat. She inched over, turning as her bound hands fumbled for the sharp stone. “Thank the Goddess the beast is stupid.”

It felt like far too long, sawing at the ropes as pirates screamed and the beast bellowed, but finally the rope snapped. Mira let out an exultant cry as she leapt to her feet, drawing free her pistol and

twirling it in her hand.

"Better thing that Kain's men haven't gotten any smarter. *Always* disarm your prisoners."

With a grin, she vaulted over the wall, the scene before her one of gore and mayhem. Kain's men were strewn about like bloody rag dolls, and only a few were still moving, though not very much. A

blood-curdling scream drew her attention back to the beast. The creature had Caleb in one of its clawed hands. It lifted him toward its gaping maw.

A shot rang out. The beast screeched, black blood pumping from the wound that blossomed in its flank. It dropped the man, pure, animal hate flashing in its deep-set eyes. Miranda didn't give the creature time to react. She loaded a fresh round into her pistol before she shoved it back into its holster and broke into a run – straight toward the creature.

Her sword appeared in her hand in an instant, a glimmer darting along the edge of its red-black blade. The creature swung down at her, and again it missed, claws burying themselves in the floor as the demonspawned pirate tumbled between its legs. She rolled to her feet, jumping and bounding off of the short wall that was now behind the creature, her long coat fluttering behind her like a cape as she landed squarely on its broad back.

"Mir!" Caleb cried, still prone where the creature had dropped him. Even Mira seemed baffled that her little stunt had actually worked, though she came to her senses quickly enough and grasped one of the nearest spines for support. The sharp spike cut into her hand, but she held on, lifting her curved sword and driving it deep into the beast's back. It let out another pained screech, one of its flailing claws sending Mira tumbling across the chamber to land in a heap a few yards away.

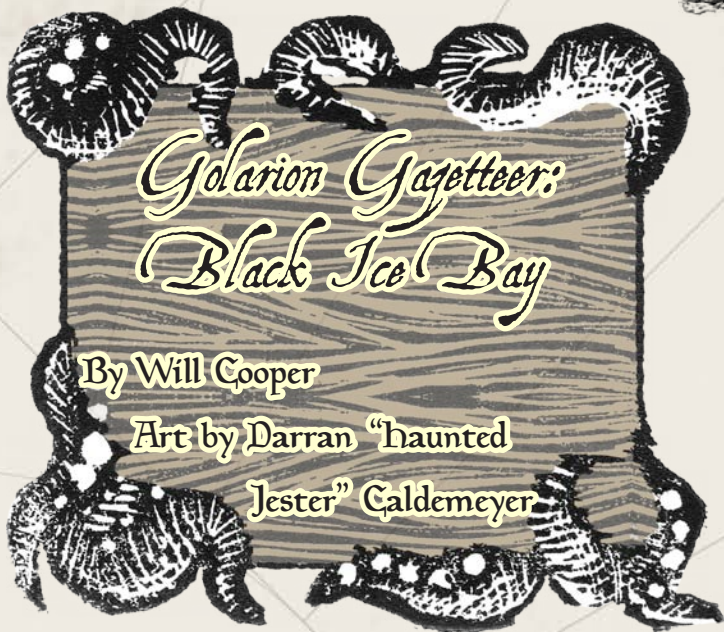
The creature writhed, reaching futilely for the weapon buried between its shoulders, completely ignoring the pitborn woman and her companion. Mira rose, struggling, a sharp pain searing through her side nearly causing her to collapse again. She forced herself to stand, exhaling sharply and drawing her pistol free, her opposite hand hanging limply at her side.

"Oy, beastie!" She shouted, leveling her gun as the monstrosity spun toward her and snarled. Its muscles tensed to charge, and with a sharp crack, the pistol fired. The beast halted, stumbled, dull eyes blinking stupidly before it collapsed with a crash.

"Captain, you alright?" Caleb asked, staggering forward as the woman tore her sword free of the creature's back.

"Nothing a week of sleep won't fix," Mira replied, wincing as pain shot through her side again. "And next time, we bring the entire damn landing party with us..." ❧





Golarion Gazetteer: Black Ice Bay

By Will Cooper

Art by Darran "haunted
Jester" Caldemeyer

In the far north of the Steaming Sea, fierce Ulfen tribes under the rule of the Linnorm Kings battle the elements for survival, raiding and settling among the islands of the Ironbound Archipelago. Hunters brave the monster-haunted ocean to bring seal meat and furs back to their villages, while artisans carve ivory into ritual jewelry.

Among all the settlements of the northern islands, Black Ice Bay is renowned as the richest. There, hunts are the most fruitful, and traders prize the village's furs and fine ivory amulets, selling them throughout the Inner Sea Region. The people of Black Ice Bay prosper and grow fat, and few question their good fortune. Fewer still know of the dreadful bargain that brings them such riches.

The village of Black Ice Bay huddles on the southern side of a natural fjord where an ancient river has carved its way to the sea. A dozen well-made wooden longhouses cluster at base of the cliffs, each home to an extended family. Smoke rises constantly from cooking fires in the village, and along the strand rest many boats, from tiny two-man coracles to larger vessels that fish far out to sea.

In the bay, itself, jagged black rocks, slick with spray, promise both danger and a wealth of fish, seals, walrus and other animals to hunt. The bay takes its name from a one particularly huge rock that spears out of the water like a never-melting berg of black ice. The villagers' glances do not stray to this rock, their boats do not fish near it, and they do not discuss the strange figure sometimes seen cavorting on its peak at dawn or dusk.

Visiting traders and explorers find warmth, if not excessive hospitality, in the longhouse of **Ivnar Garrison** (CN Ulfen fighter 1/rogue 1). A bitter and unhappy man, Ivnar has never forgiven his brothers for squandering the family inheritance in foolish trading ventures, forcing him to take in lodgers to make ends meet. It is rare to see a smile break his scraggly blond beard, except at the misfortune of others.

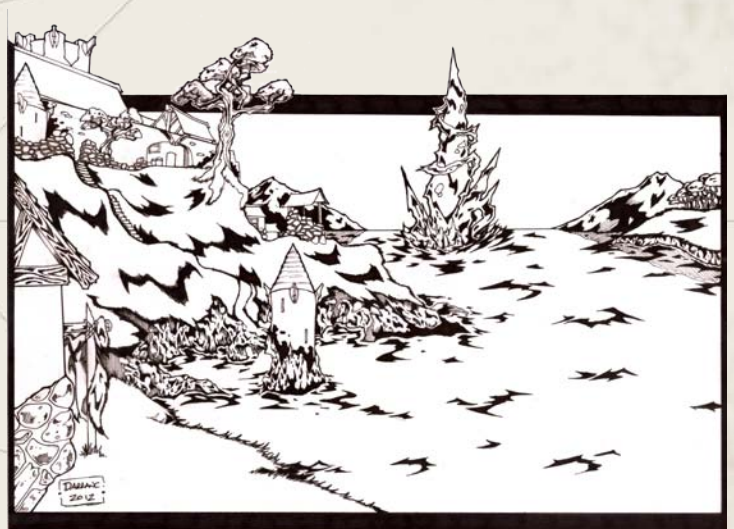
Better company is found in the longhouse of **Hulda Svensson** (CG Ulfen ranger 4) and her husband **Bern** (CG Ulfen bard 3), though there are no beds to be spared. The Svensson's large and growing family is contentedly expecting another year of hard work and well-earned prosperity. The only shadow over their lives is the advanced age of **Granda Sven** (NG Ulfen oracle of Gozreh 9), founder of their family line and of the village. He nears death from a recent stroke, his movements palsied and speech slurring. His secrets weigh heavily upon him. Though Sven remains village chief in name, most of the

day-to-day leadership now rests with his daughter, Hulda.

A lifetime ago, young Sven the Golden led the fleet of longships that founded the settlement of Black Ice Bay. Bards sing that he vanquished a cunning and evil giant-kin that dwelled in an underwater cave near the great black rock and slew its fearsome companion, a giant spined crab. The truth is otherwise.

Sven was unable to overcome **Bloodfoam** (LE merrow druid 9). Rather than die and leave his village unprotected, he made a fateful bargain with the merrow. Bloodfoam protects the village from the worst of the storms and uses druidic powers to ensure good hunting and prosperity for the people of Black Ice Bay. In return, to Sven's lifelong shame, once a decade the oracle gives the youngest boy-child and the youngest girl-child to the evil sea-dweller. Bloodfoam sacrifices the children to ancient sea spirits on a black stone altar festooned with tendrils of dark seaweed, using *Seathirst*, a +2 vicious dagger of knapped flint.

The older town members suspect that something is wrong—how could they not?—but turn a blind eye and persuade themselves that their prosperity comes solely from hard work and the blessings of the gods. The time for the sacrifice draws near and Bloodfoam haunts the shore, waiting for his offering, while Sven rails at his weakness and desperately seeks a way to put right the hideous choice that has stained his long life and legacy.



BLACK ICE BAY VILLAGE

NG small town

Corruption +0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** -2; **Law** -4; **Lore** +1;
Society -3

Qualities prosperous, tourist attraction (trade)

Danger +20; **Disadvantages** hunted

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy

Population 215 (196 humans (Ulfen), 12 dwarves, 3 halflings,
2 half-elves, 2 half-orcs)

Notable NPCs

Granda Sven (NG Ulfen oracle of Gozreh 9)

Hulda Svensson (CG Ulfen ranger 4)

Bern Svensson (CG Ulfen bard 3)

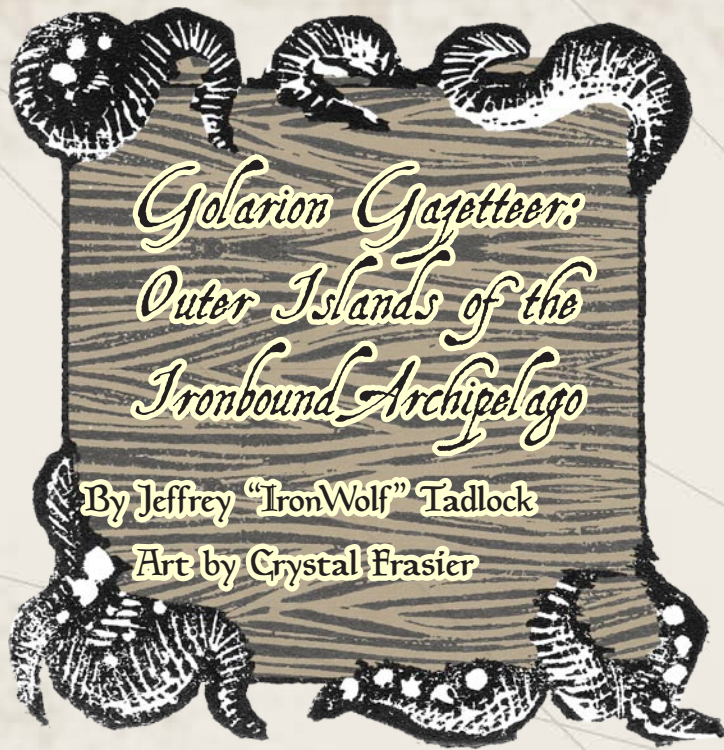
Ivnar Garrison (CN Ulfen fighter 1/rogue 1)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 1,300 gp; **Purchase Limit** 7,500 gp;

Spellcasting 4th

Minor Items 3d4; **Medium Items** 1d6; **Major Items** —



The Ironbound Islands region is dotted with many smaller, rocky islands throughout its waters. While these islands are not labeled on most maps, they each have names, tales, rumors and dangers of their own. To the west and northwest of the city of Halgrim on Battlewall Island, three such islands beckon to sailors on the Steaming Sea.

STORMWRECK ISLE

Just west of the city of Halgrim sits a jagged island with sharp reefs and low shores. In times of perilous weather an inauspicious current catches unprepared ships and pulls them with great force onto the island's shoals. Wooden hulls splinter, and what remains of the sinking ships comes to rest upon this island's shores.

Precious cargo aboard these ships sinks into the waters surrounding Stormwreck Isle or washes up on its shores during storms. An untold number of sailors find watery graves, the corpses of others wash up on the shores with their cargo. The air around the island is heavy with death and decay.

The tragic and violent deaths of so many sailors leaves numerous lost souls wandering the island seeking rest. These lost souls often harry would-be treasure seekers from the wrecks in the shallow waters and shores of the Isle. Many carrion-eating vermin and other creatures make the island their home as well, feasting on the bloated corpses that find their way to shore, gladly

supplementing their diets with still-living treasure seekers.

ASGUALT'S ISLE

Further off the coast, to the west beyond Stormwreck Isle, is a very small, often ignored island. The isle is said to be the ancient burial site of the nefarious Hylak Asgualt. Hylak was a vicious Ulfen warrior king, felled by the plague mere days after a successful raid on Halgrim. The rest of the raiding party became ill as well, and they fell back to this isle to give their king the best burial they could, entombing him with the spoils of their raid. Despite rumors of great riches buried with the long lost Ulfen leader, few have survived the approach to the island. Even fewer have reached the alleged tomb.

The island has steep, rocky cliffs with surf pounding upon the surrounding reefs. A trio of tall crags protrudes upwards from the island, and several large rocs circle the island at various times of day. Approach to the island is precarious even in the best weather. Scaling the forty-foot cliffs, damp with the spray of surf, is a daunting challenge for all save the most astute of climbers. On the island proper, the landscape is littered with massive boulders leading up to the base of the crags. Somewhere within this jumble of boulders and crags is the entrance to the Hylak Asgualt's tomb.

Tomb raiders will not be able to rest easy once finding the burial site entrance. The island is honeycombed with several large caves connected by much smaller natural passages below the surface. It is said that terrible creatures have come to make these caverns their home. With skill and a fair amount of luck, the adventurers just might avoid these dangers and find the buried ship holding the mummified remains of the lost Ulfen and the untold spoils of his raid.

MISTY ISLE

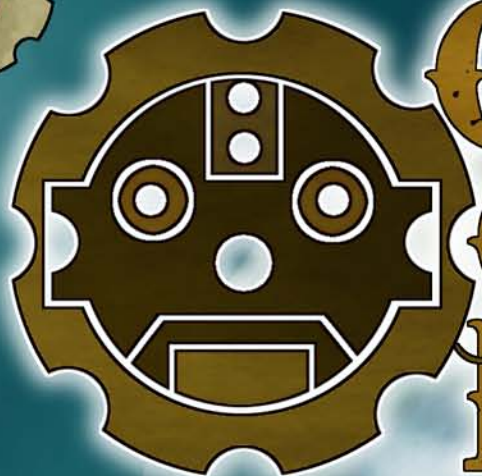
Farthest from Halgrim, this island lies northwest of the city at the very edge of the Ironbound Islands. The island itself is often shrouded in a thick veil of fog, obscuring it from passing ships.

Those who pass close enough to see the island find that the ruined foundations of a great stone castle are prominent amongst its rugged crags. The mists swirl about the ruins and steep cliffs of the island.

An ancient tribe of giants fled to this island thousands of years ago, seeking refuge from King Ulvass' assaults of the era. Steeped in magic these giants conjure up the persistent mist to help protect their sanctuary. Their numbers have dwindled over time, but the giants here work to keep explorers and treasure hunters away from the island to protect the centuries old relics that still remain.

Few visitors to this island live to tell their tales. Those who do return are changed, with pale skin and a wasting sickness that kills most within weeks of their return. The rare survivors of the disease are driven into madness and speak of ancient ruins littered with artifacts and giant, dark humanoid shapes rising up from the mist-shrouded earth. ☞





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We knew that we had nothing to fear with her. She was many things. She was a warrior, an oracle of the spirits, a traveler, a fierce commander. She was a fury in battle, her indomitable rage striking fear in her enemies' hearts and filling ours one by one like a fever. And she was beautiful as any valkyrie, her long blond tresses whipping in the wind, her ice-blue eyes freezing as a storm, her voice burning loud over the gale. Beautiful as any valkyrie, and as terrible as one.

She was Wulfhild Gunnarsdottir, sea captain. And we knew we had nothing to fear under her command. All the others had.

Pirates, raiders, rude sea men, noble corsairs or just great warriors and commanders, Ulfen sea captains are sometimes seen by their crew as more than mere mortals, gifted with great knowledge of the sea, great charisma and leadership in battle, and an almost mystic intuition of events to come. They're mysterious figures, able to bestow courage and fury to their allies even in the worst odds, read the future in waves and clouds patterns, commune with the storm gods and fiercely intimidate their opponents during a boarding attack.

ULFEN SEA CAPTAIN CLASS DETAILS

Many Ulfen sea captain are fighters, rangers, rogues, or barbarians,
Table: Ulfen Sea Captain

Base Attack					
Level	Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Special
1st	+0	+0	+1	+1	Leadership, sea prowess
2nd	+1	+1	+1	+1	Commander knack
3rd	+2	+1	+2	+2	Sea tactician
4th	+3	+1	+2	+2	Commander knack
5th	+3	+2	+3	+3	Avast, hearts up
6th	+4	+2	+3	+3	Commander knack
7th	+5	+2	+4	+4	Master sea tactician
8th	+6	+3	+4	+4	Commander knack
9th	+6	+3	+5	+5	Master and commander
10th	+7	+3	+5	+5	Commander knack

but characters from all paths of life can choose this prestige class. It also works well in conjunction with the sea reaver barbarian archetype or various other sea-themed class archetypes.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become an Ulfen sea captain, a character must fulfill all of the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +7.

Skills: Climb 5 ranks, Diplomacy 7 ranks, Intimidate 7 ranks, Swim 5 ranks.

Feats: Weapon Focus.

Special: Must possess a ship able to sustain a 10-member crew at least.

Class Skills

The Ulfen sea captain's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Acrobatics (Dex), Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Diplomacy (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (geography, local, nature) (Int), Linguistics (Int), Perception (Wis), Profession (sailor) (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), Survival (Wis), and Swim (Str).

Skill Ranks at Each Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

The following are class features of the Ulfen sea captain prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: An Ulfen sea captain is proficient with all simple and martial weapons, light armor, medium armor, and shields (not including tower shields).

Leadership (Ex): At 1st level, an Ulfen sea captain gains the Leadership feat as a bonus feat. If she already had that feat, she gains a +2 bonus on her leadership score. Her cohort is the ship's quartermaster, who can be up to one level lower than the captain herself.

Sea Prowess (Ex): An Ulfen sea captain gains a bonus equal to 1/2 her class level on Acrobatics, Climb, and Swim checks. At 5th level, she never suffers any penalty on these checks due to slippery surfaces, unsteady surfaces, or rough/stormy water.

Commander Knacks: At 2nd level and every two levels thereafter, an Ulfen sea captain gains one of the following commander knacks. An Ulfen sea captain can't select an individual commander knack more than once, unless specified.

At It, My Lads (Sp): An Ulfen sea captain with the rage class feature can issue an attack order to her crew once per day, with the same effects of a *rage* spell with a caster level equal to the Ulfen sea captain's effective barbarian level plus her Ulfen sea captain level.

I'm the One in Command (Su): An Ulfen sea captain gains a +2 bonus on Will saves against enchantment spells or effects.

Sage Commander (Su): An Ulfen sea captain gains new spells per day as if he had also gained a level in a spellcasting class she belonged to before he added the prestige class. This knack can be selected more than once.

Scoundrel Commander (Ex): An Ulfen sea captain with the sneak attack class feature gains a +1d6 sneak attack bonus as per the rogue class ability. The bonuses on damage stack. This knack can be selected more than once.

Spiritual Omens: An Ulfen sea captain with levels in a divine spellcasting class may commune with the spirits of sea, storms and ancestors, gaining one of the following oracle revelations: guiding star (Heavens mystery), natural divination (Nature mystery; the Ulfen sea captain reads omens in clouds and waves rather than in dirt or stone), star chart (Heavens mystery; the Ulfen sea captain communes with the spirits in lightning and storms rather than contemplate a star chart), transcendental bond (Nature mystery). The effective oracle level of the Ulfen sea captain for the purpose of gaining and using these abilities is equal to her divine spellcaster level plus her Ulfen sea captain level. This knack can be selected more than once; each time it grants a different revelation.

War Commander (Ex): An Ulfen sea captain gains a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls. This knack may be selected more than once.

Weather Reader (Sp): An Ulfen sea captain may use *read weather*



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as a spell-like ability a number of times per day equal to 3 + his Charisma modifier.

Sea Tactician (Ex): At 3rd level, an Ulfen sea captain gains a bonus teamwork feat. She can grant this feat to all allies within 300 feet who can see and hear her. This works just as a cavalier's tactician ability, except that the Ulfen sea captain is not required to meet the prerequisites for this bonus feat.

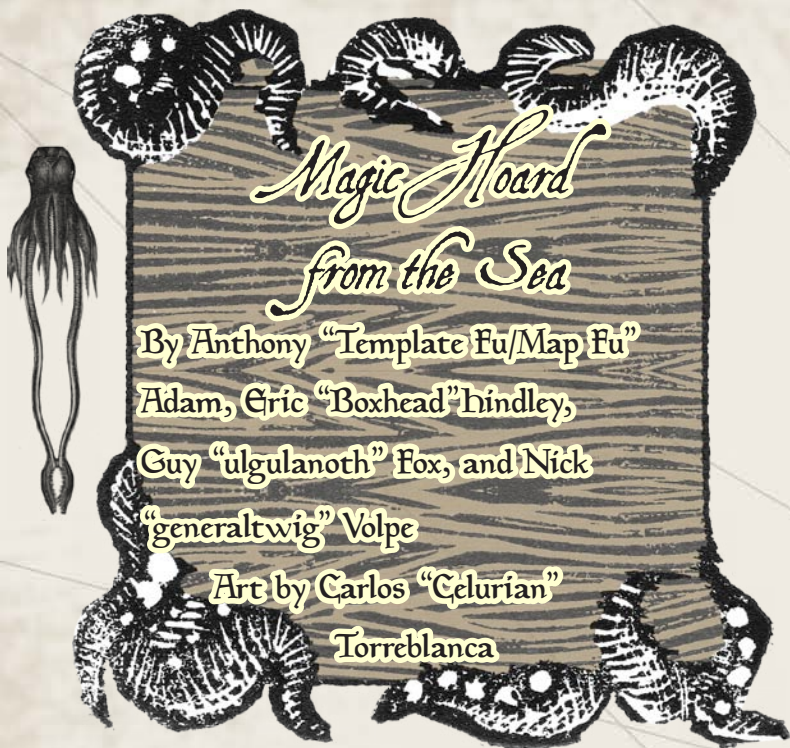
Avast, Hearts Up (Ex): At 5th level, an Ulfen sea captain can take a standard action to make an encouraging speech or a brief rallying cry in the heart of battle, giving her allies one of the following benefits:

- Any ally affected by a fear effect may attempt a new saving throw against each fear effect on him; this new save has a morale bonus equal to the Ulfen sea captain's Charisma bonus.
- Allies gain a bonus on attack rolls equal to the Ulfen sea captain's Charisma bonus. This benefit lasts 1 round for each Ulfen sea captain class level.
- Allies gain a bonus on AC and Reflex saves equal to the Ulfen sea captain's Charisma bonus. This benefit lasts 1 round for each Ulfen sea captain class level.
- Raging allies gain a number of extra rounds of rage equal to 1/2 the Ulfen sea captain's Charisma bonus.

Master Sea Tactician (Ex): At 7th level, an Ulfen sea captain receives an additional teamwork feat as a bonus feat. She is not required to meet the prerequisites for this feat. This ability functions otherwise as the cavalier's master tactician ability.

Master and Commander (Ex): At 9th level, once per round an Ulfen sea captain can roll twice on any Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, or Sense Motive check and take the better roll. Once per day, instead of rolling one of these skill checks, she can assume the roll resulted in a natural 20. 





BOAT SHIELD

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 7th
Slot shield; **Price** 6,270 gp; **Weight** 45 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This shield acts as a +2 *tower shield* until immersed in water. Doing so immediately transforms the shield into a rowboat with two oars. If the oars are lost, they are remade the next time the shield is turned into a boat. Returning the rowboat into a shield requires a command word after the rowboat has been removed from water.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *warp wood*;
Cost 3,135 gp

CUTLASS OF THE DEEP

Aura strong conjuration; **CL** 10th
Slot none; **Price** 200,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This hooked, black blade is a +2 *icy burst* menacing *cutlass*. It grants its wielder a +5 enhancement bonus to Swim checks and the ability to breathe underwater. As a swift action, the wielder may walk on water as per the *water walk* spell for up to 100 minutes per day. This time need not be consecutive, but it must be spent in 10-minute increments. Once per day, as a standard action, the wielder may cause icy tentacles to erupt from the water or ground around her as per the spell *black tentacles*. The effect moves with the wielder and does not affect her allies. The icy tentacles are effective on water, underwater, and on dry ground.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *air bubble*, *black tentacles*, *touch of the sea*, *water walk*; **Cost** 100,000 gp

EVERLASTING ECHO SHELL

Aura faint transmutation; **CL** 4th
Slot none; **Price** 750 gp; **Weight** 1/2 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This hand-sized conch relays the messages it hears. A creature can whisper up to 25 words into the shell's siphonal canal. Any creature that puts it against its ear hears the whispered message. An *everlasting echo shell* retains a message until a new one is whispered into it.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *whispering wind*;
Cost 375 gp

GRAPPLING HOOK HAND

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 7th
Slot hands; **Price** 10,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

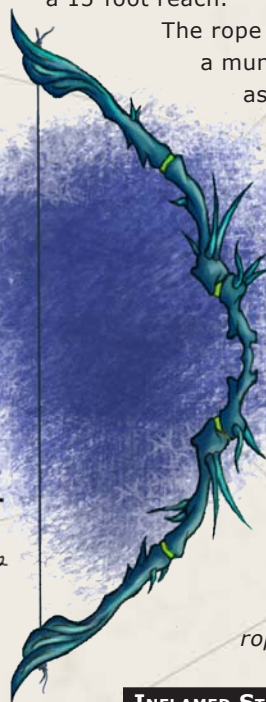
This lusterless obsidian-hued iron hook is attached to a cup that can be placed over an existing hand or stump. On command, it projects a length of rope up to 50 feet long. It can be propelled outward as a grappling hook, the end magically finding purchase on any surface it can pierce. If commanded to unhook, it spools back into its base. On command, it enwraps an opponent, allowing the wearer to make a grapple check with a 15-foot reach.

The rope can be spooled out entirely and used as a mundane 50-foot rope. It can be fed back in as a standard action, but the item's other abilities do not function as long as the rope is removed. Note that only the original rope (with its hook) can be placed in the *grappling hook hand*.

In addition, the hook can be used as a simple light melee weapon (Medium 1d6, Small 1d4, x2 critical modifier), or a thrown weapon with a 10-foot range increment. The rope spools back into the base very quickly, returning as a swift action if the hook is unencumbered (i.e., not grappling, hooked, etc.).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *animate rope*, *telekinesis*; **Cost** 5,000 gp



INFLAMED STITCHER

Aura faint enchantment; **CL** 1st
Slot none; **Price** 1,500 gp; **Weight** —

DESCRIPTION

This blunt iron needle is used to stitch sailors back together. Three times per day, as a standard action, an *inflamed stitcher* can be used to cast *cure light wounds*. The target receives an inflamed jagged scar. So long as the scar is visible, it grants a +1 enhancement bonus to Intimidate checks. A creature only gains one scar per day, and the benefits of a scar last one week. The bonuses granted by multiple scars stack, up to a maximum bonus of +5.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *compel hostility*, *cure light wounds*; **Cost** 750 gp

INK COMPASS

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 8th

Slot none; **Price** 3,200 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This large compass, five inches in diameter, has no needle and is filled with ink. When the compass is aboard a sea vehicle, the ink forms tendrils pointing toward the nearest landmasses and ports, the thickness of the tendrils indicating proximity. Additionally, the tendrils indicate dangers, such as obstacles or approaching creatures. The ship's pilot gains a +4 bonus to



driving checks as well as Survival checks to navigate.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *know direction, moment of prescience*; **Cost** 1,600 gp

PEG-LEG OF STABILITY

Aura moderate transmutation; **CL** 6th

Slot feet; **Price** 8,000 gp; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

This gilded, rune-covered peg-leg replaces a lost foot. It grants its wearer the ability to completely ignore the lost leg, suffering no penalties for the missing limb. In addition, it gives the wearer a +2 bonus on Acrobatics checks made while at sea. Once per day, it can be used to grant the wearer the effects of *water walk* for one hour.

More rarely, this item is crafted as a pair of boots. The cost for a pair of boots of stability is the same, though they have no impact on lost limbs.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *cat's grace, water walk*; **Cost** 4,000 gp

SAILOR'S PROMISE

Aura strong conjuration; **CL** 14th

Slot neck; **Price** 168,000 gp; **Weight** 1/2 lb.

DESCRIPTION

Each of this pair of pear-shaped silver amulets is inlaid with three gems. Once per day, as a standard action, a wearer can activate an amulet by holding one of its three gems in the heart of their palm. The effect depends on the gem being embraced. One sends a "sojourn" invitation to the wearer of the matching amulet, another sends a "tarriance" invitation, and the third accepts an invitation. Accepting a sojourn teleports the accepting wearer, without error, to within 10 feet of the inviting wearer. Accepting a tarriance teleports the inviting wearer, without error, to within 10 feet of the accepting wearer.

Both creatures must be wearing their *sailor's promise* and on the same place for an invitation to be sent successfully. An invitation lasts for 1 minute, after which time the invitation is wasted.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *word of recall*; **Cost** 84,000 gp

SKALLAGRUNDR'S REVENGE

Aura strong evocation; **CL** 12th

Slot none; **Price** 128,000 gp; **Weight** 3 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This +4 *adaptive human bane icy burst composite longbow* is carved from ancient linnorm bone and steams with frigid menace. Non-magical arrows fired from the bow transform into solid ice and melt away 1d4 rounds later, leaving no trace. Targets hit by these ice arrows are affected as if by an ancient linnorm death curse. Victims who fail a Fortitude save (DC 10 + 1/2 the wielder's character level or HD + the wielder's Con modifier) can never gain the benefit of *water breathing*, and if they possess this ability, lose it as long as they suffer the curse. In addition, targets can hold their breath only half as long as normal, and the cursed creature is *sickened* as long as it holds its breath.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *bestow curse*; **Cost** 64,000 gp

TERRIFYING SQUID HELM

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 7th

Slot head; **Price** 20,000 gp; **Weight** 2 lbs.

DESCRIPTION

This tall, pointed helm includes a mask of bronze-sculpted tentacles. It is covered in eldritch runes that weave slowly in a disconcerting pattern. When the helm is donned, the mask of tentacles writhes to life, grasping at foes and causing their skin to crawl.

The wearer of the helm gains an additional attack from the grasping tentacles. This attack is treated as a secondary natural attack (-5 to hit), and deals 1d4 + 1/2 Strength modifier damage, plus grab. Any opponent hit with this attack must make a Will save (DC 13) or become shaken for 1 round.

Once per day, the full power of the mask can be used to terrify opponents as with a *scare* spell (DC 13).

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *black tentacles, scare*; **Cost** 10,000 gp



Tempest Tossed

By John C. "ValmarTheMad" Rock

Art by Stephen Wood

"I shouted, 'Fortune favors fools!' caught Greemo by the scruff, leapt the rail, and cast us both into the sea." Imarra quirked her delicate eyebrow, "Your brilliant plan was to drown?"

Valen shook his head, confused, "And all the rest was just for show?"

Cyon sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose before answering, "No, Imarra; that was a fantastic improvisation under conditions that would have killed every lesser man." His narrowed eyes flicked to Valen, "*All the rest*" was certainly not '*just for show*'. Rather, it was a critical element of the grand misdirection and obfuscation crucial to the resolution of my—truly—brilliant plan."

Imarra smiled warmly, the tiniest hint of mirth swimming deep within her blue eyes. She placed her long, slender fingers atop Cyon's wrist. "Start at the beginning and I'm sure we'll see the brilliance."

Cyon looked off into the grey mist beyond the cracked window of Drenchport's Lucky Star and sighed. He signaled for another glass of their finest—for Drenchport—wine, his face firmly fixed in a grimace of suffering and strained forbearance.

Valen glanced at Imarra while surreptitiously pulling out his journal and a quill. "Is this a safe place to discuss such things?"

Imarra looked meaningfully from Valen to Cyon and back, but Cyon shrugged her off, "Most assuredly not a safe place." He frowned into the wine, his refined elven nose wrinkling, "We are surrounded by the dregs—literal and figurative—of every cultured society's worst outcasts, rejects and malcontents. You could not find a more miserable collection of pickpockets, pirates, prostitutes, pissants, pustules or miscellaneous murderous scum anywhere in this world or the nine hells below." He winced as he drank, "Which is precisely where this wine deserves to be."

Valen swallowed anxiously, Imarra buried a soft laugh behind a delicate cough, and a rather large blue-grey cat leapt atop the rickety table to lick at scraps. Cyon leaned in, motioning the others closer as his voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper, "Be aware that once this tale is told, we may have to fight or run for our very lives at any moment. And, given the odds..." His head popped up long enough for his spark-silver eyes to sweep over the rest of the leaky, haze-choked tavern and its surly patrons, "...I would strongly suggest running."

A large, wide-brimmed, white-plumed hat plopped atop his head, Captain Skeethan "Luckybone" Veevaunt swaggered into The

Drowned Rat with an aura of confident arrogance that defied his small stature. If he found the tavern's name ironic or offensive, he didn't let it show. Instead, the white-furred ratfolk strolled inside, his cape's red silk lining flashing with every step, mirroring the sparkle in his round, red eyes. Around his thin waist he wore a finely tooled black leather belt. The clasp was a wide, flat, golden plate embossed with the image of a sailing ship and set with precious gems. Upon that marvelous belt hung an exquisite (if short) rapier and a marvel of Alkenstar's finest in firearms technology. His polished boot heels thumped across the filthy tavern floor. Atop his somewhat thin shoulders rode a rather hefty exotic Kyonian pointed cat, its long tail twitching in time to its master's footfalls.

Behind Captain Veevaunt strode the largest half-orc many within the Rat had ever seen, and it took at least two glances to realize the intimidating creature was, in fact, female. Her skin was sun-tanned and dusky brown, covered in raised black tattoos of cannibalistic Ghol-Gan origin. Her long legs were thickly muscled, scarred, and bare from ankle to hip. Her stunning physique was clearly evident in the powerful build of her arms, her large shoulders, and the rippling pack of muscles beneath the skin of her bare midriff. She wore a minimal wrap of thin, fine silk around her waist and chest, but it concealed little and left even less to the imagination.

Her clean-shaven head was decorated with demonic tattoos and innumerable piercings of bone, steel and gold. A line of spikes ran from her high forehead to the base of her skull. Two small golden hoops pierced her lips, accentuating the sharpened steel caps that covered her slightly protuberant canines. Her dark eyes harbored a keen intelligence but hinted at a ruthless temper. Drunken patrons stumbled removing themselves from her path—making a wide berth for the more diminutive captain in the process.

Veevaunt strode boldly towards the large, reserved table in the back. He held his hands crossed over his belt, thumbs hooked on either side of the massive buckle and each finger sporting a gold or platinum ring. As he walked he nodded and grinned at the ale-addled patrons, his rodent-like features making the gesture far more disturbing than cordial. Those who hadn't left upon seeing the half-orc took only a moment of beady, glittering, red-eyed contact before suddenly deciding that they desperately needed to be somewhere else. Veevaunt watched them scurry away, smiling inwardly at the chaos his arrival had caused.

Tessa Fairwind, Mistress of Quent and captain of the sloop-of-war Luck of the Draw, didn't seem impressed. She fixed her stern grey eyes upon him and Skeethan had the uncomfortable feeling of staring down two Alkenstar cannons.

"Was that entirely necessary?" she asked in a voice as steely and cold as her gaze.

"I fear that it was." Smiling politely, Veevaunt doffed his impressively plumed hat. With a deep (and only moderately mockingly) bow, he addressed the floor beneath his feet. "Captain 'Luckybone' Veevaunt makes an astonishing impression wherever the tides wash him." He straightened to his full four-foot six-inches of height. "And now he stands ready to do his duty on behalf of his impending Queen and her soggy country—or whatever it is that you prefer I swear my undying piratical fealty to."

Tessa's chilly demeanor remained unfrozen by Veevaunt's attempts at charm. "The ritual is impressive, but it only lasts so long. Your plan is bold, but it requires fantastic coordination, precision, and flawless manipulation." She cleared her throat and a well-muscled and well-tanned man brought her a goblet of wine. "The great gamble begins within the hour. Tomorrow you fly the pennant that I gave you. You remember the words, and your beast knows the Eye?"

Veevaunt stood and nodded, “Aye, aye, and aye-aye, my Icy Magnificence. The Winds of Fortune is absolutely ship-shape, my salty seadogs strain their leashes, my fearless feline feels the tidal tug of the open ocean, and my dour yet piercingly brilliant first mate, Percy,” he waved at the half-orc and flicked a glance over the cat atop his shoulders, “yearns for nothing but strong winds at her back and a fast ship beneath her feet.” Percy snorted loudly and spat something large, sticky, and green onto the polished wooden floor. Veevaunt smiled broadly, “She’s choked with enthusiasm.”

Tessa remained a statue of ice, chiseled into her throne-like chair at the high table of The Drowned Rat. Its red velvet cushions reminded Veevaunt too much of the color of freshly spilled blood, yet he found it more cheerful than the Mistress of Quent’s frozen manner.

“Kraken and Blood Moon are with us. Endymion and his mutinous crew aboard the Tyrannous are too stupid to see the advantage we offer them in our little game, so I’m not cutting them in.” Tessa took a carefully measured sip of her iced wine, her eyes never leaving Veevaunt’s, “That leaves you to run your gambit against Bonefist. I paid your way into the Free Captain’s Regatta. I do hope you succeed. Double-cross me, and...” She ran her finger along the top of her glass.

Tessa stood effortlessly and walked around to the other side of the table with the alluring gait of one who has spent her entire life atop the rolling deck of a ship. She pressed her glass of wine into Veevaunt’s rodent-like hand. “Be sure that Bonefist swallows the hook or your death is assured.”

Bonefist’s grin showed nothing but black gaps amid a few golden teeth, and his fetid breath struck Veevaunt like a blow to the head, but the real pain came from throwing away the royal flush he had in his hands—knave to king and everything in between. Veevaunt frowned and sighed loudly, his pain less feigned than anyone could know. The pile before him contained a multitude of his precious rings, a pile of gold coins, various writs and deeds (forgeries), his ornate belt buckle and

the belt—rapier and firearm attached. Shaking his head he palmed away three cards, leaving himself with only Two Pair, “My luck has run aground.”

Bonefist had wagered everything as well, including his own murderous pistol, but his hungry eyes never left Veevaunt’s newer one. The ratfolk tossed down his cards and Bonefist roared in triumph, winning with his Peasant’s Run of five consecutive but non-matching cards. Veevaunt winced internally, but smiled graciously. He caught his opponent’s eye, “Another wager?”

He scratched his Kyonian pointed cat behind the ears, waiting to be sure he had Bonefist’s full attention before speaking. “Lo-Chi and I would like a shot at winning our valuables back.”

Bonefist clutched his new pistol with an immediate and rather unhealthy attachment, “Blow off. Y’ve nut gut anythan I wan now tha I gut yer Alkener.”

Veevaunt pressed on, “If I beat you in the Regatta tomorrow then I get all my winnings back and I get two of your ship’s cannons for my Winds of Fortune.”

Bonefist’s eyes glinted. “I seen tha ship. Nut much ta her, nut enuff ta cover yer bet when yeh gunna loose ta meh anyway.”

Veevaunt frowned and heaved a sigh, “Fine. If I lose—IF—I’ll let you shoot me with my own pistol...”

Bonefist smiled, “Tha be a right fun idear. Best be shure ya don’t run when I come fer ya, so y’ll be meh hostage aboard tha Lucre till Regatta be done and won.”

Lo-Chi stopped licking the inside of his forepaw long enough to catch Veevaunt’s eye and grin in a way most unbecoming a cat—Kyonian or not—as Veevaunt clasped Bonefist’s hand and shouted, “*I shall see your Lucre at the bottom of the ocean before tomorrow’s over!*”

Captain Skeethan “Luckybone” Veevaunt strode out of the tavern to howls of furious laughter, but when he was beyond earshot, he allowed himself a soft chuckle of his own.

Filthy Lucre’s cannons sounded like the earth itself had been rent asunder, and massive goutts of flame spat yards past the ship’s rail. Lo-Chi leapt from Veevaunt’s shoulder and raced for the stairway then



down into the belly of the ship. Luckybone clapped his hands over his ears as the next volley rang out, and Bonefist cackled and hooted, swigging whiskey from a porcelain jug.

"Yer Orken wench be gud wid tha sail, buh she no match fer mah mi-tee guns!" Bonefist appeared drunk, but Veevaunt doubted it would impair his ability to shoot him with his own pistol if the Winds of Fortune split and sank under the murderous rain of cannon shot the Filthy Lucre was belching at her.

Skeethan feigned abject fear of Lucre's cannons as best he could, but his eyes were always more focused on the horizon and the looming wind-wall of the massive Eye of Abendego than the charade off the port bow.

There, the sleek black Winds of Fortune seemed to buck and ride atop the waves, cutting smoothly across the surface of the rough waters. Her path doggedly fixed on the whirling maelstrom ahead, trying, perhaps, to either lose her pursuer as the seas swelled, or intimidate Bonefist into choosing a safer path beyond the reach of the howling winds.

But, undaunted by wind or waves and unfazed by the looming disaster, Bonefist held his course. His much heavier Lucre bashed her way through the rolling waves, the rhythmic pounding reverberating against her thick hull in counterpoint to the firing of her massive cannons.

Bonefist smiled like a madman with a secret, but Veevaunt knew the game he was playing. The white-furred rat-man glanced around the deck, wondering how far Lo-Chi had run when the first salvo fired, and when he'd scurry back topside—hoping it was before they broke the first arm of the swirling storm.

Bonefist loosed another salvo, and where the others had splashed short of the Winds of Fortune, these flew through her sails and rigging and launched geysers of salt water far into the sky just off her port side. Fortune was a fast and nimble sloop, and even the trained eyes of Lucre's gunners were having a difficult time making out her exact track and heading. Multiple shots missed by wide margins—especially as the heavy seas began to swell, each breath drawing them closer to the Eye of Abendego. Both ships pitched and rolled, cannons fired and belched, but Lucre's shots splashed into the white-capped waves more than ever.

Bonefist roared like the maelstrom winds, clapping Veevaunt on the shoulder, and dragging the much smaller ratfolk close enough to lean down and yell into his gold-ringed ear, "Yer girl won' make tha walls. I've been ta tha heart o' tha 'Dego, an nun else haf evah lived ta do tha same."

Bonefist grinned and hurled his empty jug into the thrashing waters. Spinning on his heels, he grabbed Veevaunt under his arms and hoisted him up to eye level, Bonefist's fearsome breath washing over Luckybone. As their eyes met, maniacal laughter rolled up from the Pirate King's scarred belly, "Yeh kno why I be King? Because I hav tha Hurrikan's Eye! Nun else buh meh has it! Nun else can pass 'ere wi'ou' it!" He threw Skeethan to the rolling deck, and drew his newly-acquired pistol. "Yer ship's abou' ta fall ta tha roil, and ye be gud as ded whence she sinks!"

Veevaunt scrambled to his feet, swaying as the massive ship lurched and rolled. He carefully edged closer to the rail behind him, Bonefist's heavy steps easily closing the distance despite the tumultuous seas. Luckybone pressed his back against the wooden railing, and cast a hopeless glance at the storm ahead, another at the stairway behind Bonefist, and a third into the empty waters off the Filthy Lucre's starboard beam. Lo-Chi was nowhere in sight and the Winds of Fortune struggled against the gale-force winds—her sails torn, her rigging tangling, two of her spars broken. Things were desperate.

Bonefist held him firmly with one hand, Veevaunt's pistol clutched in the other, "Time ta spatter yer brains!"

Luckybone closed his eyes, whispering "mercy pays all debts" as the cold steel barrel pressed into his fur.

Despite the raging storm his keen ears heard the click of the hammer being drawn back. The barrel slammed into his skull as Lucre bashed through another wave, and Bonefist's finger squeezed the trigger. There was a deafening crash of thunder, a wave of heat and flames, and his head exploded in pain from the concussive blast. The gun had gone off, yet Veevaunt lived! The trap worked!

Bonefist's forearm was nothing but a stump, mangled and bloody. The old pirate king's face was spattered with blood and, howling as loudly as the Eye of Abendego, he flailed with his ruined hand while feverishly attempting to draw his own pistol.

Luckybone ducked and rolled to his left, coming up on his feet a few yards away from Bonefist just as Lo-Chi—grey fur leeching through his cream colored façade—dashed across the wet deck, a gleaming azure gem in his mouth. Veevaunt ran for the starboard side of the Lucre, his strides lengthening and his height growing with every step. White fur retreated and round red eyes faded to silver almonds. At the edge of the deck a much taller Luckybone shouted, "Fortune favors fools!"

He grabbed the large grey cat by the scruff, leapt the rail of the Filthy Lucre, and cast them both into the tempestuous seas below as the Eye of Abendego raged.

* * *

Cyon grinned smugly, stroking the blue-grey cat behind the ears, its bright green eyes alight with mirrored self-satisfaction, "We stole the Hurricane's Eye, sank the Lucre, drowned the Pirate King, sailed into the very heart of the Eye of Abendego, and lived to tell the tale—of dashing Captain Veevaunt—while I sit sipping insipid wine within a leaky tavern full of filthy pirates all aching to murder poor Mr. Luckybone." He glanced at Imarra, "Now we see the brilliance?"

Valen's pen had quit moving several minutes ago, "You should be dead."

Cyon nodded, "Many times over."

Imarra looked perplexed, "The Fortune was—"

"Under a Pennant of Displacement, courtesy of soon-to-be-anointed Queen Tessa," Cyon's smug smile was almost beaming, "Percy plucked us from the roiling waters and the Hurricane's Eye protected Fortune as it had Lucre. Tessa rewarded Percy with an Admiralty of the Shackles—or something—and we celebrated the luminosity of my scheme for the entire voyage into the center of Abendego and back."

Valen leaned closer, whispering, "What's inside the Eye of Abendego?"

Cyon held up his hand, "A tale for another time."

Imarra's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Define 'celebrated'."

Cyon shook his head, sparks of merriment flashing in his eyes, "Pirates never kiss and tell."

Imarra's fine elven features darkened like the storm clouds outside, her cheeks nearly as red as her crimson hair, "Percy the Half Orc?"

"Certainly not." Cyon looked horrified for a second, then cleared his throat and stared intently at the table's rough wooden surface, "By then she was as no more orc than I was a—"

Valen's eyes widened as an absurd thought leapt into his mind, "Ravanna 'The Ravishing Raven' Percy? 'Black-Tressed Beauty of the Shackles', Captain of Heartbreaker?"

"You!" Imarra's face flushed, "Filthy—!"

"—rat." Cyon snatched Greemo from the table and leapt back, shouting, "Fortune favors fools!"



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Set on the southern edge of Azlant's ruins, Halfen is a small, almost perfectly circular atoll with a single entrance on the eastern side. Docks, piers and buildings jut out over the central lagoon and anyone looking down into the water can see more buildings on the lagoon's bottom. The town itself exists half on land and half in the water as a paired society of humans and aquatic elves, which in turn has lead to its name—originally referred to as "that half-and-half town," it quickly got shortened to "Half'n'half" and then to its present name of Halfen.

Almost all of Halfen's organisations are divided into an "over" half dealing with the land and an "under" half dealing with the sea. To the confusion of many outsiders, the townsfolk consider both halves equal.

Appearance

Most new arrivals only realise that Halfen exists as more than a scattering of huts when their ship anchors just outside the lagoon, waiting for one of the local pilots to guide it through one of the narrow channels that allow access to the docks without damaging the underwater buildings. On the south side stands the stony dome of the Temple of Water, while to the north stands the main cluster of houses, spreading around to join a thin line of buildings along the shore.

History

Halfen was founded no more than 150 years ago, when a ship smashed into an aquatic elves' home, wrecking both ship and building. The elves dragged the sailors out of the sinking ship and dumped them on the nearest island while they discussed what punishment the sailors should receive. While the elves debated, the human sailors made the best of their lot, turning their attentions to making homes for themselves from what little was available.

By the time the elves had made their choice, the humans were firmly established, and on further discussion the solid simplicity changed the elves' minds from punishment to repayment. The sailors rebuilt all the elves' buildings in the lagoon and became the above-water protective force to prevent them from being destroyed again. Meanwhile, the enforced mingling had resulted in several of the elves falling in love with some of the sailors, and with the birth of the first half-elves, the town began to take the shape it still bears today.

Thirty years ago, a swarm of sahuagin attacked in an event known locally as the Great Battle. After they were finally beaten off by the combined force of all the races in Halfen, the elves met again and decided that their human comrades-in-arms had fought as equals and should therefore be treated as equals, putting the final touch on Halfen's current way of life with the creation of the over half of organisations to match the under half.

Relations and Trade

Halfen today trades for what it can't produce with pearls, coral, and mother-of-pearl collected from the sea by the aquatic elves. The Trade Councillors rarely have to take Halfen's goods far as there are always ship captains coming and going from the town, some using Halfen as a base of operations for raiding, others for exploring the southern side of sunken Azlant. Most of the captains frequenting the town recognize that the inconvenience of needing a local pilot to get in and out is far outweighed by the convenience of having the town available for easy leave, sales, and storage.

Halfen eyes the elves of Mordant Spire with wary neutrality, keeping its distance and neither offering aid in patrolling the ruins nor openly offending them by making it obvious that they and those who use them as a base enter the ruins regularly. This neutrality is aided by the fact that Halfen and the Mordant Spire are on the opposite sides of Azlant.

Sites of Interest

Duck and Diver: Built right in the center of the lagoon, this tavern can easily be spotted from above by the large sign painted on its flat roof.

Inside, it is a tangle of ropes, allowing customers to hook a leg, tail, arm, hand, or fin into a hold that fits and rest comfortably



wherever and with whoever they choose. This is where the underguards like to gather with their captain, passing the time with raucous song and laughter, and service from retired guards **Ytolida Tenak** (LG female aquatic elf paladin 4) and **Kirahyr Nadoss** (CG female aquatic elf ranger 3).

The Lonesome Cloud: This long low stone building is always dark inside, and the night-blue painted walls do nothing to help. Set at the farthest end of the landside town, this tavern is quiet, patronised in the main bar by those looking to get seriously drunk, while the back parlour has more discerning patrons content to sample the widely varied and potent brews available here, most of them brewed by **Dibult** (CN male gnome alchemist 4), whose spiky blue hair seems to drift from one shade to another every time he comes up with a new drink.

Pearly White: A pattern of circles and spirals engraved across the walls give this combined home and jewelry shop the appearance of a slightly flattened seashell. Its owner, **Damian Vanderpoole** (NG male half-elf wizard 8), retired after his part in the Great Battle left him unable to walk without the aid of a crutch, and he now specialises in small magics and jewelry, though he has forgotten none of his battle skills. His shop is littered with samples of mother-of-pearl inlaid boxes, coral rings and pearl necklaces, but he also has a few *pearls of power* (levels 1 and 2) tucked away, and a single *pearl of the sirines*, which he sometimes borrows to visit old friends in the *Duck and Diver*. He also does a brisk trade in *potions of waterbreathing* and *elixirs of swimming*.

Temple of Water: Walls of water-rounded stone fit together to make a strong, but unmortared, dome. Inside, there is a rock pool at the foot of an altar to Gozreh. Two smaller altars to Besmara and Kelizandri are inset into the stone walls, as well as an unmarked niche and tiny plain shrine for offerings to other gods.

Over-priest **Palaraen Wavefeather** and Under-priest **Talithanse Ullaan** (CN female aquatic elf druid 5) tend the temple together, along with their sons and daughters, nieces and nephews, and a handful of unrelated novices and low ranking priests. Since Palaraen prefers Gozreh and Talithanse prefers Besmara, bantering rivalry over which is the better deity is a constant sound here, often devolving into flirting and teasing as they settle their differences in bed as often as out of it.

Wrecker's Rest: This tavern marks the spot that the first humans were dumped by the elves and is built on a short pier jutting out over the lagoon. The only entrance consists of a hatch in the floor and

a weighted rope ladder leading from the hatch down into the surf. Some of the town's youngsters earn a few coins at high tide by ferrying customers to and from the ladder in tiny coracles. Run by **Ranguera Woodbreaker** (CG venerable female half-elf expert 12), youngest daughter of one of the original sailors, the tavern serves mainly fish dishes along with ale and wine, and is frequented by all the local races. Most people here only drink in moderation, since falling off the ladder into the sea has a sharply sobering effect. Serious drinkers tend to take their custom to the *Lonesome Cloud*.

Encounters

Envy: Kero Sathan (CE halfling female cleric 5), one of the few unrelated priests, considers herself as good if not better than Talithanse and desperately wishes to take her place as priest. To that end, she is cultivating strife among the temple dwellers and turning the common banter into something rather more vicious. Palaraen has come to the end of his tether and is looking for someone to unravel the strife and bring the friendly feel of the temple back.

Sabotage: Someone has been sabotaging the *Duck and Diver's* sign, painting rude words and odd scrawls on it overnight. When the guards couldn't find any sign of the culprit, they called in Damian Vanderpoole, who identified a half-finished *symbol* among the scribbles and is looking for someone to do the active part in hunting the scribbler down.



HALFEN

CG large town

Corruption 0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +1; **Law** -1; **Lore** -2; **Society** +5

Qualities Insular, Racially Intolerant (sahuagin), Tourist Attraction

Danger +5

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government council

Population 2,500 (1,000 aquatic elves, 800 humans, 300 half-elves, 200 gnomes, 150 halflings, 50 other)

Notable NPCs

Under-Trade Councillor **Leigh Mathis** (N male half-elf bard 9)
Over-Priest **Palaraen Wavefeather** (CN male human cleric 9)
Over-Captain **Alaia Cannick** (NG female human warrior 11)
Under-Captain **Taremun Dancestriker** (CG male aquatic elf fighter 10)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 2,400 gp; **Purchase Limit** 10,000 gp;

Spellcasting 5th

Minor Items 3d4; **Medium Items** 2d4; **Major Items** 1d4

A Crew to Defend Her Seafaring Archetypes

By Jeff "Shadowborn" Lee, John
'Moonstonian' Leising, and Sheldon
"Rionus Nailo" Zamora-Soon

Art by W. Kristoph Nolen and
Stephen Wood

ARGONAUT (CAVALIER ARCHETYPE)

Whether he is a pirate, a merchant, a naval officer, or a privateer, an argonaut is a cavalier of the sea. Eschewing the horse and heavy armor of his landbound counterpart, the argonaut's ship is his steed, and his crew is his army.

Class Skills: An argonaut gains Acrobatics (Dex) as a class skill instead of Ride.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: An argonaut is not proficient with heavy armor.

Bonded Ship (Ex): The argonaut forms a special bond with his ship. The argonaut gains a +2 bonus on Climb checks while aboard this ship, and a +2 bonus on Swim checks within 30 feet of the ship. Additionally, the argonaut gains a bonus on Profession (sailor) checks equal to 1/2 his level (minimum 1) while aboard his bonded ship.

Should the argonaut leave the ship or should the ship be destroyed, he can form a bond with a new ship after spending 1 week aboard the new ship. This ability replaces mount.

Argonaut Tactics (Ex): At 3rd level, the argonaut learns to make more effective attacks in concert with his shipmates. While flanking with another member of his bonded ship's crew, the argonaut gains a flanking bonus of +3 instead of +2 on his attack rolls. This ability replaces cavalier's charge.

Sure-Footed (Ex): At 4th level, the argonaut takes no penalties when moving across slick surfaces, whether natural or magical (e.g. *grease*, *ice storm*, and *sleet storm*). He is not at risk of falling, is not denied his Dexterity bonus when moving across such areas, and does not treat them as difficult terrain. This ability replaces expert trainer.

Banner (Ex): The argonaut treats his bonded ship's



ensign—the flag that flies from its mast—as his banner. As long as the argonaut's banner is clearly visible, all allies anywhere on the argonaut's bonded ship, even if they are more than 60 ft. away or below deck, gain the benefits. It has no effect if it is not displayed on the ship's mast, and ceases to function if the mast or flag is destroyed. This ability modifies and otherwise functions as the cavalier's banner ability.

Greater Argonaut Tactics (Ex): At 11th level, when the argonaut makes a successful attack against an opponent he is flanking with another member of his bonded ship's crew, he may make a drag, reposition, or trip combat maneuver as an immediate action. This combat maneuver does not provoke attacks of opportunity. This ability replaces mighty charge.

Greater Banner (Ex): Instead of waving his banner through the air, the argonaut makes a rallying cry as a standard action to grant an additional saving throw. This ability modifies and otherwise functions as the cavalier's greater banner ability.

Supreme Argonaut Tactics (Ex): At 20th level, when the argonaut makes a successful attack against an opponent he is flanking with another member of his bonded ship's crew, but before he rolls damage, the argonaut can activate this ability as a swift action. If he does so, each crewmate flanking that opponent may make an attack of opportunity against it, before the argonaut rolls his damage.

If at least one crewmate also hits the opponent, the argonaut deals an additional 1d10 points of damage for each hit, including his own. This extra damage is not multiplied on a critical hit. This ability replaces supreme charge.

Orders: The following orders complement the argonaut archetype: Order of the Dragon and Order of the Lion.

COMMANDER (CAVALIER ARCHETYPE)

Of all those who ply the seas of Golarion, only a few are talented or daring enough to rise through the ranks and gain ships of their own. For those that do, even fewer have that rare mix of skill, commitment and daring to truly “command”. Whether they are marshaling hands to brave the storms of the Eye of Abendego, leading a boarding party for glory and plunder, or haggling with strange Mauxi tribesman on a far Mwangi shore, the commander embodies the spirit of his mission, the vessel and his crew.

Like the mounted knights of the mainland realms, the commander must be a warrior, a leader and a diplomat to hold his crew together and overcome the dangers of the Inner Sea. His ship is his steed and sworn duty. Aside from his order, a commander's commission is their highest priority.

Class Skills: A commander adds Knowledge (geography) and Knowledge (local) skills to his list of class skills, replacing Handle Animal and Craft.

Commission (Ex): A commander is served by and is loyal to his ship. He may not be the final authority, but hands jump to his command. The commander gains a +4 bonus on Diplomacy or Intimidate checks with the crew under his command, and a +2

bonus on Profession (sailor) checks made while at the helm. Each level the commander and ship are together, he gains an additional +1 competence bonus on all ship navigation and piloting skills. In addition, the commander can always take 10 in these situations.

A commander's bond with his commission is strong, almost as if he can feel and anticipate his ships moods and moves. Should a commander leave or get separated from his commission, he may find a new vessel to serve on after one week of mourning. The commander loses any bonuses from his commission until he gains a level under the new commission, whereupon his bonuses begin again at +1. This ability replaces mount.

Commander's Charge (Ex): At 3rd level, a commander learns to make more accurate attacks when sending his ship and crew to battle. At the helm, the commander gains a +2 competence bonus on grappling, ramming or shearing attempts. He also gains a +2 competence bonus to break an enemy ship's grapple. This ability replaces cavalier's charge.

Expert Plotter (Ex): At 4th level, a commander learns to plot an optimal course with unsurpassed expertise. The commander receives a bonus equal to 1/2 his level whenever he uses Knowledge (geography) to set a course or check the day's progress. His knowledge of winds and currents can also coax an additional 10% of speed from his commission for every three levels after 4th.

This ability replaces expert trainer.

Deft Charge (Ex): At 11th level, a commander learns to make devastating charge attacks even in the close confines of a ship. The commander may charge through difficult terrain, even while making an Acrobatics check to jump from ship-to-ship. In addition, the commander can perform a free bull rush, disarm, sunder, or trip combat maneuver if his charge attack is successful. This free combat maneuver does not provoke an attack of opportunity. This ability replaces mighty charge.

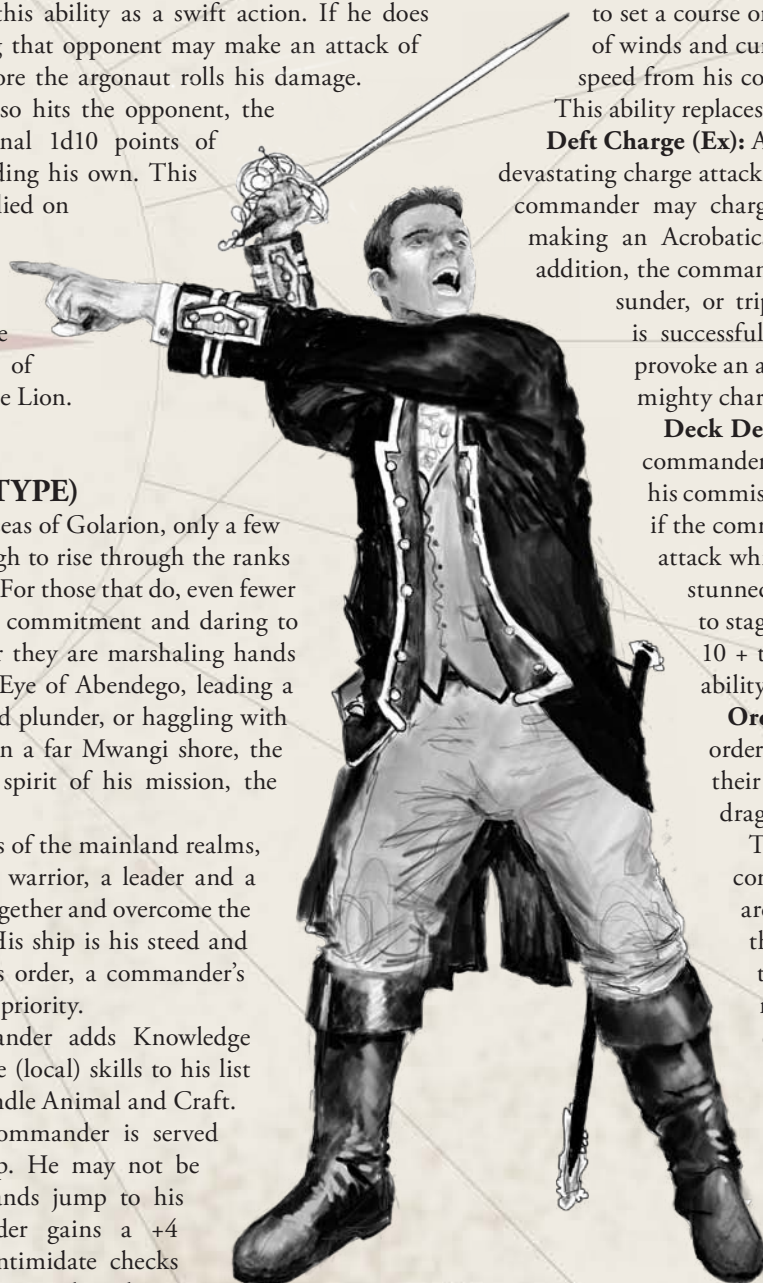
Deck Defender (Ex): At 20th level, whenever the commander makes a charge attack while defending his commission, he deals double damage. In addition, if the commander confirms a critical hit on a charge attack while on board his commission, his target is stunned for 1d4 rounds. A Will save reduces this to staggered for 1d4 rounds. The DC is equal to 10 + the commander's base attack bonus. This ability replaces supreme charge.

Order (Ex): The tenets of the following orders are relevant both to commanders and their land-bound brethren: the orders of the dragon, the lion and the star.

The order of the coin and order of the compass are specific to the commander archetype and guide their voyages. While there are sworn commanders among the Shackles pirates, their self-centered natures often lead them to the order of the cockatrice and often to the bottom of the Fever Sea.

Order of the Coin

Edicts: Founded in and reflecting the values of mighty Absalom, the order of the coin is always on the lookout for advantage. The members of this order believe that restrictions



on trade are ultimately bad for everyone, and are committed to the wisdom of the markets and the greater good created by allowing one to profit from their efforts or circumstance.

Challenge: Whenever the commander issues a challenge, he receives a +1 morale bonus on all his combat maneuver checks, as well as skill checks for feints or misdirection. This bonus increases by +1 for every four levels the commander possesses.

Skills: An order of the coin commander adds Appraise (Int) to his list of class skills. The commander is a shrewd judge of character and receives a bonus on his Bluff checks equal to 1/2 his commander level (minimum +1) when negotiating.

Order Abilities: A cavalier belonging to the order of the coin gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Opportunity Knocks (Ex): At 2nd level, the commander can use his wits to baffle his opponents. He may use a Bluff check to temporarily bewilder an enemy, making them unable to make attacks of opportunities until the start of their next round. The DC of this check is equal to 10 + the opponent's base attack bonus + the opponent's Wisdom modifier. If the commander's opponent is trained in Sense Motive, the DC is instead equal to 10 + the opponent's Sense Motive bonus, if higher.

Press The Advantage (Ex): At 8th level, an order of the coin commander who successfully uses a dirty trick combat maneuver against an opponent extends the effect for another round. If the commander has the Greater Dirty Trick feat, the effect lasts for 1d8 rounds plus 1 round for every 5 by which his attack exceeds the target's CMD.

Show of Force (Ex): At 15th level, the commander can cow an opposing force with a show of unity and prowess by his superior crew. From his commissioned vessel he may make an Intimidate check as if he had the Dazzling Display feat, even if he does not meet the prerequisites for the feat. The area of this effect includes his commission and any grappled vessels, if beyond the 30-foot circle. In addition, the commander gains a +1 bonus on the check for every three crew members by which his force outnumbers his opponents.

Order of the Compass

Edicts: This Andoran order strives to discover new lands and preserve the freedom of all to explore uncharted waters. They defend the rights of native inhabitants and struggle against those who would claim sovereignty over the waves. Their goals often line up with those of the Pathfinder Society.

Challenge: Whenever an order of the compass commander issues a challenge, he receives a +1 morale bonus on all his attack rolls as long as the target has attacked the commander or his allies. This bonus increases by +1 for every four levels the commander possesses.

Skills: The commander adds Knowledge (history) (Int) and Knowledge (nature) (Int) to his list of class skills. He can make Knowledge (local) skill checks untrained. If he has ranks in Knowledge (local), he receives a bonus on checks equal to 1/2 his commander level (minimum +1) to determine customs with those he has not contacted before.

Order Abilities: A cavalier belonging to the order of the coin gains the following abilities as he increases in level.

Come in Peace (Ex): At 2nd level, an order of the compass commander gains the ability to moderate his attacks to disable his foe. He no longer takes a -4 penalty when attacking with a lethal weapon to deal nonlethal damage. When dealing nonlethal damage, the commander receives a +2 bonus on damage rolls. When the commander makes use of this ability, he must attempt to subdue his target without killing it; dealing lethal damage after using this ability, or allowing his allies to

kill the target, is considered a violation of his edicts.

First Contact (Ex): At 8th level, the commander can use his knowledge and instincts to communicate without a common language. With a DC 10 Diplomacy check he can share simple messages with intelligent creatures that do not understand the commander's language. Standard diplomacy modifiers apply for more complex communication.

The commander requires a DC 10 Sense Motive check to correctly recognize a response to his first message. A +1 circumstance bonus is granted after each exchange, up to +5 on both skill checks.

Wanderer's Will (Su): At 15th level, the commander can gain the benefits of the *freedom of movement* spell for a number of minutes per day equal to his level. This duration does not need to be consecutive, but it must be used in 1 minute increments.

The ability also allows the commander to move and attack normally while underwater, provided he attacks with a melee weapon. It does not, however, grant water breathing. The commander can invoke this ability for one minute per level per day.

MARINE (FIGHTER ARCHETYPE)

Whether a merchantman, warship, or pirate vessel, ships have need of fighters. Trained in techniques suited to ship-to-ship combat, marines are the ship's first line of defense, or the first over the rails in a boarding party.

Class Skills: A marine gains Acrobatics (Dex) as a class skill instead of Ride.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency: A marine is not proficient with heavy armor or tower shields.

Make Do with What's at Hand: The marine is trained to fight using whatever is available, from belaying pins and boathooks to cannonballs and cleavers. At first level the marine gains Catch Off-Guard and Throw Anything as bonus feats. This ability replaces the bonus fighter combat feat gained at 1st level.


Sea Legs (Ex): At 2nd level, the marine gains a +1 bonus on CMD checks to attempt a bull rush, dirty trick, drag, reposition, or trip and to CMD against these maneuvers, so long as both the marine and his opponent are aboard a waterborne vessel. This bonus also applies to Acrobatics checks used to maintain balance. This bonus increases by +1 for every four levels beyond 2nd. This ability replaces bravery.

Hand over Fist (Ex): Marines learn to climb quickly about a ship's rigging. At 3rd level, the marine's penalty for accelerated climbing is reduced by 1. This penalty is reduced by an additional 1 for every three levels beyond 3rd, to a minimum of 0 at 15th level. This ability replaces armor training 1.

Learning the Ropes (Ex): At 7th level, the marine is able to use the ship's ropes and rigging to significant advantage in combat. By swinging on a rope, a marine can make a charge attack without having to move in a straight line to his target, even swinging over the rail and traveling over the water to avoid obstacles and reach the target. This ability replaces armor training 2.

Know the Ropes (Ex): At 11th level, the marine's ability with ropes increases. The marine retains his Dexterity bonus to AC while climbing ropes, nets, or rigging. Additionally, when swinging on a rope as part of a charge attack, the -2 penalty to AC only counts during the movement of the charge, ending once the attack is resolved. This ability replaces armor training 3.

Know the Ropes 2 (Ex): At 15th level, the marine provokes no attacks of opportunity for movement during a charge attack while swinging on a rope. This ability replaces armor training 4.

Old Salt (Ex): At 19th level, the marine gains a +4 dodge bonus to Armor Class while fighting aboard a waterborne vessel. This ability replaces armor mastery. 



A Pathfinder Roleplaying Game adventure for 4-6 characters of level 1.

Goblins have been raiding the crops and livestock of “Pig’s Trotter” for the last few weeks now. Nobody knows where they’ve come from or what they’re doing here but local farmers are sufficiently displeased with their activities to have offered a 200gp reward to have them stopped.

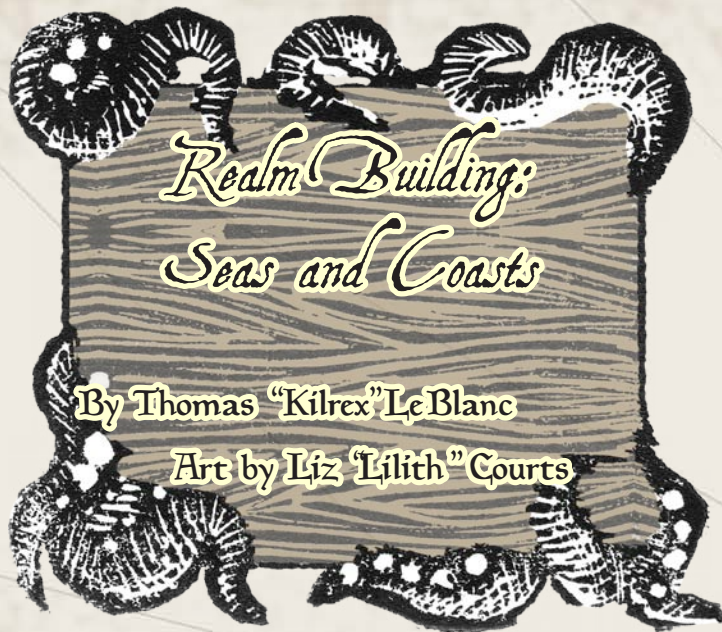
Sounds like a nice little job for a neophyte group of adventurers out for their first taste of fame and glory. “I mean it’s just a Goblin-Bash, right? What could possibly go wrong ...”



Four Dollar Dungeons are standalone adventures designed to be logical, entertaining, challenging and balanced, and easily integrated into any campaign world.

Each adventure has enough material to last two to three playing sessions and enough experience to raise four characters of the appropriate level up by one extra level. Treasure is commensurate with the encounter challenges faced. Scaling information is included for adventuring parties of five or six.

Although The Firemaker begins in a small village, most of the action takes place underground.



Presented in this article are expanded rules for creating kingdoms and settlements, as well as new rules for raising and maintaining a naval presence.

Kingdoms

The following section builds upon the rules presented in *Pathfinder Adventure Path #32: Rivers Run Red* and the "Realm Building" article in *Wayfinder #5: The Harrowed Lands* for creating cities and kingdoms.

Claiming Water Hexes

If a water hex is adjacent to a kingdom's land hex, the kingdom may claim it if they have a navy (see below). Enemy fleets move through water hexes undetected unless a means of spotting them exists within each hex.

Map: Special Resources

Harbor: Used by ships to take refuge in a storm or provide a defensive position. This hex increases a kingdom's Stability by 1, and ships taking refuge in a harbor gain +1 DV against attackers.

Reef: This hex provides a navigation hazard due to rocks, sandbars, or other features under the water's surface. Ships without a local guide or chart suffer a -10 penalty Profession (sailor) checks unless moving at half speed.

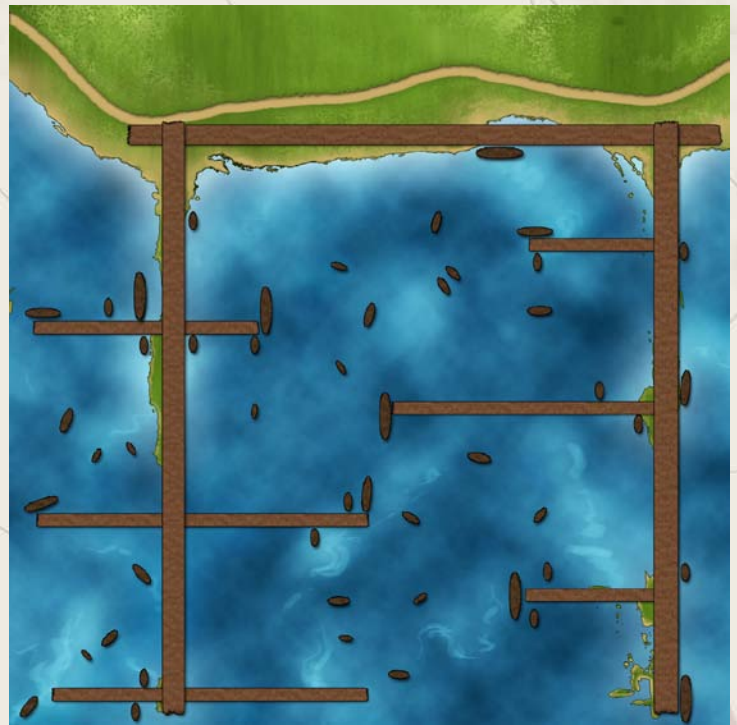
Map: New Hex Improvements

Artificial Reef (30 BP; shallow water hex only): Built by sinking ships or dumping materials, this hex provides a navigation hazard. The artificial reef has the same penalty as the reef special resource.

Fishery (5 BP; coastal hex that is 75% water): This hex is used to grow fish or other water-life and counts as a farmland hex.

Fishing Fleet (4 BP; hex that is 75% water): This hex contains a fishing fleet and counts as a farmland hex. An enemy fleet destroys the fishing fleet when moving through this hex. A fishing fleet can dock if an enemy fleet is spotted before it enters the hex.

Lighthouse (12 BP; coastal hex only): A lighthouse provides a beacon to avoid dangers or find a safe harbor at sea. *Economy +1; Gain a +2 circumstance bonus to Knowledge (geography) to know locations of noteworthy sites, Knowledge (nature) to spot natural hazards, and Survival checks to avoid getting lost.*



New Buildings

Drydock (20 BP; must be adjacent to a water border): Builds and repairs ships.

One naval ship per drydock regains hit points equal to double its CR (or hits) in 1 day. 2 city blocks.

Shipyards (42 BP; must be adjacent to a water border): Builds ships.

Reduce the Consumption cost of the entire navy, including marines, by 10%. 4 city blocks.

Warehouse (8 BP): Used for the storage of necessities or trade goods. *City base value +200 gp; Economy +1.*

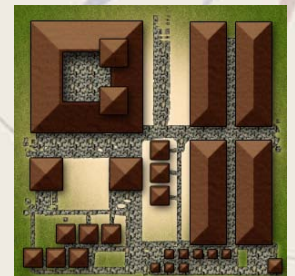


New Kingdom Events

Coastal Raid (continuous): Pirates, vikings, or enemy navies prey upon the coastline. Make a Stability check; if the kingdom lacks a navy, it suffers a -2 penalty on the check. If the check succeeds, the kingdom's defenses stop the raid. If it fails, Unrest increases by 1, the Treasury reduces by 1d6 BP, and a fishery or farmland hex improvement on the coast is destroyed. This event happens on a roll of 10–12 on the Kingdom Events chart if the kingdom has a coastal border, replacing the Bandit Activity event at the GM's discretion.

New Leadership Roles

The Admiral and Harbormaster are not needed for all kingdoms; their benefit or vacancy penalty only applies when more than 10% of the kingdom's border hexes are coastal.



ADMIRAL

The Admiral deploys the kingdom's navies and manages the coastal defenses.

Benefit The kingdom's Stability increases by the Admiral's Intelligence or Charisma modifier.

Vacancy Penalty Reduce Stability by 4; the kingdom's squadrons can't receive orders.

HARBORMASTER

The Harbormaster oversees maritime tariffs and traffic.

Benefit Increase Economy by a value equal to the Harbormaster's Wisdom or Dexterity modifier.

Vacancy Penalty The base value increase of piers and waterfronts on coastal cities is reduced by 1/2, and the Economy bonus of waterfronts is reduced to +2.

Settlements

These following options expand upon the settlement rules presented in the *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide*.

New Governments

Pirate Court: A group of pirate captains rules this settlement following the Pirate's Code and led by the Pirate King. (*Corruption and Crime +2; Danger +5; Law -2; settlement has no guards*)

Stratocracy: This settlement is led by military leaders. Law and society are supportive of their rule and they are not dictators. (*Law and Society +2; Corruption -4*)

New Qualities

Fortified: This settlement was designed with defense in mind and is always prepared to repel unwanted visitors. (*Crime and Law +1; increase city guards' and government officials' Perception checks by the Law modifier*)

Martial: A military academy, mercenaries, or warriors of great prowess make this settlement their home. (*Danger -5; increase base value and purchase limit for armor and weapons by 25%; 50% of magic items are armor and weapons*)

New Disadvantages

Disaster Prone: Natural disasters—such as earthquakes, tidal waves, and volcanic eruptions—often strike this settlement. (*Economy [Craft, Perform, and Profession skills not vital to settlements survival] and Lore [Knowledge checks only] -4*)

Targeted: Insular and strategic locations are often targeted by enemies, pirates, or others seeking to take advantage of the settlement, but the inhabitants are alert to the danger. (*Crime and Law +1; Danger +5 [+10 for humanoid encounters]; Economy and Society -1*)

Kingdom's Navies

Rules for constructing ships and determining the consumption rates for a kingdom's navy can be created by combining ship costs from *Pathfinder Adventure Path: Skull & Shackles Player's Guide*, squadron rules from *Pathfinder Adventure Path #59: The Price of Infamy*, army rules from the *Pathfinder Adventure Path #35: War of the River Kings*, and the new options presented above.

Building A Navy

Build Point Costs: If the kingdom has a city with a drydock or shipyard, it can build a naval ship. A shipyard can create 8 BP worth of ships per month. A drydock can create 4 BP worth of ships

per month, but cannot be used to repair ships during that time. A ship can only be built at one building; multiple buildings cannot combine to hasten the process. The Build Point cost of a ship is determined by dividing its total cost by 4,000 gp and rounding up to the nearest whole number. **Example:** A warship costs 25,000 gp. Dividing that by 4,000 gp equals 6.25. Therefore, the cost to build the warship is 7 BP.

Consumption: Unlike an army, the consumption cost of the navy is not equal to the BP used to create the ships. The total number of crew on all ships added together and divided by 100, then rounded up to the nearest whole number, determines the navy's total consumption in BP. **Example:** Squadron 1 has 3 junks (10 crew), Squadron 2 has 6 warships (480 crew), Squadron 3 has 8 longships (400 crew). The total number of crew members among the squadrons is 890. Dividing that by 100 equals 8.9. Therefore, the navy's consumption is 9 BP per week.

Marines

Marines are a fighting unit aboard a ship and take up passenger space. They are recruited using the army rules and use those rules for consumption and combat. Marines with ranged weapons add 1/4 of their Offensive Modifier to the squadron's attack value and may use their special abilities if they are in range. At range and during boarding, if both ships have marines, they fight using the army rules. If only one ship has marines, they may attack an occupant or siege engine (*Pathfinder Adventure Path: Skull & Shackles Player's Guide*) on the ship without marines if they are within range.

Squadron Orders

Orders given to NPC fleet admirals allow them to conduct operations without PC involvement. Orders given to a squadron can change only when it docks in a kingdom's city with a pier or waterfront. If a ship surrenders or is captured by a squadron, the ship may be added to the kingdom's navy, sunk, or released. Cargo can be added to the squadron if cargo space is available and excess cargo may be dumped into the ocean or left in the captured ship. Five tons of cargo space equal 1 BP and are not added to the kingdom's treasury until the squadron docks in a city with a pier or waterfront.


Cargo must be used to pay the consumption of squadrons traveling outside of hexes claimed by the kingdom. A fleet unable to pay its consumption reduces its morale by 4. If the penalty results in a modifier of -5 or more, the squadron mutinies. The consumption for multiple months of operations outside of the kingdom are paid when the ships leave port.

Anti-Piracy: The squadron tracks down pirates and privateers harassing maritime traffic in the kingdoms claimed water hexes. *Stability +2.*

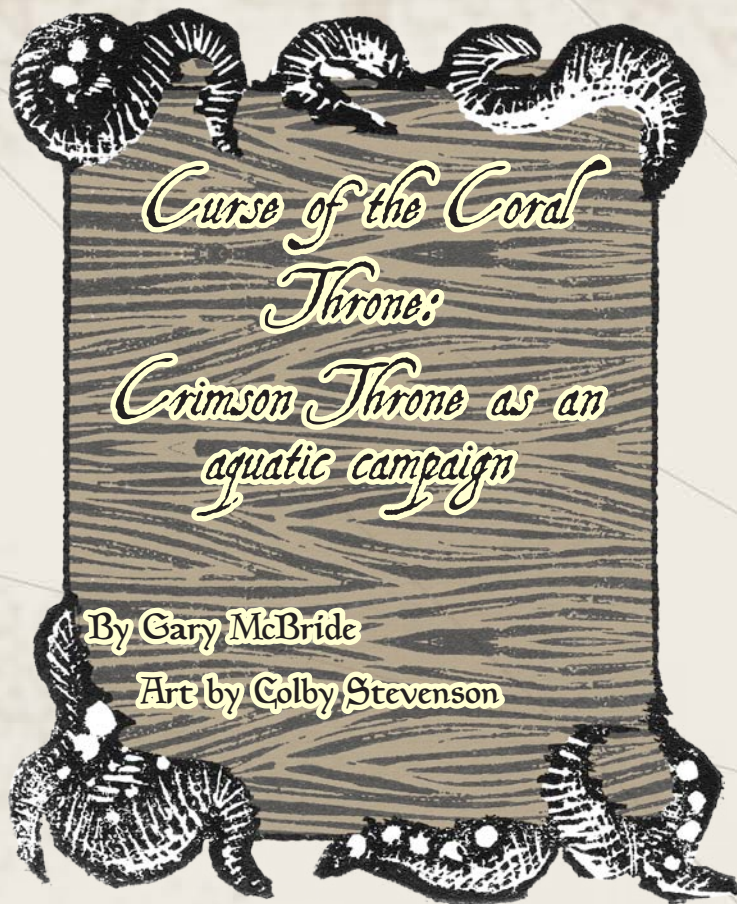
Coastal Raid: The squadron attacks unclaimed land or land controlled by another kingdom. The fleet raids one coastal hex each month, taking 1d6 BP worth of loot and causing the coastal raid event (see above).

Engage the Enemy: The squadron tracks down and fights enemy navies.

Privateer: The squadron attacks enemy or unaffiliated trade ships.

Trade: The squadron engages in trade with friendly kingdoms. *Economy +2.* 





From time to time, fans request that Paizo publish an entirely aquatic adventure path. Let me suggest that, with books already published and very little work, they already have.

Curse of the Crimson Throne is set in a port city. Imagine instead that Korvosa was underwater, several miles off the coast, and dominated by gillmen, sea elves, and undine. All the racial conflicts of the campaign between Varisian, Chelish, and Shoanti humans can easily be transferred to those three races. There are already a great number of aquatic encounters scattered throughout the adventure path, and the final battle of the campaign is set in a partially flooded statue. This is an adventure path that screams to be set beneath the waves.

There is great advantage for more experienced players in such a variant adventure path. The three Paizo bestiaries swarm with aquatic monsters and races that rarely see use. This is your chance to have your band of heroes tangle with a selkie, scylla, or sea serpent on their home turf. *Kobold Quarterly* #13 gave us the aquatic template which allows easy conversion of any land creatures into their sea-going cousins. The excellent book *Cerulean Seas* by Alluria Publishing gives us sea elves and other aquatic races so players can have real variety in their characters. And the superlative *Inner Sea World Guide* gives us the Low Azlanti themselves, the gillmen, to populate our city. Paizo's "From Sea to Shore" module makes a great side quest during Book Two.

At last all of this fine material can see use as your ragged little band of sea-going heroes dares to face the Curse of the Coral Throne!

Warning: Spoilers follow.

Book One: Edge of Anarchy

Not since long ago, when Oseanarra sank beneath the waves, has there been such upheaval in this city of the low Azlanti. The great gillman

king Eodred Coral-Helm lies dying, and all through out the city, all are uncertain whether the people will accept the rule of his beautiful sea elfen queen Ileosa.

But this is far from the mind of our aquatic heroes. Instead they seek vengeance against the crime-lord Gaedren the Hook. From his stronghold, Gaedren coordinates his empire of urchins and gill-children (his Little Fishes, as they are called) throughout the city. When our heroes are hired by Zellara the sea elf, can they guess that this fortune teller, with her pearlescent cards and desperate entreat, is actually a ghost?

When the PCs finish their errand of vengeance and recover the pearl brooch, they can return it to the sea elfen queen and earn a place in the city guard. A desperate Cressida Waverider seeks help with rogue soldiery. If our heroes can deal with Verik (CN male gillman fighter 3) and his band at the old fish shop (All the World's Catch), they will earn Cressida's respect.

Eel's End needs little change. It is still a collection of shipwrecks, simply submerged. Devargo the King of Sea-Spiders needs little change. The ambassador is not from Cheliah but actually a visiting sea elfen emissary.

The shingle chase with Trinia becomes a three-dimensional swimming chase amongst the shipwrecks and hovels of the Midlands. The Shoanti shaman is replaced by an Undine oracle from the wild tribes of the outer reefs. Vreeg is actually a sahuagin necromancer.

This book ends much the same, with the ascension of the Queen Ileosa and the daring rescue of Trinia by that colorful rogue Blackcloak, a gillman folk-hero clad in a dark mask and cape of woven kelp.

Book Two: Seven Days to the Grave

Queen Ileosa sits uneasily upon the Coral Throne as one of the submersible ships of the gillmen runs aground on an atoll not far from Oseanarra. Impaled by the sea-mount and with the shifting seasonal tide, the ship is now stranded above the water's surface. Gossip buzzes throughout the city of the strange ship, and rumors are everywhere. The event presages a horrid threat to the submerged city—the dreaded blood veil plague.

Much of this adventure requires little changes save for substituting aquatic races for the NPC normal selections. Abadar is replaced by Gozreh. The Gray Maidens become the Gray Maids, an elite all-female group of armored mermaids in the service of the sea elf queen. The *Direction* must still be explored, and atop the craggy sea-mount the PCs can find the *death's head coffers* and proof that the blood veil is no normal affliction.

Replace Gurrigz the wererat with a brutal wereshark, and the PCs can swim through old abandoned sewers that date back before the city sank. The PCs root out the cult of Urgathoa, defeat the mad gillman Doctor Davaulus, and defeat the priestess of Urgathoa behind the sea-borne scourge.

Book Three: Escape from Old Korvosa

Old Oseanarra is actually built inside a great sea-cave colonized by the original survivors long ago when the city first fell. So confined, it can be quarantined by swimming patrols of gillman soldiery and the feared Grey Maids in service to wicked Ileosa. The Red Sting assassins with their barbed blades and stingray skin hoods hunt the PCs, waiting at Vencarlo's lair. Laori Vaus, the sea elfen cleric of Zon-Kuthon, is also useable with only cosmetic changes.

The Emperor of Old Korvosa is also appropriate. He's a gillman, of course, and his horrid blood pig games are actually played with wounded, bleeding sharks that must be chased into giant crab cages. The rules of the game remain much the same. He's claimed this ancient sea cave as his own domain even though the mad gillman bard



is as much a prisoner of the wicked queen as everyone else.

The Arkona are an interesting case. The rakashasas do not seem appropriate for an aquatic campaign, so let's change them to another evil manipulator race of about the same CR—the aboleths. In truth, the Arkona are actually flesh puppets animated by the sinister aboleths. Bahor and Vimanda are the two most powerful aboleths running the cabal.

They have captured Vencarlo and Neolandis and will soon convert them into their slaves using magical implants. Then the aboleths will use these slaves to take control of Old Korvosa and continue their insidious work within the city. Of course, the PCs are likely to rescue them just in time and smash the aboleths' dreams in Oseanarra once and for all.

Book Four: A History of Ashes

At last the PCs leave the sunken city of Oseanarra and head out into the wild benthic plains of the ocean floor. It is here that they meet the undead savages who long ago aided in banishing the great black dragon Kazavon. (Remember that though black dragons are associated with swamps, they are in fact fully aquatic.)

The PCs must impress the wild undead (with their swift hippocampus mounts) and gain their aid just as in the published adventure.

The adventure keeps its fundamental form, being a complex ritual to earn the undead's trust in order to divulge a deadly secret. You can replace Cindermau with a great white whale or an advanced charybdis. The deadly rituals and temples remain much the same. This is also a great opportunity to have the PCs encounter any sea-creature you've been dying to have them tangle with.

Book Five: Skeletons of Scarwall


Scar Reef was once the seat of Kazavon's budding aquatic empire. From here the dragon sought to conquer all the peoples beneath the waves and forge a great unified slave-empire. Now it is a place of horror and undead, just as it is in the original adventure. The changes here are mostly of flavor rather than rules content.

Belshallam should gain the aquatic template, and don't miss the chance for the PCs to encounter a tarnworm or two.

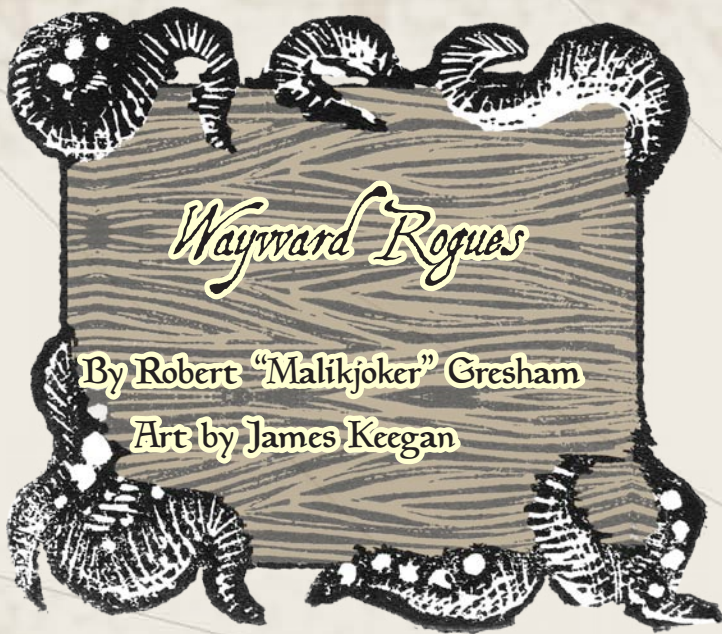
Book Six: Crown of Fangs

The basic setup of this adventure still works. The PCs are still trying to slay the queen and rescue Oseanarra from her oppression. Yzahnum becomes a marid instead of an efreet. Zarmangarof needs no changes. The idea of a gillman Sabina riding a black dragon seems perfectly acceptable without any substantial statistic changes. The devils encountered, adapted to their duties beneath seas, should all have swim speeds.

The Sunken Queen is easily run as written. The lower levels are already flooded, and the boggards and beirawash are very appropriate foes for an aquatic campaign. The fact that the final part of the battle happens out of water should be a particular challenge for your PCs but one can they certainly overcome by level 15.

And the adventure need not end there. With potentially the sea kingdom of Oseanarra at their command, who knows what secrets await them in the deeps? Were the aboleths really defeated with the death of Bahor and Vimanda, or was that only the beginning of their wicked schemes? You will have a campaign perfectly positioned to explore such fertile founts of sea-born adventure. 





"Cast off those sails, we need to spill the wind!" the heavily tattooed and pierced Varisian ordered his crew. They sailed the brigantine directly into a violent storm, and if they didn't act fast, *The Wayward Rogue* would be lost.

Four crewmen worked frantically at the rigging trying to bring down the mainsail, while two others climbed, knives in their teeth, for the fore topsail. The man in the crow's nest clung terrified to the rail, trying to keep his head down.

"We're trying, captain!" Speckled Will shouted, barely audible over the sound of crashing waves and monsoon rain. He and Dak struggled with the ropes.

"I can't keep my grip," said the crew's "lucky" halfling.

Captain Dragnavar cranked the wheel, turning the sloop into an oncoming wave.

"Hold fast!"

Water doused the deck and an ominous moan echoed throughout *The Wayward Rogue*, followed by rapid-fire snaps and cracks. Wood splinters rained down from the crow's nest as it was violently torn from the mast, its occupant screaming and disappearing into the black sea.

The rope in Speckled Will's hands tore free, biting deep into his palms. It began thrashing wildly about like an electric eel, whipping long scars into the wood. The halfling cried out as the rope slashed into him, tearing his small body in two. His freed rigging added a second lethal whip to the melee.

A castle-sized wave hit the sloop rocking it over. By Gozreh's luck, the *Rogue* didn't topple; instead she slowly righted herself atop the rocky sea. Runes etched into the stern and bow pulsed a bright green light. A thunderous crack sounded as it righted. The upper portion of the mainmast broke away, taking the sail and the flailing rigging with it.

The ship lurched suddenly, running aground on a black island barely visible above the tumultuous waves. The collision launched Dak into the air, smashing him like a doll against the remaining portion of the mainmast. He went limp, staying face down.

"Quickly, below deck!" Dragnavar ordered as he ran to Dak, throwing him over his shoulder. Speckled Will nodded and moved swiftly into the ship. Dragnavar followed, closing the hatch behind him.

* * *

The storm passed just before dawn, the calm providing the crew a welcome respite. After assessing the damage to the *Rogue*, Dragnavar ordered the men to scour the island for timber to replace the mainmast. They set off in three groups of six. Lady Djura and the captain stayed behind to guard the ship. Van and Speckled Will led two groups combing the beaches in opposite directions, while Dak and the cook took the third party inland.

A few hours later, Speckled Will's group arrived hauling a felled tree stripped bare of branches and carrying a satchel of ripe mangos. Van's party returned two hours after that, carrying a bundle wrapped in a yard of sail canvas. It was the lower half of the halflings body. Dragnavar played a dirge on his blood-red violin as they buried the remains along the tree line.

Dak's group did not return.

As night fell the crew became anxious and jittery.

"What are we going to do about the others," asked Van.

"At dawn we will go looking for them," Dragnavar assured him, "I won't shove off without my crew."

He reached into a pocket concealed within one of the many colorful scarves he wore and withdrew a handmade Harrow deck. He shuffled the cards and fanned them out on the deck before him. He turned one, revealing a violent cyclone with hateful red eyes.

"This represents the storm we have endured," he said, a broad, confident smile upon his face. He turned another, showing a dapperly clad cricket sitting next to a hunk of melon.

"And this one, a swift voyage home."

* * *

In the morning Dragnavar took twelve crewmen out to find Dak and his party. Exotic birds sang in the jungle canopy while iridescent silver dragonflies and yellow-black bumblebees fought for control of the air beneath. The occasional snake raced by, roused from its hiding place by trampling feet.

The first few hours of tracking proved easy, as fresh branch cuts and boot prints marked Dak's path. The latter few were harder as the prints vanished among heavier ground foliage. Night crept over the jungle. They rounded a dense patch of trees and came upon a rocky hillside with a massive structure carved into its façade, its doorway open like a hungry mouth. A perfectly round boulder sat next to it like a watchful sentry. Twisted, dead trees lined the top of the hill like reaching, bony fingers.

"Inside, men," Dragnavar ordered. "If anything we may be able to make camp here."

They were assaulted by the stench of stale air and decay as they entered the darkness. Before them a single round shaft descended into the rocky earth. Speckled Will took point, a torch in one outstretched hand and a cutlass in the other. Van drew his weapon as well while Dragnavar brought up the rear holding an oil lantern. A flicker of torchlight danced at the end of the tunnel fifty yards away.

"Someone's down there," Will whispered.

They moved forward, reaching a domed chamber roughly thirty feet wide with a ceiling nearly twenty feet high. In the center sat a massive block of black metal with grooves carved down its sides and into the stone floor. A six-foot steel rod held a torch aloft near its base. At the far end of the chamber, a buckler-sized hole marked the wall. Hieroglyphs of giant cone-things with multiple limbs making war on human men covered the dome. In the torchlight a wet form could be seen atop the metal block.

"By the gods!" Van yelled running towards it, "Dak!"

Dak's chest was cracked open like a crab and his organs were gone. Dried blood lined the metal grooves running down the altar into the



floor. A stone bowl next to his head held dark charred ashes and a smooth onyx gem with red, spidery veins.

The sound of stone grinding against stone echoed throughout the chamber followed by a high pitched whistling.

"Ti-keli-li...Ti-keli-li."

The sound came from the hole at the far end of the chamber and the men all looked toward it.

"Captain?" Will said turning. Dragnavar was nowhere to be found.

"Ti-keli-li...Ti-keli-li."

The sound grew louder and a wet, sloshing noise now accompanied it. A hideous form slowly took shape in the hole as translucent ooze began bubbling and pouring down the wall. Dozens of sets of human-like eyes rolled lazily over its surface. The ooze pooled, growing to an enormous size, throbbing with multicolored light. Its shapeless body roiled and twisted on the floor.

"Ti-keli-li," the thing whistled with no distinct mouth. It undulated on the floor like a large slug.

Will went stark white, a shaky hand climbing to his mouth. Van raised his ax, holding it in both hands before him like a shield.

Without warning, an eye-covered tendril shot out of the ooze, stretched across the room, and slammed into Will. He convulsed violently as his skin began bubbling and melting away, liquefying into the creature. His eyes washed down his face and swam across the creature's surface.

"Run!" Van screamed, heading for the cave entrance.

"Ti-keli-li...Ti-keli-li."

Screams began filling the chamber. A crewman held up a fresh torch so they could see. Ahead, a round boulder filled the entrance to

the cave, blocking their exit.

"Dear gods...no!" Van smashed his fists into the rock and then shoved with his shoulder. The stone didn't budge.

Behind him, the crewman with the torch screamed and was yanked away. The tunnel went dark. Van thanked the gods he couldn't see what was coming.

* * *

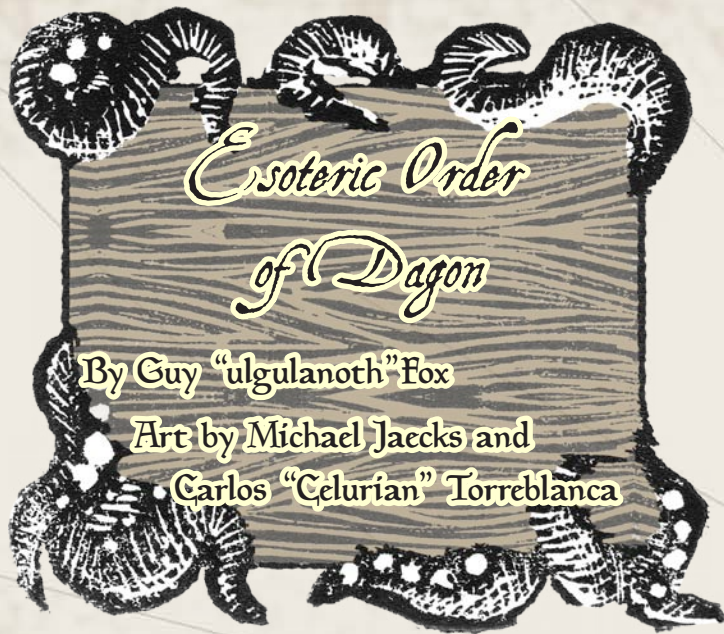
Dragnavar climbed aboard *The Wayward Rogue* and gave Lady Djura a wry smile. He removed a thick belt adorned with gold-faced giants from his waist. He seemed to shrink a little then, his muscular physique relaxing and softening.

The diminutive red-haired woman returned the smile and kissed Dragnavar hard on the lips. The cook, still splattered with Dak's blood, handed him a long-necked green bottle and a plate of sliced cheese and sausage. The captain ate greedily.

Lady Djura walked to the bow and produced a small silver lyre from her scarlet robes. She began to strum its strings. Music filled the air and the ship slowly began to mend herself. Large arcane symbols glowed with white-hot ferocity along the bow and stern, seemingly dancing in place. In mere moments, the repairs had completed. *The Rogue* shuddered and pulled out to sea, self-navigating over the waves.

"It's getting riskier, wrecking the ship so often," Dragnavar said, handing a crystal glass filled with mint-green absinthe to Djura. "One of these times we are going to damage it beyond repair."

"The old gods are pleased," she said accepting the glass. "They will protect us." ❧



Alignment: CE

Headquarters: Ugothanok (The Abyss)

Leader: Dagon

Prominent Members: Tokrat, First of the Gutaki;
Xtacto, Maw of the Abyss

Structure: Millions of individual cults across the multiverse

Scope: Universal

Resources: Varies between individual cults

Of all the demon lords that rule the Abyss, none is more feared and influential than Dagon. Dagon could very well be the first demon; even among the qlippoth, Dagon was considered ancient. Ever since the Abyss was opened to the Material Plane, Dagon has had his eye on the oceans. He is the self-proclaimed lord of every ocean in the Material Plane. Any creature who foolishly dares contest this soon finds itself face to face with the King of the Oceans, as happened to the great kraken Kaktora. Yet Dagon isn't just concerned with the oceans. His cults spread across the world like a cancer: when one cult is destroyed, another rises to take its place.

Structure and Leadership

The esoteric order of Dagon has only one leader: Dagon himself. The King of the Oceans keeps a close eye on all who worship him—not out of any loyalty or love for his followers but to have absolute control over their lives, minds, and souls. Only Pazuzu has a more direct influence on the Material Plane. Dagon will frequently travel to the Material Plane to see how his cultists are doing. While this is always limited to the ocean depths and never to the land-dwelling cultists, every one of his cults is under constant surveillance. Dagon's lieutenants are strange demonic sea monsters, many of whom are direct descendants of the King of the Oceans. Every ocean in the Material Plane has at least one such spawn who organizes his cults across the world. It is these spawn who recruit mortals to the church of Dagon, slowly corrupt the oceans in the name of their father, and visit the dreams of mortals, driving them mad before making them priests of the cult.

These monsters are ancient and immortal, their plans are slow and



inevitable.

Below these monsters are the demons that serve Dagon. They are the spies, informants, and enforcers of Dagon. They are the eyes and ears of the King of the Oceans. They are the backbone of any esoteric order of Dagon. While each cult cell usually only has one or two demons, it is the demons who relay the will of the spawn of Dagon and Dagon himself to the cultists. These demons are usually Hezrou, Omoz, and Nalfeshnee.

Yet even though Dagon is now a demon lord, many of the qliphoth still serve him loyally. His qliphoth servants have the same standing as his demon servants, though they are used less often for they are treasured by Dagon more. It is Dagon's will to destroy all life that doesn't fit his warped sense of beauty, a goal that the qliphoth are only too glad to serve. The qliphoth are Dagon's enforcers, and any who displease the King of the Oceans will find one of these horrible creatures waiting for them. While the qliphoth would rather kill the mortal, Dagon usually spares the mortal once his mind has been completely broken and forces him to wander the world telling the horror he suffered as a warning to others.

Serving the demons and the qliphoth are the monsters of the oceans: krakens, aboleths, devilfish, and other horrors of the depths. These creatures are given special protection by Dagon as the demon lord feels a strong kinship with them, often seeing them as his children. While not many of these creatures worship the King of the Oceans, those who do find themselves blessed with power far beyond that of their kin. They grow bigger, tougher, smarter, stronger, and quicker than others of their kind, able to wield great magical powers granted by Dagon. Occasionally these followers will please Dagon enough for him to give them one of his many treasures. The wealth of the seas is immeasurable, and Dagon has access to all of it. His treasures are always powerful magical artifacts, weapons, armor, or icons of great power.

Below the monstrous sea creatures lay the humanoid sea dwellers: deep ones, sahuagin, marsh giants, skum, and gillmen. While being creatures of the sea, they hold little favor in the eyes of Dagon, who considers them expendable and weak. Dagon will still grant his lowly followers spells, and only rarely any additional boons, be it stronger bodies (see the *thrall of Dagon*, page 71) or one of his treasures. To Dagon, the humanoid sea dwellers are his slaves; they will do his will but never gain his favor. They are to serve all those above them—the sea monsters, the demons, and qliphoths—without question or hesitation, their lives meaning little to the sea lord. While many wonder why such creatures follow Dagon's orders so willingly and gladly given the views of their lord, it is undeniable that the humanoid sea dwellers are among the most loyal and fanatical servants of Dagon.

Finally, the surface mortals are the bottom of the chain of command. To Dagon, humans, elves, dwarves, and other surface-dwelling mortals are nothing more than cattle, completely expendable and worthless. Their forms disgust Dagon and his other followers. The surface-dwelling mortals are to be bribed into selling their minds, bodies, and souls to Dagon, just as they catch fish with shiny lures.

To this end, Dagon gifts them with spells, fish, and gold. As his cult grows on land, the corrupting influence of Dagon and his demonic followers starts to mutate the population into something pleasing to the King of the Ocean. They are made to believe that their lives matter to Dagon, and that they are blessed with better forms. This is merely a lie to get the mortals to become slaves to the sea, for once they are completely dependent to Dagon and his cult, the true value of their lives is shown: they become nothing more than food for Dagon's kindred sea monsters, demons, and qliphoths. Though the process for this spans centuries, and even millennia, Dagon's minions will not stop until the corruption of the mortals is complete.

Goals


Dagon's main goal is the utter destruction of all life that is "ugly" in the multiverse. When this happens, Dagon believes he will be able to reforge the Abyss into its original qliphoth-ruled state. Yet being a demon, Dagon does not wish the destruction of all life in the multiverse but merely its utter corruption into something else, something more like him. Many speculate that this may be the reason why Dagon corrupts his followers into becoming strange amalgams of fish, mollusk, and human.

Dagon is slowly corrupting all the oceans in the multiverse, his influence reaching everywhere. On one distant world, Dagon discovered the sunken city of R'lyeh and the prophecy of the coming of Cthulhu to end all sane life. While not his allies, the denizens of the Dark Tapestry are ancient beings much like Dagon who follow his interpretation of beauty. Since his discovery of R'lyeh, Dagon has waited for the dark eon to come to pass, for it is then when his goal will be complete. However, Dagon isn't idly waiting for this dark time, for he plans to corrupt as many worlds as he can by then and utterly destroy all sane life from them.

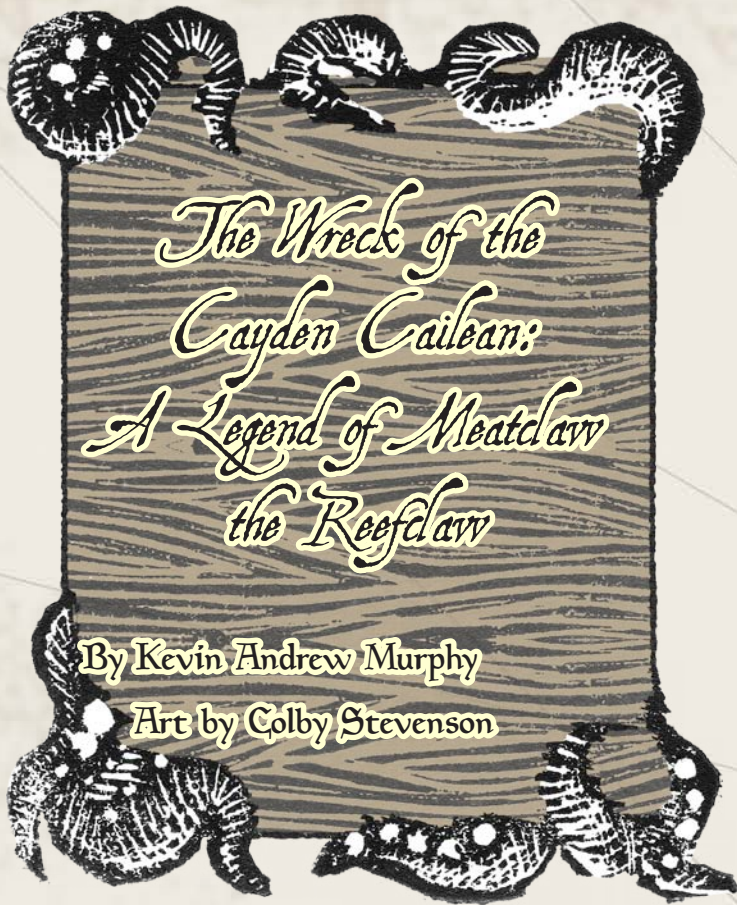
Public Perception

For the most part, the citizens of the surface of Golarion are oblivious to the esoteric order of Dagon. Those who realize that a town has been corrupted by the followers of Dagon don't tend to live long enough to voice their discovery to others.

That isn't to say that the esoteric order of Dagon is always rejected by those who find out what it really is. The order seems to be accepted by the followers of the old cults, who worship beings just as strange as Dagon.

While the esoteric order of Dagon is widely ignored on the surface of Golarion, a long war is being fought in the deep oceans between the merfolk and the order. Even if a number of the merfolk have been converted and mutated into serving Dagon, they are still as a whole the only force holding Dagon back from ruling the oceans of Golarion. This war has been going on for millennia, even before the fall of the Thassilonian Empire. The aboleths, who reject all gods, also oppose Dagon's rule of the ocean, though usually not with open warfare. 





Sung to the tune of "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald"

The legend lives on from the Shoanti on down
of the River Jeggare and her perils.
Many sailors, their grave is a watery cave
filled with flotsam and old whiskey barrels.
'Tis the great reefclaw's lair in that river-cave there
'neath the cliffs north of old Endrin Isle,
and Meatclaw's the name of the monster men claim
made the death of so many so vile.

Now in old Jeggy's Jug sits a mummified pug
that in life was quite playful and frisky.
If that dead dog could wail it would tell you a tale
of a ship filled with Jeg's peppered whiskey.
That dog was the pet of a captain who'd set
out for trade with Golarion's quarters,
and if anyone asks he was loaded with casks
for the Absalom Whiskey Importers.


Some say that the ship also left for the trip
stocked with flayleaf, dream spiders, and shiver.
You could snort snuff all day dressed in silk lingerie
while you peppered and pickled your liver,
and that's why some claim that the captain's to blame
for what spidery dreams was he seein'
when he crashed on the rocks? Did some spidersilk socks
cause the wreck of the Cayden Cailean?

But he stood at the rail with a tankard of ale
and said, "Boys, I can see next to zero.
Should we wait to set out? Or just drink some more stout?"

Or do both, like the great Drunken Hero?"
Captain peered through the fog as he patted his dog,
and his crew cried, "There's nothin' we're fearin'!
Let the blasted fog come, but first break out the rum!
Hail Cayden!" but Evil 'twere hearin'...

In the Jeggare lurk reels of reefclaws, like eels
with their claws like a venomous lobster's,
a horrible doom that was spawned from the womb
of Lamashtu, the Mother of Monsters.
An' while reefclaws ain't small, the far biggest of all
is the one that Korvosans call Meatclaw.
Forty foot nose to tail, fit to mangle a whale—
'Tis the legend of Meatclaw the reefclaw.

His claw, what is worse, is as big as a hearse,
pullin' down countless ships when they're anchored,
an' it crashed through the deck and then snapped through the neck
of the captain as he raised his tankard.
The ship caught unaware was dragged down to the lair
where Meatclaw alone would make merry.
Her crew drowned with a cry and the only thing dry
was a hip flask of Absalom sherry.

The sole soul left alive, only one to survive,
was the dog who'd held onto a barrel.
The pug swam to the shore and then howled at the door
of the Jug till a witch heard his carol.
The legend lives on from the Shoanti on down
of the reefclaws all hungry and feral.
Many sailors, their grave is a watery cave,
home to Meatclaw and silken apparel. 



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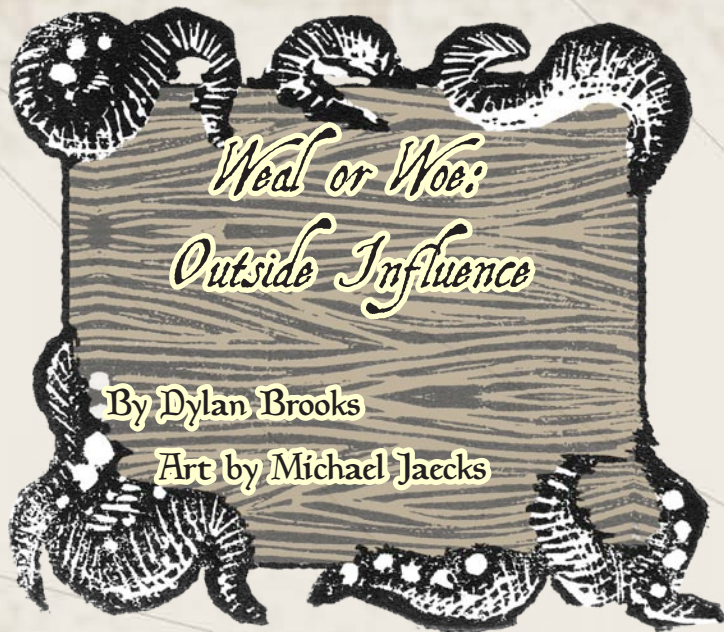
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The seas of Golarion are a tumultuous place, full of allies and threats both above and below the waves. Sometimes, though, a ship will encounter a creature from even further afield. Presented here are two outsiders who have chosen to make the seas and ports of Golarion their home.

Weal: Fyoriel

The Eye of Abendego is a threat to all who ply the western shores of Garund, shattering ships and acting as a refuge for all manner of monsters. In the face of such destruction, the lantern archon Fyoriel lends what aid it can. It appears as a sphere of warm, colorful light that hums with a pleasant sound. The archon warns ships away from dangerous wrecks and acts as a guiding light in the face of storms, singing the sea calm with its bardic abilities and maintaining a string of continual flame spells around dangerous obstacles. It keeps an active watch on the sea for castaways and other shipwreck survivors, delivering food with its teleportation abilities while guiding nearby ships to the rescue. If a crew proves worthy (particularly if it treats Fyoriel's albatross familiar well), it will accompany them for their voyage, helping the ship and her crew as a guide and spellcaster.

Adventure Hooks

- Fyoriel appears and asks the PCs and their ship for assistance. A recent shipwreck stranded several people on an island full of ghouls, and the PC's ship is the only one close enough to save them in time.
- A storm is approaching with unnatural swiftness. Fyoriel appears and warns the PCs

that a hydrodaemon and its sahuagin allies are about to attack, and stays to aid the PCs in the fight.

- Fyoriel's knowledge of the Eye of Abendego is excellent. Those seeking a particular shipwreck might hear tales of a glowing ball of light that protects sailors in the region, and seek it out.

Boon

Fyoriel maintains several caches of supplies around the Eye of Abendego, mostly food and water for sailors, but also a number of healing and defensive items. Particularly needy or helpful groups may be given a *wand of lesser restoration* or several potions of *cure light wounds*.

FYORIEL

CR 5

XP 1,600

Lantern archon bard (sea singer*) 4

LG Small outsider (archon, extraplanar, good, lawful)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +8

Aura aura of menace (DC 15)

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+2 deflection vs. evil, +2 Dex, +4 natural, +1 size)

hp 35 (2d10+4d8+6)

Fort +6, **Ref** +11, **Will** +5; +4 vs. poison, +2 resistance vs. evil, +4 vs. air and water effects

DR 10/evil; **Immune** electricity, petrification

OFFENSE

Speed fly 60 ft. (perfect)

Ranged 2 light rays +8 ranged touch (1d6)

Special Attacks bardic performance 16 rounds/day (distraction, fascinate, inspire courage +1, sea shanty*, still water*)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 3rd; concentration +5)

At will—*aid*, *continual flame*, *detect evil*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only)

Bard Spells Known (CL 4th; concentration +6)

2nd (2/day)—*cure moderate wounds*, *heroic fortune** (DC 14)

1st (4/day)—*feather fall*, *timely inspiration**, *unbreakable heart****, *vanish** (DC 13)

0 (at will)—*dancing lights*, *know direction*, *light*, *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*

TACTICS

If possible, Fyoriel will use *aid* on several allies before a fight begins. It will begin combat by using its aura of menace on as many enemies as possible.

It will then move to support its allies by using *inspire courage* and casting *heroic fortune* on an ally when it judges that will best turn the tide of combat.





STATISTICS

Str 1, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 8, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +5; **CMB** -1; **CMD** 11 (13 vs. grapple, overrun, trip)

Feats Extra Performance, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes

Skills Acrobatics +7, Diplomacy +9, Fly +16, Knowledge

(geography, local, nature) +6, Knowledge (planes, religion)

+4, Perception +8, Perform (dance) +7, Perform (sing) +9,

Sense Motive +7, Survival +4

Languages Celestial, Draconic, Infernal; truespeech

SQ summon familiar (albatross named Samuel, +3 to Survival),
gestalt, sea legs*, world traveler*

Woe: Gtrezin

A ship with problems can be a powderkeg of negative emotions, with everyone crammed tight for weeks at a time and depending on each other for survival. Gtrezin is a fiend who specializes in corrupting shipboard life, causing hatred between crew members and working to damn all aboard. In his finest moments, a ship is lost at sea with its crew at each other's throats due to petty infighting and seeming bad fortune.

He will stow away on a ship that seems corruptible and use his stealth and witch powers to sow dissent among the crew—stealing objects and framing other crew members, putrefying food stores, and causing accidents across the ship.

He will use *suggestion* on officers to impose harsh punishments to maintain order, polarizing people against each other and manipulating their emotions. He is cunning and inventive in these petty cruelties and will take his time to find the flaws and vices in crew members so that he can cause the maximum conflict.

Physically, Gtrezin mixes the features of an eel and a spider. He has a long, eel-shaped body with a pair of spiderlike arms and a pair of spindly bat wings. His face is squashed, with a toothy maw and six black spider eyes.

Adventure Hooks

- A rash of thefts and infighting among the ship's crew brings a voyage to a standstill, and the boatswain's violent attempts to

stop the problem are just making things worse. Crew members start dying, seemingly the victims of shipboard sabotage, with evidence pointing to other crew members.

- Members of the crew are coming down with a strange illness that causes painful, festering boils. (In truth the effects of the *disfiguring touch* spell supplemented with occasional poison stings from Gtrezin.) Attempts to quarantine the affected crew don't seem to work, and desperate crew members start considering violent means of ending the plague.
- A friendly halfling merchant sells a ship's crewmember (preferably a party member) a *ring of sustenance* while in port. In truth, however, it is a cursed *ring of cannibalism**, and the halfling was Gtrezin in disguise. The fiend follows the unlucky patron to putrefy food stores and ensure a steady supply of bodies that could be fed on.

Drawback

Gtrezin's petty sabotage of any ship he's on causes dangerous working conditions for the crew. Anyone on board who rolls a natural 1 on a Profession (sailor) check runs afoul of an improvised trap, and must make a Reflex save (DC 15) or take 2d6 points of damage.

GTREZIN

CR 5

XP 1,600

Imp witch 3

LE Tiny outsider (devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *detect good*, *detect magic*,
see in darkness; Perception +10

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 17, flat-footed 13 (+4 Dex, +1 dodge, +1 natural,
+2 size)

hp 36 (3d10+3d6+12); fast healing 2



Fort +6, **Ref** +8, **Will** +7

DR 5/good and silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 50 ft. (perfect)

Melee sting +10 (1d4-1 plus poison)

Space 2-1/2 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks hexes (evil eye [-2, 5 rounds], misfortune [1 round])

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 6th; concentration +9)

Constant—*detect good*, *detect magic*

At will—*invisibility* (self only)

1/day—*augury*, *suggestion* (DC 16)

1/week—*commune* (6 questions, CL 12th)

Witch Spells Prepared (CL 3rd; concentration +6)

2nd—*disfiguring touch**** (DC 15), *summon swarm*

1st—*bungle** (DC 14), *charm person* (DC 14), *silent image* (DC 14)

0 (at will)—*bleed* (DC 13), *putrefy food and drink*, *spark*, *touch of fatigue* (DC 13)

Witch Spells Known

2nd (2/day)—*alter self*, *disfiguring touch***, *pernicious poison***, *spectral hand*, *summon swarm*

1st (3/day)—*beguiling gift***, *bungle**, *charm person*, *inflict light wounds*, *mage armor*, *obscuring mist*, *silent image* (patron spell), *sleep*, *unseen servant*

Patron Shadow

Underlined spells are Enchantment spells and gain +1 DC from Spell Focus (enchantment).

TACTICS

When found, Gtrezin will typically attempt to flee using invisibility or by diving into the sea and turning into an eel. If forced to engage in combat, he will use *summon swarm* to summon a rat swarm and hide amongst the swarm as it attacks, or stay away and use his wand of ill omen to hinder threats. He will only willingly engage in combat if he sees a vulnerable opponent that is distracted by a greater foe, and he particularly likes to eliminate spellcasting crew members as this makes his work much easier.

STATISTICS

Str 8, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 17, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +1; **CMD** 15

Feats Dodge, Spell Focus (enchantment), Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Bluff +12, Craft (alchemy) +8, Disable Device +4, Fly +22, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana, planes) +9, Perception +10, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +4, Spellcraft +9, Stealth +14, Use Magic Device +11

Languages Common, Infernal, Necril, Undercommon, telepathy 50 ft.

SQ change shape (eel, giant spider, rat, or raven, *beast shape I*), familiar (rat named Ngol, +2 to Fortitude saves)

Combat Gear wand of ill omen*

Other Gear doses of pesh**** (drug) (6), doses of scour**** (drug) (3), doses of oil of taggit (poison) (2), silver and onyx Asmodean holy symbol of Chelish make (worth 375 gp)

* = See *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide*

** = See *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic*

*** = See *Pathfinder Campaign Setting Inner Sea World Guide*

**** = See *Pathfinder RPG GameMastery Guide* 80

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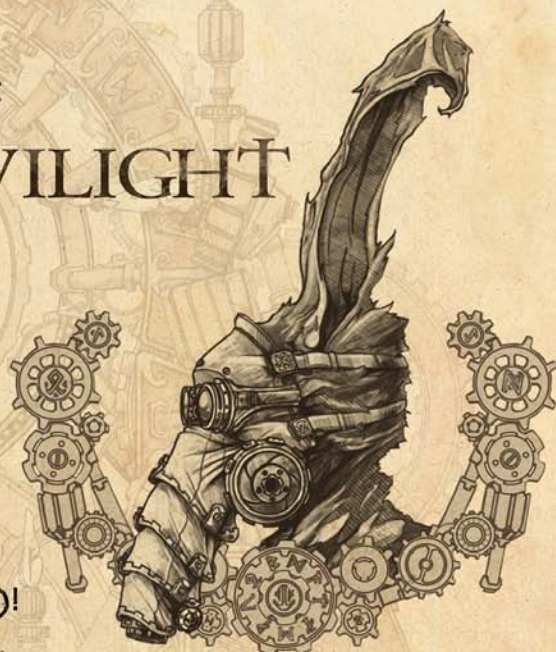
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Art by Mike Lowe

There are nearly as many ways to end up on the shoals and remote cays of the Shackles as there are rocks above the waves. Whether an escaped Chelaxian galley slave, a simple fisherman caught in a storm, or a bloodsworn pirate marooned for cowardice, all find themselves in a harsh and unforgiving environment. They are bound together by one goal—to survive!

For most who find themselves lost at sea, death is the only way out. Few survive and even fewer learn to thrive, to use the resources of these treacherous shallows and to become as dangerous as the environment itself. Those that do are the shoal runners.

Most are loners, as each mouth to feed adds to their burden. A few use their familiarity with the sea and shoals to guide others safely through the currents and wild shorelines of the Shackles—for a price. While nearly every race

find themselves in these straights, it seems that smaller peoples excel at eking out a living. Though perhaps it is the recent



innovation of the 'hobble' deck – half-size rowing decks on Okeno slave galleys – that make it seem like the native populations of the shoals are mostly halflings and goblins.

A shoal runner has the following class features:

Improviser (Ex):

Mastering the art of making do, the shoal runner takes no penalty on trained Craft checks to repair items using improvised tools and limited raw materials. In addition, by spending one minute working she can repair broken weapons and armor with a DC20 Craft check, even untrained. She gains a +1 bonus on these checks for every two levels of shoal runner (minimum +1). Items repaired this way gain the fragile condition. This ability replaces Wild Empathy.

Swift Scavenger


(Ex): The shoal runner can move at normal overland speed while using Survival to hunt or forage for food. She gains a +4 competence bonus on survival checks for this purpose.

The following class features replace the ranger's combat style feats:

Battle Scrounger (Ex): At 2nd level, the shoal runner suffers no penalty to attack rolls for using an improvised weapon or a weapon with the broken condition. In addition, she gains a +1 bonus on damage rolls with improvised or broken weapons for every three levels beyond 2nd.

Rough and Ready (Ex): At 6th level, the shoal runner is hardened against fatigue and exhaustion. She ignores affects that would normally cause fatigue, and effects that would normally exhaust her cause fatigue instead. The amount of rest the shoal runner needs to recover is reduced by one hour for every two class levels.

Cling to Life (Ex): At 10th level, when a shoal runner is reduced to 0 hit points or less, she is disabled until her negative hit point total equals her level. She gains a +4 bonus to the Constitution check to stabilize.

Supernatural Scrounging (Su): At 14th level, the shoal runner has expanded her ability to utilize flotsam and other cast-offs to include magical items. Use Magic Device becomes a class skill and the shoal runner gains +4 bonus to Use Magic Device skill checks. In addition, any charged magic item she uses ignores the broken condition. 

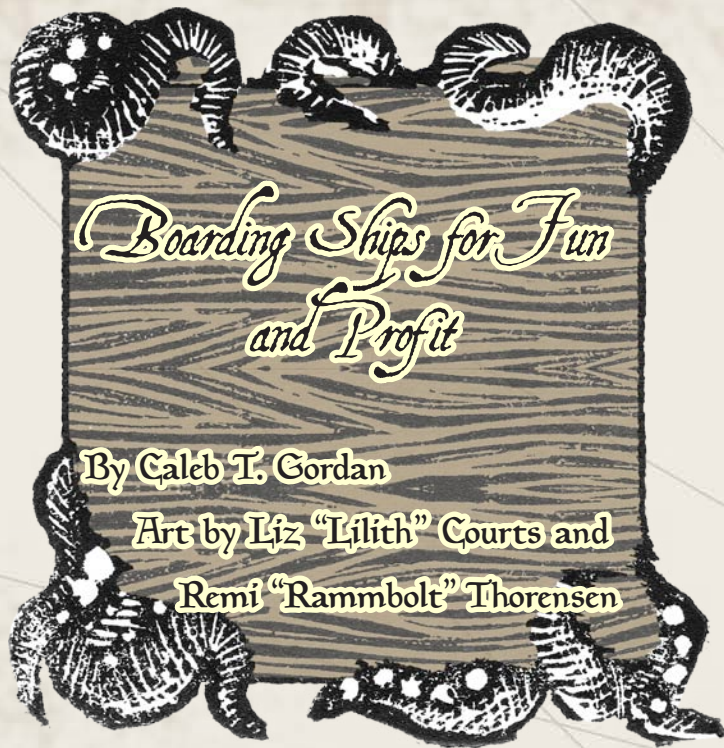
Survival Kit, gear for the successful shoal runner

Outrigger (35gp) Similar to a rowboat or canoe, the outrigger has additional floatation devices attached to the hull by poles for additional stability in rough waters. The outrigger gives +2 bonus to Profession (sailor) checks to avoid hazards. The outrigger is a large ship (AC9, Hardness 5, 80hp) with 30 ft maximum speed and acceleration. Further details on boats can be found in the "Skull & Shackles Player's Guide".

Shackle Spread (1 sp, ½ pound) This combination of sea salt, wildflower seeds, and ground small fish is used to purify meat before eating, or at least cover the taste of its foulness. Coating food for 10 minutes before consuming grants a +4 bonus to any Fortitude save required for eating tainted meats.

Iomedae's Halo (5gp, ½-pound) This white, spiky sea sponge can be found on shallow reefs all across the Steaming Seas. It has a unique ability to process salt and other impurities, leaving clean, drinkable water behind. It takes an hour per gallon to purify water in this manner.

Iomedae's Chalice (10gp, 1 pound) is a two-bulbed container that allows seawater to flow through an Iomedae's Halo in the top section and be collected for drinking in the bottom section.



For much of history, boarding an enemy ship was the main tactic of naval warfare, and often without a barrage of arrows or artillery. It was a rush of bodies onto the deck of hostile foes. It had bloodshed, explosions, and yelling. Those being boarded would hide either below deck or within the cabins found within the fore- or aftcastles of the ship and would either shoot deadly firearms through small protective openings or light the fuses to bombs they left on the open deck. Marines would cut down common sailors with cutlasses, while other crew members used gaff hooks or boarding axes with horrific efficiency. Smoke from all the lit gunpowder would obscure vision, blood on the deck would make footing tricky, and the yells of fallen sailors would drown out orders barked by leaders. Boarding was exciting and deadly, and whole ships were lost because a crew wasn't prepared for the attack.

In the *Pathfinder Adventure Path: Skull & Shackles Player's Guide* are basic rules for boarding actions. They are simple and allow for a fast gameplay, but are not realistic and do not properly simulate what

boarding is like. While deciding the actions and rolling for a few hundred crew members would bog down combat, there is still a way the excitement of boarding can be simulated without slowing everything down.

One of the ship's officers, most often the first mate, led boarding parties. In fact, it was Blackbeard's first mate, Christopher Blackwood, that led the boarding actions for the *Queen Anne's Revenge*. In these rules, one of the officers for each ship needs to be in charge of their boarding crew. This officer is called the **boarding officer** for the ship that is attacking and the **master-at-arms** for the ship that is defending.

This boarding crew is not going to be represented like the PCs and NPCs with miniatures, but by a line that marks the success of either boarding or repelling. As the battle ebbs and flows, the number of 5-foot squares each side controls represents how successful the boarding action is.

Squares controlled by your crew are counted as normal terrain in combat. Squares controlled by enemy crew are counted as difficult terrain, and PCs or important NPCs that end their turns behind the enemy line take 1d6 points of swarm attack damage representing the fighting all around the characters and the danger of wading into unfriendly crews.

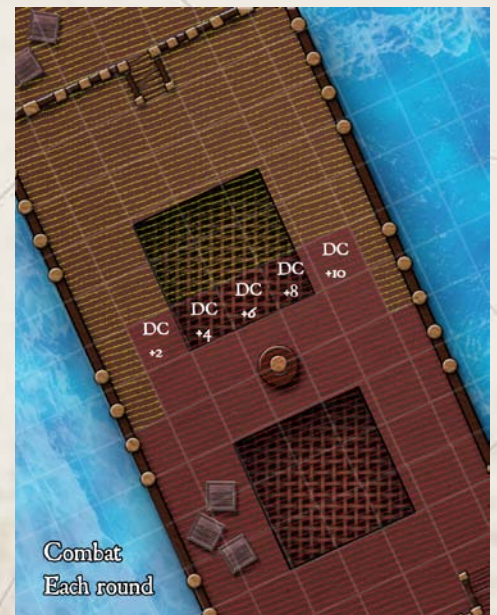
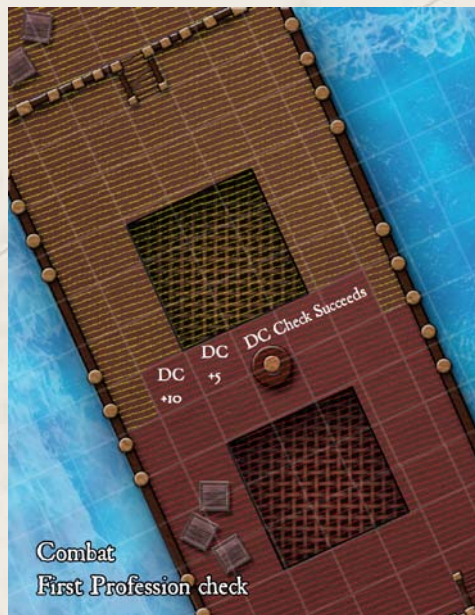
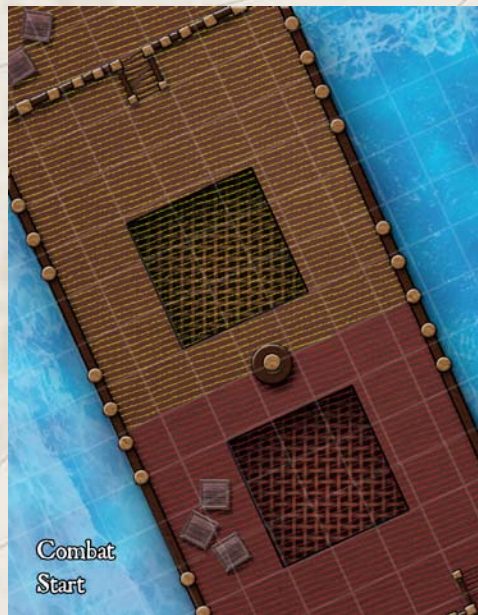
At the start of combat, the boarding officer makes a Profession (sailor) or Profession (soldier) check as a free action to see how successful his crew is at boarding against a DC equal to 10 + the master-at-arms's Profession (sailor or soldier) skill check modifier. If successful, the boarding party is able to claim 3 adjacent squares of deck, plus one adjacent square for every 5 the boarding officer beats the DC. The boarding officer may also step onto one of those squares and begin combat in that space.

At initiative count 0 of each round, the officers of each ship give orders to their crew and make opposing Profession (sailor or soldier) checks to determine how successful they are at following through. The winner is able to claim one 5-foot square of ship deck, with an additional 5-foot square claimed for every 2 they beat the other officer's check. The squares must be adjacent to already claimed squares. In the case of a tie, no squares are claimed by either side.

Boarding Modifiers

A number of factors can modify the officer's check.

Area Attack or Splash Weapon: If an area effect or splash weapon is used against enemy combatants, the boarding officer or master-at-





arms gains a bonus on his next opposed Profession (sailor or soldier) check. This bonus is equal to the effect's spell level (or +1 if the effect is a cantrip, orison, or non-magical).

Attack Modifiers: If a spell or class ability modifies the attack roll of all the boarding officer or master-at-arms's allies on the ship (such as *bane* or *inspire courage*), apply the same bonus or penalty to that officer's opposed Profession (sailor or soldier) check.

Officer Killed: The boarding officer or master-at-arms suffers a -2 penalty on all subsequent opposed Profession (sailor or soldier) checks for each allied ship's officer (e.g., a PC) killed in the combat. This penalty increases to -4 if the boarding officer or master-at-arms is killed, and another officer must take his place to make the check.

Special Boarding Actions: The boarding officer or master-at-arms and his allies can take special actions to modify the results of the check. A character can perform one of the following special actions each round:

Aid Another: Another officer can make a DC 10 Profession (sailor or soldier) check as a standard action to provide a +2 bonus to the boarding officer or master-at-arms's opposed check.

Build Up Defenses: As a move action, the boarding officer or master-at-arms can order his crew to take a defensive position. The crew fortifies inside cabins, presses against the attackers, or fights to keep the higher ground. The officer gains a +4 bonus on his next opposed Profession (sailor or soldier) check, but if successful, his crew does not gain any squares this round.

Bull Rush: The boarding officer or master-at-arms can make a bull rush attempt against the enemy crew as a full round action. Treat the CMD as 5 + the opposing officer's Profession (sailor or soldier) skill check modifier. For every square the target would be pushed back, instead gain control of


one square. If the acting character does not have the Improved Bull Rush feat, he takes 1d6 points of swarm damage.

Cut the Rigging: As a move action, the boarding officer or master-at-arms can order his crew to damage the ship. He chooses either the oars, sails, or ship as the target. If the opposed Profession (sailor or soldier) check is successful, the crew does not gain control of any squares. Instead, for every square the crew controls, the target takes 2d6 points of damage that bypasses hardness. If the check fails, they deal no damage and lose squares as normal.

Slash the Lashings: As a move action, the boarding officer or master-at-arms can order his crew to cut the lines that keep the two ships together and shove the ships apart. This order can only be used if the crew using it controls all of the ship's squares. On a successful opposed check, lashings are cut and the two ships separate. This ends the opposed boarding checks but does not end combat for the PCs if they still have targets. Captains in control of their ship can try to grapple and initiate boarding once more, or they can attempt to escape and sail away.

The Ship Is Ours, Captain!

Once the primary battle between the PCs and the enemy NPCs is complete, the battle is finished and the winner's crew takes control of all remaining squares.

Just like with the rules presented in the *Skull & Shackles Player's Guide*, these rules assume that enough of the enemy crew joins the winning side to replace any losses that would have occurred during the fight. There is no need to determine how many of each crew remains after the battle or worry about the details of how to deal with them. 





Approaching Shark Island is a perilous task in the best of weather. The storm building up behind me threatened to make it even more difficult.

My fears proved correct as I passed through the shoals outside of Raketooth. A wave caught my cutter, the *Petrel*, and drove her through the sand bar I had been trying to avoid. I felt the bottom scrape.

I heard an ominous crack before another wave lifted me up. I cleared the bar and rode the aftermath into dock. Something else had hit me, but I saw no sign of what it was. I had little time to find it in the storm.

I slipped into an open berth and tied the *Petrel* as quickly as I could. A quick search below revealed no obvious damage, but that didn't reassure me. There was nothing to be done for it, though. I'd pay to have it repaired when I came back.

Making my way into town, I scanned the names of the other ships in harbor, relieved that the nearest weren't *Banshee's Wail* or *Water Nymph*. Navigating in the darkness of Raketooth's alleys to the Stuffed Sahuagin, I avoided piles of trash human eyes would've missed, hoping I wouldn't end up in one of them later.

The stench of unwashed sailors and cheap grog assailed me as I entered the tavern. The storm raging outside wasn't enough to wash that lot, but I was grateful for the crowd. The less attention I drew, the better. Long planks of wood that served as tables ran the perimeter of the room, an aesthetic driven by the desire of all pirates to put their backs to a wall. The tavern's namesake stood by

the door; a sorry specimen when it was alive, it had fared worse in its time as decoration.

The sailors inside sized me up before turning back to their drinks. The red of my hair and beard was out of place, but my oft-broken nose and longshoreman's coat set them at ease. The sturdy blade at my side wouldn't help much if they suspected my mission.

"Niko! Niko, over here!" My contact shouted across the tavern, ruining any chance of anonymity. I made my way to him, a tengu with the feathers on his left side burned off and the unlikely name of Beak. The only open chair put my back to the room. I sat down.

"Thanks for keeping quiet, Beak. Nothing like every pirate and smuggler on the island knowing I'm here." My back itched.

"Relax, Niko. Nobody here knows you. I have the information you want. The usual price?"

Thinking of the damage to my ship, I nodded reluctantly. I reached out and palmed the small bag in front of him, while dropping off a much heavier one. "Always nice working with you, Beak."

"Hey, no need to rush off. Stay and have some ale," he said with a croak.

Something was wrong. Beak had never invited me to stay, and he was being far too obvious. Cursing my foolishness, I bolted for the rear exit. The slamming door didn't cover the sound of running feet behind me. I counted at least two men as I ran, splashing through the refuse I had avoided earlier. My ignorance of Raketooth's layout eventually betrayed me. I found myself boxed in by houses.

"Hey, Bokko, this rabbit 'ere led us a chase, didn't he?"

"That he did. Smidge. That he did."

Turning quickly with my hand on my sword I assessed Bokko and Smidge. Judging by the mismatched clothing and smell of cheap grog, they thought themselves pirates. But with three ears and seven limbs between them, they didn't seem to be very good at it.


"You sure you want to do this, boys?" I growled in my best imitation of a cornered wolf. They grinned at each other and advanced. I made a note to find a different animal to imitate around pirates.

"The Captain wants to see you. He said to bring you in one piece. Mostly."

Bokko moved to flank me, a move he and Smidge had clearly

perfected against deserters and others weaker than themselves.

I moved faster than they expected, my sword clearing its sheath and performing its singular purpose admirably. As I cleaned my blade and moved away from the thugs, I heard more voices in the dark. The darkness covered my retreat while I looked for a place to hole up and take my bearings.

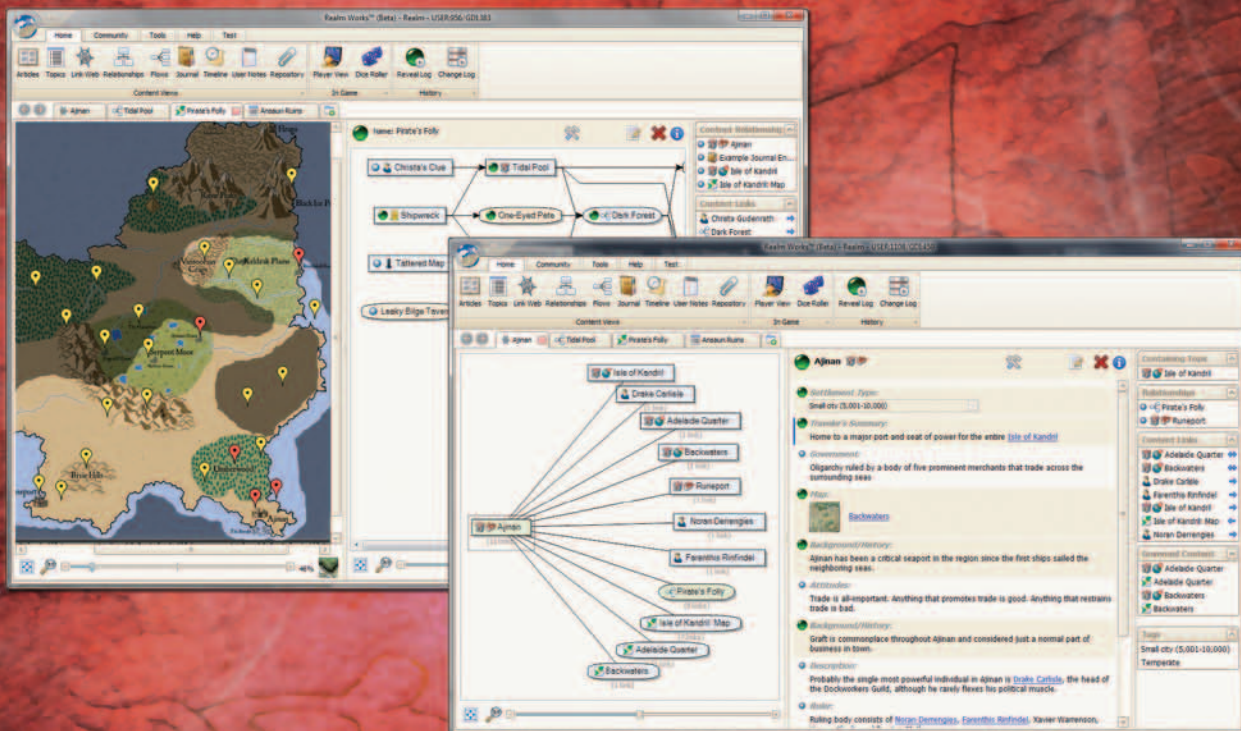
My job, to retrieve a merchant's itinerant heir was becoming complicated, and I didn't like it. 



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SPIDER ISLAND

This collection of tall, spired islands stretches for some 30 miles along the Qadiran coast. Limestone monoliths twist dozens of feet into the air, some reaching two hundred feet or more above the smooth surface of the water. Tiny crops of green plants top the monoliths, creating green sky-islands smaller than most ships. Colorful and noisy birds nest here, safe from predators that cannot fly, climb and swim. The tranquil waters often seem too shallow to sail (at low tide, this is actually true). Receding waters reveal glistening strands of sandbars running from tower to tower like an intricate giant web. Ships, with navigators more cocky than skilled, are lodged and abandoned along the sandbar strands like giant, dried flies. Despite this, the area is safe for most ships at high tide and a savvy crew can shave a half-day from their journey by passing through.

At the southern most point of this collection of jutting rocks, sitting like the orb-weaver it is named for, is Spider Island. Spires curve toward the bloated-belly of a hillock like a spider's legs. Two curved stones, the remains of a collapsed arch, jut from the water like a pair of thirty foot mandibles. An imposing cave spills a spongy mass of dark seaweed and sandbars into the ocean that sailors call the Spider's Ichor.

Crews spending the night on Spider Island complain about creatures crawling on their skin while sleeping. No such creatures exist upon waking. Most sailors complain and make evil-warding signs when their captain plans such a stay. Shipwrights like to stop at Spider Island, as low tide and a little engineering provide a natural dry dock. A small tower of unknown origins haunts one of the 'legs'. Eight windows with red glass look west. At sunset, shafts of light form an eerie hourglass on the floor.


SOBOSYRAS BEACH

Most of the legends about the hidden archipelago known as Sobosyras Beach come from the Shackles' dragons who favor its seasonal delicacy. Off the west coast of Garund, the exact location is secret, though many theorize these sandy islands are hidden by the storms of the Eye of Abendego. All that is really known about Sobosyras Beach is that it is home for hundreds of thousands of dragon turtles – if only for a short time.

Dragon turtles mate at sea, but gravid females return to the beach of their birth to lay eggs. Each fall, hundreds of females leave the waves and crawl onto Sobosyras Beach. There, each digs a nest and lays about a hundred eggs. The next spring, young dragon turtles dig out of the sand under the light of the full moon. Few of these hatchlings survive to adulthood. Dragons dig up these eggs as delicacies, but storms, shifting sands, other predators and the tough life of the ocean also take their toll.

The beach itself is made up of hundreds of islands. Most are less than a mile square and rarely reach more than 30 feet above sea level. Storms often shift sands hundreds of feet breaking apart whole islands, creating new ones and sometimes rearranging the geography completely. Palms, camphor trees, and ferns top the most stable islands, a sign nests will survive--a sign for both mothers and raiders.

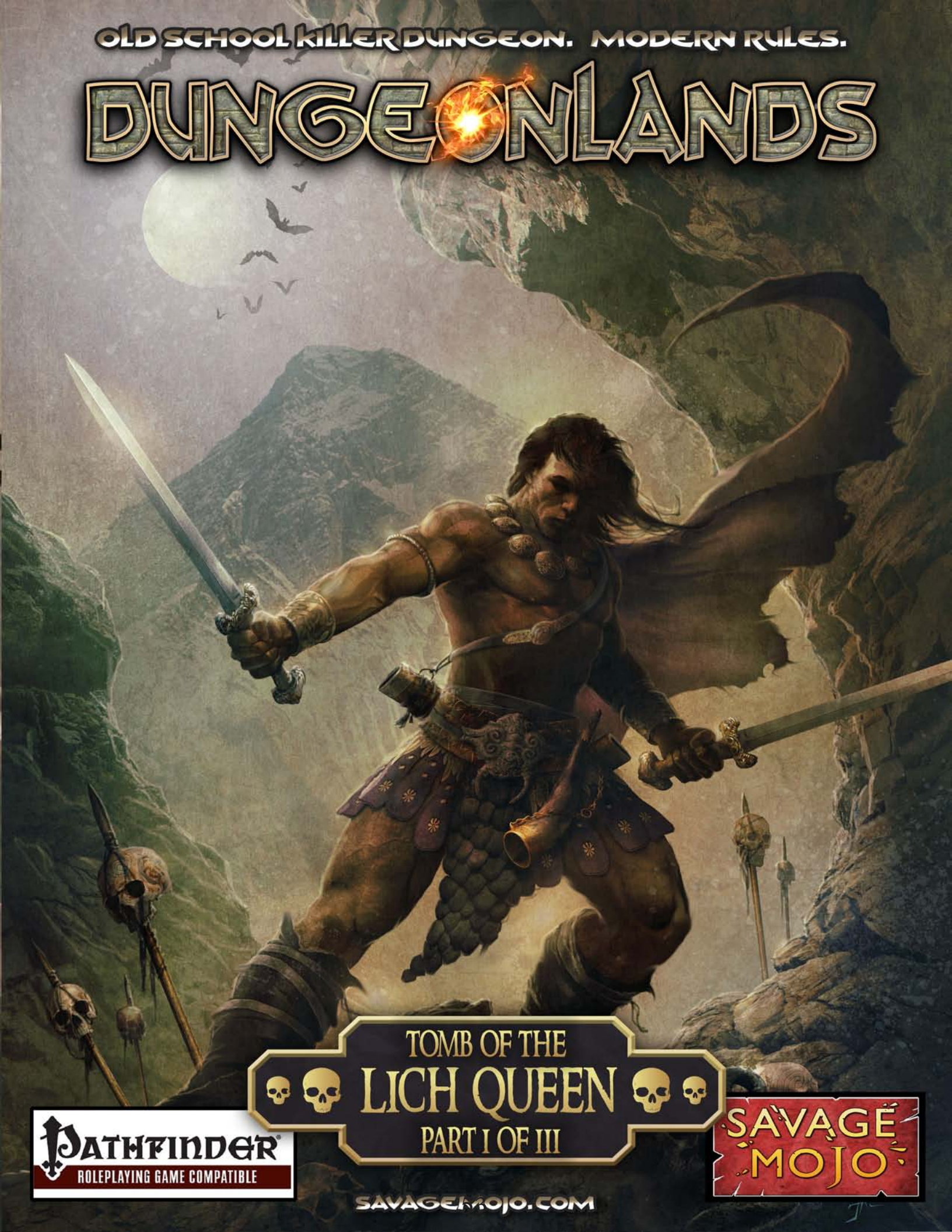
RUNE WRECK

Like navigators across the globe, members of the Pilot's Guild navigate Absalom's Flotsam Graveyard by landmarks. One such landmark is a circle of ocean floor nearly free of shipwrecks. This circle has only four ships in it and all have landed right side up. Aft to aft, each ship faces out from a central point like spokes on a wheel. The names of the ships have long since disappeared, but many believe two to be from the Chelish expansion period of the Everwar. A third bears the obvious marks of Shadde-Quah of the Shoanti. The fourth is little more than keel and stern, but its stone construction lead many to believe the work is Thassilonian. This plays highly on sailors' superstition. Ships bearing a name even remotely similar to one of the seven sins are given the most experienced pilot the guild has on hand and longer routes to avoid adding any more ships to the Rune Wreck. 



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The Arcane Archaeologists go beyond the land and take to the sea to uncover Golarion's undiscovered magics. Formally, the Arcane Archaeologists are: **Mazi Verrechia**, a human historian from Andoran who knows that searching just the land for new spells would limit him to only a fraction of the world's secrets; **Ahiyo Kyishi**, a Tian elf who has sailed across more than one of Golarion's great oceans; **Redaluccala "Red" Daipeati**, a gnome tinkerer and captain of a salvage submarine of his own design; and **Leclair Shnag**, a half-orc cryptozoologist who knows that scurvy one of least worries of the sea.

The Arcane Archaeologists devote their efforts to researching new spells, inventing magic items, devising novel spellcasting techniques, and cataloging exotic creatures.

Master and Commander

The survival of a ship's crew depends on the captain's skills. From ravaging sea creatures to white squalls, travel by sea is dangerous, unpredictable, and inhospitable. Sometimes all it takes to waylay a captain and cripple a crew is a spoiled crate of oranges. Many smaller ships lack a qualified second-in-command should their captain fall victim to scurvy. Against this eventuality, Mazi Verrechia recovered a spell that ship's apothecaries developed to man an abandoned steering wheel in a pinch.

DECKMASTER

School divination; **Level** alchemist 2, bard 1, cleric 2, druid 1, ranger 1, sorcerer/wizard 2

Casting Time 1 minute

Components V, S, F (a fine tricorn hat and a pair of sharkskin gloves worth 25 gp)

Range personal

Target you

Duration 1 hour/level

Saving Throw none; **Spell Resistance** no

Your mind is filled with the wits of a sea captain, and your hands are drawn to the nearest steering wheel. You gain a +10 bonus to Profession (sailor) skill checks made to drive a sea vehicle.

Additionally, you can step away from the steering wheel for short

periods, leaving the control of the ship in the hands of the gloves used as a focus. You can take driving actions as swift actions instead of the usual action required. Each driving action performed as a swift action reduces the spell's remaining duration by 1 hour.

Sea Legs

Whether on land or sea, Ahiyo Kyishi is never far from her compognathus familiar Teisatsu. She worried for Teisatsu's safety aboard the ship she commissioned to deliver her across the Arcadian Ocean, the *Saigo No Kaze*. Teisatsu could adapt to many different environments, but he was a poor swimmer. While researching islands off the coast of the Inner Sea region, the lore Ahiyo uncovered gave her peace of mind. Among her reference tomes, she found a folio of hand-scrawled notes said to have been unearthed on The Hermitage. Most were a catalogue of sea creatures dismissed by previous researchers as nonsense. However, when combined with information from a runic text, Ahiyo reconstructed an obscure magical ritual of use to any caster bonded with an animal.

Aquatic Bond Adaptation (Feat)

When you assume the form of an aquatic animal, your companion can take to the water by your side.

Prerequisite: Bonded companion class feature, such as an animal companion, familiar, or mount.

Benefit: When you are the subject of a polymorph effect—including spells of the polymorph subschool and the druid's wild shape ability—and you assume the shape of an aquatic creature, your bonded companion can also assume the shape of an aquatic creature. Your bonded companion's shape must be chosen from the list of bonded companions available in an aquatic campaign, as appropriate for your type of bond. For example, a druid's animal companion could take the shape of a dolphin, or a witch's familiar could take the shape of a snapping turtle. This adaptation functions as though you had targeted your bonded companion with the same polymorph effect you yourself are using, even if a creature of your bonded companion's type is normally not affected by the effect or the effect can normally only target yourself. Your bonded companion assumes the shape of an aquatic or amphibious creature as part of the same action that created the polymorph effect, and remains in that shape as long as you remain polymorphed. You can choose not to have your animal companion change shape with you.

Salvaging Light

Underwater expeditions are challenging for landbound adventurers. Without magical or technological assistance, breathing underwater is impossible, vision impaired, and movement difficult at best. All but the lightest armors are too heavy to swim in effectively, and even the heaviest armor may not be proof against the perils of the depths. In order to reach a sunken shipwreck and search for the artifact rumored to be in its cargo, "Red" Daipeati crafted a *pearl of the sirines* but still needed a means of clear vision. He also hoped for a means up escape should his luck go belly-up. When his research failed to find the perfect item, he created his own.

SALVOR'S CANDLE

Aura moderate conjuration; **CL** 12th

Slot none; **Price** 7,000 gp; **Weight** none

DESCRIPTION

This green sinewy wax candle has no wick but lights immediately when submerged in water. It burns for up to one hour and remains lit if returned to dry land. While lit, a *salvor's candle* gives off light as a torch and provides a +5 bonus to Survival checks made underwater. Additionally, a lit *salvor's candle* can be snuffed to teleport the possessor, up to four adjacent allies, and their gear to the last

ship or land location in which the possessor slept. Snuffing a *salvor's candle* is a standard action that does not provoke attacks of opportunity. A *salvor's candle* loses all magic once its flame goes out.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *continual flame*, *word of recall*; **Cost** 5,500 gp

Grip of the Watery Grave

Many survivors of a shipwreck die adrift on a lifeboat. Some of sun exposure, or dehydration, utterly lost in endless waters. When these floating coffins are recovered, some show evidence passengers but no trace of their remains. Sailors say the victims “died in the sea’s grip,” offer prayers that the same fate not befall them, and move on. Leclair Shnag dug deeper, discovering an aberration whose waves of tentacles give truth to the embrace of which the sailors speak.

Melee bite +4 (1d6+4 plus trip)
Special Attacks crippling grip (DC 14), watery lure
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 1st; concentration +2)
1/day—fly

STATISTICS
Str 17, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 6, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13
Base Atk +1; **CMB** +4 (+6 grapple); **CMD** 16 (18 vs. grapple and trip)
Feats Improved Grapple
Skills Perception +6, Stealth +7, Swim +15
Languages Aquan
SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY
Environment any aquatic
Organization solitary, pair, school (3–15), snare (10–30 plus 1–2 aboleths or giant squids, or 1 kraken)
Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES



Seagrip

A mane of tentacles surrounds this sea lion–like creature’s gaping mouth, dragging its leathery body forward. Its hind tentacles hang overhead like a two-pronged scorpion tail.

SEAGRIP	CR 1
XP 400	
NE Medium aberration (aquatic)	
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +6	
DEFENSE	
AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+2 Dex)	
hp 13 (2d8+4)	
Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +5	
OFFENSE	
Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.	

Crippling Grip (Ex)

When a seagrip grabs hold of a victim, it wraps its tentacles around every limb and twists. A seagrip can choose to perform a crippling grip on a successful grapple check. The target of the seagrip’s grapple must succeed at a DC 14 Fortitude save or suffer 1d2 Strength damage. The DC is Strength-based.

Watery Lure (Ex)

A seagrip gains a +4 morale bonus to combat maneuver checks and combat maneuver defense when underwater or within 30 feet of water.

This amphibious opportunist prowls

the deep sea and isolated coasts hunting sailors and other land creatures caught unawares. Once a creature comes within striking distance, the seagrip strikes from the water or, if desperate, from the air by calling on its modicum of magical power. It immediately seeks to bring its crippling grip to bear, wrenching its victims arms and legs out of place. Weakened and trapped, the seagrip’s victim is dragged down to the depths where water finishes what the seagrip began. Once its victim has drowned, the seagrip feasts.

One popular theory holds that the seagrip is to aboleths as kobolds are to dragons: though hardly comparable in terms of power or influence, evidence suggests kinship between the species must exist, however distant. Although a fraction of an aboleth’s size and magical power, seagrips have claimed enough unsuspecting victims to earn kill-on-sight bounties at major ports and along populated coastlines. A seagrip is 7 feet long and weighs 800 pounds.



People and Places of Totra

By Jeffrey "IronWolf" Tadlock

Art by Mike Lowe

Totra rests on the edge of the Inner Sea in the region of Osirion. The air here is heavy with the alluring mix of salt-water smell and arid desert air. Light breezes blow in from the water lessening the oppressing desert heat during the day. The sounds of busy docks and ringing ship bells drift into the streets of the city.

Totra is a city of excess and extravagance. The opulence of Totra's residents is readily visible to visitors in their clothing and mannerisms. Ancient monuments dot the city as memorials of Osirion's long-buried past.

Totra's docks are crowded with ships vying for position in and out of the harbor. Heavy cargo taxes are the norm in Osiriani seaports. Totra has a reputation with the seedier ship captains as being home to certain inspectors willing to take bribes to reduce this tax burden.

Places of Interest

The Scarab Beetle: Situated just off the docks on the waterfront, this tavern boasts an open taproom overlooking the Inner Sea with a broad awning across the front. A popular establishment, the Scarab Beetle's patrons consist mainly of sailors and seagoing merchants. The owner, **Bek Sitayet** (N male human fighter 3), is a muscular, dark-skinned man, a veteran of many sea voyages himself before deciding to retire to the life of a tavern owner. He is nearly always present in the evenings to socialize with the sailors, and carries two large curved daggers on his hips. He has not lost a sailor's love of tales, and spins a good many himself. The crowd here is rough and not for the meek, but the drinks and food are of good quality.

Weshptah Warehouse Rental Office: This small, cluttered office is located in a corner within one of the several warehouses a short distance from the docks. **Khuy Weshptah** (NE male human expert 4), a Totra native, is the owner of many of the prominent warehouses visible near the docks. The office consists of a small counter with an office behind it. Much of the cargo arriving by ship needs temporary storage areas and finds a home in one of Khuy's warehouses. The majority of items stored in the warehouse are legitimate goods. But for the right price, Khuy is willing to find a safe place to secure more illicit items from the city's tax collectors. Khuy is never far from his bodyguard, **Loran Godric** (LE male human fighter 5). Loran, husky and tall, hails from Absalom and has found the warmer, drier climate to his liking. Loran is very loyal, and far from subtle in his



enforcement and protection of Khuy.

Duck's Canvas Shop: Duck's Canvas Shop is just off the waterfront and owned by **Finnhann Lightfoot** (CG halfling expert 5). A large sail in front of the shop clearly identifies the business. Finnhann is a jovial, hard-working halfling who toils

away until the late hours of the evening.

Finnhann ran into unknown trouble in the city of Absalom and quickly relocated to Totra where he opened a profitable business. His primary sale goods are sails, some of the finest to sail the Inner Sea region. He also sells other canvas items—room dividers, awnings, and banquet tents. Inside the shop are narrow aisles with folded stacks of canvas. Behind the main showroom is a large workshop where the shop's wares are crafted.

The Sleeping Tree: Located several blocks from the waterfront, The Sleeping Tree is an inn offering clean and affordable accommodations for visitors to Totra. The Inn boasts a large common room adorned with dark imported wood from the River Kingdoms. The ceiling of the common room has been painstakingly carved into the appearance of a forest canopy and a great stone fireplace takes up one entire wall of the room.

Owned by an elven couple, **Taether Tlanbourne** (CG elf expert 4) and **Shaelyl Tlanbourne** (CG elf expert 2), the establishment is well kept and busy with locals who come for the food and elven wines, as well as overnight guests. Taether and Shaelyl emigrated south from the River Kingdoms area and are well-liked in Totra. The three-story inn offers comfortable lodgings and high quality food at a reasonable price. Many locals enjoy the imported wine from Kyonin along with the food and call the inn a hidden gem of Totra.

The Ruby Prince Garden: This garden occupies an entire city block near the center of Totra. This unusual block of greenery appears as an oasis within the desert city, and is filled with lush grass, imported trees, and vibrant flowers. A large four-tiered fountain flowing with cool water and decorated with a tangle of carved vines sits at the center of the garden. Walkways of pure white gravel wind their way through the garden edged by myriad lilies. An intricate series of pipes and troughs work their way through the garden to provide an elaborate irrigation system, allowing the green oasis to flourish in this desert city. One portion of the garden has a larger-than-life-sized statue of the Ruby Prince Khemet III, circled by a low tier of pyramids.

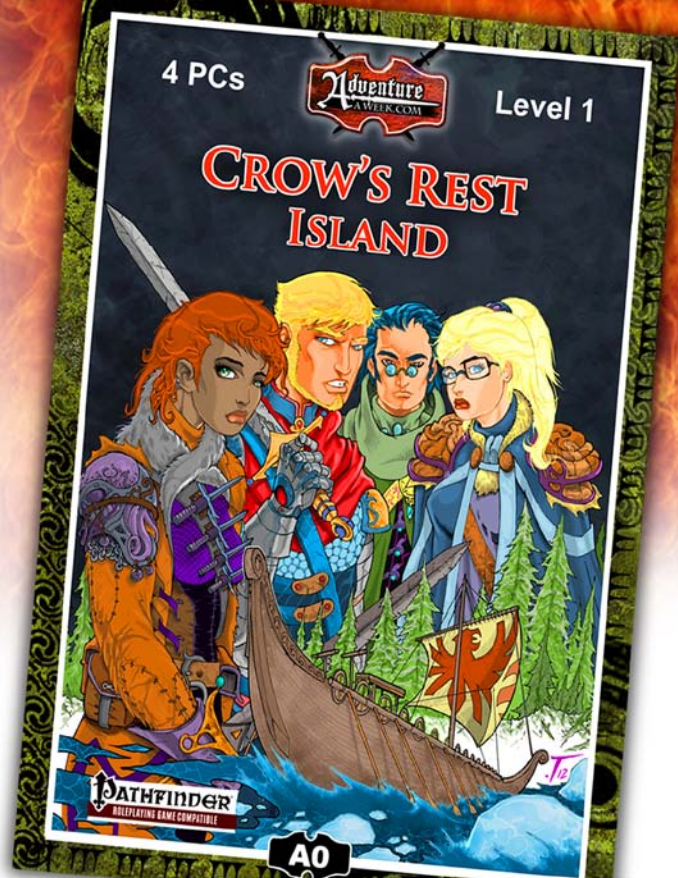
The garden is tended by **Irvant Williams** (N halfling wizard 2) who keeps the garden in impeccable condition. He is quite proud of his work and will happily talk to any visitors.

The Coral Khepesh: Located within a block of the administrative district, The Coral Khepesh is an elegant, upscale tavern with private booths popular with local aristocrats and businessmen. The open area has a bar and tables of dark wood and chairs cushioned with the finest of textiles.

Nehi Padiaset (N male human aristocrat 5) was a former member of the palace staff before realizing there was more gold in catering to the aristocrats and the people seeking to influence them. Securing a medium-sized building within an easy walk of the administrative district, he renovated the building into a tavern. Tunnels from the basement allow a more private entrance to the tavern for those with the coin to pay for such discretion. He provides security at the door and employs wizards on staff to protect the common room from scrying spells and other magical effects. These efforts keep meetings and conversations private.

People of Interest

Angelo Cyanothran (NE male human rogue 6): Angelo is a dark-complected man with gold-flecked eyes, typically seen wearing a dark purple scarf around his waist. Formerly from Varisia, he left for unknown reasons. Angelo is a fence, able to move goods into and out of Totra and Osirion, and able to avoid



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the tax collectors while doing so.


One does not meet directly with Angelo Cyanothran, but rather through his small network of contacts working near the docks. Angelo recruits a variety of people to handle arrangements, from dock workers to street urchins. The same workers are infrequently used and many are prone to disappearance.

Sabu Henenu (N male human expert 4): A prominent tax collector responsible for surveying incoming cargo, Sabu Henenu is receptive to taking bribes to adjust the value of one's shipments.

While the service comes at a price it is cheaper than the tax itself. Sabu is known as a jovial and friendly man seeming to know everyone on the docks of Totra. Despite the outward appearance, Sabu can be merciless if he suspects someone of trying to implicate him in his shady deals on the side.

Nebetka Thaneni (LG male human fighter 8): Captain of the city guard, Nebetka is a broad-shouldered, imposing figure and has a widespread reputation of being a strict disciplinarian.

Well-respected by his subordinates, he works to maintain order in Totra. He is frequently found about the city with an entourage of city guards checking in on various guard posts on a daily basis. He is aware of the corruption occurring on the docks and struggles to keep it under control.

Molmari Gwindlestockin (NE female gnome sorcerer 4): An old gnomish woman with gray-flecked purple hair and wrinkled skin, Molmari wanders the streets trying to convince the people that the Ruby Prince is under the supernatural influence of his fire elemental guardian. Molmari insists to any who will listen that the Ruby Prince is preparing to bring war to neighboring countries. Often considered a nuisance, the city guard leaves her alone most of the time, though no one knows why they do not simply lock her up. 



Precious Cargo

By Paris Crenshaw

Art by Mike Lowe

Temerius had been squinting at the horizon for a long time. Sunset was still a quarter of an hour away. From the grimace on the man's face, Ceindra guessed he was in quite a bit of pain. She couldn't help laughing to herself as she walked up behind him and flipped the neatly braided ponytail that hung down the back of his blue, green and gold brocaded coat.

"You realize the First Mate was lying, don't you? There will be no flash--green or any other color."

"How is it possible, Ceindra, for you to be both skeptical and dogmatic?" He responded without looking at her. "And furthermore, how do you know he was lying? What makes you such an expert on lore of the sea?"

"First of all, Tem, skepticism is part of my dogma, even if it isn't part of yours. And second, I've traveled around the Inner Sea as much as you have. I'm an inquisitor. I *have* to spend more time listening. You spend more time being listened to."

The man finally turned to meet her gaze. The frown on his face did nothing to mar his good looks. Temerius had always been handsome in the classical way that made Ceindra think of marble sculptures. She had never felt an attraction for him, but understood how other women could. It was his voice, however, that had won over most of his admirers.

"I cannot help it if I command attention. It is the gift—the burden—I was given." The edge in his voice stung her. Temerius had never spoken that way to her before.

"Look, Tem." She placed her hand on his, where it rested on the deck's railing. She noticed the wrinkles on the back of his hand, wrinkles her own

hands did not possess, though they were the same age. But it was not her elven blood that separated them, now. He had taken her words as criticism. She started to correct him, but she faltered.

Temerius's frown softened.

"You and I both know we are not the same people we once were," he said. He looked away to where the sun continued its descent, spreading out across the line between sea and sky, where the air rippled with heat. Ceindra followed his gaze and gave a nod she wasn't sure he would see.

Behind her, Ceindra heard the crackle of taut rope as a sailor began climbing the rigging to the crow's nest. Another moved aft to relieve the aft lookout. On other ships, evening watches wouldn't turn over until after eight bells, almost an hour away. But the *Resplendent's* lookouts were trained to let their eyes adjust to the falling darkness. As reassuring as the competence of Taldor's Imperial Navy was, Ceindra shivered at the thought that such strength was required.

"Commodore Saelnerian tells me we'll be at the mouth of the Porthmos within a few days," she said. "You have nothing to worry about. Once we get closer to all that traffic, there's a chance someone will figure out where you are. But my job is to get you to the Heirarch in Oppara, and that's what I'm going to do." She caught the smirk before Temerius even knew he had made it.

"Temerius, you need to trust me. Trust all of us." She swept her arm across the deck. "Every member of this crew was vetted. And we're all warded against possession. The Church has taken every possible precaution to make sure you get to Oppara safely."

"What if that's not what I want?" Temerius turned to her, balling his hands into fists. His arms trembled. The sudden movement was so violent that Ceindra almost dropped into a defensive stance. "What if I don't want to go to Oppara? What if I don't want to answer the Heirarch's questions? What if I'd rather not make it *anywhere* safely if it means I have to be reminded of... what I've done?"

"You have to let go of that guilt, Tem. Even if you had actually done something wrong, you know the power of Shelyn's redemption as well as I do. You've seen it first-hand."

"Then what was *that*?" He blurted out the words. "Where was the redemption in what happened to those people?"

"Those people were cultists of Tychiavallo! They worshipped a *daemon*!" The inquisitor grabbed her friend's wrists and tried to calm his tremors. "They had already rejected Shelyn's redemption. Had there been anything left in them to save, Syriss's power would have found it."

Her invocation of the storm giants' name for Shelyn had the desired effect. To the giants, she was the goddess of music, daughter of wind and sea. There, on the ocean, beneath the open sky, she reminded the bard just who it was he served. His fists unclenched and his shoulders sagged.

In that moment, as though for the first time, Ceindra saw the grey hair at



*New Masterpiece: Oh, Blossom of the
Golden Flower (Sing)*

Your song invokes the power of divine beauty and love to drive out fiends and harm evil creatures.

Prerequisite: Perform (sing) 15 ranks.

Cost: Feat or 5th-level bard spell known.

Effect: This passionate aria tells the story of a cursed prince who convinced Shelyn to banish the evil from his heart so that he could be restored to life and spend the rest of his mortal days with his true love. When you complete your performance, all evil creatures within a 40-foot radius take 3d8+1 points of damage from pure divine power (Will save for half damage). Additionally, evil extraplanar creatures must make a second Will save at a -4 penalty or be banished to their home planes.

This masterpiece can be used to drive possessing fiends out of unwilling hosts without harming a host whose alignment is otherwise good. A host whose alignment is also evil will suffer the damage.

Use: 5 bardic performance rounds.

Action: 5 full rounds.

his temples and the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. Truthfully, time had not been as kind to her friend as she had once believed. His eyes filled with tears and a thin rivulet ran down each of the man's cheeks.

"All of them, Ceindra? Some were no more than children. The song was supposed to cleanse their souls. Instead...." He made a choking sound and looked at the deck.

"It did, Tem. Believe me. I was there. I saw the evidence." Ceindra's mind drifted back to that night, recalling the

horrible, anguished cries of hideous pain and utter despair. But she also remembered what she found in the shrine hidden in the catacombs. It was that knowledge that steeled her, now. "Temerius, I know what rituals they were performing. Everyone in that church had given themselves over to the Empty Light. Shelyn inspired you to create that aria because it was the only way to spare them from whatever fate Tychiavallo had intended. She sent you that song because it had to be performed in that village."

When Temerius finally looked up to meet her gaze, the pain in his eyes nearly broke her heart. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, holding it there for several heartbeats.

"I thank the goddess for sending you to me, Ceindra. You have always been a loyal and faithful friend, especially when my beloved Carensia passed. When I lost my way, you guided me back. As I did then, I will rely on your light to lead me through this darkness, now. If this daemon lord's goal was to make me question myself, he succeeded. But he cannot make me question my trust in you."

The bard glanced over his shoulder and out to the horizon. What was left of the day's sun was a golden dome on a field of black. A pinnacle of light rested atop the dome, growing smaller with each passing moment. Temerius shook his head and stepped away from the railing.

"Please excuse me. I should retire to my quarters. I'm very tired."

"Certainly," she said. "Have Sister Ellesindra renew your protection spells before you turn in."

Temerius nodded and took a few steps toward the stern before pausing. He looked back at the inquisitor. A gust of wind jostled her short, blonde hair. Her long coat billowed around her legs. He seemed about to speak, but simply smiled.

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"Good night, Tem."

"Good night, Ceindra."


She watched him disappear below deck before leaning on the railing, just as Temerius had been moments before. She'd had serious misgivings about this mission from the start. Complete trust wasn't in her nature.

Despite what she'd told him, Ceindra couldn't trust the source of Temerius's inspiration any more than she trusted the Heirarch's need to interview Temerius, himself. She was in no position to openly question either of them, though, so she would do what she always did: watch, listen and learn.

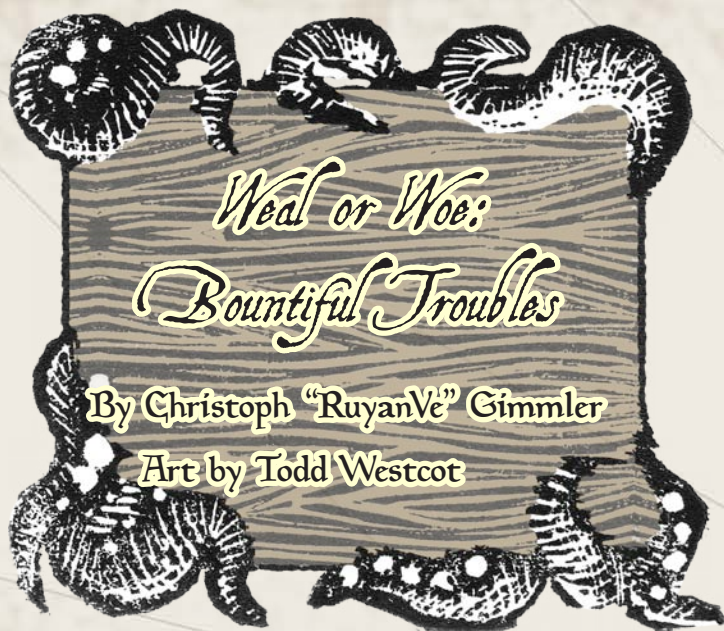
As she looked out onto the darkening sea, the sun at last slipped below the horizon. The dome's pinnacle grew smaller and smaller, and her breath caught in her throat as the speck of light changed from gold to green, then shifted to a brilliant blue. The blue flash seemed to pulse in time with her own heartbeat for several seconds. Then, it released a vertical beam of blue light, stretching high above the horizon before fading from view.

The smell of salt air was infused with the smell of roses.

Ceindra breathed deeply, thanking the Lady for blessing her. She wasn't sure what this omen meant, but knew the purpose of the visitation would be revealed in accordance with Shelyn's wishes. Shaking her head, she went back to her stateroom, wondering if she should tell Temerius what she'd seen.

The inquisitor was so focused on the sunset that she failed to see the massive, amphibian head break the water's surface next to the ship, its pale, lifeless eyes fixed upon her and its mouth, rimmed with needle-sharp teeth, opened wide. Nor did she see the thing recoil at the sudden flash of blue in the sky and dive deep beneath the night-black waves to escape the scent of roses on the wind. 





Weal: Warrick Brack

At 5'1", Warrick is a rather stunted, but wiry man of unreadable age. His receding hair line and wispy mustache seem to match his shabby clothing. Upon closer inspection, his clothes, while well-worn and sporting many patches, but are well kept, clean, have no ragged hems and the crease of his collar appears razor sharp. He usually wears a wide overcoat with many pockets.

This trademark coat is the source of Warrick's nickname: Warrick Has-all. Hidden or not, the cabin boy is usually able to produce just the thing a crewmember is missing without much a-do. However, some of the more brutish and bullying crew members pronounce his name more like "hassle" and it is with those crew members that Warrick becomes rather particular about the lending and use of his things, often demanding a "thank you" in return for his support.

Given that Warrick has been the cabin boy aboard the *Bountiful* for more than 10 years now and has weathered countless storms, crew members and three captains, his once blustery and impudent behavior that extended to nearly the entire crew has evolved into a more courteous demeanor.



Adventure Hooks

- While disembarking in Korvosa, Warrick asks the PCs if he can be of service by accompanying them. In town, he requests a short side trip to visit his brother, Wolden in Old Korvosa, who is suffering from a streak of bad luck of late.
- The PCs have lost some important item, or trinket, Warrick offers his assistance in finding it.
- The PCs witness a joke played on Warrick that not only humiliates him, but robs him of something important to him. He has difficulty getting it back and asks the PCs for aid.

Boon

Warrick can offer the PCs contacts for various services (up to 500 gp) and serve as guide in any major port along the route of the *Bountiful*.

At sea, he offers to prepare an old family remedy for sea-sick

PCs—which works! If asked for the recipe, he will hand write a copy of it for the PCs. This broth recipe requires 3 ranks in Profession (cook) to concoct, and it cures the sickened condition for 1d4+4 hours. The broth is ready in 15 minutes.

WARRICK BRACK (WERERAT, HUMAN FORM)

CR 4

XP 1,200

Human natural wererat rogue 4 (augmented humanoid)

LN Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge)

hp 30 (4d8+12)

Fort +3, **Ref** +8, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +6/+6 (1d4/19–20)

Ranged throwing dagger +7 (1d4/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

TACTICS

During Combat Warrick will endure almost all humiliation, trying to use Bluff or Diplomacy to avoid combat, and reverting to combat only as a last resort. Otherwise, he will lick his wounds, report to the captain, or seek revenge later, should his words be dismissed.

Warrick opens combat with a sneak attack in the surprise round and relies on his DR and rogue skills to survive.

Morale If reduced to below 14 hit points, Warrick attempts to flee the scene, using his tanglefoot bag to slow pursuit. If faced with death, he fights to the last.

STATISTICS

Str 10, **Dex** 18, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +3; **CMB** +7; **CMD** 21

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Dodge, Two-Weapon Fighting

Skills Acrobatics +11, Appraise +5, Bluff +5, Climb +6,

Diplomacy +5, Disable Device +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +9, Profession (cook) +8, Profession (sailor) +6, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +10, Swim +6

Languages Common

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and dire rat; *polymorph*), rogue talents (fast stealth, finesse rogue), lycanthropic empathy (rats and dire rats), trapfinding

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), *potion of feather fall*, tanglefoot bag; **Other Gear** studded leather armor (ACP -2), masterwork dagger (2), throwing daggers (4), sap, 50-ft. silk rope, masterwork thieves' tools, 101 gp

WARRICK BRACK (WERERAT, HYBRID FORM)

CR 4

XP 1200

LN Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger)

Init +4; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+3 armor, +4 Dex, +1 dodge, +2 natural)

hp 34 (4d8+16)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +3

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge;

DR 10/silver

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee mwk dagger +6/+6 (1d4+1/19–20), bite +2 (1d4+1 plus disease and curse of lycanthropy; DC 15)

Ranged throwing dagger +7 (1d4+1/19–20)

Special Attacks sneak attack +2d6

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 18, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +3; CMB +7; CMD 21

Feats Agile Maneuvers, Dodge, Two-Weapon-Fighting

Skills Acrobatics +11, Appraise +5, Bluff +5, Climb +7, Diplomacy +5, Disable Device +8, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +9, Profession (cook) +8, Profession (sailor) +6, Sense Motive +9, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +10, Swim +7

Languages Common, Halfling

SQ change shape (human, hybrid, and dire rat; *polymorph*), rogue talents (fast stealth, finesse rogue), lycanthropic empathy (rats and dire rats), trapfinding

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Ex) *Filth fever*: Bite—injury; save Fort DC 15; onset 1d3 days; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 Dex damage and 1d3 Con damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Woe: Paul Malaise

This humanoid's ankle-length coat is capped with a deep hood that completely obscures the wearer's face. A distinct smell of rot and decay lingers around this figure, as if the fetid air of the docks travels everywhere with it.

In his former life Paul Malaise was first mate aboard the *Bountiful*, a fast schooner serving the passage along the western coast of Avistan from Kalsgard all the way south to Corentyn. Cruel and bullying even before his death, and especially malicious when drunk, Paul delighted in tormenting the *Bountiful's* cabin boy, Warrick.

One night, one of Paul's pranks—involving the bilge and a poisonous water snake—backfired, and he found himself bound and pushed overboard. His last sight was the bottom of the *Bountiful* growing small as he sank to the depths of Conqueror's Bay.

Adventure Hooks

- Having paid quite some money Paul has finally learned who has tossed him overboard eight years ago. After hearing which ship will reach port tonight, Paul approaches the PCs after disembarking to gather information and recruit them to exact revenge on Warrick.
- The PCs must leave Korvosa through unorthodox means. Paul is recommended to them as the kind of guide who knows the sewers and darker alleys to avoid pursuit. Unbeknownst to them, Paul has a standing contract with the city's major crime lord to hand over any fugitives to be sold into slavery or ransomed if the price is high enough.
- Paul works as bag man for a protection racket operating in Old Korvosa. He is about to

collect the protection payments of Wolden Brack, a drunkard and gambler, when the PCs and Warrick enter Wolden's abode.

Boon

Paul can serve as a fence for any goods or magic items of up to 2,000 gp.

PAUL MALAISE

CR 4

XP 1,200

Male lacedon urban ranger* 3

CE Medium undead

Init +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +9

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16 (+4 armor, +4 Dex, +2 natural)

hp 40 (5 HD; 2d8+3d10+15)

Fort +6, **Ref** +7, **Will** +6

Defensive Abilities channel resistance +2;

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee bite +8 (1d6+3 plus disease and paralysis) and 2 claws +9 (1d6+3 plus paralysis)

Ranged mwk light crossbow +9 (1d8/19–20)

Special Attacks disease (DC 14), favored enemy (humanoid (human) +2), paralysis (1d4+1 rounds, DC 14, elves are immune to this effect)

TACTICS

During Combat Paul prefers to ambush his opponents. He uses his *pipes of the sewers* first as he enjoys the sight of his opponents swarmed by rats. If he cannot employ the pipes, he opens combat by trying to demoralize his opponents with Dazzling Display, then engages in melee combat.

Morale Paul fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 17, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** 15, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +4; CMB +7; CMD 21

Feats Weapon Focus (claws), Dazzling Display, Nimble Moves, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +8, Climb +8, Disable Device +9, Disguise +9, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +7, Knowledge (local) +8, Perception +9, Perform (wind instrument) +5, Profession (sailor) +6, Stealth +10, Survival +7, Swim +7

SQ combat style (natural weapons*), favored community (Korvosa), track +1, wild empathy +6, trapfinding

Languages Aquan, Common, Necril

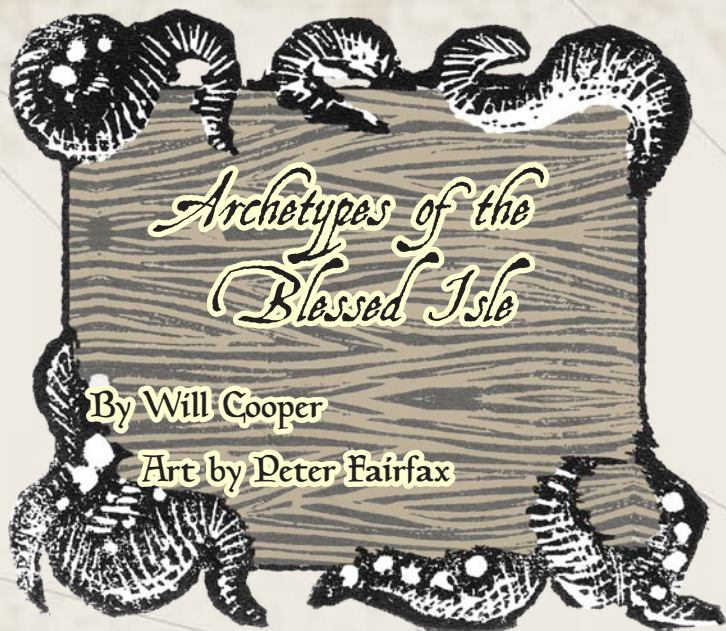
Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *scroll of magic fang* (2), *scroll of silence*; **Other gear** mwk heavy crossbow with 50 bolts, mwk hide armor (ACP –2), *pipes of the sewers*, scroll case, 194 gp

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Disease (Su) *Ghoul Fever*: Bite—injury; save Fort DC 14; onset 1 day; frequency 1/day; effect 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex damage; cure 2 consecutive saves. The save DC is Charisma-based. A humanoid who dies of ghoulish fever rises as a ghoul at the next midnight. A humanoid who becomes a ghoul in this way retains none of the abilities it possessed in life. It is not under the control of any other ghouls, but it hungers for the flesh of the living and behaves like a normal ghoul in all respects. A humanoid of 4 Hit Dice or more rises as a ghast.

* See the *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide* 80





The island of Hermea in the Steaming Sea is a beacon of law and promise throughout Golarion, and few citizens ever leave its blessed shores willingly. When the ruling Council of Enlightenment sends agents on missions, they go bearing deadly purpose, armed with the arcane heritage of their island home. The people of Hermea kept deep knowledge of the ocean's ways even before Mengkare's arrival. Now their academies have combined the primordial magics of the sea with draconic lore, refining them in a deadly combination. Though their missions may take them far from the Steaming Sea, adventurers from Hermea always wield the might of wind and wave.

Waveblade (Magus Archetype)

Hermean magi have such control over elemental water that they wield it as a weapon. Directing a stream of living water as a whip, the waveblade magus strides across the battlefield blasting his enemies with ice and arcane power.

Wavebound Lore: A waveblade magus can use his arcane ability to spontaneously control water in his environment. The waveblade adds the following spells to the magus spell list, and can lose any prepared spell in order to cast a spell of the same spell level or lower from the list below.

1st—*hydraulic push**, 2nd—*slipstream**, 3rd—*draconic reservoir* (cold only)*, 4th—*ride the waves****, 5th—*icy prison***, 6th—*fluid form**

This ability replaces knowledge pool.

Touch of Ice: At 3rd level, once per day, a waveblade magus can cast a spell as if it were modified by the Rime Spell** feat. This does not increase the casting time or level of the spell. This ability replaces the magus arcana gained at 3rd level.

Water Whip (Su): At 4th level, a waveblade magus can sacrifice a prepared magus spell of

1st level or higher as a swift action to create a whip of water. The whip functions as a whip, with the following exceptions: the magus is considered proficient with the water whip, the whip lasts for 1 minute or until dismissed, and it has an enhancement bonus equal to the level of the spell sacrificed (maximum +5).

The magus can use his arcane pool feature with the water whip. The waveblade also gains Whip Mastery as a bonus feat even if he does not meet the requirements.

At 7th level, the waveblade gains Improved Whip Mastery as a bonus feat, and at 11th level he gains Greater Whip Mastery. This ability replaces the spell recall and improved spell recall class features.

Magus Arcana: The following arcana complement the waveblade magus archetype: arcane accuracy, pool strike, and reflection.

Deepcaller (Summoner Archetype)

Summoners from the blessed island of Hermea are heirs to the secrets of the ocean depths. They wield power from the Plane of Water, and the many-tentacled horrors of that lightless realm rise at their call. Pity those in the deathly grasp of the nameless ones.

Living Water (Sp): Starting at 3rd level, a deepcaller can summon living water a number of times per day equal to 3+ her Charisma modifier. This ability also grants *slipstream** as a spell-like ability.

At 7th level it grants *black tentacles*, at 11th level it grants *ice crystal teleport***, and at 15th level it grants *seamantle**.

When a deepcaller gains a spell as a spell-like ability, she adds it to her class spell list (she must still select it as a spell known if she wants to cast it). This ability replaces the summon monster ability gained at 3rd, 7th, 11th, and 15th level. Instead, the deepcaller gains *summon monster II* as a spell-like ability at 5th level, *summon monster III* at 9th level, etc.

Aquatic Eidolon: This functions as the eidolon ability of a standard summoner with the following exceptions: Instead of an outsider, a deepcaller's eidolon has the aberration creature type, and the aquatic and water subtypes. Its statistics are changed from a standard eidolon as follows:

HD: Use d8 Hit Dice instead of d10.

Base Form: The deepcaller's eidolon must have either the aquatic or serpentine base form.

Evolutions: At 1st level, the deepcaller's eidolon gains tentacle as a free evolution. The eidolon gains an additional free tentacle evolution at 5th level and every five levels thereafter.

Deep Summons: At 9th level, a deepcaller adds the following creatures to the lists of creatures she can summon with her *summon monster* spell-like ability:

Summon monster III: giant sea anemone, incutilis

Summon monster IV: cecaelia, giant hellgrammite

Summon monster V: dragon turtle, glass sea urchin

* See *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide*

** See *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic*





By Russell "Soricel Minoi

Mousefeet" Estes

Art by Dave

"The Eldritch Mr Shiny" Mallon

Shackled is more than a mere word around the islands my fellow Wayfinders, it is a feeling. Many a traveler is bound to these islands for reasons they are all too eager to share over a pint or two. Tales of love lost, ghost ships, pirates and islands shrouded in mists where sailors hear chants to a deity unknown. Rough seas be ahead adventures so batten down the hatches and read on.

Ruby's Theft

Left
In port,
By the
One, I loved.
She took
It all,
Ship
And gold.
My precious
Ruby,
I'll soon
Give chase,
After all,
A treasure
Left unburied,
Is one
Worth hunting.

Kelpie's Wrath

Through mist
And gale,
The Kelpie
Makes sail.
Be it day
Or night,
Her deck glows,
With a spectral light.

Kelpie's
Forsaken crew,
Be loved ones,
Tis' true.
Such,
Is their fate,
To cross
Her path,
Forever to serve
Aboard the Kelpie's Wrath.

Salty Lot

They are Men,
Of the sea,
No allegiance to king,
They are free,
Port to port
They travel
To cavort,
From beggar
To prince,
Such titles
The sea shall rinse,
To laws bound
They be not,
Men of the sea
A salty lot.
BESMARA
Oh, brothers
Be not afraid,
For we battle
This night.
Pay tribute
To our queen,
For weather
Fair and true.
Come,
My brothers
Raise spirit
And sword,
For we battle
This night.

Blood Queen

Isle
Of mist
And perpetual thirst,
Of lives
And hope,
It drinks,
Forever
For its Queen,
Who rules
Below,
Upon a throne
Of blood,
And stone. 卐



Most ships sport figureheads, either on the prow, looking ahead, or the stern, overlooking the deck. In most cases, these are decorative touches to improve morale and allow the crew to identify with the ship (as well as find their way back after a night of shore leave). Typical forms include sea creatures, such as dolphins, whales, sharks, fish, or octopods; magical beasts, such as mermaids, elementals; deities of the waves; or (in)famous historical figures. Some wealthier owners consider their figureheads as a potential means of increasing the ship's or crew's performance, via more than mere morale.

Building a figurehead: The default requirements for a basic, non-magical decoration are Craft (carpentry) or Craft (ships) DC 10; Cost: 100–1,000 gp, depending on the port and the craftsman, which will result in a work of varying quality. As in all things, you get what you pay for; being a skinflint can have undesired effects. Many a crew has grown dispirited when they learn their mascot is a target of mockery from their rivals due to its cross eyes or unflattering paintwork.

Enchantment: For a figurehead to be capable of storing magical power it must be of exceptional quality, hence the base price for the sculpture must be at least 1,000 gp. The sculpture, however, is just the tip of the iceberg, the visible focus of the crew's attention. Further work must be carried out to bind this prominent feature deeply into the structure of the ship. This work constitutes the further expenditure listed below and must normally be carried out during the ship's construction or at a dry dock.

Only one figurehead can be mounted on any given ship, though a single figurehead may have more than one power, if the price of the second effect is increased by +50%, and the third (and any subsequent) effect by +100%.



SAMPLE FIGUREHEADS

SPRIT OF THE SHARK

Aura moderate divination; **CL** 7th

Slot none; **Price** 101,000 gp; **Weight** variable

DESCRIPTION

This figurehead holds a large urn, into which is placed a valued possession of the ship's intended target. The statue is carved to be jointed at the waist and one arm (or with the arm in a permanently upraised position), and as if wearing the holy symbol of a deity, most commonly one of seafaring, or law enforcement.

If the target is within 20 miles, the statue will point the way to its current location (or to 90 degrees either side, if the quarry is outside the ship's front arc), and dials in the figurehead's surface indicate the target's distance and speed. Some designs allow for the settings to instead display relative speed for an extra 50gp.

This figurehead is sometimes placed forward of the wheel, rising from the front of the aft castle, so the steersman can remain informed while looking to the prow. Privateers and bounty hunters primarily employ this figurehead, but sometimes it can provide beneficial uses, such as finding victims lost at sea. Some captains make a habit of leaving a token of sentimental value with the coast guard to allow for such a rescue and to prove their good intent while in the guard's jurisdiction. Important prisoners in coastal towns must often forfeit clothing or jewelry on arrest, to aid in their recapture in the case of potential escape attempts.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Wondrous Item, *find quarry*, 7 ranks in Craft (carpentry/ships);

Cost 51,000 gp

SPRIT OF THE CLOUDS

Aura faint abjuration, **CL** 5th

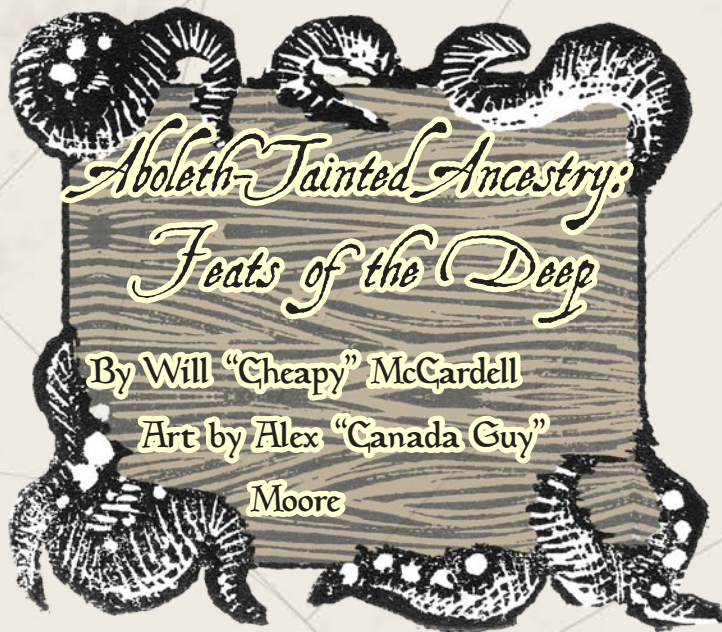
Slot none; **Price** 11,000 gp; **Weight** variable

DESCRIPTION

The statue most often resembles a calm, serene figure with outstretched arms, rising from stylised clouds. Often seen on ships traveling the tropics, this figurehead protects the crew from the harmful effects of heat and direct sunlight. The crew work comfortably in conditions up to 140 degrees Fahrenheit without having to make Fortitude saves. Their equipment is likewise protected. It does not provide any protection from fire damage, nor does it protect against other environmental hazards such as smoke or lack of air. The statue extends its protection to up to 20 creatures at any time, typically the first to touch the statue while performing a small ritual prayer.

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements: Craft Wondrous Item, *endure elements*, 5 ranks in Craft (carpentry/ships); **Cost** 6,000 gp



Just as slime and mucus coat whatever the aboleth's tentacles touch, the traces of their manipulation linger in the descendants of their experiments. The feats presented here result from the tinkering of the aboleths or the aftereffects of their powers. The GM can allow PCs to take these feats to reflect an appropriate backstory, or after significant campaign events involving the aboleth. Events that might unlock access to the feats include the sighting of skum, domination by an aboleth, or even glimpsing an ancient aboleth rune, once lost to the ages but now revealed to the surface world. Due to the possibility of events unlocking traits that the PC may not even be aware of, aboleth-tainted ancestry is not required to be taken at 1st level.

Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry

Whether your ancestors were gillmen, skum, or past victims of aboleth experimentation, your blood is tainted by the tampering of these alien creatures of the deep.

Benefits: You receive a +1 racial bonus on saving throws against enchantment spells and effects from non-aboleths, but take a -1 penalty on such saving throws from the abilities and spells of aboleths.

You serve the dark, unfathomable schemes of the reclusive aboleths, but unless you go against the orders of your hidden masters, you are free to act as you wish. Such orders are likely unknown to you, taking the form of hidden memories triggered by key events. In a campaign, the GM determines the specifics of these orders, meaning you may lose some control of your PC when it best serves the ongoing story of the campaign.

Glimpse of Servitude

Those who resist your enchantment spells glimpse the unspeakable future that awaits the world when the aboleths regain their primacy.

Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry, Spell Focus (enchantment).

Benefits: Whenever an opponent successfully saves against an enchantment spell you cast, they uncontrollably shudder as they view mental echoes of possible futures under aboleth rule. Until the beginning of your next turn, the opponent receives a -2 penalty on attack rolls and

AC. This does not affect the targets of harmless spells. Aboleths are immune to this ability, though their servants are not.

Ingrained Tasks

As if designed to carry them out, you excel at certain tasks by performing them without thought.

Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry.

Benefits: Choose 3 skills that are Strength- or Dexterity-based. When taking 10 with those skills, you gain a +2 bonus on the check. If you have 10 or more ranks in one of these skills, this bonus increases to +4 with that skill.

Maw of the Deep

Within your bloodline lurk traces of the first attempts at the creation of the skum. While these experiments weren't fully successful, their legacy remains.

Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry.

Benefits: You gain a bite as a primary natural attack that deals 1d4 points of damage for a Medium creature.

Revolting Illusions

Your progenitors were affected by the strange mucus of the aboleth so often that the residual memory of it has manifests in your illusions.

Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry, Spell Focus (illusion).

Benefits: By decreasing the saving throw DC of an illusion spell you are casting by 1, you can choose one creature within the area of the spell to be sickened for a number of rounds equal to the original level of the spell. If the target succeeds at its saving throw against the spell, it negates the sickness as well. The creature chosen must be potentially affected by the illusion. This feat has no effect on spells that do not allow a saving throw.

Servitor's Adaptation

Your ancestors adapted, possibly without choice, to moving around the underwater cities of the aboleths.


Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry, character level 5th.

Benefits: You gain the aquatic subtype and amphibious special quality. In addition, you gain a swim speed of 15 feet and resist cold 2.

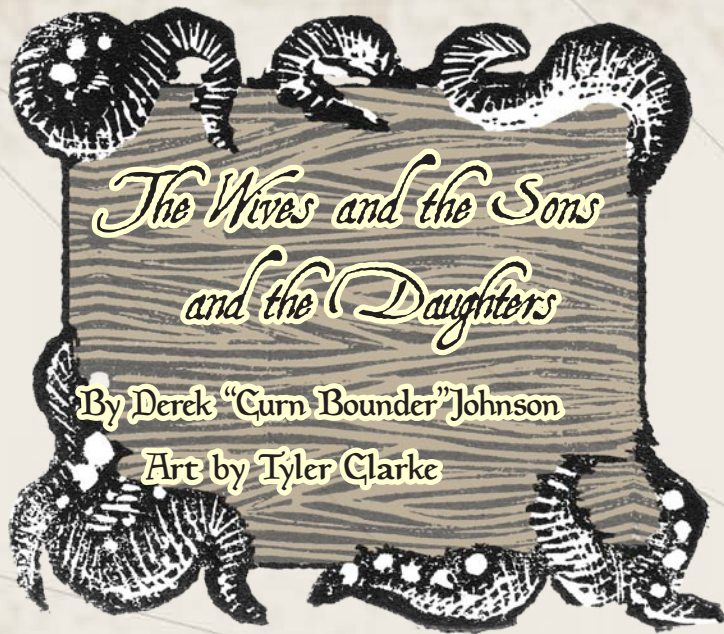
Servitor's Underwater Acclimation

Forcefully adapted to efficient movement underwater, your ancestors eventually lost their dependence on the aboleth's mucus.

Prerequisites: Aboleth-Tainted Ancestry, character level 7th, Servitor's Adaptation.

Benefits: Your cold resistance increases to 5, and while underwater you gain darkvision 30 feet. Your swim speed is now equal to half your base speed, or 15 feet, whichever is greater. Finally, you are immune to the aboleth's mucus cloud ability. 





In one leap from the water, the leviathan nearly disintegrated half of the *Newfound Fortune*, leaving the other half, as well as the crew and my fellow Pathfinders, to sink beneath the waves. Visions of Rhomia struggling to stay afloat, to cast off her armor before sinking beneath the waves, saturated my mind during the two days I rowed against torrential rains and violent seas.

Finally ashore, water squished in my boots, and I felt my skin softening, becoming cold and rubbery after soaking for days. Fortunately, the rain had stopped, but I fought against shivering in the cold night air. My strength sapped and the sun long below the horizon, I pulled myself onto the rocky shore of a bay upon which rested a small village. I clung to the hope that I'd found the mainland, perhaps northern Varisia, and not some island. The thought of returning to the sea bolstered the despair I was struggling to smother.

I stood looking at the windows of the buildings glowing with welcoming orange firelight. In fact, light shone through every window I could see. Still, I didn't hear or see anyone moving among or within the various structures. The air carried no sound but the lapping of waves from the bay on the shore. The storm had recently passed, but no wind rustled the leaves.

I slogged toward the largest building. A broken sign hung limply over the door. It identified the establishment as the Gullerward Tavern, but from within came no sounds of merrymaking—just persistent silence. I looked around again, seeking movement, perhaps shadows in the windows, but I saw nothing. I had managed to keep my sword, which I never allowed more than an arm's reach away. The rest of my belongings rested somewhere in the depths. I drew it now. Comforted by the blade, I pushed open the unlatched door.

It swung inward onto a largely abandoned common room. A lone figure, a man sitting in front of the fire, stood upon my entrance. Upon seeing me, his look of expectation quickly transformed into one of heartbreaking disappointment. Without speaking, we sized each other up.

When at last he broke the silence, his words were soft and distant. "Come, stranger, warm yourself by the fire. Dry your clothes."

I warily entered, closing the door behind me and casting about for signs of ambush or more subtle dangers. Nothing indicated the whereabouts of the evening's patrons.

"I'll put on the kettle and make you some tea. Surely you are

chilled to the bone."

"And food please," I requested abruptly, too weak to be more polite and afraid that saying more might unleash my chattering teeth.

"Of course."

Alerted to nothing but the inviting heat of the fire, I took him up on his offer. I shed my saturated clothing and claimed a blanket folded neatly on a nearby bench, then sat close to the blaze.

Once he'd put the kettle on and added two more logs to the fire, he spoke again. "What brings you to Gullerward?"

I told him of boarding the *Newfound Fortune* in Magnimar as part of an expedition for the Society, and of its terrible end beneath the weight of the leviathan. I lamented the loss of friends and spoke of two days rowing through rain and rough water and of how my Wayfinder finally guided me to the bay and to this village.

"It was an ill-fated voyage from the moment we left port," I cursed. "The damned Decemvirate knew it, too. They aren't ignorant of hazards of the northern Arcadian Ocean during the late winter, but they put us on the boat anyway. Always the mission."

My host nodded and smiled and frowned in all the right places of my tale, but otherwise reacted dispassionately. When the kettle whistled, he rose and poured me a cup of pungent tea softened by a spoonful of honey. Two rolls, hard but otherwise unspoiled, accompanied the warm drink.

When at last I realized he would offer nothing about himself or this derelict village, I made my inquiry.

"Where is everyone? You are the only soul I've seen about."

He looked from the fire, to me and then to the door.

"They'll be here tonight."

"Who?"

He smiled. Hope lifted his countenance. "All of them." He stood and walked to the largest window in the place, one that looked out toward the water.

"Two years ago, this village suffered a great tragedy when three of our fishing vessels were lost at sea. Nine men lost in one day. Two months later, with the tide at its highest, the men returned in the dead of night, claimed their families, and took them into the sea. There wasn't a struggle; the wives and the sons and the daughters went willingly.

"At the next of our highest tides, the winter tide, two more men, who had been claimed by the sea during the autumn mackerel run, returned in the same fashion to claim their own. After that, those who hadn't gone under the waves began fleeing. We planned on leaving, but..."

He stopped, hung his head and began to sob. Then he grabbed his hair in his fists. For a moment I thought he might pull his hair from his scalp.

"He was so young...he was just playing..." His words fought past his gritted teeth. "She tried...she just couldn't."

"Your son?" I asked in a whisper.

"Yes, and my wife," he replied after suppressing his tears. "Soon after their deaths, any remaining folks, including my own father, left. I've made a point of lighting the windows, making sure the town would not be lost to the darkness and the fog. It's always at the two highest tides of the year. Tonight is the first." He lifted his head and took a deep shuddering breath.

He remained standing. I sat in the silence watching him. A knock at the door startled me.

"They're here!" he shouted joyfully.

I felt vulnerable. Wrapped in a blanket, nothing underneath,



my sword in its sheath atop one of the many bare tables nearby, I couldn't defend the man.

But my host did not hesitate. He scrambled to open the door. What met him was something that will haunt my dreams for many years.

A small boy, dressed in simple clothing drenched in seawater, stood at the threshold. Blue veins spider-webbed just under his nearly translucent skin.

With solid black eyes, nearly twice as large as they should be, he gaped at the man. He blinked. A small crab crawled from over his shoulder, down his chest, and into his shirt.

Tears poured down the man's cheeks and he knelt to hug the child. The boy didn't react to the gesture, but turned back into the night. The man rose, and without a word departed with the boy, leaving me and everything else behind.


I ran to close and latch the door, then spun and made for the picture window at which my host had so recently stood. Many more, perhaps a hundred like the child, stood on the shore between the inn and the water. The man, along with the boy and a similarly transformed woman, walked slowly toward the sea.

It was then that I noticed the figure staring at me. She was clad in full plate armor, partially unstrapped and hanging loosely. Rhomia, looking like the others but slightly less so, strands of aquatic flora dangling from the gaps in her armor, looked at me from afar.

She didn't move or beckon me. Nonetheless, the urge to leave the warmth of the inn, to join her, to walk with her into the waves, came suddenly upon me. Had not the memory of the cold and damp from which I still recovered been so fresh, the promise of the embrace of those dark depths may have pulled me away.

I am uncertain how long Rhomia looked at me and called to me without speaking, but after some time, she turned, and followed the others back into the water.

When I awoke the next day, I scrounged for nourishment in the inn's kitchen. Then, as my clothes continued to dry in the warmth of the sun, I searched the village. I found no sign of the visitors, nothing but my memories—my nightmares—marked their presence.

The wind once again blew through the trees and the waves rolled in and out, slapping the rocks and the abandoned docks. I thought about spending another night in the village. However, the louder the sound of the sea on the shore grew, the less comfortable I became with the notion. As soon as my things were dry, I gathered them, checked my Wayfinder, and headed south along the coast, taking nothing else with me. 

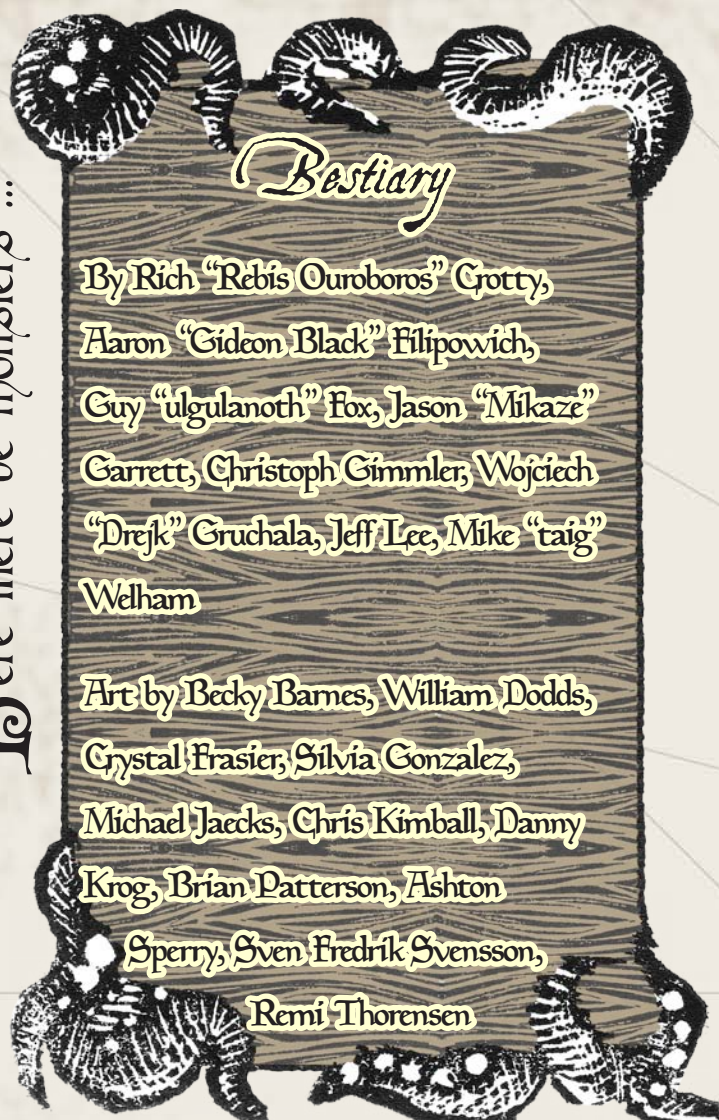
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Agathion, Aequoreal

This clear and luminescent jellyfish-like creature floats gently before you. A serene, hopeful expression graces its humanoid face.

AEQUOREAL

CR 2

XP 600

NG Tiny outsider (agathion, aquatic, extraplanar, good)

Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12 (+2 Dex, +2 size)

hp 11 (2d10)

Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +6; +4 vs. poison

DR 5/evil or silver; Immune electricity, petrification;

Resist cold 10, sonic 10; SR 13

OFFENSE

Speed fly 30 ft. (good), swim 30 ft.

Melee 2 stings +4 (1d2–4)

Special Attacks mnemotocyst

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 2nd; concentration +3)

Constant—know direction, speak with animals

At will—dancing lights, stabilize

1/day—detect thoughts (DC 12), sleep (DC 11)

1/week—touch of idiocy (DC 12)

STATISTICS

Str 2, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 12

Base Atk +2; CMB -4; CMD -2 (can't be tripped)

Feats Iron Will, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +5, Diplomacy +4, Fly +6, Knowledge (planes) +6, Perception +11, Stealth +12, Swim +12; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception, +4 Stealth, +8 Swim

Languages Celestial, Draconic, Infernal; speak with animals, truespeech

SQ amphibious, compression, flight, lay on hands (1d6, 1/day, always as a 2nd-level paladin)

ECOLOGY

Environment any air or water (Nirvana)

Organization solitary, bloom (3-5), or dream (6-10)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Dream Link (Su) As a standard action, an aequoreal can slide its body over a Medium or smaller creature's head and link minds. This allows the linked creature to communicate telepathically and share dreams with the aequoreal as well as with any other beings whose forehead is currently touched by its tentacles. Dream link does not inhibit a creature's breathing ability.

Hollow Body (Ex) An aequoreal's hollow body collapses easily to absorb blunt force. Bludgeoning damage in excess of an aequoreal's damage reduction is converted to nonlethal damage.

Mnemostat (Su) The stinging cells of an aequoreal can transfer a shocking jolt of electricity and memory into the minds of its target. Evil creatures take 1d4 electricity damage. Evil and neutral creatures are stunned for 1d3 rounds (DC 13) by the rush of confusing and guilt-inducing memories.

Good creatures take no damage and are instead affected as by *calm emotions* (DC 13). This ability can be used once every 1d4 rounds.



The tranquil aequoreals are common sights throughout the seas and skies of Nirvana. Their bodies resemble seemingly empty-bodied jellyfish whose "umbrella" has the shape of a humanoid head trailing thin tentacles from its "neck". This gelatinous membrane bears a humanoid face often accentuated by alien, yet beautiful, features. The umbrella and tentacles, along with the delicate neural network within, are typically translucent and glow in spots and lines with a soft blue bioluminescence, particularly the irises of the aequoreal's eyes. Aequoreals seem evenly divided among males, females, and individuals of indeterminate gender, fluctuating in accordance to their dreams.

These beings are often born of the souls of dreamers who dared to share their dreams with others to inspire hope,

as well as those who dedicated themselves to sharing knowledge for the good of others. Reflecting their once mortal nature, aequorals absorb and are nurtured by the shed mortal memories and dreams of Nirvana's petitioners, as well those shared freely by celestials and living mortals. The aequoreals, in turn, serve as a living library of the accumulated benevolent thoughts and hopes of an entire plane.

While mostly content to placidly enjoy, contemplate, and share their collected memories and dreams, many actively seek out those they see in dire need of hope. These aequoreals tend to latch onto sturdier and solid-bodied celestials or mortal adventurers for protection. They can be taken as familiars by 7th-level good-aligned spellcasters who utilize the Improved Familiar feat and meet the prerequisites. In this role, aequoreals often serve as muses, as well as students of the world; as they inspire with their dreams, they remain insatiably curious about what their masters might teach them. Though they loathe violence, aequoreals will act with force if gentler methods prove insufficient.

Some aequoreals grow and evolve as they gather more memories, eventually becoming medium-sized beings with umbrellas in the rough shape of a humanoid body from the waist up. These aequoreal "sages" are barely less fragile than their smaller kin, but are greatly bolstered in mind and spirit. They also develop far more uses for their mnematocysts for both peaceful and defensive purposes. The relief these celestials grant to the traumatized has earned them the title "dream surgeons" among some scholars.

A typical aequoreal is 1 foot wide and weighs 5 pounds.

Albatrocity

What appears to be a typical seabird wings its way closer. Then it opens its beak, revealing rows of needlelike teeth, and unleashes an ear-splitting shriek.

ALBATROCITY

CR 5

XP 1,600

NE Small aberration

Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +14

Aura frightful presence (60 ft., DC 17)

DEFENSE

AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 13

(+4 Dex, +2 natural, +1 size)

hp 52 (8d8+16)

Fort +4, **Ref** +8, **Will** +9

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft. (good)

Melee bite +11 (1d6+1), 2 claws +11 (1d3+1)

Special Attacks death curse

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 8th; concentration +11)

At will—*piercing shriek* (DC 15)

STATISTICS

Str 12, **Dex** 19, **Con** 14, **Int** 11, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 16

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +6; **CMD** 20

Feats Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +13 (+5 when jumping), Disguise +5 (+13

to appear as a seabird), Fly +17, Intimidate +14, Perception +14, Stealth +15; Racial Modifiers +8 Disguise to appear as a seabird

Languages Common

ECOLOGY

Environment any ocean

Organization solitary, pair, rookery (3–12)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Death Curse (Su) An albatrocity inflicts a curse on the character who deals the killing blow to the creature. If the victim fails a DC 17 Will save, he suffers a -4 penalty on attack rolls, saves, ability checks, and skill checks. Additionally, he must succeed at a daily DC 17 Will save to avoid taking 1d4 Charisma damage. *Remove curse* only breaks this curse if cast by a cleric of a sea deity; higher-level magic breaks the curse as normal. The save DC is Charisma-based.

An albatrocity relies on its similarity to the albatross to wreak havoc across the seas of Golarion. Much like a standard albatross, the creature weighs 45 pounds, stands nearly 4 feet tall, and measures 12 feet from wingtip to wingtip when it flies. However, a beak featuring dozens of razor-sharp teeth, as well as a keening cry that harms those who hear it, reveal the creature's true nature. An albatrocity is just as horrific dead as it is alive, and a hapless character who slays the monster becomes the victim of a terrible curse.

The creature employs simple tactics when it attacks a ship. An albatrocity fixes itself on whichever crewmember is at the wheel, drawing close to its potentially unaware victim. It then lets loose a shriek that disables its target and subsequently dives for the incapacitated victim to shred him with its teeth and claws. If a rookery of the creatures attacks, some of them work to damage the ship's sails to cripple the vessel.

Many believe Gozreh sent albatrocities to Golarion as punishment for fishermen who failed to offer appropriate gratitude to the god for a bounty. They back this theory up with the fact that only clerics

of Gozreh can remove the death curse inflicted by the creatures (not entirely true, but most only see the use of lower-level magic, and only clerics of Gozreh can effectively cast *remove curse*). Others hold that aboleths created the monsters to plague humanoids daring to ply the seas. Whatever the creature's origins, an albatrocity delights in harassing and slaying sailors and despoiling prime fishing areas. Strangely, an albatrocity has a great deal of enmity for sharks and witnesses

speak of an albatrocity attack on a ship suddenly breaking off when sharks come to feed on the injured and dead sailors who have fallen overboard.



Arcane Anglerfish

The rotten chest spilling its gold onto the sandy ocean bottom suddenly vanishes. The stony outcropping behind it splits into a great, toothy maw and rushes at you with incredible speed.

ARCANE ANGLERFISH

CR 8

XP 2,400

N Huge magical beast (aquatic)

Init +4; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 8, flat-footed 20 (+12 natural, -2 size)

hp 95 (10d10+40)

Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +4

OFFENSE

Speed 10 ft., swim 40 ft.

Melee bite +16 (2d8+12 plus grab)

Space 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks swallow whole (3d6 acid, AC 16, 10 hp)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th)

3/day—*sympathy* (DC 22)

At will—*detect thoughts* (DC 13), *major image* (DC 17; maximum area: 10 ft. cube)

STATISTICS

Str 26, Dex 10, Con 18, Int 5, Wis 12, Cha 14

Base Atk +10; CMB +20 (+24 grapple); CMD 30

Feats Ability Focus (major image), Ability Focus (sympathy), Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Skill Focus (Stealth)

Skills Stealth +19, Swim +16; Racial Modifiers +8 Stealth

Languages Aquan (cannot speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment any ocean

Organization solitary

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Chameleon Skin (Ex) An arcane angler's racial bonus to Stealth comes from his ability to change the color of its skin to match its surroundings, even complex or regular patterns.

Fast Swallow (Ex) An arcane anglerfish can use its swallow whole ability as a free action at any time during its turn, not just at the start of its turn.



Freeze (Ex) An arcane anglerfish can hold itself so still it appears to be a rock or coral outcropping. An arcane anglerfish that uses freeze can take 20 on its Stealth check to hide in plain sight.

A giant version of the common anglerfish, this monstrosity is made even more dangerous by its sentience and magical abilities. While it can easily subsist on local prey, it has adapted to lure intelligent prey into range of its dangerous maw.

An adult arcane anglerfish has a repertoire of illusions to lure prey, usually dependent on the type encountered in the area. Some will use the image of a drowning person, others a lissome mermaid beckoning to sailors, or the glittering vision of sunken treasure. Should the prey need more incentive, it can use *detect thoughts* to refine the lure. If even this does not bring in the prey, it can place a *sympathy* effect on the area containing the illusion, compelling its prey into range. The arcane anglerfish deals with prey in the same way as its smaller kin: once within range, it lunges forward to swallow its prey whole.

Bloodied Water Haunt

In some stretches of coastline, creatures of the deep find that the shallows hold the easiest prey. These beasts bloody the coastlines for years, becoming infamous and even named by locals, till at last they are hunted down to end their bloody reign. But sometimes their bloodlust doesn't die with them.



BLOODIED WATER HAUNT CR 8

XP 4,800

CE Haunt (40 ft. by 25 ft. stretch of coastline)

Caster Level 8th

Notice Perception DC 15 (to see surrounding water turning red)

hp 16; Trigger proximity; Reset 1 day

Effect When this haunt is triggered, the surrounding water turns blood red. The first creature to enter the area is targeted by *blood mist* (DC 22) (see *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic*).

Destruction A potion of *calm emotions* must be emptied out underwater, after the water has turned red.

Deep One (Thrall of Dagon)

Bristling with the unholy power of the King of the Oceans, the strange skum lunges forward and smacks you with its deformed appendage, instantly draining away your strength.

DEEP ONE (SKUM THRALL OF DAGON) CR 5

XP 1,600

CE medium monstrous humanoid (aquatic)

Init -1 Senses blindsense 60 ft. (underwater only), darkvision 120 ft.; Perception +2

DEFENSE

AC 16, touch 9, flat-footed 16 (-1 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 32 (2d10+21)

Fort +9, Ref +2, Will +4

Defensive Abilities one with the depths; **DR** 10/adamantine and piercing; **Immune** cold, mind affecting effects, poison; **Resist** acid 10, electricity 10

OFFENSE

Speed 20ft, swim 40 ft.

Melee trident +8 (1d8+6), claw +6 (1d4+3), bite +6 (1d6+3)

Ranged trident +1 (1d8+6)

Special Attack deforming attack (DC 17)

STATISTICS

Str 23, Dex 9, Con 29, Int 10, Wis 4, Cha 12

Base Atk +2; CMB +8; CMD 17

Feats Diehard, Endurance, MultiattackB, Toughness

Skills Intimidate +6, Perception +2 (+6 underwater), stealth +4 (+8 underwater), swim +19; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception and Stealth underwater

Languages Aboleth, Abyssal, Undercommon

SQ amphibious, madness

ECOLOGY

Environment temperate or cold aquatic or underground

Organization solitary, brood (2-5), pack (6-12) or cabal (13-95 plus 50% non-combatants, 1 subchief of 3rd level per 20 adults, 1 sorcerer of 4th-6th level per 40 adults, 1 chieftain of 7th-9th level and 2-6 oozes)

Treasure NPC gear (trident, other treasure)

The thrall of Dagon are creatures that have been exposed to the corrupting power of Dagon, either before their birth by some unholy

union of mortal flesh and some other entity, or as a direct gift from Dagon for their loyal service. Imbued with Dagon's corrupting power, thralls often feature mutations of an aquatic nature (e.g., gills, fins, tentacles, scales).

Creating a Thrall of Dagon

Thrall of Dagon is an inherited or acquired template that can be added to any living, corporeal creature with an intelligence score of 3 or more. Though any suitable creature can inherit this template from birth, those who acquire it later in life are almost always aquatic aberrations, magical beasts, or monstrous humanoids who are clerics of Dagon of any level, or humanoids who are clerics of Dagon of at least 10th level. A thrall of Dagon uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except as noted here.

CR same as base creature +3.

Alignment Chaotic evil.

Type: The creature gains the aquatic subtype.

Speed Unless the base creature swims faster, the thrall of Dagon gains a swim speed equal to the base creature's land speed or fly speed (whichever is faster).

Senses As the base creature, plus darkvision 120 ft.; blindsense 60 ft.

AC Natural armor improves by +5.

Defensive Abilities

Gains amphibious quality (underwater only); immunity to cold, mind-affecting effects and poison; acid and electricity resistance 10; DR 10/adamantine and piercing.

Madness (Ex) Thrall of Dagon use their Charisma modifier on Will saves instead of their Wisdom modifier. In addition any creature reading the thrall of Dagon's mind such as the use of telepathy or *read thoughts* must make a Will save (DC 10 + 1/2 the thrall of Dagon's hit die + its Charisma modifier) or take 1d6 Wisdom drain and is confused for 1d6 hours.

One with the Depths (Ex) A thrall of Dagon is immune to damage caused by crushing pressures, and when underwater gains the continuous effect of *freedom of movement*.

Special Attacks

Deforming Attack (Ex) As a full round action, a Thrall of Dagon can make a single melee attack. If the attack hits, it deals normal damage and an additional 1d6 points of Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution damage. The Thrall of Dagon can choose to reduce this additional damage to 1d4. If it does so, the target must make a Fortitude save (DC 10 + 1/2 the thrall of Dagon's hit die + its Strength modifier) or suffer a permanent disability, imposing either the blind, deafened, or sickened condition, or reducing all the creature's speeds to 5 ft. Any of these conditions can be cured with *heal* or *regenerate*.

A creature which is immune to ability damage or polymorph effects is immune to these additional effects.

Abilities Str +8, Dex -4 (minimum of 2), Con +12, Wis -6 (minimum of 2), Cha +6.

Feats Thrall of Dagon gains Diehard, Endurance, and Toughness as bonus feats.

Languages Thrall of Dagon speak and understand Abyssal.



Devil, Sea Wanderer (Ishmagon)

Without warning, the sailor sheds his form, shifting into a bloated, slimy-scaled humanoid with bulging fishy eyes and a long seaweed beard. It lumbers on webbed feet, leaving a trail of seawater behind.

ISHMAGON

CR 5

XP 1,600

LE Medium Outsider (aquatic, devil, evil, extraplanar, lawful)
Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness, see through fog, mist, and rain; Perception +12

Aura eye of the storm 100 ft.

DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15 (+2 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural)
hp 57 (6d10+24)

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

DR 5/good or silver; **Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 15; **SR** 16

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft., swim 50 ft.

Melee mwk cutlass +11/+6 (1d6+4/18-20) and slam +5 (1d6+2), or slam +10 (1d6+6 and grab)

Ranged caustic spit +8 ranged touch (2d4 acid)

Space 5 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks drowning grasp, grab (only when both hands free)

Spell-like Abilities (CL 6th, concentration +7)

Constant—*know direction, read weather**

At will—*create water* (salt water only), *dimension door* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects only), *fog cloud*, *gust of wind* (DC 14), *purify food and drink*, *putrefy food and drink***

3/day — *call lightning* (DC 15), *create food and water*, *infernal healing****

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 14, **Con** 16, **Int** 13, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +6; **CMB** +10 (+14 grapple); **CMD** 22

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Toughness

Skills Acrobatics +11, Climb +21, Knowledge (nature) +7, Knowledge (planes) +10, Perception +12, Profession (sailor) +22, Swim +21

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ accursed seamanship, amphibious, change shape (*alter self*, Small or Medium humanoid), infernal seafarer

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure standard (mwk cutlass, other treasure, all possessions must fit into a sailor's bag)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Accursed Seamanship (Su) A sea wanderer devil can bring weal or woe to any ship it is on. Any Profession (sailor) checks

made to operate the affected vessel receive either +10 profane bonus or -10 penalty and the ship itself either doubles or halves its hardness and maximum overland speed. This ability cannot affect *consecrated* or *hallowed* vessels. The ishmagon gains a +10 profane bonus on Profession (sailor) checks.

Caustic Spit (Ex) An ishmagon can spit acid with a maximum range 30 feet and no range increment. Unless neutralized or washed off with water (a full-round action), the acid lasts for two rounds and deals additional damage on the devil's turn.

Drowning Grasp (Su) Salt water floods an opponent of the ishmagon in close combat, forcing anyone grappling with the ishmagon to hold its breath as though underwater. If an ishmagon drowns a humanoid who pledged its soul to the devil, it captures its soul. The captured soul manifests as a weathered but precious gold coin with the face of the victim on one side and infernal glyphs on the other.

Eye Of The Storm (Su) An aura of unnaturally calm weather surrounds an ishmagon to a radius of up to 100 ft. This negates any mundane weather effects and grants +4 profane bonus to AC and saving throws to everyone against air, electricity and similar weather-related effects. Sea wanderer devils can suppress, reactivate, or alter the radius of this ability as a free action. Ishmagons can see through any form of fog, mist, or rain without penalty.

Infernal Seafarer (Sp) While on the board of a seafaring ship, an ishmagon can sacrifice souls worth a total of 2,500 gp (see *Pathfinder Campaign Setting: Booked of the Damned – Volume 3: Horsemen of the Apocalypse*) as part of a one hour ritual to use one of the following spell-like abilities (CL 13th): *control weather*, *shadow walk* (affecting an entire ship and its crew), *overland flight* (affecting the ship the ishmagon was on when the ability was used, and with the flight under the ishmagon's control as long as it remains on the ship), or grant a ship and its crew the ability to submerge and sail at full speed underwater for 13 hours. The latter is treated as a 7th level spell.



An oddity amongst the ranks of devilkind, sea wanderers rarely ascend from lesser orders of devils. Instead, they are spawned when an arrogant and petty captain pledges his soul to Asmodeus while keeping stubbornly to a dangerous route, heedless of the safety of his crew. If the captain survives the journey, Asmodeus lays claim to the captain's soul after death, perhaps to be reborn as an ishmagon.

Ishmagons delight in bringing woe to sailors and seafarers of all kinds. They are susceptible to flattery and bribes. Many sea wanderer devils draw ships into danger then feign a rescue to garner praise and gifts from grateful crews.

In its true form, an ishmagon measures five and half feet in height and weighs 200 pounds.

**Pathfinder Player Companion: Faiths Of Balance*

***Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide*

****Pathfinder Campaign Setting: The Inner Sea World Guide*

Doomed Derelict

This ship drifts across the water. Ropes hanging from rotten rigging sway in a non-existent breeze.

DOOMED DERELICT CR 11

XP 12,800

NE Gargantuan undead (aquatic)

Init +5; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +27

DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 7, flat-footed 24 (+1 Dex, +18 natural, -4 size)

hp 127 (15d8+60), regeneration 10 (positive energy)

Fort +11, **Ref** +6, **Will** +12

Defensive Abilities hardness 10; **Immune** acid, undead traits; **Resist** electricity 10, fire 20; **SR** 22

OFFENSE

Speed swim 60 ft.

Melee slam +18 (2d6+10/19-20), 3 ropes +18 (2d6+10 plus grab)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft. (30 ft. with ropes)

Special Attacks constrict (ropes, 2d6+10), pull (ropes, 10 feet), energy drain (1 level, DC 21)

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 13, **Con** —, **Int** 12, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 19

Base Atk +11; **CMB** +25 (+27 bull rush, +29 grapple); **CMD** 36 (38 vs. bull rush, cannot be tripped)

Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (slam), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Perception), Weapon Focus (slam), Weapon Focus (ropes)

Skills Disguise +22, Intimidate +22, Knowledge (arcana) +19, Perception +27, Swim +36

Languages Common

ECOLOGY

Environment any ocean

Organization solitary or crewed (doomed derelict plus 2-12 undead creatures)

Treasure double

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Create Spawn (Su) Any humanoid slain by a doomed derelict becomes a draugr (See *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary 2*) under the control of the doomed derelict. The newly undead creature possesses none of the abilities it had in life.

Energy Drain (Su) A doomed derelict deposits victims it has grappled with its ropes for 2 rounds into the ship's cargo hold. Here, the victims succumb to the negative energy at the heart of the doomed derelict. Each round a victim remains in the hold, it must succeed at a DC 21 Fortitude save to avoid gaining a negative level. Escaping the hold requires a DC 32 Disable Device or Escape Artist check; likewise, inflicting 12 points of damage (AC 19) opens a hole through which a character may escape. The save DC is Charisma-based, and the skill check DCs are Strength-based.

Some pirate crews are so vile that when their reign of terror finally meets its end, the vessel on which they sail absorbs the souls of the crew and travels the seas as a doomed derelict. The malevolent energy powering the derelict will even raise a sunken vessel from the depths. Crew members who have proven themselves especially terrible in life

remain on board the ship as undead mockeries of their former selves.

A doomed derelict looks like an abandoned ship adrift at sea, while any undead crew members onboard add to the appearance that the ship met with some terrible fate. Its appearance is a trap waiting for those intending to plunder the derelict for treasure. When another ship approaches the doomed derelict, the creature rams the approaching ship and whips its ropes out at unfortunate crew above decks to drag them into its hold, where it creates more unholy crew members from those it slays. If the ship reaches 0 hit points but still regenerates, it allows itself to sink to the bottom of the ocean, taking any unfortunate prisoners with it. A couple of days later, the

ship rises to the surface restored to its whole, yet decayed, state.

Many doomed derelicts travel the Obari Ocean to Geb's shoreline, where they form a deadly ships' graveyard.



Golem, Tar

This construct is a humanoid shape made of hot, smoking black tar.

TAR GOLEM CR 6

XP 2,400

N Medium construct

Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +0

Aura stench (10 ft., DC 14, 5 rounds)

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+ 1 Dex, +9 natural)

hp 69 (9d10+20)

Fort +3, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

DR 5/adamantine and bludgeoning; **Immune** construct traits, magic

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 slams +13 (1d8+4 plus 1d6 fire and grab)

Special Attacks grab

STATISTICS

Str 18, **Dex** 12, **Con** -, **Int** -, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1
Base Atk +9; **CMB** +13 (+17 grapple); **CMD** 24

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or gang (2-4)

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Heat (Ex) A tar golem's body is scorching hot. Its mere touch deals an additional 1d6 points of fire damage.

Immunity to Magic (Ex) A tar golem is immune to any spells or spell-like abilities that allow spell resistance, with the exception of those that have the Cold descriptor, which affect it normally. In addition, certain spells and effects function differently against the tar golem, as noted below.

- A magical attack that deals cold damage slows a tar golem (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw.
- A magical attack that deals fire damage breaks any slow effect on the golem, deals half damage, and increases the golem's heat damage by 1d6 points for 2d6 rounds. A tar golem gets no save against fire effects.

Lingering Burn (Ex) The tar golem's blows leave behind a burning residue of pitch that continues to do damage. The round after a successful slam attack, the target takes fire damage equal to half the initial fire damage inflicted (minimum 1 point). The next round, the target takes 1 point of fire damage. This damage can be prevented by taking a full round action to scrape away the residue.

Stench (Ex) The smell of hot tar that wafts off this golem is overpowering. All living creatures (except those with the stench special ability) within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 14 Fortitude save or be sickened for 5 rounds. All other guidelines for the stench ability remain in effect.

Seagoing spellcasters often create these constructs for the purposes of protecting their ships. They will usually lurk in a barrel on deck until needed. A tar golem's body is a seething pile of hot pitch, arisen in a vaguely humanoid form. It wears no clothing and carries no weapons or possessions. Tar golems stand 6 feet tall and weigh 300 lbs.

CONSTRUCTION

A tar golem's body must be made from at least 300 lbs. of tar, treated with magical powders worth at least 500 gp.

TAR GOLEM

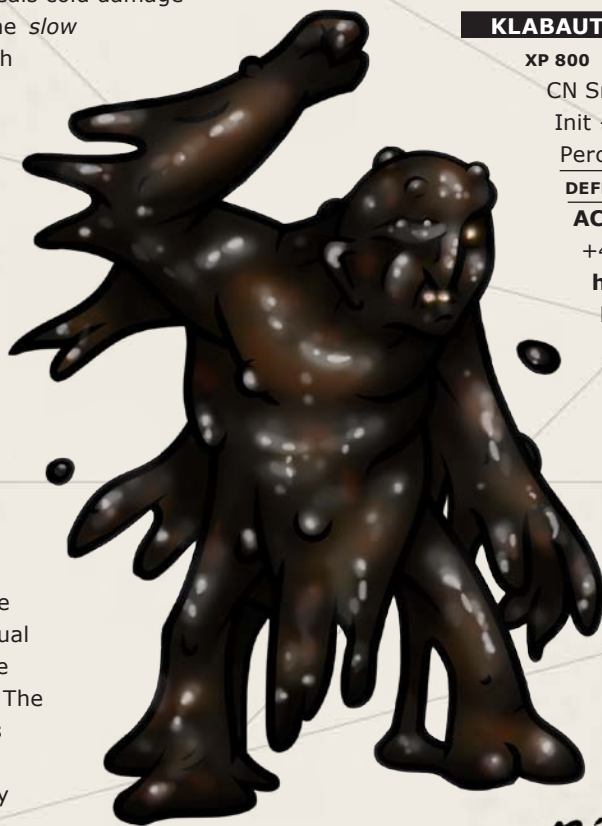
CL 10th; **Price** 18,500 gp

CONSTRUCTION

Requirements Craft Construct, *animate objects*, *burning hands*, *grease*, *resist energy (fire)*, *scorching ray*, creator must be caster level 10th; Skill Craft (sculpture) DC 12; **Cost** 9,500 gp

Klabauter

This humanoid creature has grayish skin and a beard of the same color. It is dressed in tarpaulin clothing and its trousers are tucked away in sturdy boots. With a curt nod in grim salute it vanishes from your sight.

**KLABAUTER****CR 3****XP** 800

CN Small fey (aquatic)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +11

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 15 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +4 natural, +1 size)

hp 27 (6d6+6)

Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +7

Defensive Abilities invisibility; **DR** 5/cold iron; **SR** 14

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., swim 30 ft.

Melee caulking mallet +7 (1d4+1)

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 10th; concentration +10)

3/day – *make whole*, *warp wood* (DC 12), *wood shape*

1/day – *water breathing*

TACTICS

During Combat The klabauter tries to avoid combat by turning invisible and using stealth to get away. If it is cornered, however, it will fight back, making good use of its mallet.

If especially insulted, he might actually seek out the culprit and attack him using his

invisibility special ability and even his spells to its advantage by trying to trap the victim in suddenly appearing cracks and holes. Crueler Klabauter may cause the peg legs of sailors to become fused with the deck.

Morale If reduced to fewer than 5 hp, it attempts to flee.

STATISTICS

Str 13, **Dex** 17, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 11

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

Feats Dodge, Sea Legs*, Sure Grasp*, Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +10, Craft (carpentry) +9, Craft (ships) +12, Knowledge (geography) +7, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nature) +6, Perception +11, Profession (sailor) +12, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +12 (+32 invisible, +52 invisible and not moving), Swim +15; Racial Modifiers +4 Craft (ships), +4 Profession (sailor), +20 Stealth while invisible, +40 Stealth while invisible and not moving

Languages Common, Sylvan

SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY

Environment any (usually in close proximity to a large body of water or aboard a ship)

Organization solitary

Treasure standard (caulking mallet (when used as an improvised weapon it uses the stats of a light mace), masterwork tools (wood working and ship building) other treasure)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Invisibility (Su) A klabauter remains invisible even when it attacks. This ability is constant, but the klabauter can suppress or resume it as a free action.

Legs of the Sea (Ex) A klabauter never gets seasick (nauseated or sickened), nor does it have to make concentration checks due to vigorous or violent motion, or due to violent weather when aboard a ship.

Ship Mastery (Ex) A klabauter gains a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls if both it and its foes are onboard a ship. If an opponent is airborne or waterborne, the klabauter takes a -4 penalty on attack and damage rolls. These modifiers are not included in the above statistics.

Woodcunning (Ex) Klabauter receive a +2 bonus on Perception checks to notice unsound woodwork, such as leaks, cracks, tension in the planks located in wooden structures. They receive a check to notice such features whenever they pass within 10 feet of them, whether or not they are actively looking.

*See *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Combat*.



Klabauters are skilled sailors and carpenters, working aboard a sailing ship if treated well. Usually they go unnoticed by most of the sailors, but there must be at least one good soul aboard the ship who's taking care of them (usually the captain or first mate) by offering them a meal worthy of being served at the captain's table each night.

In return, they do repairs (mending sails, splicing rope, caulking

the hulk below-deck), re-arrange cargo, and are known at times for warning of great danger.

A task they take to with great glee is reprimanding idle sailors with a slap on the back or otherwise playing pranks on the shirking sailor. They bring this art to perfection when dealing with the cabin boy.

They make their presence known via almost constant knocking and hammering with their caulking mallet. This sound never ceases entirely or for longer periods of time, but if it does, it is a sure sign that the Klabauter has left the ship, heralding its nearing doom.

They will also leave immediately if treated disrespectfully, being mocked at or forgotten and make their leaving known to their former benefactor by letting themselves be seen, often coupled with a warning of impending danger or cursing the ship and its crew. If they have been especially offended, they use *warp wood* causing the ship to spring a leak.

The typical klabauter stands only 2 feet tall, but has a stout frame of body.

Razorweed

Long blade-like leaves swing lazily back and forth in the ocean's current, an almost hypnotic effect, as you barely notice it moving toward your leg dangling in the water.

RAZORWEED

CR 5

XP 1,600

N Large plant (aquatic)

Init -1; Senses blindsight 30 ft.; tremorsense 30 ft.; Perception +1

DEFENSE

AC 19, touch 8, flat-footed 18 (-1 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size)

hp 45 (6d8+18)

Fort +8, Ref +1, Will +3

Defensive Abilities camouflage; Immune plant traits

Weaknesses vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Speed 0 ft., swim 5 ft.

Melee 2 vines +8 (1d6+5 plus grab, pull, and 1 bleed)

Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

Special Attacks bleed (1), blood drain (1d2 Constitution), hypnotic swaying (DC 15), pull (vine, 5 feet)

STATISTICS

Str 20, Dex 8, Con 16, Int —, Wis 13, Cha 7

Base Atk +4; **CMB** +10(+14 grapple); **CMD** 19 (can't be tripped)

ECOLOGY

Environment any ocean

Organization patch (3–6), colony (12)

Treasure incidental

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Camouflage (Ex) Since a razorweed looks like a normal colony of seaweed, a DC 20 Perception check is required to notice it before falling prey to its hypnotic gaze attack. Anyone with ranks in Survival or Knowledge (nature) can use one of those skills instead of Perception to notice the plant.

Hypnotic Swaying (Ex) A razorweed sways in the currents in such a way that it attracts any who see it within a 30-foot radius. Any creatures in the area must succeed at a DC 15 Will save or become hypnotized by the razorweed's slow swaying movements and are limited to move actions in order to reach

and enter the razorweed mass. Affected creatures can attempt a new Will save each round that the razorweed attacks an ally—if a hypnotized creature is attacked by the razorweed, it gains a +4 bonus on its Will save to shake themselves free of the effects of the hypnotic swaying. This is a mind-affecting compulsion effect. The save DC is Constitution-based.



A razorweed appears as a normal floating stalk of seaweed, featuring long fronds with wide blades. The stalks are approximately 10-30 feet long, anchored to the sea floor, and measuring nearly 10 feet in diameter. Its slow swaying motion in the current creates a hypnotic effect, drawing prey towards it. When an attracted creature is drawn into the razorweed, it attacks by grappling its prey, the sharp edges of its long leaves slashing flesh, and leaving serrated, blood-seeping wounds. The spilled blood is eagerly absorbed by the mass of seaweed, coloring the green-brownish weed a dark red.

Strangling Razorweed (CR 5)

This variant of the razorweed is only found in warm oceans. It loses its bleed and blood drain special attacks and gains **Strangle (Ex)** as a special attack instead, after the razorweed has successfully grappled the target(s).

Ship's Cat

This scrawny cat seems strangely at home on the deck of this ship.

SHIP'S CAT

XP 400

NG Tiny magical beast



Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +6
Aura bless, bane (DC 12)

DEFENSE

AC 15, touch 15, flat-footed 12 (+3 Dex, +2 size)

hp 11 (2d10)

Fort +3, **Ref** +6, **Will** +2

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d2–3), bite +7 (1d3–3)

Space 2.5 ft.; **Reach** 0 ft.

Special Attacks ratcatcher

STATISTICS

Str 4, **Dex** 17, **Con** 10, **Int** 6, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 13

Base Atk +2; **CMB** +3; **CMD** 10 (14 vs. trip)

Feats Weapon Finesse

Skills Acrobatics +7, Climb +7, Perception +6, Stealth +15;
Racial Modifiers +4 Climb, +4 Stealth

ECOLOGY

Environment any ship

Organization solitary or pair

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Ratcatcher (Ex) Ship's cats are especially adept at hunting rodents. They gain a +2 bonus to Perception and Stealth checks, as well as attack and damage rolls, against rodents and related creatures such as wererats.

Originally appearing on Osiriani sailing vessels, ship's cats bring luck to those who serve on the ships they call home, while causing misfortune for those who attack their homes. A ship's cat is an unassuming creature, appearing no different from a mangy alley cat, and it weighs roughly 10 pounds.

Ship captains routinely take cats onboard their vessels to kill any rodents that would sneak onto the ship and cause irreparable damage to goods they transport across the seas of Golarion. However, some of these cats become such an integral part of the ship that they transform into "ship's cats," with vastly improved abilities to hunt rodents and a welcome aura of luck for the ship and those who sail on it. Rare specimens of ship's cats find homes in land-bound caravans where they provide the same benefits as their ocean-bound cousins.

A character with the Improved Familiar feat who has at least 5 levels in an arcane spellcasting class may gain a ship's cat as a familiar.

CR 1

Skull Crab

Snapping its claws and peering at you with a malign intellect, this hard-shelled black crab stands about the height of a pony, a sickly greenish glow emanating from a skull pattern on the underside of its shell.

SKULL CRAB

CR 4

XP 1,200

N Medium magical beast (aquatic)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; low-light vision, Perception +6

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+3 Dex, +7 natural)

hp 40 (4d10+16)

Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +3

Defensive Abilities negative energy affinity

DR 5/magic ranged weapons

OFFENSE

Speed 30 ft., swim 20 ft.

Melee 2 claws +7 (1d4+4 plus grab)

Special Attacks constrict (1d4+4), negative energy channeling gaze

STATISTICS

Str 19, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 4, Wis 14, Cha 6

Base Atk +3; CMB +6 (+10 grapple); CMD 17 (29 vs. trip)

Skills Perception +9, Stealth +12, Swim +12; Racial Modifiers +4 Perception

Feats Skill Focus (Stealth) Power Attack

Languages Common (can't speak)

SQ water dependency

ECOLOGY

Environment any aquatic

Organization solitary or mated pair

Treasure none

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Water Dependency (Ex) Skull crabs can survive out of water for 1 hour per point of Constitution. Beyond this limit, a skull crab runs the risk of suffocation, as if it were drowning.

Negative Energy Channeling Gaze (Su) 2d6 negative energy, 30 feet, Willpower DC 11 for half damage. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Skull crabs are the twisted result of a death cult's attempt to breed half undead crabs to defend their island fortress. They have since spread to other islands and beaches of the Inner Sea. They bury themselves in sand, only their eyes showing, and attack creatures passing nearby. In its death throes, a skull crab will flip over onto its back to fully reveal a glowing greenish-white skull pattern on its underside. This is a gaze attack to any creature that can see the pattern, and is treated as negative energy channeling. Skull crabs have just enough intellect and have fought alongside undead enough to use their dying burst of negative energy channeling to heal undead, if the situation warrants.

Bound into skull crab shells is an innate *protection from arrows* spell, and their shells are sometimes utilized in the making of *shields of arrow deflection*. Shields created using skull crab shells have the price reduced to a +1 bonus, instead of +2.

Storm Hag

A small, gnarled, indigo-skinned woman hovers in the mid air, her blue-black hair blown by wind, her eyes glowing with hate, her twisted arms crackling with lightning. Her mocking laughter invokes thoughts of hurricane and thunder just before a real bolt of lightning strikes from her clawed fingers.

STORM HAG

CR 7

XP 3,200

CE Small Monstrous Humanoid

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.;

Perception +20

DEFENSE

AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +5 natural, +1 size)

hp 85 (10d10+30)

Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +10

Immune electricity, wind-based effects; SR 18

OFFENSE

Speed 20 ft., fly 40 ft. (good), swim 30 ft.

Melee 2 claws +12 (1d3+1) and bite +12 (1d3+1) or shocking grasp +12 touch (5d6 electricity)

Space 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.

Spell-like Abilities (CL 10th, concentration +15, +19 when casting defensively)

At will — *call lightning* (DC 16), *control winds*, *faerie fire*, *gust of wind* (DC 15), *obscuring mist*, *shocking grasp*

3/day — *ball lightning** (2 balls, DC 17), *ice storm*, *quickened shocking grasp*



STATISTICS**Str** 12, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 15, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 17**Base Atk** +10; **CMB** +10; **CMD** 24**Feats** Combat Casting, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Quicken
Spell-like Ability (*shocking grasp*), Uncanny Concentration****Skills** Fly +22, Intimidate +20, Knowledge [arcana] +12,
Knowledge [nature] +12, Perception +20, Spellcraft +12,
Survival +16, Swim +9; Racial Modifiers +4 Intimidate, +4
Perception, +8 Swim**Languages** Aquan, Auran, Common, Giant**SQ** change shape (*alter self*, Small humanoid or child of Medium
humanoid race), storm coven, storm mantle**ECOLOGY****Environment** sea coasts and mountains**Organization** solitary or coven (three hags of any kind)**Treasure** standard**SPECIAL ABILITIES****Storm Coven (Su)** A storm hag that is part of hag coven grants
a cumulative +1 bonus to the caster level of any *control
weather* spell-like ability and allows the coven to summon
single fiendish large air elemental to serve them for 1 hour as
per *summon monster V*. A coven of three storm hags can either
summon one half-fiend large air elemental, one huge fiendish
air elemental or 1d3+1 large fiendish elementals instead, as if
using *summon monster VI*. A coven can have only one summon
in effect at any one time. Additionally, a coven composed of
three storm hags replaces their individual *call lightning* spell-like abilities with *call lightning storm* (DC 18).**Storm Mantle (Su)** A storm hag is constantly shrouded with
endure elements, *overland flight* and *water breathing* effects.
The storm mantle also grants her her swim speed of 30 feet
and +8 racial bonus to Swim checks and makes the hag
immune to mundane and magical electricity and wind-based
effects.*See *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Player's Guide***See *Pathfinder RPG Ultimate Magic*Storm hags might be smaller than their more common sisters, but
they are no less hateful and vile. Some claim that storm hags are even
more malicious than other hags, resenting their dwarfish stature.
While storm hags frequent both stormy mountain tops and sea coasts,
their favorite dwellings are in regions where mountains reach sea
coasts.Storm hags are known to take the lead of mixed covens with two
sea hags, taking advantage of their magical ability to breathe water,
but just as often they are found living alone. Occasionally, three storm
hags form a coven bathing the surrounding lands in constant storms
and gales, lashing with their weather magics against settlements,
travelers and passing ships. In rare cases, they grant passage to ship
captains willing to pay ransom in valuables and thralls.

Average storm hags stand three feet tall and weigh 50 lbs.

*Ulat-Ashad**The three-eyed nightmare reaches out with slimy tentacles extending
from its barely humanoid body.***ULATE-ASHAD****CR 15**

XP 51,200

CE Large Aberration (aquatic)

Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft., greater arcane
sight; Perception +30**DEFENSE****AC** 30, touch 14, flat-footed 26 (+1 dodge, +4 Dex,
+16 natural, -1 size)**hp** 220 (21d8+126); fast healing 10 (in salt water)
or 2 (in fresh water)**Fort** +13, **Ref** +13, **Will** +18**SR** 26**OFFENSE****Speed** 30 ft., swim 60 ft.**Melee** 2 claws +24 (2d6+10) and 4 tentacles +23
(1d6+5 plus corrupting slime)**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.**Special Attacks** corrupting slime**Spell-like Abilities** (CL 22nd)Constant—*greater arcane sight***STATISTICS****Str** 30, **Dex** 18, **Con** 22, **Int** 15, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 15**Base Atk** +15; **CMB** +26; **CMD** 41**Feats** Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Diehard, Dodge,
Endurance, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning
Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Weapon Focus
(tentacle)**Skills** Escape Artist +28, Intimidation +26, Knowledge

(dungeoneering) +26, Perception +30, Spellcraft +26, Swim +42; Racial Modifiers +8 Swim

Languages Aboleth, Aklo, Azlanti; telepathy 1 mile

SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY

Environment any aquatic

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aquatic Fast Healing (Ex) An Ulat-ashad's body heals quickly while immersed in water. It has fast healing 10 when submerged in salt water and fast healing 2 when submerged in fresh water.

Corrupting Slime (Ex) The blows of an ulat-ashad's tentacles spray thick, viscous slime that sticks to any corporeal creature. It can be scrubbed away with 1d4+1 rounds of effort. The slime inflicts 1 point of acid damage per round. Once a creature drops below 0 hit points and begins dying, the slime immediately stabilizes it and grants it the ability to breathe water. A victim stabilized in this fashion is rendered comatose by the slime and suffers 1 point of Charisma drain per day. When the creature's Charisma reaches 0, it transforms into a skum if a humanoid, otherwise it dies. The process can be stopped by *heal*, *remove disease*, or any polymorph effect. Each point of electrical damage inflicted to the victim has a cumulative 1% chance of ending the transformation. A creature transformed into a skum by this ability loses all memories and traces of its previous personality. Once complete, such a transformation can be reversed only by *miracle*, *wish*, or comparable effects.

Telepathy (Su) Ulat-ashad can only communicate with another ulat-ashad, any creature covered with their corrupting slime or any skum they created.

Ulat-ashad are abominable hybrid of Azlanti human and aboleth. Thankfully only a few of these creatures were ever spawned and they remain sterile and incapable of reproduction.

Ashad was one of outposts on the outskirts of Azlanti civilization that survived destruction brought by Earthfall. Its denizens were mostly arcanists and sages who studied exotic aquatic life, along with their attending servants and students. After Earthfall, the residents of

Ashad found themselves trapped at the bottom of the sea. Prior to the cataclysm, the settlement was partly submerged, with powerful wards preventing ocean's waters from flooding the interior. Miraculously, the disaster failed to breach Ashad's wards, saving the lives of the inhabitants but confining them at depths with no available means of escape. Failed attempts at magical communication and grim portents from various divinations convinced the leaders of Ashad that they were the sole survivors of all of Azlant and prompted frantic research for a way to preserve what remained of human civilization, regardless of the cost.

The answer came from the corpse of an aboleth found in their surveys of their new environs. The desperate arcanists hybridized human and aboleth to form a new race, one suited to retaking the flooded remains of Azlant. By combining all the resources of the sunken outposts, they bred a few dozen of these new hybrids to preserve the dwindling human population, and in time beget new hybrids in their own image. What they failed to account for in their plans was the racial memories of the aboleths, passed down from generation to generation, or the strength of the hybrid's inhuman blood. Instead of obedient servants, the survivors found they had bred alien monstrosities bent on eradicating all the traces of their creators.

The struggle between rogue hybrids and trapped humans lasted weeks, during which the ulat-ashad eradicated the humans, transformed the survivors into skum. In dying, the Azlanti slew but a few of their creations. Only as their victory became complete did the hybrids realize that the Azlanti experiment had not been fully successful, and that the ulat-ashad were sterile, incapable of continuing their race. The remaining ulat-ashad left the ruined outpost in search of the aboleths, only to find that that race despised their mixed blood and sought their destruction. The few ulat-ashad that still survive work in secret, seeking a way to propagate their species, and orchestrate the doom of both their parents.

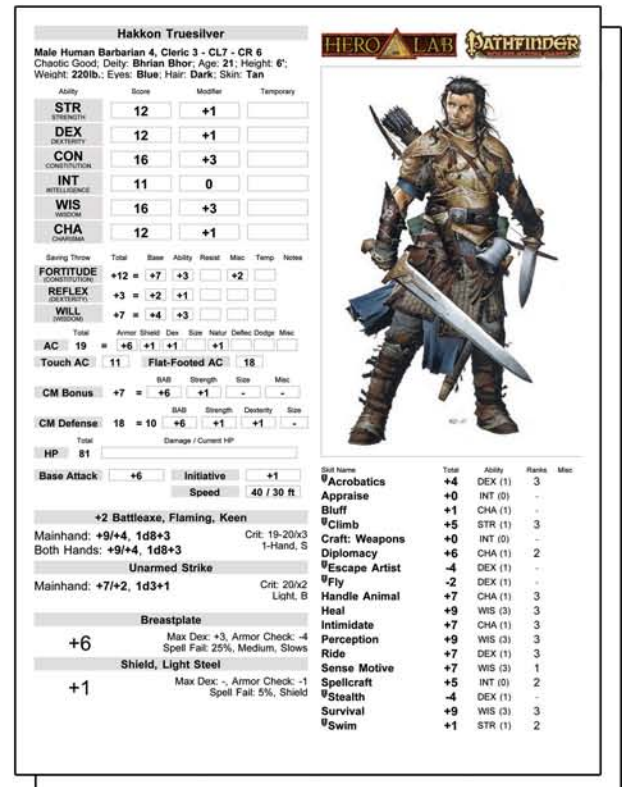
An average ulat-ashad is fifteen feet long and weighs 1,000 pounds.



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The watery realms are blessed with an abundance of flora and fauna, and occasionally creatures that appear to be a mix of both. A curious creature on land, the vegepygmy that is born from russet mold is but one of a related strain of metamorphosing mold, spore and algal life. Presented here are four aquatic variant vegepygmy races for use as Player Characters in nautical, coastal, aquatic or swamp based campaigns. A desert-based variant is also included for comparison.

Vegepygmies defy scholars' classification in a myriad of ways—their necrogenesis (rising from the bodies of those slain by their "parent organism"), their morphology (a sapient plant-humanoid), their lack of vocalization and the widespread variation in their subtypes. Although they differ markedly in their specific physicality and coloration, vegepygmies do share some general characteristics—tough sinewy bodies, fibrous skin, large white opaque eyes, and scraggly weed-like hair. Though short in stature, some specimens can reach five feet in height. Isolationists by nature, vegepygmies rarely leave their lairs save to hunt, forage, or defend their domain. Those few who choose to venture beyond their

borders tend to have levels in barbarian, druid, or ranger.

Alternate Racial Traits

The following racial traits may be selected instead of the standard vegepygmy racial traits. Consult your GM before selecting any of these new options.

Coral Skin: Sharp to the touch, vegepygmies with this racial trait are covered in coral and barnacles that deal 1d4 points of slashing damage on any successful grapple check against another creature. Any creature that attempts an opposed grapple check to pin, constrict, swallow, or damage the vegepygmy takes 1d4 points of slashing damage. In addition, this trait provides a +2 natural armor bonus. This racial trait replaces tough skin.

Sticky: Vegepygmies with this racial trait can excrete a sticky secretion all over their body once per day as a swift action. This secretion remains for a number of rounds equal to 1/2 the vegepygmy's Hit Dice, during which time it is considered to have the Snatch Arrows feat. In addition, any creature that attacks the vegepygmy with a melee weapon is subject to a disarm combat maneuver. The creature must make a disarm check against the vegepygmy's CMB. If the creature fails, the weapon is stuck fast to the vegepygmy until the secretion's duration has ended. This racial trait replaces electricity immunity.

Tangleweed: Some aquatic vegepygmies have unusual adaptations. Vegepygmies with this racial trait have long strands of seaweed-like "hair" they can use to snare nearby creatures within 10 feet of them. Once per round as a standard action, the vegepygmy can target a single creature up to one size category larger that begins its turn within range. The target must succeed at a Reflex save (DC 10 + 1/2 the vegepygmy's Hit Dice + the vegepygmy's Dexterity modifier) or become entangled.

The vegepygmy can maintain the entangled condition beyond the initial round for a number of rounds equal to its Constitution modifier. These additional rounds do not need to be consecutive. Entangled creatures can attempt to break free as a move action, making a Strength or Escape Artist check against a DC equal to the DC of the Reflex save. This racial trait replaces claws.

Thorny: More feral in appearance, vegepygmies with this racial trait sport large spiny thorns that deal 1d6 points of piercing damage on any successful grapple check against another creature. Any creature that attempts an opposed grapple check to pin, constrict, swallow, or damage the vegepygmy takes 1d6 points of piercing damage. The thorns also provide a +1 natural armor bonus. This racial trait replaces tough skin.

Unbreakable: Vegepygmies with this



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racial trait have soft, spongy inner tissue that is resilient to bludgeoning attacks. They gain DR 5/ slashing and piercing. This racial trait replaces impenetrable.

Waterborn: Vegepygmies with this racial trait are natural swimmers. They have a swim speed of 30 feet and gain the +8 racial bonus on Swim checks that a swim speed normally grants. Additionally, they receive a +4 bonus to Stealth checks while underwater. This racial trait replaces darkvision.

Racial Subtypes

You can combine various alternate racial traits to create vegepygmy subraces, such as the following, each created from a variant form of russet mold.

Aracapygmy (Mangrovefolk): Vegepygmies living in mangroves have the amphibious* and hydrated vitality* racial traits. They are created from creatures killed by algal skullbloom infestations.

Caulerapygmy (Seaweedfolk): Vegepygmies living in the deep seas and oceans have the amphibious*, coral skin, hydrated vitality*, tangleweed, and waterborn racial traits. They are created from creatures drowned in colonies of wastewrack algae.

Droserapygmy (Sundewfolk): Vegepygmies living in marshes, fens, and hanging swamps have the hydrated vitality* and sticky racial traits. They are created from the remains of victims of dusktrap sundew spore.

Opuntipygmy (Cactusfolk): Vegepygmies living in the hot deserts have the desert runner*, thorny, and unbreakable racial traits. They are created from the bodies of creatures exposed to deathjacket mold that grows on succulents and is resistant to sunlight.

Zoanthapygmy (Coralfolk): Vegepygmies living in coastal waters have the amphibious*, hydrated vitality*, and waterborn racial traits. They are created from creatures slain by sunfever coral-cell infections.

Note: Amphibious* and desert runner* replace the electricity immunity racial trait; hydrated vitality* replaces the impenetrable racial trait.

*see the *Pathfinder RPG Advanced Race Guide*

Favored Class Options

Vegepygmies gain the following favored class options.

Druid: Add +1/2 to Knowledge (nature) or Survival checks.

Barbarian: Add +1/2 to the barbarian's CMD when initiating a grapple.

Witch: The witch's familiar is imbued with minor plant traits, gaining a +2 bonus to all mind-affecting effects, paralysis, poison, polymorph, sleep, and stunning effects.

RACIAL ARCHETYPE

The following racial archetype is available to vegepygmies.


Archidendrite (Summoner)

The archidendrite focuses vegetative mysteries to call forth a fearsome botanic outsider.

Plant-Eidolon: At 1st level, the archidendrite's eidolon receives the plant appearance evolution (see above) as a free evolution. The plant-eidolon does not gain the evasion or improved evasion special abilities.

Biomass Link (Su): Whenever the archidendrite and his plant-eidolon are in forest, jungle, swamp, or water terrains, the ranges of the life link ability are doubled.

Shroud Ally: The plant-eidolon confers a +2 bonus to the archidendrite's Stealth checks in addition to the benefits of the shield ally ability. This bonus increases to +4 at 12th level.

Green Heart (Sp): At 1st level, the archidendrite gains the vegetal summoner feat (see above) as a bonus feat. This ability otherwise functions as the summoner's *summon monster* ability. 

Vegepygmy Racial Traits

+2 Constitution, +2 Dexterity, -2 Intelligence. Vegepygmies are tough and agile, but lack the mental capacity of other races.

Plant: Vegepygmies have the plant type.

Small: Vegepygmies are Small creatures and gain a +1 size bonus to their AC, a +1 size bonus on attack rolls, a -1 penalty to their Combat Maneuver Bonus and Combat Maneuver Defense, and a +4 size bonus on Stealth checks.

Normal Speed: Vegepygmies have a base speed of 30 feet.

Darkvision: Vegepygmies can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

Low-Light Vision: Vegepygmies can see twice as far as humans in conditions of dim light.

Claws: Vegepygmies gain two claw attacks, each doing 1d4 points of damage plus 1-1/2 times their Strength modifier.

Electricity Immunity: Vegepygmies are immune to electricity.

Impenetrable: Vegepygmies have DR 5/slashing or bludgeoning.

Tough Skin: Vegepygmies have a +3 natural armor bonus.

Weapon Familiarity: Vegepygmies are proficient with their natural weapons and longswords.

Languages: Vegepygmies begin play understanding Undercommon and Vegepygmy, but cannot speak. Vegepygmies with high Intelligence scores can choose any of the following languages: Aklo, Common, Elven, Gnoll, Gnome, Goblin, and Sylvan.

New Eidolon Evolution

The following new evolution complements the archidendrite vegepygmy racial archetype.

Plant Appearance (Ex; 2-point evolution): The eidolon appears as a plant creature and mimics some of a plant creature's abilities. It gains a +2 bonus on saves against mind-affecting effects (charms, compulsions, moral effects, patterns and phantasms), paralysis, poison, polymorph, sleep, and stunning effects. At 7th level, this bonus can be increased to +4 by spending 2 additional evolution points. At 12th level, this protection can be increased to immunity against these attacks by spending 2 additional evolution points. (The summoner must pay for the 7th-level upgrade before paying for this 12th-level upgrade.) Although the eidolon appears to be a plant, it is still considered to be an outsider.

New Feat

The following new feat complements the archidendrite vegepygmy racial archetype.

Vegetal Summoner

Plant creatures and sentient vegetation answer your call.

Prerequisite: Vegepygmy, ability to cast *summon monster*.

Benefit: Add "vegepygmy" to the list of creatures you can summon with *summon monster I*, and "advanced vegepygmy" to the list of creatures you can summon with *summon monster III*. Once per day, when you cast *summon monster*, you may summon a vegetal version of one of the creatures on that spell's summoning list. (Apply plant type traits to that creature to create this monster.)



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The fishing village of Caller's Rise has stood on the southern foothills of the Fogscar Mountains on the coast of Varisian Bay for over 120 years. Originally it was the site of a summer camp of some of the local Varisians, but in 4589 AR a small group of Mwangi settlers made it their permanent home. The Mwangi arrived by sea early in the year as the Varisians were setting up their tents. The newcomers shared the Varisian's campfires that night, being welcomed as fellow travellers. The Mwangi, while appreciative, were aloof. They exchanged pleasantries with their hosts, but many questions that were asked of them went unanswered. They hinted only that they were driven from their homeland far to the south.

As the summer wore on, the newcomers proved themselves to be able fishermen and endeared themselves to the Varisians with a spectacular season's catch. When the cold weather inevitably encroached on the camp, the Mwangi made clear their intention to make this place their home. Impressed by their new friends, a few Varisian families decided to stay and help the Mwangi prepare their camp for the cold winter ahead.

Today the former encampment is a permanent, if small, village on the Varisian Bay. Varisian wagons still make infrequent stops here throughout the year, bringing news and supplies and taking a part of the village's improbably large catch of fish. Descendants of the original Varisian and Mwangi settlers still live here making an unconventional melting pot of traditions.

Caller's Rise is governed by a pair of mayors elected every three years. All matters are decided by the pair, with unresolvable issues being decided by a popular vote of the entire village. This unusual arrangement harkens back to the founding of the village when the Varisians and Mwangi each appointed a spokesman to represent them. Today, the population has become so intermixed that the mayors are rarely identifiable as being from either ethnic group.

Characters may find themselves in Caller's Rise for any number of reasons:

- Characters of an academic persuasion may come to investigate the village's curious ethnic makeup, its obscure religious beliefs, or the geological curiosity of the Old Jetty.
- They may make it a base of operations for forays into the Fogscar Mountains.
- They could stop here to inquire with the locals while investigating sahuagin attacks on vessels on the trade route between Riddleport and Magnimar.

Points of Interest

Caller's Rise is a small settlement filled with simple folk. However, this veneer of normality conceals considerable strangeness. What follows is a sample of some of the village's points of interest and strange goings on. GMs should feel free to use these as plot hooks and locations for encounters. While some or all of them may be connected, each should provide enough detail for use on its own.

The Shrine

At the north end of the village, the ground rises sharply into Caller's Rise, a hill that meets the ocean in a jagged cliff and the settlement's namesake. The hill is the site of a natural cistern that is the centre of a shrine to St. Ntisi, a Mwangi manifestation of Gozreh. In days past, Varisians would climb the hill and sing prayers to Gozreh while beating large drums. These ceremonies were meant to call fish from the oceans depths to the coastal shallows.

Today, a roofed seating area sits across the cistern from a small altar stone against the rectory wall. The small traditional drums have been replaced by an enormous bronze gong mounted on the rectory roof. The rectory itself is a simple affair consisting of a single room furnished with a simple table and chair, a straw tick mattress, a small chest, and an iron stove for cooking and warmth.

In one corner, a crude wooden panel covers a hole in the stone floor. The hole descends to a natural chamber below. Here, water drips and runs constantly from cracks in the stone that stretch all the way up the cistern above. The initial chamber is connected to a second by a short passageway. This second chamber is roughly the size of the first with a deep pool of water along the west wall that rises and falls rhythmically. This pool connects to the ocean via a short submerged passage.

GMs looking to use the caverns under the shrine in their games should consider using Paizo's *GameMastery Flip-Mat: Darklands*.

The Old Jetty

For as long as the Varisians have camped at this site, a long narrow stretch of rock has jutted from the shore, almost as if it were a dock hewn from a single, enormous piece of stone. Indeed, the Varisians used it as such every summer. Since the arrival of the Mwangi, it has come to be viewed as a haunted place. Over the years, more than a half-dozen people have drowned after slipping from its sea-sprayed surface. Always, the victims were of Mwangi descent, and never has a body been recovered. The children of the village tell each other stories of how the sea floor opens up to swallow those who fall in, and while village elders chide the youngsters for telling such tall tales, they are rarely so dismissive of the stories amongst themselves.

The terrible truth is that the Old Jetty is actually a Lair Tyrant mimic (*Darkness Without Form: Secrets of the Mimic* 12) of incredible age. For centuries, it sat motionless on the shore, sustaining itself on sea-life foolish enough to come within its grasp. Unlike others of its kind, it prefers the solitude of the lonely coast and has never sought to dominate sentient life. What has prompted it to begin taking the daring steps of feeding on Mwangi settlers is unclear, though after so many years of solitude sheer madness is as likely an explanation as any.

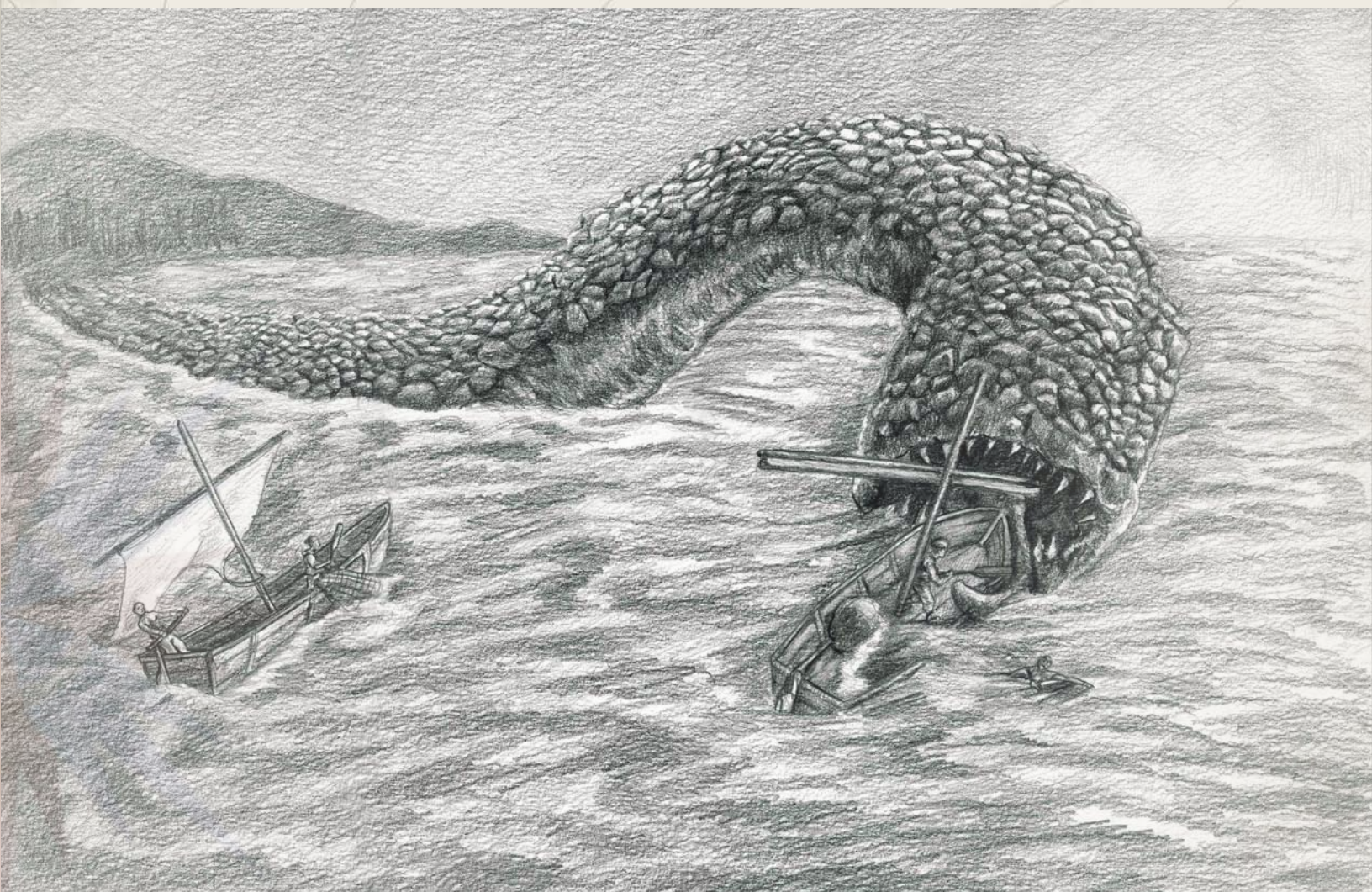
The One Who Has Been Touched

Sura Blackwood is the daughter of Mirella and Toban Blackwood, Caller's Rise's net makers. From an early age it was clear that she was unusual, having uncharacteristically blonde hair and a pale complexion. She rarely played with other children, preferring to spend her time at the sea shore singing quietly to herself.



In the spring of her 10th year, one of her contemporaries fell to his death from Caller's Rise. Widely assumed to have been an accident, the truth of the incident was observed by the girl's mother. On her way to fetch her daughter for the evening meal she came up the path to the shrine just in time to see Sura push the boy from the cliff. Mirella ran hysterically to her daughter, grabbing her by the shoulders and demanding an explanation. The girl looked calmly into her mother's eyes and with a soft smile said, "The fishies told me to do it." Mother

Why they remain little more than a nuisance or what their interest in the village is remains a mystery. Some speculate that they are somehow responsible for the deaths at the Old Jetty. Others claim they have had secret council with the keeper of the shrine. More rational members of the community speculate that they are outcasts from their own society, so weak that they are unfit to live with their own kind.



and child returned quickly to their home, where the Blackwood family decided that nobody must know what had happened.

While Sura has grown physically in the 17 years that have passed since that day, she retains her childish ways. She remains uninterested in the village's young men—or people in general, for that matter—and spends her days by the shore, singing quietly or whispering to some unseen companion. Most of Caller's Rise's inhabitants assume that the trauma of the boy's death has locked her mind in this juvenile state, but her aging parents watch her from a distance in quiet fear that she may once again follow a nefarious suggestion from the sea.

The Savages From the Sea

Unknown to the residents of Caller's Rise, a small band of sahuagin live a few miles out to sea. Unaffiliated with any other sahuagin city or state, they arrived here only a few years ago. Periodically, they slip into town under the cover of night to hole fishing boats or destroy nets. Strangely though, they rarely confront the villagers who come to chase them off. They are often sighted at the foot of Caller's Rise during they daylight hours and sometimes along the length of the Old Jetty.

CALLER'S RISE

N village

Corruption -1; **Crime** -6; **Economy** -1; **Law** +2; **Lore** +1;
Society +1

Qualities insular, superstitious

Danger +0

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government autocracy (2 mayors)

Population 143 (143 humans)

Notable NPCs

Mayor Andrezi Teluja (NG male human expert 3)

Mayor Xaba'a Fastand (N female human expert 4)

Shore Patrol Captain Gunnar Kovac (LN male human expert 1/warrior 2)

Bansi The Caller (N male human adept 2)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp;

Spellcasting 1st

Minor Items 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** —



To outsiders, the Isles of the Shackles seem full of bloodthirsty pirates, as willing to cut down a ship's crew, relieve it of its plunder, and burn it to the waterline as take a bribe and look the other way. However, the natives know their livelihoods depend on their freedom from foreign oppression and the hard work of the common people as much as from piracy. And while the united power of the Free Captains has so far kept would-be conquerors at bay, it is only a matter of time before one Inner Sea nation or another finds a way to lay the Isles low and throw them under the yoke of oppression.

Seeing the need to better unify the disparate islands of the Shackles, the Master of the Gales has formed a unique school to train sailors, officers, and spellcasters in the defense of his homeland. This school is known as the Colloquium of Abendego.

This article uses rules set forth in the *Faction Guide*, the *Pathfinder Society Field Guide*, and *Inner Sea Magic*. For more on schools, factions, and the like, please look to these books for further reference.

COLLOQUIUM OF ABENDEGO

Located in the city of Drenchport and overseen by the Master of the Gales, this newly founded academy focuses on the training of sailors and pirates of all stripes.

Location Drenchport (The Shackles)

REQUIREMENTS

Entrance Fee 100 gp

Entrance Exam DC 17 Profession (sailor) or Spellcraft check

Tuition 100 gp/semester

EDUCATION

Education Check See below

Semester 3 months

Flunk 4 consecutive failed Education checks

EXTRACURRICULAR TASKS

Free Captains' Regatta (+5 or +10 Fame) You gain 5 Fame the first time you compete in the Free Captains' Regatta. If you win the Free Captains' Regatta, you instead gain 10 Fame.

Donate Ship Item (+1 Fame) Once per semester, your Fame score increases by 1 each time you donate a magic item that improves the function of a ship. The donated item must be worth at least 1,000 gp per point of Fame you currently possess.

Sponsor (+1 Fame) Once per semester, you can sponsor a

student by paying her tuition for that semester (100 gp). You can only sponsor a student once per year, and only if your Fame is lower than 30.

AWARDS

Research Aid (1 PP) You can gain the aid of another student.

This grants you a +4 circumstance bonus on any skill check, save for Education checks.

Rummy (5 PP) You become immune to alcohol poisoning and gain a +2 to saves against poison.

Scholarship Aid (1 PP) Your tuition is paid for a semester.

Transfer Student (5 PP) Once per semester, you may change your school affiliation (see below).

Spellcasting Students and faculty of the Colloquium of Abendego have access to spellcasters able to provide many beneficial spells. At the cost of the listed number of Prestige Points, a character may receive the benefits of any of the following spells cast on their behalf at the minimum possible CL for the spell:

1 PP *cure moderate wounds, dispel magic, lesser restoration, make whole, remove blindness/deafness, remove curse, remove disease, remove paralysis*

2 PP *atonement* (8 PP to restore divine caster powers), *break enchantment, cure serious wounds, greater dispel magic, neutralize poison, restoration* (4 PP to remove permanent negative levels)

16 PP *greater restoration, raise dead*

32 PP *resurrection*

77 PP *true resurrection*

ADVANCEMENT

Membership in the Colloquium of Abendego provides the following benefits, each earned at the appropriate level of Fame:

Library Access (5 Fame): You have earned the right to use the Colloquium of Abendego's special collections and secure libraries for research. A day of research grants you a +2 circumstance bonus on any one Knowledge check.

Senior Student (20 Fame): You are a senior student and may purchase potions, scrolls, and wands at a 10% discount while within Drenchport.

Professor's Assistant (35 Fame): You assist a professor of your choice in teaching her classes. You are now specialized in your school affiliation's associated skills (see School Affiliation below).

Full Professor (50 Fame): You are hired by the Colloquium of Abendego to serve as a professor. You no longer need to pay tuition. Every time you would normally pay tuition, you instead earn that amount of gold as your salary.

School Affiliation

The Colloquium of Abendego is actually three separate schools: the Drenchport Marine Academy, which specializes in ship-to-ship and shipboard combat; the Free Captain Officer's School, whose focus is on leadership, sailing, and ship operations; and the Grand Tree Grotto, where the intricacies of shipboard spellcasting are taught. Every student belongs to one of these three major school affiliations, though cross-training between school affiliations is permitted and often suggested.

DRENCHPORT MARINE ACADEMY

*The Drenchport Marine Academy is headed by the halfling **Evan Boattender**, a River Kingdoms expatriate and skilled Aldori swordmaster. Evan works his students hard not out of malice, but because he knows the skills they learn under his tutelage mean the difference between life and death.*

Education Checks Acrobatics, Climb, Knowledge (engineering),

Swim

Associated Skills

Climb, Swim

AWARDS

First Aboard

(Fame 20, 2 PP)

You are eager to engage your nautical foes in close combat. You gain a +2 circumstance bonus on Initiative checks when boarding an enemy ship.

Shipboard

Combat Expert

(20 Fame, 1 PP)

You have learned some tricks when fighting aboard the heaving deck of a ship. You become specialized in Acrobatics.

Devil-Kisser's Bane (Fame 20, 2 PP) You know that the greatest threat to the independence of the Shackles comes from Cheliox, and have received special training countering the tactics of the Chelaxian navy. You gain a +1 bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls against Chelaxian military personnel who wear clearly visible insignia showing their affiliation and rank.

Gunnery Training (5 PP) You have been trained in the use of a specific type of ship's armament. Select one siege weapon; you are now proficient in its use.

FREE CAPTAIN OFFICER'S SCHOOL

While only in existence for a handful of years, the Free Captain Officer's School already lays claim to several exemplary officer-alumni. Overseen by Headmaster **Harrak Reaveaxe**, a dwarf from the Lands of the Linnorm Kings with surprising nautical skill, the graduates of this school find ready employment on any number of seagoing vessels, both within the Shackles and abroad.

Education Checks Diplomacy, Intimidate, Knowledge (local), Profession (sailor)

Associated Skills Diplomacy, Profession (sailor)

AWARDS

Lookout (Fame 10, 1 PP) You have completed special training aimed at helping you detect threats from a distance. You become specialized in Perception.

Connected (3 PP) You have met many people from many different places throughout the Shackles and know who to call on when in need. You gain a +2 circumstance bonus on Knowledge (local) checks to gather information in the Shackles.

Officer's Renown (Fame 20, 5 PP) Word of your skill in commanding your crew has spread far and wide. You gain a +2 bonus to your Leadership score for the purposes of attracting followers.



Senior Officer

(Fame 40, 4 PP)

You have proven yourself as an exemplary student and receive the title of Senior Officer. This rank is granted independently of your rank as an officer on any ship you serve on. You gain a +3 bonus on Profession (sailor) checks made while serving on any vessel owing its allegiance to either the Shackles or one of the Free Captains.

GRAND TREE GROTT

Rivaling ancient Magaambya in natural lore, the tangled roots and weeping boughs of the banyan known as the Grand Tree hold secrets both arcane and divine, overseen by the Master of the Gales himself. Below its massive trunk lies the Grotto, a natural cavern whose bookshelves sag with the weight of magical knowledge.

Education Checks Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (nature), Spellcraft, Use Magic Device

Associated Skills Knowledge (nature), Spellcraft

AWARDS

Forbidden Magic (5 PP) You gain access to an alternate version of a druid spell. If you are a divine spellcaster, this spell is one level higher than its druid version. If you are an arcane spellcaster, this spell is two levels higher. To learn the spell, you must be able to cast spells of that level. If you prepare spells, this new spell is added to your spell list. If you cast spells spontaneously, this new spell replaces a spell you already know of the appropriate spell slot.

Navigator (Fame 20, 1 PP) You have completed special training in astrology, sea charts, and navigation. You become specialized in Knowledge (geography).

Ship's Caster (Fame 20, 4 PP) You have learned much in your studies about the interaction of magic and the natural world. Whenever you cast a spell that affects the wind, water, or weather, the spell's effective caster level is increased by 1.

Versatile Item-Wielder (Fame 20, 1 PP) You have accumulated a wealth of information about differing magical traditions and the items they wield. You become specialized in Use Magic Device.



Tintisie slept in the protective fold of the cloak, still weak from her near drowning. Reith and Banner climbed out of the swale along the water course. The normally shallow stream had become a raging river, filled with water from the storm in the hills to the north.

Banner shook his head. "This storm is getting worse. Reith, I told you this jinx needed to be left behind. See what is happening? It was just supposed to be a normal late summer storm, rain, yes, but not like this." He waved about him and pointed at the swollen creek. "We already have to change our plans. What else can go wrong?"

Reith adjusted his burden, looking down upon the sleeping girl and tensing his jaw. "That jinx business is superstitious nonsense."

Banner snorted. "Jinxes are not nonsense. Some say that once they can control their abilities, they are useful, if strange. But the other slaves held in that compound told me this girl hasn't learned any control. She's a danger to everyone around her."

"She isn't even awake! How can she be doing anything? Besides, she took a severe whack to her head. It's very likely she has a concussion."

"You don't understand these things. You're not a halfling. You don't know the risk you're taking."

"I told you I am not going to leave her, and that is that. You should know me well enough by now to recognize when you are just wasting breath." Reith flashed Banner a white, toothy grin. "Besides, who is going to stop me? I am a priest of Asmodeus. I could rain hellfire down upon any lowly peasant who tried—or worse, summon a devil to do it for me. You, however, might run into trouble with the locals. You are supposed to be my slave. So stick close and respect your betters."

Reith pulled out his holy symbol of Cayden Cailean and tapped it. With a sudden warping, it took on the appearance of a five-pointed star hanging from a golden chain.

Banner muttered under his breath while Reith moved forward following the course of the stream. "Cayden Cailean, give me patience. One of these days, your priest is going to get me killed."

They climbed up from the flooded stream

and out onto the fertile plains of Cheliah's breadbasket. Making their way without interference, they came to the rural estate that was their destination.

Had Tintisie been awake, she would have cried. The estate was the very place she had escaped from that very afternoon, the same place where Yellow-Teeth had beaten and threatened to sacrifice her.

A large manor house was on the north side, separated from the farm operations section by a two-story wall wide enough for a man to walk upon. The wall had false crenellations made to look like the walls of a fortress, but instead of solid stone, they were mud bricks topped with baked clay tiles.

The rural lord may not have been wealthy enough to build an actual fortress, but he did have the means to pay for a few magical wards at the entrances to the house, detectable as a slight shimmering by those who knew how to see them. Inside the walls were the private sanctum and gardens. Within, the lord's family and guests could dine and relax in rural luxury, never having to see the squalid huts of the farm serfs or the iron bars surrounding the slave compound.

Reith and Banner made their way with stealth across the open courtyard to the farm operations side of the estate. Dark clouds blotted out light from the moon and stars as the pair glided toward an iron gate at the end of the yard. To the north, the main house was a dark shadow against the sky. Staying well clear of the manor and its magical wards, the pair continued toward their destination.

Reith stopped suddenly when Banner gestured a brief and silent signal.

Banner paused and pointed to the wall that surrounded the house and its private courtyard. Following his gaze, Reith saw the patrol guard standing atop the wall. As the guard moved and stretched, they could see the bow held in his hands. They froze and waited in the deeper shadow of the hay barn.

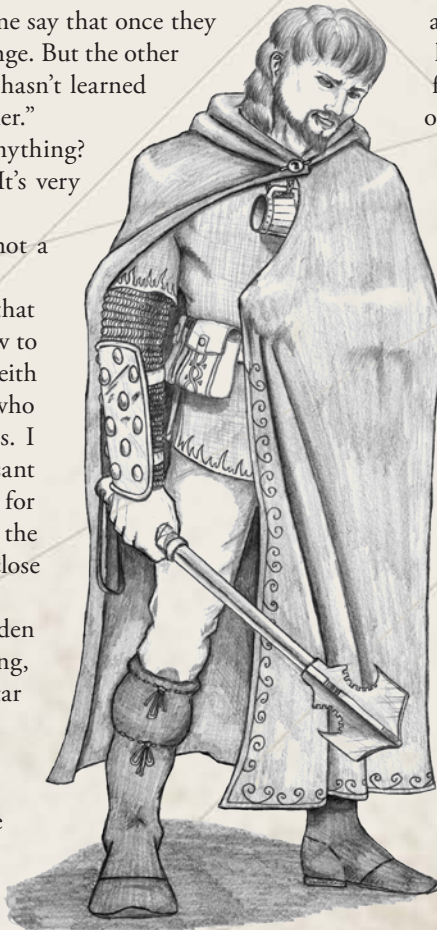
The guard turned slowly, then set down the bow and pulled something out of the hidden recesses of his cloak. He tilted his head back as he brought a flask up to his face. Reith and Banner glanced at one another, then simultaneously darted forward while the man's attention was fixed on his drink. Both reached the gate simultaneously and Banner speedily scrambled up and over, dropping down on the opposite side. Reith pulled a key from his belt pouch.

Hesitating before inserting the key into the lock, he glanced at the guard again then nodded at Banner. His shorter compatriot on the other side of the iron fence withdrew a small tube-shaped device and tiny dart from his robes. Banner inserted the dart into the tube, took a deep breath and blew the dart at the guard.

The wall guard jerked and slapped his hand to the back of his neck. Then, instead of turning, he suddenly pitched forward to land face down atop the wall. Reith turned the key in the lock and shoved it open. The gate squeaked alarmingly.

Both stood still, listening to see if anyone noticed. After a moment of hearing nothing but the sound of the wind bringing the rain clouds closer, they acted. Reith slipped inside the compound while Banner dashed to a series of tents a short distance inside.

"Hurry," Banner whispered to the tent's occupants. "Come before someone notices."



A few dozen halfling-sized shapes exited the tents, hands grasping small bundles. They huddled staring at Reith uncertainly until he spoke a single word, "Bellflower."

At that, as if a cork were suddenly popped off a bottle, the group surged forward towards the open gate. The man stepped through and began to move faster into a controlled jog in front of the group. Banner passed the gate last. As he exited, he closed it and winced at the screech of metal on metal.

"Shoulda brought some oil," he muttered softly. He waited a few moments, watching to see if anyone at the main house had been alerted. Then, he followed the others, just as the clouds above released their burden of rain. Rain fell slowly, at first. Soon it became a downpour, pounding on roof, courtyard, and slave compound alike. The rainfall awakened the drugged guard. He groaned as he stood, fumbling for his bow and flask. He glared at the flask with irritation.

"Someone spiked my hell-be-damned drink," he muttered.

With a short glance at the tents of the slave compound, he started to turn away, but something caught his eye. A tent door flapped open in the wind. "Now that's strange. Them Slips would be keeping those tied as tight as they could. Best check it out." He stalked toward the door that led from the top of the wall into the main house.

A minute later he entered the compound with a bully club. Stomping through the rain, he came to the first of the serfs' huts: a crude thing, barely superior to a lean-to. Banging the structure with the club caused a couple of sleepy-looking serfs to open the door a crack and peek out into the night.

Pointing to the slave enclosure with his club, the guard grunted. "Come on, get going and see what is up with the Slips."

The serfs stumbled blindly out of their huts and hesitated while the rain beat down on their unprotected heads. "Go ON!" roared the guardsman with a threatening swing of his club.

Shrugging, the largest of the serfs walked toward the gate and pulled it open. "It weren't locked," he growled. Then he moved suddenly toward the first of the tents. "And this one's empty!"

"Check 'em, check 'em all!"

The other serfs hurried through the mud into the slave compound. Several slipped and fell in the mess of the courtyard while those who remained upright flipped open tent doors in a rush.

"Yep, they hightailed it outta here," cursed the largest serf, the one with crusted yellow teeth and breath that stank of cheap spirits.

"Asmodeus's flaming... Damned Slips escaped on my watch! Someone's gonna lose their head over this." The guard narrowed his eyes at the now drenched, mud-covered serfs. "I'll be damned if it's going to be me. Get the dogs. We're tracking 'em."

The serfs scrambled to obey.

* * *

Sometime later and a couple of miles away, under the dubious shelter of a stand of trees, the group of halflings and one human halted. Reith pointed to the stone wall of a collapsed structure.

"Get as close as you can to one another against that wall," he shouted over the heavy downpour. "If you have any cloaks with you, hold them up over one another. We are going to have to wait out this storm before we dare to travel any further."

Lightning flashed in the cloud behind Reith's head as if to punctuate his statement. The frightened halflings tried to do as the man suggested, shivering as they huddled together.

Banner glanced at Reith meaningfully before pulling out a bow and retracing their steps.

"Where's he going?" One of the halflings asked.

"He's going to make certain we were not followed," Reith responded while busying his hands untying the knot that kept his makeshift cloak harness in place.

Inside the cloak, Tintisie stirred and looked out. The whites of her frightened eyes showed as she stared up at Reith's face. Reith smiled at her, and she relaxed as he lowered the cloak to the ground. She

stood up and noticed the other halflings for the first time.

Looking back at Reith, she whispered, "You got us all out?" When he nodded she gave him a questioning glance. "Why?"

Before Reith could answer, one of the halflings noticed Tintisie and shouted angrily. "We told you NOT to bring the jinx. We're gonna get caught for sure now."

"Not this again. I already had this out with Banner. She's coming with all of you. I don't pick and choose who my God tells me to bring to freedom.

It is all or none. That is how it's going to be. Now please try to get some sleep."

The halflings reluctantly did as he suggested while Reith laid the cloak down next to the wall and waved Tintisie over to him.

A short while later, the barking of dogs, shouting, and the sounds of a bow being pulled back and released broke the quiet. Into the rain-soaked clearing in front of the tree line came a ragged band of men led by a pair of tracking dogs.

In the clearing behind them lay several lumps with arrows stuck in them. Reith stood between the halflings and the oncoming men. Reith glanced back at the forlorn group and drew a vicious looking mace from his hip belt.

He swung at the first man to run up to him, striking him solidly on the head. It was the guardsman. Blood burst from the guardsman's broken face, and he collapsed to the ground without ever swinging his sword. Three more men in ragged farm laborer's clothing fell with arrows sticking in their backs. Chaos erupted as men wielding clubs and dogs with sharp teeth came at Reith from all sides.

The halflings huddled together in groups, leaving Tintisie alone.

"Noooooo!" Tintisie's shrill scream turned their heads as the largest of the serfs snatched her up into his arms.

Without hesitation, he broke into a run, dodging between the trees.

Banner shot a couple of arrows at him, but they bounced harmlessly off the trees instead.

"Stop!" shouted Reith, as he swung his mace at a dog. "You'll hit the girl!"

"You know me better than that!" Banner shouted back as he fired arrows into the eye sockets of the dogs bearing down on him.

As the last of the dogs dropped, Banner raced in the direction the serf had taken Tintisie, yelling as he ran. "I'll bring her back! Stay there!"

In the heavy overgrowth of the surrounding forest, Banner's skill



in tracking and traversing the brush and low-hanging branches of the tickets allowed him to narrow the distance between his quarry and himself. When he got as close as he dared, he slowed down in order to approach with stealth.

It was then that Tintisie's luck chose to manifest itself. As he moved forward, Banner set his foot down on a branch. The resulting snap echoed through the wood.

Yellow-Teeth dodged behind a solid wall of hewn stone at least six feet high. He tossed the girl down roughly and pulled his club out, holding it like a bat. He bent his knees, keeping his back to the wall and his body turned, waiting for Banner's blonde head to round the edge.

Banner cursed his luck and jinxes in general. Glancing at his quiver, he noted that it held only a pair of arrows. Shaking his head, he drew the first of the pair that remained, then called out.

"Come out from behind that wall with your hands up. I won't shoot unless you attack. Leave the girl behind unharmed, and I'll let you walk away."

"Damn Slip! I don't take orders from Slips. You should be in chains like all the rest of your folk. If you want the girl, come and get her yourself!" Yellow-Teeth grimaced and spat from the side of his mouth. "I could stomp on her throat right now, and you couldn't do anything about it."

Uttering a curse, Banner unknocked the arrow and held both bow and arrow in one hand, then took off at a run. He leaped at the wall and grasped a stone halfway up with his free hand, pulling his light body upwards. Feet now resting precariously on mortared blocks of stone, he swung the arm holding his bow and arrow to rest on the top of the wall and simultaneously kicked one leg over. Once at the top, he stood up and tried to bring his bow with arrow knocked to bear.

Yellow-Teeth heard the scramble and felt the bits of rock fall. Turning his body, he reached up with the club and struck Banner's legs just as he

reached the top. As Banner fell backwards he saw lightning spark down from the clouds to strike the tree branches above them. A whole section broke and tumbled down upon them.

Banner squawked and raised his arms to protect his head. When he realized nothing but leaves had landed on him, he relaxed and opened his eyes. He saw that most of the tree had landed on the other side of the wall. With the wind knocked out of him, Banner struggled to rise. Casting aside his now broken bow, Banner drew his knife and peeked around the wall.

There lay the human serf, Yellow-Teeth, very obviously dead. The thickest part of the branch rested directly upon his upper torso. His skull was cracked open and grey matter exposed.

"Tintisie?" Banner gasped, "You alright?"

* * *

Back at the estate the storm had grown worse. Lightning flashed and hail stones fell on the tents knocking many of the more unstable structures down. The wind began to howl with unholy ferocity. A roaring tornado descended upon the house, blasting the roof apart before moving on, leaving utter destruction in its wake. No sign remained of the escape.

Few remained even to wonder what had become of the halfling slaves or those who had followed after them and died.

* * *

When morning dawned, the winds calmed and the bedraggled group awoke. Banner quickly started a small campfire and the other halflings gathered to warm themselves. A few nodded at Banner in thanks.

As Reith stood and stretched, his eyes searched the camp until he found Tintisie. Her head emerged from the cloak she had borrowed, hair sticking out in wild angles. She smiled back at him as he exclaimed, "So you are going to make it after all, yes?"

"Told you she's a jinx," Banner winked at her. 

IT CAME FROM THE STARS

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Deep below, through endless passages, in the twisted caverns, evil awaits you.

There is a world of darkness below us. A world of tunnels and caverns, of entire cities of dark denizens. Shadows upon shadows...this is the Darklands! Few surface-dwellers have survived the dangers below, but yet strange tales exist of an inverted city ruled by evil fey; of the necropolis Nemret Noktoria, homeland of ghouls; of Zirnakaynin, the "Last Home of the Elves". Stranger still are the rumors of deeper lands, the Vaults, and the great evils that dwell within them. Rumors, that is, from the mouths of madmen, screaming of places like Ilvarandin, the Midnight Mountains, and of sailing the Sightless Sea.

Perhaps you, brave Pathfinders, have information to share of these dark places?

Goal

The goal for the fanzine is to create a collection of fan-created articles and supporting art set in Paizo's Pathfinder Campaign Setting world of Golarion.

The theme for Wayfinder #9 will be going underground...to the Darklands! Please use the Inner Sea World Guide as your main reference (as well as that handy-dandy PathfinderWiki)! In the case of a plethora of articles on similar subjects, preference will be given to articles that follow this theme. As always, crunch, fiction, and flavor articles are welcome!

In addition, writers can submit to one of several regular series featured in Wayfinder:

- **Advice:** Have some advice you want to pass on to new GMs or players to the world of Golarion?
- **Bestiary:** New creatures to terrorize your PCs with!
- **Of Chance and Skill:** Games, new to or adapted for Golarion, to play at your table!
- **Prestigious:** This article is devoted to a new prestige class for the world of Golarion.
- **Realm Building:** The Kingmaker Adventure Path introduced a lot of new goodies for building armies, cities and kingdoms. This column is focused on building upon those rules.
- **Side Treks:** Side Treks feature short outlines for a sidetrek adventure set in a particular Pathfinder adventure, from the products listed below. One sidetrek outline per submission for this column. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article. Submission size: 325 words.
- **Tales from the Front:** Fiction articles based on any of Paizo's adventure modules or paths.
- **Weal or Woe?** Two NPCs (including statblocks), one helpful, one not so much. Include hooks for the PCs to know (or hate) this NPC and how to use them in a campaign. Include a boon (Weal) and drawback (Woe) for the NPCs in your article. Please reference earlier Wayfinders for the layout for this article.

Guidelines

- Thou shalt not disregard canon, thou shalt build upon it.
- Keep in mind thy audience. Keep it PG-13. No slash fic/porn fantasies, cheesecake/beefcake/fan service.
- Short and sweet. Unless otherwise specified, article sizes are 750 and 1,500 words. These are HARD targets, not a range, so come as close as possible to these targets. Coming in too far under or over these targets will likely result in the rejection of your submission. Anything over 1,500 words must be pre-approved by the Editor-in-Chief.
- Stick to the theme. An article on the golems of Quantum in a Darklands-themed issue is not going to make it. Sorry.
- Submissions used to defame, harass, or threaten board members are not tolerated.

Submission Instructions

- **Conditions for Submissions.** All authors and artists must agree to have their works reproduced for this and other Wayfinder products, be it for translations into other languages (we will be responsible for the truthfulness of the translations), special publications, or use on a Wayfinder website. All of Wayfinder's publications are NON-PROFIT, and authors and artists will be given proper credit where due.
- Send all submissions to: wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com with the subject line containing "Wayfinder #9 Submission".
- All text submissions must be submitted in DOC or DOCX format (doesn't matter if you use Office or OpenOffice). Note: Files sent in RTF, TXT, or any other format than DOC will be rejected.
- Do not use fancy fonts or colors or styles for formatting - these will get stripped out in the editing and layout process. Use the standard body font for the program you're using - bold and italics are fine.
- For tables, please make them tab delimited. Fancy formatted tables just get reduced to this format anyway.
- Include your name and board name in your submission - example, "Liz 'Lilith' Courts". Your entries will go through editing passes for clarity and concision. Depending on time constraints, you may or may not receive feedback on the editing process and your script.
- **DEADLINE: March 31, 2013, 11:59 Pacific.** All entries will be handled on a first come, first serve basis. Some articles may be rejected depending on the final size of the PDF.

Advertising

- Third party publishers wishing to advertise their Pathfinder Roleplaying Game-compatible projects in Wayfinder #9 can make a donation for advertising space. available for 1/4, 1/2 and full page ads.
- Fan projects operating under Paizo's Community Use Policy are welcome to advertise their websites and materials, as well.
- Email wayfinder.fanzine@gmail.com for questions about placing an ad. Be sure to include "Wayfinder #9 Advertising" in your subject line.
- **DEADLINE: April 30, 2013**

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